

# DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

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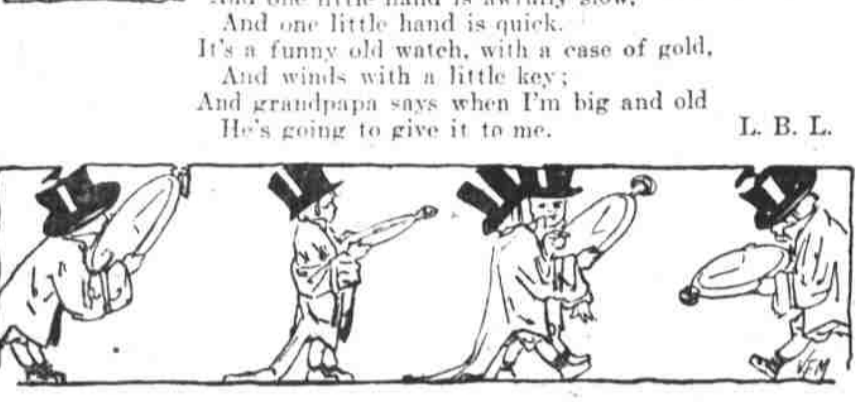
## Grandpapa's Watch



MY GRANDPAPA'S watch is heavy and round, and goes with a "tick, tick, tick."

And one little hand is awfully slow, and one little hand is quick. It's a funny old watch, with a case of gold, and winds with a little key; and grandpapa says when I'm big and old He's going to give it to me.

L. B. L.



## HARALD, KING OF THE VIKINGS

**H**ARALD FAIR-  
HAIR was one of the mightiest viking kings of Norway. He became the foremost king of Norway by reason of the great power he exercised in conquering all the minor kings of the realm and making them his serfs.

He succeeded to the throne, which was only a small one at that time, when he was 10 years of age.

He grew strong and tall and became a very wise and handsome man. He was still very young when he fought and vanquished five kings on one field of battle.

Now, Harald loved a beautiful princess called Gyda, and after this victory he sent some of his men to request her hand in marriage, for he wished to make her his queen.

But Princess Gyda was ambitious; she despised a petty king, wishing to marry the man who should conquer the whole of Norway. "Tell your king," said she to the messenger, "that I agree to become his wife when he shall have



conquered all Norway and made himself king of her people."

In fear and trembling his followers told Harald what Gyda had said, expecting, of course, a great burst of rage.

But Harald only looked thoughtful and, pondering her words, wondered why he had never thought of doing this thing before. Then, standing up before his nobles, he said:

"I make a solemn vow that never will I cut or comb my hair until either I have conquered Norway or died in the unsuccessful attempt. So bear me, ye gods of Valhalla."

Without waste of time or words Harald gathered about him a great force and prepared to conquer all the smaller kings who ruled in Norway. In those early days communication between the little kingdoms was very interrupted, and so it often happened that there was no warning of the approach of Harald and his devastating force, which swept all before it.

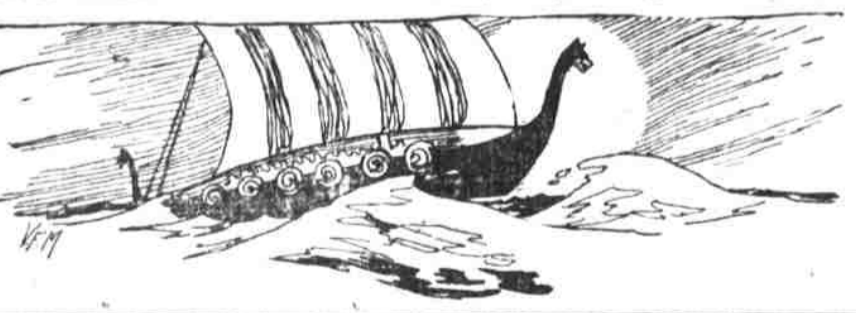
Many fled the country, manning huge ships and setting out on viking expeditions. Others made treaties of peace with Prince Harald and became his vassals. Over every district Harald placed an earl, whom he called a jarl, whose duty it was to see that justice was done and that the "sacred" taxes to which he was entitled were collected. For this service the jarl received one-third of all funds collected. So they were delighted to take service with Harald Fairhair. It took King Harald ten years to conquer Norway, and in the interval many bands of vikings were formed and sailed forth over the seas, refusing to become Harald's prey.

The expeditions went far west to Shetland and the Hebrides, to England, Scotland and Ireland.

Here they stayed safely during the winter, but spring saw them headed for the coast of Norway, where they wrought much damage, growing daily bolder. They ravaged inland villages and burned and plundered to their heart's content.

But the invincible Harald's iron hand descended often and forcefully upon them and was always victorious. Harald had his wonderful yellow hair clipped and combed, in token that he had fulfilled his vow. Nor did he forget Gyda, for love of whom he had sworn the vow.

Very gladly she came at his request to marry the great king of all Norway.



### Seashell Grotto

JUST beyond the popular English watering resort, Margate, a wonderful grotto was discovered some few years ago.

The walls of the inner chambers of the cave are set with thousands of seashells. Access is gained to it from the seashore, and its discovery was by accident.

No one can tell who carried the shells there, who arranged the beautiful patterns, or who the long-dead artist that worked out the artistic designs.

It is supposed to have been the tomb of one of the old northern sea kings, although some incline to the belief that it is the work of the ancient Druids. The work has been laid out and executed with the most marvelous care, and the chamber is beautiful enough to be the pleasure room of a living monarch, instead of a tomb for one long dead.

### Welsh Women

**A**MONG the rugged Welsh mountains the hat worn by the women is made of very coarse, strong straw, with a very large but rather shallow crown and narrow brim.

This is found to be the most convenient shape for carrying loads. On top of the head is placed the stuff, which consists of a stocking stuffed with wool. This makes a kind of pad, over which the hat is fastened.

It is not an unusual thing for a woman to walk five or six miles to the nearest town, purchase groceries or other necessities, load them on her head and with her baby strapped to her back walk up and down the steep mountain paths, her hands all the while occupied with her endless knitting.

## The Goatherd of SITTENDORF

**L**ONG, long ago there dwelt in Germany, in the village of Sittendorf, a very poor man who was called Peter Claus.

Now Peter was a very worthy man; but he disliked hard work more than anything else in the world.

"For all the treasure in the world," he used to declare, "I would not spend my life indoors at a trade." Now Peter was a good fellow and well known for many miles around. Hence it came about that his neighbors, knowing his fondness for an outdoor life, hired him to watch their goats.

Every morning saw him driving the herds up the side of Kyffhauser mountain; every evening the setting sun saw him returning with his charges to Sittendorf.

One morning Peter, as usual, drove his goats up the mountain; but of a sudden he paused, for he missed one of the most valuable animals of the herd.

Peter threw up his hands and called her loudly, but no sound arose from the underbrush. He climbed the highest peak and strained his eyes in search of her, but not a glimpse rewarded his anxious gaze.

Evening came on and the goatherd was in despair. How should he tell the owner that he had lost one of the most valuable animals?

Disconsolately he rounded up the herd, when what was his surprise to observe the lost nannygoat in the lead!

For many days the same thing happened. In the morning the goat disappeared, only to rejoin her fellows at sunset and run with them back to Sittendorf.

Peter Claus racked his brains to think what the creature could do with herself during the long day. Finally he decided to solve the mystery by not taking his eyes from her the whole day long.

He watched very sharply, and he discovered that when the herd passed the wall at the foot of a hill she very quietly dropped behind it and away out old knights like himself playing at ninepins.

Peter paused in amazement, for they were clad in long hose and wore quaint hair-buckled shoes. Their long white hair fell almost to their bent little



knives. Not one of them spoke to Peter, but the guide motioned him to pick up the fallen ninepins and return the bowls to the players.

Thoroughly frightened, Peter jumped about nimbly to serve the knights as he was bidden. He noticed that the bowls rolling over the lawn sounded like thunder. By and by, however, he ceased to be so frightened and began to take his time and do about as he pleased.

On a table there was a pitcher of wine and twelve golden goblets. He drank very thirstily and, running up, he drank a long draught from the pitcher. His head grew heavy. Very gently he fell over on the grass and went to sleep.

When Peter Claus awoke he found that he was lying on the grass where he had often fed his goats. Everything was familiar, yet strange. The trees and bushes looked many times larger than those which he remembered and there were many new ones.

Starting up, he called his goats, but they were nowhere in sight. Alarmed, he set out to seek them, but the well-known paths were covered with grass. His legs were stiff and he stumbled awkwardly over everything.

By and by he came to the spot whence he could see the village spread out before him. He breathed a sigh of relief.

This, at least, was not changed or strange. Before he got to the village he met many people, but not one of them did he recognize. They looked so strangely at him that he hurried along faster than ever.

He put his hand to his chin and found that he had a beard a foot long.

By and by he came to his own house. But what a change! It was absolutely tumbling down.

He called loudly to his wife and children, but not a sound answered him save the echo of his own voice.

Soon a motley crowd had gathered about him, jeering and laughing.

"Where is Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?" queried Peter.

An old woman cried out that he had gone to the war when she was a blooming maiden.

"And where is Valentine Meyer?" asked Peter.

"Lying in a house he will never leave," cried a toothless crone.

Dimly Peter remembered the faces of both. They had been young and handsome women when last he had seen them. Down the street tripped a pretty young matron who strongly resembled Peter's own wife.

"Where is Peter Claus, the goatherd?" he cried.

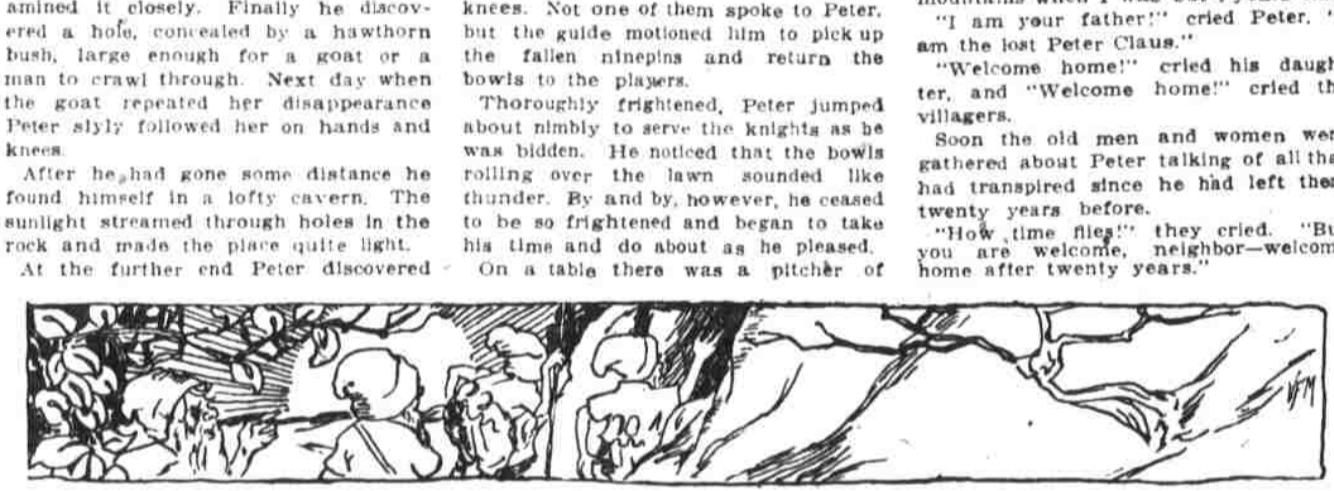
"My father?" asked the matron. "He was lost twenty years ago on the mountains when I was but 4 years old."

"I am your father!" cried Peter. "I am the lost Peter Claus."

"Welcome home!" cried his daughter, and "Welcome home!" cried the villagers.

Soon the old men and women were gathered about Peter talking of all that had transpired since he had left them twenty years before.

"How time flies!" they cried. "But you are welcome, neighbor—welcome home after twenty years."



more and likely it was he, returning with help to search for the spy. Grimly thinking of the reward, Hart looked about for a place of concealment. The stumps were too low to be safe.

Swiftly he tore apart a heap of brush and hastily covered himself just as the searching party appeared.

A dog made tracks immediately for the brush pile, barking furiously. The heart of the concealed man leaped into his throat; but the party, evidently thinking that he had merely started a woodchuck, paid not the slightest heed, but passed on, conversing eagerly.

When the men were safely past, Hart drew his hunting knife and as quietly as possible plunged it into the animal's body.

He watched the men intently. First they made the horses fast in the barn, then returning entered the log house. Hart sank down again in his hiding place with a curiously faint feeling. His empty stomach revolved and the world seemed turning round and round in dizzy circles.

An hour's wait forced upon the famished man the knowledge that he must have food and that quickly. Through the narrow windows the conversation of the men floated to him distinctly and from his general trend he knew that they were about to set out again in the endeavor to catch him. Again and again he heard his name, and mention made of the fifty guineas reward offered for his apprehension.

Hart now realized that he could no longer stay where he was with safety. The barn seemed the only solution to his problem. Slowly and painfully he dragged himself in its direction. At last he managed to open the heavy door. The fastened horses whinnied a welcome, but the man knew he could not stay here. Above him was the crude hay-loft. Up the rickety wooden ladder which led to the top he dragged himself, though every step was torture, and had just succeeded in covering himself with hay when the men appeared on the scene.

Seizing the horses, they were quickly out of sight. In an exhausted condition Hart lay, suffering untold agonies for an hour; then his mind was quickly made up.

As swiftly as possible he descended the ladder, then on hands and knees began his painful journey toward the log house. After an eternity of effort he pulled himself to the kitchen door and rapped. Presently a woman

### The Revolving Serpent

**H**ERE is a very amusing and instructive experiment which conclusively proves that heated air rises. To construct one, take a piece of cardboard and cut it in spiral form, as in figure A. It may then be painted to represent a serpent. Now prepare a stand as at B, having a needle in the upper end, and suspend the serpent from its center on the needle, when it will assume the B position. If this be placed over a stove, or the tail of the serpent be suspended by a piece of thread over a lamp, the heated air ascending through it will cause it to revolve in a very laughable manner. Two of these serpents may be made to turn in opposite directions by pulling one out from one side and the other in the reverse direction so that their heads will point toward each other when suspended.

### ABIRD CART

**P**ROBABLY the most curious little cart in the world was presented to the queen of Holland by Prince Pokoe Alane VII, sovereign of one of the East Indian states. It is for the use of the little Princess Juliana, and is the most costly child's cart in existence. The body is in the shape of a garoeda—a mysterious bird which is sacred to the Hindu religion. The entire cart is entirely hand carved and most artistic.

### In a Half Century

**A**LL these things took place within a short space of fifty years: The Spanish-American war and the establishment of the Cuban republic. The discovery of the Roentgen rays. The discovery of the sources of the Nile and the Niger and the exploration of interior Africa. Rise and fall of Napoleon III and the establishment of the present French republic. The unification of Germany and the Franco-German war. The civil war and the abolition of slavery in the United States. The extension of the Russian powers over Central Asia. The establishment of ocean steam navigation. The discovery of the electric telegraph. The discovery of the telephone. The laying of the huge ocean cables. The discovery of modern photog-

## THE SPY

**H**E ragged man who left the tavern looked fearfully to right and left, before he turned again to the open road.

Hungry and weak he was, for he had not tasted food for a long time.

At the very least, he must cover thirty miles before he could possibly feel safe.

As he swung out, he thought of the reward of fifty guineas for the capture of the Yankee spy, whom he knew to be himself.

Robert Hart was returning from Canada with valuable information for his superior officers, and was more than surprised to learn that his mission was known and a price set upon his head.

Suddenly the thundering of a horse's hoofs broke the stillness.

Hart's mind worked quickly. He knew well that shelter was far away, and so, putting up a bold front, he trudged doggedly along in the open.

The rider of the horse studied his face keenly as he passed; but the trembling man only looked up with a cursory glance. Evidently satisfied, the horseman did not speak, and in a few minutes had left the fugitive far behind. Hart pulled himself together with a little sigh of relief and looked about him. He was on the edge of a clearing. In the center of this stood a log house, while behind it loomed two barns. All about brushwood was piled high.

While he stood making up his mind as to what to do, he caught the sound of an approaching party on horseback.

Like a flash Hart thought of the man whom he had lately passed.



Slumber had just claimed him when he felt the hand of the good woman shaking him with the energy of desperation.

"There is not a moment to be lost," she cried. "My husband and his party are returning. Here," she added, pulling open the door of a good-sized closet in one end of the room, "get in here quickly, and be quiet for your life!"

Hart concealed himself among the hanging garments as best he could.

Soon the stamping of feet was heard, and he knew that the men were in the outside room.

He could hear the woman's low-toned questions and the loud voices of the men. "Yes, we're going to set out again, Honora," said Howard. "I just returned for my powder horn. It is in yonder closet."

"Let me get it for you," said his wife. But the man laughed, and thrusting her playfully aside entered the closet. Lower crouched the concealed man, the beating of his heart sounding in his terrified ears as the pounding of the surf on a beach. Howard groped from one hook to another, but failed to find his horn.

With a scornful ejaculation, his wife pushed him out of the way, and laying an accustomed hand on the right hook, brought out the horn and shut the door quickly behind her.

The party, laughing and confident of success, started away again. When they were fairly away Dame Howard returned to the closet.

"You have escaped this time by a



miracle," breathed she. "You will never be able to do it again, however."

"I have a plan. Out beyond the clearing there is an unused woodshed. You shall go there, and I will feed you daily until you have waxed strong enough to go on your way. Come at once, for the return of the party may be at any minute."

With strong, tender hands the woman assisted Hart to the place of refuge, and, true to her word, nursed him carefully for five long days, until he had recovered his strength. At the end of the fifth day he left the home of good Dame Howard. His voice choked with the words he could not say; his heart raised up in thankfulness for the goodness of the noble woman who had been his tender nurse. All night he traveled with renewed strength, and the dawn found him safely within his own lines.

A short time afterward Dame Howard, to the utter mystification of her husband, received a bag containing fifty guineas—and not containing the name of the sender.

### Queer Foods

**I**N EGYPT certain portions of the camel are regarded as great delicacies.

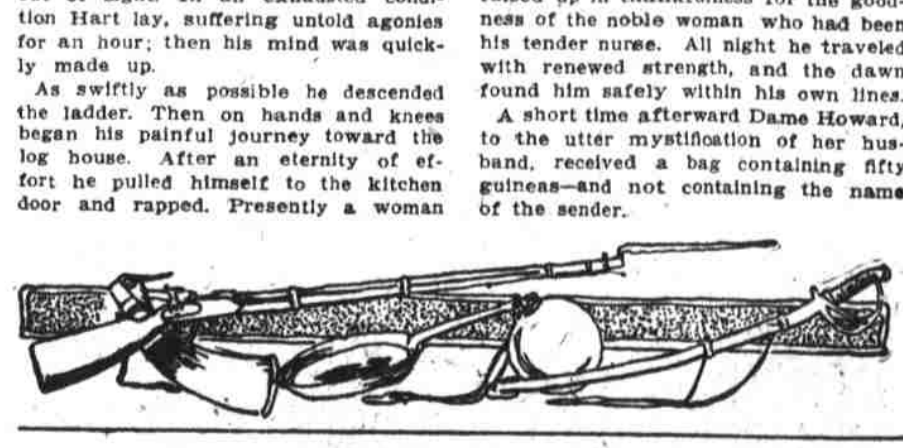
In Arabia the horse is considered a very fine article of food.

The folk in Cochinchina greatly prefer rotten eggs to those which are fresh.

In India the flesh of the elephant is a favorite article of food.

Some South Americans eat lizards, serpents and centipedes.

The Chinese like cats, rats, dogs and serpents; bears' paws and birds' nests



and particular favor with them.

There is a large caterpillar found in the West Indies on palm trees which is considered a great dainty.

The nests of Java swallows are so rare a luxury that a dish of them would cost around \$75 in our money.

In many parts of the earth a curious taste prevails for clay. Women on the Magdalena river while shaping their earthen vessels frequently put lumps of the clay into their mouths and consume it with relish.

In Sweden and in Finland the natives consume large quantities of bread which is made of a kind of earth.