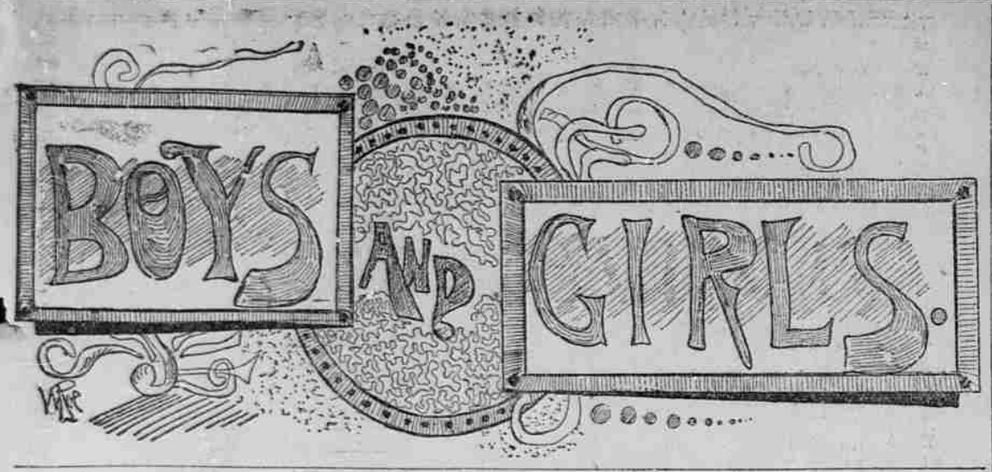

LOST OPAL OF MYSORE;

—OR—

THE SECRET OF THE GHANTS.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.
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CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE EXPEDITION STARTS UNDER THRILLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Myles at once recognized both men and his heart beat rapidly with fear. The taller of the two was Mogul Mir, a one time native officer of a Sepoy regiment, but now a soubadar major of the rajah's body guard. From force of custom he still wore a scarlet shell-jacket and braided trousers. His twisted black mustache drooped over his mouth like a pair of buffalo horns. He had lost his nose by a sabre stroke from a Ghazi fanatic up in the Punjab and this mutilation lent him a truly satanic aspect. He was noted for cold-blooded cruelty and reckless courage.

His companion was one of the sentries from the fortress gate and Myles well remembered brushing against him on the way out.

For a moment this precious pair of rascals stood in silence as they peered keenly about them.

"I can scarce credit your tale, Baboo Sing," muttered the soubadar. "It were past belief 'ad we not found the gate open."

"By Brahma! I speak true," answered the other. "I knew the fellow for the rajah's prisoner when he slipped by me with the young sahibs. I would have seized him but for the risk. So I crept behind the party and saw them enter the garden. Then I returned in haste."

"Perdition on the Feringhee dog!" growled the soubadar. "Had the escape been known a little sooner he would never have left the fortress. Perchance he is concealed in the residency, and if so we shall have him. It is certain that he has given no alarm as yet at the barracks."

"Should he venture near there our spies will surely slay him," replied the soubadar's companion.

Mogul Mir knit his brows in perplexity for an instant.

"Remain here Baboo Sing, while I hasten to the palace," he said. "Pershad Jung and his highness are in consultation and I must report to them at once."

With this the soubadar slipped out of the gate, and he had scarcely vanished when the mastiff uttered a muffled growl.

Baboo Sing started and then strode rapidly forward. It was a critical moment, for Trisoli and Jack had thrown their weapons away when they parted from Motee Mal.

But Lassa settled the matter by tearing loose from Myles and springing upon the enemy with a ferocious snarl. Baboo Sing fell backward, struggling and kicking. He could make no loud outcry, for his wind-pipe was half closed by the pressure of the dog's teeth.

Pink was on his feet like a flash. "Attend to that fellow," he cried. "Save his life if you can. I've got other work cut out for me."

Close by stood a row of potted plants. Foreseeing what would happen, Pink grabbed one of the pots, shook it empty, and quickly ensconced himself against the wall at one side of the gate.

All this occurred in less time than it takes to tell, and the next instant Mogul Mir, having heard the dog's outcry, reappeared at the gate, drawn sword in hand. He was scarcely inside when Pink brought the earthern pot down on his head with terrific force.

The soubadar fell like a log amid a shower of broken crockery, and before his stunned senses could revive Pink bound and gagged him with his own equipments, and dragged him into a clump of shrubbery.

Meanwhile the three boys had shown themselves equal to the emergency by separating the mastiff and his victim and overpowering the latter. Baboo Sing's throat was lacerated in a painful but not serious manner. Luckily for the fellow Lassa had been trained to capture without killing. "If you make a sound I'll put the dog on you again," said Myles in a stern whisper.

This warning was needless, for the prisoner was half suffocated and found it hard work to breathe. Lassa stood silently watching him.

Just then Pink arrived, full of praise for the clever work of his companions. Nor had the capture of Mogul Mir been unnoticed by the lads.

In a trice Baboo Sing was bound and gagged and hauled alongside the unconscious soubadar. His captors mercifully put a bandage on his bleeding throat and made sure that the gag was loose enough for free breathing.

"There's two dirty traitors out of our way," muttered Pink, "and 'ere they'll lie till morning. You 'eard what they said, lads? Pershad Jung is still at the palace, so right now is our chance."

"I'll have all the supplies here in ten minutes," replied Myles, as he drew his companions out of earshot of the prisoners, "and then for the horses, which won't be so easy. Jhansi and three other Hindoos always sleep at the stables."

Pink Grabbed One of the Pots and Shook It Empty.

"Do you suppose they went to the fire?" asked Jack.

"No, indeed," assured Myles, "they wouldn't dare leave the grounds."

"We'll find a way to manage," said Pink, "go on, lad, and be quick. Jack and I will attend to the dog."

Myles and Paltu at once departed on their errand. It was a fortunate circumstance that Myles should have come out by a rear door when he went in after the key to the wicket gate early in the evening. The door was still open, and the boys entered without discovery. In their shoeless feet they mounted the back staircase.

By this time the fire and its excitement were over and most of the household servants were asleep. Myles knew every nook and corner of the big residency, and in three trips he and Paltu brought out a heap of stuff that made Pink's eyes glisten. The assortment comprised four light-weight repeating rifles, four revolvers, four cartridge belts stuffed with shells for both weapons, two coils of hemp rope, two pairs of blankets and sola topees* and riding boots for all of the party.

"The spades are at the stables," said Myles. "I can't get anything to eat, though. The kitmutgar is awake and he has the storeroom keys."

"You've got quite enough," replied Pink. "I couldn't 'ave asked for a better outfit. We'll forage for provisions on the way. And now load up, comrades."

The articles were distributed and the little party were soon equipped for the journey. Paltu stubbornly refused to wear either helmet or boots, and hid them in the shrubbery with the cast-off shoes and caps of his companions. He probably knew best, for the soles of his feet were hard as stone, and he was proof against the fierce rays of the sun.

Now came the most delicate part of the enterprise, and everything depended upon its success. Myles softly led the way to the stables, which, it will be remembered, lay on one side of the grounds. They were never guarded at night, since Lassa's presence in the garden was considered a sufficient protection.

A careful reconnoissance revealed the fact that Jhansi and the three other attendants were asleep in their quarters at the end of the buildings nearest the big gates. All was silent, and a couple of lanterns shed a pale light on the scene.

Bidding his companions wait, Myles entered a room under the sleeping apartments and came out a moment later with a bunch of keys in his hand.

"All right," he whispered, "the worst is over. We must lead the horses out by the wicket gate. The big gates creak too loudly. This way now."

Taking a lantern down from the wall he hurried along the narrow court. He stopped within twenty feet of the far end of the stables, and listened keenly for an instant. Then with the bunch of keys he opened two adjoining doors.

"Here we are," he whispered. "You won't find these animals much on looks, but they've all made a record for speed and distance."

On Pink devolved the selection. From the six horses that occupied the two compartments he quickly chose four—a big gray mare for himself, two black chargers for Myles and Jack, and for Paltu a rusty little Afghan pony, which Myles declared was equal to the others in speed and endurance.

The steeds passively submitted to saddling and bridling and were led quietly into the court. Rope, blankets and rations of feed were stuffed into the saddle bags. Then Myles closed the doors and slipped away in the gloom. He was back a moment later with a pair of spades.

"No one is awake," he reported. "I put the keys and the lantern in their places."

"Good," continued Pink. "We're in luck, sure. The next step is easier. Softly, my beauties," he added as he led a pair of the horses forward.

Myles and Jack followed with the other two, and their hearts seemed to leap into their throats at every crunch of the hoofs on the graveled walk. When the spongy turf was reached all stopped to listen. Hearing no alarm, they pushed silently on.

At a distance of thirty feet from the wicket gate another halt was called by Pink.

"I don't want those rascals to see us leave," he whispered. "Wait 'ere till I go and drag them deeper in to the shrubbery."

He lingered a moment to stuff the spades partly into the gray mare's saddlebags. Then he turned his two horses over to Myles and swiftly vanished.

Several minutes passed in profound silence. The steeds gently pawed the grass, as though impatient to be off at a gallop. Lassa pranced around them, wagging his tail.

Another minute and then Pink stalked suddenly out of the darkness. The boys felt instinctively that his quick return meant bad news.

"What's wrong?" asked Jack. "The prisoners haven't escaped?"

"But they 'ave," replied Pink hoarsely, "and there ain't a trace to tell 'ow long they've been gone. Baboo Sing must 'ave slipped 'is bonds and untied the soubadar."

"Can they be hiding in the grounds?" said Myles.

"Not a bit of it, lad. I'll bet they cut straight for the palace. And as like as not they've 'ad time to get back 'ere with a band of cutthroats. But we'll risk it, lads. Quick! don't lose a second."

The boys showed no fear in the face of such a deadly peril. At reckless speed the horses were led to the wicket gate and out into the narrow thoroughfare between grounds and church.

"Go back, Lassa," Myles whispered sternly, and the dog instantly obeyed.

"No alarm yet," said Pink, leaping upon the gray mare. "We'll make it."

His companions mounted as quickly, and all four turned their steeds toward the broad avenue on the right. They tacitly chose this way in preference to the thickly populated street to the left, side by side they rode slowly on, looking and listening for danger.

When the avenue was nearly reached Pink spurred his horse a yard or two in advance of the others, and turning partly around in the saddle he held up a warning hand.

"Be ready for a dash," he whispered. "I think I 'ear footsteps coming down the street."

Pink's ears had not deceived him. At that very instant a dark, bulky figure sprang from out the clustered shadows at the corner of the English church, and as he confronted the party they identified the sleek, fat features of Pershad Jung.

The recognition was mutual, though the villainous prime minister had the advantage of being prepared for it. Up went his left hand, clutching the bridle of the gray mare, and forcing the animal back on its haunches. With his other hand he lifted a gleaming tulwar, and aimed a fearful blow at the rider.

Pink swung himself to the opposite side with the agility of a Comanche Indian. Indeed, he very nearly went headfirst out of the saddle.

But the act saved his life. Luckily for the gray mare's ribs the tulwar was intercepted by the handle of one of the spades that protruded from the saddlebags. The blade cut deeply into the hard wood and stuck fast.

Pershad Jung wasted a precious moment by trying to extricate the weapon. This was Pink's opportunity, and he was quick to seize it. He straightened up in the saddle, whipped a revolver from his belt, and shot out his good right arm.

With a dull crash Pershad Jung's forehead and the stock of the pistol came together, and the next instant the prime minister was a limp and groaning heap on the ground.

All this occurred in a few brief seconds, and before the startled boys could realize that the danger was over they saw the gray mare dash forward, and heard Pink's shrill command to "dig spurs."

There was a clatter and whirl of hoofs, and the mettlesome steeds whizzed by the prostrate body of the would-be assassin. Just in time, too; for half a score of the rajah's bodyguard, armed to the teeth with steel, now arrived tardily on the spot. Of the number was Mogul Mir, with a blood-stained bandage about his head.

But the ruffians could only stare in baffled rage at the receding horsemen. Pursuit was useless, and they dared not rouse the town by a discharge of firearms. The soubadar-major clapped his hand on his rifle and swore an awful oath of vengeance.

"We shall meet again, accursed Feringhee dogs," he hissed. "And Brahma himself shall not save you then."

Meanwhile the fugitives were galloping down the broad, deserted avenue, past compounds and gardens, and detached bugalows where English wives and children were sleeping peacefully, ignorant of the foul treachery that was rife in the court of Mysore.

The horses, having been stabled over long, were almost beyond control. They paid little heed to bit or bridle. Paltu's wiry Afghan pony kept well abreast of the others. All of the party were good riders, but Pink was more at home in the saddle than on his feet, having formerly belonged to a cavalry regiment.

"I'll keep this 'ere little memento," he exclaimed, as he bore Pershad Jung's tulwar loose from the spade handle and thrust it into one of the saddle-bags. "I may 'ave a chance to give it back to its owner with interest."

The boys shuddered. The true and stern meaning of this night's adventures was beginning to dawn upon them. They wondered vaguely what the end of this thrilling exploit would be.

"Will they pursue us?" asked Myles, glancing behind.

"Undoubtedly, lad," Pink replied. "It's 'ard luck that we should 'ave been discovered, because the rajah will see through the whole affair, and 'e'll 'ave 'is fleetest 'orsemen after us double quick. We've got to beat them, that's all. It's a long race, but we'll come in ahead if we don't miss the way. Once we reach the Tippoo Sahib's barrier we can snap our fingers at a thousand of the ugly 'eathens."

"What do you mean?" queried Jack.

"You'll know if you live long enough," responded Pink mysteriously. "Ah! 'ere's the end of the town. Now, which is the straightest road to the northwest?"

Myles was fortunately able to give the information, and the fugitives were soon riding swiftly along the narrow and level highway. Behind them the lights of Mysore twinkled fainter and fainter. To right and left the pale moon shone on patches of dense jungle and fields of wheat, sugarcane and maze.

Now and then a village was passed through, seemingly deserted except by the parish dogs that ran out to snap at the horsemen.

"Every nigger between 'ere and the ghants would be watching for us with watchlocks and spears if they knew what we were coming after," said Pink, "but we're all right as long as we keep ahead of the rajah's messengers."

"Ninety miles is a stiff stretch for the horses," remarked Jack dubiously.

"They're good for it," declared Myles.

"No doubt, lad," admitted Pink, "but we're not going to overtax them or ourselves. At the pace we're making now we can afford to snatch an hour or so of sleep about daylight and forage around for a breakfast. I know we're all hungry, and 'ullo! that moon's in the wrong quarter, surely. 'Ave we blundered?"

Myles frantically pulled up his horse. "We're traveling due west," he cried. "In that dark bit of jungle this side of the last village the road forked, and we took the wrong turn. It was my fault. I should have known better."

"The spot was a gloomy one," replied Pink. "No one more to blame than another. We can't cut across country, so 'ere goes for the only remedy."

He wheeled his horse around, applied the spur, and led his companions back along the road at a furious gallop. They had blundered at least two miles out of the proper course, and as every minute thus lost was of inestimable value the possibly fatal result of the mistake was easily foreseen.

Not a word was spoken during that mad ride. Pink's grave and rigid face was impenetrable to his companions, and frightened them more than the thought of danger.

The gallant horses were given full rein, and after a space of time that seemed hours instead of minutes they galloped into the welcome and familiar belt of the jungle. With great difficulty they were checked at the dimly visible fork of the road.

As the dust-covered riders wiped the reeking perspiration from their faces with tremulous hands that which they had dreaded became a reality. In the direction of the village a horde of barking curs woke the echoes. The shrill clamor died away, and was succeeded by a more ominous sound that speedily grew on the night air—the dull clump! clump! of horses' hoofs.

(To be continued.)

NOT A WORD WAS SPOKEN DURING THAT MAD RIDE.

*Sun helmets.

A THANKSGIVING GAME.

Children in New York are devising games to be played on Thanksgiving day. Usually in the gathering together of families there are a host of young folk who need to entertain themselves.

One game that I think is going to be unusually interesting is the escape from prison.

It requires children who are "up" on geography, still, if needs be, it is a lesson in the disguise of pleasure.

The game proceeds after this fashion: A map is held by the judge, usually a grown person, or an older child; then two children are chosen and placed in separate corners.

Says the judge, "Now, Carrie, you represent New York in this corner, and Richard, you are in Moscow imprisoned; you want to get away and reach home by Thanksgiving Day. You have gotten from behind the walls—but what is your directest route home?"

Then Richard has to tell each sea, country and ocean he crosses to get home for the turkey and cranberry sauce. If he can't do it successfully, he must remain right on the spot in the floor where he stopped, until he thinks out his escape.

Other members of the game are placed in prisons at various parts of the country. The favorite jails now are located in China and Japan on account of the interest in the war. A leading question is "If you were put in Yokohama prison, how would you get back to Pekin?"

Soon the room becomes filled with prisoners, all trying to get home; half of them are "stalled" in the centre trying to think of the boundary line which brings freedom, others are just leaving the prison walls.

It has the same interest when gotten well into it as the Southern children find in "Runaway Negro" or "Prisoner's Base."

When the game has been played frequently, those who join in get very familiar with the junction of countries and learn many straight lines and clever jumps that had not appeared feasible before. For those who are not quite conversant with geography, easy tasks are given; for instance to be placed in a Paris prison and find their home to Boston.

Some large games are to be arranged for Thanksgiving parties with favors for those who come out of these prisons successfully.

THE BLESSED BURGLARS.

"My first burglary," remarked Uncle Bobe suddenly, as Dicky and he sat on the piazza together, "was committed when I was a boy of twelve."

"What! you committed a burglary—you Uncle Bobs?" cried Dicky in dismay. "Oh, what a nawful thing to do."

"Not such a very nawful thing the way we did it," said Uncle Bobs calmly. "Listen and I'll tell you all about it."

"Teddy Gordon, my school chum, was the swiftest runner in Pokeville. One Fourth of July he captured no less than fifty dollars in prizes. Next morning I met him coming down the road.

"'Hello Teddy,' said I, 'decided what to do with your money yet?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'I'm going into the burglar business.'

"'Ted Gordon, have you clean gone out of your senses? What on earth do you mean?'

"'Exactly what I say,' replied Ted calmly. 'I've got my eye on an easy house to beg'n on, and look here, Bob, I'm going to take you into partnership.'

"'Well, not if I know it, said I, my eyes opening wide with amazement at Ted's coolness.

"'In the first place it's dead wrong and in the second it's very dangerous.'

"'Oh, I guess you'll join me in this enterprise all right,' responded Ted with a smile, 'Now listen.'

Gathering Up as Many Chairs as We Could Bear we Carried Them to the Back Door.

Looking cautiously about to see that there was no chance of being overheard, Ted unfolded his plan.

"'Why, it's a splendid scheme!' I broke out presently. 'Of course I'll join you. And look here, Ted, the old lady hasn't got any bulldog or anything, and I don't believe she even locks her door nights. Come along now and let us get together our things.'

And arm in arm we strolled down the street, maturing our plans as we went.

Miss Judith Brown, or "Aunt Judy," as she was often called, lived in a somewhat dilapidated little cottage about half a mile down the road. The poor old lady had recently fallen upon evil times. The hundred dollars income with which she had for years managed to keep body and soul together was suddenly cut down to one-half that amount. And to make matters yet worse her eyes began to fail her, so that she could no longer add to her small income by her sewing and fancy work. So altogether matters were looking about as black and gloomy as they well could.

The carpet in her little sitting room was very threadbare, the chairs old and rickety, and as for the table, it could scarcely support the few cracked dishes her frugal meal required her to put upon it.

Occasionally Aunt Judy had a lady visitor, and then with what mortification the poor woman was compelled to set before her caller chipped cups and saucers, and to warn her not to lean too heavily on the chair upon which she was sitting, only a few of her acquaintances knew.

"Tilly," she said one evening to the little colored girl she kept more for company than for anything else, "Tilly, tomorrow when you go down to the grocers, see if he won't give you another soap box. We must have the chairs for our callers."

This evening after the Fourth she was feeling very down-hearted indeed. It looked as though she would have to openly appeal to charity and this she had never been driven to before. It was so hard to do it, so hard.

A little after 8 she and Tilly retired to their chamber up under the eaves, and soon they were fast asleep.

About 10 o'clock when all was dark and still, a wagon drove up, and turning out from the road stopped on the other side of Aunt Judy's back yard fence. Here it lay completely hidden both from the house and from the street.

Three minute later Ted and I poked our heads over the boards and seeing that no one had been disturbed we climbed lightly over and crept up to the back door. As we expected, it was only on the latch, for if there was anything that Aunt Judy had no occasion to fear, it was the midnight thief.

Once inside the house, we drew down the blinds and lighted our bull's-eye lantern. The old cat looked up at us in surprise from the kitchen hearth, and then, evidently considering the idea of burglars too absurd to entertain for a moment again dropped off to sleep.

In the kitchen we quietly removed our shoes in true burglar fashion and crept forward. The scene of our operations was the sitting room.

"Hist!" whispered Ted, "gently now. If we are discovered, we are found." The situation lent the old chestnut a fresh pungency. And it was as much as we could do to keep from bursting into a roar of laughter. We got our risibilities under control, however, and set to work.

Gathering up as many chairs as we could bear off without noise we carried them to the back door. After that we took the table, then with much difficulty we lugged off the rickety old sofa. Next we took a couple of armful each of odds and ends and finally plucking up the threadbare carpet by the roots we bore it off, chuckling to ourselves, for we had completely denuded the room.

Piling on our boots we now carried our booty out to the wagon and then—well, half an hour later Ted and I were well along the road on our way back.

"Ha! ha! ha!" I roared as soon as we were out of earshot, "that's the greatest lark out. Oh, but won't the old lady be surprised though?"

Ted was more serious. He evidently felt his responsibility as originator and backer of the affair. "I say, Bob," he whispered, "what do you suppose they'll say, if we're found out?"

The only reply I could make was another scream of laughter.

When Tilly came down in the morning to light the fire, her eyes almost popped out of her head with amazement. As soon as she had recovered herself, she rushed up stairs. On reaching the first flight, however, she paused as an idea entered her mind, and stood leaning against the bannister. Then with a broad grin, for her decision seemed to amuse her greatly, she ran upstairs and burst into Aunt Judy's room.

"Oh, Missie! Missie!" she cried, "It's all gone, missie. The robbers have tooken all your furniture. It's all gone, Missie, even to the carpet and spoons and everything!"

Poor Aunt Judy's face was a sight to behold. In trembling haste she threw on her wrapper and hurried down stairs.

Pushing open the parlor door, the excited old lady received a shock which well nigh took her off her feet. There before her was brand new set of furniture, chairs, sofa and table, the latter spread with a nice white cloth and with bright new knives and forks and spoons and pretty cups and saucers upon it, the like of which she had never expected to see in her little home again. In the centre of the room was laid a nice large rug and stuck up in the corner was a roll of handsome carpeting sufficient to cover the border of floor that was yet exposed.

With a quick glance the astounded woman took it all in and then she dropped on her knees and sobbed aloud. For some minutes she remained thus, her head buried in her hands and then rising her face greatly brightened, she said simply, 'Make some tea, Tilly; we must christen our new teapot.'

As Tilly lifted the cover of that article, something green flashed to her eye from the inside. She shook it out.

'Oh look Missie? she cried, look here. Money! See! Ten, ten and five—twenty-five dollars. Oh, Missie, this is just great. The Lord is good, isn't he?'

'Yes,child,' replied Aunt Judy—and then the old pride coming suddenly upon her, said 'But we'll have to find out who did it and send them back. We musn't keep them Tilly. It's too much like charity.'

A little later when the minister was going by, she called him in to advise her. No matter what his arguments were, he had well nigh persuaded her to accept the gift without question, when Tilly clinched matters.

''Sides, Missie,' she said, offering her speech as a supplement to the minister's, 'the burglars got your furniture, haint they. Time enough to give up the new things when they bring back the old ones.'

'I will keep them,' said Aunt Judy smiling, and so the thing was settled.

"Were you ever found out, Uncle Bobs?" inquired Dicky.

"Yes, the newspapers got hold of the affair and pretty soon Teddy and I were known all round town as' 'The Blessed Burglars.' But before this happened, the minister at Aunt Judy's request had inserted this little item:"

Any person giving information concerning the burglars who entered the premises of Miss. Judith Brown on the night of July 5th, will receive a thousand thanks. As for the burglars themselves, Miss. Brown would be greatly pleased to have them call upon her some evening while she is awake, to receive the gratitude their kindness deserves.

GEORGE A. WESTLEY.

THERE BEFORE HER WAS A BRAND NEW SET OF FURNITURE.

GALLANT LITTLE BOYS.

A Spanish Drill of Tiny Soldiers, Led By the Baby King of Spain.

One of the principal attractions of the end of the season in San Sebastian, the fashionable seaside resort of Spanish society, was the first appearance in public of a battalion of boy volunteers, which has reflected the highest credit on the officers and drill sergeants who so successfully trained these 459 young soldiers in nine weeks.

It was a pretty sight when the little battalion marched into the ring, headed by a miniature detachment of gastadores or sappers, sons of grandees like the Dukes of Sotomayor and Tserelear, or the captain-general of the district general Polewieja, led by a diminutive corporal, 5 years old, the tiniest and youngest of the boy volunteers, stepping out gamely along in full consciousness of his dignity.

Next followed their own drummers, twelve boys from the foundling hospital, and their band, playing a lively tune.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rosa was riding behind the band, a handsome lad of 15, the son of an officer, mounted on a fine black charger, and next to him rode a boy major of fourteen, whose rather restive horse was troublesome during the parade.

Loud cheers greeted the first two companies, each 100 strong, headed by their captains, lieutenants and sub-lieutenants as they marched in four abreast in sections, with shouldered rifles and fixed bayonets. Then came the ensign, bearing aloft, uncased, the royal colors, the dark violet flag embossd with the arms of Spain, and at his heels the picked detachment which is the guard of honor of the flag.

Two more companies brought up the rear, and in their wake went a neat ammunition cart drawn by a mule and flanked by the adjutant and boy doctor.

The volunteers wore the uniforms of the popular "Migueletes," the provincial militia of the Basque provinces, who had been the gallant defenders of local liberties or fueros in the past. This uniform consists of loose blue tunic with pelarine, red trousers, a red cap, the national Boina, chapelgorri in the vernacular of the Basques.

King Alphonso XII has been presented with a sword, revolver and rifle of exactly the same patterns as the "Infantiles," which he accepted with much satisfaction.

King Alphonso and the Queen Regent viewed the battalion during the festivities that took place at San Sebastian on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of Admiral Oquendo.

FOR PLAYING ON THE GRASS.

In Prussia, the murder of men, women and children is frequent by the bayonets and the bullets of guards and sentinels. The other day a little boy was on the grass of a square in Berlin; the guard tried to arrest him; the child, frightened, ran away; the guard shot him dead. Such occurrences are frequent. If a newspaper condemns them the editor is imprisoned.—Ouida in the Fortnightly Review.

Revolutions are like the most noxious dung-heaps which bring into life the noblest vegetables.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

How the Boys and Girls Celebrated the Day a Long Time Ago.

I dare say a good many youngsters of today would think it a great lark to exchange places with Plymouth children a hundred and fifty years ago, because that very first thanksgiving holiday that ever was in this country, there came to town ninety five Indians and their chief Massasoyt, as they spelled his name then. They staid for a week as the guests of the white men, and they all hunted and fished and smoked and feasted together and had a general jollification, because the crops had turned out so well.

The first public Thanksgiving came in 1630 and oddly enough, on the 22nd of February, which year after turned out to be the birthday of the Father of his

A PURITAN INTERIOR.

Country. In November of the next year there was another Thanksgiving, and one year there were two, but in the next fifty-three years there was but one Thanksgiving in about every two years. It did not always come in November, as it does now and on a regular day in the month, but skipped around, sometimes being held in January, and sometimes in August, and sometimes in other months, according to the time when the colonists thought they had most cause to be thankful for something. Sometimes it was for the full harvests, and sometimes it was for rain after a long dry time that they feared would ruin all their crops.

In all these early Thanksgiving days the children were not thought of first and foremost, as they are in a good many homes today. They were expected to keep in the background, and the little girls had to help their mothers "keep house," and after that was kept, they had to keep right on being prim and proper to such an extent they did'nt always have as much fun as their brothers did.

The boys used to play wicket on the commons, and football all over the place, so that in 1657 an ordinance was passed forbidding the playing of football in the streets on account of the annoyance to foot passengers.

At first there were no dolls for girls to play with, all the funny little dolls that we see now in museums dating back to the times when our "severaith" great grandparents were little people, having been brought over for the benefit of the mothers not the little girls. The mothers didn't wish the dolls to play with, but for models for their best dresses, for the dolls, you must know, were dressed by the dressmakers and milliners of London and Paris and sent over here for fashion plates and for very many years all the dolls your great great grandmother and mine had to play with, were made of rags. Pretty nice doll babies they make, too.

"Battledores and shuttles," which the children used to play so much, came over in 1761, and were advertised for sale, and marbles got here in October, ten years afterward, so they must have been played in the house or else withf rost-nipped fingers till spring came again.

The chiefest of delights of the boys and girls of today on Thanksgiving day being taken to a matinee performance at the theatres—was unknown on Thanksgiving even a century ago. There were not only no matinee, but no theatres, because the good people of those days had not found out how much entertainment and enjoyment is to be had looking on at plays.

There were no blocks of houses then, but only separate and often widely scattered homes. If there came a big storm the farmers had to get out their lumbering ox wagons just as they do in the country today and "break out" the roads, only then they had to do it where there are cities now. Sometimes the storms were so heavy the expected visitors couldn't get through the snow drifts, and the Thanksgiving dinner had to be eaten by the family all alone. But the family was generally a big one, and if the children didn't have their looked-for company to play with, they had each other.

In one family, for example, there were nine little girls, and named what do you think—Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Unite and Supply! Wonder how their brothers nicknamed them.

In those earliest days you remember there were no furnaces or steam radiators, or stoves, and all the fun-making on Thanksgiving Day that was done indoors had to be done in the great living room where the huge fireplace blazed and crackled with its great logs and piles of underbrush and the turkey roasted sizzling on a spit before the fire that burned you while you looked at it and froze your back at the same time.

Taken altogether, it is a good deal easier and jollier to be a little boy or girl on Thanksgiving 1894 than it was in 1694, or for a good many years after that, don't you think so now.

D. S.

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

A small colored boy who stole some zinc from in front of a new building was arrested and taken before a magistrate for a hearing. He was severely reprimanded by the magistrate, who instructed him to take back the stolen zinc, and turning to an officer requested that he should see that the boy did it. "Dats all right, boss," said the prisoner. "Ise gwine to take it back, an' yo' needn't send no cop wif me, fo' I's hones'."—Philadelphia Call.

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