Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

The "Robbers'" Generosity

"SAY, Billy, I 'preciate ever so much your gettin' me in the band o' 'Robbers'!"

"Aw, don't mention it," replied the valiant captain of the "Robbers"; "you're too decent a feller to be kept out of it."

But although Billy Mumford disdained to accept thanks, he was inwardly much pleased with the gratitude of Artie Cronan, latest recruit of the "Bloody Robbers." Searching carefully in his pocket, he dug forth a rusty copper. This he proceeded to invest at Todd's grocery store, after which he and Artie shared the "sucker" which represented the purchase.

"Are you goin' to the picnic?" asked Billy, when, under the influence of the "sucker," perfect relations had been established.

THE "ROBBERS" GO A-BERRYING

Little Artie shook his head sorrowfully. "I'm afraid not," said he. "Ma says if I pick enough blackberries to pay my way I can go; but I'll never have enough money in time."

For a long time Captain Billy remained in the deepest of thought. Finally he said:

"Artie, I'm goin' to tell you a secret. On the edge of Noble's wood, not far from the stonepile, there's a big tree. There are blackberry bushes all 'round, an' these berries grow so loose that when the wind blows real smart they're blown off and carried under this tree. I've often found piles and piles of 'em. They're all cleaned out now, but if you go there on Wednesday afternoon I think you'll find a lot."

Here Billy observed that important

ARTIE FOUND THE BERRIES

business necessitated his presence elsewhere, so he and Artie parted.

Artie was greatly excited over Billy's information. Suspecting no plot, the little chap decided to take Billy's advice, so that on the following afternoon he tramped to the woods, with a big bucket under his arm.

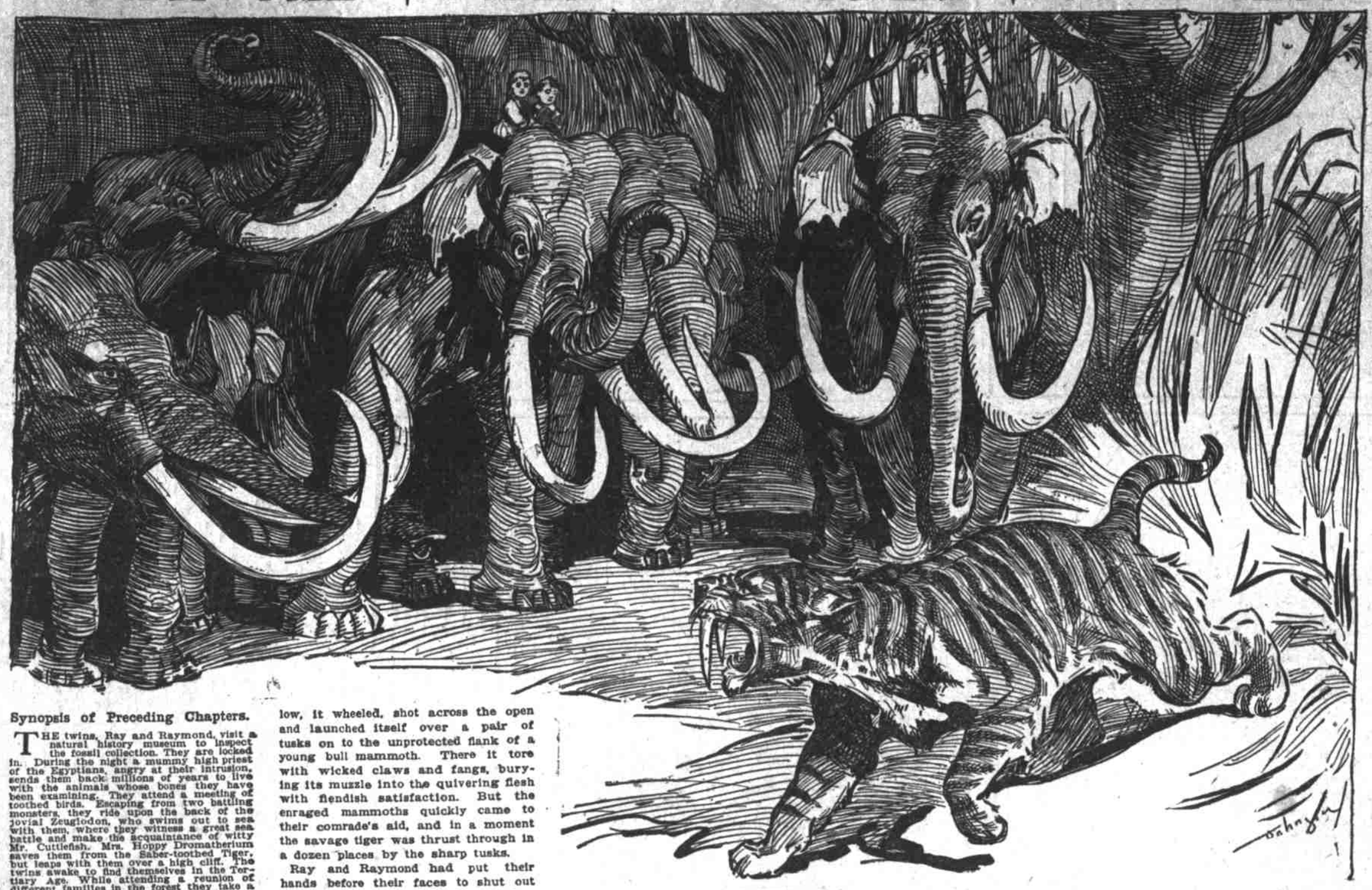
Sure enough, there were any number of berries! And the fact that they were in buckets didn't seem to impress Artie. Joyfully he filled his pail and hastened home to market them.

Meanwhile, Billy and the other "Robbers," who had generously filled the buckets and placed them under the tree, were filled with delight at the success of their plan.

"But Artie's a nice fellow, an' he deserves to go to the picnic as much as any of us," declared Captain Billy. And the others smilingly agreed. They always did agree with Billy.

UNDER THE SPELL OF A MUMMY SORCERER

(Copyright, 1908, by The North American Company.)



"AN IMMENSE TIGER BOUNDED INTO THE SPACE BEFORE THEM"

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THE twins, Ray and Raymond, visit a natural history museum to inspect the fossil collection. They are locked in. During the night a mummy high priest of the Egyptians, angry at their intrusion, sends them back millions of years to live with the animals whose bones they have been examining. They attend a meeting of toothed birds. Escaping from two battling monsters, they ride upon the back of the jovial Zeuglodon, who swims out to sea with them, where they witness a great sea battle and make the acquaintance of witty Mr. Cuttlefish. Mrs. Hoppy Dromatherium saves them from the Saber-toothed Tiger, but leaps with them over a high cliff. The twins awake to find themselves in the Tertiary Age. While attending a reunion of different families in the forest they take a stroll with the Woolly Rhinoceros. Rhiney scatters a band of snarling Hyenadonts; in the meantime, crabbed Tony Megatherium runs away with the boy and girl. They escape, however, and become friends with the Missing Link. The Mammoth finds them, places them upon his back and travels with them to join the herd of mammoths to which he belongs. On their way to the drinking-place the herd suddenly halts and prepares to meet a foe.

Chapter VIII

THE ATTACK.

GREAT was the wonderment of the twins as to what animal would dare attack the huge mammoths, each of which was twice the size of an ordinary elephant. While the mammoths did not seem frightened, still it was evident from their careful plans for defense that they respected their adversary.

Again the herd trumpeted defiance. Then, like a flash, an immense tiger bounded into the open space before them. Displaying its teeth in a hideous snarl, it stepped from side to side, seeking a place to attack.

Now that the mammoths saw the foe, they screamed their hatred, throwing trunks aloft and shaking tusks threateningly. But the tiger was too wary to advance directly upon those sharp tusks. Lashing its tail and snarling in counterfeited disappointment, it turned as though to make its way back into the forest. But not more than a few paces had it retreated, than with a suddenness the eye could scarcely follow, it wheeled, shot across the open and launched itself over a pair of tusks on to the unprotected flank of a young bull mammoth. There it tore with wicked claws and fangs, burying its muzzle into the quivering flesh with fiendish satisfaction. But the enraged mammoths quickly came to their comrade's aid, and in a moment the savage tiger was thrust through in a dozen places by the sharp tusks.

Ray and Raymond had put their hands before their faces to shut out this hideous spectacle, when a thunderous roar from behind drowned the din about them. Ere the reverberations from this terrible volume of sound had died away the mammoths were scattered, fleeing in all directions.

"'Tis the Cave-Lion!" cried the Mammoth to whose back the twins clung. And the boy and girl, glancing over their shoulders, saw a gigantic lion, at least fourteen feet long and taller than the largest ox, leap upon one of the terror-stricken mammoths. But the act of turning their heads cost them dearly; for a leafy branch swept them from the back of the Mammoth, and before they could call, their friend was far away. Fortunately, they were held from falling by the thick foliage. They crawled along the branches to where a crotch made by a limb and the trunk formed the nicest kind of a seat. Leaf-clusters screened them from the view of any animal passing below.

Sounds of the heavy tread of mammoths were heard no longer. Cave-Lion and Tiger were silent. In place of mighty uproar, a stillness that was almost ominous had settled upon the forest. The quiet frightened the twins as much as the terrific noise had done. A scurrying and rustling of leaves overhead caused them to jump in terror. Much relieved were they to find that the newcomers were only a troop of monkeys. These mischievous creatures peered at the boy and girl from the sides. Then one of them cried to the others that the Human Beings were friends of the Link, who was a mortal enemy to the band. Immediately the monkeys surrounded the twins, making impudent faces and calling all sorts of bad names. There is no telling what other means they would have taken to tease the boy and girl had not some one else put in an appearance.

It was Mrs. Orang-Outang, who sent the little imps flying over the treetops, as she came to investigate the reason for disturbance.

"ADVANCED TOWARD EACH OTHER"

"Those idiotic apes haven't the slightest idea of the courtesy due a stranger," indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Orang-Outang. She assured Ray and Raymond they had no further cause for alarm, and led them to the giant tree where she made her home most of the time. Here the twins amused themselves playing with the little orang-outangs—tiny little fellows who kept near their mother, and who were apparently afraid of the boy and girl. Just as all were becoming quite friendly the baby Orang-Outangs flew in terror to their mother. But before one of them could reach this refuge the body of a great snake swung from a branch overhead and wrapped the little fellow in its folds.

Realizing that interference was hopeless, Mrs. Orang-Outang fled with her remaining baby, crying as she did so:

"Oh, the cruel monster! Not content with having eaten one of my children, the dreadful Boa-Constrictor much rob me of another!"

In her grief she did not observe that she had far outdistanced the boy and girl in her flight. In truth, she had forgotten all about them.

Chapter IX

AN INTERRUPTED FROLIC.

"I'M SO tired I can't go another step!" gasped Ray, as she flung herself upon the ground.

"Don't suppose you need run any farther, anyway," panted Raymond, "because we've certainly left the boa-constrictor 'way behind us."

The two dropped themselves at ease against the base of a tree, gazing thoughtfully at the branches closely intertwined above them.

All at once Raymond laughed. In reply to his sister's wondering look, he explained:

"I was only thinking what would ..... next. Adventures have been following one another so rapidly that we hardly have had time to breathe."

"Well, I do hope," replied Ray, "that the next will be an amusing experience instead of such a horrible one as we've just passed through."

"Want something funny, eh?" queried a voice, seemingly from the sky.

The twins craned their necks this way and that, but no creature could they distinguish until a woodpecker flew from a branch above them and perched himself solemnly on a stone nearby.

"I say, if you wish to see something funny, all you have to do is to follow me," continued the woodpecker.

"Gladly, Mr. Woodpecker," courteously responded the twins, although it was with difficulty that they succeeded in smothering a sigh at leaving such a comfortable place.

Under the guidance of the woodpecker they traversed more than a mile of forest, when they abruptly emerged upon a plain. A strange sight met their eyes.

Advancing toward each other were two queer looking animals. One had the appearance of a great armadillo—while the other resembled a sloth, although it had the scaly tail of a reptile. When it would seem that the two creatures must surely bump together, they passed, neither appearing to notice the presence of the other. But when a few rods separated them, each turned and advanced toward the other again, passing just as they were about to meet. This performance was repeated many times, and the curiosity of the boy and girl was roused to the highest pitch. Their friend, the woodpecker, kindly volunteered to enlighten them.

"That chap with the turtle-like shell is Johnny Glytodon; the other is Arthur Mylodon. They are the only animals of their kind left in the world, you know; and so proud is each of the fact that there is quite a rivalry between them. Really, at heart they are quite fond of each other, but their haughtiness will permit neither of them to address the other first; so they march past, each hoping the other will speak."

"But since neither will speak, it seems to me that the ceremony will probably go on forever," remarked Raymond.

Mr. Woodpecker winked an eye. "It would," said he, "were it not for the interference of the Peerless Orchestra."

No sooner were the words uttered than a partridge alighted on a stump beside Mr. Woodpecker, and a rattlesnake appeared on the other side. Then, in unison, the partridge beat his wings with a booming sound upon the hollow stump, the snake shook his rattle and the woodpecker rat-a-tapped upon a tree. Immediately this music began, Johnny and Arthur forgot their ancestral pride, joined paws and began to caper in the most ridiculous manner.

Round and round the two uncouth creatures whirled. So grotesque and clumsy were their antics that Ray and Raymond were convulsed with merriment. As the time of the music became quicker the enjoyment of the dancers increased until they seemed almost wild with pleasure.

Something whirred ominously by Ray's ear. In a second, orchestra and dancers had disappeared. To their astonishment, Ray and Raymond found themselves alone.

Raymond was the first to recover from surprise. Running forward, he picked from the ground a rude arrow, tipped with flint.

"Human beings!" he muttered.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

Fisherman's Joke.

Sammy was looking at a fine string of trout the old fisherman carried.

"How do you catch them?" he asked.

The old fisherman rolled the tobacco in his cheek and solemnly replied:

"Why, you see, we wait until the fish pokes up their heads, and then we throws a running knot over 'em and hauls it taut."

Sammy tucked this wonderful bit of information away in his head. When he returned to school, after the vacation, he was not slow in imparting it to his comrades. Finally the story reached one of the older boys. They teased the little fellow unmercifully, and for many a day Sammy was asked when he was going to lasso some of those fine trout.

Imprudent Vows

ON A bench near the pretty little lake sat Marian, Victoria and Roberta. Delightful breezes rippled the surface of the placid water and brought refreshing coolness to the three girls. For a long time they rested without a word, admiring their beautiful surroundings. Then Marian broke the silence.

"I wish I had lived in the days of chivalry," said she; "that I dwelt in a magnificent castle from which I could ride forth each morning, away to the hunt, and be envied of all the great ladies in the land."

"I would also live in a grand castle," murmured Victoria; "but, instead of a swift hunter, I should like to have a

At the Hunt

quiet mule. And every day I should ride among my people, relieving all suffering and doing my utmost to promote happiness."

"Oh, how I should like to be a powerful fairy, perching in my home among the swaying tree branches and looking down into the dwelling of every inhabitant of the country! Upon the noses of mean and wicked folks I should make warts appear, or disfigure them in other ways, so that their bodies would be as ugly as their characters. Oh, I should be the Fairy of Justice!" cried Roberta.

A swallow gracefully winged his way across the lake. Right by the three girls he flew; and it seemed to them he twittered in their ears:

"Your wishes shall be granted."

* * *

"Will you hunt this morning, most

A Fairy with Wondrous Power

gracious lady?" asked the huntsman, as he stood with a hooded falcon perched upon his gauntlet.

But Lady Marian shook her head discontentedly. "I am tired of hunting every day. I am tired of doing the same things time and time again. What a dull place this is!"

Meanwhile, throngs of beggars were crowding about the good Lady Victoria. To all she gave impartially; and many unworthy fellows took advantage of her bounty. Then, too, however industriously she distributed her gifts, still she was besieged by clamorous cries for help. At last she saw clearly how impossible it was for any one person to relieve all the suffering in the land.

Nor was the Fairy Roberta altogether happy, now that she had gained unlim-

Giving Alms

ited power. It is true, upon great numbers of persons she cast her spell, causing them to appear frightfully ugly. But her conscience reproached her, for she was not sure that she had not wronged some innocent people. She began to believe herself a poor Fairy of Justice, indeed.

* * *

The three girls were again by the lake. Together they compared their adventures.

"I don't believe, after all, that I wish to be the grand lady who lives in a castle," concluded Marian.

"Nor I," admitted Victoria; while Roberta emphatically declared that she wouldn't be the Fairy of Justice for anything.

It seemed that through the swallow they had learned well the value of contentment.

Walking on His Head

BOYS who have tried it know that it is by no means a simple feat to walk for any distance upon the hands. How, then, do you suppose any one could walk upon his head? And yet this has been accomplished by a man named Baptiste Cromwell.

In the picture you see Monsieur

UPON THE BALUSTRADE

Cromwell "walking" down the stone balustrade of the City Hall at Charlottenburg. Had he fallen over the outer edge there would have been a drop of over 200 feet to the flagging below. No wonder his attendants were nervous! Polly Evans would advise you to confine yourself to less difficult and less dangerous feats.

PLAYFELLOWS

ALTHOUGH the picture shows but two of the "playfellows," in reality there were three of them. But the third was only a boy, and therefore not nearly so interesting as the two little St. Bernard puppies. The doggies, by the way, are no longer puppies. Oh, dear no! They've grown ten times as big by now. And the boy is almost a man.

Many a frolic had the three comrades. It was in the winter, however, that the doggie playfellows enjoyed themselves best of all, for then they could roll in the snow, burying themselves until only the tips of their muzzles could be seen. So you may know what a delightful time they had, when, some years after they were born, they accompanied their boy playfellow across the sea to Switzerland, up among the snow and ice and glaciers.

While the three were in Switzerland they became separated for almost the first time in their lives. Indeed, were it not for the dogs, perhaps, the third playfellow would have been lost not only to the trio, but to every one else. It happened one afternoon when the boy stole away with only his chums. Up the snowy mountain path he climbed, although such ways were forbidden except when under the guidance of grown-ups. The boy, however, didn't care to have grown-ups with him that afternoon; he wished only his chums to share the fun.

But the boy didn't have half the fun he expected. While recklessly following the path he slipped, and in an instant he was careening down a cleft between walls of ice. Luckily, a projection of ice arrested his flight. There he clung, while his chums barked in dismay from the path above. Then one of the wise doggies galloped toward the hotel in search of help. Not long afterward a party came to the rescue, but it is doubtful if there would have been a boy to rescue even then, had not the other doggie barked his encouragement continually to the boy, who, chilled through and through, found the utmost difficulty in remaining upon his dangerous perch.

So the three playfellows were united. And the boy was taught a lesson. Since then he has taken good care not to become lost to his playfellows. Nor, if he has his way, will the doggies ever be lost to him.

ADVENTURES OF THE SEA-SHELL FAMILY

ELSIE SEA-SHELL

Second Adventure.

CERTAINLY, no artist could have refused the appeal of Mrs. Sea-Shell. Besides, this artist was a very kind-hearted one. So he immediately set about making other Sea-Shells.

Upon the canvas he placed another clamshell in such a position that the crook or umbo formed the chin. Then around the face made on the shell he sketched the figure of a nice young lady. With his magic paint he gave her a blue costume, a blue hat and made her eyes blue. He painted her hair and gloves a light brown and used a very dark brown for the eyelashes and eyebrows. When completed the little Sea-Shell lady came to life, through the virtue of the magic paint, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Sea-Shell, who at once christened her Elsie.

Again Mr. Artist placed a clamshell upon the canvas. This time the umbo formed the retrousse or "turn-up" nose. Very shortly Elsie's brother was created, with a green suit, a red vest and tie and red dots in his hose. Even his cigar was lighted when he came to life. This was Johnny Sea-Shell.

Thanking the artist for all his courtesies, the Sea-Shell family sauntered along the beach.

"First of all," said Mr. Sea-Shell, "we must find some sort of a home."

"What is that little building over there?" exclaimed Johnny.

They all ran up to investigate, and found the dearest little castle one could possibly imagine. It was built of damp sand, packed hard, and it contained tiny, airy chambers, while the outside was ornamented with majestic towers and parapets.

The Sea-Shells were delighted. Gathering shells and pebbles, they constructed little chairs and couches. Then they sat down for a little chat.

All at once there was a rush of water, and, without the slightest warning, their castle tumbled about the Sea-Shells' ears. You see, they had forgotten all about the turning of the tide. And the next moment they felt themselves lifted up, together with a shovelful of sand, and dropped into a pail. It seemed that the boy who had built the castle had returned to see the waves demolish it, and, observing what looked like several pretty shells, he had scooped them up.

But even in this dangerous situation the wits of Mr. Sea-Shell did not desert him. "Cease your struggles!" he shouted to the members of his family. Instantly every Sea-Shell became as of stone, so that when the boy picked them up to examine them he supposed they were merely little dolls made in very clever fashion. The limbs of each one of this curious family were hard and brittle, and by simply keeping still no one would have imagined they were really alive.

To amuse himself the boy stuck the

JOHNNY SEA-SHELL

Sea-Shells in the sand. Johnny, unfortunately, was obliged to submit to the indignity of being thrust in head first.

While the boy was watching his newfound toys, something very strange happened. At a word from Mr. Sea-Shell the manikins hurriedly yanked Johnny to his feet and then fled across the sand. Before the lad could recover from his astonishment they were out of sight.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)