

her pocket she wrote her name and address very clearly and held out the paper to the boy, who had moved nearer and watched her with much interest. He looked at the paper, but said with an odd smile, "That is very well, but I cannot read it." Dorothy felt a little hurt. "Isn't it written clearly?" she asked, mindful of various admonitions she had received concerning her penmanship.

"I do not know how to write," he said, calmly, not at all as though he was ashamed of his ignorance, and added as he noticed her surprised face, "The King of France himself is no scholar, but I may learn writing some day if I have the time."

"Do you have to work hard?" asked Dorothy, sympathetically. "Yes," answered the boy. "There is so much to do, you know. I practice riding every day, both with and without armor, and there are all the tricks of the sword and lance to learn, besides shooting with the long bow. Then I must ride about my land very often to see what my vassals are about, though since Val-es-dunes they have given me little trouble." He frowned as he spoke, and his boyish face grew stern as a man's, while his jaws shut grimly together.

Dorothy watched him, fascinated. "King of France," "vassals," "armor"—who could he be? "Will you please tell me where I am," she faltered, "and who you are yourself?" He smiled on her once more. "This is my castle of Rouen," he said, "and I am William, Duke of Normandy."

Dorothy gasped a little. So she had reached the Land of Long Ago, after all.

"Have you ever been in England?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "but the King of England was in Normandy a long time, after Cnut seized the kingdom."

"Is his name Edward?" pursued Dorothy.

"Yes, Edward the Confessor, they call him. He is much older than I."

"Yes, I remember," said Dorothy, quite at her ease now. "And Earl Godwin, do you know him?"

"By name," said William, looking at her with surprise. "He has a son, Earl Harold, whom I would like right well to see."

"You will see him more than once," pronounced Dorothy, oracularly. "I am afraid you treated him pretty meanly about swearing on those bones of the saints. Not that I should care for such things myself," she added with the scorn of her Puritan ancestry and a reckless disregard of the fact that the boy William was probably quite unacquainted with deeds of the man William. Disregarding his look of bewilderment she went on fully possessed of her historical knowledge.

"After your archers shot Harold at Hastings you were crowned in the Abbey and trembled for the only time in your life when the people all ran out and left you alone."

"Trembled!" exclaimed William, fiercely. "You are a strange child," he went on, more calmly. "But now you have crowned me, it remains to marry me and to bury me." He ended half laughingly, half scornfully.

"Marry? O, yes!" responded Dorothy, promptly, "you married Matilda, of Flan-

ders.

The boy's face flushed and paled. "Matilda the Fair," he said, softly.

"Yes," continued Dorothy, "and the King of France insulted you."

"That is likely enough," muttered William.

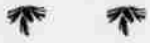
"And you were thrown from your horse, making war on him, and died soon after, and were buried—buried—where were you buried?"

There was no reply, and as Dorothy looked up the face of her companion seemed strangely indistinct and, before she could speak again, the thick white mist which had closed upon her before enfolded her a second time.



Boy Inventors.

It may not be generally known that many of our greatest inventors began their work when mere lads in their early teens. Marconi, the famous inventor of wireless telegraphy, was but 14 when he set up his first crude apparatus, in which tin biscuit boxes held important places. At 16 Samuel Compton began work on the spinning mule, which he perfected before he was 19. Eli Whitney conceived the idea for the cotton-gin when he was only 13. Sir John Brown was a lad of 16 when he invented in his mind the conical spring buffer for railway trucks, an invention which made him immensely rich in later years.



Old Rhymes Retold.

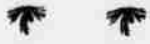
Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Had a wife and went to beat her,
But his wife she got there first,
And now poor Peter's head is burst.



Three blind mice, three blind mice,
Went on the ice, went on the ice,
It was so slippery that they fell,
And now they're blind and lame as well.



A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
Why do you come so soon?
I went with Tom Teel,
In an automobile,
To visit the man in the moon.



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