

Polly Evans's Story Page for Boys and Girls

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GRANDPA'S SPECTACLES



WHEN grandpa puts his "glasses" on, he is so very wise; He says so many "portant" things.

And reads all that he tries, I got his "specs" the other day, And set them on my nose; I couldn't read a single word— Why was it, do you s'pose?

MUSICIAN BECOMES ASTRONOMER

ALMOST like a fairy story is the tale of a man who deserted the music of the organ for the music of the stars. In the first place, William Herschel hadn't the faintest idea that he would become an astronomer. He was a member of the band of the Hanoverian Guards. Having deserted, in the midst of a war with France, because he wasn't at all fitted for war, he made his way to Bath, England. Here he succeeded in obtaining the position of organist at the Octagon Chapel, and went for his sister Caroline to join him. Wanting to gain a thorough knowledge of music, the young man began the study of mathematics, and so hard did he work that he became quite proficient. Then the thought occurred to him that he could apply his learning in astronomy, as well as in music. Therefore, he set about making a telescope. His sister, Caroline, in her spare time kept the house tidy while her brother William was transforming bedroom and drawing room into a carpenter's shop and foundry. But William Herschel succeeded in

this as well as he had in his other endeavors. His telescope was completed. Then, on March 13, 1781, as he was looking through the home-made telescope, he espied a bluish object, which looked larger when magnified, instead of becoming smaller and brighter, as is the manner with stars. The youthful Hanoverian had discovered a new planet! And soon the world was talking of the discovery. George III sent for him to come to Windsor. He pardoned the young astronomer for deserting the Hanoverian army, and then became Herschel's patron, granting him an income sufficient to permit him to give up music teaching. With all possible apparatus now at his disposal, Herschel did much to distinguish himself after his discovery of the planet of Uranus (or Georgium Sidus, as it was first called). And you may be sure that his faithful sister always remained with him, working for him as a famed and honored man of science just as she had when his star-gazing was done through the home-made telescope.

ADVENTURES OF THE SEA-SHELL FAMILY

Third Adventure.

FOR a long time the kindly artist respected upon his creation of the Sea-Shell Family. "I do wonder what adventures will befall them," he mused. "Surely, no end of accidents will happen. There should be some one to look after them. I believe I'll send them a physician who can patch them up when they need mending." Mr. Artist at once began to create a doctor to the Sea-Shells. He placed an ordinary clam shell upon his canvas, tracing the outline or grooves to form the face, he drew a face upon the shell and then sketched the body on the canvas. With paint from his magic easel he then gave the physician a black suit, white spots and added a fringe of gray hair at the back of the head. "There's a nice, big shell gentleman for you," exclaimed Mr. Artist, as the sea-shell gentleman dropped from the canvas and made a dignified bow. When he had been instructed to seek his fellow Sea-Shells and administer to their needs, the physician stalked rapidly over the sand. And the artist, feeling that his work was done for a long time, he went back to the hotel. The Sea-Shell family had been busy all the while. After they escaped from the boy who imagined them curious dolls, they renewed their search for a suitable place. Eliza had been skipping along in front of the others, when suddenly she cried: "There's a nice, big shell gentleman for you!" Indeed, it proved to be an immense shell, and Mrs. Sea-Shell at once had notions of a nice home to be made in it. They began arranging their people further as they had done in the sand which had been destroyed. Now Johnny Sea-Shell was rather indolent—at least, he didn't like this kind of work. Therefore, seizing the first opportunity, he separated himself from the group and went for a stroll on the beach. Half an hour later he dragged himself to the shell home, sobbing and moaning. It seemed that a pony, galloping along the beach, had trampled down, crushing a leg and badly mangled the arm. Mr. and Mrs. Sea-Shell were almost beside themselves. What could they do for their son? "We must go and find the artist," finally cried Mr. Sea-Shell in despair; "perhaps he may do something!" Just then there came a knock at the entrance to the sea shell. Eliza went to see who the visitor could be and was confronted by the Sea-Shell doctor. "Oh! I see my services are already required," said the gentleman, gravely, as he took in the situation at a glance. Under the doctor's skillful hands,



Johnny Sea-Shell was soon mended. Then Mr. Sea-Shell, observing that all danger was past, graciously thanked the doctor and proceeded to give Johnny a severe scolding. Johnny promised strict obedience in the future. And the whole family escorted the doctor through their shell home so that he could admire its beauties. (CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.)

UNDER THE SPELL OF A MUMMY SORCERER



THEY ESCAPE FROM AN ENRAGED CAVE BEAR

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE twins, Ray and Raymond, visit a natural history museum to inspect the fossil collection, and are accidentally locked in. During the night a mummy Egyptian priest sends them back millions of years. They attend a meeting of the toothed birds. Escaping from two battling monsters, they ride upon the back of the Zouglodon, who swims out to sea, where they witness a great sea battle and make the acquaintance of the witty Mr. Cuttlefish. The Hon. Bromastherium saves them from the Baber-Toothed Cat, but leaves with them over a high cliff. The twins awake to find themselves in the tertiary Age. While attending a reunion of different families of animals in the forest they take a stroll with the Woolly Rhinoceros. Eliza watters a band of snoring Hyaenodonts. In the meantime, crabs, Tony Megastherium 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 a herd of mammoths. The herd is attacked by a tiger and a cave-lion. In the flight of the mammoth Ray and Raymond are swept from his back by a tree limb. Orang-Outang rescues them from a troop of mischievous monkeys. The twins become separated from her. The dance of the Gypionid and the Mylodon is interrupted by an arrow discharged into the group.

a thinly wooded hillside. Here they came to a rocky grotto. A natural cave had been extended by huge boulders, placed on either side, with heavy pieces of timber laid on for a roof. Only a narrow opening was left for entrance. Ducking their heads, the party passed into the cavern. Inside, the father and mother of the Cave-children welcomed Ray and Raymond with surly nods and then took no further notice of them.

Something came scrambling into the cave, accompanied by squeals and yells. Presently Rat disentangled a struggling cave pika from the arms of his younger brother, Berry. But the little fellow screamed and howled for his pika, which, by the way, resembled nothing so much as a guinea pig. Rat cuffed his brother soundly, but as this seemed to have no effect, he brutally threw the pika against the side of the cave, killing it instantly.

"Oh, how could you do it?" gasped Ray.

"Do what?" asked Rat, grinning as though it were the best joke in the world.

Meanwhile, upon a fire in the middle of the cave, had been broiling meat, cut from a deer the old man had slain. Although it was now but half cooked, the family began their meal. Strange to say, although Ray and Raymond had not eaten since before their visit to the museum, they felt not the slightest hunger. It is doubtful if they could have eaten the almost raw flesh. In any event, especially in this cave, where the air was filled with smoke that could not escape through the tiny hole in the roof and where horrid smells came from the bones lying about. So the two passed the time examining the implements and weapons of bone and

Chapter X WITH THE CAVE-CHILDREN.

"I'M going to find out who shot that arrow," said Raymond, with decision, as he started to walk boldly into the forest.

Ray followed, a few steps in the rear. "Do be careful, Raymond," she pleaded.

There was really need of this warning, for at this moment an innocent-looking vine which lay before him was stretched taut, and he was sent sprawling to the ground.

Before he could rise, two strange figures had dashed from behind opposite trees and were upon him. They did him no violence, however, inas-



RAY AND RAYMOND ARE INVITED TO ENTER THE CAVE

much as both were struck dumb when they observed Raymond's clothing.

Raymond now advanced, extending his hand. "Can't we be friends?" said he.

The Cave-children took his hand rather suspiciously. Then, with the greatest curiosity, they felt his garments. Ray had joined the group by this time, and she was also inspected with manifest interest.

And, indeed, without wishing to appear rude, the twins looked at the Cave-children very closely. They were a boy and a girl, of about the same age as the twins. The boy was clothed in a sleeveless tunic made from bearskin, and save that her skirt was longer, the girl was dressed in much the same fashion. Savage faces had they, with receding foreheads, small eyes, flat noses and protruding jaws. The girls' rather short black hair was tied back in a queue. Some attempt had been made to plait it, and bones were thrust in at regular intervals. Around her neck she wore a necklace made of polished teeth of wolves, strung upon a sinew. Bone bracelets adorned her arms.

Ever since the twins had begun their strange adventures they had found themselves able to converse with every creature they met. Nor had they any difficulty in understanding the guttural sounds made by these two little savages, nor the dove gestures employed. Rat and Dove were the names of the boy and girl.

Rat dived behind a tree and drew forth a string of what appeared to be short-tailed rats. These, he explained, were water vases, which he had trapped. Beckoning the others to follow, he led the way through the forest, across a comparatively open space, and then up

discovered him. Immediately they were in flight. But Rat risked a shot, and to his great delight brought down an arrow with an arrow.

When he had recovered the arrow, he directed Berry to run home and tell his mother to take what meat she wished from the wild ox. The four boys and girls continued their way through the forest beyond, Ray boasting of his prowess as a hunter.

With a low whistle "Rat again!" hallooed the party. Bidding the others stay, the last crept forward among the trees and was lost to view. A minute later there came a succession of horrible growls, and Rat reappeared, flying from a huge Cave-Bear, which followed close upon his heels.

Fortunately, Raymond did not lose his presence of mind. He swung the girls into branches of a tree above them and quickly followed them. Rat, with great dexterity, was dodging from tree to tree. Gradually approaching the tree where his friends were perched, he shinned up just in time to escape the wicked claws of the enraged Cave-Bear. An arrow sticking in the side of the Cave-Bear showed the reason for its fury.

The four climbed among the upper branches of the tree. Below the bear reared upon his hind legs and tore the bark of the tree into shreds, emitting thunderous growls the while. For almost an hour he continued this performance. Then, finding that nothing was accomplished in this way, he stretched his great length at the base of the tree and prepared to wait until his enemies descended.

Noon passed and then the afternoon approached its close. Still the bear kept watch. Rat had, in some mysterious fashion, retained his bow during his

scramble. He had but one arrow left, however, and he feared to shoot, believing he could do but little harm to the bear, and fearing that the animal would merely become more irritated. But he and his companions were now almost exhausted, so he decided to take the chance. Raising his bow, he carefully aimed at the brute below. Just then the bear, hearing a rustling of branches, looked up. In a flash the arrow sped downward through the eye and right into the brain of the bear. The beast, with a mighty convulsion, dropped over dead.

Rat descended like a monkey. He executed a grotesque dance about the bear, expressing his joy in queer little chuckles. The others joined him, and, after a short discussion, it was decided to make all speed toward the cave in order that they might reach it before dark. Although it was still summer, the leaves of the trees were already yellow. As the sun began to set the cold became intense, and the teeth of Ray and Raymond chattered.

(CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.)

His Share Had Gone By

THE gamekeeper pounced upon the boy who was fishing.

"These are private grounds," said he angrily.

"Very well," replied the boy, drawing his line from the stream.

In half an hour the gamekeeper was back.

"Fishing again, are you? I thought I told you this water belonged to the colonel!"

"What! This, too?" exclaimed the boy, apparently much surprised; "why, I thought his share had gone by long ago."

Chapter XI HUNTING THE CAVE-BEAR.

IT WAS late the next morning when the Cave-Man, after yawning and stretching himself, rose from his bed. Immediately the others were upon their feet. Their breakfast consisted of meat remaining from the evening before, together with handfuls of nuts the Cave-Woman took from a skin bag hanging in the corner.

Then the Cave-Man grasped a huge club, and, slinging his bow over his shoulder, strode forth to the hunt.

Rat seized his arrow also, and invited Raymond to accompany him. Ray and Dove followed, chatting in a lively manner. Since Ray had bestowed a pretty coral necklace upon her friend, the little Cave-Girl had become quite devoted to her. Some distance behind trailed little Berry, fearful lest Rat see him and order him home.

Suddenly Rat paused. "I'm going to try for an auroch or a uru," hepered, pointing to a herd of wild oxen grazing in a plain below them. The others watched the Cave-Boy as he stole down upon the herd. Ere he could discharge an arrow the oxen

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ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG

MR. POLAR BEAR began his voyage at about the same time as Jerry and Ned began theirs. But there was a vast difference in the two kinds of craft, as well as in the methods by which the journeys commenced. Jerry and Ned watched the chalk cliffs of England fade from view while standing on the deck of a trim little sailing vessel. Mr. Polar Bear happened upon his cruise in this wise:

Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, as all venturesome polar bears are, he had wandered from the interior toward the southeast coast of Greenland. Mammoth glaciers were also traveling southward, but not nearly so fast as Bruin, for they moved not more than a foot each day, while Bruin covered a number of miles. When Mr. Polar Bear reached the edge of the wall of ice overlooking the ocean he may have been pondering over the fact that the part of the glacier upon which he stood must have begun its travels from the interior of Greenland thousands of years before. Maybe he wasn't a very thoughtful bear and didn't give the matter the least consideration. Be that as it may, he hadn't gazed out over the ocean very long before there was a report like the sound of many cannon fired together, a giant crevasse appeared behind him, and a portion of the wall tumbled into the sea. Naturally, Mr. Polar Bear found himself in the sea, too, but he soon gained a foothold upon the newly created iceberg and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as he could, which, after all, wasn't so very comfortable.

Far away from Greenland drifted the iceberg, with Mr. Polar Bear its only passenger. One might suppose that the lordship over such a floating island would make any bear proud. But it didn't make Bruin vain; he was too hungry to have pride. Indeed, he was beginning to worry almost as

was chagrined to observe that his supply of water was fast diminishing. So, when he espied an iceberg in the distance, he dispatched a small boat, directing that a large piece of ice be detached and towed to the ship, where it could be melted for fresh water. Jerry and Ned begged for permission to accompany the seamen, and were allowed to do so. This explains how it was that when a great part of the iceberg split and rolled over on the small boat, Jerry and Ned found themselves in the water with the other seamen. But they alone of the party were saved. By some strange freak of fortune they were



"THE ICEBERG DRIFTED AWAY"

cast upon a shelf of ice, hardly above the water line, where they lay exhausted. And searchers from the vessel passed them by.

When they had gained more strength the lads sought a place in the iceberg where there was a natural hollow. This afforded them some shelter, and here it was that they passed the night. Never did a night pass so slowly. Soon the boys were chilled through and through. They longed for daylight when the sun would bring them a little warmth.

They made a breakfast of biscuit they had in their pockets, and when it was light enough to see clearly they began an exploration of the iceberg. Then it was that they discovered Mr. Polar Bear, or Mr. Polar Bear discovered them, for they met face to face. Mr. Bruin seemed more glad to see them than they were to see him. In fact, although the lads were as fond of company as any one, hungry polar bears aren't the very best of company.

At last Mr. Polar Bear had a meal almost within his reach. But, unfortunately for him—and fortunately for the meal—he was 'most too weak to capture it.

For the next two days the boys spent their time sliding the bear, who perseveringly dragged himself after them wherever they went. They themselves had now so little strength that it looked very much as though the bear would survive them after all, and perhaps have his meal. But neither Jerry nor Ned liked to hint at this, for a bear's inspired courage to the other. They were steadily drifting southward, and they felt sure that some vessel would find them before long, unless their iceberg melted before that time.

And so finally they were rescued. On Newfoundland they attracted the attention of a fishing schooner. They were taken on board—along with the bear. Indeed, the bear accompanied them all the way to Iceland, but in the shape of a bearskin.

It happened, you see, that although Mr. Polar Bear and the boys began their travels at points so widely separated, their final destination was the same. It may, however, don't care for another such voyage, and of course, Mr. Polar Bear can no longer express an opinion.



A MEAL FOR BRUIN?

much as a bear can worry. And as the days passed he began to worry still more. Well he might, for he was no longer the sleek, well-fed bear that had stood upon the coast of Greenland. He was starving. Then one day the iceberg split in twain, and Mr. Polar Bear not only found himself lord of a smaller ice country, but found that his supremacy even there was disputed.

In the meantime, events had not happened exactly as Jerry and Ned had anticipated. The vessel which was to bear them to their uncle in Iceland was blown far out of its course by a terrible storm. And when the storm subsided, Captain Barclay

was chagrined to observe that his supply of water was fast diminishing. So, when he espied an iceberg in the distance, he dispatched a small boat, directing that a large piece of ice be detached and towed to the ship, where it could be melted for fresh water. Jerry and Ned begged for permission to accompany the seamen, and were allowed to do so. This explains how it was that when a great part of the iceberg split and rolled over on the small boat, Jerry and Ned found themselves in the water with the other seamen. But they alone of the party were saved. By some strange freak of fortune they were

CÉCILE



MAKING LACE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MADAME

LONG, dreary hours Cecile spent each day in the low-arched, cavernous basement. But Cecile was to obtain such employment, as 'most any person in the little Flemish village would tell you, for it was not every one that Madame Barcot would teach the mysteries of lacemaking. Besides, there were many hungry mouths at home to feed, and Cecile's father was dead.

"The little girl proved herself worthy of her teacher, however, and soon she was weaving intricate designs with a skill that delighted madame. Yet, conscientiously she wove her work no more than kept pace with her dreaming. For Cecile had dreams and visions of another existence among the people who would finally possess her beautiful lace.

A life such as Cecile led does not bring roses to a lassie's cheeks, and Cecile was pale and weak and thin. Then, too, she had a "cough," which was caused, no doubt, by the damp air of the cellar, where the lace must needs be made.

Cecile felt really ill this morning as she hurried to work, her wooden sabots clacking over the rounded cobblestones. While crossing a street she failed to perceive a carriage coming toward her. The next instant she was thrown to the ground.

She had a confused idea that a beautiful lady was picking her up and was placing her tenderly in the carriage. Then she knew no more.

When Cecile awoke she found herself in a room such as she had seen before only in her dreams. And the lady with the beautiful lace was bending over her and murmuring that the little girl would soon be well and running about.

For several weeks Cecile lived in the rich lady's chateau, which stood in the country outside the village. Dur-

ing that time the lady became very much attached to the little girl, so she was told that no longer would she work with Madame Barcot, but that for a long time she was to be the rich lady's daughter. It seems that Cecile's mother had agreed to this plan. And Cecile was willing, although it pained her to be away from her mother and her brothers and sisters. But before she would go to dwell with the rich lady she asked permission to spend a few more weeks with Madame Barcot. The lady could not understand the girl's reason for this wish, but at last she consented.

"Madame," pleaded Cecile, when she was once more in the basement, "have served you faithfully, have I not?"

"You have, my child," admitted madame; "you have done excellently." "Then may I not make something for my own self during the next few weeks? I shall pay you for the thread just as soon as I can."

Madame graciously gave permission, and Cecile set joyously to work. Her whole soul she put in the labor. At last the piece was finished, and she bade good-bye to madame, after thanking her.

As you have probably guessed, this little piece of rare lace was for the rich lady. She was deeply touched when Cecile presented it to her. After examining it intently, she questioned Cecile about it. And when she learned that the design had been originated by the little girl, and Cecile had told her how much she liked all such pieces of artwork, the lady promised herself that she had found in Cecile a genius for art. So Cecile is now engaged in the most enjoyable study she had ever dreamed of. Yes, she still dreams—but now she has visions of the time when she will be a great artist and the pride of her benefactress.

Mr. Stork Muzzles Himself



(CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.)