

# THE FAMILY STORY



## ON THE STILL RIVER.

There was considerable ill-feeling between the two camps. It all began with Billy Chetwynde declaring that he could paddle from Silver Glen dam to the railroad bridge in twenty minutes. Nobody had ever thought of doing it in less than twenty-five before, and Hal Burgess, who heard Billy's boasting from the other tent, stuck his head through the flap and said:

"What you crowing about, Billy? Do you want to make a new record for Still River?"

"I can do a better sprint than you, anyway, Mr. Smartie!" exclaimed Billy, shying a sauce-pan at Hal's head. But the head was immediately withdrawn and there was only Hal's mocking laugh in reply to the missile, and that was all the beginning. But the ending—

Hal took it up the next morning as soon as Billy appeared. "When you going to make that wonderful record, Billy?" he asked, and before the day was over we were all squabbling over the individual paddling of both camps. Nothing would satisfy us but a chance tournament in which every member of the Chetwynde crowd was pitted against some member of the Burgess fraternity. Now take my advice: whenever two parties of school friends camp out near each other see that there is no racing or trials of dexterity. At least if you want a quiet time.

There isn't a more peaceful spot in all the State than the stretch of quiet water known as Still River. But from the day Billy and Hal got to wrangling over who could make the best time between the dam and the railroad bridge, the two tents full of fellows were in a continual squabble. Before we were all having a jolly good time and every fellow behaved himself. But after the "mild-eyed angel of peace folded its wings and fled"—well, as my young brother Teddy remarked with great freedom of speech, "the Kilkenny cats weren't in it!"

The race came off, and naturally the greatest excitement was over the trial between Billy and Hal. Both had the best canoes of the lot—real Indian birchbarks made by Johnny Nose (or Nosey Johnny, as we called him), a half-breed Indian who was quite a character about Silver Glen. All we could think or talk about were the races, and fishing, ball play and swimming were forgotten while we practiced our strokes on the quiet waters of the Still River.

Well, Billy was inclined to "blow" on all occasions, and he had done an extra amount of bragging before this race, so perhaps it served him right to be beaten. But I hated to see Hal do it. Hal was always so awfully "topping" when he got the best of a fellow. Billy had declared that he could make the distance in less than twenty minutes, and he was just twenty-one minutes and seven seconds in getting over the course, according to Freddy Maxwell's stop-watch, while Hal got in in a little over nineteen minutes.

Well, the Burgess crowd was, of course, too unbearably fresh to live with after that, and when it was discovered that Ned Chetwynde, Billy's cousin, had invited Hal's brother Dave around behind the tents and thrashed him royally, we older fellows, who should have frowned upon any such proceeding, never took either of the youngsters to task.

So these were the strained relations existing between the two camps on the day the mill hands at Silver Glen struck. We heard they were going to strike the day before, for Jim Nolan, Hal's father's gardener, drove by on his way to Lonsdale and told us about it. Mr. Burgess was one of the chief owners of the mill, and Nolan had been sent to telegraph him to come up from New York and settle the trouble with the men. All the old hands liked Mr. Burgess and they would listen to him, knowing that he would give them fair treatment.

But the men who were stirring up all the trouble at the mill did not want Hal's father as arbitrator, and therefore the message was to be sent him from Lonsdale so that there would be less liability of the strikers learning of it. I thought myself that old Nolan was a pretty leaky sort of fellow to be let into the secret, for if he'd tell a party of school boys like us, why wouldn't he tell other people?

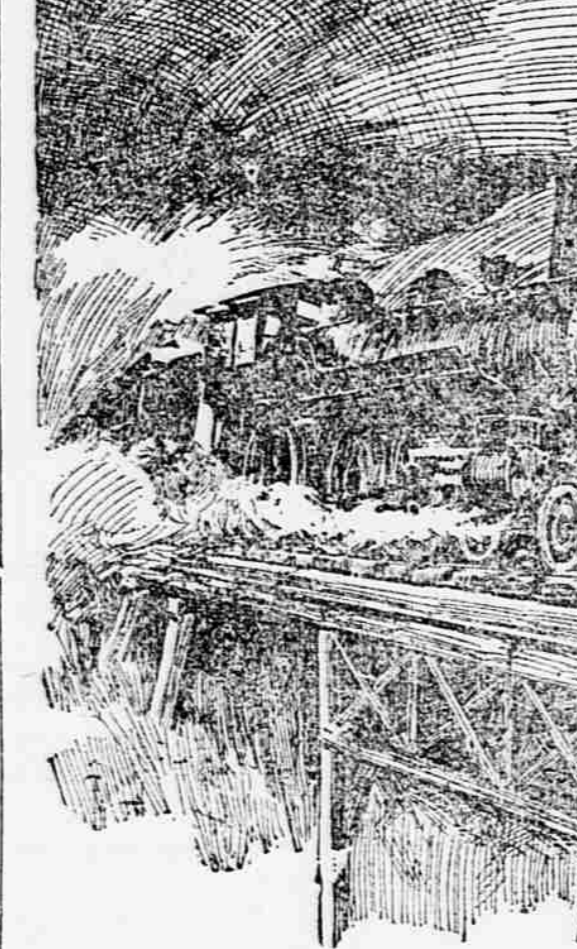
Naturally we were all excited over the prospect of a row, and the day the strike came off Hal and two or three of his crowd went over to Silver Glen to see what was going on. Mr. Burgess wouldn't be able to get up till the evening train, which reached the Glen at about 7, and the hands had a whole day to talk and get filled up on Sam

Pickle's whisky. They'd be in fine fighting humor by night.

Most of us forgot the recent race and a good many of our differences in the strike excitement. But Billy Chetwynde was as gloomy as an owl and spent most of the day on the river. He couldn't get over his defeat at Hal's hands. Heretofore Hal and him had been as "thick as thieves"—the chummiest chums in the school—and I don't know but the fact that they were no longer friends really troubled Billy more than being beaten in the canoe race.

Hal didn't show up at supper time, and Fred, who came down from the Glen early in the afternoon, said he was worried. The temper of some of the strikers was bad and Fred said he feared Hal had got into trouble. Billy, when he heard this, got out his canoe again and paddled up stream. What happened after that we only know from Billy's own story, and for a wonder, as it is hard work to get Billy to talk about it even now.

He paddled up to the dam to see if he could hear or see anything of Hal. It was getting dusky on the river, and as he went up near the west bank he



"ALMOST IN FRONT OF THE ENGINE."

was entirely in the shadow. Some of the men—maybe half a dozen of them—were talking together under the dam on the west side, having evidently met there by appointment. Billy's canoe wasn't noticed at all and he heard what they said. In about two minutes he had got the gist of the matter, and if ever there was a frightened boy in a canoe, that boy was Billy Chetwynde, and he was in that canoe on the Still River at that identical moment.

He learned that these men were the ringleaders of the strike; that they were determined the strike should go on, and that Mr. Burgess should not talk with the men until the trouble had gone far enough to make an amicable settlement impossible. And to gain their end they had secured the assistance of two rascally tramps who had agreed to "draw" the spikes out of a rail at the bridge below, so that the evening train, with Mr. Burgess aboard, would be ditched!

Some time after Billy left camp that evening we saw something shoot by our tents like a streak of light. It was a boy in a canoe. We all jumped up and looked after the rapidly disappearing streak.

"It's that chump, Billy!" said Fred, in disgust. "We shan't be able to get him off the river all summer. Anybody'd think life or death depended on his going over that course in better time than Hal made."

And it did; but he didn't know it. Billy had heard one of the conspirators declare that it was half-past six. As he turned his canoe's head around in the shallow water he heard the mill clock strike the half hour—and the evening train crossed the railroad bridge at ten minutes to seven!

He couldn't stop to tell us anything about it. He had but twenty minutes to reach the bridge, climb the bank and flag the train, and it is an acknowledged fact that he made better time on the Still River that night than was ever made before, nor has it been equalled since, for he did it!

The train came around the bend at the Lonsdale crossing on time, and in the half darkness the engineer saw a figure wildly climb the trestle and

swing its arms almost in front of the engine at the edge of the bridge. The engine-driver stopped the train in time, the loose rail was discovered, and after it was repaired they bore Billy to Silver Glen in a state of mild collapse, but a good deal of a hero.

The canoe record of the Still River course remains something like eighteen minutes, and nobody has since cared to scale down Billy's time. But I doubt if Billy cares much about the record after all, now that Hal and he are friends again.—Rocky Mountain News.

### Some Long Beards.

Perhaps the best-known beard in the United States is that of ex-Senator Peffer, of Kansas, which was said to measure three feet long, but there are many which exceed that in size. The museums frequently contain men five feet and over whose beards sweep the floor when they stand up, but perhaps the longest of all is that of Legrand Larow, of Lamar, Mo., which is said to exceed any other in the world. It is seven feet in length, and has measured seven and one-half feet. Mr. Larow was born in Tompkins County, New York, in 1852, and his relatives are noted for heavy beards, but not extraordinary length. He is six feet in height and weighs 175 pounds. When standing with his beard down it extends two feet upon the floor. He has not shaved for over twenty years. In the year 1877 Mr. Larow went West, and was a farmer and stock raiser for many years. He wears his beard braided and wound around his body, or else wrapped and lodged inside his vest.—Boston Transcript.

### Primitive House Lighting.

The first and most natural way of lighting the houses of the colonists was found in the fat pitch-pine, which was plentiful everywhere; but as soon as domestic animals increased candles were made, and the manufacture of the winter supply became the special annual duty of the thrifty housewife. Great kettles were hung over the kitchen fire and filled with hot water and melted tallow. At the cooler end of the kitchen two long poles were placed from chair back to chair back. Across these poles, like the rungs of a ladder, were placed shorter sticks, called candle-ropes. To each candle-rod were tied about a dozen straight candle wicks. The wicks were dipped again and again, in regular order, in the melted tallow, the succession of dippings giv-

ing each candle time to cool. Each grew slowly in size till all were finished. Deer suet was used as well as beef tallow and mutton tallow. Wax candles were made by pressing bits of half-melted wax around a wick.—Chautauquan.

### The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash,  
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,  
Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed a field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword  
"Mid little ones who weep and wonder  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear,  
The bolts of death around his rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!  
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

"It is said," murmured the Musing Theorizer, "to think that every man has his price."

"Yes," admitted the Intensely Practical Worker, "and it is a sad fact that half the time he can't get it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Toothless Jellyfish.

The jellyfish has no teeth, but uses himself as if he were a piece of paper when he is hungry, getting his food and then wrapping himself about it.

Young girls complain that all the desirable men are married; so are all the women who are good cooks.

One of the surest ways to make a mistake is to permit an "agent" to use your name in his scheme.

## A GOWN IN COLONIAL TIMES.

### The Homespun Cloth and How It Was Dyed.

The "all-wool goods a yard wide" which we so easily purchase to-day meant to the colonial dame or daughter the work of months from the time when the freshly sheared fleeces were first given to her deft hands. The fleeces had to be opened with care, and have all pitched or tarred locks, brands, "dag-locks" and "feltings" cut out. These were spun into coarse yarn, to be used as twine. The white locks were carefully tossed, separated and cleaned and tied into net bags with tails to be dyed. Another homely saying, "dye in the wool," demanded a process of much skill. Indigo furnished the blue shades, and cochineal, madder and logwood beautiful reds. Domestic dyes of brown and yellow, from the bark of the red oak and the hickory-nut, were universal. Copperas and sassafras also dyed yellow; the flower of the goldenrod, "set" with alum was the foundation, combined with indigo, of a beautiful green. Pokeberry; juice and violet dye from the petals of the flower-deluce were other home-made colorings. After the wools were dyed the housewife spread them in layers, if a mixed color was desired, and carded them again and again. The wool was slightly greased with rape oil or melted "swine's grease" to be carded—a trying process. At last the wool was carded into small, light, loose rolls, about as large around as the little finger, which were then spun into yarn.

The yarn was wound as it was spun upon a brooch, which was usually simply a stiff roll of paper or corn husk. When the ball was as large as the brooch would hold, the spinner placed pieces in the spokes of the spinning wheel and tied the end of the yarn to a peg. Then she held the ball of yarn in her hand and whirled the big wheel round, winding the yarn on the pegs into hanks or clews. If the yarn was to be woven, the hank was placed on the reel or swift. A quill made from a piece of reed was then placed on the spindle, the wheel again set in motion, and the yarn wound off on the quill, cut the exact length of the loom shuttle by which the yarn was to be woven into woolen cloth. When wound full the quill was placed in the shuttle and was then ready for the loom. The homespun yarn was woven in hand looms into heavy cloth, which was washed, dyed, shrunken, dressed, fulled, and then clothed the household.—Chautauquan.

### Tracking a Thief.

He was a thief of the kind often spoken of as defaulters. His accounts—as manager of a Chicago company—were short; in other words, he had been stealing the company's money. On the day that his rascality was discovered he disappeared. His bond had been furnished by a Baltimore company, and they made it their business to find him. How they did it is told by the Detroit Journal:

Pinkerton's entire force was put to work on the case, and the city was searched for two days without revealing any trace of the missing man. Mr. Macbeth and Billy Pinkerton went to the absent manager's office to look over his books and personal effects in hopes of finding a clue. They ransacked a private desk without finding anything to which they attached any importance, and Pinkerton had turned to leave the room, when Macbeth spied in one corner of the desk a public library card issued in the name of the man for whom they were looking.

Observing by the entries on the card that several books had been taken from the library within a month, he put the card in his pocket, and left the office in company with the detective. When they were in the street the detective said:

"Why did you take that library card?"

"I have an idea," Macbeth answered, "and I want to go at once to the public library."

An examination of the card showed that the missing man had procured fourteen different books, and a comparison of the numbers on the card with the titles of the books at the library revealed the subjects he had been studying. The first book taken was entitled, "A Trip to Nicaragua," and nearly all the others related to Central America.

"He has gone to Central America," said Pinkerton.

"That's right," Macbeth answered, "and it's not yet too late to catch him at New Orleans."

Telegrams were sent to the Crescent City giving full descriptions of the man, and the next day he was arrested in the office of a steamship company while waiting for his turn at the ticket window. He would have sailed a few hours later for Central America.

### If Water Never Froze.

The whole economy of Nature would undergo a startling change if water never froze. The world's climates would be revolutionized. The ice-bound polar seas would cease to exercise their chilling influences, and consequently the currents of the ocean might either cease or be turned aside in different directions.

Thus the gulf stream would seek other shores than those of Britain, and the climate there might be subject to the extremes of heat and cold noticeable in other countries of the same latitude. The ice-bound rivers of the north, notably those of Russia and Siberia, would be open for navigation, and Russia's activity as a sea power and a commercial nation might alter the whole world of commerce.

much warmer climate in those islands, where now the crops often fail. Ice, too, plays an important part in the economy of Nature. Thus, if water never froze, snow, hail and hoar frost would cease. The loosening of soils and the disintegration of rocks by the frost, and many other now vital effects would be lost. In short, the absence of ice would be on the one hand an incalculable disaster, on the other hand a great boon.

## Topics of Times

### The Hal Jung.

One of the three new cruisers now on order for the Chinese navy, is 321 feet long, 41 feet beam, 23.7 feet in depth, has twin screw engines of 7,500 horse power, with run 19 1/2 knots, and will carry three 5.9 inch, eight 4.3 Krupp quick-firing guns and six Maxims.

Now arises the cry that the scenery along the Maine coast is being injured by the slaughter of spruce trees for the Christmas tree trade. It has been a paying though an exhausting crop.

An art expert declares that he knows of at least 600 counterfeiters of the old masters which are now hanging in private galleries in the United States, all purchased at high prices.

One of the novel ideas of decorative effect in Japan is to catch fireflies, keep them in a cage or box of wire until you have company, and then release them in the garden for the guests to admire and talk about.

New Zealand is going into the beet sugar industry. Her prime minister is enthusiastic on the subject, and promises a law granting a bounty of \$25,000 a year to each person or corporation producing 1,000 tons a year.

The price of game in France is alleged to depend principally upon the state of the moon. When the moon is dark and poachers cannot see to set their snares at night game is scarce. When the moon is full there is plenty of light and the poachers get lots of game.

Virginia's gold belt, twenty miles wide, extends across the whole State, from the Potomac river on the northeast to the southwest border. While the ore is low grade, the new processes are nearing a point where it can be worked profitably.

Furniture can be safely carried in a new railroad car, which has padded sides and also removable sets of padding sliding upon the rods in the top of the car, which can be hung between the piles of furniture as they are packed.

A shocking scene occurred in a traveling menagerie near Calais. A lion tamer named Fort was putting the lions through their performance when one of them sprang at him and threw him down. The other lions then rushed upon him and almost tore him to pieces before the attendants could reach him. He died as they were taking him out of the cage.

One of the growing customs in New York, especially among those who inhabit flats, is that of sending meats out to be cooked. Turkeys, chickens, geese, duck, game, venison and ordinary meats are cooked at food shops for reasonable prices. The charge for stuffing and roasting a turkey is 50 cents, and, if desired, the shopkeepers supply the meats. They also make a specialty of game, pies, salads and baked beans.

"There are 200,000 visitors to Maine and New Hampshire every summer," says a Maine man, "and they leave \$40 each or more. We secure \$8,000,000 a year from them. Taking care of these people is the largest industry in Maine at the present time. It pays better than farming or lumbering or mining or fishing. And yet it is in its infancy. The business has grown so rapidly that we have not been able to build suitable hotels. In a few years the palaces of the world will be in our State."

### Girl Critics.

A supposititious conversation in the London Academy between a journalist and his solicitor gives an amusing picture of the manner in which some people, not literary, regard books and bookmen. The dialogue runs as follows:

"Literary men," said Tregarthen, "have a curiously exaggerated opinion of their importance. Do you suppose that I don't think for myself? Because I do, pretty continually. And why should I pay six shillings to this friend of yours—what is his name?—to do my thinking for me?"

"But don't you feel any curiosity when you see the advertisements of a new novel, with a taking title, say, Anthony Hope, or Hall Caine, or H. G. Wells, or—"

"Certainly. And if I do I take the opportunity when I am invited out to dinner of asking the girl next me to tell me about the new novel. Girls can generally give you a good idea of the last new novel. And when she has told me about it I am extremely glad that I haven't wasted my time by reading it. I manage to get a pretty good notion of current literature that way. Now and then I read a book—I admit that—but that is only when I take a girl in to dinner who tells me of a plot that doesn't bore me to death."

"Then you depend entirely on the most incompetent of critics?"

Tregarthen ate his cold beef in silence for a few moments.

"Girls are not so silly as they look," he said.

### Why He Scorned It.

Conductor—Say, can't you read?  
Man with the Cigar—Of course I can.  
Conductor—Well, don't you see that sign that says "Gents Will Not Smoke on This Car."  
Man with the Cigar (Indignantly)—I want you to understand, sir, that I am no "gent."

## MONKEYS AT FOOTBALL.

### They Likewise Play Cricket, but Not According to Rule.

Travelers in South Africa have noted the fact that where monkeys congregate in large numbers they also indulge in games of a certain kind. Two of these games seem to resemble cricket and football.

The cricket is of a primitive order. About a dozen monkeys stand in a circle, or whatever is akin to the simian idea of a circle. Two of them advance from different extremities of the circle and stop about fifteen yards apart, facing each other. The monkey at the southern end of the circle has a coconut in his hand. He is the bowler.

The monkey at the other end does not, as you might suppose, wield a full cane bat. His business is to dodge the coconut which the bowler aims at his head. The delivery of the ball is tremendously fast, full pitched and fraught with dire results if it "touches the spot." When it does happen to touch the spot—that is, any part of the monkey's body—that monkey is very much out and doesn't even stop to dispute the question.

Another monkey takes his place until he, too, receives his dismissal. It was presumed by the travelers that the game was finished when a majority of monkeys lay nursing their wounds under the friendly shade of a neighboring palm.

The foot-ball is of a more advanced type. It is also played with a coconut. The game, if anything, is undoubtedly the "soccer" game, and is played with the feet. Of course there is no goal nor any tactics to speak of, the object of each animal being to keep the ball to himself as much as possible.

Still the competition to get the ball makes it resemble a real game of "football," and the dexterity exhibited by these peculiar amateurs is surprising and wonderful.

In an evil moment some ambitious monkey may elect to play the Rugby game by snatching up the ball and making off, but the game then develops into war, in which life is sometimes the prize.

No mention is made of a referee, but if there is one about, like a wise and provident monkey, he is probably up a tree.—Brooklyn Times.

### Power Propelled Lighters.

A new idea, somewhat on the order of the trolley canal-boats used in France and Germany, has been suggested to relieve the traffic in large cities where a narrow river carrying a great amount of boat traffic enters the heart of the city. This, of course, necessitates numerous drawbridges and interruption and annoyance both to the land traffic and the boat traffic. The scheme proposed contemplates the use of trolley lighters, which could run up alongside the vessels for unloading at the docks on the outskirts of the town, and when loaded could convey the goods to the warehouses and docks desired, without necessitating the opening swing bridges. In loading the vessels the system would be just as applicable, and the coal and supplies in cars could be loaded directly on the lighters, carried to the boats and unloaded with a minimum of handling. Broad, shallow lighters, with screw propellers driven by electric motors, could be used, and the power supplied by trolley wires running along the banks and under the bridges, connection between the boats and the wire being made by means of flexible cables. If this method were adopted the swing bridges could be made permanent ones, and all the smoke, dirt and noise of the puffing steam tugs would be obviated.

### Output of Cent Pieces.

The mint of Philadelphia is almost constantly engaged in turning out cents made of copper, with a slight alloy of zinc and tin. The State of Pennsylvania alone absorbed 11,000,000 last year, and New York 9,000,000. There is as much curiosity about the final fate of these cents as there is about that of pins. Nobody is able to tell where the pins go to, and it is impossible to even surmise what has become of the hundreds of millions of cents issued by the mint since it began operations. It is rather a profitable business for the government, as it means the conversion of copper costing 10 cents a pound into a form in which it is worth \$2 or more a pound.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Useful to Travelers.

The thread-and-needle tree of Mexico is one of the wonders of that country. It is a plant somewhat resembling a giant asparagus. It has large fleshy leaves; along whose edges are set the wonderful needles. To secure one of these ready for use it is only necessary to push the thorn or needle gently backwards into its fleshy sheath, to loosen it from the tough outside covering, and then pull it from the socket. As it is withdrawn, it will be seen to have 100 fine fibers adhering to it. If the needle is twisted in this process, the fiber can be drawn to an almost indefinite length, and the thread that is thus formed will be about three times the strength of common thread, yet no thicker.

### The Oldest University.

The oldest university in the world is at Peking. It is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a granite register consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

### Brothers Long Unacquainted.

In Delaware two brothers lived for forty years within eight miles of each other, attended the same church and frequently traded with each other without knowing they were related.

No loyal church woman ever hears a preacher who is quite so good as her own.

When you are complimented, does it ever occur to you that it is flattery?