

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



THE KNIGHT AND NOLL

The Stolen Prince.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Nerissa uttered a cry of joy. There lay the little prince, rosy and flushed with sleep, the thumb of one dimpled hand in his mouth; the other lying like a half-closed rosebud on the pale, sea-green coverlet that was thrown over him.

Nerissa stroked the crumpled yellow curls half timidly, wondering if he were changed in any way. Certainly he appeared to be exactly the same as when she had last seen him in his mother-of-pearl cradle in the palace nursery, but Golconda's enchantments were so varied that perhaps the baby prince, though appearing unharmed, had fallen under her spells.

As she leaned over him, half afraid to wake him from his slumbers, the baby prince stretched himself and opened his eyes.

He crewed with delight at the sight of Nerissa, and held out his arms as if asking to be taken up; and, though he was such a big baby for his age, she managed to lift him. Then she sat down on a little three-legged stool and kissed him again and again, while he laughed and crowed and grasped her long hair with his dimpled hands.

"Nerissa looked up at Otho, and they both nodded. "Just what he used to do," Nerissa said. "She doesn't seem to have harmed him in the least."

Otho looked round him. "Do you think this can be Golconda's room, Nerissa?"

"I don't think it can," Nerissa said, "there is no little furniture in it."

"And then, quite contentedly, she began to kiss baby Noel again. She forgot all about Golconda's enchantments and dangers overshadowing them; it was enough to hold her baby brother safely in her arms.

She thought of her father's joy at the sight of his little son and heir, how the bells would ring from all the church steeples; how the children and aged poor would be feasted; how—

But here Otho's voice broke in upon her thoughts. He had been exploring the room, with an anxious look upon his face, for at any moment, he knew, the wicked fairy might discover them; then farewell to all their thoughts of home and safety.

"But, so far, he had not succeeded in finding an exit."

"This is such a strange palace," he said, ruefully, "I wonder why they don't have windows and doors like everybody else. Princess, we must not delay; Golconda may return at any moment, and we shall never be free again." Nerissa looked up in surprise; she had never seen Otho so agitated. She laid the baby prince once again in the little swinging hammock, and then she, too, searched for another way than the one by which they had entered.

At last they found it.

In the green of one of the walls there shone a tiny diamond button no bigger than a dewdrop. Its brightness attracted Nerissa's glance, and she moved nearer to examine it.

Then she touched it with her finger, and her breast the wall slid away noiselessly, disclosing an inner room, whose wonders caused them to draw a deep breath of delight. This must be Golconda's apartment.

They stole in on tiptoe, half fearing that she might be there; but the room was empty of any living presence.

So they thought until they saw a movement near the tall, carved mantelpiece.

A great white cat lay down again, but still washing herself and passing her paw lazily over her ears, and between whiles purring contentedly.

She took no notice of the children, beyond looking at them and following with her gleaming eyes their every movement.

Then they saw a look in the eyes that made Nerissa shiver; they were so like those of Golconda. She could not divert herself of the idea that when she had seen the white cat once again in the little swinging hammock, and therefore she could not give her full attention to the search for the charm which was Otho's persevering manfully.

It did not occur to him to be afraid of a cat, however large, and he went quite close to her once in his wanderings round the room.

The yellow eyes gleamed until they appeared to almost burn; the tall swayed to twice its size, making Nerissa tremble with fear; but Otho's thoughts were too busy to allow him to notice the change.

"It's very hard to find something when you don't know what you are looking for," he said, discomfitedly. "I wonder once again in the little end of the room, supported by three silver dolphins, while the furniture itself was very quaint and beautiful. Nerissa herself and silver, the hangings of Golconda were resembling the inside of a seashell.

A great bed of famous shape lay at one end of the room, supported by three silver dolphins, while the furniture itself was very quaint and beautiful.

After a long and fruitless search, Otho paused to consider, and as he did so he met the white cat's

eyes fixed upon him with what resembled malicious pleasure in their yellow depths.

"I believe she knows all about it," he said angrily; "perhaps she is guarding the charm herself for Golconda."

As he spoke he approached and looked closely at the cushion, holding his dagger in his hand. The next instant the white cat had sprung upon him, fixing her sharp claws in his arm, tearing the velvet of his doublet into long strips, and drawing blood from his cheek as her claws struck him.

Half dazed with pain, Otho thrust at the savage creature again and again, until she fell away from him in a heap on the floor.

Then they saw what caused them great surprise. Attached to one leg by a small gold chain was the ruby heart Golconda always wore.

There could not be two hearts, yet the truth did not dawn upon them for some time, that the white cat was Golconda in another form—for she had the power of changing herself into any animal she chose to resemble—and that here within their reach, was the charm itself—the ruby heart. The white cat lay motionless, and the yellow eyes lost their fire.

Otho stooped, and severed with one blow of his dagger the golden chain to which the heart was attached.

Then a surprising thing happened. All through the silent palace rose a sudden hum of life. The passages, which hitherto had given back the echo of no footstep, now resounded with hurrying feet. Doors banged, horns were blown in the distance; voices and laughter and gayer filled the air. It was the great host of Golconda's victims liberated at last.

Otho lifted the ruby heart. It was suddenly swept from his hand, and there in its place stood a tall and handsome young girl.

"A thousand thanks, fair sir," she said to Otho; "you and my cousin, the Princess Nerissa, have through your bravery and unselfishness given happiness and safety to hundreds. Listen to the sounds of joy and merriment; think what it must mean to them, after years of misery, to be free again."

Then a great crowd overflowed into the room—knight and peasant, gentle and simple, richly apparelled, shabby, and in rags, young and old, all were there, anxious to join together in thanking their rescuers. Little children ran in joyously, their golden locks streaming behind them, and one little boy, the most beautiful of them all, toddled to Nerissa and clasped her cloak.

He had yellow hair, like baby Noel's, and eyes so bright and deep a blue that the memory of the old woman with her doves came suddenly back to the little princess, and she remembered the old woman's address when she talked of her baby boy.

Perhaps this might be her child; Nerissa took hold of the little hand and held it, hoping that such was indeed the case, for then she and Otho might return some of the kindness that had been shown to them.

The room was full to overflowing, and outside were many others unable to find admittance. All the marble statues had come to life again, and the birds in the silver cage had taken their own shapes.

The dungeons had given up their wretched inhabitants; and they grew every moment younger and happier, and already began to forget their years of misery.

Henceforward no memory of past sadness would cloud their lives; it melted away like clouds before

sunshine, and with Golconda's death unhappiness had ceased for them.

Each wished to return home with all possible speed, and rapid preparations were made for departure.

The younger children were carried by the girls and young men; Nerissa walked between two knights, one of whom bore the blue-eyed child, the other baby Noel; and the second knight was Nerissa's cousin, the owner of the ruby heart.

(To be continued.)

BOOK COVER DESIGNS BY BOYS.

Among the most striking examples of school work that are to be displayed at the St. Louis Exposition is a collection of eighty bound volumes of sketches in ink, lead pencil, colored crayon and water colors.

These volumes are filled with class work from every grade, and the covers were made and decorated by the children in the highest, or eighth year, classes of the elementary schools of Queens and Richmond. A number of the finest of these volumes were taken by Frank H. Collins, the director of drawing, who collected the work, to the art department of Scribner's Magazine, where the merit of the decorative work displayed in the various periodicals of the country.

The cover designs are all done in water colors, and represent fruits, vegetables, flowers, plants, birds, animals, ships, water scenes and country scenes. All are original in conception and execution, and were made during an ordinary drawing period in the classrooms. They illustrate to what extent water colors are used in the schools.

Dr. James P. Hanev, who is director of drawing in Manhattan and The Bronx, yesterday explained why water colors are used so extensively and what practical results are expected.

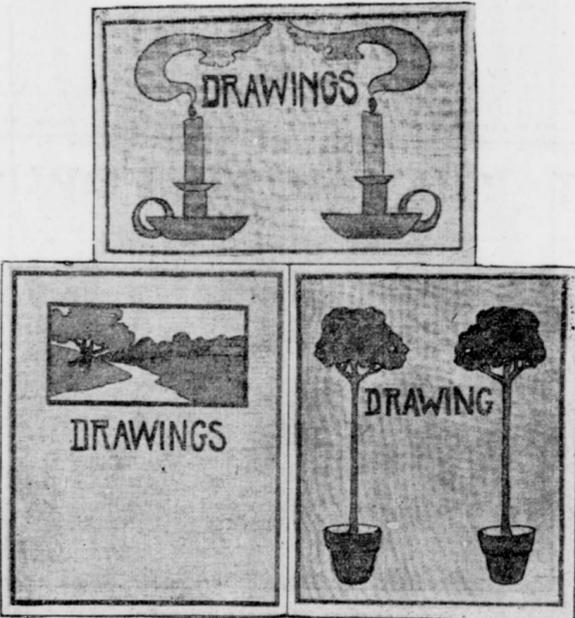
"Water coloring is not difficult for young children," he said, "and during the last six or seven years we have spread through all the grades from the kindergarten upward. One great advantage which it has over the lead pencil is its broad effect. With a pencil a thin outline is drawn of an apple, for instance, but with water colors the child can build up the whole fruit with four or five strokes of the brush."

"An unlimited number of water colors are so immediately available that colored crayons cannot compete with them. This appeals to the child's love of colors and enables him to progress by easy and natural gradations from the simplest attempts at picturing to more complex work."

"Water colors are peculiarly adapted to the reproduction of plants, flowers and similar things in this medium is closely allied to decorative designing. "What is the object in teaching drawing and water coloring? It has several definite, practical ends. The development of taste in a pupil is by no means the least important. A young child has little or no power to discriminate between colors. If you give him a number of pieces of differently colored yarn he is liable to pick out as similar, green and blue, for instance, or orange and yellow."

BOOK COVERS FOR ST. LOUIS PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBIT DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY PUPILS IN SCHOOL NO. 79.

BY ARCHIE PEACE, GRADE 5 B.



BY EDWARD HARRISON, GRADE 8 A. BY JAMES ROYSTON, GRADE 8 A.

"THE COSSACK OF THE SEA."

If anything happens it is because something else happened before it. If a house tumbles down it is because something in the house broke or an earthquake shook it down or the wind blew it over. If a boy becomes a great man it does not happen by chance. Something took place. The boy who becomes a great man has had a great deal to do with it himself. One of the things which helped him was his willingness to work hard. Another was seeing things that needed to be done. Still another was doing them better than any one else could do them.

The other day a great Russian battleship—a vessel with a tremendously long name, Petropavlovsk—went down over at Port Arthur, where the Russians and Japs are fighting. Tens, hundreds of sailors sank to the bottom in that great vessel. There was one man among the hundreds who were drowned whose loss meant more to the Czar than that of all the others. Stephen Osvopchik Makaroff was his name, and he was one of the Czar's vice-admirals. All the warships fighting with the Japs moved as he directed.

Now, why was he of more account to the Czar than all the others who died, and how did he make himself so? Doubtless by willingness to work hard, seeing things that needed to be done, and knowing how and doing them better than any one else could do them. The Czar can find sailors to fill the places of those who were drowned, but he can find few men to take the place of Vice-Admiral Makaroff.

He was sometimes called the "Cossack of the Sea," because of his daring. The Cossacks are Russian soldiers who fight on horseback and are unusually daring. Once when a young officer he was ordered to blow up a Turkish war vessel by going alongside it under the guns of the vessel in the darkness and fastening a torpedo to the side. The Czar wanted a man who was not afraid to do things, and he promoted the "Cossack of the Sea" rapidly.

Sometimes he was called the Nansen of Russia. Nansen was a great arctic explorer. Makaroff planned a great boat, the Yermak, which could break very thick ice. He thought he might be able to reach the North Pole in it, and twice he did go to the Arctic Circle. The Yermak is said to be the stoutest boat in the world.

These are the reasons the Czar sent him to Port Arthur and the reason his death is a greater loss to Russia than a whole shipful of plain, everyday sailors.

HE WAS FOND OF APPLES.

A writer in "Youth" tells of an experience that happened to a United States Senator who is fond of making his lunch at the Capitol out of apples. One day he sent a page with a note to his clerk, asking him to send a couple of apples by the bearer. An hour passed and the boy did not return. At length, when the Senator could stand the pangs of hunger no longer, he sent for the page. "There wasn't any answer to your note," the boy declared. "But where are the apples the clerk gave you?" questioned the Senator. "Why, Senator," said the page, "I ate the apples. The clerk handed me two, and I thought he gave them to me for bringing the note."



HAROLD SAW THE LIONESS JUST ABOUT TO SPRING UPON IONE.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

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

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CHAPTER XXI.

IONE HAS TWO NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

The next day after the dew had dried off a little—and such dewdrops you never saw, many of them as large as marbles and like clear glass—Harold and Ione got out of the elephant and went to gather flowers, the like of which has never been seen in any household; beautiful purple and lavender orchids large as a dinner plate; pure white, waxlike lilies the size of a tea bell; pink trumpet shaped flowers with deep magenta centers, growing in clusters up and down the trunk of the elephant, festooning them most beautifully.

After gathering their arms full and catching a butterfly or two they sat down to rest and take in the beauties of the scenery. Ione had scarcely seated herself on a smooth looking log when, horror of horrors! it began to move, and with a scream she jumped up and found that she had sat on a huge python, mistaking its dark skin for the trunk of a tree. They immediately returned to the elephant, considerably bitten by insects and scratched by thorns.

Harold spent the rest of the day making artificial ice, examining his electrical apparatus, and refilling the air chambers with compressed air; while Ione, singing all the while, tidied things up generally and arranged the flowers they had gathered. When everything was fixed to her liking she threw herself on the couch with one of the sweet smelling flowers she had plucked clasped in her hand, and fell asleep.

Here Harold found her when he came in from cleaning the elephant's trunk.

"She looks too beautiful to be alive," thought Harold and he stooped to kiss her, but as his lips touched her cheek he was horrified. Instead of being warm, it was as cold as ice. He quickly grabbed her hands; they too were cold and fell limply from his grasp. He picked her up in his arms, calling her name in agonized accents all the time; still there was no response. When he loosened his arms she fell back on the pillow as if dead.

Then, for the first time, he saw the little white blossom in her hand and he immediately recognized it as a deadly poisonous flower whose mere perfume meant death. When he discovered this he almost

fainted, but he knew that he must think quickly if he would restore her to consciousness.

"The vital!" he cried, "the vital with the crystal fluid in it that the old man called the 'water of life.'" Though the old man had dropped the bottle and broken it, still there were a few drops left in the bottom of the vial when Harold picked it up. Quickly he turned to the chest where he had put it and, raising Ione in his arms, he poured the remaining few drops down her throat. It acted like magic (which it was), for the drops had no sooner touched her tongue than she gave a faint sigh. Harold watched her all the time. Then in a minute she gave another sigh, her eyelids fluttered, and she opened her eyes and looked about with a dazed, half smile on her lips.

"Thank God! The magic drops have saved her life."

"Why, Harold, what is the matter?" exclaimed Ione. "You look so worried."

"Oh, Ione, you gave me such a fright! I thought you were dead." And then he told her all about the Death Flower, as the East Indians call the flower she had held in her hand.

About 3 o'clock the next morning they were awakened by a lion's roar somewhere not far distant. Harold jumped as he awoke, and as Harold looked, the lion threw back his head and gave another long, resounding roar that could have been heard for miles. He was skimming her lord and master, answered, but it sounded faint and far away.

"Oh! what would I not give to have a shot at him!" said Harold, "and have his skin for a rug. He is such a grand, big fellow. But we have no way of curing the skin."

"It is done," said Ione. "Kill him, skin him, and then blow out the skin some of the powder you used to dry up the road after we melted the snow on the Sierra Nevada Mountains. That pow-

PRIZE DRAWING.



SENT BY FRIEDA L. RADELL, Stockbridge, Mass., P. O. Box 133.

der will dry the skin immediately, leaving it flexible and cured, and also prevent the hair from falling out."

"You are a jewel, Ione; I never thought of that. I remember that the old man's directions said about it. Well, we had better be quick about it, or his mate will be here and try to chew us up. How shall I kill him? I would much rather shoot him, but I could not get a shot at him from where that would not injure his skin, and I want that free from bullet holes."

"I will turn the searchlight on this wretched lion and make him throw up his head. Then you can get a good shot back of his ear. The first shot was skin for a rug, and we can have him skinned and cured before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Now put your finger on the knob of the searchlight, and when I count three turn it on and I will shoot." Bang! a puff of smoke, and the king of beasts lay dead, not knowing what had hit him.

Later on they were busy as work blowing the powder onto the skin when Harold, chancing to look up, saw the lion's mate just about to spring upon Ione, who had her back toward it. For a second he stared in amazement, for he realized he had no weapon. All he held in his hand was the common, everyday, insect powder blowing contrivance. He raised the blower, touched the spring and away went the powder toward the lioness.

She turned her eyes as she swung for Ione. The powder caused her to sneeze a little even as she sprang, thus saving Ione, only her strong forelegs and paw hitting her. They were strong forelegs, ever, to knock her flat, as the paw with its extended claws hit her on the shoulder, tearing the sleeve from her dress and lacerating her arm.

Stunned by the blow the girl lay as if dead with her face to the earth. The lioness howled and growled with rage and pain when she found herself blinded and cheated of her prey. She ran round in a circle, not knowing which way to turn. Harold stabbed her in the neck with his hunting knife, which he founded lying on the ground and cut the poor thing out of misery. Then he picked Ione up in his arms and carried her to the elephant, trembling with fear lest she should be

When she was laid on the couch she opened her eyes. The breath had only been knocked out of her temporarily by the quickness and suddenness of the blow, and she was off the couch in a moment asking Harold what had happened and where their precious skin was. He did not stop to explain, but hurried out of the trapdoor, got the skin and was back, shutting the door after him, before you could count ten. As the lioness almost in place, he said: "See what! but that was a close call, and I never want you to have another one like it, or my hair she turns white in a minute."

(To be continued.)

THE AMOUNT OF AIR BREATHED.

The air breathed daily by a person weighs thirty-four pounds, about six times as much as the food and drink consumed in the same amount of time.

Drawings Sent in by Our Little Men and Little Women.



1. Clarissa de Cassa. 2. Philip Merriam. 3. Adele Nies. 4. Mollie McNamee. 5. Arthur Rausch. 6. Julian Dorr. 7. May Brice. 8. Harold Livingston. 9. Walter Young. 10. Nora Nelson. 11. Edwin Corbett. 12. E. H. Reynolds. 13. Fred S. Dykeman. 14. Helen E. McCormick. 15. Dorothy Goldstein. 16. Estelle Hutter. 17. A. H. Hemer. 18. Madeline Decker. 19. Eva Housman. 20. Margaret Flisk. 21. Lillian Davenport. 22. David Daggett. 23. Ethel Priest. 24. George D. Pearson. 25. Rose Moise. 26. Rica Zeiner.