

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

BY
E. Boyd Smith.

Two Men Overboard

An Old
Salt's
Yarn.

It was in '62, and, with a good cargo of logwood aboard, we were cruising along the coast, trying to get into the track of the trade-winds for a straight run home. The wind was pretty light, and we had every sail set; still we didn't make much headway. We were so used to calm weather that no one even thought of any sudden change, and when, in the

It looked as if we'd hold on until we got pretty tired of it, I thought to myself. "Hullo, a tree!" suddenly cried Corden. "We must be pretty near land. That's encouraging." "A tree might drift across the ocean," I objected rather gloomily. "As it rose on the top of a wave we saw that it was a big one and that its leaves were still green. That was encouraging. "S'pose we change boarding-houses," suggested Corden. "The tree is more roomy. We can climb up on it and be comfortable. It looks more home-like too—I used to live on a farm." He swam over to look at it.

had not been long in the water, and we decided that it, like ourselves, was a victim of last night's storm. This gave us courage, for we knew that we could not be far from shore.

"Hold steady till I stand up and take bearings," said Corden, bracing himself against my shoulders. But a tree is a roly thing, and over it went, and Corden with it. I was laughing at him when back it rolled and dropped me over the other side. As I bobbed up with my mouth full of water, for it had been open laughing at Corden when I went in, he popped up on the other side.

"Ah, there!" he said. "Passengers change at this station!" "I was glad he was of such a good humor, for it's no fun being wrecked with a man who thinks he's going to die any minute. We climbed aboard again. "Let's put our yard across underneath; that'll steady us," I suggested.

This we did without much trouble. Next, with great care, I got upon my feet, balancing like a tight-rope walker. But I could not see anything but water, water, all around; no land, no ship.

As we could do nothing but wait and see how things turned out, we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. But after a time we commenced to feel pretty hungry, and thirsty too. And now we discovered that our tree was a coconut, and fairly well filled with the fruit. We found them quite ripe.

"We've struck it, old man," said Corden. "Our poor mates have n't coconuts, and they're probably working like slaves putting the ship to rights after her shak-up, while we are loafing and living on coconuts. It's a regular picnic!"

I did not see it just as Corden did; but still, I appreciated the coconuts.

Well, we had a good meal of coconuts, and began to feel quite cheerful. All that day we floated about on our tree. Occasionally the gulls came and had a look at us, and we were glad to see them; they were company. But the night was terribly long and tiresome. We could not keep our eyes open, and every little while would fall into a doze; but each time over we went, and woke up to find ourselves splashing about in the water.

"This won't do," said Corden; "I'm going to perch in the branches."

"By-by, Renaud," I heard him say a little later; and I could hear him crackling around among the branches of our tree, but it was too dark to see.

I finally made up a scheme for sleeping, though it was n't exactly perfect. I stretched out on my face, my feet on each side of the trunk and my hands on the yard, which lay across underneath. This balanced me pretty well; but sometimes, just as I was dropping into a nice nap, a wave would lap up and smack me in the face. These little surprise-parties



middle of one hot night, a howling squall struck us we all were greatly surprised. That's the worst of those tropical calms—you can't count on them. Down drops a hurricane upon you when you least expect it.

The captain piped us out in a hurry, to get in the sails. But the gale was too quick for us, and the topsails were tearing themselves to pieces while we were getting in the foresails. I never heard such a racket before! The wind shrieked through the rigging; and the waves, which had come up in a minute, so it seemed, splashed and splattered around us in a terrible rage. The ship was down on her beam-ends, shooting along like a streak of lightning. Everything was a tearing and cracking. We thought the masts would be torn out of her.

Corden and I had climbed out on the yard to reef. It dipped so that at times we almost touched the sea; what with the banging of the loose sail and the fear of being washed off, we had a hard time.

"Rather lively," Corden shouted to me. "How do you like it?"

"I don't like it," I howled back.

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, and blowing out to sea, when, crash! down we banged into a great wave. I gripped tight and held on. Rip! Tear! Crash! The topmast gave way. Another wave, another wrench, and the yard, sail, and all were torn off and sailing about on their own hook. But the worst of it was, they had taken Corden and me along.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" was Corden's first remark as his head popped up and he spluttered out the salt water. Cool chap, that Corden!

You can believe we held on to that yard. The night was black as pitch. We could not see ten feet ahead of us. But now, and then a lightning-flash gave us a quick glimpse of waves and more waves, but no ship. She probably was scudding way under bare poles at the rate of a mile a minute.

When the day broke we were glad to see the light, though it did n't help matters much. Still, it's a kind of satisfaction to be able to see exactly how things are. All that day the sea was still somewhat high though the wind had gone down as quickly as it had come up.

What possible escape could there be for us? That was the question. I put it to Corden.

"Just hold on a while and we shall see," was his answer.



"Fine as silk," he called back as he clambered up on it. "Room for another passenger. Come along, Renaud, and get aboard."

"Let's have our timber just the same," I suggested. "It may come handy in some way."

So between us we managed to push our wreck over to the tree and make it fast. Our tree was a fine big one, and we floated quite comfortably. It

spoiled my dreams. But I stopped them by facing to leeward, so that the water struck me only in the back of the head. You can get used to almost anything, and pretty soon I was comfortably snoring. Corden was doing the same, for I could hear him snoring like our fog-horn on board ship.

We slept well into the morning, and woke up feeling cramped. Corden complained that branches,

though not the worst things in the world, were n't as good as a hammock.

"Well, what's the bill of fare for breakfast, Renaud," he asked, "coffee or milk? I guess I'll try milk. There's cocoanut milk to-day."

We tapped two coconuts and made a pretty good meal.

To make a long story short, we floated around in this way for three days.

On the fourth day we had grown very tired of that tree. Corden, who was always on the lookout, said

freshened, and the sail drew. Slowly we crawled through the water—but ever so slowly.

"We'll have to cut away a lot of those branches to make any headway," I told Corden.

So Corden hacked some of them off, though he was careful to save the ones with coconuts.

Then we commenced really to sail. The wind kept coming from the sea, so we knew that in time we would reach land, unless our sail blew over. Of this we were very much afraid.

It came on dark, and still no land. We commenced to feel discouraged. We did n't try to sleep that night at all; we were looking for shore, and could n't think of anything else. When it was nearly morning we heard a dull roar. We strained our ears to listen.

"It's surf!" shouted Corden.

"It's surf!" I cried after him.

Louder and louder we could hear the noise. The surf was coming nearer and nearer, or so it seemed.



he thought he could see land. A breeze had sprung up.

"Let's try and get up a sail," I suggested. And we were glad to do anything to relieve the monotony of just drifting. We got out the broken yard with its piece of sail still hanging to it. But getting it up was a big job. Finally, after working hard all day, and taking many sudden tumbles into the sea, we managed to lash it up against the end of the tree-trunk. We had our knives,—sailors never lose their knives, you know,—and we needed them here. It was n't very solid, but we stayed it from the trunk with the rigging which still hung to it.

We decided to wait for the daylight before hoisting our sail, so slept as best we could for another night. But we were awake early the next morning. That sail-idea was on our minds. I had been dreaming about it all night. We got the sail on. The wind

to us, for we forgot that we were moving. At last through the darkness we could see the white line. And now we wondered how we were to land, whether among rocks or on a sandy beach. Landing in surf is ticklish business.

Soon we got in the big swells, and we dashed ahead. Ah! we were saved! It was a long sandy beach. The next minute we were riding in on the crest of the wave. The surf broke and threw us. A splurge, a scramble and a rush, and, on our hands and knees, we were soon sprawling on the sand, while the white surf lapped up around our feet. Corden got up; I got up. Then we silently shook hands; but we did n't say anything.

We sat down on the beach and waited for the daylight. And when it came, to our great joy, we heard the familiar creaking of blocks. We hurried around a bend of the beach, and there, before us, was our own ship. She had put in to repair damages. They had given us up for lost, of course; but here we were, none the worse for our sail on a coconut-tree.

ASK THE RABBIT.

A LITTLE STORY FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

BY JAMES B. BENEDICT.

HERE was once a silly donkey who went one day strolling down the road, chewing a bit of thistle and feeling as fine as a June morning. Presently he came to a trap where a lion had been caught and was roaring so loudly that the donkey stopped in amazement. Indeed, it was remarkable that the villagers had not heard the rumpus long before, and come out and killed him; but perhaps the wind was the other way. Silly stood looking at the lion for some time, and, finding that he was securely trapped, began to question the royal brute, saying: "What are you doing in there, Lion?"

"Let me out!" roared the other. "Let me out at once, you miserable slave!"

"Oh, yes!" sneered Silly—who did not have very good manners, for it is undoubtedly impolite to sneer. "Let you out and then get eaten for my trouble! I think not. I am not so foolish as that, thank you," and he laughed with pleasure. "Hee-ee-ought!" for he considered himself a very fine fellow indeed.

The lion saw that this would n't do, so he changed his tone and began to beg and flatter instead of threatening.

"Donkey," he said in his most winning voice, "you certainly are a very handsome and clever chap. And I wish you would kindly push up that wretched bar which holds the door shut, and then I can get out. Will you do that, you kind and wise donkey?"

"You can't gammon me," was the reply. "I don't want to be eaten."

"Eaten!" cried the lion in the most injured tone he could manage. "What ever put that thought into your head, I wonder. How could you imagine such a thing? I do not eat my friends. Never!" And he looked as mild as milk, the deceitful old rascal!

Naturally enough Silly was pleased at being called the lion's friend, and, donkey-like, he raised the bar which held the door, while the lion pushed from the inside, and in a moment he was free. And the very first thing he did was to knock down poor Silly

and prepare to make a meal of him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the wretched donkey. "What are you doing?"

"I am very hungry indeed," replied the lion. "Don't interrupt me."

"But you promised solemnly not to eat me," pleaded Silly.

"Pooh, pooh!" the wicked lion answered. "I don't remember saying anything of the sort. Of course I am going to eat you."

The poor donkey gave himself up for lost, and began to bemoan his fate. "I think it is very unfair," he whimpered.

"What!" roared his captor. "Do you dare to say that I am unfair? Now you deserve to die, and I shall eat you without the least hesitation," and he lashed his sides with his wicked tail and growled horribly.

"Well," whined the miserable donkey, "all I can say is that it is unfair, and any one I might ask to be a judge would say the same."

The lion, greatly enraged at this, was about to begin his dinner at once, when a sudden thought came into his evil old head. "If he can get some one else into this business to be a judge," he reflected, "what is to prevent me from having the judge himself for breakfast to-morrow? That's a fine idea!"

So, to Silly's astonishment, the lion, who had been holding his prey tightly,—and it hurt, too,—removed his paws and allowed him to get up. Then the wicked old brute addressed him. "Donkey," he said, "you have remarked that any judge would say that I was unfair. Now we will find a judge and see about it, and I only hope, that when he hears the case, it will not be the worse for you, sir."

Silly was so bewildered that his poor foolish head could not understand it all, and he only winked and blinked till the lion lost patience, and, seizing him by the ear, off they went down the road to find a judge.

Before they had gone far they met the very great-grandpapa of all rabbits. He was remarkable old and gray, and looked as if he were surprisingly foolish, which was far from being the case, however, as you shall see.

"Here," cried the lion; "here's a rabbit. He will make a very good break—I mean judge. Go ahead and ask him."

So Silly the donkey explained the affair to the rabbit, who sat up attentively and scratched his ear, looking more foolish than ever.

"That is very complicated," he remarked when the donkey had finished. "Would you mind saying it over again. It is n't quite clear to me."

Well, Silly repeated the story at length, explaining it all very carefully.

"Dear, dear," said the rabbit, "that is very curious. I do not quite understand yet how you came to be in the trap."

"I was n't in the trap," cried Silly. "It was the lion."

"Oh—yes—the lion," replied the rabbit. "How stupid of me! But, really, I could understand it better, I know, if we went right to the place where it happened."

The lion was rather vexed at the delay, but he could think of no reasonable excuse, so off the three went up the road, and presently they came to the trap again.

"Now," said the rabbit, "if you will just say that all over again from the beginning, I think I can understand it"; which Silly did, while the lion waited hungrily, wondering if he had n't better eat his dinner and breakfast together.

"Now I see!" the rabbit cried. "The lion was walking down the road, when he saw the trap—"

"No, no!" interrupted Silly. "I was walking down the road, and I saw the lion in the trap."

"Oh, yes; of course," said the rabbit. "You were walking in the trap, and the lion saw—"

"No, no, no! stupid thing!" roared the lion. "Can't you understand anything?"

"Dear, dear, my poor brain!" cried the rabbit, "I don't believe I shall ever understand it."

"Yes, you shall, though," the lion growled, for he was very angry at such stupidity. "You shall understand it, I say. Now listen."

"Yes, my lord lion," whimpered the rabbit. "I will try."

"Now, I was in the trap when the donkey came down the road. Do you see that?"

"Yes, yes," cried the rabbit; "I think—but, please, I do not quite see about the trap. How did you get in?"

"Why, through the door, idiot!"

"But, but—oh, dear me, my poor head! It is such a very small door. How could you get in?"

"Here, you foolish, stupid thing; I'll show you"; and the lion marched into the trap. "Now, do you

see, I'm in the trap."

"Perfectly," replied the clever rabbit, as he quickly fastened the door; "and, what is more, I think you will stay there this time. Good-by."

And the rabbit and Silly strolled off down the road just as merry as crickets, leaving the wicked old lion to roar with rage till the villagers, finally hearing the racket, came out with ropes and poles and carried him off.

SEWING SONG

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

Oh, the thread and needle and thimble, too,
The wax and scissors and emery too,
O wonderful, wonderful things I'll do,
With my thread and needle and thimble too.

Oh, the cutting and binding and hemming too,
Its stitching and felling and gathering too,
There's scarcely a need to the things you do,
With my cutting and binding and gathering too.

Oh, the buttoning and buttoning and buttoning too,
And the darning and darning and darning too,
And the mending and mending and mending too,
When woe's finished and all I get