



ILL every single Busy Bee please read over the rules for young writers very carefully right now and on the next story you send in please state whether or not you did so? Those who have read the rules carefully will please write the word "Yes" at the top of their story and those who have not read the rules will please write the word "No." The Busy Bee editor would like to know how many of our boys and girls really read the rules and try to follow them and in this way it will be a simple matter for her to find out.

There have been more failures to follow the rules of late than ever before and ever so many very good stories have had to be thrown in the waste basket because they have not been marked "original," have been written on both sides of the paper, have exceeded the word limit or have not had the age of the writer or the name of the side indicated.

Will each one please remember to state whether you have read the rules this week or not?

Several letters have come to the Busy Bee editor this week from our boys and girls who have been ill and one of our girls writes that she has lost her little sister. She mailed a story this week, however, which proves she is a very loyal little Busy Bee to remember our page at such a time.

The Red side won first prize this week, Willie Cullen, aged 10, 2312 Webster street, Omaha, writing the story. Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, age 12, on the Blue side, won second prize, and Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street. Omaha, on the Red side, honorary mention.

There are no new names to add to the Post Card Exchange this week, but several of the boys and girls have written that they are enjoying cards from other Busy Bees. The list follows: Earl Perkins, Deadwood, S. D.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.: Emma Carrathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijobn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.; Alta Wilker, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reede, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Margurite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.: Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha: Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

The Strange Story of Pine Cop By William Wallace, Jr.



INE COP was a strangely shaped Pete. All day long Pete worked in his mountain. It reared itself in father's shop, for there was very little the midst of a beautiful valley. money to be made at the trade in their From its southern side flowed town, and the father could not afford to sparkling stream, failing over employ an assistant. rocks and precipices. From its In the evenings Pete would sit beside

northern side yawned deep canyons filled the great blazing fire in the shop (he and with ice and snow the year round. On its his father lived in rooms attached to the eastern and western sides grew verdure, shop) and listen to the wonderful legenfresh and green, almost reaching to the dary tales told by his father and chance very top of the mountain. And all about friends who would drop in to chat and have very top of the mountain. And all about this strange mountain stretched spiendid a smoke beside the cheerful firsplace of the valleys full of fields, broken here and wheelwright. And long after the company

When the Ice is Firm and Smooth



WINTER DAY SMILE OF A BUSY BEE.



sleep. He was not asleep long when he found himself in the presence of two fairies. severance and Give-Tin. They were beautiful princesses, who were changed into fairies by an angry king. Fairy Give-Up first addressed Hans, asking him his name and what he was trying to do. Hans answered her, and Give-Up told him to get up and go home with his axe, and to tell his stepmother that he couldn't chop down the tree. But up spoke Fairy Perseverance, who told Hans to dry his tears and get up from the ground and try his luck again. This Hans did and you could again hear the axe ringing through the forest. Perseverance told Hans he must not give up. but try, try again, and by the time she had finished talking the tree fell to the ground. He thanked Perseverance for her good advice, but he said not a word to Fairy Give-Up. words and he has always succeeded in ev- blast it. Then we went back to the shaft for. It showed how they were to attack erything he tried.

neighbors said they had not seen her.

fallen in the lake."

Mrs. Benden scheamed "Oh, I know she has! I know she has! She has always puting. begged to go there, but I told her no." Mr. Benden came home and went immediately to the lake. No one had seen her going that way.

"If she came down here, she has fallen in." he concluded.

It was almost night now and Dorothy's mamma brought Bernice home asleep and started for Phil's room. A queer smile then a man turned the corner. He was wheel- away. ing a wheelbarrow and there sitting up,

a book there.

Toddie Lights a Match

By Ruth Gustafson, Aged 11 Years. Ben-son, Neb. Red.

things and just by scratching them on

anything rough have a pretty little flame.

Toddle was very careful about playing

The Spy

The call for troops brought many men

from every colony, especially Vermont.

preparatio

, he went

He

enough to do anything!"

burned my breath out!"

with matches afterward.

smoke

Toddle's mamma told him never to light

gazing around was Marjory. "Oh, mamma, mamma," she cried. Mrs. Benden gathered her up and kissed

her until she cried. "Shure, mum, an' Mrs. Black says to me,

Patrick O'Flanagan, when you get through fled. There stood Dorothy home in hand money. with your wurruk, you take this baby and amiling shyly. "I motion," cried the home, for her ma never meant for me to lieutenant, "that Miss Dorothy become our wash it, even if she was in the bottom mascot for bravery in danger," and that of the washbasket,' so home I've brought motion was unanimously carried. yer queer washin'."

(Honorable Mention.) Mother Dog's Story

By Maurice C. Johnson, Aged 14 Years, 1627 Locust Street, Omaha. Red. Mother Dog had promised to tell her pupples a story and the five little ones people's take the cunning little wooden in the "Busy Bees' Own Page." were all gathered around the hearth to listen.

"I am going to tell you why a dog and cat are enemles," she commenced. "A same, long, long time ago in Animaldom there were two great nations; one was that of the dogs of Dogsville and one the cats of Cataburg. These two countries were great friends and always helped each other in war. Their kings and queens often visited each other. Well, one time the king and queen of Dogsville were to visit Catsburg. The rulers of Dogsville were two very fine Scotch collies and two very fine maltese cats of Catsburg. In Catsburg that day there was plenty of excitement and the street leading to the palace was decorated with all kinds of flowers and lined with all the aristocracy of Catsburg. Suddenly s trumpet sounded and down the street came the king and queen of Dogsville with their train. They were nearly up to the palace gate, when the young prince of

Cataburg, who had been eating an apple, in a thoughtless and mischleyous way Mary Day, 3843 Franklin Street, Omaha, threw the core at the king of Dogsville, Red. threw the core at the king of Dogsville, and it hit him in the face. The king got so mad that he ordered one of his soldiors to cut off the offenders head, which he From this state came many "Green Mounproceeded to do. The king of Catsburg tain Boys," as their title was, and among got so furious at this that he declared war on Dogsville. The king and queen of Dogsville went immediately home and prepared dark hair and dark eyes which were forfor war. The war which followed was dreadful and lasted ten years, neither side winning. Ever after that these two anlmals have been enemies, and so you see, children, how much harm can be done by just throwing an apple core."

A Visit to a Gold Mine

By Lester Crow, Aged 13 Years, Nebraska City. Red.

the thought that she could scarcely walk dugout for a fort and had such jolly good coats are a block away. They get him and and couldn't go far. Dorothy took Bernice times there, that Dorothy Newcomb, aged search him and ask him where the papers and Jessie over to her house, for they were 8, often begged her brother to let her join are, and he said: "By God's help, they are so small that they only bothered. All the in some capacity, even as cook, so she with Washington." He was tried for spyeighbors said they had not seen her. might share their good times. He how- ing, and, when about to be shot, said: "It "Perhaps," said Dorothy, "she might have ever always said "Oh, Dot girls can't be is no disgrace to be a spy, and I have done

soldiers, play with your dolls and be a my duty." good girl," and she never thought of dis-

A Good Boy One day she read about mascots and

one day she read about mascots and asked to join as one, but her brother By Vera Farris, Aged 11 Years, Albion, Neb. Blue, told her they had decided on Peter Brown "Henry, go down town for me," said his and asked her to go to the fort and get him mother.

"No, I don't want to. I want to go skat-Dorothy did, but in five minutes she

reappeared looking very excited and ing." "Do you remember that story I read you took Dorothy. All hope was given up, when crossed her face and she turned and ran in the 'Busy Bees' Own Page?" said his mother.

"Yes, mother, wasn't he a good boy. That night as the Invincibles were enjoying their fun, a wild whoop sounded wish I could be like him." and a band of "Indians" burst in, guickly "Well, then, here is the me

"Well, then, here is the money, how run overpowered them and were making, off down and get the things."

Mrs. Smith was a poor women. Her hus with the booty when with a "swish" a band was dead and had left her but little stream of water deluged them and they

He was walking down the street, when he saw a poorly dressed man enter the house. He was a robber. There was a policeman just across the street, so he ran to him and told him. The robber had frightened the woman when they came and the pollceman took the man to prison. The woman's husband was just coming home and he took Henry and his mother matches. But Toddie was very fond of to his home and kept them till Henry was trying experiments. When he saw "big old enough to be like the boy in the story

Brave Bess

he wondered why he could not do the By Doris Galbraith, Aged 12 Years, Wisner, Neb. Blue.

"They never burn themselves," he said, Bess Clifford lived in the west. There "an' I guess I'm 4 years old; most old were prairies all around her home. One day Mr. and Mrs. Clifford were called from So one day when mother's back was home to his sister, who was very ill. Beas, turned and she was busy sewing, Toddie who was 9 years old, knew how to do everyclimbed up to a shelf and got a nice redthing about the house. She took Maggie tipped match. He crept behind the door and Baby Rose and went out to pick flowso mamma could not see him. Presently ers. She sat Rose down and took her basket mamma was startled by a great coughing and went to pick her basket full of flowers and spitting. A frightened little boy Her basket was nearly full when she heard rushed to her crying, "O mamma, I've a scream. She ran to Rose and there, not three'yards from Rose, was a large poison-He had held the match too close to his face, and so breathed in the brimstone

ous snake. In a moment Bess saw it all. Bhe saw the great danger her baby sister was in. She seized Rose and, picking her up in her arms, ran towards home. When her father and mother came home Mr. Clifford put his hand on Boss's head and said: "You are a brave girl, Bess."

Playing Ghost

By Cora Meredith, Aged 11 Years, O'Neill, Nab. Blue.

"Oh! say, girls, I have something to tell you," said Marjon Stanley to a group of these was a young man of 18 named Gerald girls standing in front of the school house Stalwart. He had a look of honesty, with "What is it?" said Derelle Millard. gate. "Oh! Marion, do tell us quick," cried ever looking for some good to do. After Ruth Smith, who was always anxious to being in the army for four years and provknow things. "Let's go out tonight and ing himself a patriot in many ways, he dress up like ghosts and go down and scare was chosen a general. One day as his Ethel Walmer, who thinks she is so smart cool eye was scanning his army a message because her father is rich."

Weeks, "Oh! I should say, that will be tip

came to him saying that Washington "And," continued Marion; "don't you wanted to see him. His face grew stern as think it will be fun. You can come to our he read the message, which did not tell house at 8 o'clock sharp." what he was wanted for. But after doing "Oh! that will be capital," said Pauline

there by forests almost impregnable, forests in which lucked all manner of wild bird and beast.

The people living in the valleys about Pine Cop looked with awe upon it, feeling the very top of Pine Cop when he should in their hearts fear of the strange spectacle that forever loomed frowningly above them. And during the hundreds of years upon making the strange and perilous the man had made his home at the foot of journey to Pine Cop's top. It happened Pine Cop none had ever explored the mys- in this way. Several very brave youths had terious mountain to its top. A few brave gone hunting for squirrels in the woods hunters had gone into one or two of its that covered the lower portion of the easideep canyons, but with the growing dark- ern side of Pine Cop, and on their return ness and narrowness of the gorges had re- to the village they reported that they heard turned to the open land without having strange sounds as of some human being penetrated very far.

laughter and singing. They had hurried There was a legend which had been home in fear, each boy having stranger and handed down for hundreds of years that more weird tales to tell than those told once upon a time a wissard had been soon by his fellows. to pass through the town, which lay at base of Pine Cop on its southern side. ture outbalanced his feelings of fear, and and to ascend the mountain, climbing behe made up his mind to go into the woods side the waterfalls. It was told of him whence the sounds of wails, songs that he had said to some of the villagers laughter had been heard-or reported to that he had suffered at the hands of one of their townsmen and that he was going to the top of Pins Cop to spend the remainder of his life, where he would plan his father consented for him to take his always frightening him and telling him their town. And soon after that, according to legend, terrible storms began to sweep that he intended going in search of the down a small tree for wood with which to down the mountain side and great avalan- mysterious person or persons-or mayhap build a fire. Hans chopped, and chopped, ches slid upon the town, sometimes doing great damage to man and property.

And even to the day of which I write the lieved that the old man-or wizard, as him. most of them thought him to be-was still alive and wreaking his vengeance upon the hapless town and thereby upon the descendants of the one man who had offended or wronged him. Every time a storm broke over their heads they swore it was the effects of the evil wizard upon the top of Pine Cop. If a' drouth killed their crops they blamed the Pine Cop aweller for their bad luck. Did a milk cow nicken or a sheep die they turned their syes towards the top of Pine Cop and wore their threats against the wisard, spot. whose evil influence was being used to their disadvantage.

Pete kept his cars and eyes wide open, Now, in the town lived a wheelwright, with an only child, a little son of some 11 hour's hard climbing his expectations gave summers old. The name of this child was way to fatigue, for nothing save the wild Peter-his father and friends called him



HE HAD UNCOVERED WHAT R SEMBLED A HUMAN SKULL.

had gone and his father had fallen in his high-backed wooden settle beside the fire Pete would sit and dream of the strange stories he had heard, and would

in distress. And again they had heard

But as Pete listened the spirit of adven

become a man.

1. Write plainly on one side of the spor only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil plan and plan on making a journey up to 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. He not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. But a day soon came when Pete decided 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-ributions to this page each week. tributions to this page each Address all communications to ORTOBEN'S D.PARTMENT. Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.) A True Fairy Story By Willie Cullen, Aged 10 Years, 3212 Web-ster Street, Omaha, Red.

In a little hut in the far northland there lived a man, woman and child. The child's name was Hans, and he was 11 years old. The man was Han's father, but the woman was his stepmother, and she was very

have been heard-by the young hunters. The time set for the journey was a day cross and mean to him. His father was when work in the shop was lagging, and very kind to him, but his stepmother was gun and go hunting. Not a word of his plan about fairies. One day the stepmother had he spoken, for had he told his father sent Hans up the hill with his axe to chop witches and wizards-who were responsible and you could hear his axe ringing through for the tales told by the young hungers, the forest, but he did not succeed in felling couldn't find her, and then we 'phoned for objections might have been raised to his the tree. He at last gave up, and sitting inhabitants of the region of Pine Cop be- plan, and his father's permission refused down upon the ground he cried himself to

It was a bright, cold January day on the old familiar paths made by the vil- by his weariness, he dropped down beside lage hunters, then crossed the stream a great boulder and fell into a deep sleep. which had always been the huntsman's When he awoke the evening was falling boundary line dividing him from dangerous about him and he could see that clouds big fire-warmed shop. But his apprehen- the corner where the mass of leaf-mold territory. Once on the opposite side-the covered the sky. up-mountain side-Pete cocked his gun and Quickly getting on his feet. Pete took

walked cautiously, pearing ahead of him up his gun and determined to return home into the deep wood which grew on undis- as fast as he possibly could. But in turnputed ground, for according to legend the ing down the mountain side he heard wisard's realm extended downward to this rumble; then the earth trembled beneath his feet and he fell to the ground. At once

he thought of the old wizard, and feared expecting to hear strange sounds and to that he was about to kill him. He scram see strange sights. But after a whole bled to his feet again, got his gun and looked about him. A strang roaring noise was still filling his cars and still be could woods about him had he seen and nothing feel a quiver of the earth beneath his feet, but both sound and motion were growing less with each second. Pete turned about, facing the downward way, when to his ut-

front of him, and covering a large space, the ground had fallen away, carrying beplders and trees with it. A terrible avalanche had just rolled away from him. He had been on its very edge, had felt its quiver as it separated itself from the steep alde of the mountain. Pete stood transfixed, staring in the semi-darkness at the horrible ravage wrought in the side of cid Pine Cop. And his path homeward had been changed by the avalanche! Now he must turn about and find his way down the mountain at another point. He chose the side of the avalanche, which would lead him to the village most directly. It was a rugged way, leading through a canyon and beside a dangerous precipice. But there was no other way open for Pete, and he took a fresh grip on courage and set forth, his gun over his shoulder. Somehow he felt no fear of unnatural happening. Having advanced up the mountain to this point without meeting anything that smacked of wizards or witches, he began doubt the stories told by the villagers of the dangers that had lurked there for hundreds of years-dangers that had made all mon such cowards that they feared to pass beyond a certain boundary line that out them off from the top of mysterious

Pine Cop's summit.

(Second Prize.) A Queer Washing

By Ruth Ashby, Aged 12 Years, Fairmont, Neb. Blue. Baby was gone. There was no doubt about that, for Inez. Bernice, mamma, the maid and even grandma had searched for

"We were playing with Dorothy and Jessie when Mrs. Black came after the dirty clothes. We gave them to her and By Jean DeLong, Aged 13 years, Ainsworth, she started and then Dorothy said 'Where's Neb. Blue. she started and then Dorothy said 'Where's Marjory ?' We called and called, but we

you," said Ines.

One nice Sunday afternoon in August my papa took two friends of mine and myself to show us a goldmine and to show us how the gold is obtained. First of all he put us on a shaft which

is a kind of elevator with big iron sides to it to keep us from falling off. Then the machinery was started and in a minute we were in total darkness. Pretty soon we reached the 1,200 foot level when we met the foreman of the mines. He took us into a tunnel which was lighted with ing something which is dangerous. Night electric lights and candles and here we had gone to rest he went to do his duty saw the cars in which the ore is put and the mules that pull them to the shaft, "Cautiously crawling on hands and knees Then we went on a little further and saw he entered the general's small dwelling the big iron drill that drills holes in the place and took down the coat and found

Hans never forgot Perseverance's rock for the dynamite to be put in to and were soon brought to daylight again. Boston. Cautiously going out he slipped Then we saw the big crushers which break away unnoticed, for the sentinel did not up the ore into little pieces and then it is see him. Just as he got outside he heard carried on a belt to the stamp mill where the sentinel call out, "Twelve o'clock and it is crushed into powder and put on plates all's well." After he had got out he put of quicksilver that hold the gold and the rock powder is washed away and made into

bricks and sent to the mint to be made into gold coin.

"Virginia Invincibles," a company of boys and says, "Take these to Washington," banded together to fight "the Indians," and the one who it is told to obeys. He Mrs. Benden tried to comfort herself by their deadly enemies. They had an old gave it to him just in time, for the rod-

> less bone left to whisper of flesh and blood But the gold-it was as bright and precious

"And since there's no one to claim this pot of coins, it is mine by right of discov-ery." said Pete. "Ah, if it's any good it will enable father and me to go away from the mean, slow little town at the foot of Pine Cop and seek our fortunes in a better and more thriving place."

The next morning bright and early Pete set out for his home. As he entered the town he saw the streets filled with excited people. They saw him coming, and several you were not buried beneath the avalanche of last night! Your father is grieving in some sheepfolds at the foot of Pine Cop. Oh, it's that old wizard who is still seeking revenge on this town for some slight offense done him hundreds of years ago."

"Well, neighbors," said Pete, taking from the folds of his coat a human skull, "here's all that remains of the old wizard. And I have a pot of gold that is mine by right of discovery."

"Ah, my son, my son!" And Pete looked about to see his own father coming to embrace him. "So you are found, my son! God he thanked!" And all that day, and all that week, and

all that months and year the people in the village at the foot of Ping Cop marveled at the discovery made up in Danger canyon by little Pote, the wheelwright's son, and none dared to question his courage nor his right to the rich treasure of gold he had found in the old pewter pot. And when he and his father bade adleu to their old friends-for they were going away to seek their fortunes in a better place-Pete said laughingly to them:

"It was courage and love of adventure that made me rich. Learn the lésson, my friends, and banish fear and superstition from your hearts. The man or boy who quakes and trembles at fairy tales and fears to go beyond a fixed boundary will remain ignorant and poor. You'd better all go to the top of Pine Cop. You may find another pot of gold at the summit. If not, you'll find nothing there to fear. Good-bye, and be brave."

was taken into a small house, the only top, Marion, you always think of such comfortable one in camp, and after a talk splendid things," chimed in all the girls. with Washington found out that he must At 8 o'clock four girls met 'at Stanley's be a spy, and without another word he left. and they were all dressed up fine. They for obedience is the first lesson of a soldier. went out and went down to Walmer's and After he got out of the American ranks Ethel came to the door, fortunately for the he went to an old-fashioned barn and girls, and she screamed and said: "Oh! stay changed his blue uniform for a red one out," and slammed the door in their faces. and after he got in the British regiment The girls went home and told their parents, he imagined that everyone was looking at who laughed merrily.

him, as sveryone does when they are do-Ethel Walmer told the girls about it the next day, but they pretended to know came on and as the leader of the British nothing about it.

The Lost Child

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, 345 I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue. in the pocket the papers he had been sent Emma was a little girl. She had pretty blue eyes, dark brown curls and rosy cheeks. She was about 8 years old and very kind to everybody. She lived in the country with her father and mother and her brother John. Bo one day while Emma was playing with her doll she heard her on his American clothes, and no sooner had mother call her, so she ran in to ask what he got out when the general woke up and she wanted.

Her mother said, "John is very sick and I want you to go and call the doctor.' "All right, mamma; can I take my doll along ?" said Emma. "Yes," said mamma. So she started off, carrying her doll. As she had walked a long ways the wind began to blow very hard and the snow began to fall. Emma hurrled along very fast, while the wind blew so hard and the snow came down so fast that it almost blinded her. At last she could go no further, so she sat down and cried. It was of no use, for there no one could hear her.

About two hours later her parents became worried over her absence, and started to search for the missing child. Neighbors also joined in the search, and carrying lanterns they searched here and there, but

nowhere was the child to be found. At last one of the searchers found the doll which Emma had carried, but the child could not be found. Two years later as Mr. Brown (as this was her father's name) was going to town, he saw a girl standing looking at some toys. This girl,

he thought, looked very much like his lost daughter. So he came up to her and said, "Is this my lost daughter?" The child did not answer, but kissed him again and ran to meet him, "Ah!" they cried, "Then again. They rode home as fast as they could. Emma's mother was overjoyed to see her daughter again. Then Emma told his shop, thinking you were killed. The them how she had been taken away by avalanche came near to our town, damaging gypsies and escaped two months ago Emma was very glad to be at home again and there was no family happler than Brown's in the little town of Happy Nod.

Keep Your Temper

By Emma Kohtal, Ased 14 Years, 1516 O Street, South Omaha. Blue

"I never can keep anything!" oried Blanche. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing." remarked mamma. "that I think you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Blanche.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got

into a passion-a had way of spending time-and you have accused somebody, and unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, when you have missed any article, and keep your temper when you search for it." Blanche subdued her ill-humor, searched for the lost articles and found them in her workbag.

Why, mamma, here shey are! I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper."

sand. Then the gold is made into gold found his papers gone. He had suspected this young man because he did not act like the other soldiers. After he found he was gone he sent some redcoats after him. The Mascot of the Invincibles Gerald looked around him and saw some redcoats coming. Just one mile to camp, oh! How he wished he were there. He

Phil Newcomb was the captain of the sees an American coming, and runs to him

as ever.

The wind had risen as the darkness fell, he dragged forth? He stared at it wildly, and Pete decided to look about for some then leaped up and ran out of the cabin, sort of shelter made by nature. He was almost too startled to think. He had unon the edge of a deep gorge and followed covered what resembled a human skull. It it for a few paces in the hope of finding had grinning teeth and eyesockets. After a sheltering rock. Pretty soon there a while Pete became caim and his fear loomed before him a dark mass, something subsided. So he returned to the hut and not so large as his father's shop, but much looked a long time at the white, round larger than any boulder he had yet seen thing which lay grinning at him. "Til not on the side of Pine Cop. He made straight be afraid of a thing that's dead." he defor it, hoping to find a place snug from clared bravely. "I only hope it's the old wind and threatening anow. To his great wizard who has been accused of wreck-

ter amazement-and fear, too-he beheld a surprise he found the dark mass to be a ing all the mischlef against our town. Fill sight that quite took his breath away. In rude stone hut, with a small door facing carry this skull back home with me and the south. Pete stopped beside the enshow it to the people. My, won't their eyes trance-which was without a shutter-and buige, though? kocked against the stone step with the Then he fell to digging in the bed of mold

butt of his gun. There was no response for other parts of the anatomy belonging from within, so Pete made bold to enter to the skull, and soon he had almost the the hut. All was darkness and stlence entire skeleton. Strange to say, Pete was within. Pete felt about him, discovering no longer afraid of the uncanny bones as a sort of stone table and bench in one corhe dug them forth from the long-decayed ner and a fireplace nearby. As his eyes mold. But while still digging for more relbecame accustomed to the darkness he ics of a human body his stick struck made out the interior of this odd place against something round and smooth. Pete quite distinctly. In another corner of the went after the object with his hands and room was a mass of dark stuff which felt

extricating it from the soil that had buried like leaf-mold. It had evidently been a it for so long, he saw by the firelight that bed of leaves in the long. long ago. he held an old pewter pot with a rust-Pote felt in his pockets to see if - he tightened lid. With some difficulty he rehad a few matches about him. He seldom moved the lid and there, glistening in the set off without supplying himself with firelight, were golden coins of 'a strange these necessary articles, and on this occadesign. Pete hurried to the fireplace, that sion found he had quite a handful of them he might examine them more closely. On enugly tucked away in his yost. "Oh, I'll one of the coins he could make out a date soon have a fire to give me light and about 150 years old. Ah, the owner of this warmth," he said. Then he went out and hut had been a miser: possibly the very gathered bits of bark and decayed tree man that had passed through the village

branches that littered the ground near to so long ago threatening vengeance against a patch of pine trees. Soon the fuel was one of the townsmen of that day. And here blasing in the stons chimney, throwing he had lain dead, buried in his bed of deout light and warmth. Then Pete began to caying mold, with his treasure of gold beexplore the hut. No sign of life was vin- neath his head. The threat against the ible. No food was on the stone table, and town had simply been a means of frighten-But the growing darkness soon made it no appearance that any had ever been ing the simple people of the time and preimpossible for Fète to see his way, and he there. Not even a handful of ashes was venting them from molesting him in his

which Pete set out towards the place of save the sounds of the wind in the bars feared that he might be forced to seek to be seen about the hearth. Evidently solitary mountain home. And here he had mystery. He eatered the wood, traversed branches had he heard. Being overcome shelter for the night under the protecting the one-time dweller in the place had been lived and hoarded. And here was but lifeedge of some projecting boulder. True, it absent many, many years, for no traces of would not be so nug and warm as his own his having been there remained.

alon was not for himself; it was for his iny. It had become so packed to earth that father, who would be so anxious at his it was almost of the very soil. Pete dug little son's prolonged absence.

into it with a stick. But what was that