

**THE CHERUB**  
**OR A GIRL**  
**OR A BOY?**

**L. FRANK BAUM'S**  
**THE WONDER STORY FOR CHILDREN**

**THE CHERUB**  
**OR A GIRL**  
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Picture by John R. Neal.

### THE LADY EXECUTIONER

(Copyright, 1906, by L. Frank Baum.)

Presently Chick returned, looking bright and happy as ever, but when the child heard the tale of John's wanderings in the rain he received a sound scolding for being so careless.

"You mustn't pay any attention to the inventor," said the cherub. "This isle is full of 'em, and most of their inventions won't work."

"I've discovered that," said John.

"But they're good fun, if you don't take 'em in earnest," continued the Baby; "and as it's going to rain all the afternoon, I'll take you around the castle to make some calls on some of the cranks that are harmless."

John readily agreed to this proposal, so Chick took his hand and led him through some of the wide halls, stopping frequently to call upon the different inventors and scientific discoverers who inhabited the various rooms. They were all glad to see the pretty child and welcomed John Dough almost as cordially.

One personage presented the gingerbread man with a smokeless cigar that he had recently invented. Another wanted him to listen to a noiseless music box, and was delighted when John declared he could hear nothing at all. A third wanted him to try a dish of hot ice cream made in a glowing



"THE DOOR IN THE BODY OF THE BIRD OPENED."

freer, and was grieved because the gingerbread man was constructed in such a way that it was impossible for him to eat.

"Really," said John, "I don't see the use of these things."

"Oh, they're not useful at all," replied Chick, laughing; "but these folks are all trying to do something queer, and most of them are doing it. Now we'll climb this tower, and I'll show you what I call a really fine invention."

So up they climbed to the top of one of the turrets, winding round and round a narrow staircase until they came upon a broad platform. And on this platform rested a queer machine that somewhat resembled a bird, for it had two great wings and a big body that glittered as brightly as if it were made of silver.

While they stood looking at this odd contrivance a door in the body of the bird opened and a young man stepped out and greeted them.

John thought him quite the most agreeable person in looks and manner, that he had yet met in the Isle of Phreex, excepting, of course, his friend Chick. The young man had a sad face, but his eyes were pleasant and intelligent and his brow thoughtful. In a few polite and well-chosen words he welcomed his guests.

"This is Imar," said Chick, introducing John, "and he has invented a real flying machine."

"One that will fly?" asked John, curiously.

### THE GAMBLER

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

Author of "The Masquerader," etc.

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**XXIV.**

This little incident—this small and yet significant interlude—in Clodagh's day of new-born freedom, possessed a weight and an importance all its own. It is quite possible that, taken as a mere note in the tenuous, inconsequent symphony of her social life in Venice, Barnard's expression of his sentiments might have glanced across her mind, leaving no definite impression. But the word of fate is wonderfully woven. Barnard had propounded those sentiments through the medium of a name—a name which was to be indelibly printed upon Clodagh's memory for long in dark places, is suddenly exposed to the influences of warmth and light. She glowed, she blossomed, she expanded under every passing touch.

As she leaned back against the cushions of the gondola and met the amused and quizzical glance that accompanied Barnard's explanation, her thoughts sprang for-

Then he turned to his guards and commanded: "Eyes in the General."

Immediately they ushered before the king a soldierly man clothed in a gorgeous uniform. His head was shaved except for a tuft of hair on the crown, and his eyes seemed calm and set. The eyes seemed dull and listless, and he walked stiffly, as if his limbs were rheumatic.

"Sire," said the General, "I have brought before you a prisoner—I, the hero of a hundred battles, the victor of a hundred battles."

"You are accused of being foolish," said the king.

"Yes," said the dreamy Imar, "and the reason I have succeeded in my invention is because I have kept close to Nature's own design. Every muscle of a bird's wings is duplicated in this machine. But instead of being animated by life, I have found it necessary to employ electric batteries and motors. Perhaps the bird isn't so strong, and that is why I do not take you for a ride in it."

He then allowed John to enter the tiny room in the body of the bird, which was just big enough to allow two to sit close together. And in front of the seat were various push buttons and a silver lever, by means of which the flight of the machine was controlled.

"It is very simple," said Imar proudly. "Give Chick the guide the machine if properly instructed. The only fault of the invention is that the wings are too light to be strong, and that is why I do not take very long trips in it."

"I understand," answered John. "It's quite a distance from the ground, but if anything happened to break."

"True," acknowledged Imar sadly, "and

"A beautiful wart that showed plainly on the end."

the kinglet, with a broad grin upon his face, said: "Sire, at the battle of Waterloo."

"Never mind the battle of Waterloo," interrupted the king. "I am told you are scattered all over the world as the result of your foolishness."

"To an extent, sire, I am scattered. But it is not the result of my foolishness. He unstrapped his left arm and tossed it on the floor before the throne. "I lost that arm," he said, "and my right leg, and my right leg he cast it down. That, sire, was blown off at Sedan. Then he suddenly lifted his right arm, seized his hair and lifted his head from his shoulders. "It is true I lost my head at Santiago," he said, "but I could not help it."

"But," said the king, "you are now here, and your head is on your shoulders. How did you manage to come to pieces very easily. He had tucked the head under his right elbow and now stood before the kinglet on one foot, presenting a remarkably strange appearance.

"His majesty seemed interested.

"What is your legs made of?" he asked.

"Wax, your majesty."

"One is cork, sire, and the other—the one I am standing on—is basswood."

"And your arms?"

"Rag-wood, your majesty."

"You may go, General. There is no doubt you were very unwise to get so broken up. The kinglet turned left for the Royal Executioner to do.

"I lost my head at Santiago."

inventors claim no one who succeeds has a right to live in the Isle of Phreex.

"Quite correct," replied his majesty. "Cut off his head, Maria."

"Alas, sire! my sword is broken!" she exclaimed.

"Then get another."

"Then sharpen one!" retorted the kinglet, frowning.

"Then sharpen your majesty. But a sword cannot be properly sharpened in a minute. It will take until tomorrow at least to get it ready."

"Then," said the kinglet, "I'll postpone the execution until tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. If you're not ready by that time

### The Palace of Romance

"He must have broken loose!" cried Chick.

"Let us run, John Dough, before he can eat you."

At once John turned to fly, with Chick grasping his hand to urge him on. All Dubh had indeed succeeded in breaking through the iron grating of his prison, and had even managed to untie his hands. But his legs were still firmly bound together from his ankles to his knees, so that he could only move toward them by hopping.

Nevertheless, at sight of the gingerbread man, who was mixed with his precious elixir, the Arab began bounding toward his victim with long hops, and had John and Chick not run so fast as they did it is certain the Arab would soon have overtaken them. Through the throne room they fled, with All Dubh just behind them, and then they began mounting the marble stairways to the upper stories of the castle.

Their pursuer, nothing daunted by his bound legs, hopped up the stairs after them with remarkable swiftness.

"Hurry," cried Chick, "hurry, John Dough, or you'll be eaten."

They came to the second flight of stairs, and still the Arab followed.

"We are lost," said John, in despair.

But Chick tugged at his puffly brown beard and hurried him on, for he had a clever way to save the gingerbread man. Still holding John's hand, the child ran through the upper passages to the foot of the tower of Imar, and began climbing up the steep stairs as fast as possible. Luckily for the fugitives, these stairs to the tower were

"It is certainly a beautiful place," said John.

"You've always known what I mean, don't you?" asked John.

"Almost always," John acknowledged.

"Then don't complain," said Baby sweetly, and the gingerbread man looked at his feet with a puzzled expression, and then back into the child's smiling face and sighed.

(Continued Next Week.)

### The Heart of Duke Gandolf.

From the Tablet.

The will of Thomas Charles Gandolf Hornoyold, Duke Gandolf of Genoa of Blackmore Park, Worcester, and the Villa Gandolf, San Remo, who died last February, has been proved and the unencumbered estate valued at £123,000.

Precise instructions for the removal and examination of his heart were left by the duke. To this end he bequeathed £25 to the vice consul or consul at San Remo, desiring that if he died at San Remo the usual medical attendant and another medical man held a post-mortem examination over his body and took out his heart, which he directed should be done, in the first place, to see whether life was extinct, and, secondly, to ascertain the cause of the pains he had suffered since the age of seventy years in and around the region of the heart, and to report on the cause of the life been unable to discover the cause of, and when such examination had taken place his heart was to be replaced.

With regard to the duty imposed upon the consul, the will declared he need not actually witness the removal of the heart, but must be present at the mention of it or the may, as here, be more materialistic with the times, but is still made. At the same time, an O'Connell might still leave his late Lord Butte gave his to the Holy Land.

### An Obscure Maker of "Best Sellers."

From London Truth.

One would think that a writer whose stories have reached the enormous sale of 5,000,000 copies would be known to everybody, yet the name of Mr. Nat Gould is probably not at all familiar to the mass of the ordinary novel-reading public.

### Now I am in my friend's hands.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

"If that is the Irish code," he said, gravely, "I'll afraid I could only echo the rest of Europe. Assumption is the art of the twentieth century. The man who can assume most climbs highest. Isn't that so, Lady Frances?"

He turned to her hostess.

Clodagh stood silent. She was filled with a humbling, childish sensation of having been rebuked—rebuked by some one whose natural superiority placed him beyond

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(To be continued tomorrow.)

"Now I am in my friend's hands," she said, "and I am in my friend's hands."

She laughed and colored. Again she was conscious of Barnard's amused, speculative gaze; but also she was conscious of the quiet, uninterested, slightly critical eyes of her new acquaintance. Goaded by the duke's eye, she glanced up into Deerehurst's face.

"Well?" she said. "And now?"

"Now I am in my friend's hands," he said, "and I am in my friend's hands."

Again she colored, but again vanity and mortification stirred her blood, with a winning movement she took a step forward.

"Your friend would like to listen to philosophy on the balcony," she said, in a recklessly low voice.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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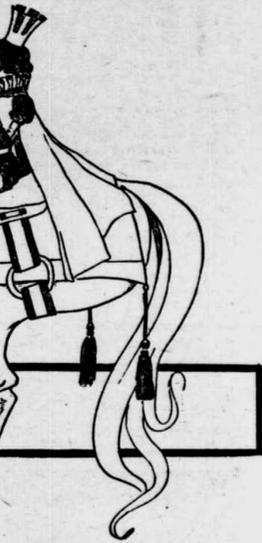
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"YOU SIT STILL OR I'LL DUMP YOU OVER MY HEAD."

very difficult for All Dubh to climb by hopping. When he was half way up the arch, and this accident gave John and Chick time to enter the body of the bird flying machine which still lay stretched upon the roof of the tower.

"Quick!" shouted the child, shutting and fastening the silver door behind them. "Pull over that lever and away we go!"

"Is it safe?" asked John, hesitating.

"Is it safe to be eaten?" inquired Chick. John quickly grabbed the lever, pulled it over, and the huge bird fluttered its wings once or twice and rose slowly into the air. It sailed away from the roof just as the Arab appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Stop!" screamed All Dubh. "You're mine, John Dough. Come back and be eaten!"

"Don't mind him," said the cherub, peeping at the Arab through a little window in the bottom of the bird's body.

"Why, I don't know what's going to happen next. And see how lucky we are! This is the only part of the palace roof that is flat, and we struck it to a dot. If we'd fallen upon one of those spires—pointing to the numerous spires and minarets—our clocks would have stopped by this time."

"I don't have a queer way of expressing yourself, my friend," said John, looking upon the child gravely. "The vast knowledge you've gained by means of this taught me nothing of your methods of twisting language."

"That's too bad," answered Chick. "I can't always figure out what you mean to

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