

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE YOUNG LORD OF WARTMONT

THERE came a crashing sound, breaking the shadowy silence of Longwood forest. Out into an open glade, where the sunlight fell upon the long, green grass of midsummer, there bounded a splendid stag—a stag royal, a stag of ten—fit to be the antlered monarch of the king's deer in Longwood.

Three leaps, and then the beautiful animal stood still; but as he turned, panting, and lowered his horns, it could be seen that he was wounded. The feather of an arrow in his flank told how deeply the shaft was driven.

He was at bay now, and splendid was his courage as he stood to battle with his pursuers.

Out through the leafy barrier of the bushes at the edge of the glade bounded three eager deerhounds, one after another.

Loud voices and the thud of galloping hoofs told that the hunters were close at hand; but they were too late in arriving. The foremost hound dashed fiercely on, his white teeth showing, and his eyes flashing with green light; but the ten-tined antlers passed under him and were lifted swiftly.

Away the hound was hurled, pierced fatally, and when a sudden side-stroke disabled the second of the four-footed assailants. The third paused, lifting a fore foot doubtfully as he glanced from one to the other of his unlucky companions. A whizzing shaft passed over his head, and a cloth-yard arrow sped to its mark, inside the shoulder of the deer. The spreading antlers plowed the sod for a moment, and then all was over. A tall, powerful-looking man, who came riding up, sprang from his horse, and stood by the wounded dogs, exclaiming:

"These short-legged galloways have cost us two hounds! We had better stalk a deer than run him, unless we have swifter steeds."

"Stalking must serve our turn, now the dogs are gone," growled a shorter man who had come up and now stood beside him. "I would the legs of our nags had been longer!"

They were rough-looking men, and they spoke in the burred Saxon English of Warwickshire five hundred years ago. It was another tongue from any now spoken in England.

Others had now come up, but they said little. They lifted their game to the back of one of the galloways. The arrows were carefully extracted, cleaned, and restored to the quivers of their owners. The men were all stalwart fellows, and the bows they carried were tremendous weapons. Besides the bows, they carried short, two-edged swords hanging at their belts, in which were also stuck broad-bladed knives or daggers. They wore no armor except light headpieces of steel, and their garments appeared to be made of leather.

The carcass of the stag had been bound to one of the horses, and the hunters were mounting, when a loud shout came from under the nearest oaks.

"Ho there! Halt! What do ye, killing the King's deer?"

"Stand for your lives, men!" exclaimed Guy the Bow. "I'll not be taken!"

"Nor I!" roared a burly hunter at his side, "but it's young Neville of Wartmont, I could not strike him."

Only five men came riding out from under the trees, but they were all well mounted, and were better armed than were the hunters. Every man of them wore linked mail, with shield and lance and sword, while at every saddle-bow hung a mace or battle-axe. Their helmets were open in front, and the face of the foremost rider was that of a beardless boy. It was a very resolute face, however, and he raised his hand as he again demanded:

"In the King's name, what do ye?"

An arrow was on every bowstring at that moment; but Guy the Bow spoke again.

"Thou art a boy, Richard Neville," he said. "I had neverly thought to go and see thee this day. Knowest thou not that Clod of Lee, the Club of Devon, has been heard from his side the Avon? He was one of Mortimer's men, and he hath thee and thine. He is a wolf's head, by all law. He and his outlaws would find at Wartmont much that such as they would seek. Go in haste and hold thy tower against them, if thou canst, and bother not thyself with a free hunt and a nag-load of venison."

"Not a dozen swordsmen are at the Mount!" exclaimed Richard. "My mother is unprotected! Guy the Bow, I thank thee for thy warning. What care I for a few deer? Only, watch thou and thy men; for the earl sends soon to put this part of the shire under close forest law. None may escape if work like this go on then."

There was a great stir in the village, three miles away, for a man came riding at full speed from one of the farm houses, shouting loudly as he passed the old pallsades:

"To the hill! To the castle! The wolves of Devon are nigh! They have wasted Black Tom's place, and have slain every soul!"

At that moment there came a terrified shriek.

"They come! They come!" screamed the women. "Oh, that they gat so nigh, and none to see! It's over with us the day! Yon is the Club, and his men are many!"

Partly mounted, but some of them on foot, a wild-looking throng of men came pouring across a stubble-field from the southward. It seemed as if they might be over a hundred strong. At the head of them strode a huge, black-haired, shaggy-bearded brute who bore a tremendous club of oak, bound at its heavier end with a thick ring of iron. He laughed and shouted as he came, as if with a savage pleasure over the wild deeds he had done and the prospect before him.

"Short work!" he roared to those behind him.



"I HAVE THESE," CRIED CLOD, SWINGING HIGH HIS CLUB, AND PREPARING FOR A DEADLY BLOW.

"Burn all ye cannot take. And then for the hills o' Wales! But we'll harry as we go!"

Tall and stately was Maud Neville, the widowed lady of Wartmont Castle. Her hair was white, but she was as erect as a pine, and all who looked into her resolute face might well have taken courage. Some seemed to do so, and around her gathered a score of stalwart retainers, with shields, axes, and swords. Some who had bows were bidden to man the loopholes on the second floor, and bide their time.

"Men," she said, "you know well what wolves these are. If they force their way into the keep, not one of us will be left to tell the tale."

A chorus of loyal voices answered her, and the men gripped their weapons.

The robber chief and his savages had now reached the pallsades.

With loud yells, on they rushed. The foremost fighters on each side closed in a desperate strife, and the Wartmont farmers showed both skill and strength. Half of them carried battle-axes or pole-axes, and they plied them for their lives. Had it not been for Clod himself, the rush might even have been checked; but nothing could stand before him. He fought like a wild beast, striking down foemen right and left, and making a pathway for his followers.

Victory for the outlaws would have been shortly gained but for the help that came to the villagers.

"Onward, my men!" shouted Lady Maud, as she sprang across the narrow bridge. "Fellow men! Save your kith and kin!"

Still they were too few, and the white head of the brave woman was quickly the centre of a surging

mass, her own men being almost surrounded by the horde of robbers.

No shout came up the road. There was no sound but the rapid thud of horses' feet; but suddenly five good lances charged furiously in among the wolves. The foremost horseman went clean through them, but his horse sank, groaning, as a Welsh pike stabbed him, and his rider barely gained his feet as the horse went down. Sword in hand, then, he turned to face his foes, but he spoke not to them.

"Mother!" he shouted, "I am here!"

"Thank God for thee, my son!" responded the brave woman. "Thou art but just in time!"

Dire had been her peril at that moment, but Richard's presence gave courage to the defenders, while his charge had staggered the outlaws. He was more than a match, with three of his dismounted men-at-arms at his side, for the foes immediately in front of them. His fourth follower lay several yards away, with his steel cap beaten in by a blow of the terrible club.

"Tiah! Hah! Hah!" yelled Clod as he turned from that victim to press his way toward young Neville. "Down with him! Out of my path! Give the youngster to me!"

"Face him, my men!" said Lady Maud. "And heaven's aid be with thee! Oh, for some o' the good King's men!"

"I have thee!" roared Clod, swinging high his club and preparing for a deadly blow.

Firm as a rock stood the young warrior, raising his shield to parry.

Down came the club, but forward flashed the sword with an under-thrust.

"Oh, my son!" burst from the lips of the Lady of Wartmont. "My son has fallen! Stand firm, men!"

Fallen, indeed, but so had Clod the Club, pierced through by the sword-thrust; and a fierce yell burst from his followers as they sprang forward to avenge him.

All were too intent on the fray to note the arrival of newcomers; but now there came a sudden dropping of the outer men of the throng of robbers. Shaft after shaft, unerring, strongly driven, pierced them from back to breast.

"Shoot close!" shouted a voice. "Miss not. Steady, men! Oh, Richard Neville of Wartmont, we are the killers of the King's deer!"

"Aye!" added Ben of Coventry. "We are with Guy the Bow, and 'tis a wolf-hunt!"

They were not many, but their archery was terrible. Fast twanged the bows, and fast the outlaws fell.

"Closer, men! Spare not any!" commanded Guy the

Bow, and the line of galloways wheeled nearer. It was too much. The remaining robbers who have fled if they could, but they were between the fires.

"Oh, Richard!" murmured Lady Maud. "Thou art not dead?"

His fine dark eyes opened just then, and a smile came faintly upon his lips as he replied:

"Only stunned, mother. The catiff's club bang my shield down upon my head, but my steel cap be it well, else my neck were broken. Did he go down? He lies among the ruck," she said. "But oh, the God! The archers of Longwood have come! The fight is won!"

It was won, indeed; for neither the archers nor the Wartmont men were showing any mercy to the staggering, bewildered remnants of the outlaw band, which had been such a terror to the Welsh border and was to other counties almost as far inland as Warwick itself. Never more would any peaceful hamlet or lonely tower be left in ruins to tell the ruthless barbarity of the wolves of Devon.

AN ALICE ALPHABET

By CAROLYN WELLS

- A is for Alice, who wrote to her feet.
- B is the Bandersnatch, frumious and feet.
- C is the Cheshire Cat, who slowly appears.
- D is the Duchess who boxed the Queen's ears.
- E is the Eaglet who barred out long words.
- F, the Flamingo, the queerest of birds.
- G is the Gryphon, loquacious and gay.
- H, Humpty-Dumpty in gorgeous array.
- I for the insects with curious names.
- J is the Jabberwock, breathing forth flames.
- K is the King who was whizzed through the air.
- L is the Lobster who sugared his hair.
- M, the Mock Turtle, whose tears freely flowed.

- N is for Nobody, seen on the road.
- O is for Oysters, with shoes on their legs.
- P is for Pigeon who guarded its eggs.
- Q is for Queen who breathlessly ran.
- R is the Rabbit who hunted his fan.
- S is the Sheep, on her knitting intent.
- T, Tweedledum, with his noisy lament.
- U is the Unicorn, valiant in feud.
- V is the Violet, saucy and rude.
- W 's the Walrus with appetite keen.
- X the Executioner employed by the Queen.
- Y is the Youth Father William surveyed.
- Z is the Zigzag the Mouse's tale made.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION

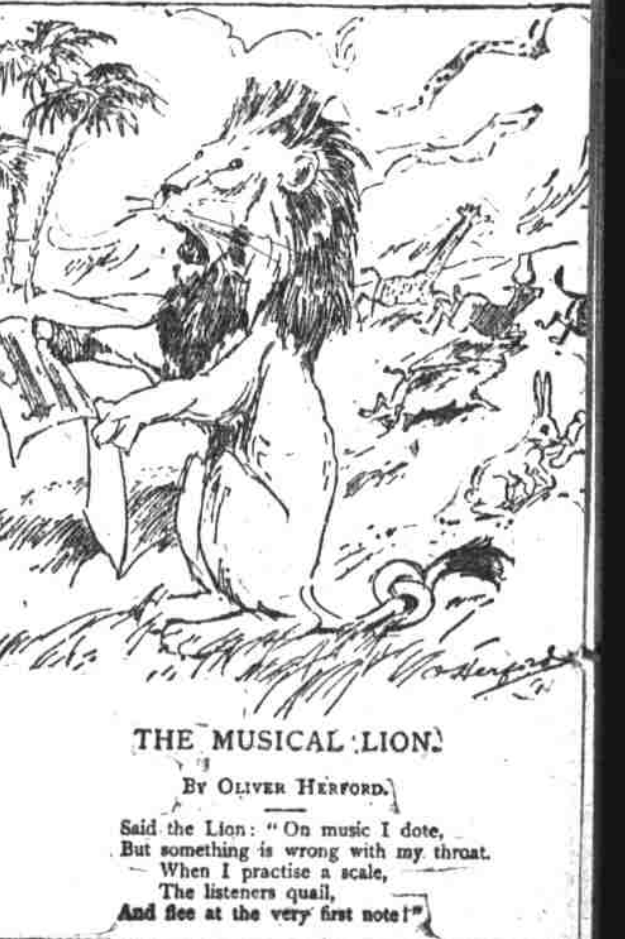


THERE is a remarkable picture painted by the celebrated English painter Hogarth. It is called "False Perspective." There are houses in the foreground, a stream in the middle distance, and a hill in the background. In a spirit of humor Hogarth has filled the picture with impossibilities from the standpoint of perspective, and yet at the first glance a careless observer would detect nothing wrong in it.

Here is a somewhat similar picture that shows what a queer-looking jumble would result if the artist should neglect the rules of perspective in parts of his drawing and follow them in others. If you were asked to point out which of the three elephants and which of the three giraffes traveling through the long, queer-looking corridor or bridge shown in the accompanying picture are the tallest, would you not at once place your finger upon the hindmost animals? The giraffe that brings up the rear seems to overtop the other two, and the elephant in front appears but a dwarf compared with his big brother occupying the last place behind; and yet surprising as it may seem, you will find, by carefully measuring the heights of the animals, that the nearest ones are really either taller than those that follow or fully equal to them in size.

The reason that the latter look so much larger than they really are is because they do not grow smaller in the same proportion as do their surroundings, which are drawn according to the rules of perspective. For you will notice that the lines of the roof, floor and sides of the building grow closer together as they vanish in the distance. The illusion is further emphasized by the three men on the platform. These also are drawn in accordance with the laws of per-

spective—that is, they appear larger or smaller according to their distance from the eye of the observer.



THE MUSICAL LION

By OLIVER HERFORD.
Said the Lion: "On music I dote,
But something is wrong with my throat.
When I practise a scale,
The listeners quail,
And flee at the very first note!"

MISUNDERSTOOD.

A very young person of Rye
Said "Of course I can talk
if I try!
But whenever I speak
They declare it's all Greek
So I find it much wiser
to cry!"