

snug little cabin, and here he and David took up their abode. David's duties were easy, and the man seemed to like him, and in his own way he was very kind to him. But David could not forget that he was forty miles from home.

He was loitering with two boys on the roadside one Sunday afternoon. They had to keep jumping fast to keep the cold wind from nipping their toes.

"There comes a wagon," cried one of the boys with great interest, for wagons did not pass very often in the winter months and were always of interest to backwoodsmen.

David and the other boys jumped up and down with glee and ran to meet it.

These three men in the wagon proved to be old friends of David—at least he had seen them several times at his father's tavern, and now that he was so far away from home they seemed like old friends.

"What are you doing here?" asked the father, and then David told him how he had been bought by the Dutchman.

"And I want to get back home again," he whispered so that the boys on the wagon couldn't hear him. "Say, Mr. Dunn, will you let me go back with you? You will be passing father's tavern, or somewhere near it, won't you?"

Mr. Dunn agreed to take the boy. "We are going to stop at the tavern down the road for the night, and we will be ready to start tomorrow at daybreak. It is beginning to snow now, and it looks as if we would have a rough day of it tomorrow. You be there at sunrise and we will take you along. You can go as far as we go which will be about ten miles from your home."

Luckily the Dutchman and his brother's family were away when he returned. David did not sleep a wink that night. He lay with his hand clutched tight around the precious bundle of money and clothes. It was three hours before daybreak and still snowing when he finally slipped quietly out of bed.

It was still quite dark and the snow lay eight inches deep. A tell-tale track of footprints lay behind him from the door, but David knew that before the family were up the snow would have filled up these tracks and left no trace of his escape. He had about two miles to go, and before he had gone very far the snow was so deep that he sank up to his knees with every step he took.

David was almost exhausted when he neared the tavern. A light shone out through the snow from the wagon shed and here David found the Duns already preparing to start, although it was still an hour before sunrise.

"Hello, David!" came a muffled voice from one of the Dunn boys. "You are pretty near frozen to death, aren't you? Come on in here and warm up a bit."

It was a welcome sight that met David's gaze. Old Mr. Dunn and one of his sons were harnessing the horses and getting them hitched to the wagon. David sat down on the floor of the shed at the side of the fire and held his hands out to the blaze.

"It looks a little as if it might let up around daybreak," said Mr. Dunn. "We had better start out anyhow."

In a few minutes more they were off. David was tucked up in the inside of the wagon, where before long he fell asleep

on a bundle of straw, with a blanket pulled closely over him.

At nightfall David had to leave his good friends. Their ways now divided and, although David had some ten miles more to go, he had to climb out of the wagon into the snow. For a mile or more he trudged on through the snow toward home, and then to his great joy, he met a man riding with several horses in halter, one of which he let David ride, and thus he was carried five miles farther on his journey. Then their ways divided and David left the kind man with many thanks and started out to complete the last few miles of his hard journey on foot through the dark.

At 10 o'clock that night there was a rap on the door of the tavern.

David's father, who sat dozing at the fire, started suddenly to his feet.

"Set the pot a-boiling, mother," he said to his wife, as he stepped to the door. "Whoever it is that comes at this hour must be cold and hungry."

In another instant David was in his father's arms.

"Oh, Davy, boy, I knew you would come back!" the old man cried, and as David sat down with his mother and father to the good hot stew they set before him he thought he was the happiest boy in the world.

He never forgot that homecoming, even after he became famous as a pioneer, hunter, soldier and politician, the hero of many a thrilling adventure.

For he was Colonel David Crockett, brave scout, Indian fighter, pioneer.

Sir Thomas More's Tomb

In St. Luke's Church (Chelsea Old Church, as it is commonly called) lies buried the remains of Sir Thomas More. Chelsea Old Church is one of the most interesting relics of old London. It has suffered little at the hands of time and has never been "restored." On its walls hang relics rich in historical interest, and beneath its floors of masonry lie sleeping many world-famed men and women—personages who made and sometimes marred the history of their time.

In St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury is preserved the head of Sir Thomas More, beside the tomb of his favorite daughter, Margaret Roper.

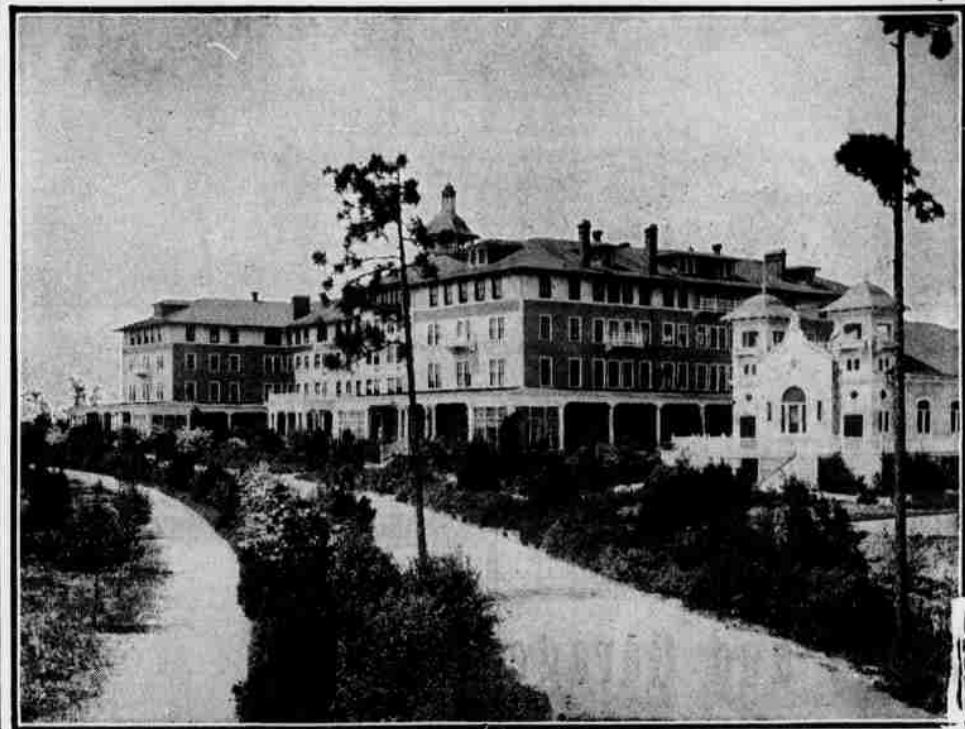
A picture of Sir Thomas More's tomb is given here.



SIR THOMAS MORE'S TOMB

THE CAROLINA

OPENS DEC. 1, 1912! PINEHURST, N. C.



The Carolina is a magnificent four-story building completed in 1900. The interior is a model of elegance, with appointments calculated to suit the most luxurious tastes. The hotel accommodates five hundred guests and is provided with seventy-four suites with bath. The cuisine and table service are unsurpassed.

The house contains every modern comfort and convenience, including elevator, telephone in every room, sun rooms, steam heat night and day, electric lights, and water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, and a perfect sanitary system of sewage and plumbing.

H. W. PRIEST, Manager.

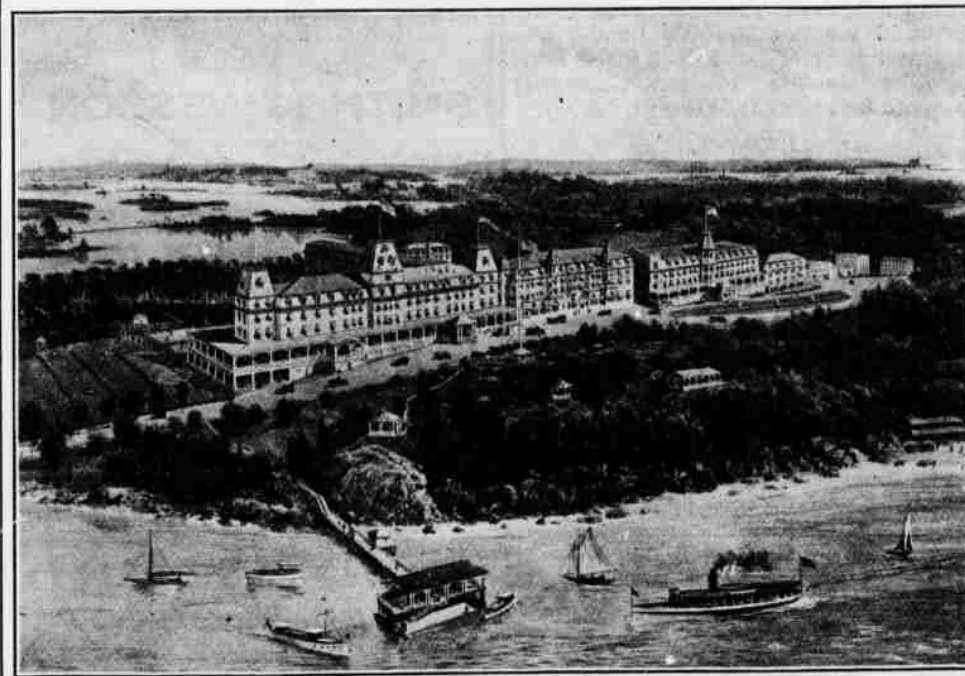


The Berkshire,

PINEHURST, N. C.

The Berkshire is a modern hotel, delightfully located with all conveniences for health and comfort; running water from the celebrated Pinehurst Springs, bath rooms, steam heat, open fires, electric lights and sanitary plumbing. The guests apartments are comfortable and home-like and the public rooms large and attractive. The cuisine and service is of a high standard. A billiard room and barber shop have been recently added for the convenience of the guests.

F. C. ABBE, MANAGER.



HOTEL WENTWORTH

The Leading New England Coast Summer Resort.
NEW CASTLE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Every facility for sport and recreation: Golf, tennis, riding, driving, yachting, fishing, still and surf bathing and well equipped garage under competent supervision. Fine livery. Music by symphony orchestra. Accommodates 500. Local and long distance telephone connection in every room. Send today for a beautifully illustrated book.

Wentworth Hotel Co., H. W. Priest, Managing Director
Address Until May 1, The Carolina, Pinehurst, N. C.