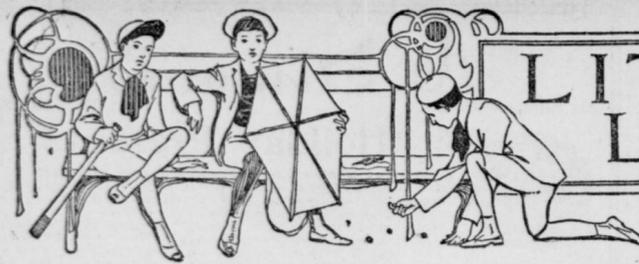


LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN



The Stolen Prince.

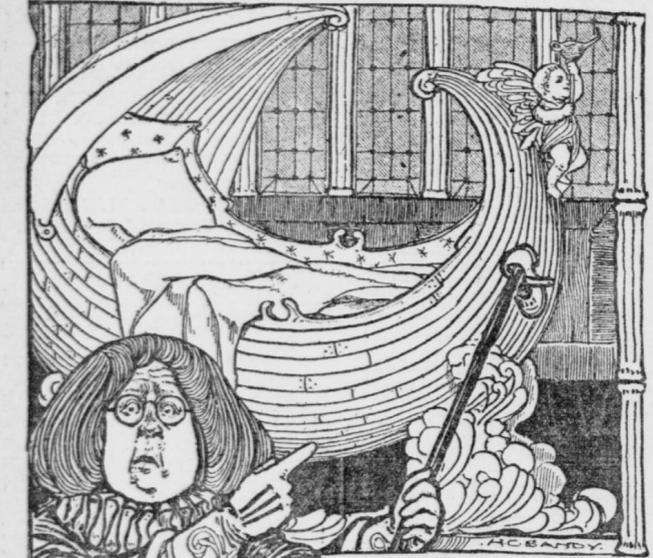
BY E. M. JAMESON.

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CHAPTER I.

The palace was in a turmoil from attic to basement. Never, within the memory of the oldest citizen, had there been such tumult and disorder—but, then, the heir to the throne did not disappear mysteriously every day.

The baby prince had vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up; and yet, said the Lord Chamberlain, whose wisdom



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN BROUGHT THE SHOE UPON THE TIP OF HIS WAND OF OFFICE.

were not communicated to you until we had made inquiries. We have searched high and low; the prince is not to be found."

The Queen looked dazed with grief; she turned to the head of the police.

"Call the head nurse," she ordered; "bid her come this instant, or your majesty, and I shall never see my child!"

"Where is the prince?" asked the Queen, with icy calmness; and everybody felt that the worst was going to happen.

"I want to get his milk pottage, your majesty," said the nurse; "they had forgotten to send it from the royal kitchen, and it is her pleasure often to sit beside his royal highness."

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the Queen, turning on the Lord Chamberlain, who only quaked again. But his neighbors heard him murmur under his breath that it was not his duty to look after the royal babies and their milk pottage. But fortunately the queen did not hear him; she turned again to the nurse, who still knelt at her feet.

"Did you leave the prince alone, against my orders?" she asked.

"No, indeed, your majesty. The Princess Nerissa was sitting beside him reading from her picture book, and she promised to tend his royal highness."

"Where were the other nurses?" asked the Queen, in a tone of anguish.

"The nurse, your majesty," replied the nurse, between her sobs; "they were getting the princesses ready for their walk. Princess Nerissa has a cold, and it is her pleasure often to sit beside his royal highness."

"The queen looked again at the empty cradle, and she stamped her foot.

"Some one shall suffer for this," she said, so angrily, that everybody shivered and imagined all kinds of dreadful punishments.

"Where is the Princess Nerissa?"

"Now the little princess was beloved by every one, and being the Lord Chamberlain's favorite, he had endeavored to hide her from the queen's wrath with his ample satin robes. He grew nervous, and

was beyond doubt, how came it that the cradle had not also been taken?"

There it stood—the beautiful, boat shaped cradle made of glistening mother-of-pearl and silver—silent and empty save for one tiny white shoe.

As the Lord Chamberlain brought it forth on the tip of his wand of office a sob broke from the on-lookers as they thought of the baby prince and his degrading ways.

The royal nursery was full to overflowing, and for this day rank and precedence were set aside, and the maids and stablemen, dukes and great officials, had one interest and sorrow in common.

Indeed, one of the kitchenmaids positively craned her head over the Lord Mayor's shoulder—he was an earl in addition—and no one had the presence of mind to pull her away.

It is wonderful how a great sorrow levels rank all the world over. Honest Margaret, the kitchenmaid, had loved the little prince from a distance; for he was always carefully guarded by a staff of retainers.

The King had gone to call on his great-uncle, who lived in the neighboring country, and everybody wished he had been at home; for the Queen, unfortunately, was more feared than loved, and nobody dared to break the news to her.

There was stepmother to the five little princesses, while the lost baby prince was her own child, and heir to the throne.

The setting sun shone redly in on all the perturbed faces, and each tried to persuade his companion that it undoubtedly fell to his lot to break the terrible news.

There was no precedent for such an announcement and the Lord Mayor said he did not see why anybody should try to get out of doing his duty, when it so undoubtedly was his duty!

Then the Lord Chamberlain remarked that, as chief citizen, the Lord Mayor was bound to inter-vene; and while they were thus wasting time in wrangling, each doing his utmost to persuade the head of police to take the responsibility, the door was swung open by the pages-in-waiting, and the Queen herself stood on the threshold and confronted them.

They all bowed low, and each tried to thrust his neighbor forward.

Beneath her shining headdress of gold and jewels the Queen's eyes flashed with surprise and indignation.

"What means this tumult and rabble in the apartments of his royal highness?" she demanded, imperiously, with a frown that made everybody quake and wish the room had been more commodious.

The Lord Chamberlain's knees shook more than anybody's; for upon him the Queen's gaze was directed.

He came forward a pace or two, and even the little pages peeping from behind the Queen's ermine train felt sorry for him.

He was a very tall and stately personage in velvet and satin, but he lost his customary dignity on this trying occasion, and found his sword gaily in the way. He bowed low and tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Your Majesty," he stammered, and not another word could be spoken, and, after all, it was a dreadful thing to have to tell the Queen that her little son had vanished.

"Speak!" commanded the Queen, imperiously. Again the Lord Chamberlain tried and failed.

There was a deep silence in the room, and even the Queen began to suspect that something unusual had happened.

As she advanced a step or two the onlookers fell back, and the cradle was exposed to view in all its emptiness.

The setting sun gleamed upon it, and the mother-of-pearl and silver shone like a jewel, but at the sight of the crumpled and empty pillows the Queen gave a cry and bent down to look closer.

"Where is his royal highness?" she asked, turning to the one who stood nearest, and, after all, it was the Lord Mayor who had to explain matters.

He fingered the links of his gold chain nervously, and

test, and the 35 offered as a prize will be sent to his mother, from whom the photograph was received. This will close the "Prettiest Baby" series of contests that have been running for some time in the Tribune, but at some future time other little men and women who read their page in the Sunday issue may have a chance to vote for favorite brothers, sisters and cousins.

ONE OF THE KITCHENMAIDS POSITIVELY CRANED HER HEAD OVER THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOULDER.

couched loudly, and this unfortunately attracted the attention of the queen.

But though Princess Nerissa was only a little girl, and very, very much afraid of the queen, she possessed more true courage than any of them, for at the sound of her name she stepped forward, sheltering herself in the cradle, and the queen, hearing her, for the queen had always ruled her and her four little sisters by fear rather than by love, and the little princess knew not what would happen to her; perhaps she would be locked up in one of the dreadful mouldy dungeons underneath the palace.

Yet, I believe, she would have gone there cheerfully could she by so doing have brought the baby prince again to his cradle. Apart from her fears, there was deep grief in her heart for the loss of her baby brother, whom she loved very dearly.

Her golden hair sheltered her face from view as she stood forth in the midst of that great assembly, but her eyes were fixed with tears, and she trembled from head to foot.

Every heart there, with the exception of the chamberlain got the better of his fears and drew a little nearer, as though to tell her that he would stand by her whatever happened. And, considering that his fears had increased rather than lessened, she said he was a hard and unfeeling man, but he had a great and tender love for children, and always carried lollipops for them in his pocket, and they, at any rate, never found him hard.

There was no pity in the queen's eyes as she glanced down at the shrieking child before her. Clashed against her heart, Nerissa held the tiny baby prince and tried to give her courage, for the baby prince had loved his sister Nerissa more dearly than any one in the world.

There was deep silence in the room, a pin might have been heard to drop; in the room, and the little pages shuffled his feet uneasily, and the queen looked down at the shrieking child before her.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the queen.

"No, indeed, your majesty. The Princess Nerissa was sitting beside him reading from her picture book, and she promised to tend his royal highness."

"Where were the other nurses?" asked the Queen, in a tone of anguish.

"The nurse, your majesty," replied the nurse, between her sobs; "they were getting the princesses ready for their walk. Princess Nerissa has a cold, and it is her pleasure often to sit beside his royal highness."

protest went through the assembled crowd, but the demonstration was instantly suppressed by the head of the police.

"Your majesty," she began, through her sobs, "I was sitting beside baby Prince when he was last asleep, with his thumb in his mouth, and I was reading the book godmother gave to me."

She paused, and the tears fell fast from her blue eyes.

"Go on," commanded the queen.

Little Princess Nerissa looked bewildered. "And then—I don't quite know how it was, your majesty—something, tapped at the window, and I saw a large white bird fly in, a beautiful bird, with silvery wings and bright golden eyes, that made me feel frightened, and quite unable to move. I wanted to call out to nurse, but I couldn't."

The queen had grown very pale; she put her hand to her heart.

"Go on," she said, and there was a frightened sound in her voice now, that made the little princess look to her with a terrorful smile.

"Then it flew round and round the room in circles, coming nearer and nearer, and as it hovered over my cradle I saw that it had a golden ring round its leg, with a bright ruby heart hanging from it. It flapped its wings right in my face, and I opened them again the cradle was empty, and the bird had gone."

As the little princess finished her story, the queen wrung her hands together wildly.

"It is—it is the wicked fairy Golconda," they hear her say in a terrible voice, "and I shall never, never see my darling boy again!"

No one dared to say a word of sympathy, and the queen walked up and down and wrung her hands again and again.

Then she turned on the little princess and thrust her aside fiercely.

"Out of my sight!" she said, "and never, never let me see you again; you, at any rate, shall not supplant my child!"

For she knew that if the little prince could not be found the Princess Nerissa would inherit the throne after her father.

The little princess hid her face against the Lord Chamberlain's satin robes, and he patted her head with one hand while he fumbled in his pocket with the other. But the little princess was too heart-broken to care for sugar plums now, even though they were burnt almonds. So they rolled along the floor toward the smallest page, who ate them delightedly, for such good ones did not often come his way.

Then the head of the police cleared the room; some went one way and some another; a mounted messenger was sent galloping off to seek the king and bring him home to his disturbed kingdom, while the doctor was summoned to the queen, who passed from one fainting fit to another. The heralds went abroad and issued the royal proclamation of reward for the recovery of the prince, though everybody knew it was hopeless to try to get him from the wicked Golconda's clutches. The head nurse was sent to prison; the Lord Chamberlain went away quarrelling with the Lord Mayor, the mayor returned to the kitchen, the men to the stables, and presently little Nerissa found herself quite alone in the nursery, with the tiny white shoe still kneeling at her feet, and the queen standing there to reproach her with its emptiness. As she knelt beside it she formed a sudden brave

resolve, which comforted her and dried her tears.

"I shall never be happy again until the darling baby is found," she said to herself, "and everybody must hate me for letting him be lost. I will go out into the world myself and try to find him. I wish I did wish I knew the way to the fairy Golconda."

(To be continued.)

Olive Thorne Miller tells of a dog which belonged to a colonial family, and was particularly noted for his antipathy to Indians, which he delighted to track. On one campaign against the French this dog insisted on accompanying his master, although his feet were in a terrible condition from having been frozen during the previous winter. During the fight which ended in the famous Braddock's defeat he became separated from his master, and the latter, supposing him killed, went home without him. Some weeks later, however, the dog appeared in his old home, which was many miles from the battlefield. He was tired and worn, but over his sore feet special moccasins were fastened, showing that he had been among Indians and that they had taken special pains to be kind to him. Thenceforth, though he showed great joy at being again among his own people, neither threats nor bribes could ever induce him to track an Indian.

"PRETTIEST BABY" WINNER.

Master William McKinley Schlein, of No. 73 Hill-st., New-Haven, Conn., has received the highest number of votes in the third "prettiest baby" con-

test, and the 35 offered as a prize will be sent to his mother, from whom the photograph was received. This will close the "Prettiest Baby" series of contests that have been running for some time in the Tribune, but at some future time other little men and women who read their page in the Sunday issue may have a chance to vote for favorite brothers, sisters and cousins.

When company's visit us We allus makes a lot o' fuss, An' use our bestes' china set, An' shines his shoes, an' I must wear My Sunday red tie everywher! We're all polite as we can be, An' no one's cross or patchy. It's diff'rent when they've gone away— But ain't we jes' as good as they?

I don't see why the company is So letter'n we ourselves—gee whizz! We've got to have to go to treat Them with a lot o' stuff to eat. That we don't have when they ain't heret! What makes us save it up—oh, dear! Why don't we allus live that way? An' we won't think us much as they? —(Edwin L. Labin, in Woman's Home Companion.)

Pearl fishers do not live long. They often have to dive to a depth of a hundred feet or more, and the strain wears them out before their lives are half over. From these depths a diver usually brings two oyster shells each "trip." It is on the mother of pearl in these that the European depends for his sure profit. Pearls are "plums," which only occasionally fall to his lot. Divers work for a wage, and all the shells brought up are the property of the employer. In "Studies in Brown Humanity," Hugh Clifford describes Malaya pearl fishers. They anchor on the oyster beds or as near to them as possible, he says, and the diving takes place twice a day.

"All the boats are manned at morning and evening, and the Sulu boys row them out to the point selected for the day's operations. The white man in charge always goes with them in order to keep an eye upon the shells, to resuscitate exhausted divers, and generally to look after his own interests."

"Presently a man lowers himself slowly over the side, takes a long, deep breath, and then, turning head downward, swims into the depths, his limbs being braced in froglike motions until, if the water be very deep, he is completely lost to sight. In a few minutes he comes into view again, his neck for the air that he now needs so sorely. His hands cleave the water in strong downward strokes; his form grows a somewhat more distinct, until the fixed, tense expression of his straining face is plainly visible. Then the quiet surface of the sea splashes in a thousand drops of sun-blest light as his head breaks through it, and his bursting lungs, expelling the imprisoned air, draw gasps. If the dive has been deep one, a little blood may be seen to trickle from nose and mouth and ears. At times even the eye-sockets ooze blood, the result of fearful pressure to which the diver has been subjected."

NOT TO BE MENTIONED.

One day the children were having an object lesson on the guinea pig. The teacher called attention to its short tail, saying, "You see it has no tail to speak of." Shortly afterward she asked the scholars to write a description of the animal, and a little German girl wound up by saying, "The guinea pig has a tail, but it must not be talked."

A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet. And her age was half-past three. And she lived in a house on Wellington street, in the yard with the walnut tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith was almost half-past four. And he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat, "That he'd 'play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence. At an end were all life's joys. As she saw the friend of her youth depart "To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith Up to the field marched he; But his eyes were backed, and his head was whacked, And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "Baby" because he cried, Did Teddie and Willie and Pinch and Fred, And they chased him away when he threatened to tell.

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence, And her face was a terrible scene. When Harold Percival Marmaduke said He'd play with her "once in a while."

(—St. Nicholas.)

HEAD WORK OF THE INDIAN.

Numerous instances of the red man's quickness of wit are related by those who have had dealings with him. A Canadian chief was looking idly on while some Englishmen were hard at work improving property newly acquired from the dusky tribe.

"Why don't you work," asked the supervisor of the chief.

"Why you no work yourself?" was the rejoinder. "I work head work," replied the white man, touching his forehead. "But come here and kill this calf for me and I'll give you a quarter."

The Indian stood still for a moment, apparently deep in thought, and then he went off to kill the calf.

"Why don't you finish your job?" presently asked the supervisor, seeing the man stand with folded arms over the unskinned, undressed carcass.

"You say you give me quarter to kill calf," was the reply. "Calf dead, me want quarter."

The white man smiled and handed the Indian an extra coin to go on with the work.

"How is it?" asked the Englishman one day after a series of such one-sided dealings, "that you so often get the better of me?"

"I work head work," solemnly replied the man of the woods.

A white trader once succeeded in selling a large quantity of gunpowder to one of his tribes on the assurance that it was a new kind that the white man used for seed, and if sown in especially prepared loam would yield an amazing crop. Away went the Indian with his powder, and in his hope of making money from his fellows was careful not to mention his enterprise. When at last, however,

he realized how he had been duped, he held his tongue for a year or more until the trickster had "shined his shoes, an' I must wear My Sunday red tie everywher!"

"IT FLAPPED ITS WINGS RIGHT IN MY FACE, AND WHEN I OPENED MY EYES THE CRADLE WAS EMPTY."

When company's visit us We allus makes a lot o' fuss, An' use our bestes' china set, An' shines his shoes, an' I must wear My Sunday red tie everywher! We're all polite as we can be, An' no one's cross or patchy. It's diff'rent when they've gone away— But ain't we jes' as good as they?

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The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE FIGHT WITH ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY BEARS.

"It grows late and I think we had better stop for the night," said Harold, "for to-morrow we may have a long, hard climb, as we enter the path that will lead us over the mountains to the Pacific Ocean."

"There is only one place for a bed here, Harold," said Iona. "Where are we going to sleep? Outside on its back or on the floor?"

"Neither," answered Harold. "I will show you heart, killing it instantly, for the bear fell forward over the precipice, landing about three feet from the elephant."

Harold stood still waiting to get a shot at the old bear's mate, well knowing that she would come to look for her lord and master to see as she missed him. He could already hear her snoring growl which grew longer and more plaintive as she approached the edge of the precipice. He could just see the end of her nose in the moonlight. Suddenly she gave one of the most terrific growls he had ever heard. She had smelt the scent of her mate, a few drops from his blood having fallen on the rocks. Backward and forward she ran, calling all the time, then approached the edge, smelling as she walked, and at last looked over and spotted her mate lying at the bottom of the

where in a minute. You are to sleep on the couch and I will raise the swinging table and make a bed on that, and we have a lot of blankets and bedding."

They had been asleep some time and it must have been about 1 or 2 o'clock when they were awakened by a peculiar, loud noise outside, something between the howling of a bull and the roaring of a lion.

"What a fearful roar! What can it be?" said Harold. "Perhaps it's some animal calling its mate; but what kind I don't know, only it must be a big one from the noise it is making."

"I know," said Iona, "it is a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. I have heard them when with the Indians. They are terribly fierce and I am dreadfully afraid of them."

"You need not be afraid of five thousand grizzlies; they could not get at you in here," said Harold.

"Oh! I forgot we were protected by an electric elephant instead of an Indian tent."

"Let's get up and open one of the peepholes and get a look at them," said Harold.

Looking out they saw, bathed in the moonlight, two large grizzlies standing on the edge of the precipice gazing down at them.

"What! what a chance for a shot!" exclaimed Harold. "I have got to have one, but I shall have to go outside, for I can't point my gun up high enough through the peephole to hit him."

"Oh! for mercy's sake, don't go outside!" cried Iona.

"They cannot hurt me, for I will stand on the elephant's back and shoot at them from there."

Taking his rifle Harold climbed out on the elephant's back, ready to shoot when the bears looked over the precipice. He could hear first one call and then the other, and then they would call together as if trying to induce some more of their tribe to come and see the queer object they had found in the mountain pass. At last the larger of the two, getting bolder, came to the very edge of the precipice, with its head and shoulders well forward as if trying to see what kind of an animal was beneath. Slowly and deliberately Harold took aim and fired. The bullet must have entered its

onion in front of that huge, unknown animal. This seemed to infuriate her for she immediately connected her mate's death with the monster that now stood beside him. She examined the edge of the precipice in all directions and tried to climb over in two or three places, but good climber as she was, she could not get a footing upon the smooth, steep sides.

Harold called out, "I am sorry for you, old girl, so I will put you out of your misery, and you can go to the happy land where there are no men nor suns."

His voice seemed to infuriate her still more, for she backed a step or two, and before he knew what she was about, sprang clear over the precipice straight at him. At the same time he fired, but the shot went too high, and the next thing he knew she had landed on the back of the elephant, hitting him in such a way that both went rolling off. As luck would have it, he fell on the dead bear, which broke his fall, but before he could make an attempt to get up, the old bear had pinned him to the ground with her forehead. He thought it was all over with him; the bear would kill him in short order. He tried to call to Iona, but just as his eyes were closing and a faint feeling was stealing over him, the weight was lifted and the bear rolled over on its back. Harold called out, "Are you dead, Harold? Oh, speak! Say you are not dead!"

With the weight of the bear's feet removed, he soon revived, and rewarded Iona for her bravery by opening his eyes and calling her the pluckiest little girl he had ever known.

"But how did you know I was down?" asked Harold.

"I was looking through the peep hole all the time you were on top of the elephant, and when I saw the old bear jump I grabbed one of the long, two edged daggers that were hanging over my head and flung down the steps to you, without stopping to think how afraid of bears I always am, and when I don't see those magnificent skins, and I could have chopped the old bear to pieces!"

"I am all right, now," said Harold, "so help me cut away these magnificent skins, and we can fasten them over the back of the elephant to dry."

"I know how to cure them, for the Indians taught me to do it, and I will always keep these in remembrance of the first bears we ever killed, and I hope they will be our last," she added.

"Don't do it if all ends as happily as this did, for if it had not been for these bears I should never have known what a plucky comrade you can be."

After disposing of the skins and cutting off several nice bear steaks they started up the electricity and resumed their journey across the mountains.

(To be continued.)

When company's visit us We allus makes a lot o' fuss, An' use our bestes' china set, An' shines his shoes, an' I must wear My Sunday red tie everywher! We're all polite as we can be, An' no one's cross or patchy. It's diff'rent when they've gone away— But ain't we jes' as good as they?

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