John Dough and The Cherub

BY L. FRANK BAUM, Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

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CONTINUED.

SPORT OF PIRATE ISLAND.

The birds flew close together and made great speed, and in about three hours from the time they started an island appeared just ahead of them. Whereupon John said to the bird that bore him:

"Let us stop here, so we can examine the island and see how we like it. This cord is cutting into my gingerbread body, and I'd like to stop for a time anyway."

"Very well," answered the bird, and when they were over the centre of the island the flamingoes gradually descended and alighted upon the ground.

John untied the cord from his waist and also assisted Chick and Para Bruin to free themselves. The bear was not injured at all, but the cord had worn a straight line around John's body, although not very deep; and the gingerbread man had lost another of his lozenge buttons.

The place where they had alighted was covered by grass and surrounded by beautiful groves of trees.

"This looks like a fine country," said Chick, gazing around.

"It's better than our old island, anyway," remarked Para Bruin.

But just as he spoke the flamingoes uttered shrill screams and flew quickly into the air, and our friends turned in time to see a most curious creature come from the grove and approach them.

It had somewhat the likeness of a man, yet was too queer ever to be mistaken for a human being, although it was certainly alive. Its body was a huge punching bag and its head was a football.

For legs it had two of those golf clubs called putters, and one of its arms was a tennis racket and the other a baseball club. This was curious enough in all conscience, but the face was more curious yet.

For the eyes were golf balls and the nose a square of billiard chalk and its mouth a mere slit in the football where the lacing had come undone. Taken altogether, this odd creature presented a most surprising appearance, and while John Dough and Para Bruin stared at it in amazement Chick boldly asked:

"Who are you?"

"Sport is my name, and sport my nature," answered the creature, winking one eye frightfully and grinning until its queer mouth curled up at both corners.

"Sport," remarked the rubber bear gravely, "is something amusing, so I am sure you are misnamed."

"Oh! you're a balloon," returned Sport, kicking at the bear with one of his golf club feet; "the kid's a chucklehead, and the other's a bun."

"I'm not a bun!" exclaimed John indignantly.

"Yes, you are. Cross bun, too. Hot cross bun. Cool off, old chap, and look pleasant."

John was too angry to reply to this speech, but Chick said to the creature:

"If you're going to be so disagreeable you'd better leave us. We don't care to associate with people of your sort."

"Ho, ho, ha, ha!" laughed Sport. "Don't care to associate, eh? Do you know where you are?"

"No," said Chick, "and I don't care."

"Well, this island is inhabited by retired pirates and bandits who make every one who lands here pay a heavy ransom, or else they——"

"Or else they what?" asked John, as Sport stopped short and gave another horrid wink.

"Or else they boil 'em in oil for three days," was the reply.

"Well," said the bear, "we can't pay a ransom, that's certain; but I'm not afraid of being boiled in oil. I'm practically indestructible."

"But I'm not," cried John much alarmed. "It would ruin my gingerbread to be boiled in oil, and Chick would certainly get overheated. I'm afraid it would melt your rubber, too, my dear Para."

"Would it?" asked the bear with a start. "Then let us get away from this island at once."

"By all means," agreed John Dough.

"And the sooner the better," declared Chick.

But as they turned to look for the flamingoes, the creature who called himself Sport began pounding his punching bag body with his tennis racket arm, and at the sound a crowd of men ran out of groves of trees and quickly surrounded the rubber bear and Chick and John Dough.

These men had heavy beards, hooked noses and piercing black eyes; and they wore red sashes tied around their waists, and laced leggings, and blue flannel shirts open at the throats; and in their belts were stuck daggers, knives and pistols.

"Whoop! whoo—o—o!" they screeched, yelling like Indians; and their leader, who was uglier looking than any of his followers, cried out:

"Avast there, my hearties! Here's a chance for either a fine ransom or a pot of boiling oil!"

"Then it's the oil," said Para Bruin despondently, "for we have no ransom."

"You may as well start the bonfire," remarked Chick.

But John Dough stepped up to the pirate chief and asked:

"How much ransom do you require?"

"Well," answered the chief, "you're not worth much yourself, and the child's too small to count, but a fine rubber bear like that is worth ten pieces of eight or a sparkling jewel."

"I will give you a sparkling jewel for him as a ransom," said John, "if you will then permit us to depart in peace."

"All right," agreed the pirate, "hand over the sparkler and you may go."

So John borrowed a dagger from the chief and picked out of his body one of the three diamonds which the inventor had given him in the Isle of Phreex. It glittered beautifully in the sunlight and the eyes of the pirate also glittered with greed.

For he had noticed two other scars on John's gingerbread body, similiar to the one the diamond had been picked out of. Taking the diamond in his dirty hand, he said:

"Well, where are the other jewels?"

"You agreed to accept this one as our ransom," answered John.

"You misunderstood me. I said three," declared the pirate; and, turning to his men, he shouted: "Didn't I say three, boys?"

"You did! You said three sparklers!" cried the retired pirates and bandits in a loud chorus.

So John, with a sigh of regret, picked the other two diamonds out of his body and gave them to the chief.

"Now," said the pirate, "I will allow you to go. But where you can go to is a mystery to me, for you are on an island."

"Stop!" cried another man, as they turned to depart. "You've got to settle with me now. I'm the bandit chief, and I also demand a ransom."

"I have given the pirate chief all the diamonds I had," said John.

"Then you shall surely boil in oil!" shouted the bandit, scowling fearfully. "Seize them, my men, and away with them to the fiery furnace."

But just then came a flutter of wings, and the four flamingoes flew down and sailed along just over the heads of the prisoners. Instantly the bear clutched the end of a cord and was drawn upward by one of the birds. John Dough grasped the foot of another flamingo with his right hand, and was also raised high above the heads of the astonished pirates and bandits, while Chick coolly sat within the loop of string dangling from the two remaining birds and sailed into the sky with admirable composure and grace.

Meantime the robbers shook their fists and yelled at the escaped prisoners in a frenzy of helpless rage.

"Wait a minute," Para Bruin called to the flamingo which was carrying him; for he observed that just beneath him was the form of the dreadful person who had called himself Sport. The bird obeyed, remaining poised in the air; and at once the bear curled himself into a ball, let go the cord and fell downward toward the ground.

The ball of rubber, rapidly descending, struck the surprised Sport and smashed him flat upon the ground. Then up into the air bounded the bear again and caught once more the cord that was attached to the flamingo's foot.

"Well done!" called the Cherub, while the pirates and bandits were rushing to assist the helpless Sport.

"That was a noble deed, my good Para!" said the gingerbread man.

"Oh, I'm a bouncer, all right!" answered the bear proudly. "But now let us get away as quickly as possible."

So the flamingoes flew swiftly across the sea with them, and John Dough found that he sailed more easily while clutching the bird's foot than when the cord had been fastened around his body. Chick also rode with perfect comfort, but Para Bruin was obliged to wrap the cord several times around his fat paw to prevent it from slipping out of his grasp.

HILAND AND LOLAND.

After a long and steady flight the birds reached another island, larger than the first and much more beautiful. The adventurers looked down upon green valleys and vine covered hills, patches of stately forest and fields of waving grain. But aside from the scattered farmhouses they saw no cities or villages until they were over the exact centre of the island, where a most curious sight met their view.

The island was divided into two halves by a high and strong wall of stone, that ran from ocean to ocean, passing exactly through the centre of the land. In the middle of the island the dividing wall was broken by a great castle, which looked upon both sides of the wall, and had many imposing towers and turrets and spires stretching high into the air.

Clustered near the castle and upon the east side of the wall were many tall and narrow buildings, some of them rising to a height of three or four stories. The windows in these buildings were tall and narrow, and the doors were tall and narrow, and the chimneys were tall and narrow. It was quite a city in size, but the houses all looked as if they were set upon stilts, while the streets were also narrow.

On the west side of the wall, adjoining the castle, was also a city, but of a quite different sort, for the houses were low, none being of more than one story, and the windows and doors in them were so broad and low that they were wider than they were high. As for the streets, they were remarkably broad. The cities upon both sides of the wall were pretty and well built, and there were many beautiful parks and pleasure grounds scattered about.

Our friends had not much time to observe these things closely, for at John's request the flamingoes alighted upon the top of the great wall, near the castle.

"We must leave you now," said one of the birds, "for we are obliged to hurry home again. But I am sure you will be quite safe in this beautiful country."

"Good-by," said John, "and thank you very much for bringing us here."

Chick and the bear also thanked the kind flamingoes, and then the birds flew into the air and soon disappeared.

"What a lovely place to bounce," said Para Bruin, leaning over the edge of the wall nearest to the tall houses and gazing downward into the street.

"It's a good way down," said Chick. "You'd better be careful."

"Nonsense!" replied the bear, scornfully. "The higher the wall the finer the bounce."

With that he made a ball of himself and rolled off the wall. John and Chick leaned over and saw the rubber bear strike the pavement far below and then bound upward again. When he was on a level with the top of the wall he reached out his paws, caught the edge of the stones and drew himself up beside them.

"Great—wasn't it?" he asked, proudly.

"Yes; but I advise you to be careful," said the gingerbread man. "We know nothing of the people who inhabit this country, and if you should chance to miss the wall when you bound upward you would become a prisoner, and be at the mercy of those who captured you."

"That's true," agreed the bear. "I'll be more careful until we get better acquainted. What shall we do now?"

"Let's try to find a way into the castle," suggested Chick. "It's the only way to get off this wall, for I can't bounce as you do, Para Bruin."

"Nor can I," added John. "How strange it is that the island should be divided by this great wall. And how queer to have everything short on one side and tall on the other. But perhaps the people in the castle can explain it all."

They walked along the broad wall toward the castle and presently came to the large entrance gate, one of the wickets of which stood ajar, as if inviting them to enter.

"Shall we go in?" asked John, hesitating.

"Of course," decided Chick promptly. "What's the use of staying outside, when the door's open?"

So they passed through the wicket and entered a lofty arched hall, built of blocks of exquisite marble, that gave it a grand and majestic appearance. There was a small stairway leading upward and a large stairway descending to the lower floors of the castle; but no one was in sight, so they decided to go down the stairs.

"Evidently they did not expect us," remarked Para Bruin.

"This must be the castle of the ruler, or King," replied John, "and perhaps the royal family is at dinner, or the King is holding court."

But at the foot of the stairs they found the hallways and rooms as deserted and empty as could be, and their footsteps echoed with a hollow sound upon the tiled floors.

The furniture of the castle was magnificent beyond description, and the draperies and pictures upon the walls were of exceptional beauty. Everything was in perfect order, yet the place seemed deserted.

After inspecting the rooms on this floor of the castle they found another stairway, built of polished white marble, with elaborately carved marble balustrades. This they also descended, and discovered that the rooms on the lower floor were even more splendid that those they had already seen.

Occupying the entire central portion of the castle was a great marble hall, having a domed ceiling and windows which looked upon the tall city to the east of the wall as well as upon the low city to the west. There were also great entrance doors, admitting people from both sides of the wall, but these doors were closed.

They were not locked, however, and John said to his companions:

"We know nothing of the owner of this castle nor of the people inhabiting the opposite sides of the great wall. They may prove to be either our enemies or our friends, so I advise that we be cautious until we know what treatment we may expect from them. Two of us should remain here, while the third boldly enters into the cities to make inquiries."

"I'll go," said Chick.

"No, indeed; you're too young and too small," objected Para Bruin.

"But I'm just a regular child, while you're a rubber bear, and John Dough's a gingerbread man," said the Cherub. "They wouldn't think anything of my being here; but, if either of you two go, there's liable to be trouble."

"The Cherub is wise for one so young," observed John. "Therefore we will let the child visit the cities and report to us. Having found the castle deserted, we will take the liberty of occupying it until our little friend returns."

So they opened one of the great doors, and Chick walked boldly out into the main street of the high and narrow city to the eastward.

Pacing before the entrance, as if guarding the doorway from without, was a soldier who stood more than seven feet in height but who was so exceedingly thin and slender that it really seemed as if some strange power had stretched him out lengthwise. But Chick noticed that all the people walking along the streets of this city were just as tall and slight as the soldier, and quickly understood why the doors and windows of their houses had been built so singularly tall and narrow

The soldier seemed surprised when the Cherub emerged from the deserted castle, but he took off his tall hat and bowed politely. His uniform was of blue cloth, with brass buttons.

"What place is this?" asked Chick.

"This, beauteous stranger, is the great country of Hiland," answered the soldier, respectfully. "And this is the great city of Hie which you see before you; and the great people you observe are called Hilanders; and I do not suppose there is so great and wonderful a country, or city, or people anywhere else in the world."

"What is the castle called?" asked the child.

"We call it the Castle of Hilo," said the man. "It was the dwelling of the former King of Hilo, who ruled over our great nation as well as over the miserable creatures residing beyond the wall."

"But where is your King now?" inquired Chick. "The castle is empty."

"To be sure, the castle is vacant at present, for our King is long since dead," the soldier replied. "But we are patiently awaiting the arrival of his successor. There is a prophecy that our next ruler will be a King who is wise and just, but not made of flesh and blood, and although this seems an impossible thing our people hope that the prophecy will some day be fulfilled."

"But why don't you make one of your own people King?" asked Chick.

"Because the island is divided into two sections, and one King must rule both sides of the wall," replied the man. "Of course we would not allow one of the insignificant Loes to rule us, nor will they consent to allow one of our noble Hies to rule them. Therefore we must get along without a King until the arrival of the wise and just ruler who is neither flesh nor blood."

"Who are the Loes?" the child asked.

"I have never seen them, my dear, for the great wall divides them from our superior nation," said the soldier; "but they are said to be short and squat and very disagreeable. They live on the other side of the island."

"Thank you for the information," said Chick, and then turned and reentered the castle.

"What did you find out?" inquired John and Para Bruin in the same breath.

The child related the conversation with the Hie soldier, and then said:

"Now I'll go into the other city and find out what the people on that side of the wall have to say."

So John and Para opened the door at the opposite side of the arched hall and the Cherub passed out and came upon another soldier, who seemed to be standing guard at the castle entrance. This one was dressed in a red uniform, with silver buttons, and was the shortest and fattest person Chick had ever beheld. But his broad face was smiling and good natured in expression, and he tipped his low, flat hat gracefully to the pretty Incubator Baby.

"What country is this?" asked the child.

"This, most lovely one, is the superb and grand country of Loland," replied the man; "and this splendid city you behold is the city of Lo; and our magnificent people are called Lolanders."

"What is the castle called?" Chick inquired, curiously.

"It is the Castle of Lohi, inhabited by our King—when we have one—who also rules the poor barbarians who dwell outside of our paradise, on the other side of the wall."

"When do you expect to have another King?" asked the Cherub.

"Whenever one comes who is wise and just and is not made of flesh and blood," replied the man. "We have a legend that such a King shall rule us, but for my part I do not believe there is a person of that description in all the world."

"Yet there may be," suggested Chick, who had been thinking that the description just fitted John Dough.

"Oh, of course there may be," agreed the man, cordially, "and if there is, and he comes to our island, every one on both sides of the wall will hail him as King."

Looking along the streets of the city of Lo, Chick saw that all the people were as short and fat as this soldier, and that they waddled like ducks when they walked. But they seemed as busy as bees in a hive, and appeared to be happy and contented; so the child could not decide which was the finest country—that of the short people or that of the tall ones. Both cities seemed prosperous, and on both sides of the wall the island was charmingly beautiful.

It may appear strange to the reader that neither of the soldiers Chick had spoken with made any attempt to question the child. But afterward our friends found that one of the established laws of the island forbade any of the people to ask questions either of strangers or of those inhabiting the country on the opposite side of the wall. However, they were not forbidden to answer any questions properly addressed to them, and by nature both the tall people and the short people were extremely courteous and polite.

Chick decided this queer law was to blame for the misunderstanding between the two nations, for, as neither country knew anything at all about the other one, a feeling of mutual contempt and indifference had arisen between them.

KING DOUGH AND HIS COURT.

After the conversation with the soldier Chick went back to the hall of the castle and told John Dough and Para Bruin what the man had said.

"They all expect a wise and just ruler who is not made of flesh and blood," reported the little one, "so I guess it's up to you, John, to run this island."

"I'm surprised," said Para Bruin, "that they do not prefer a King who is made of pure rubber and can bounce. But if they want John Dough instead of me I'm willing to yield in his favor."

"You shall be my Chief Counsellor," replied John, "only I reserve the right to act as I please in case I do not like the counsels you offer."

"That is entirely fair and reasonable," declared Para Bruin, "and I thank you for the honor you confer upon me."

"I'm going to be Head Booleywag," said Chick gravely.

"What's that?" asked John.

"It's the one that rules the ruler," said the smiling Cherub. "So just behave yourselves—you and your Chief Counsellor—and you'll both find I know my business."

Thereupon the child led John Dough to the King's attiring room and hunted in the closets until a fine ermine robe and a crown and sceptre were discovered. The crown was a little tarnished from lack of use, but the jewels in it still sparkled brightly, so the bear set it upon John's head and put the sceptre in his right hand.

Chick folded the ermine robe around him in such a way that his missing left hand was not noticed and then they led the gingerbread man to the great hall and placed him on the royal throne.

He might have looked more dignified had not his nose been badly chipped and his left glass eye so loose in its socket that it rolled every way but the right way; however, the robe concealed the fact that his shirt front was soiled and cracked and that several lozenge buttons had broken off during his recent adventures.

But kingly robes and a kingly crown cover many defects, and when Para Bruin and the Cherub stood back and took a critical look at their friend they felt quite proud of his regal appearance.

When all had been made ready and John was seated on the throne Chick went to the west door of the castle hall and threw it open and at the same time Para Bruin opened wide the east door. Then together they cried out to the people:

"The King has come! Enter his castle, all ye, Hilanders and Lolanders, and greet the new ruler in a fitting manner!"

So the tall and slender people trooped in at one door and the short and fat people trooped in at the other, and all gazed with awe and reverence at the strange form of the gingerbread King, who was surely not flesh and blood and might easily be a wise and just ruler.

There was no disputing the fulfilment of the prophecy; so all bowed humbly before John, whom Chick introduced to his subjects in a shrill, childish voice as "King Dough the First, Ruler of the Twin Kingdoms of Hiland and Loland."

Afterward there were feasting and rejoicing in both cities, and John made a royal procession on both sides of the great wall, being everywhere received with shouts of enthusiastic joy.

The gingerbread man proved a very successful ruler; and, as neither he nor Para Bruin ate anything and Chick returned to a diet of oatmeal and cream, the King's expenses were very light and he was not obliged to tax his people to support his royal state.

One of the first laws he made was that no one in the two nations should eat gingerbread that was more than three days old, under pain of death; this prevented his ever being in danger when he travelled in either land.

Another thing he did was to engage a fat little woman of Loland to make and bake him a new gingerbread hand having five excellent fingers at the end of it. Also she made gingerbread patches to fit his broken ear and his crumbled nose and his damaged heel, as well as some lovely new coattails; and, when the hand and all these patches were placed where they belonged, John drank the cordial contained in the silver flask that the Beaver Fairy had given him, and at once the new gingerbread became a part of his body, and he was as perfect as the day he had left Monsieur Jules's bakeshop.

The woman also repaired his frosting and fastened some new lozenge buttons to his waistcoat, after which John presented so fine an appearance that all his people were very proud of him.

Para Bruin also became a great favorite in the two cities, and the tall and short folks loved to watch him stand upon the high wall that divided the two nations, from which he would leap to the ground and immediately bound back again to his station on the wall. He was always good natured and cheerful, quite winning the hearts of the Hilanders by poking fun at the Lolanders, and afterward delighting the Lolanders by jeering at the Hilanders.

So Para Bruin's life was a happy one, and for countless years he remained the close friend and companion of King Dough the First, the popular and worthy ruler of Hiland and Loland.

The records of the kingdom say very little of Chick's later history, merely mentioning the fact that the King's most valuable assistant was the Head Booleywag, who grew up to be the special favorite of all the inhabitants of the island. But, curiously enough, the records fail to state whether the Head Booleywag was a man or a woman.

THE END.

Gamblers' Odd Wager.

From the Tuesday Magazine.

Driven to desperation by their heavy losses, gamblers have often sought by some coup either to repair their shattered fortunes or to bring down utter ruin upon themselves. One of the most curious instances of this kind comes from England of the eighteenth century. A notorious gambler had been losing steadily in a game for high stakes with Lord Lorne. Exasperated by his continued ill fortune, he suddenly sprang up from the card table, seized a large and costly punch bowl and, balancing it above his head, called out to his opponent:

"For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even for 15,000 guineas!"

"Odd!" replied the peer placidly, and the gambler hurled the magnificent bowl against the wall.

When they counted the pieces Lord Lorne had won.

GOOD POINTS OF GILA MONSTERS

Long Tom Wilson Defends His Pets and Makes Trouble in a Desert Town.

FURNACE, Cal., Dec. 25.—Because Long Tom Wilson of Indio, San Bernardino county, persists in the belief that the Gila monster was fitted by nature to be a household pet, the people of this quiet desert town and most of this end of the county have been leading a life of some variety during the last two days. Now that Long Tom's yellow monsters are dead the story of the recent trouble caused by their presence in town can be told without offence to anybody.

Most people in the Mojave desert don't take kindly to the Gila monster. His looks are said to be against him, and furthermore when he bites anybody that person is tolerably sure to die.

Only one man in these parts has ever been bitten by a Gila monster and lived; that was a Chinaman who happened through Furnace last June. He sat on one down by the water tank. But he died of sunstroke before the effect of the poison could work through his overalls.

Long Tom Wilson is a prospector who works claims up in the Panamint Mountains on the grub stake plan. He is not considered a very sociable person in the desert, although he has been known to talk some under the influence of Charley Quanitz's prune juice down at the Arctic saloon.

Being much by himself off on the desert ranges, Long Tom Wilson seems to have drawn away from the pleasures of human society and to have cultivated the companionship of creeping things and furred creatures. This peculiarity has, of course, been pardoned by Furnace's citizens as being only within any man's own rights. It was only when Long Tom added two three foot monsters to his menagerie and insisted on getting board and lodging for them at Mrs. Sally Smith's that Furnace people began to speak up.

The last time Wilson came to town he had with him his jenny mule Roger, a pet coyote, a red squirrel, which he carried in his shirt pocket, two woodticks and two Gila monsters. He kept the reptiles in a cracker box, with the cover on, and consequently Mrs. Sally Smith was not aware of the deadly character of that part of her boarder's baggage for some days.

Long Tom used to amble down Main street with his coyote following at his heels, his squirrel in his shirt and the two pet woodticks in a pill box in his waistcoat pocket. Besides asking for two plugs of Lone Star at Peters's general store and telling Mrs. Sally Smith that he liked his eggs fried on both sides, Wilson did not say much of anything to the populace of Furnace.

The third day after Long Tom hit Furnace, Mrs. Sally Smith's Indian girl, Bernice, went up to Long Tom's room to spray the furniture with buhac. Bernice happened to bump the shelf over the bed with her head and the cracker box fell down. The cover came off and the two Gila monsters rolled out.

Bernice screamed, having been educated in the Perris Indian school, and Mrs. Sally Smith went up to see what was the matter. She also screamed and promptly ran out into the street.

When Long Tom came back up to Mrs. Sally Smith's bunk house he found an excited crowd of citizens standing in front of the bar door.

"Look here, Mr. Wilson," said Jim Hawtree, who runs the livery stable and drives the stage to Poison Wells. "What kind of chained lightning are you keeping in this respectable shack?"

"My business," said Long Tom, and went up to his room.

Jim Hawtree and the other citizens who heard Wilson's brief remark were somewhat riled up, but they didn't commit any violence. They all went down to Charley Quanitz's place, where the respectable element of Furnace gathers every afternoon, and there they put it before the boys.

Somehow or other the report began to grow as it circulated through town. Some said Long Tom had a nest of rattlers in his bed. Others were certain that he was pounding hobs in his brogans with a stick of dynamite. All agreed that he was a dangerous character

Along about 7 o'clock in the evening a delegation went up from the Arctic to fetch Wilson down and get an explanation. Wilson must have seen the boys coming, for just as they arrived in front of Mrs. Sallie Smith's place Mrs. Sallie and Bernice came out on the run and Mrs. Smith's husband's grandfather, Tecumseh Smith, wheeled himself after in his invalid's chair.

"He's gone and turned the monsters loose in the front hall upstairs!" screamed Mrs. Sallie, "and they are playing around right near the head of the stairs."

The delegation from the Arctic paused. It was getting dark and the hallway was narrow.

Then they tried to argue with Long Tom by hollering up to his window from the street. All Long Tom did in answer was to expectorate through the window about once every five minutes.

Mrs. Sallie Smith and Bernice and Tecumseh Smith slept with neighbors that night.

Next morning the boys went to Justice of the Peace Buck McCall and got out a warrant for Wilson's arrest. The charge was carrying concealed weapons. Deputy Sheriff Bob Hunt went up to serve the warrant.

Bob didn't find any Gila monsters in the hallway, but he found Long Tom Wilson frying some sowbelly on a coal oil stove in his room. He brought Wilson and his two Gila monsters in their cracker box down to Justice Buck McCall's court, which is in the back room of the Arctic when a court case becomes necessary.

Long Tom carried his red squirrel in his shirt and his two pet woodticks in the pill box, and he never said a word.

Most of the citizens of Furnace followed Deputy Sheriff Bob Hunt and his prisoner down Main street to the Arctic. Charley Quanitz had moved the roulette table and the faro layout out into the back yard and so most of the boys were accommodated with standing room.

Bob Hunt placed the cracker box cage of the Gila monsters on Justice McCall's table and put Long Tom in a chair near the big cuspidor.

"Long Tom Wilson," said the Justice, "you are charged with carrying concealed weapons in the shape of two live Gila monsters which are known and recognized to be about as deadly as a .44 Colt and which further don't make a noise when they go off, which makes them still more deadly, all of which is contrary to the laws of the Penal Code and against the dignity of San Bernardino county and the town of Furnace. What do you answer, 'guilty' or 'not guilty'?"

"Not guilty," said Long Tom, real short.

"Trot in the witnesses," said Justice McCall.

Mrs. Sallie came and testified to seeing the Gila monsters in the hallway the night before. Bernice, the Indian girl, told how she had knocked her head against the shelf and tipped over the monsters. Tecumseh Smith was wheeled in to testify, but being somewhat childish he meandered in his story and was talking about a snake hunt in the Berkshire Hills, Conn., when the justice ordered him wheeled out.

"Now, Long Tom Wilson," said the justice, when all the evidence was in, "what have you got to say for yourself before I pass sentence of death on your two poisonous reptiles?"

Wilson took his chew out and crossed his legs slowly.

"There is some men I'd sooner steer clear of than any Gila monsters in the Mojave," began Long Tom, and since he appeared to be going to say something more a surprised look came over the faces of the audience.

"And there is a lot of Gila monsters I know that ain't half so dangerous as some men—and some women. A Gila monster minds his own business and don't make trouble unless you bother him.

"A Gila monster keeps his mouth shut except when he's going to bite, and then he bites and gets through with it. And what's more, a Gila monster knows he's ugly and don't wear false curls down the back and corsets around his slats like some boarding house keepers.

"It's me for Gila monsters when it comes to a showdown between them and some citizens of Furnace. Now fire away on your sentence."

Justice McCall got real red in the face. Then he fined Long Tom $10 for carrying concealed weapons, as charged, and $5 more for contempt of court, and said that Bob Hunt should take the Gila monsters out in the back yard and kill them.

Long Tom Wilson paid the $15 then and there. Then he packed up his jenny mule and took his red squirrel in his shirt and his woodticks in his waistcoat pocket and struck the desert trail.

Mrs. Sallie Smith's half pointer and half St. Bernard dog Oscar followed Long Tom Wilson out onto the desert.

"ARE YOU A TEACHER?"

Compliment Paid to Some Women Visitors in the Streets of the Poor.

A New York woman with a visiting friend had occasion to walk through Little Italy in Harlem the other day.

On 112th street, near First avenue, the New York woman was accosted by two Italian children:

"Hello, teacha! See lil' pig! Lil' roas' pig! See!" and running into the street the children stopped their mother, who was crossing, bearing in her hands a cunning little porker in an iron pan evidently fresh from the oven. The Italian woman smilingly repeated the children's words:

"Yes, teacha, lil' pig, he yus roas'."

The visiting friend remained perched on the curbstone clutching her skirts high with both hands, her nose tilted in disapproval of the fish in the pedler's pushcart and the beans sold by the old woman on the corner.

"Why did they call you teacher?" she exclaimed to the New York woman. "And why did you stop to look at that dreadful pig?"

"Perhaps one of your questions may answer the other," replied the New York woman. "I guess they called me teacher because they thought I looked as if I should care to see the pig. Or perhaps they thought I should like to see the pig because I looked like a teacher."

"Oh, well, if you are going to be enigmatic——"

But they had reached their destination; the new Italian church on 114th street facing the park. They were hardly seated before a tiny Italian woman with a bouncing baby entered timidly, then approached the two American women and sat down beside them.

The New York woman smiled and patted the baby's cheeks and asked how old it was. The mother replied in a very poor attempt at English. After a while she looked confidingly at the stranger, saying:

"Jessa same—a teacha?"

"Yes, kind of a teacher," replied the woman.

After dinner that evening as the doings of the day were being rehearsed the visiting friend suddenly remembered the teacher episodes and demanded an explanation.

"Why do those people call you teacher?" she asked.

"To be addressed as 'teacher' by one of the tenement district dwellers is the sweetest music to my ears," the New York woman replied. "You never hear a child in this part of the city speak to me that way. I'm no different from all other women in my appearance to their eyes.

"But to the little dwellers in the slums in the foreign quarters, in the neighborhood of the settlements and free kindergartens, the 'teacher' is an angel of light, and to be taken for one of these creatures is the highest compliment that a woman can receive.

"It has saving grace, too. One day I went to Chinatown by appointment to meet a mission worker. After threading my way with fear through the dark, narrow alleys and climbing with trembling limbs and beating heart two flights of stairs past scarey looking yellow men I found the mission room door locked. My missionary had misunderstood the hour.

"At last in response to my desperate rapping and rattling at the door a young Chinaman peered furtively out. Glancing me over swiftly, he exclaimed.

"'You allee samee teacher?'

"'Yes, yes,' I cried, 'let me in.'

"I found myself in the midst of a group of Chinamen to whom I was introduced as 'allee samee teacher,' and was respectfully welcomed and entertained until the arrival of the dilatory missionary. When he came he reassured my timid spirits.

"'Oh, you be safely in Chinatown. Allee Chinamen tinka you teacher,' he said.

"Another time I was walking in the San Juan Hill district in the early summer evening. As I came upon a group of vicious looking black men and wicked looking white men blocking the sidewalk I hesitated what to do. I didn't dare to press through the crowd, yet I didn't wish to be a coward and go back, and even flight seemed dangerous.

"My eyes fell on a young colored couple sitting on the nearest stoop, the mother holding a dear little baby decked out in spotless white gown and cap trimmed with rosettes of bright pink ribbon.

"'What a dear baby!' I said, going up to the mother. 'How old is it? And how becoming those pink ribbons are!'

"'Yas, um,' the little woman answered, and then after a few words, 'You one of der teachers?'

"'Yes, kind of a teacher,' is my unfailing reply.

"The words caught the ears of some children near by.

"'Teacher, teacher!' they yelled, and soon a crowd of youngsters, black and white, surrounded me.

"The men dispersed and I was escorted down the hill by a battalion of children as safely as if a platoon of police had been detailed to protect me.

"Often and often a child, or more likely two or three children of the slums meeting me will slide a soft though dirty little arm about my waist or knee and beg the privilege of walking the length of the street with 'teacher.' And pitifully often in the summer, I am besieged with appeals from little street urchins unknown to me.

"'Can't you help get me into the country, teacher?' they ask.

"As I said before, I am never more highly complimented than I am when this title is bestowed upon me. I feel that I have in some way acquired the hall mark."

"Well, what is the hall mark?" asked the visiting friend. "No one called me teacher!"

"No, you didn't really look as if you cared for roast pig!"

"But joking aside, how do the children distinguish?"

"Having studied the question, I may say with all modesty that these little claimants on our regard, and their mothers as well, seem to have decided that any woman of respectable appearance, possessing some little degree of evident refinement, of dignified bearing, wearing an earnest face, showing an interest in human beings, especially children and most especially babies, and having a pleasant word or a sunny smile for all little folk, must belong to that noble army of teachers who in schools, churches, missions and tents, are doing so much to uplift the littlest ones of the city."

Hawk Tried to Carry Away a Dog.

Cartersburg correspondence Indianapolis News.

Joseph Wood and his stepson, Peter McLain, accompanied by a dog, went tramping along the branch in Thorp's wood pasture, and a large hawk flew down and seized the dog's head in its claws.

The dog ran fifty rods or more with its feathered assailant holding to its prey before young McLain could overtake the fugitives and kill the hawk with a club.

MRS. MURPHY EXPLAINS.

The Office Building Scrubwoman Accounts for an Uncleaned Floor.

The office floor had not been scrubbed for some days, and Mrs. Murphy, one of the cleaners of the building, was sought for an explanation. She was found in an adjoining office—a large, motherly looking Irish woman, with an expansive smile and a kindly glint in her eye that not even family cares and the necessity of contributing to the support of the children she had brought into the world, not to mention "buryin' 'wan eleven months old just afore I tuk th' worrk here," could materially lessen.

Her bright, alert look and smile caused the righteous indignation of the tenant to dwindle to a feeble protest. She listened, then became voluble and apologetic:

"Is that so? Shure, I was away on account o' me sister's death, an' I got a livin' out girrl to help me in th' buildin' for a few days, an' she didn't understand th' worrk. But it'll be all right now, for I'll do it meself," and straightway she followed to look at the neglected floor.

Her look had grown a shade less cheerful at the mention of the sister, and the complaint became a murmur of sympathy.

The explanation having been made, Mrs. Murphy leaned upon her broom and continued:

"Yes, an' I had to bury her. Shure, she an' me was th' last that was left of th' family. I brought her an' another sister to this counthry, an' I buried th' other; an' now this wan is gone too, an' I'm th' only wan that's left.

"She died in th' hospital, an' I was runnin' there for two days afore she wint. As soon as I finished me worrk here I'd be there, and whin I come home I had to do a big wash that was in th' tube.

"I was nigh dead wid it all, but, thank God, I stayed wid me sister until th' last. An' I brought her out of it, too, widout thim ever touchin' her, an' gev her a dacint burial.

"But, shure, I had a harrd time to do it, an' only that I was that determined they'd 'a' got th' best of me in the ind. Ye see, it was this way.

"Th' day she died they sint me worrd that she couldn't live th' day out, an' I wint up there an' I seen her, but I couldn't stay wid her, for I had th' worrk to do. So in th' avenin' I wint up there agin, an' th' man at the dure tould me it was agin th' rules to let anywan in at that time.

"'But,' I sez to him, 'me sister is dyin' an' I want to go in an' see her.'

"'Shure, wasn't ye here to-day,' sez he, 'an' ain't that enough for ye?'

"'Well,' sez I to meself, 'I'll see Bridget wance more—an' she an' me th' last that's left o' us.'

"So I wint to th' priest of the parish, an' I tould him that me sister was dyin' in th' hospital, an' would he come and prepare her. So he came along wid me, an' when they saw th' priest they dare n't refuse to lave him in, an' I stuck tight to him; an' that's how I got to see her agin.

"Whin th' doctor 'an' th' attindint seen me they sez:

"'Who let this woman in?' an' they wanted to make me go out.

"But I sez to them:

"'Ye'll not put me out, for she's not long to live, an' I'll stay here and see th' last of her.'

"Well, they said everythin' to me an' they did everythin' to me but bate me. If luks and worrds could kill, I'd never come out of th' place alive whin I tould thim 'I'll not lave it, shure, two officers 'd be th' only thing that 'd put me out o' this.'

"So at lasht they left me alone, an' I stayed there wid her, an' whin it was nearly 12 o'clock at night she tried to sit up in th' bed, an' sez she:

"'Mary, I see me mother.'

"'No, ye do not, Bridget,' sez I, 'but ye will see her afore long.'

"'Oh,' sez she, 'what'll become o' th' childer whin I'm gone?'

"Ye see, she had two young wans, an' the husband was no good.

"'Rest aisy, Bridget,' sez I, 'for I'll take little Maggie wid me, an' I'll trate her like wan of me own, an' the bye I'll put down to Father Drumgoole's.'

"'Will ye, Mary?' sez she.

"'I will, with the help of God,' sez I.

"'Kiss me, Mary,' sez she, an' I did, an' wid that she was gone.

"Thin I tuk two five cent pieces out of me pocket book an' I closed her eyes wid thim, an' I tied up her chin. Whin I had her fixed I wint downstairs an' tould the attindint, an' I stayed down there an' waited. They wanted me to go home an' I wouldn't. Sez wan to me:

"'Shure yer sister is gone now, an' ye can do no more good here.'

"'Is that so?' sez I. 'Well, I'll stay wid me sister while ever she's in this place, no mather where ye put her.'

"So in a little while down they brought poor Bridget on a stretcher an' tuk her to the dead house, an' me after thim, for, sez I to myself, 'they'll hould no eyetopsy on Bridget while I've a breath left in me body,' for I thought what they'd be up to.

"Well, as soon as they put her in wan o' thim—a thing like a drawer that ye'd pull out, ye know—they sez to me:

"'This is no place for ye to be waitin'; ye'd better go home,' an' they tried to argy wid me, but no——

"'I'll stay here,' sez I.

"'Ye must be tired out afther yer harrd day's work; ye'd better go,' sez the watchman.

"'I am,' sez I, 'but I'm not that tired that ye'll get me out o' here.'

"An' shure enough, while I was waitin', down came the doctors and attindants wid a stretcher to take me poor sister's body away to cut up, an' whin wan o' the doctors seen me he sez:

"'What's this woman doin' here?'

"'I'm here,' sez I, 'to take care of me sister's dead body an' see that ye make none o' yer eyetopsies on her.'

"Wid that the doctor commenced to talk to me. Sez he:

"'Why,' sez he, 'that body is no more nor a house that ye'd be put out of.'

"'Well,' sez I, 'I never was put out of a house yet, thank God, an' no more will me sister be tuk out of this by yees.'

"'But,' sez he, 'ye know 'tis a rule of the place that we must do this; yer sister had a lump under her hearrt an' we want to find out what it was.'

"'She did