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## For Boys and Girls.

SECRET OF THE GHAUTS

Copyright, 1884, by William Murray Graydon.) CHAPTER 1X. IN WHICH PALTU CHECKMATES MOGUL

MIR. Swiftly indeed had the shadow of death blasted the triumph of Pink Triscott and his young comrades. The noiseless stealing up of the troops had precluded the possibility of flight or defense. All was lost beyond of flight or defense. All was lost beyond the midst of them, were tramping swiftly up the midst of them, were tramping swiftly up the land and an incompact of the form of the figure of the midst of them, were tramping swiftly up the wicked horns and landed on his enemy's hindunarters, which he at once began to rip

Jack and Myles shrank close to each other, trembling with fear and trying to world the merciless glances of hate that were then the duil footsteps died away on the

had fied from his face, leaving it stamped with mingled defiance and terror, and heartrending compassion for the lads who had trustingly followed him on so perilous a

Suddenly he remembered the opal, which had fallen at his feet, and a desperate idea flashed through his brain as he stooped quickly to pick it up.

But Mogul Mir saw the movement, and,

pushing Pink brutally aside, he seized the atone and thrust it into his bosom. "What good can it do you now?" he demanded, with a mocking leer.
"I would have thrown it so far away that

you and your men could never have found it," Pink boldly answered. Mogul Mir's face became distorted with wrath. "Dog, you still defy me," he cried, unsheathing a glittering sword. "This is your work, and this," he pointed to his bandaged arm and to a couple of half-healed scene on his foreshoad. scars on his forehead.

They shall be wiped out in blood," he added, feroclously.

But just then his purpose was diverted by the greedy, envious glances with which his men were regarding the open box of jewels. He slipped his sword back into the scabbard

and gave a couple of hasty orders, in too low a tone for Pink to hear. A couple of the troopers at once set to work with bayonets and managed, with some difficulty, to pry the chains off the box. Then they fitted the broken parts of the lid into place and wrapped the box around with

Meanwhile three ruffians had taken a brand from the fire and crossed the dry channel to the mound. After poking about in all directions they returned triumphantly with the rifles which Pink and the boys had concealed behind the temple. At a word from Mogul Mir the prisoners

were now roughly seized and stripped of their revolvers and ammunition beits. They offered no resistance, nor did they beg for pleading or persuasion. Harder than stone were the hearts of the Soubadar and his

Then Mogul Mir stepped back a few paces and instantly, as though this were a preconcerted signal, every ruffian flashed out his lit was a hideous awakening, and, brave

Paltu fell on his knees with clasped hands, and Jack and Myles could not restrain a cry of terror. The fre shone on their ghastly white faces, stamped with the fear of death.

For an instant Pink reeled like a drunken man, and glared at the drawn weapons. He made a step favorard lifting made a step favorar step forward, lifting up on

a word before you begin this bloody deed." The troopers flourished their tulwars in a closer circle, and broke into angry murmurs 'Chup! Chup!" impatient ones," growled

Mogul Mir. "Let the dog speak."

Pink inclined his head gratefully. "I ask
the lives of these lads 'ere," he pleaded. "They 'ad nothing to do with this affair. dragged them into it, and I'm willing to di-

for them. By the colors you once served under, Soubadar, show mercy now." "No! no!" cried Jack, springing forward. "Don't kill Pink. You dare not. If you harm one of us you will surely be shot or This mad uprising will end as did the great mutiny."

lad's imprudent threat, and the allu sion to the terrible year of '57 roused Mogul Mir to a greater degree of passion than he He swore savagely, and had yet shown. his eyes snapped like living coals.
"Feringhee dogs, better had ye held your

prace," he thundered. "It were too great a now to give your necks to the sword. By Brahma! I would that I had a cannot here. Ye should be blown from its mouth as were our sepoys before the walls of Delhi. Yet shall your fate be a terrible one. By ring tortures will ye die.

Turning to the troopers he added: "Put up your tulwars, and bind the three Feringhees yonder trees. The Hindoo lad is a son Motee Mal, a true servant of the rajah, e shall be taken back to his father. These dogs have led him astray with poisoned

The ruffians sheathed their weapons with a reluctance that showed how eager was their thirst for blood.

Then they stood Paltu to one side, and sullenly dragged Pink and his companions to three great ironwood trees that stood in a row beyond the fire. After pinioning each one's arms behind his back they bound them to the trees with many feet of straps and tough, flexibi- vines, wrapping the coils tight about them from ankles to

The Soubadar satisfied himself by a personal examination that everything was se-cure. Then he lighted a torch of resinous



Two burly ruffians lifted the brass but their shoulders, and supported the weight with apparent case. Two others placed Palty between them. The little Hindoo seemed actually indifferent to the fate of his companions, for he did not once glance

start, but Mogul Mir had yet a sting to inflict upon his wretched captives. He swar-gered up to them, flashing the torch in their faces and leering at each in turn with a demandible sering of tripusch. on-like grin of triumph.

"This is a more fitting punishment than to die by the tulwar," he said, mockingly, "more fitting than slow starvation. Hark, ye dogu! Ere tomorrow's sunrice the fleres

Mogul Mir laughed. "None," he replied, "nor do you destrue any. You refused the barred by another peril. rajah's offer of wealth and honor and chose. In fact, his ire arose at once. He pawed to play the spy with your accurred knowledge of Hindustanee. But you failed to hear one thing—the secret pass by which I entered the gorge tonight. Aha! we trapped

crouched mutely at their feet.

At first Pink had very nearly let rage get the better of him and his hand was already at his pistol belt when he woke to the folly of resistance. Now he stood with folded aims, gazing fixedly at the fire. All color had fled from his face, leaving it starged the leaving that the breeze wafted to had starged to the leaving it starged the leaving that the breeze wafted to had starged to the leaving it starged the leaving that the breeze wafted to the leaving it starged to the leaving it starged to the leaving th their ears; they strained their eyes into

Then, plucking up courage, they tugged and strained at their bonds until perspiration dripped from their foreheads and the agony of bruised fish was more than they could 'It's no use, lads," cried Pink. The

devils ave done their work too well. I they forgot everything else, and they were was always counted strong, but I can't recalled to their cruel plight only when the

OPAL OF MYSORE beasts of the jungle will mangle your limbs and leave your bones to the vultures. Chains could not bind ye more lightly, nor will your cries be heard by human ears."

"Flend!" muttered Pink. "Ave you no greated, and this was a particularly savage fellow. He had evidently been running fellow. He had evidently been running from some danger up the gorge, and now he was far from pleased to find his progress

Here the tiger fell off, and for a moment

The latter was at a disadvantage, owing o the soft sand and gravel into which his hoofs sank deeper and deeper at every mo-ment. He finally dropped on his knees,



FLASHING THE TORCH IN THEIR FACES.

ow roughly sense.

ow roughly sense.

no resistance, nor did they beg for more resistance, nor did they beg for a roughly sense.

Too well they realized the futility of still. It's all up with us. There's no of the pool.

op left."

Jack uttered a groan and Myles let a relating Myles, in a tone of despair.

The sense of the Soubadar and his sense him. All at once the hormust be dead."

"Pretty nearly," assented Pink, "but the sense him."

the joy of hope and youth.

on the cruel bonds, trying to pull their courage together, setking vainly for some scrap of comfort. to the past only to come back at in-tervals to the doom they were powerless o avert. Yes, they must dis-die. life was so sweet.

How long a time passed thus the boys

never knew. They could dimly see each other and Pink, who was between them, by turning their heads. Myles was the

first to break the silence.
"If it was only some other way," he whispered hoarsely, "If it could come quick and sudden. But to be torn to pieces by wild beasts—"

He ended in a shuddering moan.
"And it's all my fault," muttered Pink,
I wouldn't mind 'alf so much if you lads were safe. Can you forgive me for what Pink's noble disregard of self stirred i

sense of shame in his companions, and the shadow of death seemed to grow lighter. 'Don't feel badly, Pink," said Jack. "We don't blame you, old fellow,"
"There's nothing to forgive," added Myles.

We were only too glad to come. It was our Pink tried to thank the boys, but his voice broke down. They could not see the tears that dimmed his eyes.

Again there was silence for a long time. Then Jack said: "I'm glad Paltu is safe. We made a mistake to bring nim. I don't suppose he had the least idea of what we ware trying to do." were trying to de."
"I didn't think he was so hard-hearted,"

replied Myles. "Why, he went off without saying goodby-without even looking at us. And he always thought a lot of me. "That's the way of the world, lads, when a fellow gets into trouble," said Pink. "Thank God my old parents are dead. It avent any kin living. There's one I'd living to send a last message to, though. She's far away in England-in the Kentish village far away in England—in the Kentish village where I was born. I can see 'er pretty face yet. Poor girl! She's waiting on me to come 'ome with the Victoria Cross. I'd 'ave it by this time, aye! an an officer's sword, too, if I 'ad led a different life Instead of

tumbling into scrapes. But it's too late "I have no one but Captain Dundas," said Jack, after a sympathetic pause. "He'll be sorry, though. He was almost as good as a

The lad involuntarily lowered his head and gave a little cry.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Myles.
"I see something shining on your breast."
"Nothing," replied Jack. "I—I mean it's only my gold locket. Those rufflans must have torn it out of my shirt."

"It has an ivery portrait of a lady inside," he went on slowly. "Pink knows all about it, but I never told you, Myles, that there was a mystery in my father's life. Wynyard was only his adopted name, and he The sentence was abruptly cut short by a

husky cry from Pink. Looking straight ahead the boys saw a sight that chilled their blood with horror. On the flat rock projecting from the mound stood a monstrous tiger clearly outlined in the dim light.

light.

No words can portray the feelings of the hapless prisoners. Here, at least, was the fulfillment of Megul Miris prophecy. For a moment they were dumb and weak with terror. Then, heedless of pain, they exerted every muscle to break or loosen their bonds. No user they were held as tightly as though chained with steel.

Now the tight scenting a feast sprang.

Now the tiger, scenting a feast, sprang lightly across the dry channel and landed on the dead embers of the fir. There he crouched, the very picture of rage—his blood-red jaws open to show his sharp teeth, his eyes like balls of flame, his tail lashing the ground.

"Oh! he's going to spring," cried Jack.

Pink. We may sear 'im off.'
But just then a dull, threshing helie was
heard close by. The tiger twisted about

heard close by. The tiger twisted about usually full and swift, and stared intently up the narrow strip of Following the shore down for several grass that lay between the chann't and the gie men or "Parishs," from whom they give men or "Parishs," from whom they

the ground, and shook his lowered horns and bellowed thunderously.

The tiger was equally enraged by this in-

open with teeth and claws.

The maddened buffalo swerved aside into the dry channel and stupidly blundered against the wall of earth on the opposite side

he seemed to be under his advirsary's feet and horns. But he quickly rolled out of danger, and when next seen he was clinging to the throat and neck of the buffalo.

bellowing with rage and pain. The struggle that followed was of thrilling interest to Pink and the boys. For a time they forgot everything else, and they were



budge these straps any more than if they tiger let go of his victim, and crouched, were bands of iron, and the vines are worse panting and growling, in the shallow water 'I was sure the buffalo would win" ex-

"Pretty nearly," assented Pink, "but I can see 'im stir a bit yet. And the tiger ain't satisfied. I 'oped 'e would let us alone now." perished by the sword.

It was a hideous awakening, and, brave lads though they were, it threatened for a time to crush and break them—to drive them frantic with terror and despair.

O: he s coming.

Yes, the monster was already approaching the wretched little party, his craving for human flesh as strong as ever. Plainly he was hurt and crippled, for every movement was hurt and crippled, for every movement as a snarl of agony as he crept slowly

he joy of hope and youth.

Simply and in stunned silence they hung a the cruel bonds, trying to pull their courage together, setking vainly for some comfort. Their thoughts strayed the course of comfort. Their thoughts strayed the course of comfort. Their thoughts strayed the course of comfort that lives to the last with doomed men, he added loudly:

"Try 'im with a yell, lads."

Three voices blended in a horse shout that lives to the last with doomed men, he added loudly:

"Try 'im with a yell, lads." rang far through the gorge. The tiger paused and crouched flatter amid the grass.

'Again," cried Pink, but before the lads could obey a dusky little figure leaped out of the forest and ran swiftly forward, yelling at every step in a shrill, treble voice, Then there was a ruddy flash and a sharp explosion, and in less than no time the now disgusted tiger was climbing the opposite bank of the channel, where he vanished from

sight in the direction of the temple. With a joyous shout and a flourish of his pistol the dusky figure danced up to the "Paltu! Paltu!" cried the boys, and a fervent "Thank God" fell from Pink's lips.

It was indeed the little Hindo, scratched from head to foot and with dripping wet He whipped a sharp knife from his girdle nd vigorously attacked the straps and vines,

He first cut Myles loose, then Jack and They crowded around him with husky vords of gratitude and fairly hugged him in their mad joy. They felt as though they had stepped out of yawning graves. For a time they could think of nothing but their un

expected rescue. The tiger and the dying expected rescue. The tiger and the dying buffalo were forgotten. "This won't do, lads," exclaimed Pink, com-ing suddenly to his senses. "Look 'cre, Paltu, where are the troopers? 'Ow did you

"Me tell you," replied the little Hindon ith a grin of triumph. "Sahibs no be fraid of troopers now. They take me far up valley. Me no say goodby, so they not watch mr sharp. By an' by they go up steep place. Me steal knife from one fellow and he no see. Then me slip back an' run fast. Troopers they turn around an' shoot. Bulle hit near my head an' make me scared so I fall. Me tumble down big high rocks-fall on back in stream. Me pretend shot, an' let current drift me off. Troopers throw torch down so they see me. Then they think me dead an' go way. By an' by me get up an' wade out of water. Run fast to save sahibs an' find pistol what troopers lost in grass."

Such was brave Paltu's story, and it meant, in brief, that the band of rufflans had gone on their way, satisfied that he was

"Lads," cried Pink, "there's a slim chance left. We must try to beat the troopers to Mysore. The odds are that they'll travel slow and roundabout, so as to spread the news of the finding of the opal. We won't lose time in 'unting the outlet of the gorge. I 'ave a better plan." 'ave a better plan. 'What is it?" exclaimed Myles.

"To follow the stream under the barrier," as the reply. "We can do it at the cost of was the reply. a wetting. I made sure of that when we

A brief discussion of Pink's daring plan ensued, and the boys were quickly won over to it. In spite of all they had endured they were willing and eager to try again to checkmate Mogul Mir, so far as reaching Mysore shead of him could accomplish that

of success, since Myles proposed a water journey down the Cauvery river, provided a In less than a quarter of an hour after Paitu's timely arrival the little party was tramping down the valley along the avenue

of stone tigers. At the barrier they found a small arched passage, through which the torrent swiftly poured. There was no time for fear or hesitation. One by one they entrusted themselves to the darkness and the

The brute was less than six feet from me belpiess victims, and for an instant he hesitated as though he suspected some trickery further adventures on the homeward journey, in their accomingly defiant attitude. Then helpiess victimes at the superior of hunger and weariness they found themselves, when morning dawned, the superior of t stood ence more on the lower side of Tippoo near the spot where they had encountered the zemindar of Mercara.

waters. Feet first they plunged safely down the cataract, dived under the gratings and

Here they ventured to sleep for several "Ye'l with all your might, lads," should hours, and then pushed on in an easterly direction. Toward noon they struck the unposrection. Toward noon they struck the upper part of the Canvery river, which was un-

and see the sky turn red with the fires of incendiarism and revolt. Would they be in time, or were they even now too late?
(To Be Continued.)

AN OLD NEW YEAR.

A Historic Moment in the Life of Pierr Stuyvesant Van Twiller Brown. Pierre Stuyvesant Van Twiller Brown took the front steps in two bounds, pressed the electric bell with his knuckles and said, as the door was opened: "When Legs comes in, tell him I'm in the library."

ng duck. The freakish shadows of the fire story, lighted into strong relief the pictured face of old Peter Stuyvesant of illustrious memory and Pierre's far-away ancestor. As Pierre looked at it with utter lack of interest he said contemptuously, "What an old duf-fer," Why doesn't Legs come!"

They were to reorganize the ball team before the New Year's party began, and Pierre was anxious. Just as he was most impatient he began to recall little Bettje Beekman's face at the last New Year's party when he told how his grandfather had conquered the Swedes on the Brandywine and made them Dutch subjects. Battjes' hazel eyes shone like the gold beads around her neck. Peter Stuyvesant was a great hero! Bettje did not doubt that Pierre, whom for some reason she called Peter, also would be just like his grandfather when he grew up. And she said proudly, "Oh, yes, Peter! My father says there never was

uch a brave man as your grandfather!" Pierre looked at her admiringly and Bettje blushed with pleasure. Beneath her open flowered frock skirt she wore her best quilted plush petticoat; she had on her best green stockings and her new high-heeled shoes, which had just come from Holland. Her hair was smoothed back with an extra quantity of pomatum, and her little, close-diting cap was new She looked very well, Pierre thought. But that was long ago. It was since then that he and Bettje had danced around the May pole in Bowling Green and Bettje had been chosen queen; and since then at the Paus festival he had given her those beautiful colored come those beautiful colored eggs, as a peace offer-ing for teasing her on last St. Nicholas eve, when he pinned his own name on her stock ings and hung them in the broad chimney. He had tensed her in English, too, that hard, hard study, which Bettje thought was like Greek and Latin necessary for boys, but not for girls.

Smiling at these recollections, Pierre entered the door of White Hall, the governor's mansion, and met his grandfather just coming out. Governor Stuyvesant rarely showed temper to his favorite grandchild, but now he frowned and said; "Go home, sir.
This is no place for you. I am going to the fort." "Oh, let me go," pleaded Pierre, and because his grandfather did not hear him he took silence for consent and followed.

The fort was full of soldiers, burghers and citizens, all anxious and exerty waiting for

citizens, all anxious and eagerly waiting for the governor. Bowling Green was filled with the wagons which the farmers had with the wagons which the farmers had driven in from the country early that morning. On the hill slopes outside the fort their horses were grazing, and leaning against the palisades was a collection of traders, peddlers and Indians. Cows and pigs were feeding in the streets and over Beetman's swamp a flock of wild turkeys rose like a cloud and disappeared. The English ships lay, with sails reefed.

It was a peaceful and pretty scene and It was a peaceful and pretty scene and It was a peaceful and pretty scene and Indians. Cows and they were not rich, but everybody said the boy was the hand-somest and the brightest that had ever been somest and the brightest that had ever be

sand devils, what is this I hear!" he roared.
"Surrender! Never! Rather will I hang
and draw the first traitor who suggests it." All kept silent, there was no use in striving crow. with "Hardkopping Piet," (headstrong Peter) "when he was in one of his rages. He went "Ther stamping around the fort on his wooden leg and Pierre followed. "Miscreants!" he shouted. "Cowards! who is it that wishes o surrender New Amsterdam to these rufflans; Let him speak!"

But every one was saved this necessity by the appearance of an English aide, who made his way to the governor and presented him a paper from the English commodore requiring the surrender of the town, by order of his highness, the duke of York, brother of his majesty, King Charles II. of England. For answer to this request Hardkopping Piet tore the letter in pieces, declaring that surrender he would not while the breath remained in his body.

Pierre expected to hear the roar of guns

and the voice of battle, but instead somehing very different occurred. Much to his chagrin he learned that the inhabitants of New Amsterdam did not share the lofty patriotism of their governor; that for the sake of the quiet which they loved and the commerce which they loved still more they were willing not only to tolerate the English, but to allow them to become masters of the city; and when a deputation of seventy burghers, among whom was Pierre's father besought the governor upon their knees to accept the commodore's terms, declaring besides that they would by no wise, either by arms, money or consent, help to defend the town, the brave old leader was forced to yield. Foresken by his own even below to Forsaken by his own, even he was powerless. So the letter was picked up, pieced together and a proper answer sent to the English commander.

As the messenger left the fort Pierre, who had crept close to his grandfather, took his hand and looked up reverently into the stern old face. "I would have fought with you, grandfather!" he whispered, loyal in defeat. The governor looked down at him proudly "If they had been like thee," he answered in the good old Dutch tongue, "Holland might not have been disgraced." And then he remained silent, while slowly the Dutch flag was lowered from above the fort and the white banner of a humiliating peace was raised in its stead. It was a moment of destiny and as New Amsterdam fell in line with the English-speaking colonies the star of Holland in the new world sank forever

The garrison looked at the white pennant with satisfaction, but the governor's eyes blazed. "Mercenaires!" muttered the old firebrand, who would have given his house and lands, his "bowerie" dwelling and all the money in his strong box for one good shot at the English ships. "I would rather be carried out dead." "I would rather be carried out dead," echoed Pierre, and felt the

New Amsterdam had become New York, then, as now, the metropolis of the new world. But Pierre formed a plan to raise troops, make the Indians allies and drive the English away. He had just decided to make himself captain, when-Oh! Was he being scalped? No, it was only Legs pulling his hair. Pierre felt his blood tingle as he uped back nearly two centuries and a half. "Legs." he said solemnly, "this picture, you know, is Governor Stuyweszni; he was the last Dutch governor of New York." Legs looked uninterested. Pierre groped blindly among his historical facts for one which might appeal to Legs. "Oh, Legs, don't you remember, he had a wooden leg?"

"Was he born with it or did it grow later?" asked Legs sweetly.

Pierre's answer came straight from the shoulder, but as he settled down to reorganize the team he glanced up at the old portrait and fancied, no, netually saw a HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

sked Legs sweetly.

I have a weakness for snails, and one day, having found a fine specimen, I tied a fine cord around his shall after having fastened a b't of iron to the other end of the same, in order to keep him until I needed him. The iron was bigger than he was, and I supposed it heavy enough to hold him until my attention was attracted by a dragging, scraping sound on the windowsill where I had The cext instant a buge buffale shot out purchased, with pocket knives and what corralled my captive. This aroused my

coin they had, a rude boat, paddles, and a supply of food.

Thus equipped they started down the Those paddles, and a curiosity, and I determined to find out how he wanted the head cooked. He knew she was very fond of her son, and he reasoned in the strain from the bit of iron to himself that if she knew what the strain (To Be Continued.) supply of food.

Thus equipped they started down the river. They paddled with the current all of that afternoon and night, and all of the next day, fortunately, without encountering danger from rapids or human elemies.

About midnight traces of civilization began. About midnight traces of civilization began to appear, and a couple of hours later they saw in the distance the lights of Seringapatam—a town that lay only five miles to the north of Mysore.

With thankful hearts the voyagers at once landed and crept up the bank to the pain. As they hurried through the starry night in the direction of Mysore they momentarily dreaded to hear the crack of rifles and see the sky turn red with the fires of and see the sky turn red with the fires of and see the sky turn red with the fires of and see the sky turn red with the fires of and some and and save it for him. The wife did as she was bid. She cooked the fowl and the fowl's head and save it for him. The wife did as she was bid. She cooked the fowl and the fowl's head and placed them away in the cupboard until her husband and her son came home. It happened that is, about twenty times his own weight, which was half an conce. In any country where time is no object, we would respectfully submit this new motive power to those studying motors.

we would respectfully submit this new mo-tive power to those studying motors.

## LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS QUEER COUNTRY.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

THE CHILDREN'S SECOND VISIT. PART V.-HOW A KING WAS FOUND. "What about the little girl who had the vial of sparkling water?" said Sweetest Susan, turning to Mr. Thimblefinger, just It was New Year's eye and already grow- as Mrs, Meadows was about to begin her

"Oh, she is growing," replied Mr. Thimblefinger.

Buster John frowned at his sister, as boys will do when they are impatient, and Sweet-

st Susan said no more. "Once upon a time," Mrs. Meadows began, rubbing her chin thoughtfully, "there was country that suddenly found itself without a king. This was a long time ago, before people in some parts of the world began to think it was unfashionable to have kings. I don't know what the trouble was exactly, whether the king died or whether he was carried off or whether he did something to cause the people to take away his crown and put him in the calaboose

"Anyhow, they suddenly found themselves without a king, and it made them feel very uncomfortable. They were so restless and aneasy that they couldn't rest well at night. They were in the habit of having a king to govern them, and they felt very nervous

"Now in that country there were eleven wise men whose trade it was to give advice. Instead of falling out and wrangling with one another and ruining their busi-ness, these eleven wise men had formed a copartnership and set up a sort of store where anybody and everybody could get advice by the wholesale or retail. I don't know whether they charged anything, because there never has been a time since the world had more than two people in it that advice

wasn't as cheap as dirt. 'The eleven wise men were there, ready give advice, and so the people went to them and asked them how to select a king. The eleven wise men put their heads to-gether, and after awhile they told the people that they must select nine of their best men and send them out on the roads leading to the capital city, and when these nine men found a man sleeping in the shade of a tree they were to watch him for four hours, and if the shadow of the tree stood still so as to keep the sun from shining on him he was the one to select for their king. Then the eleven wise men, looking very solemn, bowed the people out, and the people slected nine of their best men to find them a king.

"Now it happened that in a part of the country not far from the capital city there lived a boy with his mother and stepfather. They were not poor and they were not rich, but everybody said the boy was the handsomest and the brightest that had ever been seen in that section. He was about 16 years old, and was very strong and tall.

drew a great crowd of idle peolpe around him. He was carrying a red rooster, and It was a peaceful and pretty scene, and is Governor Stuyvesant looked upon it his and his head hanging down he crowed lustily emper burst like a whirlwind. "Ten thouthe crowd of idle people. One with more curlosity than the rest asked the stranger why the rooster crowed and continued to " 'He is a royal bird,' the stranger replied.

There is no king in this country, and who- the messenger, 'that there are various pat-

ger had said she would give the head to the boy. So he only told her to be careful to Then cook the fowl's head and save it for him

> band and her son came home. It happened that something kept the husband in the vil-lage a little later than usual, and while the woman was waiting for him her son came in and said he was very hungry.

"You will find something in the cupboard," his mother said. 'Eat a little now, and when was on a big dish ready to be covered, and the head was in a saucer by itself. To save time and trouble the boy took the head and ate it, and then felt as if he could wait for supper very comfortably. The husband came and the woman proceeded to set the table. When she came to look for the fowl's head it was gone.

"'Why, I are it,' said her son, when he heard her exclamation of surprise. 'I found

it in the saucer, and I ste it rather than cut the fowl.' The stepfather was angry enough to tear his hair, but he said nothing. The next day the boy went hunting. He was ready to re-turn about noon, but, being very tired, he stretched himself in the shade of a tree and

was soon sound asleep. "While he was sleeping his soundest the that way. They saw the handsome boy sleeping in the shade of the tree, and they kept the sun from his face. The nine men his own credicame to the conclusion that the shadow of ently be seen. the tree hadn't moved, and that the boy was a well favored lad, who would look very well when he was dressed up and put on a throne with a crown on his head.

"So they shook the boy and aroused him from his sleep,
"'What's your name?' asked the spokes-

'Telambus,' replied the boy.

'Where do you live?' 'How would you like to be king?'

" 'I have never tried it. Is it an easy rade to learn?" "The nine men looked at each other shrewdly and smiled. They each had the

same thought.
"They went with the boy to his home and saw his mother, and inquired about his age and his education, and asked a hundred other questions besides. They cautioned the woman as they were leaving to say nothing of their visit except this, that they were quickly going about hunting for a king and had called to make some inquiries.

"When her husband came home he had already heard of the visit of the distin-guished company, and so he asked his wife a thousand questions. All the answer he got was that the visitors were hunting for a

it,' remarked the man, 'but some of these days you'll find out that you narrowly escaped being the king's wife."

a messenger and ask this young man to send us a rope made of sand 100 feet long.' "The messenger straightway went to the house of Telambus and told him what the eleven wise men had said. His mother straightway fell to crying, but Telambus Year's

laughed at her fears. "'Tell the eleven wise men,' said he to



ever eats this bird's head will reign as | terns of sand ropes. Let them send me ing.'
"He must be worth a pretty sum,' said sample of the kind they want—a piece only a foot long—and I will make them one 100

feet long." 'By no means,' answered the stranger. "The messenger returned to the eleven wise 'He is worth no more than a silver piece.'

"But the people only laughed. They thought the stranger was making fun of them. He went on his way and had soon passed beyond the village. Now it chanced that the stepfather of the bright and handmen and told them what Telambus had said. They put their heads together again and then told the people that the young man was wisenough to be their king. There was great rejoicing then, and the nice wise men who had found him went to fetch him some boy was in the crowd that gathered around the stranger. He thought it was very not carried about in this way. Where are your banners and your charlots? Where queer that a rooster should be crowing ao bravely when his legs were tied together and while his head was hanging down. So are your drums and your simbals?"
"So the nine men returned to the eleven wise men and told them what Telambus has a selected. he said to himself that there might be truth in what the stranger said. H bus had said: after the man and soon overtook him 'That is a fine fowl,' said the boy's step-

father. " 'It is a royal bird,' the stranger replied.
"'What is he worth?' asked the boy's stepfather.
"I shall be glad to get rid of him," said
the stranger. 'Give me a piece of silver and

This was soon done, and the stepfather "This was soon done, and the steplather took the rooster under his arm.
"Hemember this," remarked the stranger; if you eat the head of that bird you will reign in this country as king." "Oh, ho!" laughed the boy's stepfather,

'you are a fine joker.'
"With the fowl under his arm he went toward his home. He had gone but a little way when he turned to look at the stranger, but the man had disappeared. The country was level for a long distance in all directions but the stranger could not be seen.
"The boy's stepfather carried the fowl "'Cook this bird for our supper. Cook the

At this point Mrs. Meadows began to bunt for a knitting reedle she had dropped. and the children knew that the story was "That was a pretty good story," said Mr.

"So Telambus was made the king of that

"But Telambus shook his head. 'Kings are

"'He is right,' said the eleven wise men

'He is a king already. Get your horses, your chariots, your banners and your music, and

bring our king in as he deserves to be brought."

"Dey wuz too much kingin' in it tu suit me. Ef folks got ter have kings, how come we all ain't got none?" said Drusilla. "Please tell me about the little girl with the vial of sparkling water from the well at the end of the world," said Sweetest Susan to Mr. Thimblefinger. "I expect she is nearly grown by this time."

Thimblefinger. "It was short and sweet, as the king bird said to the honey bee."

Thimblefinger.

A TEST OF FORTITUDE.

How General Washington Spent a New Year's Day.

While we are looking forward with bright hopes toward the advent of a New Year, which, like the ever-growing tree, will add another ring to the health and peace and prosperity of our country, it is well to look twck with grateful hearts to the patriots of the revolution who fought and bled and died your stepfather returns we will have supper. for the cause of liberty. To them we owe "The boy went to the cupboard. The fowl our present happiness and all the means of enjoying life and its best gifts.

coloying life and its best gifts.

About 120 years ago, a very unhappy and anxious New Year's day was spent by the greatest here of the time—a day which we may well contrast with our own. The winter of 1776 had been one to try the mettle of the bravest hearis; the many battles, the intense cold and the long marches had worn out the bodies and spirits of the troops. The end of the year found the revolutionary army journeying through Delaware and New Jersey, and, after two days spent in convey-Jersey, and, after two days spent in convey-ing men and artillery over the icebound Trenton, it was with the greatest difficulty that General Washington could hold his tired soldiers together. Enthusiasm was dead and courage was sleeping; privation, hardship and hunger nearly broke the ranks of the army, and sore need tempted the most loyal to nine men who had been appointed by the desert. The British troops had assembled people to find them a king chanced to pass at Princeton and everything pointed to the that way. They saw the handsome boy total extinction of the American army. In sleeping in the shade of the tree, and they stationed themselves around and watched him. For four long hours they watched the boy, but still the shadow of the tree kept the sun from his face. The nine men

ently be seen.

It was a very dreary New Year's day, for when General Washington sent out six Philadelphia light infantry under Colonel Reed to patrol the country, they returned with the information that Lord Cornwallis was marching toward them with 7,009 or 8,000 men. This was confirmed by other reports, and finally the news came that General Howe was on the march with 1,000 troops, having arrived at Amboy. Washington's situation was critical. What could be do? To retreat was to frighten his men, and therefore to surrender; to remain hemmed in by fore to surrender; to remain hemmed in by the British was impossible unless reflacted. After several hours of deep thought the noble general sends two messengers at post speed to General Cadwalader at Crossand to General Mifflin at Borden. town, bidding them join him with their forces. It is a desperate command, but it is the only hope, and now he must wait in

I fancy his thoughts must have cut quickly through the air on swiftest wings to a certain low stone house that crowns a rolling hill above a shining river, and fondest memories come to mind to pain and de-light the resolute soldier under his calm masque. The day would have been spent masque. The day would have been spent very differently there. Early in the morning part of the gay company bidden to the hospitable home to spend the merry season would have been up and away over bill and dale to the hunt, while all the snowy woods "'You don't seem to think much about "You don't seem to the first seem to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the snowy woods made answer to the cry of men and yelp of dogs. Then would have followed all the good cheer of an old-fashioned Virginia holiday dinner, and, perhaps, a party to crow the night's festivities with a dance. You don't seem to think much about No one enjoyed more than George Washingtheir low, sweeping courtesys with dignified bows; no one enjoyed more than George Washing, and the pretty girls through the quiet paces of the minuet, and returning their low, sweeping courtesys with dignified bows; no one enjoyed more than he the graces of the minuet. The nine citizens were so certain that they had found the right person to rule over their country as king that they made haste to return to the capital city and tell the news to the eleven wise men who had sent them out. They made their report and the eleven wise men put their heads together once more. When they had consulted together a long time they said to the people:

"There is one test by which you made."

Towards evening the happy news came that long time they said to the people:

"There is one test by which you may know whether a king has been found. Send advancing, and before night closed in the main army was increased by the addition of more than 3,000 men. Almost simultaneously came a gift from Robert Morris-the sum of

With money and fresh troops for a New Year's gift to General Washington, there dawned upon him the hope and inspiration that resulted two days afterwards in the victorious battle of Princeton, January 3,

A Turkish Cave. They have a mammoth cave in Turkey which takes all of the brag out of Kentucky. It is near Selefkeh. And where is Selef-Well, it is near that part of the Turkish coast which is just exactly north of the island of Cypress. One of the natives went in with a party and roamed around for five days, and when he came out he said he had tramped fully twenty-five miles until he came to a large lake with great cliffs rising up in it. Having no boat he had to turn back. Of course, he was a Turk, and per-haps we should be a little careful about ac-cepting his idea of distance too literally; stilit is probable that the exit of the cave is a Cape Lisau el Kabeh, fifteen miles eastwar of Selefkeh, right on the sea, where the waves dash in the mouth with a rush and a roar, which has given the place the name of "The Roaring Hole." If one stands at the entrance at Salefkeh, he can hear a 'all, booming roar, which is in all probability the waves at Cape Lisau el Kabeh, rushing into the Roaring Hole. ISABEL D. M'KEE.

TOLD OUTSIDETHE PULPIT. The late metropolitan of Canada, the venerable Bishop Medley, never wearied of telling the experiences of his early years of ervice in that country, says the New York Herald. In those days the roads were in a very primitive condition and the country sparsely populated, rendering the journey from one backwoods settlement to another

The bishop, however, made periodical viscese in all seasons, and in the most incle-On one occasion, a violent storm being in

progress, he was compelled to halt for the night at a log cabin by the roadside. A rough but hearly we come was accorded him by the inhabitants, to whom he was unknown. The man of the house at once busied known. The man of the house at once busied himself with the care of the horses, while the woman set about the preparation of the evening meal. As the bishop sat comfortably by the fire, his first thoughts were of his

mission to that lonely neighborhood.
"My good woman," said he, "a
any Episcopalians in this vicinity?" "I hardly know, sir," she replied, hesitat-ingly; "the men did kill something under the barn yesterday, but whether it f them things or not I cannot say for cer-

A very pretty story about a confiding child is related in Harper's Drawer of the 4-year-old son of a member of the Georgia legislature. Having left the boy in a room of one of the big hetels of the metropolis, with the command to go to bed immediately, he went down to seek his congenial friends in the office. The bell boys were soon thrown into consternation by the many and various calls from the room in which the little fellow had been left, and quite a number of them were soon collected there. But it was not ice water, or fire, or a "B. and S." that the child wanted. He astonished the boys with this unusual request: "Please, sirs, some one to hear me say my prayers."

For those who are at all familiar with the religious proclivities of "Crackerdom," the following stery will have a special xest: A member of the Georgia legislature, representing a north Georgia constituency, in con-versation with a northern man, was asked by the latter what was the attitude of his district. Ejecting some tobacco on which he was ruminating the representative innocently and pregnantly replied: "Baptist! strengly Raptist, sir.

"The missionary collections are falling off swinily," complained the superintendent of he Sanday school. "I hardly know what to

I wonder," suggested Descon Podberry,
"If it would not be a good idea to put in a
slot machine that would give up a cigarette "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, "She "Huh!" grunted Drusilia, "ef folks grow up every time you dropped a penny ic to

