

TRUE TO THE DUKE.

How a Boy Saved the Great Monmouth.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

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The warm summer sunlight that sifted through the leaves of the sturdy English oaks, in Somerset wood, one day a year ago, fell upon a boy lying at full length on the mossy ground.

He was a stout, good-looking lad, with fair features and chestnut colored locks, inclined to curl. Beside him lay a cross-bow, with a feathered shaft in the groove, and the boy's hand could have picked up the weapon at a moment's notice.

For some time he had been watching the gambols of two squirrels just beyond his feet, and in hopes that they might come a trifle nearer and give him a chance to bring one down.

The spot occupied by the young marksman, whose name was Perry Preston, was the summit of a gentle rise which commanded a fair view of the surrounding forest.

While Master Preston lay there he thought of the great battle fought a few days previous at Somersport, between King James' men and the rebellious duke of Monmouth, then a fugitive, with a kindly price upon his head.

The boy had heard of the battle; indeed, his uncle, a Mendip miner, had fought there for the lost cause, and at that very moment was hiding somewhere out of reach of the king's hunters.

No one seemed to know where Monmouth was, and the king's soldiers were scouring the countryside for him.

In a short time it would be night and the gleams of sunlight, which lit up the forest, would give way to shadows.

Presently the boy put out his hand and picked up the cross-bow, but all the time he kept looking at the squirrels.

One of the little animals had frisked into within bowshot and Master Preston did not want the game to escape.

The English boy quietly raised himself



trailer found the log and the fugitive he himself.

Without a word the two hurried back to the milk house by a circuitous path and Master Perry concealed the great duke under the oak branches.

As Monmouth pressed the boy's hand in parting he looked up into the youthful face and said:

"May you be duke some day whether I be a king or not," and then Perry put the boards over him and went away.

"That's the way," cried he, "come, you little jackanapes. What were you doing in the wood today?"

"Hunting, sir," said the widow's son, "I shot a gray squirrel in the forest, as mother here can testify, for we had it for supper and—"

"Who crept across the lane with you after dark?"

Master Preston did not quail. The crisis had come and the ordeal was before him.

"Some one with me," he exclaimed. "I went into the forest quite alone and came home in like manner, sir."

"But there are tracks of two parties in the soft mud of the old lane down yonder. Come, boy, you can't deceive the riders of the king and it is high treason to shelter this contumacious rebel, Monmouth."

"At mention of the hunted man's name Mrs. Preston clasped her hands and turned pale while she looked at her son."

Perry remembered that the ground in the old lane that he had crossed had led to the milk house was quite soft and liable to



A RIDE FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

upon one knee and took deliberate aim at the squirrel, then liberated the bowstring and watched the arrow in its flight.

The shaft went true to its mark, for the squirrel tumbled from the log, upon which it had perched itself, and Master Preston, with an exclamation of triumph, ran forward.

The further side of the log was well banked up with leaves and into these the game had fallen.

When the little marksman reached the log he looked over and then drew back.

To his astonishment he was looking at a man half buried in the leaves, a man dressed in peasant costume, but with a kingly-looking eye and a handsome face.

"Perry stood dumfounded and could only gaze at the man, speechless and full of fear.

"Do you want your squirrel, lad?" said the stranger, taking from the leaves the dead game, which he held up before Master Preston.

"I'll take it, if you please," and the boy took the squirrel, but did not stir.

By this time the man in the leaves had risen to his knees and was looking at the boy.

"I'm a peasant, who might be wanted by those men who are after the soldiers of the unfortunate Monmouth," he said; but Perry laid his hand on his thirty shillings.

"You'll find me true," he answered, "I know you. You are his grace, the duke."

The man started violently, and drew back "If the duke?" he cried. "Look at my garments, boy. Surely no duke ever masqueraded in such."

"But you are his grace," persisted Perry. "I was in Taunton when you entered the city, and I remember quite well how you lifted your hat to the people and how your voice sounded."

"Then I am lost," was the reply. "I have come to this at last—to be betrayed into the hands of my enemy by a Somerset boy."

"Not so, I am not an informer. But you are in danger. They have been hunting



THE DEAD SQUIRREL.

along the hedges down yonder, for I saw a lot of rough riders beating the bush this morning."

"Heating it for poor Monmouth. Oh, if I had been back to my bed, I should have done so."

He stopped suddenly and looked away, while he seemed to tremble.

"They are quite near you," said Master Preston. "There is a chance for you."

"What sort of chance, boy?"

"The old milk house."

"You're—"

"It is an old affair, but it has a false floor put down by its builder long ago. But you cannot go to it while it is light."

leave there the impress of their shoes; but he did not immediately reply.

"A good many people cross the lane," said the duke. "Here, come up on the saddle. And one of the prints shows the elegant foot-track of the rebel whom we broke at Sedgemoor."

"My son is honest," at this juncture exclaimed the widow. "I know him to be civil and kind and he went to the wood today, not to the Monmouth, but to get a squirrel with his bow."

"Yes, and he brought down more important game, broke in the leader of the detachment. Here, come up on the saddle, boy, and the man darted at Perry, who, before he could get beyond his reach, was seized and jerked off his feet."

In another moment the boy found himself on the saddle before the trooper, who looked him sternly in the face as he continued:

"We want the rebel, boy. Don't deceive us. Where have you hid Monmouth?"

In an instant fire seemed to light up the widow's eyes, and she remembered the indignities she had suffered at the hands of the troopers of King James, for she cried out:

"If you've made a promise, Perry, stick to it. Keep your word, boy, even if given to Monmouth!"

The troopers looked daggers at the woman and one thrust out his sword, but she sprang out of the way and laughed at him.

"We'll wring the little chick's neck but what we'll make him tell where the rebel was," said the captain of the detachment.

"The king will have no nonsense, and, boy or man, the person who refuses to betray the hiding place of the arch-rebel, Monmouth, shall feel his majesty's displeasure."

With this the little trooper wheeled and Master Preston, held firmly to the saddle, was carried away.

"Where is he?" they asked.

Perry looked into their rough faces and saw no leniency there; then he glanced at their broad swords, the very weapons that had wrought such ruin at Sedgemoor, and for a moment contemplated the general misery of the six.

"You haven't proved to me that there are footprints in the mud in the old lane," said the boy.

"But we can," was the answer. "You want to be convinced, do you? To the lane you shall go."

In little while the boy was taken to the spot and when it was reached one of the men dismounted and led his horse toward a certain place.

A full moon was in the sky, and in some places the ground was plainly visible and the very blades of grass that covered it.

They had entered the lane which Perry and the duke had crossed on their way to the old milk house, and presently all stood on the bare place.

"The lad's down here," said the man who had gone forward afore. "I want to show him what a dainty footprint the hunted fox makes. Here it is, as plain as when we left it, and here be the tracks of the duke's dog."

In compliance with the request the captain of the troop put Perry down, at the same time telling the trooper on the ground to take hold of his wrist and escort him to the proof spot.

Master Preston felt a hand at his wrist and he was led forward in a jiffy.

"There there are your tracks and those of the arch-rebel!" exclaimed the cavalier. "You see here, why everybody in England knows the print of Monmouth's foot, no matter if he wears a shepherd's boots."

"At the same time Perry was pushed forward and roughly held over the proof ground."

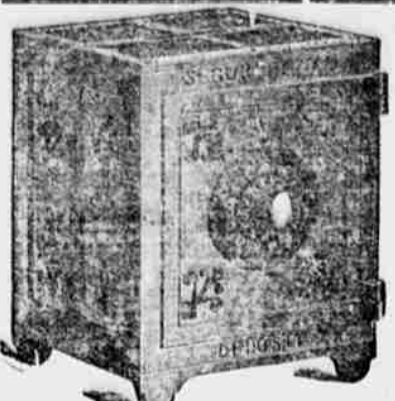
He saw the tracks he and Monmouth had made; they seemed to accuse him of treason to the king, but he did not quail.

"You see them, boy? Now, sirree, where is the fox?"

Douglas St  
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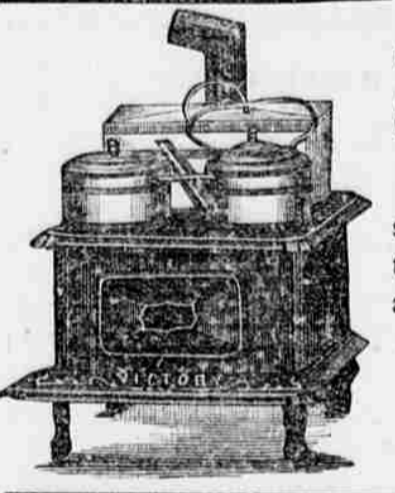
Nickle Plated COMBINATION BANK Cannot be opened unless the combination is known; worth 25c

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Black Boards Have rolling tops—just the size to place in the lap..... 10c

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Brownie Stamps Made of rubber—the 10c size for... 5c

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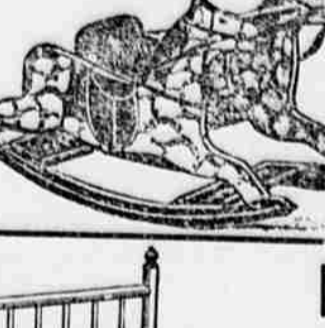
Celluloid Frames For Cabinet Photos. This kind cannot be bought for less than 10c. 3c

Kid Body Dolls Bisque Heads, Natural curly hair, Closing Eyes, r in ling 25c

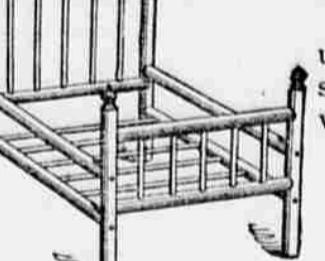
Trolley Cars Most popular toy Made for boys; all steel; when Wound Up Runs, 250



Iron Coal Cart, Neatly painted red. Price has been 25c 18c



Shoe Flies Large Size and well worth double what we sell them for 50c



Enameled Beds Finest thing made, genuine hard enamel, large size, brass trimmings, real value, \$1.25. 88c



VELOCIPEDES, Largest size for the price in the city. Very best make. \$1.35



TOY REINS Long fancy colored web, with three silver toned sleigh bells, worth 18c. 10c

of a squirrel, and before the astonished cavalier could interfere he was on the horse's back, tearing up the lane like a mad.

Through the moonlight, like an arrow from the west, came the boy, and in a little while five steeds were tearing after him, amid the clanking of heavy sabers and the shouting of vile epithets.

It was a race in favor of the boy who knew every foot of the road, and at a certain spot he turned aside where some bars were down and galloped across a meadow.

Fatigued and in no good humor the five horsemen came back after a long chase, compelled to admit that a boy had beaten them, while several miles from the spot. Master Preston hid in a safe retreat, congratulating himself upon his escape.

All that night did the troopers watch the widow's house in hopes that the boy would ride back and fall into their clutches, but he did not oblige them and at daylight they went away.

All the next day the hunted man remained under the floor of the old milk house, and at night he was piloted away by his little rescuer, who, upon parting with him, received as a keepsake the duke's ring.

It was Monmouth's last escape from the snares of his persistent pursuers for the following day he was taken and carried to London.

During his imprisonment there he did not forget the boy who had saved his life in the Somerset forest, and he permitted to address Master Preston a letter, and there is little doubt that had Monmouth reached the throne he would have kept his promise, and made Master Preston the youngest duke in England.

THE ARCTIC DOGS. Their Usefulness in the Work of Expedition.

The north pole will never be discovered unless dogs are used on the expedition. That is practically the statement that Nansen made when he returned from his recent voyage.

Few people seem to have recognized how valuable the sledge dogs are to an Arctic explorer. Nansen, who probably has gone much nearer to the pole than he did if he had taken more dogs with him.

Again, it was due to the two dogs that he was able to make his way back to Franz Josef Land in safety, and Nansen's meeting with the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition would never have been brought about but for the barking of the dogs to the windward.

These Esquimaux dogs are a curious race in appearance; they are very quiet and good tempered. They will eat almost anything hard and frequently do as much work in one day as would last an ordinary dog for a week. One of the peculiarities of the Esquimaux dog is his feet. He has no short hair between the toes. There is a reason for this. If the dog's feet were hairy the snow would "ball" on them and thus lame the dog.

So far Esquimaux dogs are not often seen in this country, but there is no reason why they should not be, as they make excellent companions and are quite good-tempered when kindly treated.

delivery of native letters are restricted to towns. Should the epistle be addressed to a man in a village some miles from the office the postman duly takes the letter and starts off, but after using a little way slips to the nearest patch of jungle and throws it away, thus saving himself any further trouble in the matter. It is curious to note that letters are seldom rifled. The trouble of walking so far for a more letter seems to worry the native mind, and no curiosity is aroused as to the contents.

If the letter, however, is unstamped, the unhappy recipient must deliver it at its destination, as he is bound to produce a return receipt for the fine imposed for the omitted stamps.

Their bear no ill-will to the postman—probably they would do the same in his place, but they know the length of his tether and take steps to frustrate his methods accordingly.

PHRASE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle. Yes, I did. "Oh, no, my girlie," said she; "you're too little."

"So she did. But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe she said, 'Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out now.'"

"That's what she did. Or if I'm big, why can't I whittle?"

In a neighboring town a man lives whose wife is somewhat of an invalid. He is compelled to send her to Florida for the winter. They have a little girl who asks questions. She wanted to know what she would see in Florida. Her mother told her she would see the most numerous product she would encounter. One day recently, while out walking with her mother, she saw a man in a red vest and blue trousers who was busily chewing tobacco.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the child. "There's a colored man, just like I see in Florida!"

She clung to her mother's dress and eyed that colored man intently. Just as he passed he emitted a mouthful of tobacco juice. "Mamma!" said the little girl in an awed tone, "he even spits black, don't he?"

"That teacher of our don't know putty," exclaimed Tommy with a fine look of scorn.

"What's the matter with my little boy now?"

"When I told her that I tackled Jimmie Trotter so hard that he had to put on a substitute, she said I'd be ashamed of myself!"

THE OLD-TIMERS. One of the duke of Wellington's postboys has just died at the age of 89 years.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. Milne, the father of the present duke, has just celebrated his nineteenth birthday.

Two men of Madison, O., have been going to the polls together for sixty years. Now they are each 81 years old, with but a month's difference in their age. On November 3 they cast their fifteenth presidential vote.

Nadajah Moody Childs, who has just died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., in his ninetieth year, was for many years one of the most prominent business men of Syracuse, largely identified with the salt interests of the city.

WILD NIGHT AT WOOD RIVER

An Incident from the History of the Early Days of the Union Pacific.

A PAWNEE SCOUT'S TIMELY WARNING

Attack Upon the Railway Station by a Band of Savage Sioux—A Company of Government Troops Sent to the Relief.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Company.) "Keep that kid quiet," said Bankers in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," said his wife, trying to hush the little one, who was sobbing and moaning in her lap. In the baby's milk wagon a bitter fight was going on between paragon and pain, and the latter was dying hard.

The rain came down great sheets and with such force that it seemed that the car could hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pullman car; just a common red stock car standing on a siding with a few barrels of straw upon the floor.

Occasionally Bankers turned to glance at the two women who were crouching in one end of the car, and when the lightning lit up the faces they were fearful to behold.

Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung the faces of those within. Mrs. Bankers had seen western Nebraska to teach school, was in every sense a tenderfoot, and the experience of this wild night had almost driven her mad.

SURROUNDED BY INDIANS. "There they are," whispered Bankers. Now the women put their eyes to a crack, and when a flash of lightning came and a hand made a circle around the house like a feather band around a woman's neck.

Half the band disappeared and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken and the red devils swarmed in. One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace.

He had made a dash for the door and in a flash the light from the room to room, in search of the occupants. Finding the place deserted and learning under their disappointment the Indians now set fire to the house, and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station, which stood less than a hundred yards away.

The station agent had been warned as the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, but had bravely refused to leave his post. Instantly the doors of the box cars of the little dark room which served as ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping room, and as the Indians approached Bankers leaped to his feet and snatched up the leader of the murderous band leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again and again and finally fell in a heap to rise no more.

With a deafening yell the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat against it with tomahawks, clubs and guns.

A SHOWER OF LEAD. Having emptied his rifle the agent now took up a pair of 40-caliber revolvers and the lead fairly rattled against the door and in a few minutes the agent was slain.

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search for stock or eatable freight. From car to car they thrust their rifles into the straps and, said an old back as his rifle found something snug in one of the cars, and Bankers felt a hurt in his short ribs. Laying hold of the side of the car the Indian began to pry the door open. By the nearest chance he had taken hold of the car door and now as it opened he thrust his hideous head inside. Bankers could have broken the top of the Sioux's head, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long.

The women scarcely heeded the roar of the paragon, slept as though it had already entered upon its final rest. The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars. Every attempt made by the agent to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long.

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hand lamp she had seen her baby's face and it looked like the face of a dead child. "Emma," she called, excitedly, but there was no answer.

VERY MUCH ALIVE. "Is she dead?" cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and holding the light close to his sweetheart's face.

"No, you chump," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux," and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of the car.

"But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers. "She's all right," said the husband. "Only a little too much paragonic, and so it proved to be."