

Pennyville's Delayed NEW YEAR



The people of Pennyville had a town clock that was the best clock that ever was made, and they esteemed it so highly that nobody except the mayor was allowed to touch it. Each morning the citizens used to set their watches by it, and they were all sure that it never varied a minute.

But on the morning of Dec. 31 a terrible thing happened. When the citizens looked at their watches they saw the hands

pointing to 8 o'clock, but the town clock said that it was only 7. Everybody at once set his watch back an hour, but when the people looked again the watches all said 8 o'clock and the town clock said that it was only half-past seven.

It kept going more and more slowly, and when the sun was high overhead the great clock of Pennyville said that it was only 9 o'clock.

"What can we do? What can we do?" said all the people. "We are very hungry, but the clock says that it is not time for luncheon, altho the sun is high."

"We can do nothing except to wait until the clock shows noon," said the mayor. "Something has happened to the day."

The sun began to sink and the clock only showed 11. Then it got dark and all at once the clock stopped entirely.

"Horrors!" said everybody. But the schoolmaster clapped his hands and shouted:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Stop your watches, all you people! Time has stopped, and if it will only stay stopped we will never get old!"

"Hurrah!" cried all the citizens.

"How about New Year's?" asked the butcher.

"There will be no New Year's, of course," said the schoolmaster. "It will be December 31 all the time."

"I can feel myself keeping young already," said the mayor, trying to hop on one foot.

The people of Pennyville were nearly mad with joy. Every morning when they awoke, they looked at the town clock the first thing to see if time had begun again, but the clock never moved and then everybody would shout and sing again.

So things went for two weeks. Then the Grand Duke of Bratwurst suddenly remembered that he had seen nothing of the taxes which were due from Pennyville every New Year's Day.

"Hurry," said he to his treasurer. "Put on your coat of mail and collect the money, and don't lose any o' the way, and be sure to charge them interest for two weeks and ask them what they mean by keeping me waiting."

The treasurer returned after a few days and threw himself down before the grand duke. "Sire," said he, with chattering teeth, "I have no money. The people of Pennyville say that time has stopped and that New Year's has not come, and therefore they do not owe any taxes."

"What!" roared the grand duke. "Say that again. Or, rather, do not say that again. It will make me too mad. Get my executioner, and we will see about this."

"How dare you refuse to pay taxes?" he yelled when he arrived in Pennyville. The mayor told him how time had stopped and the grand duke said: "What impudence! Do you suppose that time could stop unless I gave permission? There is something the matter with your clock, that's where the trouble is."

The mayor struck his forehead and exclaimed: "Why didn't we think of that?"

But the schoolmaster muttered: "Impossible! If it were possible, I would have known it."

However, the beadle climbed to the clock and opened it and found a nest of owls in the works. The moment it was taken out the clock commenced to go again.

"See the trouble you have caused me," said the grand duke. "I really think that I shall order a few heads cut off this time, unless you do something very extra wise about this thing to amuse me."

"We cannot do wise things to amuse you," said the mayor with dignity, "not even to save our heads. But we are sure to do something very wise, because we never do anything else."

So the citizens met then and there, and the beadle said:

"The matter is simple enough. The clock has lost two weeks and the only way to correct the error and give us back our lost time is for me to climb up and turn the hands around as fast as I can until they catch up."

"You are a very pearl of a beadle," said the mayor admiringly.

The beadle immediately began to turn the hands very fast and the clock struck twelve and then one and then two and so on in rapid succession. The people below ran



"I feel myself keeping young already," said the mayor.

around as fast as they could go, tumbling over each other and saying: "Out of the way! Out of the way! We have two weeks' business to do."

When the clock struck nine, the women all seized the children and put them to bed, and then they dragged them out again almost immediately, because the beadle was turning the hands so fast that the clock struck six in the morning almost before the bedclothes had been tucked in around them.

Some of the people tried to eat a meal every time the clock struck noon, and others tried to turn the hands of their watches as fast as the beadle was turning the hands of the clock. And all the while everybody was saying:

"We feel ourselves getting older fast. We feel ourselves getting two weeks older! How queer!"

At last the beadle finished turning the hands and the mayor raced off at once and brought the tax money and the grand duke said:

"Well, I won't order any heads cut off, because you surely did something extra wise that time."

And the people of Pennyville trotted away singing: "We are so wise that we cannot lose our heads."



CHAPTER IV.

The noise that had aroused the boys from sleep was made by wolves. The beasts had scented out the spot where the deer had been killed and dressed, and a dozen of them engaged in a fierce fight over the remains.

They were a mile away, but as the forest was quiet their howls and growls and yelps seemed to be close at hand. The dog had rushed out of the cave before the boys awoke, and it was three or four minutes before the youngsters could figure out just what the noise meant.

"It's the wolves fighting over what we left of the deer," said Joe, "and I do not think there is any cause for us to fear. Even if they come this way they cannot get at us. Here is a piece of stout string. While you creep out of the cave and throw more wood on the fire and whistle to the dog, I will lash my knife to the hoe handle. We will use it for a spear if the beasts do some."

Dan crept out of the cave to find the fire almost out. There was plenty of limbs at hand to start it up again, and when he had a good blaze going he whistled and called for the dog. Five minutes passed and the animal did not return, while all of a sudden the wolves set up a new clamor.

"The idiot of a dog rushed thru the woods to see what was the matter," said Joe, "and the wolves have spied him out and are after him. They are coming this way, and we must get into the cave and be prepared for a fight."

Two minutes later the dog was heard scratching and whining at the blocked entrance. The stone was quickly shoved aside and he was admitted, and just then the pack of wolves came sweeping up and halted a few feet from the fire.

The dog had received a bad bite and was pretty well scared. The boys knew that all wild animals dreaded fire, and they hoped the wolves would soon go away. Perhaps the beasts would have done so had they not scented the cooked meat that the boys had wrapped up in bark and taken into the cave with them. Then it suddenly began raining, and in a quarter of an hour the fire was out and the wolves were doing their best to force their way into the cave.

It was lucky that Joe had thought of the knife. He could not reach a wolf with the ax, but as the beasts scratched at the big stone blocking the mouth of the cave and tried to roll it aside he jabbed at them with his spear and wounded every one that came near.

They were a fierce and hungry lot and determined to get at their prey; but after half an hour something happened to give them a great fright. The boys suddenly heard the scream of a wild beast above the snarls of the

wolves, and then there was a terrific fight for a minute. Then the wolves were heard scampering away, and Joe whispered to Dan:

"I know what has happened. This cave is the den of a bear or panther, and the beast has come home. Look there and you can see his eyes shining."

It was a panther, and a big one. He had killed one wolf and driven the others away in terror. For a few minutes he was quiet, being surprised at the smell of smoke and the situation of affairs, but presently he began growling and snarling, and trying to force his way into the cave.

The dog crouched down and shivered, and Dan was of no use, but Joe crept forward with his spear and wounded the panther at the first thrust. Then the enraged beast broke loose, and made the forest ring with his fierce cries. But for Joe and his lance he could have shouldered the stone away in a minute, but the boy was on watch for him.

Every time the beast came near enough he got a jab from the sharp knife, and after being wounded three or four times he finally withdrew and was heard of no more.

The rest of the night passed without alarm, but the boys did not sleep again. When daylight came they peered out and saw a dead wolf with many tufts of hair lying about, and it was with the greatest caution that they finally emerged from the cave.

They looked into the trees about them, but the panther was nowhere to be seen. It had rained all night, and was still raining, but they had no need to build a fire. Their breakfast was wrapped up in the piece of bark.

About 10 o'clock the rain ceased and the sun came out and the boys pursued their way, holding in the same general course as the day before. They had traveled for two hours when they came upon a good-sized creek that had to be crossed. Owing to the rain the creek was in flood and could not be waded. The boys were following its banks in hopes to find a fallen tree over which they could pass, when they heard growls and snarls not far away.

Turning a thicket they came upon a queer sight. There was a fallen tree across the creek, and on this tree and close together stood a bear and a panther. Each had started to cross from a different direction and they had met in the center. The boys had not been looking on more than two minutes when both beasts suddenly sprang for each other. They fought for a few seconds and then rolled off into the water and were carried away with a rush. It was such a funny sight that both boys sat down and laughed heartily.

An hour later, as they were making their way along a deer trail which ran in the direction they wanted to go, they came to a clear spot in the woods and saw before them an Indian wigwam. There was a bit of fire near the wigwam, and an Indian sat on a log cleaning his rifle. "Now we will know how to get out of the woods," whispered Dan as they halted.

"Don't be too sure about that," replied Joe. "There are plenty of bad Indians about, and this fellow may be one of them."

(To Be Continued.)



He got a jab from the knife.

THE SOUVENIR BUTTONS

A Junior button is given to every contributor for his first paper printed, provided it is neither a prize winner nor an "honorable mention." Only one Junior button is given a year, and this is sent without application. The new year began Sept. 16, 1905.

An Honor button is awarded for an "honorable mention," and is sent without application.

An Honor button is awarded to every Junior who has three papers printed which are neither prize winners nor honorable mentions. These must be claimed by the winner, giving dates of publication.

An Honor button is awarded for an accepted contribution to the storyteller column, and is sent without application, together with an order for a book.

A prize button is awarded for every prize paper, without application. Two picture prizes only in one year may be won.

All of these, except the Honor buttons awarded for three papers printed, are sent out the day of publication, and all notices of failure to receive them must be sent to the editor within the week following publication.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT CONTESTS.

These contests are for writers in and above the ninth grade.

Two prizes of \$10 each for pictures or books for the schools are awarded every three months to the two high schools winning the highest number of credits.

Winners of these prizes are barred from further contests for the school year, tho their contributions will be printed.

No school in Minneapolis and no town in the northwest will be given more than one credit a week. At least four papers must be sent in on a topic for a high school to be considered in the contest.

A Journal Junior Prize Button is sent for the first high school credit paper of each competitor during the quarter.

The second quarter began Dec. 17, 1905, and ends March 11, 1906, inclusive.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.

The pictures, which are given as prizes during the school year become the exclusive property of the schoolrooms upon whose walls they are hung. They are to remain permanently in the school which the winner attended when he or she won the prize, and under no circumstances are to be removed to another school or to a private home.

Express charges on all prize pictures are paid by The Journal.

HOW TO PREPARE THE PAPERS.

Write in ink and on only one side of the paper. Leave a space of three inches at the top of the first page. Use no headlines. Put the number of words in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. Sign the name and residence at the end at the right, the grade and school at the end at the left.

THE STORYTELLER.

Any pupil of a public school, in any part of the United States, who is in or above the fifth grade, may contribute to the Storyteller. These stories may be true or fiction, and upon any subject preferred by the writer. They must not be less than 500 words in length, nor more than 1,000.

TOPICS FOR OUT-OF-TOWN WRITERS.

All writers outside of Minneapolis are to use the topics headed "Out-of-Town Topics." Pupils in the public schools anywhere in the United States may write for The Journal Junior, but must use only the topics under this head.