

POLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE

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SHERIFF'S LONDON TRIP

The End of False Foodrage

THE LIGHTHOUSE HEROINE



ON A certain day news was brought to Gotham that the king was about to pass through the town. This news was not at all welcome, for the king was really a very bad and cruel man, and the people he ruled hated him. If he visited the town, the poor people knew that they would have to give him and his enormous following food and lodging; besides this, no one's personal belongings were safe while he was in the neighborhood, for whatever he saw and took a fancy to, they thought and thought, to devise some plan of keeping him away from Gotham. At last the wisest of them met to talk the matter over and come to a decision.



"We will chop down the big trees in the woods so that the road to town will be blocked," said one. "That's a fine idea," said the others. They pulled out their axes and very soon all the roads to town were filled up with brush and logs. This was to give the king's horsemen a hard time getting into Gotham. So hard did they desire to make the passage that they would have to build a new road or give up the plan altogether.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

ONCE upon a time there was a tyrant king whose name was Dionysius. So unjust and cruel was he that every one hated him, and he lived in constant dread lest some one would kill him. Nevertheless, he was very wealthy and lived in a wonderful palace where there were many beautiful and rare things, and a great army of servants stood always at his beck and call, ready to do his bidding. One day Damocles, a friend of the tyrant, said to Dionysius: "You have everything that the heart of man could wish. How happy you must be!"



The king looked at him. "Perhaps you would like to change places with me," said he.

"Nay, nay! O king," said Damocles, "but had I your riches and enjoyments for the space of a single day, I should be perfectly happy!"

"That shall be managed," said the tyrant. "You shall have them."

And so on the following day Damocles was led deferentially into the palace, with all the servants bidding to treat him as their master, bowing and scraping on every side. The richest foods the land afforded were set before him in the banquet hall, and nothing had been left undone that would give him pleasure. Beautiful flowers, exquisite perfumes and soothing music greeted him on every side. Comfortably lying back among silken cushions Damocles glanced about and thought himself the very happiest man in all the world.

"Good friends," said he, "our wife have prevented the king's coming to Gotham. Let us make these same wife save our precious noses!"

"Certainly, certainly!" cried his fellows breathlessly. "Only tell us how it is to be done."

"Be quiet and I will give you my idea," said Dobbins, the wise man. "Know you that many a man has been punished for being wise, but whoever heard of harm befalling a man because he was a fool? When the king's sheriff comes to us each and every one act like fools."

"Bravo, good!" cried his comrades. "We will all act like fools!"

It was not a small matter, as you may suppose, for the king's men to open the roads about Gotham, and while they were engaged in the work, the king became weary of waiting and went off back to London town. But the work was over at length and the sheriff, with a band of sturdy, cruel men, rode through the fields and hedgerows toward Gotham. Just outside the town they came upon a most remarkable sight. All the old men of the town were rolling huge rocks up the side of a steep hill, and all the young men were standing by grunting aloud.

"What are you doing?" he inquired.

"Why, you see, sir," answered they, "there is a bird in this field and we are building a stone wall so that he will not stray away."

"Ha, ha! Oh, you foolish fellows!" laughed the sheriff. "Know you not that the bird will fly over the top of the highest wall you can build?"

"Why, really now, we never thought of that!" cried the men. "How exceedingly wise you are!"

Next the sheriff met a man lugging a door along on his back.

"Whatever are you doing?" he cried.

"Why, sir, I have just now started on a long journey."

"But the door—why carry that?" cried the sheriff.

"Why, sir, I left my money at home."

"But why not leave the door at home, too?"

"To tell the truth, sir, I was afraid of thieves; and if I carry the door with me, they cannot break it open to steal."

"This is the greatest joke I have ever heard of!" cried the sheriff. "Why, fellow, did you not leave the door safe at home and carry the money with you?"

"Who would have thought of that now!" cried the man of Gotham. "Never would such a thing occur to me. What wisdom you have!"

"On rode the sheriff, and at every hand met men in the performance of some silly act.

"Now it strikes me that the people of Gotham are every one of them fools!" cried the sheriff to his men.

"Aye, sir, they are truly fools!" cried his men, and he added: "It was a sin to harm the poor simpletons."

"We will ride back to London and tell the king what has passed," said the sheriff.

The men agreed, and they all rode into London town and told the king how the towns and the king laughed long and heartily, and said that for all he cared the people of Gotham might grow three noses apiece without being molested.



"Pie," said False Foodrage. "Ye have not the courage of a kitten divided among ye. Go not to the trouble of drawing lots; that's but a coward's makeshift. Hide safe at home, and my knife shall kill the King."

Then he hung out of the room, his sharp knife unsheathed in readiness to kill the King. It was the dead of night, and the only soul awake was the porter, from his lodge keeping watch over the King. Over the back of the lodge curled a strong grapevine, and by means of this False Foodrage climbed up to the window casement.

"Hark!" said the porter, starting up. "There was a sound! Perhaps 'tis the wind or the rain on the thatch." And so he shut his eyes to danger and went not to the window to see.

Softly, softly crept False Foodrage through the casement and thrust his knife deep into the heart of the watcher.

Then he snatched from a shelf the twenty-four silver keys, every one of which unlocked a door of the place. Soon he had unlocked the great door of the castle; and after he had locked this behind him opened the next and the next until he came to the last door of all—the door of the room in which the King slept.

"Who goes there?" called the King.

"Ho, False Foodrage! What do you here?"

"Soon you shall know!" cried the villain, and before the King could defend himself stabbed him to the heart. Then the Queen fell upon her knees and weep and pray the false knight to have mercy on her for the sake of the babe that would soon come to her.

"Nay, now I will spare your life!" cried False Foodrage. "And if the babe is a girl, I will spare it, too. But if the babe is a boy, it shall swing high from the gallows tree."

"Let us draw lots," said one, "and he who shall draw the longest stick shall set forth over the whole wide world to find the Queen and bring her back to her bower. So shall we four-and-twenty knights be saved from the gallows tree."

So they drew lots, and the longest stick was drawn by Wise William. Of course, he set forth at once to find the Queen.

The lords of the big halls told him that they knew naught of her; that they had not dared let her in; and the good man in his cottage said the same thing.

Wise William was perplexed until he saw a shining bit of cloth of gold clinging to the bushes down the Miry Way. He followed the trail closely through the briar lot and so through the Valley of the Poisonous Things until he had come to the stable on the hillside. The savage dogs were kind to him, for they seemed to think Wise William the friend of her over whom they kept watch and ward. Now Wise William knew at once that the Queen must be in the stable and alone, and so he stopped, because he was a belted knight and a gentleman, and went to get his own wife Alice to come and be bower maid to the Queen. And when Alice went in to the Queen, there lay a beautiful young baby boy over whom his mother was weeping.

"Nay, weep not, my lady," said Alice. "The mother of such a beautiful babe should be joyous."

"Oh, Alice," cried the Queen, "he is in truth a bonny child; but would it were a maid, for False Foodrage hath sworn that if the child be a girl he will not molest it, but that if it were a boy he would hang it high on a gallows tree." And the faithful Alice and the Queen wept together. By and by the Queen noticed that Alice had a babe.

"What a pretty daughter!" she cried, eagerly. "And now, Alice, I have a thought. Give me the girl and I will give you my son, and then will I go back to the castle and the babe will be spared and the valiant knights be saved."

"Right gladly will I take the boy and rear him as my own," said Faithful Alice. "But, lady, I cannot part with my bonny lass!"

large cabbage leaf, not far from the poultry yard fence, where he kept a close watch for the mischievous beetles that were bent on the destruction of a variety of plants in the garden. Now and then his tongue would dart out so quickly one could scarcely see it, and every time a bug was caught, and deposited in the always-ready stomach of the industrious toad.

Ted and Kitty, the two children, who had free access to the fine garden, had been cautioned not to injure or disturb any toad they should find in the garden. They knew their value and were learning to protect the ugly creatures.

One afternoon Nemo was more industrious than usual. His favorite haunt was frequented by more insects than usual.

Over near the poultry-yard fence another scene was being enacted. A great gray Norway rat that had found its presence unwelcome in a barn on the next place had ventured over into the garden to see if he could locate some prey or locate another comfortable home with plenty of grain he could steal. He heard an interesting sound—that of little chickens cheeping as they ran about with their attentive mother. He crept cautiously along the fence, where the weeds and grasses concealed his movements, and when a little chick came near the wire fence the rat sprang upon it, and the hapless little chick gave one

If I did, False Foodrage would burn my castle."

At last she came to the door of a lonely cottage and asked for shelter.

"Nay, my lady!" cried the good man, in a fright. "I dare not take you in! False Foodrage would burn my hut and take my wife and child!"

So the Queen wandered and wandered until at length she came to the Valley of Poisonous Things.

"No one will pursue me here," she said, and traveled on.

Then did all the poisonous things bend away to let her pass safely through their midst. By and by the Queen came to a great stable, and the savage dogs who had been set to guard it whined joyfully and set themselves to keep a strict watch while she was within. And so the night wore away, with no sound save the regular, soft breathing of the cattle, and the Queen was safe within.

When the four-and-twenty knights awoke to find the Queen gone they were very much afraid indeed, for the shadow of the gallows tree and the revenge of False Foodrage loomed up before them with all its sinister meaning.

"What shall we do?" they cried one to another in panic. "It waxes on toward noon, and then will False Foodrage come to see that the Queen is safe. And when he finds her gone, we

will every one swing high from the gallows tree."

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despairing cry, while the mother flew at the rat and beat it with its wings and beak so vigorously it was glad to drop its new-found prey and scamper to the protection of the large cabbage leaves.

While hiding there, contemplating another raid on the poultry, the murderous rat saw the big brown toad darting his tongue after the insects, and after watching for a few moments decided upon an attack on Nemo. The toad leaped and chattered, and the rat con-

tinued the attack, following Nemo out into a narrow path, not far from where his friends, Ted and his sister, sat in the shade making a wreath of roses. As soon as the rat saw what was being transacted he called lustily for Tige, his faithful canine companion, who came with a bound, and without any hesitation grasped the fierce rat, which turned upon him and showed fight; and in a few seconds the rat lay dead at the boy's feet.

Making a careful examination of the toad, it was found to be badly injured, having been bitten through the top of the head.

"Think!" cried the Queen, "Wise William is one of the four-and-twenty knights, and he and all his fellows will be hanged on I go not back with a babe in my arms. Act quickly, Faithful Alice! Soon will come the noon hour, when False Foodrage will come to see that all is well. You shall take my son and teach him to ride, to shoot an arrow and to wield his sword—my Gay Goshawk; and I—I will take your little Dove and teach her to read and write and sew. Now choose ye quickly, for the hour is at hand."

"It must be so," said Alice, sadly, and went away weeping; but the Queen did not weep, for she had saved her child, and she and Wise William made their way quickly to the castle.

"So you have a bonny maid!" cried False Foodrage, looking into the window when noon had come.

"'Tis a bonny lass," cried the Queen. "False Foodrage, remember your pledge!"

"Nay, do not fear," said False Foodrage. "You may do what you will with the maid child, though I would have hanged a boy high on the gallows tree." And the Queen smiled and was happy, thinking of her Gay Goshawk in the hands of Faithful Alice.

Eighteen years passed swiftly away, and Wise William said to himself, "Now has the time come," and took the Gay Goshawk out with him to hunt. Far on a sunny hillside he showed him a lordly castle with banners fluttering, and moat and towers and battlements.

"See you yonder castle?" asked Wise William. "You are its rightful heir."

"How so?" cried the youth. "'Tis the hold of False Foodrage, and glad I am that I have naught to do with him."

"You are right; he is no kin of yours," said Wise William, "and yet the castle is yours, for he killed your father before you were born, and no one would blame you did you slay him who did your father to death and stole his lands and keeps captive your mother in his dungeon keep!"

"Ne'er heard I such a wondrous tale," gasped the youth.

"'Tis true, nevertheless," said Wise William, "for your father was King of all the country and your lady mother is a lawful Queen."

Then did the youth clasp his bow to his breast and swim the moat and leap clear over the castle wall. Not one of the four-and-twenty doors did he unlock, but burst his way through all of them until he came to False Foodrage.

"Help, oh, help!" cried the cowering traitor; but never a man of his household came near him, for they wanted the young prince to come to his own.

Then the prince came to the bower, where he found and kissed his lady mother. With her stood a maid so beautiful that she took his breath away, and he said:

"Fair maid, if Wise William will give me your hand, the pretty Turtle Dove will be the bride of the Gay Goshawk before ever the sun has gone behind the mountains."

"You are too fierce to refuse," smiled Wise William, and Faithful Alice smiled back at him, and the Gay Goshawk and the Turtle Dove smiled at each other.

A Very Old Word

THE derivation of the word salary is a very curious one. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a portion of salt daily as part of their pay. SAL in Latin is salt, and when, in course of time, money was substituted for salt, the amount was called salarium, or salt money. Hence comes our word salary, and hence, no doubt, the expression "Not worth his salt," that is, not worth his salary.

A GARDEN TRAGEDY

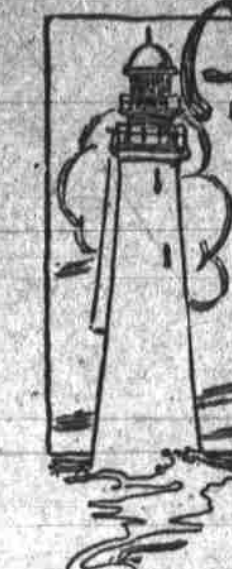
THE beautiful garden of Uncle Silas, where flowers and vegetables of all kinds were grown, toads were highly prized on account of the great appetites they have for bugs and all sorts of insect pests that are injurious to many forms of life in flowers and vegetables.

Nemo, a monster brown toad, sat beneath a large cabbage leaf, not far from the poultry yard fence, where he kept a close watch for the mischievous beetles that were bent on the destruction of a variety of plants in the garden. Now and then his tongue would dart out so quickly one could scarcely see it, and every time a bug was caught, and deposited in the always-ready stomach of the industrious toad.

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FIERY storm raged and lowered at sea upon a certain dark morning in early September. Broken in two by the pounding waves and sinking deeper every moment, the remaining half of a ship lay upon the rocks off the Farnes Islands.

To the doomed fragment upon the rock there clung the pathetic few of the crew who still retained a hold on life. Well they knew that every wash of the sullen sea over the dismembered ship carried it a little nearer to its last resting place at the bottom of the sea.

Only a sad imitation of hope remained to the poor, half-drowned unfortunates clinging to the rigging.

High in her perch in a lighthouse on one of the islands Grace Darling listened to the storm, her thoughts far at sea with outboard mariners.

The horrors of the deep were not new to Grace, true daughter as she was of a sturdy line of fisher folk, and often the lullaby that sounded in her ears, when, as a child, she had sunk to sleep in spite of the dash and roar of the powerful ocean, held much the same note as the terrific storm then raging.

In the darkest part of the night, when the ocean howls, as she often called the white-capped billows, were baying fiercest, she heard clear above the howling wind, piercing shrieks of

mortal terror. When daylight dawned she dimly made out the wreck from which they came. It lay some miles away from the lighthouse, and the water leaped and played about it like a seething cauldron.

To the mast of the wreck she made out the figures of men clinging for dear life.

"Oh, father," she cried to the lighthouse keeper, "something must be done to save them. Come, help me get out the boat at once."

The old fellow looked out at the wreck and shook his head.

"It would not be of any use, Grace,"

and her father took the other, and they made for the wreck. The rowing was hard, for the sea was high, and they almost despaired of ever reaching the wreck.

Finally, however, they were close to the wreck and consequently in greater danger than ever. The mighty waves broke against the little boat, and it would have been dashed to fragments a hundred times had it not been for the skill of Grace Darling in handling the craft.

After a great many trials Grace's father managed to get a footing on the wreck, while Grace held the boat in readiness. One by one the dazed and worn out crew were helped aboard. It took all the girl's strength and skill to keep the frail craft from being dashed to bits upon the rocks, and at the same time to keep it from drifting too far away.

When all had been saved Mr. Darling climbed back into the boat, willing hands took the oars, and after a hard pull all were safely back in the lighthouse. Here Grace proved a tender nurse as well as a brave and dauntless sailor and lifesaver, and so well and kindly did she care for the shipwrecked men that when the storm had died away most of them were strong enough to go at once to their homes.

Grace Darling lived a long, long time ago, but her name has never been forgotten in the land. Not far from her old home she lies buried in a little churchyard, within sound of the sea she knew and loved so well. Every year her grave is visited by many, many people, and a monument is placed over the little mound, which speaks of the gallant deed that made Grace Darling's name a household word.

On it is a stone figure of a woman lying at rest, with an anchor held fast in the right hand.

Ted hurried to obtain a box in which to place the injured toad, but when he returned he was just in time to see the faithful Nemo clasp his little hands and die.

Over in the poultry yard lay the dead chick.

Tige and Teddy searched the premises for more mischievous rats, but if any more were there, they were wise enough to go another way in their search for prey and plunder.

How the Months Were Named

"JANUARY" is of Latin origin, from the word Januarius, and was named by the ancient Romans in honor of the god Janus, to whom the season of the year was sacred.

"February" comes also from the Latin Februarius, derived from februm, which in the Sabine tongue meant to purge, and signified the Roman festival of expiation.

"March" is named for Mars, the Roman god of war.

"April" comes from Aprilis, which in turn comes from aperire, which means to open.

"May" is named for the Roman Maia, who was the mother of Mercury and the daughter of Atlas.

"June" is named for Juno, who, by all accounts, was greatly worshiped during this month by the Romans.

"July" is named for the greatest Roman of them all, Caius Julius Caesar, who was born at this time of the year.

"August" was also called for a great Roman, the Emperor Augustus Caesar. "September" was the seventh month of the Roman year, as they commenced with March, and consequently derived its name from the Latin septem, meaning seven.

"October," being the eighth month, derives its name from octo, which means eight.

"November" is from novem, meaning nine.

"December" also derives its name from a number, decem, meaning ten, it being the tenth month of the Roman year.

daughter," he said huskily. "We could never reach them."

"Oh, listen to their wild cries!" cried Grace. "We cannot stay here and see them die. Let us get out the boat at once."

Mr. Darling was an old man, and well he knew the force of the heavy waves, yet he could not say "no."

A very few minutes passed before their preparations were completed, and they could set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. Grace pulled on one oar

and her father took the other, and they made for the wreck. The rowing was hard, for the sea was high, and they almost despaired of ever reaching the wreck.

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Anne and Alice Angle's Adventures in Mother-Goose-Land



PART I

ANNE and Alice went, one lovely summer day, to visit their Mother Goose and hear what she would say. They thought perhaps the wise old dame would let them lend a hand to the many funny happenings in Mother Goose's land.



"You want to help?" asked Mother Goose, as she unlatched the gate. "Then Mother Hubbard's cupboard fill!"

"It's a shocking state!" Away they flew to fill it up. And met the Flemish kind, Who gave them half a dozen pies Just suited to their mind.



Then to the Queen of Hearts they ran And begged some luscious tarts; And when they'd bought some hot-cross buns Their kindly labors stopped. "Goodbye!" the children both exclaimed. "Goodbye," said Mother Goose. "Pray come again, my little dears. You've surely been of use!" C. B. J.



Then they picked up the curds and whey Which "Fraid-cat Muffet" dropped. And when they'd bought some hot-cross buns Their kindly labors stopped. "Goodbye!" the children both exclaimed. "Goodbye," said Mother Goose. "Pray come again, my little dears. You've surely been of use!" C. B. J.