

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

Copyright, 1909, by Frederick Upham Adams. All rights reserved. Copyright, 1909, by A. N. Drexel Biddle.

you send for her, John?"
"At once," was the answer.
The door opened softly and Dr. Harkness and other surgeons entered the room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Mendacious God.

"Here's a message for you, Jessie! The man says he will wait for an answer. I'm just dying from curiosity." Jessie Carden was reading when Edith Hancock rushed into her room. Too impatient to wait, she leaned over Jessie's shoulder. The note bore the letterhead of a hotel and was written in a firm but scrawling hand it read:

"Miss Jessie Carden.
"Mr. James Blake has been seriously wounded by a pistol shot and may not recover. He wishes to see you. If possible, come at once.

"SAMUEL L. ROUNDS."
When the purport of the message dawned upon her, Edith snatched the paper from Jessie's hand and devoured it with straining eyes.

"He may not recover!" she moaned. "He may not recover! Oh, what has happened? I am going to him! He shan't die! Hurry, Jessie, hurry!" Two white-faced girls rushed in upon General Carden. His lips compressed as he read the message.

"This is Morris' work," he said. "Tell the messenger we will come at once."
The hotel entrance was blocked by a mob when the Bishop carriage drew up. The blue helmets of police officers formed a line which marked the edge of a struggling crowd.

"One moment, sir!" ordered an officer holding his baton in front of General Carden. "Make way for the ambulance corps!"
The folding doors of the side entrance opened and four men slowly advanced bearing a stretcher. It contained a motionless mass covered with a white cloth. Jessie clung to her father's arm.

With a low cry Edith Hancock sprang forward and raised the cloth. She looked into the dead, staring eyes of Arthur Morris. The bearers paused while she gazed intently at the face. She nervously replaced the covering and turned to Jessie and her father.

"It's Arthur Morris! He's dead. Perhaps it is all a mistake about Mr. Blake. Find out, general; find out at once! We'll wait for you here."
General Carden returned and silently conducted Jessie and Edith to a room on the second floor.

A case of surgical instruments lay on the center table, but the room had no occupant. As they stood hesitatingly by the entrance, the door connecting an adjoining room opened and a tall man with red hair, sharp blue eyes and enormous hands entered. Jessie recognized Sam Rounds.

"Heu dew ye do!" he said softly, advancing with an awkward bow. "Sorry tew meet you in such a place, but the bitter goes with the sweet. Jim's badly hurt. At he has a chance—so the doctors say."

In whispers the four talked of the tragedy. Sam had entered the hotel office just before the first shot was fired.

"It all happened so quick I couldn't do a thing," Sam explained. "The second shot fired by Morris just missed—some one else—some one Jim was tryin' tew save—an' went through the top of Mr. Hawkins' hat. Morris was dead before he struck the floor."

The door opened and a grave-faced surgeon entered the room.
"Miss Carden may see Mr. Blake for a few minutes," he said.

In the dimly lighted room Jessie Carden saw two figures—one propped up with pillows so that only the head and arms showed against the white linen. The curling black locks fell back from the pale brow, and the handsome face seemed chiseled in purest marble.

(To be continued.)
Answered the Call.
On the bank of the Mohawk river, midway between Amsterdam and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them one that is blind, of which Our Dumb Animals tells this story:

The horses frequently resort to the islands in the river for pasturage. They ford the stream at a point near the dwelling, and the blind mare usually follows the others. During a recent freshet the horses attempted to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious as to the result, stood watching them from the north shore. Two horses and colts had entered the stream, then their blind companion followed.

In a few minutes all were struggling against the rapid current and falling to make any headway, the leaders sought the large island, while the blind beast became separated from them and drifted a considerable distance below until she gained a foothold.

Then, discovering the loss of her mates, and realizing her helpless condition, she gave a plaintive whinny. One of the animals, upon hearing it, re-entered the stream, and swimming to its unfortunate companion, touched it with the nose and directed it toward the island, which both reached in safety.

French Telephone Girls.
It has recently been decided in Paris that the telephone girl is a public official and as such she commands the respect incident to public functionaries. The question came up in a case where a popular actress was prosecuted in the criminal court for having insulted the central girl. While defendant was acquitted, the rights of the "démouelles de telephone" were clearly established.

Why?
Why frown or thy unkindness,
As bitter as draught of gall,
May sting thee as scourge of nettles
Ere lowers night's sable pall;
Beware lest thy tardy kisses
Fall madly on lips of clay,
Or heart thou this morn couldst comfort
Be pulseless ere close of day.

A Speedy Sailboat.
The boat that is here shown was designed especially for a boy who had no patience, tools or skill. He wanted a boat, and one that would go fast. A board with a sail stuck up on it was not to his liking, and so this entirely original affair was produced. Nothing in the boat was of value, except as kindling wood, but the making and sailing of similar boats afforded many an hour's entertainment. Each day when the wind was blowing off shore one or more of these boats were set adrift in Long Island sound. Off they would go like catamarans, sometimes at an angle with the wind, but always out of sight, never to return.

Once in a while one would be adjusted just right and then it was hard to keep up with it by rowing, it would go so fast. The seas would go over them, but as they had no deck on they would go.

It was found after awhile that too short a boat would not steer very well. A long boat on the other hand, would keep pointing about right, so that they were made from two to eight feet long. The best way to build the boat was to find a board about four feet long and six or eight inches wide. This was sawed diagonally across the center, and the angle made on each piece was made the bow. These two pieces were held side by side eight inches apart, and two narrow strips were nailed across bow and stern; an extra piece having a hole in it was nailed on the bow strip and a stick about a foot long was stuck in it for a mast. The best

kind of masts were made of dowels—sticks one-quarter inch thick to be found at lumber yards and hardware stores.
On the mast was fastened a cross-arm just as wide as the boat. A piece of sheeting made an excellent sail, and after it was fastened on the arm with a thread and needle, the two lower corners were fastened securely to the sides of the boat. The sail was put as far forward as possible in the bow of the boat, for it helped steer, and no rudder became necessary. Without any doubt, the boy who lives near the water and can find some odd pieces of lumber, some nails and a piece of cloth will find in this boat-making enough to amuse him off and on half the summer.—Boston Herald.

Trussing Game.
The Trussing Game is played by two persons, each of whom tries to overturn the other, after both have been tied or "trussed," as follows: The player seats himself on the floor; his hands, placed palm to palm, are bound together at the wrist with a handkerchief, and his legs are tied in like manner above the ankles. The knees are then drawn up, the arms placed over them, and a stick about four feet long pushed over one arm, under both knees and out again over the other arm. The player can now move no part of his limbs except his toes. If he is overturned the ends of the stick prevent his falling on his side, but he cannot right himself without aid. Two players "trussed" in this way, are placed opposite each other in the middle of the room, their toes just touching. The object of each is to tip his opponent over by means of his toes, and he who first does this is the winner. If either of the players falls over, he must be placed in position again by the spectators.

The Humming Bird.
One of the prettiest and most interesting of birds common to the eye is the humming bird. It is so very little and dainty and goes about its work with such an air of authority that one loves to watch it as it flits in and out

Boys and Girls

Why?
Why frown or thy unkindness,
As bitter as draught of gall,
May sting thee as scourge of nettles
Ere lowers night's sable pall;
Beware lest thy tardy kisses
Fall madly on lips of clay,
Or heart thou this morn couldst comfort
Be pulseless ere close of day.

A Speedy Sailboat.
The boat that is here shown was designed especially for a boy who had no patience, tools or skill. He wanted a boat, and one that would go fast. A board with a sail stuck up on it was not to his liking, and so this entirely original affair was produced. Nothing in the boat was of value, except as kindling wood, but the making and sailing of similar boats afforded many an hour's entertainment. Each day when the wind was blowing off shore one or more of these boats were set adrift in Long Island sound. Off they would go like catamarans, sometimes at an angle with the wind, but always out of sight, never to return.

Once in a while one would be adjusted just right and then it was hard to keep up with it by rowing, it would go so fast. The seas would go over them, but as they had no deck on they would go.

It was found after awhile that too short a boat would not steer very well. A long boat on the other hand, would keep pointing about right, so that they were made from two to eight feet long. The best way to build the boat was to find a board about four feet long and six or eight inches wide. This was sawed diagonally across the center, and the angle made on each piece was made the bow. These two pieces were held side by side eight inches apart, and two narrow strips were nailed across bow and stern; an extra piece having a hole in it was nailed on the bow strip and a stick about a foot long was stuck in it for a mast. The best

kind of masts were made of dowels—sticks one-quarter inch thick to be found at lumber yards and hardware stores.

On the mast was fastened a cross-arm just as wide as the boat. A piece of sheeting made an excellent sail, and after it was fastened on the arm with a thread and needle, the two lower corners were fastened securely to the sides of the boat. The sail was put as far forward as possible in the bow of the boat, for it helped steer, and no rudder became necessary. Without any doubt, the boy who lives near the water and can find some odd pieces of lumber, some nails and a piece of cloth will find in this boat-making enough to amuse him off and on half the summer.—Boston Herald.

Trussing Game.
The Trussing Game is played by two persons, each of whom tries to overturn the other, after both have been tied or "trussed," as follows: The player seats himself on the floor; his hands, placed palm to palm, are bound together at the wrist with a handkerchief, and his legs are tied in like manner above the ankles. The knees are then drawn up, the arms placed over them, and a stick about four feet long pushed over one arm, under both knees and out again over the other arm. The player can now move no part of his limbs except his toes. If he is overturned the ends of the stick prevent his falling on his side, but he cannot right himself without aid. Two players "trussed" in this way, are placed opposite each other in the middle of the room, their toes just touching. The object of each is to tip his opponent over by means of his toes, and he who first does this is the winner. If either of the players falls over, he must be placed in position again by the spectators.

The Humming Bird.
One of the prettiest and most interesting of birds common to the eye is the humming bird. It is so very little and dainty and goes about its work with such an air of authority that one loves to watch it as it flits in and out

of the honeysuckles. One must be very still, for the slightest noise frightens it away.

It has very gorgeous coloring. The upper parts are shining green, the wings and tail are quite dark, and the throat is a blazing red.

In the winter it goes from southern Florida to Central America.
The nest is a very cute structure. It is made of plant down, then covered over with moss lichens and small plant fibers and is usually built in orchard trees or oaks. The eggs are two in number and of a beautiful pure white.

Its favorite dish is the honey and small insects which it discovers in the flowers that it frequents.

Tent Made on a Rope.
A tent can be made by children very easily and quickly without outside



The Tent in Position.

help. Get three old sheets or shawls, a rope and some safety pins and follow this picture and description:
Tie the rope between two trees, so that you may walk under it without touching your head. Throw a sheet or shawl over it. Tie four strings as long as yourself to each corner of the sheet (one on each corner). On the other end of each string tie a pointed stick. Drive these sticks into the ground as far from the rope as you can. The sheet will now make a good roof. Two more sheets are now used for the sides of the tent. Each sheet makes an end and one side.

Use safety pins to pin up these tents. The hole at each end of the tent under the roof is necessary to keep it cool and comfortable. Most tents are very stuffy and hot, but this tent is as satisfactory an arrangement as can be made.

Turks and Russians.
Turks and Russians is a game played by two persons with slate and pencil. About a quarter of the slate is marked off by a line at each end, and in each of the compartments so marked off are made a number of dots about the size of a pinhead, those at one end representing Turks and the other Russians. The number of dots representing each may be large or small, as agreed on, but must be equal. At one end of each compartment is a small square which serves as a battery. Each player, in turn, places the point of his pencil in his own battery, and then draws a line quickly in the direction of his enemy's men. This line must have no angles in it, but must be straight or curved. Those dots through which the line passes are considered dead men, and he who first kills all of the enemy's men is the winner. Sometimes the players are required to shut their eyes or turn away their heads, when drawing their lines.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

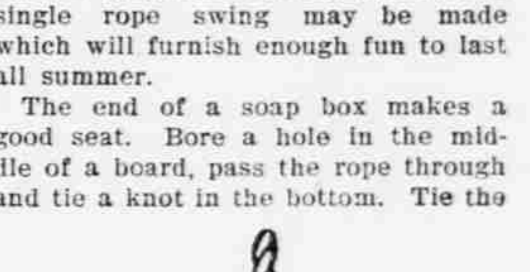
Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

pair of tongs, such as come in candy boxes. Each person must try to remove the peanuts one at a time with out stirring the other nuts. At the end of twenty minutes a bell is rung, and the one having removed the largest number of peanuts is awarded a simple little prize.

Another simple but amusing pastime is to have a ring hung from the chandelier at a convenient distance from the floor. Each child must walk directly up to the ring, and without hesitating try to run a pencil through the ring. This sounds very easy, but if you try it yourself you will be surprised how difficult it really is.

The Single Rope Swing.
Sometimes a rope will be found lying about the barn or back of the house which could be used to make a swing, but it is not quite long enough for the purpose. That is the time a single rope swing may be made which will furnish enough fun to last all summer.

The end of a soap box makes a good seat. Bore a hole in the middle of a board, pass the rope through and tie a knot in the bottom. Tie the



The Single Rope Swing.

other end around a branch of a tree as far away from the trunk as possible. Let the board be not more than six or seven inches wide.

A good athletic boy can have great fun with such a swing. There is a knack in handling it, but when once mastered he can swing back and forth perfectly straight in any direction. Grasp the rope as high as you can reach, stand far back and with a quick jerk lift yourself off the ground and straddle the swing. The board should be far enough from the ground to let the toes touch, then, by touching the ground occasionally it is possible to keep going straight and not revolve. If some one is near by to push you can be pushed in a circle like a "merry-go-round." There is enough variety in this style of swing to make it worth while to make it.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.

Waif Proved Himself Hero.
If there be degrees or kinds of heroism, then perhaps that arising out of unselfishness is the highest. At all events, this type was well illustrated by a sailor lad many years ago. He had been sent, a poor waif, to the training ship *Chichester*, and when his time was up he went to sea. His ship, bound for New Zealand, was run down in the English channel, and almost at once began to fill. In the confusion a woman rushed on deck and shouted for the boats. A sailor told her the boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself afloat until he was rescued in the last stage of exhaustion, and, though nearly all lives were lost, the woman to whom he had given the buoy was among the saved.