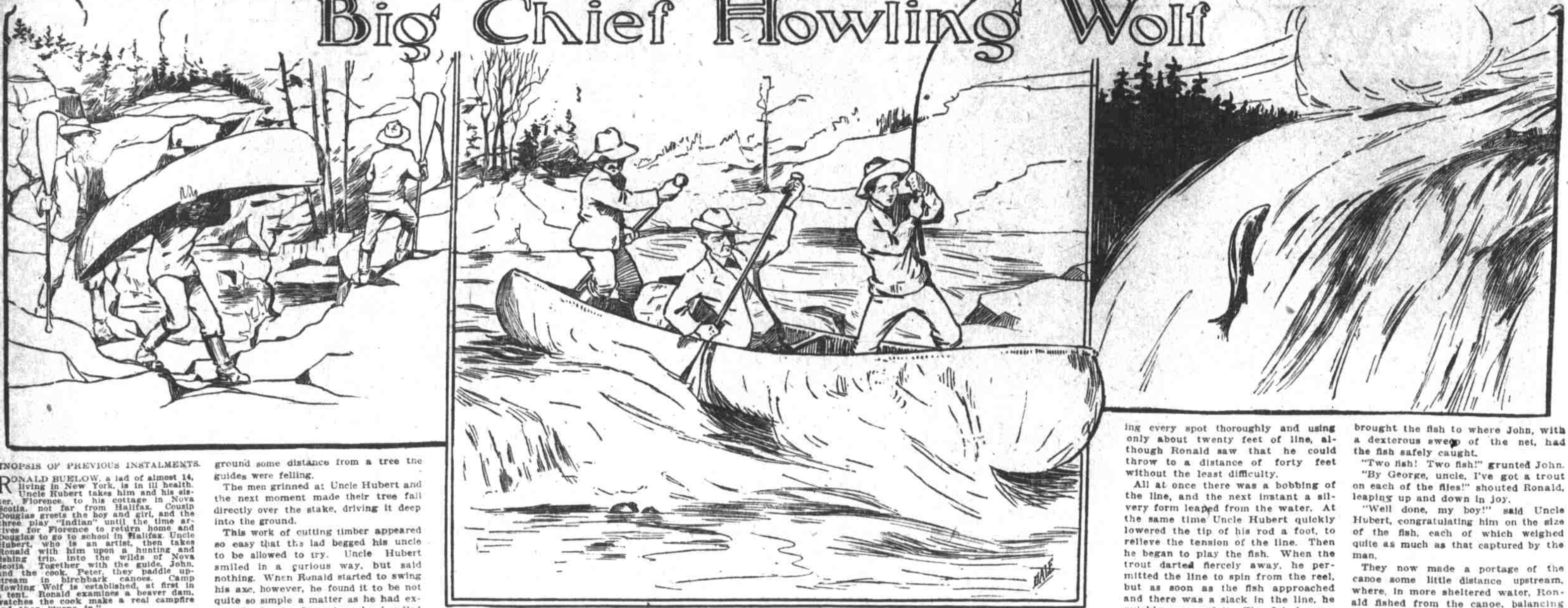


# Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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## Big Chief Howling Wolf



RONALD FISHED FROM THE CANOE, BALANCING HIMSELF IN THE BOW

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

RONALD BUELOW, a lad of almost 14, living in New York, is in ill health. Uncle Hubert takes him and his sister, Florence, to his cottage in Nova Scotia, not far from Halifax. Cousin Douglas greets the boy and girl, and the three play "Indian" until the time arrives for Florence to return home and Douglas to go to school in Halifax. Uncle Hubert, who is an artist, then takes Ronald with him upon a hunting and fishing trip, into the wilds of Nova Scotia. Together with the guide, John, and the cook, Peter, they paddle upstream in a birchbark canoe. Camp Howling Wolf is established, at first in a tent. Ronald examines a beaver dam, watches the cook make a beaver dam, and then "turns in."

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

### CHAPTER IV

#### A-TROUTING

"A LL out!" cried Uncle Hubert the next morning at 5 o'clock.

Ronald rubbed his eyes and blinked. At home he would have complained severely he was obliged to rise at such an early hour, but here at camp it was different, and he rolled out of his blanket willingly enough.

After a shivering dip in the stream nearby, followed by a brisk rubbing which set his blood a-tingle, he was ready to do justice to the appetizing breakfast cook had prepared.

"Now," said Uncle Hubert when the meal was finished, "we shall set to work building a cabin so that we can make our headquarters here."

#### SKILFUL LOGGERS

They brought their axes and soon were engaged in the task of selecting trees for cutting. Then John and the cook would take their stations at opposite sides of a trunk and the chips would fly, as with rapid strokes they deepened the notches until the tree, being deprived of sufficient support, would crash to the earth.

Ronald was admiring the precision with which the guides could make a tree fall in exactly the position they desired.

"Yes, they have extraordinary skill," commented Uncle Hubert. "Watch this," said he, as he drove a stake into the

ground some distance from a tree the guides were felling.

The men grinned at Uncle Hubert and the next moment made their tree fall directly over the stake, driving it deep into the ground.

This work of cutting timber appeared so easy that it had begged his uncle to be allowed to try. Uncle Hubert smiled in a curious way, but said nothing. When Ronald started to swing his axe, however, he found it to be not quite so simple a matter as he had expected. In the first place, he handled the axe awkwardly, and then, when the edge landed upon the trunk it usually glanced off or bounced back, scarcely leaving an impression.

Finally he threw down the axe in disgust, exclaiming: "It'd take me a whole day to cut down a single tree."

"Oh, don't despair; it takes practice, you know," his uncle replied, consolingly.

For two days Uncle Hubert, John and Peter cut down trees and trimmed them, Ronald aiding in hacking off the branches. And on the third day they notched the logs and placed them in position, so that a roomy cabin rose in place of their tent. A hearth was fitted up for the cook, the kitchen being separated from the living and sleeping room by a canvas partition.

"That's as comfortable a dwelling as one could wish!" exclaimed Uncle Hubert, as he shook his head approvingly after a last inspection.

And as Roland looked upon his new home in the forest, and watched the chattering squirrels as they scampered across the roof in mad pursuit of one another, a great happiness stole over him—in the thought that he had escaped from the restraint of city life and now could enjoy the glorious freedom of the woods to his heart's content.

At breakfast the following morning Uncle Hubert announced:

"We're going trouting today, my lad. The fishing season for trout closes here on September 30, so if you

want to make use of the fishing license I got for you in Halifax you'll have to be busy. Now, let's have a look at our fishing apparatus."

He drew out rods, fly book and tackle box, proceeding at once to explain their various uses to Ronald.

Selecting a rod for a subject, he began:

#### FISHING LORE

"The trout in this region run to a pretty good size. Three pounds is a good weight for a trout, but I've caught trout around here that weighed as much as ten pounds. Now, my boy, in main strength I've no doubt you're a match for any ten-pound trout alive. But you must remember that the rod is quite fragile, and that it is skill, not strength, that counts. This rod, you see, is about eleven feet in length; it weighs about seven ounces; and it is provided with a single-action click reel. You will find that the tip is very flexible. In putting the rod together, the tip is first joined to the middle portion and then the end is firmly attached. Fasten the reel and run the line through the guides. A word more as to the strength of your equipment: Your line will lift at least ten pounds weight; the snell (that piece of catgut by which your hook is attached to the line) will support, say, three pounds; the hook itself, more than the

snell; while the top of the rod will rarely lift more than two pounds dead weight. So, if your tip is safe when fishing, you may be sure that the rest of the tackle is standing the strain.

"As for flies," continued he, selecting several from a pocket in the fly book, "there's a great deal to learn, and very few hard-fast rules. Flies with which some persons fish with success are of no use to others. However, as a general rule, you may use small, sober-colored fellows when the day is bright or the water is very clear, and large, gaudy flies when the sky is dark or the water is muddy and discolored. I prefer flies that resemble insects the most closely. Sometimes trout will not rise at all for flies. And then, too, some streams have been fished so often that the fish become very crafty, and it takes an expert fisherman to meet with great luck. Indeed, I've found that in any stream or pond where fish are plenty and the waters are rarely fished, the trout will rise to most any kind of bait, and quite readily, during any hour of the day."

After these preliminary instructions Uncle Hubert called John, and donning wading boots, the three started off toward the stream upon which they had journeyed from home. Further up the creek they went, being obliged to make frequent portages. Some time later Uncle Hubert directed John to make for shore.

"Here," he said, "is where Ronald is going to catch the twenty trout which the law allows him for today. 'Well, I'm going to try to catch one, even if I can't land twenty,' stoutly replied the boy.

#### UNCLE HUBERT LANDS A TROUT

It was a wild-looking place. Pines and pines edged the banks of a stream, which for the greater part of its course careened over rocks and dashed against boulders, forming innumerable cascades and miniature waterfalls.

Uncle Hubert walked along the bank to where the stream seemed widest. He cautiously waded out in shallow water, and motioning for Ronald to attend his actions closely, made a cast downstream, where there was a cast eddy formed in the shelter of rocks. In casting the line Ronald observed that there was really a double motion. First, Uncle Hubert swung the line backward until it was straight out in the air; then, with a twist of the wrist, it was sent flying forward to about the height of his head, when the rod was thrust forward and the fly settled gently upon the surface of the water. Then the fisherman gave the fly a slight fluttering motion, as a drowning insect would have, avoiding any churning or dancing motion. He advanced slowly, fish-

ing every spot thoroughly and using only about twenty feet of line, although Ronald saw that he could throw to a distance of forty feet without the least difficulty.

All at once there was a bobbing of the line, and the next instant a silvery form leaped from the water. At the same time Uncle Hubert quickly lowered the tip of his rod a foot to relieve the tension of the line. Then he began to play the fish. When the trout darted fiercely away, he permitted the line to spin from the reel, but as soon as the fish approached and there was a slack in the line, he quickly re wound it. The fish becoming exhausted, slowly but surely he drew it closely in. At last, after minutes of excitement, during which time the game trout would renew its efforts to escape again—and again, Uncle Hubert drew the prize to where John was standing with landing net in hand. Another moment, and the brave fellow was a prisoner.

"Four pounds to an ounce!" said John tersely, while Ronald examined with admiration the crimson and yellow spots along the back and sides, contrasting with the gleaming silver underneath.

"Brave as a sea trout," added Uncle Hubert, as he tied to the leader (catgut between the line proper and the hook) of Ronald's line two flies a couple of feet apart.

Steadily the boy waded out, imitating his uncle's cast as nearly as possible. For some minutes he fished, and he was beginning to feel somewhat discouraged. Then he decided to make a try under an overhanging bank along shore.

No sooner did the line sink a little below the surface of the water than he felt a fierce pull.

"Let out your line! Give the fish room!" cried Uncle Hubert, warningly.

Ronald's fingers trembled with excitement as he matched his wits against the craft of the fish. But after many narrow escapes, when it seemed that the fish would get away among the treacherous rocks, he

brought the fish to where John, with a dexterous sweep of the net, had the fish safely caught.

"Two fish! Two fish!" grunted John. "By George, uncle, I've got a trout on each of the flies!" shouted Ronald, leaping up and down in joy.

"Well done, my boy!" said Uncle Hubert, congratulating him on the size of the fish, each of which weighed quite as much as that captured by the man.

They now made a portage of the canoe some little distance upstream, where, in more sheltered water, Ronald fished from the canoe, balancing himself in a way that brought a compliment even from the taciturn John. Here the boy was again successful, and landed another speckled trout.

Luncheon was eaten ashore. Afterward Uncle Hubert and Ronald went to inspect a waterfall about a mile to the north.

While they were examining it Ronald suddenly cried:

"Look at that fish trying to leap the falls, uncle!"

A SALMON'S VAIN ATTEMPTS

They watched the big fellow try repeatedly to scale the wall of water. Vaulting into the air, with twisting of fins and tail he vainly endeavored to clear the barrier.

"It must be a salmon, come all the way up from the sea," explained Uncle Hubert. "They travel great distances from the estuaries, stopping only when some falls such as this, or a lumberman's dam, impedes progress. You know, they can't leap over a cataract or falls more than eight feet in height. 'But come, I fear we shall have to be starting for Camp Howling Wolf if we want to have supper in good time. And the fish should be cleaned and cooked as soon after they're caught as possible.'"

With the three trout Ronald had taken keeping company with the five landed by Uncle Hubert, Ronald felt that the wicker basket slung over his shoulder represented a fine day's sport.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

## Maboul the Dwarf

BURSTING into the shop, his eyes shining with excitement, the tailor cried into his wife:

"Hurry to prepare the very best supper you can! I have just been to the palace to deliver a waistcoat to the sultan, and I have invited the



After the doctor had quickly donned his clothes, he came downstairs, impatiently opening the door he sought the body of the dwarf huddled on the steps. Cursing the darkness, the physician descended to the bottom of the flight, and the doctor, to his dismay, found that the dwarf was dead.

"I must have killed the sick person by knocking him downstairs," was the doctor's first thought. He dragged the body upstairs for a further examination. Then, assuring himself that the dwarf was indeed, lifeless, he lowered the body over a casement to the pavement below.

Some hours later a barber was returning home from an evening of revelry when he perceived what he believed to be a thief in the shadow of the wall. "Stop thief!" he shouted with all his might, grappling with the supposed burglar. Soon the police came running to his aid.

"You have killed the man!" exclaimed the policeman.

The horrified barber was arrested. Next day he was condemned to be hanged. But just as the noose was about to be placed around his neck, the physician stepped forward, crying:

"Hold, the man is innocent! It was I who killed the thief!"

So the noose was placed around the neck of the physician. Just at this moment the tailor appeared.

"Do not hang the man!" cried he. "Maboul was killed by swallowing a fishbone in my dwelling."

The reasons on the astonished officials substituted the tailor in place of the doctor. In the meantime, however, word was sent to the sultan concerning the man brought before him.

Now, when the three appeared before the sultan, groaning and wailing, the body of Maboul was brought also. And when he saw the dwarf, the royal physician stepped forward, asking the sultan had not better make a closer examination of the body.

Assenting to this, the court doctor tickled the soles of Maboul's feet. Instantly the supposed dead man revived, and almost bursting with laughter, yelled:

the tailor pounded him upon the back and applied every known remedy. Finally the dwarf ceased to writhe, his breathing stopped and he lay motionless on the ground.

"What shall we do?" lamented the tailor. "If we admit the death of the jester, surely the sultan will demand my life."

But his wife already had a plan in mind. Acting upon her suggestion, the tailor wrapped the dwarf in a sheet and stole forth with his burden to the house of a doctor. The doctor, roused from sleep, called down from a window above. Explaining that he had brought a patient, the tailor propped the body against the door and then hastily betook himself away.

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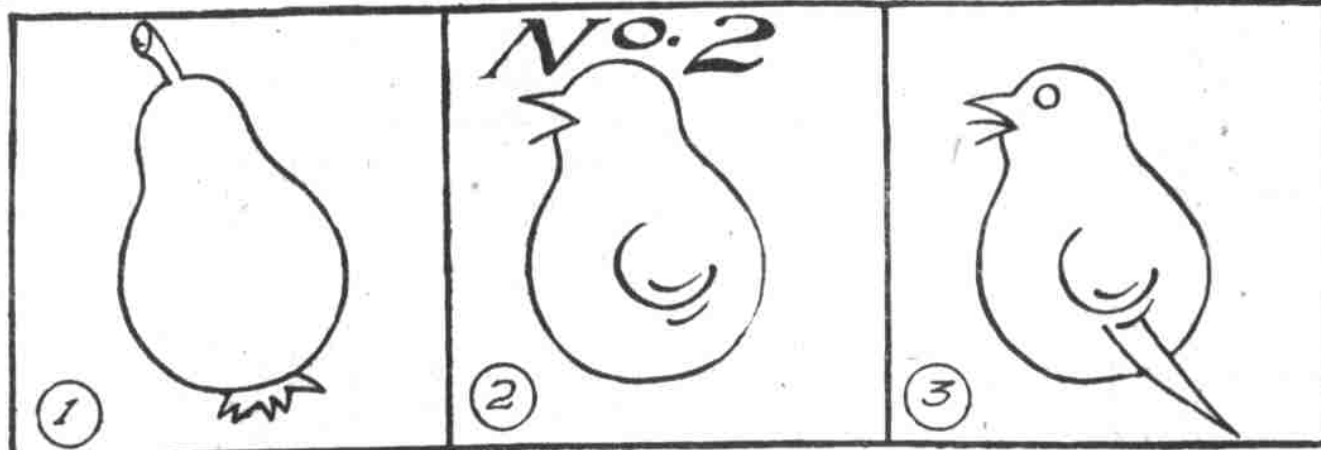
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## Troubles of an Ambitious Pear

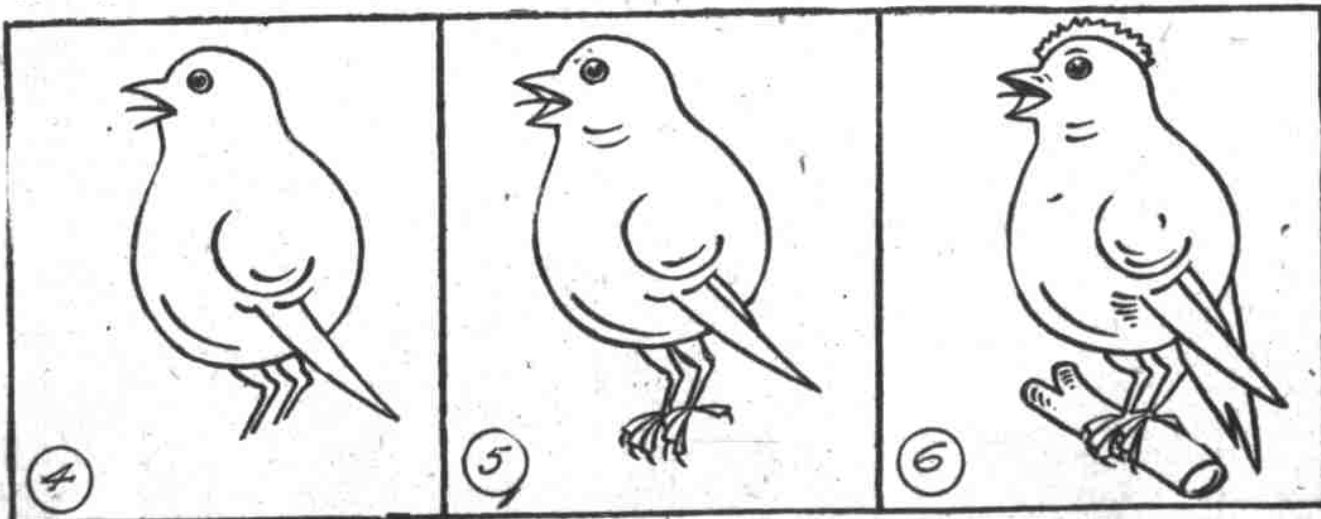


"I CANNOT bear," Complained the pear. "To always be Just stupid me— A pear unknown, Forlorn, alone."

At once a change, Most passing strange, Came o'er this rare, Ambitious pear: He soon became A robin tame.

The bird, they say, To his dismay, No victuals found Upon the ground, For, please remember, 'Twas in December.

NOW the Ambitious Pear became a robin on purpose to give Polly Evans' friends among the little girls and boys a nice drawing-lesson. And the Pear especially asks that you try your very best to change him from his first form to a dainty robin. Next week the Ambitious Pear will give another lesson which every one of you will be able to copy.



#### Untidy Streets.

At the age of 3 Ruby made her first visit to a large city, and having previously learned something of neat house-keeping, she, on observing the large number of telegraph, telephone and electric light wires, exclaimed, "Papa, what makes them have so many cobwebs in the street?"

#### Pity Wasted.

"I'm sorry, Willie," said a friend, "that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was there nothing saved?" "Don't you waste no pity on me," was the quick reply; "pa's old clothes was all burned in that fire, and now ma can never make 'em up for me."

#### Why She Didn't.

Priscilla—Whenever Jonas gets angry with me he pulls my hair! Fond Uncle—Too bad! Do you pull his, too? Priscilla—No, sir. Fond Uncle (pleased)—And why, dear? Priscilla—Because 'tain't long enough!

## Dickman's Den

THERE was ever so much to do at Carmouche, near Dundee, Scotland, where Roy Mortimer was spending a few weeks with his Aunt Abigail. A golf course lay by the sea, extending over grassy reaches. And, then, it was very interesting, indeed, to walk among the sandhills, which were covered with fine yellow sand blown by the wind into little wavelets and sand blows. And among tufts of red sea-gulls made their nests—

little holes in the sand, over which the birds flew, screaming warningly when people came too near the nests. Sometimes, too, the gulls were disturbed by the target practice of the volunteers at Barry. Roy found on the sand a 50-pound shell, and very heavy it was to carry home, too.

But most enjoyable of all was a trip along the coast among caves and cliffs. Those at Arbroath were especially fascinating. Under the guidance of his cousin, Emma, who had often explored these cavernous recesses, he was shown Mason's Cave, after having descended the rock called the Devil's Head. At the end of this cave, which ran back about 100 yards, there was a bubbling spring of clear, cold water.

"Suppose we lunch here," suggested Roy, setting down the lunch basket, which by this time had grown unusually heavy, and handing his cousin a drink from a silver cup.

"There's a cave nearby that is much nicer," replied Emma.

So they trudged to Dickman's Den. A little channel from the sea ran up to it, by which, Emma said, the smugglers in the past used to bring the goods illegally to land, under the very noses of the coast guardsmen.

Having enjoyed luncheon, the two started for the entrance of the cave. As soon as they were outside, however, because the rain clouds looked very threatening.

"We're going to have rain within a few moments," predicted Emma, "but I don't believe it will last long. Suppose we spend a little time in the cave until the storm blows over."

As the meantime the wind had risen and the waves now began to beat against the rocks and cliffs with some violence. Shortly the rain fell and the boy and girl were only too glad to retire to the shelter offered by the cave.

It soon began to grow very tiresome, however. Roy strolled toward the rear of the cave. Stopping, he picked up a fragment of stone and flung it carelessly toward the wall. To his great surprise, the stone, instead of rebounding, seemed to have gone right through the wall. Roy walked quickly toward the spot at which he had just thrown the stone, by lighting a match, which lit up the dark, gloomy walls, that a tiny round door seemed to have been let into the rock. It must have rotted because of great age, inasmuch as the stone had crashed through it so readily.

"Come on; let's see what this place is!" cried he, excitedly, to his cousin, with a large rock he succeeded in battering in the rest of the door, effecting a large enough entrance. From the

apartment beyond there came such a rush of evil-smelling gas that the boy and girl were almost overcome. Roy wisely took some paper from the lunch basket, and, after lighting it, tossed it into the secret chamber.

When it was safe for them to venture in, they crawled through the little door, finding themselves in a room apparently cleft from the solid rock, about eight feet square and seven feet high.

All at once Roy discovered, by means of the lighted paper which he carried, an old chest in one corner. It was a matter of only a few moments for him to drag it out through the door into the main cave. Again the large rock was utilized to break in the lid. Although



rather difficult, this was at last accomplished. Then, exposed to the eyes of the astonished boy and girl were all manner of rich silks and fabrics, carefully bundled and wrapped in oiled silks.

Delighted with their discovery, they took some of the goods, putting the chest back where they had found it, and started for home, now that it had stopped raining.

"I'll bet the things were left by smugglers," declared Roy. And so said the guardians when Roy showed them the samples of the goods contained in the chest and reported where the rest of the goods were.

Of course, the chest of silks was confiscated by the government, but Roy and Emma felt more than repaid by their adventure and by the compliments of the coast guardsmen.