

POLEY EVANS' STORY PAID BY THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL

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Bruno and Billy

"MARTHA," said Mr. Henley, "I am reading while they sit reading in the library. I think that we had better get a dog for Billy."

"Oh, John, do you think so? You know how the dog crowd sometimes are and I would be afraid that Billy might be bitten, but if you are determined to get one, get a very little one, so that he cannot do much harm."

"On the contrary, my dear, I expect to get as large a one as possible—one that can protect Billy when necessary, get a well-bred pup, bring him up with child and be in one of the best protectors that you can have. A good dog has been known to give his life to save his child master."

"What kind of a dog would you get, John?"

"A St. Bernard, I think. They are strong, good natured, faithful and very affectionate."

"Well, John, I suppose you know best, but I am somewhat fearful."

"Wait, Martha, and you will see how beautifully they will get along together."

Billy was 2 years old and was just beginning to feel that he could walk without taking hold of one's hand, and was very proud of it.

In a few days Mr. Henley came home with a fat, rolly puppy, St. Bernard puppy in a dog basket. He was just beginning to be playful and would start frantically at some imaginary object, only to fall all over himself before he had gone a dozen bounds. His head looked too big for his body; but Mr. Henley said that was a mark of intelligence, and that he had a splendid pedigree. Billy did not know what that meant, but he showed his delight with many shouts and crows of satisfaction.

Billy and Bruno romped and played and grew up together, and when Billy was 5 years old, Bruno was 2 and a fine, strong, large dog. Billy used to climb on his back and ride him all around the lawn, and the family, seeing how well they agreed, did not feel at all anxious about leaving them alone together. Mr. Henley had a dog wagon made and harness by which Bruno was



bled to the wagon, and Billy would drive him with a real pair of reins, and Bruno would never go beyond a safe trot, no matter how much Billy would urge him.

One day they had pulled and tugged at each other until Billy was tired out and threw himself down on the lawn to rest. Bruno came to him and lay down also. Billy, thinking that Bruno would make a good pillow, rested his tired head on the dog's side, and was soon fast asleep. Bruno's eyes were also shut, and he appeared to be asleep also. They made a very pretty picture, which nearly an artist would like to have caught.

Down the street came a rickety wagon with two rough-looking men in it. Suddenly the driver pulled in the horse, which, though lean, was evidently a fast traveler.

"Jake," he said to his companion, "look there. Handsome boy, well-kept grounds, handsome house. Rich folks."

"But look at the dog," said Jake.

"That's the dog, go in and fetch the dog," said the driver.

"Jake got down from the wagon and softly opened the gate. At the first click of the latch Bruno half opened one eye, and as the man walked up the path both eyes were wide open, but he did not move until the man left the path and started toward Billy. Then, up he sprang, his hair stood on end, and he

showed a very dangerous double row of teeth and uttered a fierce growl. The man hesitated an instant and then went forward swinging his club. Bruno dodged the blow, and the next moment with a roar that sounded all over the place Bruno was upon him and the man was on the ground. The man in the wagon, seeing the plight of his companion, sprang from the seat and hastened to his assistance; but by this time Bruno was a raging fury, barking and snarling, and made a rush for the second man, who made the best of his time toward the gate. In the meantime Jake had setted Billy and was running off with him, but was not quick enough for Bruno, the gardener and coachman, who had heard the fracas and was running to Bruno's assistance. Jake dropped Billy and vaulting the fence sprang into the wagon. The horse was started at a gallop and was soon out of sight.

Mrs. Henley now came running up, and it is a question whether she hugged Billy or Bruno more.

"What's the reason?" said Mr. Henley that evening, when the story was told to him, "was I right or wrong when I said that the dog was a great protector for a child?"

"Indeed, you were right, and we must never part with Bruno," was the answer.

There were many other times when Bruno saved little Billy from danger, but we must save those for another time.

EDITH KISSAM YOUNG.



The Pied Piper of Hamelin

VERY long time ago indeed the town of Hamelin was simply filled with rats. The people were almost distracted, for all of their efforts to rid themselves of the pests were unavailing. So many rats there were that a very wise man, Robert Browning, tells us:

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladle,
Spilt open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats
And even spoiled the women's chits
By drawing their speaking
In fifty different sharps and flats!

known as the Pied Piper, and that he had done wonderful things by means of his enchanted music. Having heard that the town was overrun with rats, he had come to offer his services to draw them away, never to return, in exchange for a certain sum of money to be paid him by the townsmen.

The mayor and people accepted gladly, and the Piper even more than he had asked for his services.

Out went the Piper into the streets, and raising his wonderful pipe to his lips, blew several clear notes.

Mr. Browning has told us just what happened then in these words:

And the rumbling grew to a mighty grumbling,
And the houses the Rats came tumbling;
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cooking tails and pricking whiskers—
Families by tens and dozens—
Followed the Piper for all their lives!

The problem grew worse with every passing day, and at length the people could stand it no longer. They all went to the town hall, where the mayor and all the townspeople were assembled together, and asked them if something couldn't be done immediately to rid Hamelin of the terrors.

The mayor sat still for a long time, puzzling his brains over what in the

relief, they saw the Piper and his dainty followers turning toward a very high hill.

"They never can cross it," cried the people. "He'll have to stop piping, and then the children will stop."

Scarcely had the words passed their lips, however, before the mountainside opened like a door and closed not again until all the children were inside. All that is, save a little lame fellow who lived to tell the tale of the piping of the Magic Piper.

The mayor offered fabulous sums in gold and silver if the Piper would bring back the children of Hamelin town, but it was all too late. They never came back to Hamelin and their parents and friends. They had gone forever and ever.

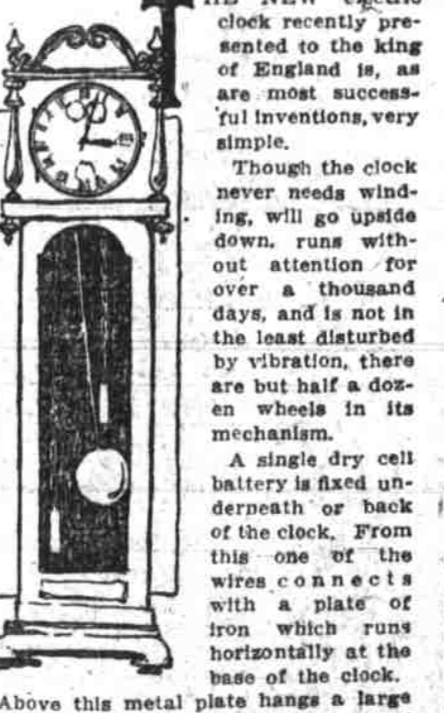


world he should do. A knock came on the town-hall door, and the poor fellow, glad of the interruption, called out for the person to enter.

On the threshold stood the queerest-looking creature he had ever seen, dressed in a long coat, half red and half yellow; about his neck a scarf of the same colors, from which hung a curious-looking pipe.

This peculiar-looking person walked straight up to the mayor, and declared that he could draw all creatures after him by the exercise of a peculiar charm. He told them that he was

A Thousand Day Clock



HE NEW electric clock recently presented to the king of England is, as are most successful inventions, very simple.

Though the clock never needs winding, will go upside down, runs without attention for over a thousand days, and is not in the least disturbed by vibration, there are but half a dozen wheels in its mechanism.

A single dry cell battery is fixed underneath or back of the clock. From this one of the wires connects with a plate of iron which runs horizontally at the base of the clock.

Above this metal plate hangs a large wheel, constructed like the balance wheel of a watch, which clears the plate as it rotates. At the back is a spring similar to the hairspring of a watch.

This wheel has a small magnet running through its center, which is magnetized on the connection of the electric current, and pulls its end on the surface of the wheel round toward the horizontal plate below.

The point then is to utilize this pulling power of the magnet just at the moment that it will give the required impetus to the wheel.

This is effected by a thin strip of steel, which is connected with one terminal of the battery, the other, as has been explained, being connected with the horizontal plate below the wheel. As the wheel swings around, this strip of steel comes in contact with a knob, through which the current passes, and the magnet becoming charged, the point is pulled down sharply to the plate. Passing over this, the magnet is demagnetized, and the wheel swings on till the force of the hairspring brings it back again.

The hairspring is timed and may be regulated by the spring behind to take exactly a second each way. The movement is carried directly by a lever to the second hand, and the minute and hour hands are connected in the usual manner.

Ladben's Return

HERB the Myanah river enters Long Island sound, one early autumn day in 1667 walked two soldiers. Elderly men they were and a small fighter, Daniel Patrick and John Underhill. Herd to camp, it was small wonder that they had chafed under Puritan rule and had deserted for a venture of their own out in this beautiful place on the shores of the sound.

Patrick shook his gray head slowly as he exclaimed: "Stay what you will, John, I trust in the savages no longer. Ponus hath been surly of late, and methinks the mind of the saggamore is evil! A rumor is afoot that runners have been forward and back all during the month at the Sinoaway village. We can expect no help from the English, and our only hope must come from the Manhattans. But look you, John, yonder rides Ladben with his posse!"

Ladben, one of the few Dutch who mingled with the English settlers, was a brave hunter and expert trapper, who made his living by trading in furs, selling his skins to the Dutch trading post some seven miles to the west. He was riding swiftly in their direction when accosted by the officers. Ladben was on very good terms with the Indians, and was noted for his skill in woodcraft. His log hut was built on the brow of a steep precipice which stood over 100 feet high in the depths of a dense forest, a couple of miles from the settlement. Here the trader lived quietly with his wife and children, Hans and Tamska.

"Ladben," said Patrick, "we have been talking of our Indian neighbors. What know you of their plans?"

Ladben shook his head slowly. "The prospect is not good—it is very bad," said he. "The son of Ponus advised me to go away the other day, saying that the Indians were wroth with the pale-face, and evidently Ponus means mischief. It is almost certain, however, that the attack will not come before the snow flies and the crops are reaped."

"That is bad news," said Patrick. "If you are bound to the fort, Ladben, I wish you would carry a letter to the governor. He drew from his pocket a folded paper and glanced over it hastily. "I think it conveys the situation. I ask that a company of musketeers be sent to go away the other day, saying that the Indians were wroth with the pale-face, and evidently Ponus means mischief. It is almost certain, however, that the attack will not come before the snow flies and the crops are reaped."

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he suddenly sprang on his horse, which stood downcast, dripping and weary. "Throw open the gate!" he cried in a tone so terrible that the gate was immediately unbarred.

Like a lightning streak Ladben rode forward, indifferent to all sense of danger, indifferent to the horse of blood-thirsty savages on every side. In his crazy voice of wife and children in deadly peril, he dashed the warning; the picture of his home going up in flames blinded his eyes to the painted fiends on every side.

The North American Indian believes the madman under the protection of the Great Spirit, and for this reason Ladben's Indian gestures protected him from their violence for a time. Just as he neared the bottom of the towering precipice on which he had built his home, however, he looked back to see half a dozen strange warriors leaping hot upon his trail. When he had attained the clearing at the top—a pile of ashes marked the site of his home. He glanced back and saw that the redmen were almost upon him. They seemed certain of their victims, and about after about of unholy gloom filled the air. A tomahawk struck Ladben a blow on the shoulder as the savages pressed forward. His massive battle-axe rang out in blood-curdling peals, and with a crash crashing through the tree branches. The Indians, hot upon the trail, were going with a speed that could not easily be checked, and plunged wildly to death in the wake of their intended victim.



Ladben escaped with broken limbs, but the horse he rode was killed. With the coming of the musketeers the settlers were strong enough to disperse their assailants. Many of the colonists after this left for the established settlements. It was not until two years later that a force of English and Dutch attacked the Sinoaway tribe and broke its power. Ten years passed away. The town, successfully established, retained no trace of Indian origin. One day Ladben, a cripple and half-witted, sat smoking his pipe and looking out over the water of the sound. Suddenly a little Indian youth walked quickly up the lane and stood before the cripple. "Ladben, want Ladben," said the Indian, whose large, heavy eyes and light hair contrasted strangely with his copper skin.

The boy's voice stirred Ladben strangely, and he spoke quickly in Dutch. Eagerly the boy listened, uncertainly repeating several of the words. Ladben watched him with an intent gaze on his face, the dazed expression of one awakened suddenly from a long sleep. He gazed on the boy of again, and when he opened them a look of intelligence burned there for the first time in many years. He rose falteringly as Captain Patrick appeared in the doorway.

"Captain, captain," he said, brokenly, "mein leedli boy let goe back. Don't 'e know der vader, leedli Hans? Where is Anneke? And in an ecstasy of joy he threw his arms around the boy's shoulders.

Hans and Anneke, it developed, had been carried off by strange Indians of the northern tribes which had come down to aid in the Sinoaway attack. The children had been parted and the little Anneke never heard of again. The boy grew up, however, he remembered his white blood and his father's name when he had forgotten most things else.

He had escaped from his tribe and worked his way patiently and by slow degrees back to his birthplace and his father.

The great precipice from which Ladben long ago made his leap can be seen to this very day.

The wave rocks the big boat
That sails o'er the seas,
The brook rocks the rushes,
The wind rocks the trees.

The foot sways the cradle
Like ships on the foam,
And baby is dreaming
With mother at home.

Katherine Parke.



The Escape of Jonathan Wells

HOUGH the New England Indians were so very much stronger in numbers than the whites, they were never even weakly united, and their cowardice was a weak point for which superior numbers could never make up. The end of the summer of 1675 found the savages everywhere victorious, however, and a dozen towns had been attacked and burned, while isolated murders without number had been perpetrated. There was no meeting the Indians face to face. They fought only from ambush and were always gone before troops could be summoned to the scene, and the white men were slow in any case to adopt the Indian methods of warfare. And so it came about that the savages, everywhere successful, came to despise their clumsy, awkward enemies.

On the night of May 13 they celebrated a great feast and afterward went to a sound slumber in their bark lodges. All of them, that is, with the exception of Jonathan, who, suspecting danger, had withdrawn over the river. On this same evening a number of soldiers and boys gathered in Hadley



on all sides, like a swarm of angry bees. The boy Jonathan, with a party of about eighteen men, who had been some distance away when the retreat was ordered, returned hastily to their horses and found their comrades down. Jonathan somehow kept his senses and found his horse. As he rode forward two Indians plunged after him and fired. One shot struck his horse, while the other entered his thigh. He reeled and would have fallen to the ground had he not clutched his horse's mane. The savages, seeing that he was wounded, pursued him, but he leveled his gun at them and managed to hold them at bay until he had ridden beyond their reach.

As he rode furiously forward, however, he heard a piercing cry for help, and turning back, found Belding, a lad of his own age, lying badly wounded on the ground. He made shift to pull him up behind, and rode thus as best he could until they had caught up with the advance party, thus saving Belding's life.

Jonathan held away and fear was on every side yet Jonathan was unwilling to desert his comrades, and searching out Captain Turner, begged that he halt and let him attend to the boy.

"Impossible," said the captain. "It is better to save some than to lose all."

To add to the excitement and confusion, the guides became bewildered, and soon the party was split up into tiny bands.

The band with which Jonathan found himself became tangled up in a swamp, where it was once more attacked by the savages. Again, however, and out of a few others. When they found that he was badly wounded, they left him and rode away.

Jonathan was wholly deserted. Badly wounded, completely lost, weak with hunger and surrounded by bloodthirsty savages, he lay alone and doggedly on a nutmeg which he had in his pocket served to keep him from fainting.

After he had made his way some distance he swooned in good earnest and tumbled from his horse. When at last he regained consciousness he found himself in the arms of the savages, who had kindness loosed the horse and let him go. After a time he succeeded in making his way through the forest, and the march was undertaken after nightfall, and the brave little band made its way in safety through forest and swamp, past the well-guarded Indian outposts, and at daybreak arrived near the camp. Here the horses were left among the trees, while the soldiers crept silently to the lodges of the camp.

The surprise was completely successful. The terrified savages, shrieking that the Mohawks were upon them, were either shot down or plunging into the water, where they were heavily outnumbered as it was by the remaining soldiers. While the soldiers were busily gathering arms and food, the savages suddenly rallied and opened fire upon them from behind the sheltering trees. Captain Turner immediately ordered a retreat.

The main company mounted hastily and managed to get away, but the boy, who means in its power to shake off the clouds of arrows which pursued it

Queer Skates Must Be Entered On A Rope

A VERY different type of ice skate has lately been invented by a mechanic of Los Angeles.

It consists of a frame for the wheels, a set of gears and a spiral shaft. When the weight of the wearer falls on one of the skates the spiral shaft and platform are forced downward, and the shaft, passing through the gears, works like a worm gear, driving the rear wheel, which is connected through a ratchet gear with the gears driven by the spiral shaft.

The ratchet also makes a coaster brake, allowing the skate to speed along the pavement with the foot still bearing upon the platform and spiral shaft. The pedecyle has been tried out by a member of the police force with great success, the speed obtained being about twenty miles an hour.

The wheels of the pedecyle are rubber tired and about six inches in diameter.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens.



THE sole entrance to St. Catherine's Monastery, on Mount Sinai, is very high up in the wall, and is only possible means of reaching it is by way of the iron rope elevator shown in the cut. Any monk or visitor wishing to enter takes his place at the end of the rope and is pulled up in this manner to the entrance.