



OUR HERO

At sunset on a fine spring evening there was a great stir and bustle in a quiet little upland village of the Tyrol, the southwesternmost province of Austria. War had broken out between Austria and France, and the French were advancing with a large army toward the Austrian border; so that the Tyrolese hills, which lay nearest to them would be likely to feel the first sweep of their fury.

Great was the excitement, and varied were the reports that flew about. Some said the invaders were coming from the south, on the side of Italy; other were equally sure that they were coming from the north, on the side of Germany. But, anyhow, it was certain that they were coming and that when they came they would burn every house and kill every man that fell in their way.

But the brave German mountaineers were not the men to be scared by any danger, however sudden and terrible.

The head man of the village, Hans Godrel, was himself an old soldier, and needed no one to teach him what to do when an enemy was coming. He at once set everybody to work building barricades of felled trees, laying huge stones along the hillside to roll down upon the assailants, and posting his best marksmen in the thicket on either side of the road by which the French must come, and he was especially careful to stock with fresh wood the beacon on the hilltop that overlooked the village, and to station a trusty man beside it, with orders to light the signalfire the moment he caught sight of the advancing enemy.

This was a fine time for the village boys, and above all, for little Gottfried Godrel, Hans's son, who now saw for the first time the stir and excitement of the district—and he made such speed as now. The snow was more than an ankle-deep, but he dashed through it like a mountain goat, and at length, spent and gasping for breath, came out upon the narrow ledge-path, and saw that he was the only living thing upon it.

So far, so good; but at any moment the foremost Frenchman might come round the corner on the other side of the bridge, and there was no time to be lost. To work went the trusty ax, and the white splinters and chips of wood flew up in the air like a shower of spray.

One plank was cut through, a second, a third, and now the trembling bridge hung by a single support over the black abyss below, when suddenly, not fifty yards from the brink of chasm, there issued from behind a projecting crag the tall figure and dark, sallow face of a French grenadier! And beside him stood the missing woodman, Franz Listig, who had betrayed the path to his country's enemies.

But just at that moment Kaspas's quick ear caught the trample of hurrying feet behind him, and knew that his comrades were coming up to the rescue.

"Let them kill me now, if they like!" he muttered through his clenched teeth. "There are enough of our lads behind to stop them, and my work is done!"

One more sturdy blow and the broken bridge fell thundering and crashing into the abyss. But mingling with the crash came a sharp report and stifled cry. The baffled assailant had vented his rage on poor Kaspas with a volley of musketry, and the gallant fellow lay bleeding in the snow.

But he did not fall unavenged. The concussion of the air, caused by the firing, loosened the great mass of snow that hung threatening overhead, and down it came with a rush and a roar like the bursting of a mighty wave, hurrying headlong into the fearful gulch below the three foremost Frenchmen, and their traitor guide, Franz Listig. The rest turned and fled, and the village was saved—saved by one daring child!

As for poor Kaspas, he was hit in no less than three places, and his comrades shook their heads and exchanged gloomy looks as they raised him and bore him slowly homeward.

But he recovered in the end, and lived to tell for many a year afterward how hundreds of armed men had been hurled by the courage and cleverness of a single boy.

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the long-expected assault was not coming, after all!

Then Godrel's hand broke up at once, with a good deal of mingled growling and laughing. Some of the men were rather sulky at having taken so much trouble for nothing, but others made fun of the "chicken-hearted Frenchmen" for whom one look at the Tyrolese hills had been enough, and one or two who had not looked very happy when the first alarm was given, now began to hold their heads high and to talk big of what they would have done if the French had come on in earnest.

The next day everybody was at work again as usual. Hans Godrel himself did not think it worth while to keep watch, now that the French had gone past, and even the man who tended the beaconfire came and went to his bed.

But there was one person in the village who was not quite so confident as the rest, and that was little Gottfried Godrel. He remembered all that his father had told him of the devices used in war to deceive the enemy and throw him off his guard.

True, it was not easy to see what trick there could be here, but Gottfried felt uneasy, nevertheless, and the result was that without saying a word to any one, he piled fresh wood on to the beacon, and watched beside it for three nights running.

On the fourth morning, just about daybreak, the boy awoke with a start, and a strange feeling of there being something wrong. There was already light enough to see all round from the great height at which he stood, and his first glance showed him something that made his bold heart stand still.

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men's war, which he had hitherto known only from his father's stories.

All day long he and his comrades paraded the little village with toy flags fastened to sticks, or went into the pine woods to play at fighting the French, lying in wait behind the trees like rifle-men, and then suddenly bursting forth upon their imaginative enemies with a tremendous "Heil!" (hurrah).

But as day passed after day, and nothing was seen or heard of the French, the mountain men began to relax their watchfulness, and to grumble at having to stand on guard all day, looking out for an enemy that never came, when they wanted to be going on with their work and earning money.

One man wished to attend to his goats, another to cut his wood, a third to get ready his butter and cheese for the next market.

Poor Hans Godrel had hard work to keep his recruits together, and, in fact, out for the fear of being laughed at and called cowards, they would probably have all gone off in a body.

The worst grumbler of all was a big, sony, blue-looking wood-cutter called Franz Listig, and when the men were mustered one morning for their usual duty, and Franz was missing, every one took it for granted that he had gone home to cut his wood, and had gone home in disgust. But presently a hunter came in from the higher ridges, who had found Listig's cap and hatchet on the edge of a precipice, along which there were marks of sliding feet in the snow, as if someone had slipped and fallen over the brink.

"See now, my sons," shouted Godrel's deep, strong voice, amid the general silence of horror, "what happens to skulkers and deserters. He who turns his back on the flag of his Fatherland can never come to a good end!"

The old soldier's fiery words sank deep into every heart, and there was no more grumbling for the next day or two.

On the third evening after Listig's disappearance a great cloud of smoke was seen to go up suddenly from the hilltop above the village.

The signal-fire was kindled!

"The French are coming!" ran from mouth to mouth.

Every man cocked his gun and stood ready at his post, while the boys, with little Gottfried at their head, rushed at breakneck pace up the steep side of the hill to catch their first glimpse of the advancing enemy.

Just along the great plain below a rolling dust cloud was rising like a mist, and though it appeared long lines of blue-coated grenadiers with glittering bayonets, and trains of horses dragging cannon, and masses of helmeted dragoons, and Hussars all ablaze with gold lace, flourishing their shining sabres. But the dauntless mountain lads looked down upon the terrible magnificence of the spectacle as coolly as if it were only a circus.

"If there are not guns enough for us, we can roll down stones on the Frenchmen!" cried Gottfried, manfully. "They won't get up here quite so easily as they think!"

But it soon appeared that they were not thinking of "getting up" at all, for instead of turning off toward the hills, they kept straight on across the plain, and vanished at length into the gathering darkness of night. Evidently they meant to attack some other point, and

bright points, was creeping onward like some huge caterpillar, slowly but steadily, nearer and nearer every moment.

The French were coming at last—and coming, too, not by the road, but by an old, disused goat-path which some of the Tyrolese themselves could not have followed without a guide. How had these strange men learned the secret of it?

Quick as lightning the boy seized his rifle, and the resolute one who cracked into a broad, red blaze.

But just then a terrible thought struck him. The villagers, on seeing the signal, would of course expect the enemy by the high road—they would never think of the goat-track, by which the French could come right up behind the village, and thus, so to speak, turn all the German defenses inside out.

There was only one thing to be done—he must go down with the news himself. But before he could reach the village by the long, difficult, winding foot-path, the French would have got past the narrowest part of the goat-track, and it would be too late to stop them.

At that moment his eye fell upon the "log-slide," which went straight as a plumb-line down the steep mountain side to the village.

Just at the top lay a huge tree-trunk, lopped, harked and all ready for shooting down. Could he bestride that trunk, plunge down this terrible short-cut, and reach the foot alive? Perhaps and even if it cost him his life, he was determined to try.

Between the stumps of the two great branches that forked off from the main trunk there was a narrow hollow, into which the daring boy wedged himself firmly. Then, with a violent push of his right foot he loosened the log from its place and shot down the fearful descent like an arrow.

Everything seemed to spin round him as he flew—hills, woods, rocks, streams, all dancing in the air together, while the boom of the falling log sounded in his ears like one continuous peal of thunder.

If it should turn over, or even swerve to one side, he would be crushed to death on the spot; but he cared not for that. Down, down he flew, dizzy and breathless, till suddenly there came a violent shock, and the flying log stood still, and he saw, dimly as if in a dream, the outstretched hands of the village before him, while beside him stood two men, staring at him as if they had seen a ghost.

"The French—the Rudelsberg goat-track!" was all he could say; but it was quite enough.

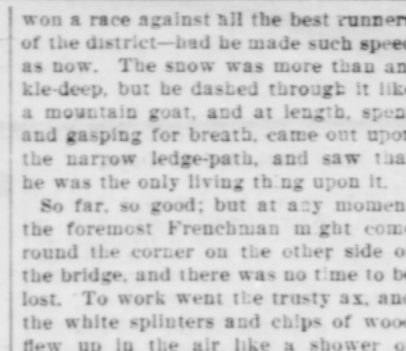
"Karl," cried the younger of the two lads to get their guns, and run for their lives to the Rudelsberg. "I'll go on before and help down the bridge."

And away flew Kaspas the wood-cutter, axe in hand, while Karl darted off in the opposite direction.

The bridge of which Kaspas spoke was a rude plank framework which spanned a deep black chasm worn by a torrent in the side of the Rudelsberg, just away from Kaspas the wood-cutter, axe in hand, while Karl darted off in the opposite direction.

The French were advancing. This bridge once broken, the march of the French would be effectually stopped; but could he get there in time?

Kaspas was famous for his swiftness of foot; but never—not even when he



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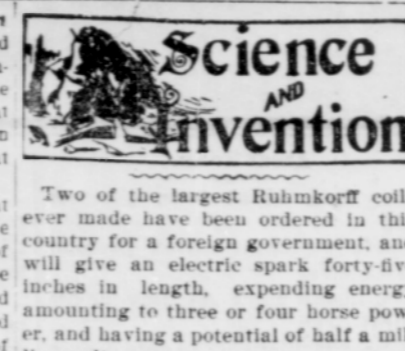
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To give boys and girls sound, wholesome bodies is a fine thing; perhaps it is even finer than to give them well-trained brains, but finest of all is to make them of pure heart and clean spirit. To plant in a child that instinctive dislike of coarseness and grossness which shall be like the spear of Ithuriel to detect the weakness and falsity of evil suggestions, even though masked under the hood of truth—is that a function which belongs first of all to the parent. No other human being can do it.

The school can give us many things. It can give us boys and girls of intelligence and physical soundness. It can instruct our children in their duties as citizens and as members of a community. It can give them a certain surface semblance of ethical instruction, but the parent and the home alone give them character. The finest department of ethics that a boy can graduate from is that which opens when his own door is reached. If he never finds ethics there he finds them in his early days he is pretty apt never to get the genuine thing. And some fine morning his parents wake up to see their son's name figuring in some such tragical case as have come to shock public knowledge and which will keep on coming, doubtless, until the world realizes more forcibly what a tremendous need there is of fathers and mothers nowadays.—Minneapolis Times.

HAPPY BONNE TERRE.

Large Community Without a Municipal Government.

To Bonne Terre, a Missouri settlement of 5,000 persons, a distinction of which 5,000 persons are proud. It probably is the largest place in the United States with no form of municipal government, and this lack of officials seems not to be in any way unsatisfactory or detrimental to the place.

Constables and Justices of the peace are the only class of officials with whom the residents of Bonne Terre are acquainted. There are scores of post-offices, dwellings, and in stores, schools and other buildings, the place resembles a dozen western cities which for years have had mayors, common councils and city tax rates. The idea of incorporating the place has been discussed many times by the people living there, but it always ends in the same way. A local company, which owns all of the place, and the company is opposed to incorporation. No one else cares enough about it one way or the other to start a movement for incorporation, even as a village.

As matters stand, Bonne Terre is merely a part of the township of Perry, in St. Francois County. The officials of that town look after the welfare of the residents in the other, and see that order is maintained there.

The explanation of this odd state of affairs is simple. Bonne Terre was thirty years ago was a mining camp, to which stragglers miners came and settled down. The possibilities of the territory were not known. Mining companies sent in prospectors soon after the civil war and found lead in such quantities that large sums were invested in the vicinity of the village. Miners then went to the old Missouri settlement and took their families along. The companies erected buildings for the miners to live in and stores for the merchants who went there.

Andrew Lang's Versatility.

No one knows how Andrew Lang gets through such a stupendous amount of work as he never works in the morning, generally takes a stroll in the afternoon and dines late. The reason is that he can write anywhere on anything. A story is told that he once borrowed a farmer's hat in the train, wrote an article on the crown of it, and at the same time conducted an elaborate argument on the subject of ghosts.

Neutralizing Danger from Damp.

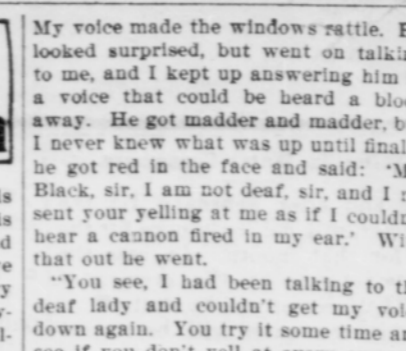
Houses which are damp because of proximity to undrained land may be rendered more habitable by planting the laurel and the sunflower near them.

Cincinnati Street-Car Lines.

Cincinnati is enjoying a street-car boom. Eight lines are to be extended.

"Every day of my life," said a pale, dyspeptic-looking man to-day, "I eat cheese." Yes, and that's what's the matter with him.

No man ever had a tooth pulled without thinking that the dentist seemed to take particular delight in hurting him.



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The modern method of bringing up children is getting to be increasingly on the theory that "knowledge is power" that the more children can gather of the life of the streets and the life of the world the better. In fact, the belief in knowledge alone is the bane of the day. We have manual training and physical training and athletic training, but the finest training of all—the training of the home—is slighted.

To give boys and girls sound, wholesome bodies is a fine thing; perhaps it is even finer than to give them well-trained brains, but finest of all is to make them of pure heart and clean spirit. To plant in a child that instinctive dislike of coarseness and grossness which shall be like the spear of Ithuriel to detect the weakness and falsity of evil suggestions, even though masked under the hood of truth—is that a function which belongs first of all to the parent. No other human being can do it.

The school can give us many things. It can give us boys and girls of intelligence and physical soundness. It can instruct our children in their duties as citizens and as members of a community. It can give them a certain surface semblance of ethical instruction, but the parent and the home alone give them character. The finest department of ethics that a boy can graduate from is that which opens when his own door is reached. If he never finds ethics there he finds them in his early days he is pretty apt never to get the genuine thing. And some fine morning his parents wake up to see their son's name figuring in some such tragical case as have come to shock public knowledge and which will keep on coming, doubtless, until the world realizes more forcibly what a tremendous need there is of fathers and mothers nowadays.—Minneapolis Times.

HAPPY BONNE TERRE.

Large Community Without a Municipal Government.

To Bonne Terre, a Missouri settlement of 5,000 persons, a distinction of which 5,000 persons are proud. It probably is the largest place in the United States with no form of municipal government, and this lack of officials seems not to be in any way unsatisfactory or detrimental to the place.

Constables and Justices of the peace are the only class of officials with whom the residents of Bonne Terre are acquainted