

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

THE BOY SOLDIERS OF CHERRY VALLEY

By Cass Lloyd

There are some important patriotic deeds that have not been done by the real bona fide soldiers. Those who read this story shall learn how some boys by playing soldier, served their country as efficiently as if they had really been great strapping fellows in regular uniform.

It was the time of the revolutionary war, and the people of the settlement of Cherry Valley, in Central New York, being very patriotic, were full of indignation against the king and the loyalists. Nothing was talked of from morning till night but battles and the red coats who had come over from England. Excited meetings were held in the church, to which all the children were taken, until

they must do something and quickly, too, for Brant was known to act with almost incredible rapidity.

It was decided that the house of Col. Samuel Campbell, which was the largest in the village, and stood on the top of a high hill, should be turned into a temporary fort. The men accordingly made an embankment of earth and logs inclosing the house and the two large barns, doubled the doors, fastened strong shutters over the windows, and made everything bullet proof. They also built two block-houses in the inclosure. When all was finished, the men and women, with their children, left their small houses, and bringing their valuables with them, they came to



Brant was angry and disappointed

live in Colonel Campbell's house, with the horrible expectation of an Indian massacre always before them.

But, to spite of the fears of the grown-ups, you may be sure the boys of the settlement managed to have a royal time. They were living in a fort with earthworks, where sentinels were pacing to and fro or standing guard. They could watch Captain Winn and his company of rangers drill, or listen to the exciting stories about Indian trails when the men returned from reconnoitering in the forests. Indeed, they heard so much about fighting and saw so many muskets that they grew to be even fonder of playing soldier than boys usually are—and were truly soldiers in spirit.

As there were a great many of them in the fort, the boys organized themselves into a company. They selected a captain, made wooden guns and swords, and had a regular drill every morning on the grass near east of the house. One day in May, as they were playing soldier, they saved the whole village of Cherry Valley from an Indian massacre.

That very morning as they were drilling with their wooden guns, Brant, the Mohawk chief, and his band of warriors were stealing through the woods toward Cherry Valley. They were coming very swiftly and, at the same time, quietly and secretly, for their plan was to surprise the village, burn the houses and tomahawk the people. When they reached the brow of Lady Hill, which was a mile east of the village, the Indians lay concealed in the thick wood, while Brant, with a Tory friend, went forward to examine the appearance of the settlement as it lay opposite them.

What was their surprise to find Samuel Campbell's house turned into a fort, to spy a company of armed soldiers parading on the green east of the house. Brant was angry and disappointed.

"Campbell has got his house well guarded with their wooden guns," he said to the Tory. "If he had known that the company of 'armed men' were only a company of boys playing soldier, he would not have hesitated in the execution of his plan, and, in half an hour, these very boys would have been killed or taken prisoners. Seen at a distance, however, through the trees, they looked like grown men, and the wooden guns like iron muskets."

So the great Indian chief and his warriors did what Indians and warriors hate to do—they retreated through the forest. The fort, company of boys playing soldier, had saved Cherry Valley. So, you see, "make-believe" soldiers are sometimes just as good as real ones.

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LITTLE BROTHER CRAB

BY J. W. MULLER.

It appears from a visit to the Aquarium, that the spider crab thinks that she has the fatal gift of beauty. The thing that the spider crab thinks with is not large. If you "bust" one, you will find that her interior mechanism looks like a piece of red flannel, which, judging from results, is not startlingly unlike the material of which the brains of some land animals consist.

Having the idea that has been mentioned, the spider crab spends her spare time (twenty-four hours a day) in snipping off bright weeds and adjusting the pieces on her carapace. While she is doing this she stands on her hind legs and iddles around her head with her front legs, taking a piece off here and putting it on there; stroking one place down and twisting another piece to make it curl, exactly like—well, after reflection before the head is a necessary reformer. She reminds you of a spider crab.



The Crafty Lobster.

The blue crab is the reformer of the Aquarium. In a prehistoric state of development, possibly the blue crab was a necessary reformer. Since then the reforming idea has become a monomania, while his sense of proportion and fitness has vanished. For that reason his present character is such that the unthinking are prone to conclude that the blue crab is a quarrelsome, vicious, vindictive and undesirable fellow generally.

Watch his stalk eyes. They peep in all directions, looking for trouble. He always finds it. A piece of beautiful crimson weed is growing in a corner. He reforms it by pulling it out and planting it upside down. A minnow goes sculling along peacefully. Up goes the crab's shears and slash at the poor little fish. A lobster comes along. The crab tackles him and gets methodically and phlegmatically licked by the big shell-fish, who seems to be thinking of something else while he does it. Then the blue crab bides, furious to a corner, folds his claws under his chin and swears to himself vindictively. He thinks the world is at an end, and he watches with glee to see the Aquarium people in. But nothing happens, except that another reformer, another blue crab, comes pottering along.

"It's your fault," says the first



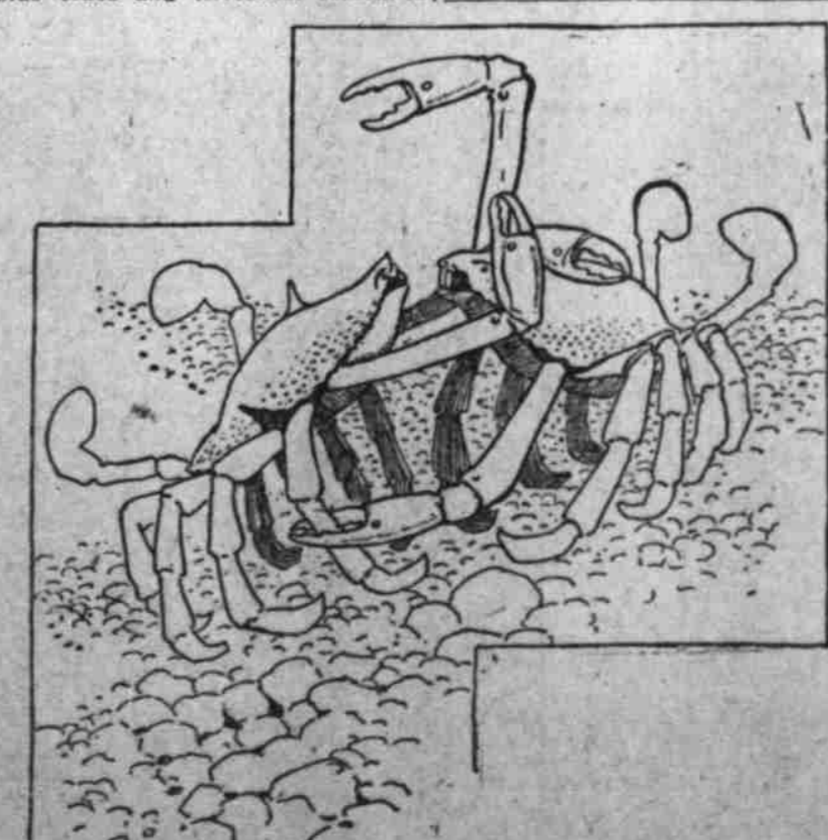
"Spider crab thinks she has the fatal gift of beauty."

crab, shaking his claw threateningly. "If you weren't a traitor, the cause of aquatic horror would have reform."

"Liar!" sputters the other reformer.

Then they lock. With each shears each gets the other's legs or feelers. Now, gripping each other tight, the reformers look almost happy. They tug and chew and saw and tug. Legs and claws are torn off. Generally, while they are fast, the other parties in the tank eat both. Sometimes one reformer kills the other and eats him. That is unification.

Another resemblance between the blue crabs and terrestrial reformers



"The blue crab is the reformer."

makes havoc. If a nice family of innocent, small crustaceans gathers in a cozy corner, the horseshoe crab is sure to want that particular place. He bursts in on them, scatters them in all directions and burrows in the sand. If, after he is buried and all



"King Crab holds his tail up to that people get hurt."

seems to be at peace, any of his fellow creatures venture to the spot, the crab waits till they are nicely settled; then he hops out of his grave riotously, and, having terrified the little fellows, slides to some other part of the tank, where he does the same thing again. And all the time he looks deeply injured.

The Gypsies' Corn Field

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

The gypsy boys had gone off hunting squirrels, but about the middle of the afternoon they came back and saw the barley moving before the wind. They dropped the squirrels and pushed into the encampment, screaming:

"Come quick, come quick, the corn is running away!"

Every gypsy was wide-awake in a moment. The women let the babies fall, the men threw down their pipes and away went all to see what was the matter. They stopped, however, long enough to catch up sickles, butcher knives and shears and anything that would cut, and out they went to the field at full speed.

Then everybody set to work at once, men, women, boys, girls and even little children, and cut and slashed to save the barley from running away, and by night there was nothing left but stubble and the wilted, spoiled, unripe stalks.

This experience so discouraged the gypsies that they never again to raise corn again.

It is very strange, for the gypsies are not fools. But a Transylvania legend says this is the reason why. You can believe it or not.

The Goose is All Right.

You must no longer use the expression "As silly as a goose." The naturalists of half a dozen countries have been studying the goose of late years, and they have come to the conclusion that she is the wisest fowl among them all. She never quarrels without cause; she sees danger before any other fowl; she has more courage than the rooster; she is far braver than the gobbler, and if given a fair show she can beat off the fox.

A flock of geese squatted around the barnyard at night is a much greater protection than the watch dog. They are light sleepers, and will give the alarm the instant they see a stranger moving about. We should say "as wise as a goose," and give her all due credit.

With a Hatchet.

Under the laws of France any person who cuts off the tail of a dog is liable to a fine of \$2. At Lyons, a few weeks ago, a man who got mad at a boy, heard that he had cut off a dog's tail, and so had him arrested. The boy's defense was that he chopped off the tail with a hatchet instead of cutting it off with a knife and the judge decided that the law could not touch him. They are going to alter it this winter, however, and the French dogs needn't be afraid of losing their tails unless they get them pinched in the door.

Don't Be Left-Handed.

It has been estimated that about one boy out of fifteen is left-handed when he reaches the age of 10. This is his mother's fault in not making him use his right hand more during his babyhood. In Germany there are schools where the boy is taught to be right-handed. Nearly all tools are made for right-handed men, and the boy who grows up left-handed will be awkward.

If one can use both hands alike he has an advantage in some things; but it seems as if nature intended the right arm to do most of the work.

The Girl That Looked.

An Idaho girl, 8 years old, wanted a Teddy bear, and her mother told her she might go out into the fields and look for one. Not finding one near her house, the girl wandered farther away, and presently found herself lost. For three days and nights searching parties were looking for her in the thickets, and she was finally found at the foot of a tree and fast asleep. When aroused she sat up and said: "I've looked all over the world and I can't find a Teddy bear. I guess they are all dead."

A Gentle Hint.

Washington Star.

Homer Folks, the secretary of the State Charity Aid Society of New York referred in a recent address to the awkwardness that charity workers feel in making public appeals for funds. "A few charity workers," Mr. Folks added, "can carry off that awkwardness with the neatness of the colored preacher, who reminded his congregation that: "Brenden, Ah kain't preach byah an' board in heb'n."

Out of Paris by Balloon

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL THORNDIKE.

It's only the skin of a dog—a big, black dog. But it covered more common sense and a truer heart than can be found in many a human being.

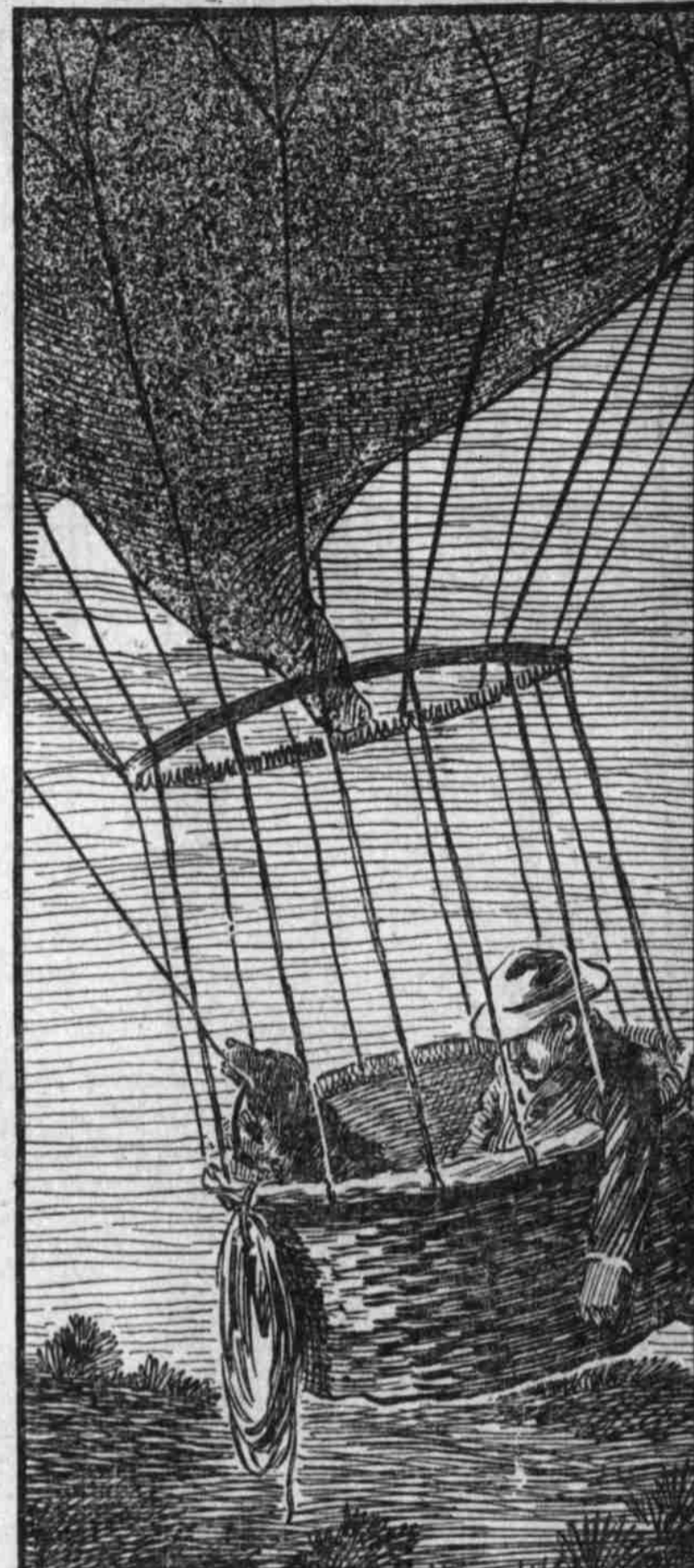
Once he saved my life, at the front, when I was wounded and helpless; but that was not the only time he did me such a service.

It was this way. We were in Paris. We were caught there by the Prussian army that surrounded the city. We could have gone through the lines on a nationality pass, or a

breath away, and before I succeeded we made another furious leap, and the clear, white moonlight flashed upon our faces.

Suddenly, I realized that we had shot through the crowd that was floating so high above the city of Paris, and the thought that we were higher yet, and bounding higher, made my head swim.

I caught the rope that opened the valve and began to pull. I knew I was pulling, but either from the cold or from something else my hands were so numb that I could not feel the rope. Somehow I did not care much



"HOLDING THE VALVE ROPE IN HIS TEETH"

press pass, for we were both foreigners and new-gathers; but we preferred to stay and see the fun, though we did grow very hungry when tough old cats were selling in the markets at \$1.37 apiece.

I never dared let that dear fellow out of my sight. Dog meat had gone up to 60 cents a pound, and market men were constantly out after game.

We were walking one day by that centre of all excitement in Paris, whether in peace or war—the Hotel de Ville. The Frenchmen were filling a balloon. For weeks this had been their only means of communication with the world.

There were posters up all about, and the dog and I stopped to read some of them. The announcement stated that there were important dispatches which must go that night, and a large reward was offered to any one who would take them out, giving the qualifications required.

I looked at the dog and the dog looked at me. He wagged his tail and I nodded my head. Then we turned and walked into the office. We easily convinced the officials that we were to be trusted; the only trouble was that neither of us had ever before been up in a balloon.

In the evening the officer gave us the dispatches and I put them in my pocket. They were not so safe with me as they would have been with the dog; but, then, you see, he had no pocket.

It was a moonlight night, with just a few clouds. We waited till one covered the moon, for the Prussian guards had learned the secret of the alarums and had put a bullet through more than one of them on its sight out of Paris.

The moment the cloud came over the moon we were cut loose, and at once bounded up and up, and up, as though we were in an elevator that kept making fresh starts, and yet never stopped. It was a decidedly unpleasant sensation, and I tried to distract my mind by looking down.

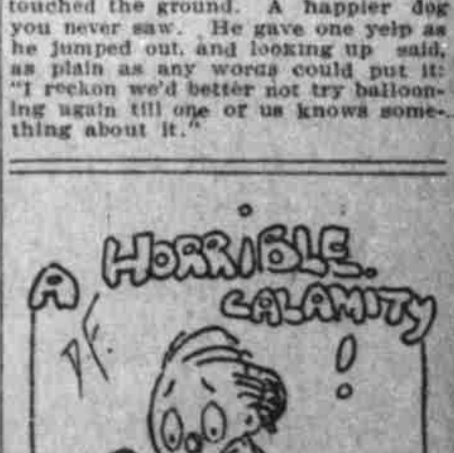
The great city swam about under me for a moment, then the fire burning along the Prussian lines seemed to whirl like a great wheel of fire. I heard several sharp reports, and saw the flashes down below. I quickly drew my head into the car again; but if the fellows were firing at me they missed.

It grew cold. It was almost impossible to breathe. Everything was wet in an instant. That black fellow gave the most mournful howl you ever heard; it was the first sound he had made. I tried to speak to him, but the wind and water took my

whether I pulled or not. I began to topple one way and the other. The dog kept up that howling, but he seemed a mile away. Why did I care where the balloon went? I saw my hands beginning to slip from the rope, but it did not seem worth my while to try to put them back again. Then I have a vague recollection of collapsing in a sort of indeterminate heap, in the bottom of the car.

I don't know how long afterwards I opened my eyes. I was feeling all right. Then I remembered where I was. I sprang to my feet. We were floating over a fruit orchard. There was a village not far away. I looked about to see how it had all happened, and there sat that dear old boy, at the very edge of the car, braced for dear life, holding the valve rope in his teeth and pulling for all he was worth. His blood shot eyes were rolled up and rested on me and I could see the very tip of his tail making a faint endeavor to wag.

I threw out the anchor, and we touched the ground. A happier dog you never saw. He gave one yelp as he jumped out, and looking up said, as plain as any words could put it: "I reckon we'd better not try ballooning again till one of us knows something about it."



A HORRIBLE CALAMITY I've lost my temper. And I can't find it anywhere!