

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

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

CHAPTER V. THROUGH THE SIERRA NEVADA PASS. Narrower and narrower grew the trail as it wound up, up, up, higher and higher on the mountain, Harold's only fear being that it would get too narrow for them to pass. Still, he trusted to the old man's map, which marked the way. Sometimes they would almost graze the precipitous side of the mountain on one side, while on the other they could look down thousands of feet, where tall pines had the appearance of small shrubs. One misstep of the elephant and they would be hurled to death. In consequence they went very slowly, and Harold stayed on the stool in what he called his pilot house all the time. One dark, windy night they would surely have been blown over the mountain side had it not been for the great weight of the elephant.



IN THE SIERRA NEVADA PASS.

"Don't fret, Little one. I shall turn his trunk into a snow plough as soon as the snow stops coming down in such quantities. I don't dare move now for fear of going over the precipice, for I can't see two feet ahead of me."

"But will it ever stop?" questioned Ione, "or does it snow always up here? I have heard there was snow on these mountains the year round."

"Yes, I know, but it did not say it snowed the year round. It meant the snow never melted entirely off," answered Harold. "We have had three days of this, and I think by to-morrow or next day it will stop, as it hardly ever snows longer than that at one time. Just think how fortunate we are to have enough to eat and to be able to keep warm."

The next morning Harold was awakened by Ione's pulling his sleeve and saying: "Harold, get up quickly; the sun is shining. Come here; did you ever see such a beautiful sight in your life?"

"When he looked he thought he never before had seen anything like that sunrise from the top of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. All around them lay mountains of different heights covered with snow sparkling like diamond dust, under a long up by the first rays of the rising sun. It was lit up by the north and south extended the main mountain range, dying away in the distance in a purple haze; while to the east was the sun, a blaze of molten gold set in bars of crimson and royal purple.

"We must dress quickly. If we can't make hay while the sun shines we can make the snow fly. With the sun up and the wind quieted down we should be able to descend to the wood line by noon."

"How you will ever be able to move with the elephant's legs buried in snow, without shovelling your way out, is more than I can see," said Ione. "I'll show you as soon as we have had some breakfast," said Harold.

After eating their last beef steak and having some rolls and coffee, Harold proceeded to show Ione how he could dispose of the snow. He was just about to use the elephant's trunk as a snow plough when he happened to glance in the direction book, and the word "snow" with a red line under it caught his attention.

"If when going through the Sierra Nevada Pass you should encounter snow," he read, "turn a knob in the elephant's trunk where it runs into its head and a powerful, white, chemical powder, like salt, will sift from the end of the trunk, which will melt the snow as quickly as a red-hot iron. Touch another knob and the trunk will sway from side to side, and thus sprinkle the powder far enough to make a clear pathway for the elephant."

"Well, I never!" said Harold. "What couldn't

that old man do? I expect I shall next find a way to dry up the water made by the melting snow."

"Look and see. Maybe you will," said Ione. "And sure enough, there was a way to turn all water into steam by sifting another kind of powder over it. The steam would blow away and there you were, your path not only free from snow but dry as a board sidewalk. They also read in this book that in a little cupboard in the elephant's side was secreted a tiny jar in which they would find a small biscuit no larger around than a nickel, but three times as thick, which, when allowed to dissolve in the mouth, would furnish nourishment enough to keep one person alive thirty-six hours without anything else to eat; and a large capsule in which was a liquid that would quench the thirst for that length of time. Neither of these things was to be taken unless the person or persons in the elephant had nothing else to eat.

"Come, let us try the first powder and see how fast it will melt the snow."

So saying Harold touched the knob and the elephant's trunk commenced to sway from side to side like a pendulum, and to sift a white powder over the snow. The second the snow was touched it melted, and ran off the mountain path in little rivulets falling over the precipitous sides in tiny cascades. It ran off so fast that it was not necessary to use the other powder to dry up the path. With the trunk swaying from side to side the elephant slowly walked along, and soon reached the place where the trail commenced to descend the mountain. The snow gradually disappeared, and by 3 o'clock the two travellers found themselves under the tall mountain pines.

"We will reach the foot of the mountains by night if we have no mishaps," Harold said, "for the path grows wider as the time and I can put on more electricity and go faster."

That night they camped near a little mountain stream, in which they were delighted to find large speckled trout swimming around. The stream had evidently not been fished in, for they caught a

great number in a short time, and had a delicious dinner of fresh fish and other things brought from their storehouse.

(To be continued.)

CUT UP PUZZLE AWARDS.

Elizabeth Hall, of Truthville, N. Y., and Frank R. Thresher, of No. 56 Spruce-st., Norwich, Conn., are the winners of the two books offered for the best work done by a little man and the best work done by a little woman in putting together the puzzle of the man and the cow. Many boys and girls sent in the puzzle neatly arranged, but the two designs that won the prizes were unusually well done, and showed that much time had been spent in both arrangement and mounting.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Those whose work deserves honorable mention are Walter Stryker, Virginia Sheridan, F. Glassberg, Horace E. Conway, Mary Volkert, Carrie Muller, William Denny Macy, 2d, Sadie Baxter, Leo T. J. Butler, Hadden Gray, Julius Edling, Jessie Lillian Rossell, Dorothy B. Knight, Charles Whilbert, Irene A. Jarvis, John C. Maxon, Stanley Schneider, Nerrin La Rue, Abraham De Young, Elsie Reichard, Joseph Larocca, Samuel Rabinowitz, Bernard Perkins, Tillie Nimphus, Evelyn Zimmerlick, Frank W. Freudel, Alexander N. Braun, Helen W. Brookes, Alice Winton, Harry Brown, John Murcott, Jr., Allan B. Smith, John Hoos, David K. Miller, Harry Schnapper, Samuel A. Gord, Carrie Janssen, Agnes Volk, Max Gordon, Chester Hammond, Agnes Brock, Gladys Calhoun, Mary Melton, Carl Hamann, S. Helen Bridge, Bessie Hall, Regina Sherman, Gladys May Bowen, John P. Ormsbee, Lillian Lybolt, Michael Tomashoff, George Geagon, Lily Levine, Elizabeth Ashler, Burton, Frances May Nicholson, Gretchen M. Bryan, Robert Baldwin, Teresa A. Fishert, Clara Morris, Ella E. Bell, Ceila Wolosner, Margaret B. Snyder, Marie Reba Bernhardt, Vida Kerr, George B. Griffith, Jr., A. N. Martin, Hilda Schenk, L. W. S. Dunlap, Alexander Hepple, Raymond Mackey Peckham, Willie Gillard, Gertrude V. Hyman, Agnes King, Merton Tyndall, Hattie Beck, Josephine Schuler, Emma Brooks, Lester Stewart, Frank K. Shultz, Samuel Robbins, Elizabeth Underhill, Mary Jeanette Gause, Benjamin Hamel, Anna Lode, Janet Buchanan, Rockefeller, Helen Moore, Alonzo Parry, Eleanor See, Fomeroy Robinson, Jr., Anna Green, Marar, George Hine, G. W. Blunt White, Raymond Hoffacker, Minnie Weinlich, Harold Moltzer, Arthur Scholey, Marcus Benson Duryee, Violet Thompson, Jerome T. Heermans, C. Reuter, Raymond Boyce, Irving A. Roe, Harold Dorman Warren, Ruth Fiedler, Willie Armstrong, Rita Oleanse, Marion Jones, Helen Mathis, Royal Law, Bessie O'Brien, Maud Rau, Rita Kunisch, Theodore Hatcher, Marion Maria Lull, B. Ayers, Rosta Brends, Benjamin Hamel, Anna Lode, Janet Buchanan, Annie Horton, Ethel A. Pope, Irma Baldwin, Allison Merritt, F. L. Eger, Jr., Victor H. Loader, Gilbert Glickstein, Harold K. Kelly, William Moore A. Booth, Dorothy Jones, Elizabeth Bates, William J. Kennedy, Ralph Delavan, Francis M. Hall, Julia Leighton, B. L. M. Miller, Madeline I. Mundy, Clyde Butterfield, Emily M. Williams, MacCollum, Genevieve Ryan, Cecil W. Harris, Mary Gray Garrett, Phebe Samson, Dorothy Brooks, Dorothy Brown, Helen Newman, Stanley Perkins, Julian E. Harner, Walter Little, Florence Edwards, Madeline Morgan, Helen J. Knapp, Florence Connell, Arthur G. Peach, Fred G. Stebbins, Lydia Emma Trimble, James V. Dillaway, Donald F. Stenson, Hilda Lindholm, Edward Klages, Douglas P. Dickie, Ferdinand Rohrbach, Dorothy Kline, Mary E. Ward, Walter Williams, Jacob Ecker, W. Blagden, Charles Hardy, Margaret W. Drinard Crane, John C. Hassel, Jr., James L. Mescher, Ruth Arndt, Jefferson Jones, Helen Stern, Olga Maria Kolff, Mary Tolvansen, Marion Gray Traver, Evelyn Westervelt, Ben Tollett, Jr., Elizabeth M. S. Wood, and Thomas Clendenin. Several pictures came without names.

FAITHFUL ESKIMO DOG.

"The dog is the only domestic animal the Eskimo has," says Lieutenant Peary, but he manages to make about as much use of it as we do of several different beasts. It takes the place of a horse, dragging him and his family long distances over the frozen stretches; it guides him with unerring scent to the tiny opening in the snow which marks the breathing hole of the hidden seal; it rounds up bear and musk ox for the master to shoot them and it drives enough when the dog grips the little snow hut settlement, it yields up its life to feed the family it has served so faithfully, and its coat to keep them warm.



PRODUCED IN REDUCED FORM FROM FATHER TUCK'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.



"GOOD BY, LEO," SHE SAID, "I'M GOING INTO THE WORLD TO LOOK FOR NOEL."



BEAUTIFUL PURE, WHITE Doves CIRCLED ROUND THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CHILDREN.

Things to Think About.

Let all the bright boys and girls put their thinking caps on and then try to solve the "brain puzzles" given below. For the best, neatest and most complete set of answers this department will give as prize one of the new books of the season. The story, which describes scenery and life in the tropics, is full of action and may be depended on to interest all boys and girls. Letters for this contest should be addressed Puzzle Department, Little Men and Little Women, The Tribune, New-York City.

ENIGMA. My first is in deer, and also in doe. My second in friend, and hidden in foe. My third is in cope, and my fourth in hope. My fifth is in seam, yet never in sew. My sixth is in boy, and always in beau. My seventh in hare, and my eighth in tare. My whole—a month, the merriest of all. For Christmas is nearing, and snowflakes fall. Sent by Anna Marguerite Neuberger, No. 1147 West Sixth-st., Erie, Penn.

CHARADE. 1. My first is a Scotch town, my second a human being, my third a part of the foot, my whole a travelling case. 2. My first is the condition of my first, my second is a bearing animal, the minus sign expresses my third, my whole cannot be counted. Sent by Anna Marguerite Neuberger, No. 1147 West Sixth-st., Erie, Penn.

CONUNDRUM. 1. What letter gives courage to the aged? 2. What letter will make a boy curly? 3. How can a Scotch child be made to protect grain and hay? 4. Which of the Presidents might be expected to divide the country? 5. What is the difference between a fault we have succeeded in conquering and an "immigrant who is landing?" Sent by Anna Marguerite Neuberger, No. 1147 West Sixth-st., Erie, Penn.

A NEW DEPARTMENT. All of you Little Men and Women have been doing such splendid work in the various contests offered during the last year that we have now decided to open an entirely new contest department, with special prizes and special honors. This department is to be devoted entirely to the original work of our bright boys and girls. Though, of course, the whole page belongs to all of you, yet this particular department will be your very own, because everything that appears in it will have been thought of or worked out by you. As this department is to be yours, it seems only right that you should name it to suit yourselves, and for that reason The Tribune offers a prize of \$2 to the Little Man or Woman sending the best name for this new department before December 24. Read over carefully the suggestions as to what it will contain, also the list of prizes offered below, and try to think of the very cleverest and brightest name possible. This prize winning name will head this department hereafter.

PRIZE NO. 1.—\$2 for the best name for the new department. PRIZE NO. 2.—\$1 for the best photograph of a live pet, bird, horse, rabbit—anything. The photograph must be clear and sharply defined, and brown in tone, as this reproduces better in newspaper work. PRIZE NO. 3.—A fine book for the best Christmas story. This must be a real incident—something that has happened to you, or something you have heard about some one else. It must not be taken from any book or printed story, must not be more than five hundred words in length, and must be written on one side of the paper only. PRIZE NO. 4.—A fine book for the best Christmas verse of not more than eight lines. Anything relating to Christmas may be taken as the subject of this rhyme; it may be jolly or serious, just as the writer chooses. The prize story, verse or photograph will be printed in the issue of December 27. Other good work may also be printed, even though it is not quite up to the prize standard. All work intended for this contest must reach this office by December 24, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender, and must be addressed to Little Men and Little Women, The New-York Tribune.

The Stolen Prince.

BY E. M. JAMESON. (Copyright, 1903, By The Tribune Association.)

CHAPTER II. Late that night, as she lay in bed unable to sleep, Princess Nerissa heard the sound of an arrival at the palace gates. There was the clattering of horses' hoofs, the jingles of accoutrements, while the great brazen trumpet which hung at the entrance was sounded three times.

She heard the sentinel on guard call out distinctly, "Who goes there?" "The King," came the reply, and in the clear tones Nerissa recognized her father's voice.

She drew the bedclothes round her a little more closely. For the first time in her life she was afraid to face her father, for she knew that, though he loved his daughter dearly, his pride and his hopes were centered in his little son, the heir to his throne.

She listened intently until she heard him coming up the stairs, and she counted his footsteps one by one as his spurs jingled on the marble staircase.

On the footsteps came, more slowly than usual, and she imagined there was a sad sound in them. When they paused beside her door she leaped out of bed, and the next moment was sobbing in her father's arms, with her long golden hair streaming over the blue and scarlet of his uniform.

"It really wasn't my fault," she said between her sobs. "I loved him more dearly than any one in the world, father, except you, of course."

The King parted the hair from her brow and gazed into her eyes, and his own were full of sadness. "No, child, no," he said, with a sigh, "it was not your fault, but I shall never know a moment's peace of mind until I hear the fate of my boy. I can take care of you, and see, if any one otherwise harm I can defend you."

And he flashed the little dagger from his sheath until the gold and jewels glittered in the dark. "Oh, yes, yes," exclaimed Nerissa, "I shall not mind half so much if you are with me, and perhaps we shall find Baby Noel more quickly."

They crept slowly down the stairs, step by step, more cautiously than was needful, for, of course, the seventh step the princess paused with her finger on her lip.

"I have forgotten something," she whispered. Count Otho frowned. "We can't go back," he explained. "I've forgotten to say good-by to the others."

And though he frowned again, and said it could not matter much, she went back very softly and flew along the corridor, which was thickly carpeted, into the little room where her little sisters lay dreaming.

There were four little beds ranged side by side, each richly inlaid with silver, and having a canopy and counterpane of softly tinted satin, one pink, one blue, one mauve, and the other pale yellow color.

Princess Nerissa bent over each pillow and pressed a kiss on each soft, rose leaf cheek. And at the thought of leaving them, and perhaps never seeing them again, a tear fell on each pillow. The next morning the little sisters found four beautiful pearls on their counterpane, and wondered what could have brought them there.

With one backward glance the Princess Nerissa passed down the stairs again, and into the world with Count Otho.

Great cannons frowned at intervals along the palace walls; but instead of soldiers, five huge black iron sentinels acted as sentinels to keep watch until day-break.

And very terrible they looked as they paced to and fro ceaselessly, lashing their feathery tails and glancing around them with their somber, tawny eyes.

They walked on briskly, determined to get as great a distance as possible between them and the palace, for fear the queen should discover their absence, and send in search of them.

And when they came to the borders of a forest, so deep were the recesses that they shrank from entering it, and they turned back, and the queen should discover their absence, and send in search of them.

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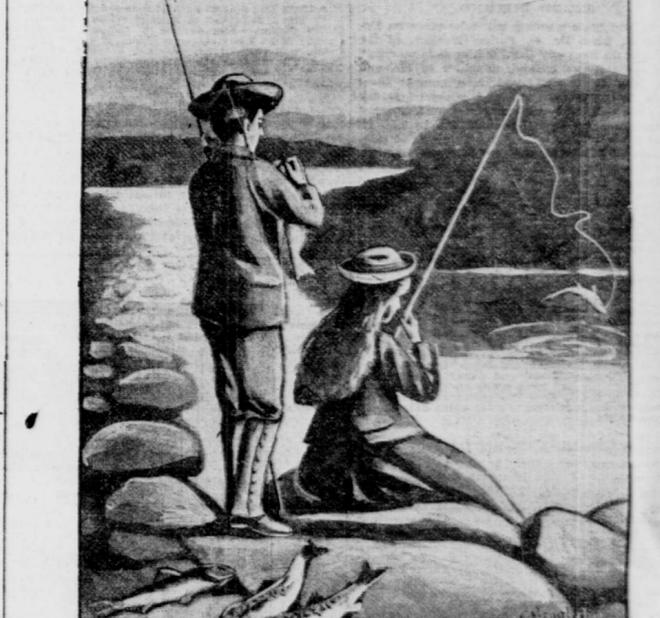
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(To be continued.)



THEY CAUGHT A GREAT NUMBER OF SPECKLED TROUT.



once baffled the wicked fairy Golconda, and she threatened to spoil my happiness when it was at its height.

"And at dawn this morning, when we rode forth to hunt, there was not a happier man in the length and breadth of the realm than I, the King."

He bent his head, and the little Princess felt something warm splash on her hand. It was a tear, and she had never imagined that a man could cry. She clung more closely to him for comfort, and her resolve grew stronger.

"Can nothing be done, father? If an army was sent? Your own brave guards, who helped you to get back the kingdom years ago? Surely, they could make the fairy Golconda give back our baby?"

The King shook his head; he was sitting down now with his little daughter upon his knee.

"They could do nothing," he said, with a groan; "her wicked enchantments have destroyed many a regiment of brave men. I would go myself, but my place is here, in my kingdom, and her castle lies far beyond the mountains; no one escapes the perils of the road. I know not what move to take to frustrate her plans. She took your cousin captive some time ago, and that is his heart she wears upon the gold ring. Whatever form she takes, whether bird, beast or fish, she always bears it with her."

"The little ruby heart?" asked Nerissa, eagerly. "Aye, the ruby heart," assented the King, gloomily. "Hundreds and thousands of men have lost their lives trying to wrest it from her, for until some one succeeds to wrest it from her, for until she can think, thinking, thinking, until her brain seemed to grow quite dazed."

Suddenly she sat up and made her plans. She would wait until dawn, and then go out into the world to look for the baby Prince.

"Perhaps, if she were the stoutest shoes she had, and put on the stoutest shoes she had, she could cross in a distant faraway land, the birds twittered faintly in the treetops, and the great mastiff in the palace stables gave voice to a deep muffled bay."

The air was very fresh and sweet with the odor of new mown hay when Nerissa opened her window, and just as she did so the red streamers of dawn shot up behind the distant mountains—a new day had begun. The little Princess dressed herself warily, and put on the stoutest shoes she had, which were not very strong, for the royal children never went out in the rain; then she took down a little red cloak from the peg in the wardrobe, and drew the hood over her head.

Just as she was leaving the room she caught sight of the baby's white shoes. She tied a piece of ribbon to it, and hung it round her neck; when she found Baby Noel, she thought, he would want his second shoes. She kissed it before she hid it inside her dress, smiling to think of the delight of putting it on. So that when she softly opened her bedroom door she had a smile on her face, which much surprised the little page who stood outside of her door. There he had waited for a long time, trembling and unhappy, for there were strange rumors in the palace, and he had come to warn the Princess Nerissa of her danger.

It was his place to sit within the Queen's ante-room, and while sitting on his little stool, he heard the Queen in her delirium uttering strange threats against the little Princess. How she was to be carried away and left in a forest where wild beasts roamed, and a dreadful lake drowned many a passer-by in its gloomy depths.

Little Count Otho was a brave boy, and the Princess had been his playmate since infancy; in- deed, they were distant cousins, and he felt that she must be warned in time.

Nerissa's face grew very pale and frightened; the fairy Golconda did not seem to be the only wicked person in the world.

She told her plans to Otho. He played with his little jewelled dagger, and as he listened his face grew eager and as ruddy as the crimson velvet of his doublet.

"What boy does not love adventure?" "His mind was soon made up, but his resolve had far more selfishness in it than that of a good boy who would go to the circus." "Then I shall never see you again, I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?" "Chuma."