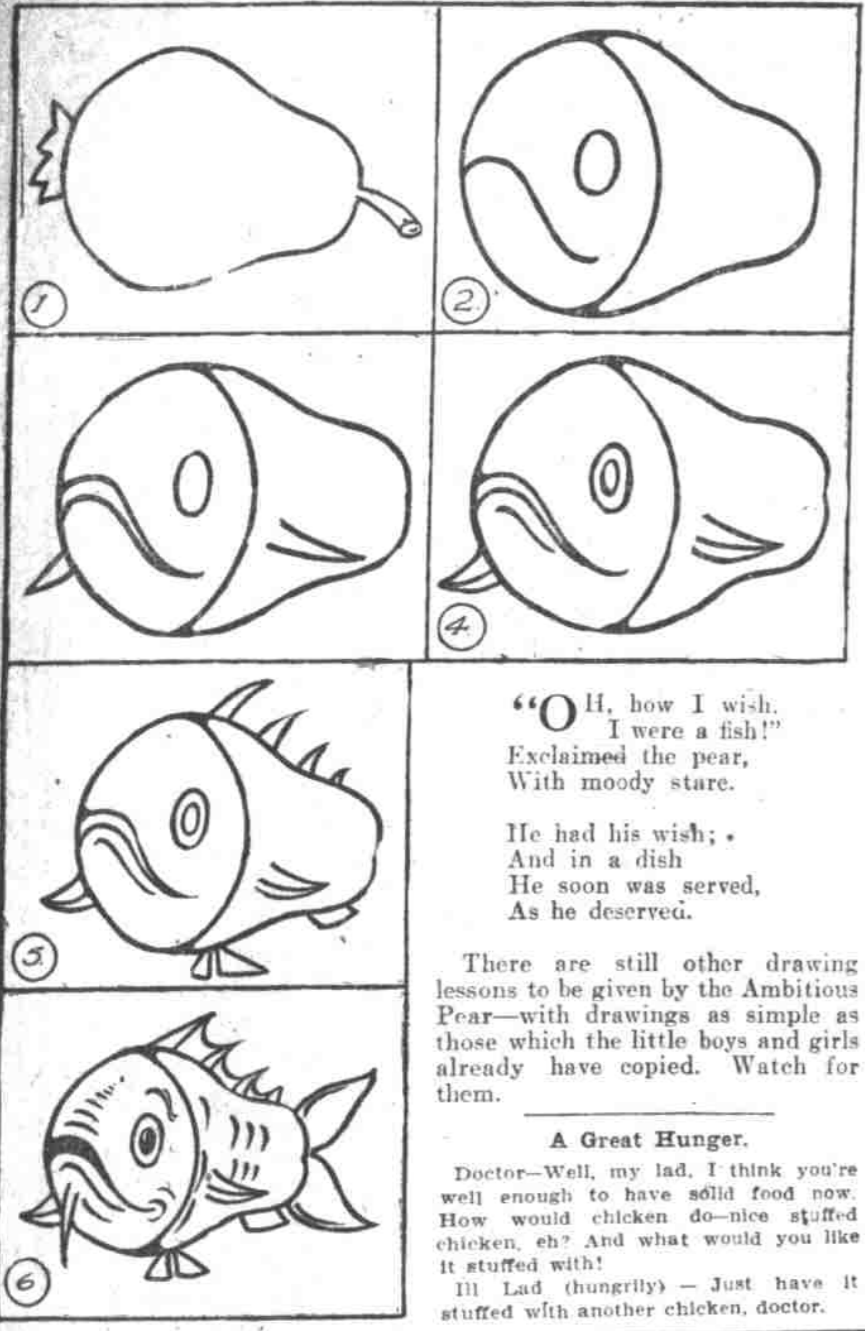


Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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Troubles of an Ambitious Pear



"Oh, how I wish I were a fish!" Exclaimed the pear, With moody stare.

He had his wish; And in a dish He soon was served, As he deserved.

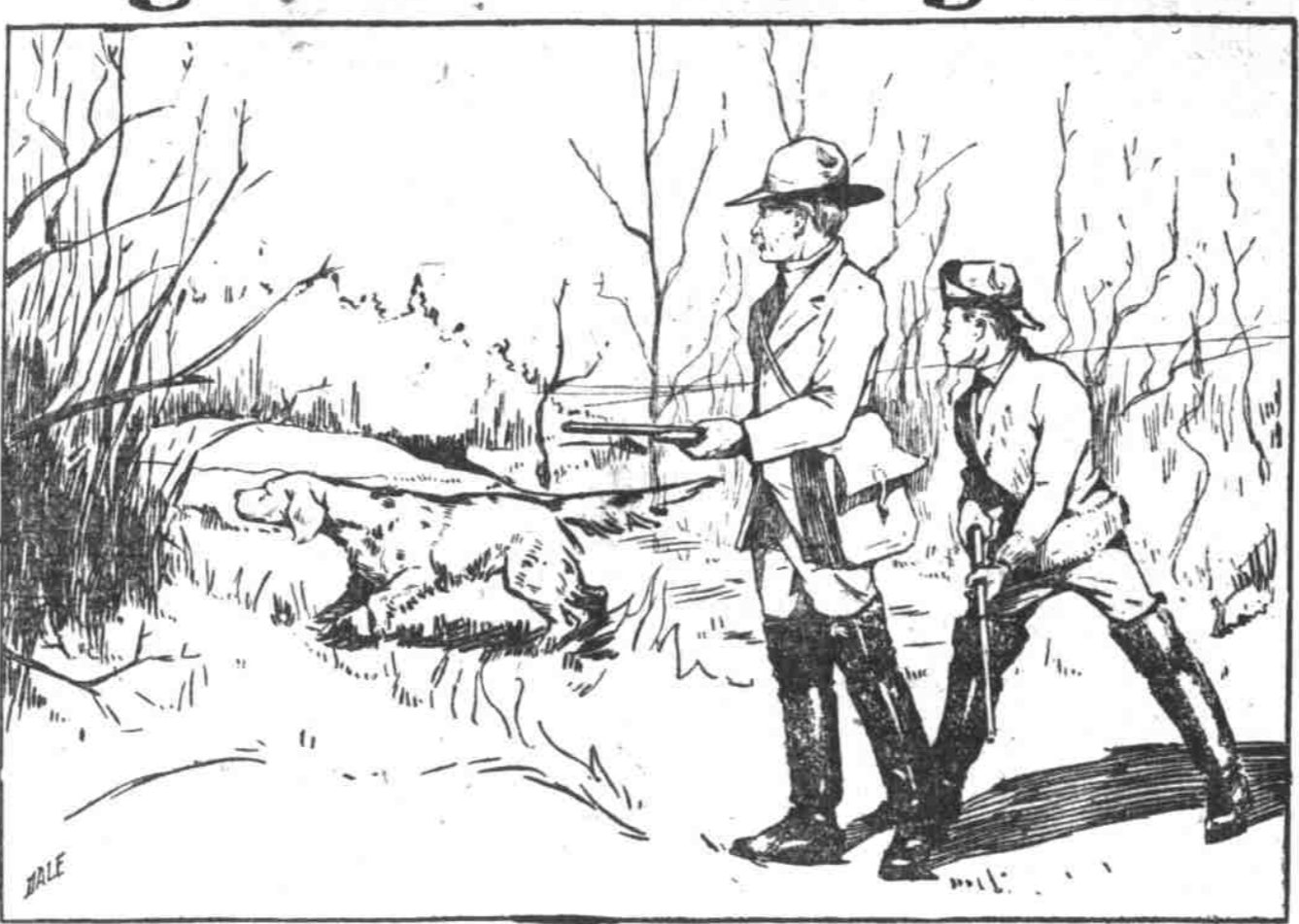
There are still other drawing lessons to be given by the Ambitious Pear—with drawings as simple as those which the little boys and girls already have copied. Watch for them.

A Great Hunger.

Doctor—Well, my lad, I think you're well enough to have solid food now. How would chicken do—nice stuffed chicken, eh? And what would you like it stuffed with?

Oh, Lad (hungrily)—Just have it stuffed with another chicken, doctor.

Big Chief Howling Wolf



"RANGER CAME TO A SUDDEN HALT AND STIFFENED"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

Uncle Hubert, while visiting his sister, Mrs. Buelow, in the city, suggests that Ronald Buelow, a lad of about 14, accompany him to his home in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Buelow consents, and Ronald, after a short stay at his uncle's cottage, near Halifax, travels with Uncle Hubert by canoe into the Canadian woods. A log cabin is built and Camp Howling Wolf is established. Ronald spends a day trout fishing.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

CHAPTER V AUTUMN GAME.

ALREADY many of the forest trees had begun to shed their garments of russet and golden and yellow when Cousin Douglas arrived at Camp Howling Wolf. Ronald was sitting in the doorway of the cabin inspecting his fishing tackle, for, though the fishing season for trout and land-locked salmon had closed some weeks before this time, there were bass, pike and perch to be caught. He heard a snapping of dry twigs among the thickets at the far edge of the clearing, and then came the

cock borings. When the bird feeds, you know, it buries its long bill into the ground up to its very base. In this position it remains perfectly still for several moments as though listening. Some movement in the earth soon attracts its attention, for it quickly withdraws its bill from the ground and thrusts it in where the grub or worm is to be found. The little fellow has an enormous appetite. They say he can eat more than his own weight in angletworms within twenty-four hours. In fact, by the number of borings, which are usually made in a straight line, you can see how busy he has been.

Around the fire that evening Uncle Hubert told the lads more about the woodcock and snipe. The American woodcock, he said, is a small bird,



RANGER RETRIEVING

weighing from five to nine ounces, and measuring in length eleven to twelve inches, the bill taking up from two and one-half to three inches. Its back is of a dark, tawny color, flecked with spots of sooty black, so that it can with difficulty be seen against the leaves and tree branches; underneath, the plumage is a rich buff brown, with paler tints on the breast and neck. Migrating from the savannahs of the South, the woodcock reaches Nova Scotia in the latter part of March. Along the creeks and rivers, where stretch level meadows studded with clumps of alders, withered and with willow, the male courts his mate with glorious song, the nest is made and four or five pear-shaped eggs of a light buff color are laid. As soon as the young woodcocks are able to fly, their father leads them off to the alder swamps. During August the birds disappear, to return some time in September, and in frosty October they haunt hillside gently sloping to the west or south, and sparsely covered with young juniper trees. Here the woodcock like to bask in the warm sun. The first migratory bird to arrive in the spring, it is the last of all to leave in the autumn for warmer climes.

TALKED THINGS OVER

"I am feeling great," Ronald replied. "But come in and make yourself at home. Uncle Hubert and John are off on a tramp somewhere, and I don't know where the cook is just now."

The two lads had so much to talk over, and there were so many things for Ronald to show his cousin about camp, that time passed swiftly until Uncle Hubert's return late in the afternoon.

When Uncle Hubert did arrive, Douglas raised a tremendous shout of welcome, and with flanker rushed upon him with a force that nearly toppled him over.

"What means this assault?" laughed Uncle Hubert, who had had recovered his balance. "So you're here, and pretty much in evidence."

"After an affectionate greeting Douglas explained the presence of Ranger. 'You see, dad, I thought you'd need him for woodcock or snipe shooting about this time. Of course, if you don't, I can easily take him back with me.'"

"Glad you brought Ranger," said Uncle Hubert. "John and I have just been on a tramp to the east, where there are lowland marshes and intricate meadows. Of course, you can't determine exactly how plentiful the woodcock are, because a covert where birds hide in hiding today may be without them tomorrow. But we were encouraged by a great many wood-

cock borings. When the bird feeds, you know, it buries its long bill into the ground up to its very base. In this position it remains perfectly still for several moments as though listening. Some movement in the earth soon attracts its attention, for it quickly withdraws its bill from the ground and thrusts it in where the grub or worm is to be found. The little fellow has an enormous appetite. They say he can eat more than his own weight in angletworms within twenty-four hours. In fact, by the number of borings, which are usually made in a straight line, you can see how busy he has been.

To Douglas' great joy, his father permitted him to remain in camp the following day. Bright and early in the morning, Uncle Hubert and the boys started to shoot woodcock and snipe. Each carried a 12-bore cylinder, 24-inch barrel shotgun, weighing about six pounds. And they were full of hope. Presently, as they approached an alder thicket, Ranger came to a sudden stop and stiffened.

"Now, Ronald, maybe here's a chance for you," whispered Uncle Hubert, as he picked up a stick and sent it crashing into the bush.

Instantly there was a sharp rattle, and with a stirring, whistling sound a small object hurtled through the tree branches and soared high above. Ronald threw his gun to his shoulder, but by the time he fired the bird was almost out of sight.

A DECEPTIVE DROP

"You'll have to be a little quicker, sonny," Uncle Hubert said, with a smile.

"The boy coughed guiltily, and then suddenly cried:

"I believe I saw the bird settle down right over there, Uncle!"

"Perhaps," returned Uncle Hubert, "although not exactly where you are pointing. When the woodcock drops, it gives a curious backward jerk to its body and flings its wings upward in a funny manner, so that it really settles down some distance from where it seems to land."

No more woodcock did they find just then, but in crossing a meadow Uncle Hubert warned them to be on the lookout for snipe.

"You will observe how strongly the wind is blowing," said he. "Bear in mind that only in snipe-shooting should you approach a bird with the wind at your back. Snipe fly against the wind, toward you, when they rise."

Suddenly a bird sprang from the grass as though loosed from a catapult, and then began a reckless, zigzagged journey, turning and twisting and darting in a way that astonished Ronald.

Later, however, Uncle Hubert had somewhat better luck, and succeeded in bagging a brace of woodcock and another brace of snipe. Neither Ronald nor Douglas shot a single bird.

"There's no need for discouragement," Uncle Hubert said, to comfort them. "Inasmuch as skilled sportsmen often return with an empty bag."

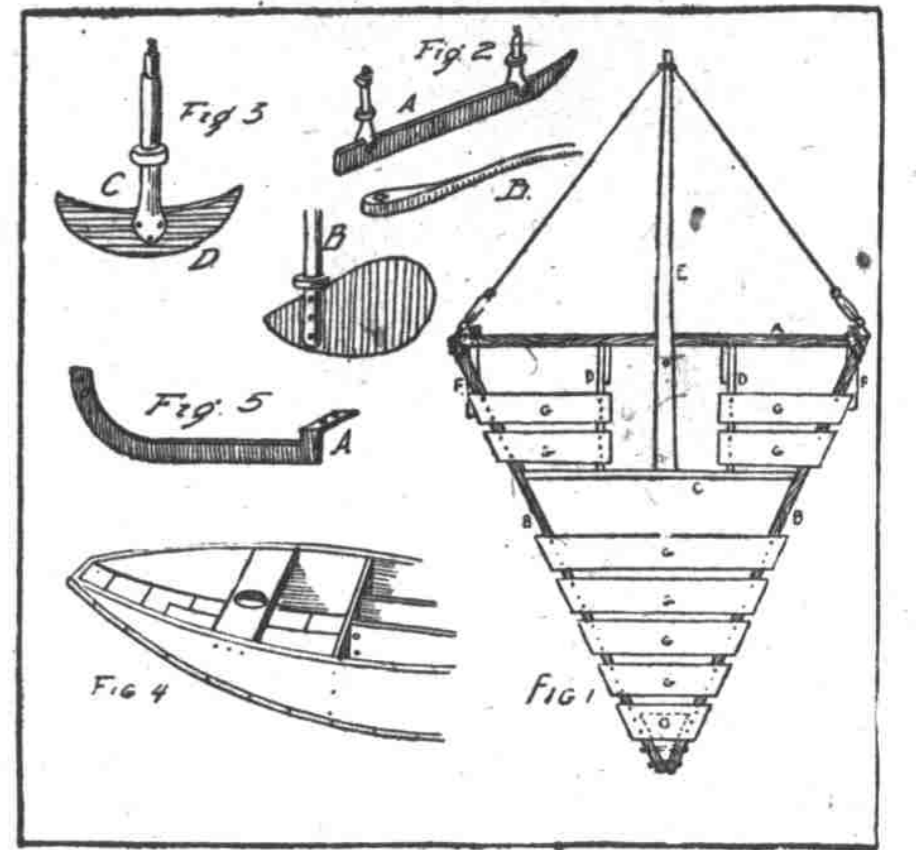
"All the same, I did want to take something home to show mother tomorrow," said Douglas, ruefully.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

How to Make an Ice Yacht

"SAY, fellows, Billy has been a dandy captain all the year. I know that Christmas is almost here. I think all us 'Bloody Robbers' ought to be thinking of something to give him as a token of esteem, 'cording to Bill Kane."

One glance at the enthusiastic faces in the circle revealed the fact that every member of the gallant band of



CAPTAIN BIGGS' DIAGRAMS

and there be made fast with turn-buckles.

When this much of the work had been deftly accomplished, under the captain's direction, a triangular block was placed between BB at O, through which the rudder-post was to go. Then the plank, G, were attached to the frame with screws, and the shoe-blocks, F F, each twenty-four inches long and three inches square, were bolted to the

"Robbers" was of the same mind as Shorty. However, they were puzzled to know just what Billy would appreciate most.

For a time silence reigned in the little boathouse which Shorty's father, being rich, had bought for the accommodation of Shorty's dory, canoe, ice yacht and all manner of fishing tackle. Here all the "Robbers" were gathered, with the exception of Billy, who had to go upon an errand to Ziegler's grocery store.

All of a sudden Skinny scrambled down from his perch on the ice yacht. "Fellers," said he, with a smile of triumph, "I've got it!"

"Hold fast! Don't let it scape! Look out it don't overpow' yuh!" came in a chorus from the rest.

Skinny, not at all disturbed, continued: "You know how pleased Billy was with Shorty's ice yacht. Called it a crackerjack, Jim-dandy, and was tickled 'most to death when he got a ride. Well, that's just what we ought to give him. It won't be so very hard to build. We can buy the wood and set to work, a couple of us at a time, to build the yacht in the loft right above us, where Shorty has his tools. Only we must always have some one on the lookout, so's Billy won't catch us."

It was settled in a moment. Every "Robber" scurried home to tap his "bank" as it were, and very afternoon Shorty headed a deputation of five others to go to Skinner's lumber yard and there purchase what they wanted. Captain Biggs, who owned the boathouse next to Shorty's, told them exactly what to get, and promised to help them build the yacht.

START BUILDING

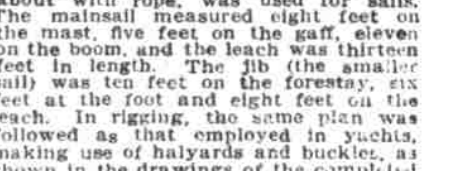
The next day was Saturday, and Joe Stanton was instructed to coax Billy away on a skating trip away up the creek to Berger's mill.

Then, under the personal instruction of Captain Biggs, the loft of Shorty's boathouse became the busiest sort of workshop. First, the captain drew a rough sort of plan, like you see in Figure 1, showing the framework of the yacht. A, he said, was to be six feet long, two inches thick; B B each eleven feet long; C five feet long, and D D each three feet long—all to be made of clear spruce timber. In putting together, the edges were to be beveled and joined by long bolts. In other places long steel wire spikes were to be used.

The bowsprit, E, extending six feet beyond A, was to be made from spruce two and a half by four inches, tapered at the outer end. It was to be laid over A and a spike, driven in its butt end, was to be received into a hole made in C. At the end of the bowsprit a set of having three eyes was to be driven on. The top eye was to receive the forestay and

the side ones the bobstay cables, which were to run to the corners of the boat timbers A and B. The mast step was built up from the inside of planks D D. As you will see from the drawing of the finished yacht, it resembles a little step, with perpendicular pieces of planking eighteen inches long and an inch and one-quarter thick. Across these was laid a piece of board with a hole cut in it, three and one-half inches in diameter, to receive the mast. Right under this large hole, in the bowsprit, a smaller hole was made to receive a three-quarter inch iron pin protruding six inches from the bottom of the mast.

Captain Biggs now produced from somewhere a pair of steel-tree shoes,



THE YACHT COMPLETE

shown in Figure 2-A; a rudder (Figure 2), and a tiller (Figure 2-B). These I had made at the blacksmith shop," said he, enjoying the surprise of the boys, "and they are my contribution to Captain Billy's yacht."

Later a mast was put in place, twelve feet high and four inches in diameter, slightly tapering toward the top. The gaff was six feet long and the boom twelve feet. Unbleached muslin, strengthened with ribs and edged all about with rope, was used for sails. The mainsail measured eight feet on the boom, and the leach was thirteen feet in length. The jib (the smaller sail) was ten feet on the forestay, six feet at the foot and eight feet on the leach. In rigging, the same plan was followed as that employed in yachts, making use of halyards and buckles, as shown in the drawings of the completed yacht.

Captain Biggs made interesting drawings (Figure 3 and Figure 4, A, B), in which he showed how a boat could be built to run on ice and also float on water, illustrating the way the bottom would look and the kind of shoes and rudder.

"But I think Captain Billy will be more than grateful for this simple contrivance. The officer of the guard didn't laugh aloud when the queer burden was brought before him, but you may believe that his smile was a broad one."

Her True Friends

"MAMMA, all the girls were too nice for anything!" cried little Mabel, joyously clasping her arms about her mother's neck.

Mother was very glad, indeed, to learn that the little girl was pleased with her new school and that the children treated her so kindly. Strangers sometimes are not made as welcome as they should be.

And on the next, and still the next, day, Mabel reported that her schoolmates were more friendly than ever, and that already she had several chums.

"We have the grandest times at recess," said Mabel. "After we've eaten our little lunches (and I've always such a lot that I share with the rest), we play tag and 'Rover' and a hundred other games."

Mother, who had been thinking deeply, now asked: "You always share your luncheon with your chums?"

That evening she tearfully told her



A RICH LITTLE GIRL HAS MANY FRIENDS

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied Mabel, "I couldn't eat it all myself if I wanted to."

On the morning of the following day, when Mabel was about to go to school, the maid handed the little girl her lunch box, neatly packed. But this time, instead of the dainties with which it was usually filled, there was nothing but an apple or two and several slices of bread.

"Your mother says I am to tell you that your father has lost a great deal of money and that you can have only simple lunches now."

Mabel was very much shocked. You see, she was so accustomed to having a rich papa, who gave her everything she asked for, that she couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be poor. The very thought of being poor greatly excited her.

As Mabel arrived late, it was not until recess that she found a chance to tell the news to her classmates. But no sooner were her chums gathered around her than she cried:

"Oh, girls, I've a VERY funny thing to tell! Papa has lost ever so much

money all about the way her old-time chums had deserted her.

"I shouldn't worry," said mother, quietly, when her little daughter had finished. "You don't want friends that are not true friends, do you?"

"By the way, I must tell you that papa recovered his money and he is now as rich as before. I wish you would invite the two little girls who shared their lunch with you to come and pay you a visit. It seems to me that they are friends worth having."

Mabel gladly promised to invite her new friends to pay her a call, and you may be sure that she no longer placed faith in the words of her other classmates, who, now that they learned Mabel was again rich, crowded about her as in former times.

When Mabel carefully thought the whole matter over a tiny suspicion came to her mind that, perhaps, mother had only planned the story of her father's loss of money to give her a chance to find out her real friends. In any event, she was glad to have had the opportunity.

Toby takes Tony's Medicine

TONY leaned far out of bed and put a hand to his ear. Yes, he was sure he heard grandma say to mother:

"I'll take the medicine up to our poor dear."

Tony fell back with a sigh. He was the "poor dear" they meant, and the nasty medicine was intended for him. It was bad enough to be kept indoors by sickness, without having to swallow such horrid mixtures.

The grandma was coming and he knew there was no way out of it this time. All of a sudden a bright idea came into the boy's head. He reached out his arms, caught his building, Toby, by the neck and dragged the poor beast into the bed.

To untie the bandage from his own head was what it over that of Toby was the



POOR TOBY!

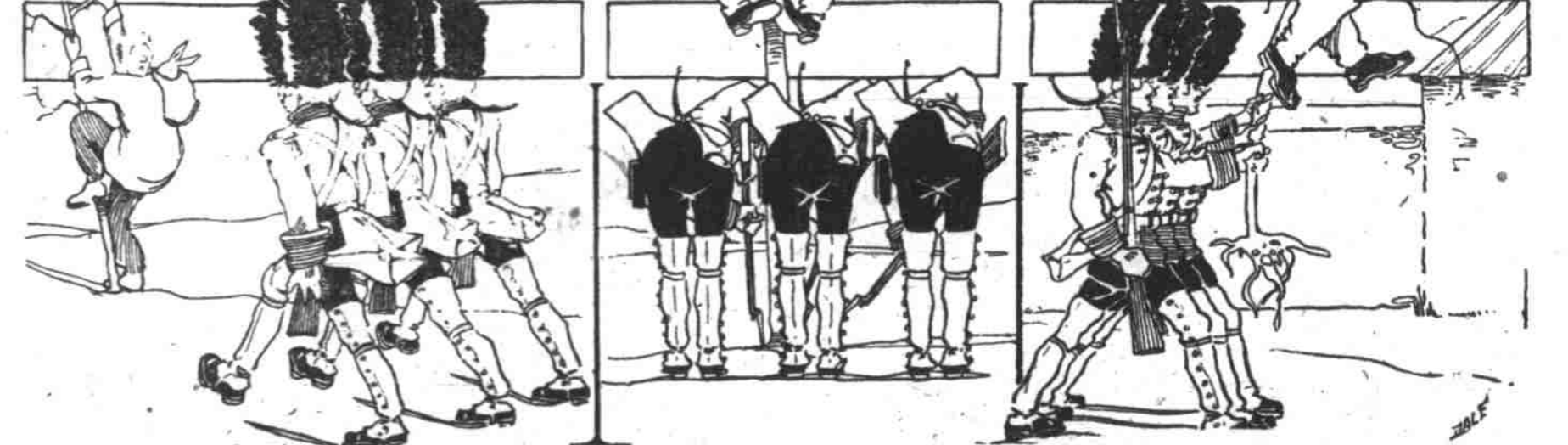
work of an instant. And the next moment doggy was tucked cozily between the covers, for all the world like a sick little boy.

Poor grandma really thought Toby WAS a sick little boy when she entered the room. And grandma was so very, very nearsighted that she actually gave the medicine to Toby instead of Tony! Of course, doggy made all sorts of funny noises, but Tony often did THAT, too, and grandma never suspected.

"There, now; my boy will feel better, now," said grandma, soothingly, as she gently patted the covers.

And deceitful Toby did nothing but bury his face in the bedclothes and snicker and snicker and snicker. He wasn't a bit sorry for what he had done. He thought it a splendid joke that the innocent doggy should have had to take the bad-tasting medicine.

Three Grenadiers and a Rabbit Thief



"CLIMBED THE SAPLING"

"DUG WITH THEIR BAYONETS"

"BEARING THE PRISONER"

DARING indeed, was this poacher. Not content with snaring several rabbits upon the barrens, he now ventured within view of the sentries. It did not take the gallant soldier boys long to start a chase after the rabbit thief. But the

rascal defied them, and when he found that the soldiers were steadily gaining on him, instead of throwing away his bag he simply climbed a sapling. From the top of the sapling the poacher mocked the soldiers, who grouped around the base of the young

tree, tried vainly to reach him with their bayonets. The thief slung his bag among the branches and made him comfortable.

Not long was he to remain so, however, for one of the clever soldiers simply pulled the sapling out by its roots. And with their prisoner still clinging frightfully to the tree, back to their quarters marched the three grenadiers. The officer of the guard didn't laugh aloud when the queer burden was brought before him, but you may believe that his smile was a broad one.