

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



How Joe Outwitted the Indians

WHEN Joe Russell awoke the sweet notes of a wood-thrush sounded a welcome to the light of dawn as it slowly penetrated the shadowed reaches of the flooded swamp. The boy sat up suddenly in the canoe, a prey to bitter regret.

He recalled that on the day before—June 27, 1836—the news had come to his uncle's frontier farm in south-western Georgia that a large band of marauding Creek Indians, on their way from Alabama to join the Seminoles in Florida, had established themselves temporarily on an island in the great Chickasawhatchee swamp; that, besides murdering several families of scattered settlers, they had captured his cousin Mary while she was riding alone, a negro slave having seen them carry her into the swamp; that the settlers were not strong enough to march to the rescue without awaiting help; and that John Merry, a young neighbor, had determined to go into the swamp alone at dead of night, sneak into the sleeping Indian encampment, and try to find the girl and bring her away.

Worst of all, Joe remembered that he himself had slipped out and followed the bold young man; that his aid was reluctantly accepted, and that when he was left to watch the canoe he had failed in his trust, falling asleep at last and drifting away with the current.

Joe almost wept as he realized what he had done. If Mary had been able to slip out from among the sleeping squaws in answer to John Merry's familiar whistle, they had already run for the canoe only to find it gone, and were now wandering the island shore where the Indians would soon get them both!

The agitated boy judged from indications that the canoe had not drifted far before it came to rest in a growth of rushes on the border of the creek. The island shore was still in view and a narrow tongue of land extended into the swamp to a point not more than fifty yards away. He might still be of service if it was not too late.

Before Joe had decided what to do a fallen branch broke harshly on the quiet shore, and he saw his Cousin Mary and John Merry run panting into an open and halt. Mary then hurrying on and John lingering as if to listen for sounds of pursuit. The delighted boy opened his mouth to call to them softly, but checked himself.

For Mary had hardly disappeared in the brush on the farther side of the open when, with yells of triumph, eight or ten armed Creek warriors, naked to the waist, leaped into view from different sides, and John was surrounded. Though surprised and entrapped, the young white man brought his rifle to his shoulder, freed

and one of the Indians dropped. Then he wielded his weapon like a flail and succeeded in knocking down two more before the others, seemingly wishing to reserve him for a more cruel death, were able to seize and bear him to the ground.

At this moment, glancing aside, the boy spectator saw Mary running among the trees pursued by two Indians. She rushed out on the narrow point of land, not perceiving in her fright and haste that she was entering a trap. But her pursuers quickly took note of this, and now being sure of their game, stopped, turned and even went back a little way to watch the struggle going on in the open.

Mary Ran Out On The Narrow Point Of Land Pursued By Two Indians.



Sewing for Dolly

Oh, she is such a trial with her clothes!" sighed little Jane as she propped Dolly upright on the end-joint of a bookrack and looked at Mary, her little friend, for sympathy.

"Yes indeed," agreed Mary, seeing the game they were going to play and quickly falling in with it. "My Martha just wears out her clothes so fast—and as for shoes, why, mercy me, she runs through a pair before you could say Jack Robinson!"

"Don't you think that is a pretty petticoat Dolly is wearing?" asked Jane. "And doesn't it fit her well?"

Mary nodded assent. "I have just a stitch or two more to take on this dress," Jane continued, "and then we can try it on Dolly and see if it fits. Now—there—there—now we'll try it on."

The dress was let down into place over Dolly's flaxen curls—just as Jane had often seen the Dressmaker try a new dress on her little Mamma stood by and watched critically.

"Dolly!" cried Jane. "Stand still! Stop that fidgeting! How can I ever tell if it fits you if you insist upon squirming and twisting about that way!"

Most shameful fashion. And once, when Mary was pinning up the skirt in one place Dolly twisted so suddenly that the pin stuck Mary in her chubby little finger and made it bleed.

Then, to cap the climax just when both little girls—I beg pardon, both little Mothers, I should have said—had everything fixed just so, why Dolly had to go and fall over! Of course, it wasn't her fault—for the end of the bookrack slipped. But neither Jane nor Mary considered that at all. And they pretended to be very much provoked.

Dolly lay still on the floor, with her pretty new dress trailing around her and her toes pointed skyward. "Oh!" cried Jane, presently. "I believe she's fainted! Thq poor, dear child!"

liest party imaginable. Then, after a while, Mary said she must hurry home to see how her own little Martha had been getting on in her absence. So they said: "Good afternoon" and "Do come and see me"—just like grown-ups do. So, you see, it was a most enjoyable afternoon.



"I Have Just A Stitch Or Two More To Take."

Why You Can't See the Sun At Night

TAKEN FROM AN OLD FABLE. WHEN all the world was new, and the plants and flowers quite fresh and green, there were two brothers who played together happily, as gay as the day was long. Now these brothers had very funny names—I shan't tell them to you for you would hurt your pretty mouths trying to say them over. One of these brothers was big and round and his bright hair stood out in long rays from his head. In the morning when he jumped out of bed his face was always clean and rosy and pink, but in the evening before he went to sleep you could see him flushed and hot and red—and oh, so much bigger—you never did see any one grow so quickly. Have you guessed who he was?

The other brother was paler and smaller, and his round face was always yellow and bright. Sometimes he was so thin that his face looked pinched like a silver crescent, and then his mother would feed him up until he'd be almost as fat as his brother, Sun. There! I've given his name away! Yes, Moon was the pale yellow brother, and many were the good times they had together in the sky. One day Sun said: "Come on, let's have some fun." "What'll we do?" asked Moon. "I feel just like racing. What do you say to a run?" "Pooh! Pooh!" sneered Sun, "you're so weak you couldn't begin to catch up with me." "Just try it," answered Moon; and they did!

CHUCKIE

FARMER HUCKLEBERRY was an industrious and thrifty farmer who believed that he could get rich on his farm if he made use of all the odds and ends that most farmers overlook. He, therefore, made many changes and one change affected his dog Chuck. Chuck was a faithful animal, and for years he had served as watchdog and helped with the cows and ducks, and often did duty in the fields when the crows got too bold. But now Farmer Huckleberry invented a kind of treadmill and attached it to his churn, then he had Chuckie churn for half an hour every day. There were two younger dogs on the farm, Celtie and Chilly, who churred too, but they were thoughtless, young fellows and couldn't be relied on to do any serious work like tending cows and driving off crows. So when Chuckie saw that he would have to churn every day, he became very sulky and indignant.

inquired politely. "We're beavers," replied one of the big fat animals. "My name is Mr. Paddlewhisk and my friend is Mr. Plumpkins." "Pleased to meet you," said Chuck, with his best bow. "I never met any leavers before. What are you doing with these trees? Is it a game?" "Game!" cried the beaver who said he was Mr. Paddlewhisk. "Mercy me! We haven't time for games." "My hat and buttons," cried the beaver who was called Mr. Plumpkins. "I should say not!" "Well then, what's all this for?" inquired Chuck. "We're building a dam," replied Mr. Paddlewhisk. "What for?" asked Chuckie. "Because," answered the beaver, "we build our homes of sticks and mud and stones and make the doors under the water. In winter the water freezes and if we didn't have the dam to make the water deeper here, you see, our doors would be frozen shut."

"Oh, well," Chuckie said. "I guess I'd better be going back. If I hurry I'll get there in time to churn." Off he sped and arrived at the farm panting hard. There stood the churn beside the summer kitchen, and into the treadmill sprang Chuckie. "Hold on, there, Old Man!" cried Farmer Huckleberry. "Get off that churn! You're all out of breath and you ain't had no breakfast as I know of. No churning for you today, no, sir!" But it took both hands to drag Chuckie from the churn. After that they had to watch the dog to keep him from working too hard, and finally Farmer Huckleberry forbade his

Polly in the Kitchen

NOW, the way in which that parrot came into the kitchen is a long story; but as little Ellen understood it, Polly belonged to the sister of Bridget, the cook, and Bridget had been asked to keep Polly for the day while her sister was moving. The parrot, of course, was securely fastened in its cage; so neither Bridget nor Bridget's sister believed it could harm anyone by being allowed to remain in the kitchen until the sister could come for it later in the evening. But then, you see, both of them were reckoning without little Ellen.



"Game!" cried Mr. Paddlewhisk. "Mercy Me! We haven't Time For Games!" all starve!" "Oh I-er, um!" stammered Chuckie, beginning to feel ashamed. "Is that so? Well, good day!" "We're not grumbling, you know," said the beaver, wiping the gnawdust from his whiskers, "for if we work hard and save, we'll get through all right." "I hope so," said Chuckie, meekly, as he walked away.

Just then Bridget came into the room. Bridget started to speak, stopped, caught her breath, and then—well, truly she did speak! She yelled at Polly and, seizing the broom, she chased after the poor frightened parrot who, by this time, was flying about the room giving vent to shrill cries. Goodness knows what would have happened had not Bridget's sister come upon the scene just then.

Our Puzzle Corner



Little Willie went to the zoo the other day and that night his mind was so full of the many animals he had seen that he dreamed of the queerest creature you can imagine.

"BOOK-LOVERS PUZZLE." Place the following seven letter words, one under the other, the primals will spell the title of a famous book—the finals—the name of the gifted author.

Clearly, Ellen should remove that dish, wash it and fill it with nice, clear cold water for Polly. But how was she to get the dish? Bridget had told her not to put her fingers near the bars—Ellen remembered that—but Bridget had not said a word about not opening the door to the cage, reaching in and removing the dish. No, of course she hadn't!



"Go Back! Get Back In Your Cage!" Cried Ellen.