

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



The Stolen Prince.

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BY E. M. JAMESON. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SANDY.

Tantalus balanced herself and threw the ladder down, and then descended with her helpers. She fixed the ladder firmly to a tree, and the children prepared to descend in their turn. They were greatly affected at parting from their old friend, and he hardly less so.

"I only hope I shall live to hear good news of you, my dears," he said, in a voice choked with emotion, "and I've no doubt I shall. Such bravery is sure to be rewarded. Listen to me for a moment. I've heard my grandmother say that there's a wise man, a hermit, living in a cave near to the Shining Mountain, against whom all Golconda's enchantments are of no avail. He will give you advice if you can find him, and direct your path to the mountain. Got your bits of moonshine handy? Goodby, my dears."

Half blinded with tears, they descended the ladder rung by rung. It swayed gently to and fro, but there was no danger, so strongly had Tantalus and her helper woven it.

Tantalus may not have been pleasant to look at, but her kind heart had caused the children to feel a real affection for her, and they thanked her warmly for her help.

"I only wish it hadn't been help in the wrong direction, my children," she said, in her husky tones, "but if you must go, you must. Take this path along here, and may good fortune await you!" They paused to see her mount the comet again, and then they waved goodbyes until the last golden glimmer had died away in the distance.

make thy way into the enchanted mountain. Few know this, and therefore perish at the outer Rest, my children."

He strewed leaves for them to lie upon, and as they slept he looked deeply into the heart of the embers, and pondered far into the night.

When day began to dawn, and the sky showed rosy through the delicate creepers that overhung the entrance to the cave, the hermit rose to his feet and looked earnestly at the sleeping children. All through the night they had slept calmly and without stirring, and the face of the old man grew very gentle as he looked down at them. They were such tender creatures, he thought, to face the dangers of Golconda's palace, and yet in their innocence lay their safety.

He could help them to a certain extent, it is true, but through the greatest dangers they must pass alone, and his power could avail nothing. He sighed, then reached for his staff, and muffling himself in his long cloak, noiselessly left the cave.

The scene outside was very beautiful. The turf green as emerald, was all bespangled with dewdrops. Numberless birds were singing in the branches, and in the background rose the Shining Mountain, flushed a rosy pink in the light of dawn. At its base blossomed wild flowers—wood violets and anemones, pink and white foxgloves, primroses and pearly tipped daisies, all mingling their sweets together in wild confusion—while clinging to the sides of the mountain were tangled masses of white roses.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

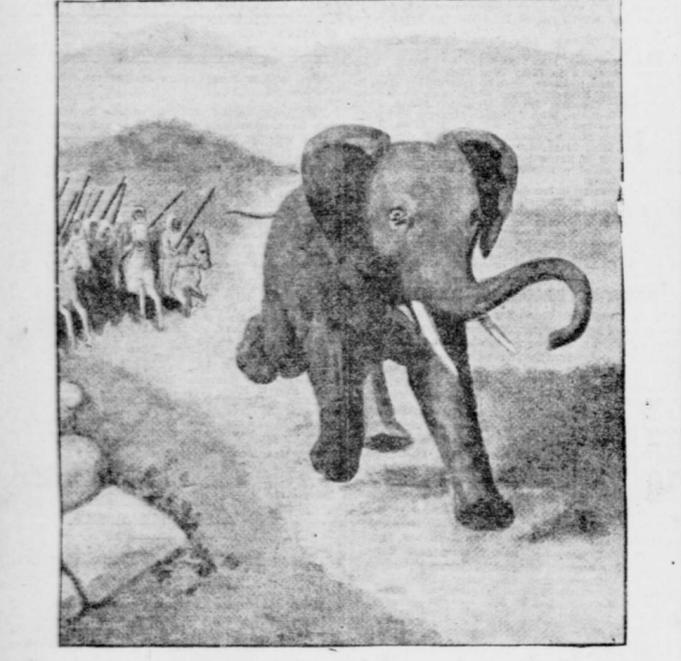
BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.
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CHAPTER XVIII.
AMONG THE SAVAGE TARTARS.

They proceeded in a northerly direction following the mountains for about a day, when just at sunset while they were stopping beside a mountain stream eating supper, Harold thought he saw the sparkle of a spear in the sunlight on the mountain top. He looked again and saw not only one spear, but many, and all were moving in a single line, winding their way down the mountain path. Of course, he knew the spears were not walking by themselves, though he could see no one. He spoke to Ione, and they both watched the living line that was sparkling like a string of diamonds as it descended toward them. Presently they disappeared for some minutes, only to appear again much closer as they stood out boldly on another mountain peak ready to follow the path downward, and as Harold had surmised the spears were carried by mounted Tartars. As the leader stopped his horse and sat gazing all over the mountain and valley beneath, he looked like a figure done in bronze.

"When the Tartars get near enough to see us, I will make the elephant flap his ears, swing his trunk, and move a little, so they will think it is alive," said Harold.

"Here they come," said Ione, as she sat watching them from a perch, "and I am almost afraid of them, though we are shut up in the elephant."



THE FASTER THE ELEPHANT WENT THE FASTER CAME THE SAVAGES BEHIND IT.

They are so terribly fierce looking. They look even worse than the Indians that captured me, Harold, do look at that one with the Chinese eyes, and stare on his face. Did you ever see a more repulsive face in your life?"

"No, I never saw a worse one, neither do I see a better looking one in the crowd; some have one eye gone, others boasted faces so red and swollen that the eyes can scarcely be seen, while others are all marked by smallpox, and many have no ears. What terrible fights they must have among themselves!" said Harold.

As the Tartar mob drew near, they began to pelt the elephant with spears. Harold made it bellow and trumpet, and start on a dead run up the valley in the direction from which the savages had come, acting as if it had been wounded. The faster the elephant went, however, the faster came the tribe of savages behind it; so it kept on until it struck the path leading to their fortress in the mountains away up among the peaks and tablelands.

The path was not wide enough for two to walk on with barely six inches left on the outside, and the elephant's side scraped against the rocky wall. Harold had to go slowly, for a mistep would have hurled him into the valley below, and that would have been the last of Harold, Ione and the wonderful electric elephant. But to such things happened, when they went on, slowly going higher and higher until at last they reached the highest peak where they had seen the Tartars stand, and across the landscape before descending into the valley. They, too, stopped when they reached this point to take a look at the Tartars away beneath them, who had not been able to keep up with the steady pace of the elephant. They looked like a colored rope as they wound in and out around the peaks in single file.

Beneath on one side lay the peaceful valley with the line of glittering spears; before them extended the mountain range like a huge serpent, whose head had disappeared in the distance, with snow white humps on its back where the peaks were covered with snow. To the left lay a wide expanse of level plateau, and on this plateau at frequent intervals could be seen smoke arising from low stone or adobe huts.

"See, Ione, there is where the Tartars live, and I am going straight into their camp," said Harold.

This he did, arousing fifty or sixty large ferocious dogs that looked like wolves. They barked and howled, and soon had all the women and children in the camp in a state of great commotion was about. The elephant seemed perfectly harmless, and presently stood still and began to eat grass looking at him from the side of the mountain side. The poor man they had picked up had been wounded so many injuries that he could barely reach the valley, even with the good care they gave him and before he could

them his name or how he had been captured. When they reached the valley they buried him in a loose soil, beside a mountain stream, where no sound was heard all day long but the rippling of the water and the eagle's call.

"Now that we have satisfied our curiosity about the Chinese and Tartars, let us pass through their country as fast as possible and reach India by the quickest route," said Harold.

"That will suit me exactly," answered Ione, "for I am tired of slant-eyed people with pigtails and scarred faces Tartars."

(To be continued.)

The Admiral Who Blundered.

Last week something was said about Russia's fighting general, Kuropatkin, who was then on his way to Manchuria to take command of the Russian army which is to fight against the wily little "Japs." He is now there. This week something will be told about the Russian admiral, whose blundering is said to have caused the war. Like General Kuropatkin, he has a long name, hard to pronounce. It is Evgheny Ivanovitch Alexieff. His name is often printed in the newspapers. He is an admiral in the Russian navy. A year ago the czar was looking about for a man to rule for him in Russia's eastern country near Corea and



The Story of the Easter Rabbit.

Once more the Easter Rabbit has arrived to fulfil his annual mission. Only a day his merry reign will last, and then—such is the inexorable decree—he must return to the abode where Santa Claus, fairies, brownies and other mysterious friends of little folk hold goodly company.

With what joyous anticipation eager eyes have watched for his appearance in the confectioners' windows, how many busy little hands have constructed nests of moss and twigs for his reception, or have framed notes of invitation in the most endearing terms to this generous little guest! Ah, indeed, the Easter Rabbit has won the hearts of all, and bids fair to vie even with the venerable Christmas saint in popularity.

And now he is here, and has, no doubt, responded most graciously to all requests and has filled the nests and pockets of the child world to overflowing with his gayly colored gifts.

But who is this cheery stranger, at whose modest knock the doors of palace and hut alike are opened with a hearty welcome? We merely know he is of German descent, but his true origin and significance time has hidden from most of us, and to lift the veil we must wander back thousands of years into the very heart of the Fatherland.

It is still winter; lakes and streams are icebound, and the snow seems loath to withdraw its glittering mantle from the bleak and dreary fields. Yet in the heart of the Parian mother is joy; she has heard to-day the note of a songbird and has seen the willows stretch forth their silver hooded buds; there is no doubt Ostara, the goddess of spring, is on the way. Gladly she hastens home with the good tidings, gathers her children around her and whispers to them:

"The hare of Ostara has been here, little ones. Do you know what that means? We must prepare for the Osterfeiertag. Father is already in the forest gathering wood for the fire that shall greet the kind goddess at her arrival."

was sure to follow disobedience, so his men learned always to obey him. Like a good father, however, he did not keep them at work all the time, but arranged for interesting games for them, offering prizes, and in this way kept them interested and away from vodka. Vodka is to the Russian soldier what liquor is to the American.

Admiral Alexieff was as strict with himself as with those under him. This is one of the chief reasons why he won the high honors of admiral and victory. He mastered himself. Never did he let his temper get the better of him. But he could talk with the voice of thunder when the right time came. He, too, was quick to see things and quick to decide what he would do. Whenever he was caught in a corner he was usually able to find some way to get out. He is the first Russian admiral to be selected to govern a large country, and answer the notes of other countries, which is one of the duties of what are called diplomats. Many people think that an old sea dog, who can command a fleet with whips and flog, with great bravery, may not be so good as a diplomat, and that is the reason he failed to prevent the war between his country and Japan.

ANECDOTE OF LOUISA OLCOTT.

The best story on Louisa Alcott was written by Helen Bigley, No. 289 Mount Hope Place, Tremont, New-York City. A silver badge will be sent to her. The story follows:

One day when Louisa Alcott was a little girl she wandered far away from her home, and could not find the way back again. It was growing dark, and she was lost. At last she came to the place where Louisa was sleeping. The ringing of his bell awoke her, and she heard him out in a loud voice: "Lost, lost, A little girl, six years old. She wore a pink frock, a white hat and new green shoes." When the cries had said this he heard a small voice coming out of the darkness. It said: "Why, dat's me." The cry went to the place that the sound came from and found Louisa sitting by the large dog and rubbing her eyes. The next day she was tied to the sofa as a punishment for running away.

STORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

George Morew, of No. 188 West Ninety-sixth-st., New-York City, wins the badge for the best story on Napoleon Bonaparte.

NAPOLEON'S DISCIPLINE.

While Napoleon was at the military school of Brienne, the students gave an exhibition of Voltaire's "The Death of Cesar." The people of the town were invited, and those who desired to be present had to procure a card of admission from the principal.

Napoleon had the post of honor of a first lieutenant for this festivity. Suddenly, at the entrance of the garden, rose a loud noise. This was caused by the porter's wife, who wanted to come in. Being well known to the students, she said that she had many fruits and cakes, she did not think it necessary to procure a card of admission, and had tried to enter without one. But the guardian of the gate would not allow this.

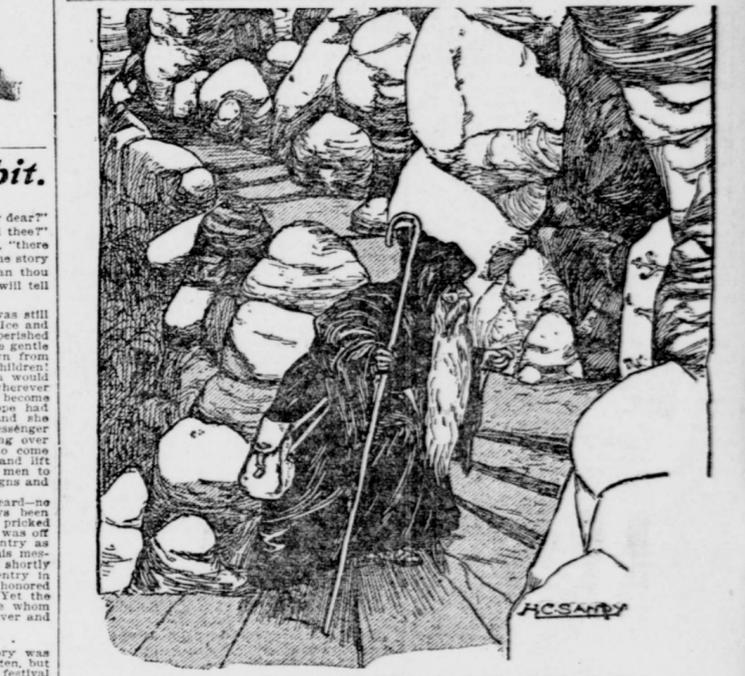
The latter went and informed the first lieutenant of the state of affairs. Napoleon, who was ordinarily kind to the woman, listened to the report of the guardian with a furrowed brow, and gave his order with severe dignity: "Remo! That woman, who takes upon herself to introduce disturbances into the camp."

This incident shows how Napoleon placed discipline before his personal inclinations.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN PRIZE CONTEST.



John Kiehrer, No. 20 East One-hundred-and-forty-seventh-st., New-York City. America Callisher, No. 123 West One-hundred-and-thirteenth-st., New-York City. PRIZE PICTURE. Russell Golda, No. 140 1/2 Sixth-ave., New-York City. Florence R. T. Smith, No. 6 Elm-st., Newton, N. J.



HE DISCOVERED A DOORWAY IN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

They felt very desolate as they stood on the hillside, and then Otho searched for his bit of crystal.

It somehow helped to make matters appear more cheerful, and when Nerissa followed his example and drew forth her own, there was quite an illumination.

"Let us look for the hermit," said Otho. "Tantalus advised us to go this way, didn't she, princess?"

Hand in hand they went down the hill. It was covered with soft, green turf, and pleasant to walk upon. At the foot they paused, hesitating which path to take, and then they saw a very faint light, no bigger than a glowworm, moving about to the right.

They went in that direction, and saw that the light was carried by a very, very aged man, bent nearly double, his long, white beard reaching to the ground.

He was searching in the brushwood, and did not perceive their approach until they stood beside him. He looked at them long and searchingly, but in no way did he express surprise at the sight of them. He said nothing, and Nerissa timidly broke the silence.

"We were told that you would direct us to the Shining Mountain," she said. "The comet told us that there was a wise man living near it."

The hermit looked at them sadly.

"Poor children!" he said, shaking his white head mournfully. "Were there no others to send, that tender things like yourselves must face danger so early in life? They come soon enough. They should not have allowed ye to venture into such perils."

"Indeed, indeed, we came without my father's knowledge," cried Nerissa. "We hope to save my baby brother from Golconda."

"And it is borne in upon me that thou wilt succeed in thy quest," said the hermit, his keen eyes kindling; "but come and rest beside my hearth. I will give thee instructions, which thou must follow to the letter."

He led the way into the cave, whose entrance was covered with delicate creepers, which completely concealed it from view.

Within a bright fire burned, and in the embers roasting were raked forward delicious roots were roasting.

These and a draught of water formed the hermit's simple fare, but the children thought they had never tasted food more appetizing.

"Rest awhile," said the hermit, when the meal was ended. "Not until day dawns canst thou

It seemed so sad that wickedness should have power amid such beautiful surroundings, that, as he stood to survey the scene, the hermit again sighed heavily.

At that moment a beautiful little fawn trotted from the depths of the woodland, and, approaching him without a sign of fear, pushed its soft nose against his hand caressingly.

"Hast news for me this morning?" asked the hermit, gently stroking the soft ears.

The sorrowful eyes grew still sadder.

"Alas! no," said the fawn; "nothing good, at all



MISS GAY MONTAGUE. Daughter of the Governor of Virginia, who will name the great battleship Virginia, to be launched at Newport News April 5.

events. Such a deep silence reigns over the mountain that I fear Golconda has done her worst, and has caused her captives to be put to death. You recollect their pitious moans of a day or two ago, good father? Now all is silent; not a sound breaks upon the stillness, save that upon the most precipitous side of the mountain, I heard just now the sound as of a creature breathing heavily.

"Upon the most precipitous side, saidst thou?" asked the hermit, with a start. "Art quite sure?"

"Quite sure," echoed the fawn.

"I must go and investigate this," murmured the hermit, who had his own reasons for being astonished. "I will see thee anon."

The fawn bounded gracefully into the depths of the woodland glade, and the hermit remained buried in thought for a few moments. Then he raised his head and prepared for action.

"It is indeed so, the opportunity must not be lost," he muttered. "I must seek the truth, at whatever cost to myself."

He grasped his staff more firmly in his hand and passed round the mountain.

(To be continued.)