GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN—By Walt McDougall

WHEN HE BLEW A LITTLE WHISTLE AGED MR. HAMM BECAME A BOY AGAIN

The Story of a Crabbed Old Man, a Forgotten Plaything and Some Troublesome Boys---Wonderful Change Caused by the Shrill Notes of a Whistle Gave the Boys a New Friend.

ALL the boys in Our street were grunting, whooping and laughing, with an occasional variation produced by rapidly scraping a board along a picket fence, all these uproarious noises being a necessary and pleasing adjunct to any game, especially that of "cross tag," which at that hour they happened to be enjoying.

At the moment of the greatest noise the fat figure of Mr. Aurelius Hamm appeared at his suddenly-opened door, and at the sight of his inflamed, angry and threatening face all of the boys stood still and a silence that was oppressive covered the street as with a down quilt. Mr. Hamm roared:

"Get out of this at once! Clear out instantly or I'll call a policeman!" He brandished a thick cane as he shouted, a cane whose toughness had occasionally been demonstrated on the backs of several of these lads, who knew Mr. Hamm only wanted a chance to use it again. With some derisive "Yahs" and scornful twiddles of many fingers and thumbs the boys slowly withdrew, while Mr. Hamm, after glaring up and down the darkening street for a full minute, majestically retired and slammed his front door.

He mounted the stairs and went to his sitting room, an apartment which was half parlor, half office and wholly gloomy and repellent. He sat down and snorted indignantly:

"The little infernal imps! The very same ones, too, that had the impudence to ask me to allow them to play in my vacant lot next door. I'd like to get one good poke at them all in a bunch! I'd make it hot for them."

Suddenly he caught sight of his angry, red face in a mirror on the wall and he started back in alarm, for he didn't recognize the visage that confronted him. He drew his chair back so that he could not see the swollen, heated face, and then his eye fell upon a small, faded picture of a little boy in knickerbockers that hung in the corner in the gloomiest part of the room. It was a photograph of himself at the age of 11, and yet no one could have recognized that the picture-boy was this cranky, sour old man. The sight of the merry face made Mr. Hamm nervous and fidgety. He turned his eyes away, but always the picture-boy compelled him to return to him. Finally he sprang up as if to escape from troublesome thoughts and went downstairs, roaming through the musty parlors, the cheerless dining room and then up again to his bedroom, after which he rambled all through the house like a lost cat. He eventually reached the garret and lighted a single gas jet that scarcely illuminated a quarter of the space, while all around deep shadows in solid masses hung beneath the rough beams of the roof, dimly disclosing long-forgotten trunks and boxes and broken furniture, put away there by his long-dead wife thirty years before. A candle, brown with age, lay on an old sideboard, and, mechanically lighting it, he moved further into the gloom, obeying an impulse, of which he was quite unconscious, which led him directly to a shabby, disfigured old desk.

He Finds the Old Whistle.

"Ah!" said he, "the very desk my mother gave me when I was 10 years old! I'd forgotten all about it. I'll have it taken down into my room." He raised the lid with some difficulty. "Tain't been opened for forty years!" said he. "I remember the time I left six white rats in it and Aunt Amelia lifted the lid. She died from the effect of the scare thirty-nine years afterward." He laughed a sort of cranky, rattling laugh. Then he poked among the things in the desk. A litter of broken pencils, string, a tortoise shell, some tops, a slate, two door knobs and a dozen other objects equally worthless came to light, and then his fat fingers closed upon a little lead whistle, black with disuse. A genuine smile softened the crabbed face as he took it up.

"My whistle, my dear old dog whistle! Ah, how well I remember you! How old Tatters used to rush to me with merry frisk and waggle when he heard me blow you, Poor old Tatters! Even his dust is scattered to the winds by now, yet I can see the loving gleam of his brown eyes this very minute."

He raised the whistle again and then blew weakly into it. A tiny cloud of dust hung in the air before him, but no sound came. Then he blew with an effort, and the shrill, clear blast that echoed through the whole house told that the old lead toy was still serviceable. The sound was followed closely by a ripple of faint laughter that caused the old man to jump and peer into the shadows in alarm and then to leap to the door and fly down stairs, three steps at a time, something he had not done since he was a boy. Reaching his room, he found his heart thumping like a hammer against his ribs.

"What was it?" he asked himself as he looked at the whistle. His eye passed along and down his legs, and, to his amazement, he discovered that instead of the shiny black trousers he had put on every morning for eight years, his legs were encased in knickerbockers, and in the knee of one of his brown stockings there was a three-cornered hole. Just then he heard a faint, but oh, how familiar, halloo in the street. He sprang up, darted down stairs, seized, not his rusty old stovepipe hat, but a woolen cap that hung on the hat rack, and opened the front door.

There at the curb stood his boyhood comrade and chum, Charley Joy. With no sense of surprise he ran out.

"Hi, Charley," he cried; "what does this mean? I'm 65 years old and you're dead this twenty-odd years. Where are you taking me?"

Charley laughed merrily. He pointed up the street, and there a few yards away stood a group of boys. Aurelius Hamm started and rubbed his eyes. He knew every one of them—Harry Taylor, Amzi Dodd, Wood Adams, Amos Holbrook, Orlando Smith, Piggy Williams, Shorty Hutchinson—every boy of his early days stood there grinning with boyish, if slightly demoniac, glee at the thought of some impending mischief. Mr. Hamm let out a yell of delight and forgot all about his question of an instant before. He hurried to them with eager steps and cried, "What's up, boys?"

In reply they all, as if one boy, shrank into the shadow of a high stoop, the steps of which ran up at right angles to the next house, and pointed in silent delight up the dark street. He peered out and saw a string stretched tightly from a tree to the stoop rails. Just as he perceived the device, which was intended to knock off the hat of the very next passer-by, they were all startled by the sudden appearance of a very tall man smoking a cigar, who popped out of the next doorway, evidently in a great hurry. He took two quick steps, and all of the boys huddled tightly together in the black shadow. Horror hung in the air. Flight was impossible. Disaster had come ere they had had an opportunity to seek a safe post of observation. The string came in contact with the quickly moving man exactly at the end of his cigar. A display of fireworks followed. The man was enveloped in a shower of sparks that seemed to light up all the street for blocks and the terrified lads bunched themselves into a small heap of motionless clothes. What the man said there in the dense darkness that followed the brilliant illumination cannot be told to children on this page, but it filled up the measure of their fright. Mr. Hamm seemed to himself to have shrunk to the size of a rabbit, and he heard his heart beat so loudly that he was sure the man also could hear it if he ever stopped saying things. Amos Holbrook's toe, a copper-toed toe, that was as hard as flint, was jammed against his neck, but he didn't move a fraction of an inch. The man, who never dreamed that his foes were almost beneath his feet, right at his mercy, sputtered and spat, clearing his throat of cigar fragments, brushed at his clothes and hastily passed on, leaving the boys still in a state of stupor for several moments. Mr. Hamm was the first to recover, and, jumping up, he shouted: "Hooray! We cotched him all right, didn't we?"

"Never was so scared in all my life," said 10-year-old Amzi Dodd. "I'll bet my hair's turned gray in a single minute!" He went to the lamp-post and asked Bobbie McCarter to look at it and see if it was its normal and fiery red.

"I sat on a splinter," said Johnny Plummer. "And it's deep in me yet. Now I'll git blood-poisonin' sure!"

"You surely will if you get spanked on it while it's there," said Arthur Dougherty, whose father was a doctor and knew all about such things. "Specially that pine wood. It's dreadful poisonous."

Amzi began to cry, whereupon Mr. Hamm said:

"Nonsense! Nonsense! I've had splinters in me a thousand times these last forty years." Then he stopped and stared in a mystified manner at the others.

Now, one might imagine that the fright they had just experienced would have deterred these lads from playing any more pranks. But no; they had more string and felt that they must use it. So they attached a "tick-tack" to the basement window of a house down the street. You know, of course, just what a tick-tack is, do you not? The string is fastened by a sharp tack to the wood just above a pane and some four or five inches from the glass a small piece of iron, a nail, or whatever comes handy, is tied to the string, so that when it is loosened a trifle the iron taps against the pane sharply and with a loud, startling sound.

TATTERS FLEW AT THE STRANGE ANIMAL INVADERS.

Attacked a Tick-tack.

A well-adjusted and well-managed tick-tack is calculated to give the hearer a distinct shock, coming as it always does in the silence of the night, and the worse the shock the greater the delight of the tick-tack operator. The latter is away across the street out of sight somewhere, and he enjoys with a rare and thrilling bliss the wonder and astonishment of the person who comes to the window to see what or who is tapping upon the glass, and he lifts the nail up so that it is generally invisible, with many a fiendish chuckle. Now, the boys, having arranged their device most beautifully, all crept into the tall grass in a vacant lot opposite and Wood Adams began to pull the string. In the silence of the night they heard the loud tick, tick, upon the pane, and then, after a pause, there appeared at the basement door of the house an Irish servant, who, much mystified, looked up and down the deserted street.

"Faith, an' what was that?" she said. "Sure somethin' was rappin' on the windy!"

Then she entered the house, whereupon the tapping began again. Out she flew, this time with anger in her eyes, but when she saw nobody she seemed to experience another feeling and as suddenly withdrew. The third time she appeared she had a broom in her hands, and was ready for the mysterious disturber of her peace. She looked up on the stoop, into the grating of the cellar window, and then flew into the house, but when Wood Adams was about to resume operations she reappeared suddenly. This time she was not alone, but was reinforced by an enormous policeman whom she had been entertaining. He emerged quite as suddenly as the servant—so suddenly that the sight of his giant figure gave the concealed boys quite a shock. But when he stepped toward the window and discovery was certain, a panic seized them all, and, with one impulse, they arose and fled up and down the dark street.

Mr. Hamm, with his heart in his throat in blind fright, didn't wait to see where he went, but darted into the center of the street and flew up the roadway as if on wings. Before he had taken three steps, however, he felt something seize him by the left leg. Without stopping to see what had seized him or trying to release himself, he flew on faster, and only when he was a full block away did he realize that he had become entangled in the tick-tack string. However, even then he did not seek to get free, but hurried on with a horrible sound in his ears and the constant expectation of feeling the great hand of the policeman fall upon him at every step. He turned the corner, but as he did so he heard the din in his ear increase to a clattering, banging uproar as if a dozen rickety automobiles were pursuing him. Another block and he felt that he could run no farther, for sheer terror had weakened his limbs. He darted into a basement, fell, rather than ran, down six steps and crouched in the darkness shivering all over with fright. Then he realized that all was silence, and that he had been creating all the disturbance. He disentangled the string from about his leg and then began to draw it in toward him. He finally pulled in a battered, flattened, rusty old wash boiler which had been caught up by the string in his flight and had caused all of the uproar. Mr. Hamm laughed a little nervously, and then, his courage restored, went out to seek his comrades in mischief.

Up one lonely street and down another he roamed sadly, until at last he found that instead of houses facing the sidewalks there was nothing but dark, dreary fields, hedges and rail fences on either side. He had wandered into the country without knowing it, and the marvel was that he had come there so quickly, for he never thought that in his boyhood days the city, now so large and extensive, was but a few blocks in length and this was the little town of his childhood days. Sumac bushes and golden rod lifted their heads against the dim sky, and the road was almost knee-deep in red dust. The dew wet his forehead as he looked upward at the merry, mocking stars. Away off in the night he heard a fox bark just as he had done many a night when coming home along the narrow road. Then, as if in contemptuous derision, a rooster crowed, safe in the security of a hen house back from the road so far that the hoarse reply sounded faint and remote. A hoot owl shrieked a little later, a sound that had always given little Aurelius gooseflesh when he heard it, and now he shivered in an agony of apprehension that something dreadful was about to happen.

The Little Red School House.

As he hurried along his eyes fell upon a narrow gate almost hidden by tall hollyhocks, and at the sight he stopped short, halting as if stopped by a hand. This was the very gate through which he had passed when a boy on his way to the little red school house in Slocum hollow. Every rusty nail in it was so familiar that he imagined he now saw each one in the darkness. He pushed it open and went along a narrow footpath not more than six inches wide, which he knew led to his home among the elms on the hilltop. A wide field it was that he was crossing, and one that held many memories of the past—terrible memories, too, some of them of his very earliest childhood, when cows and pigs, even turkeys and the big black roosters were objects of fear; long before the faithful Tatters came to defend him. He imagined that he saw recumbent, crouching figures along the dark hillside near the very darkest part, toward the sky line, and greenish, fiery eyes seemed to be watching him as he strode through the tall grass off from the path. He quickened his steps, and then he was sure that he saw many of the recumbent forms move, some rose hastily and moved along with him, but still far off, the green eyes growing brighter and more fiery also. He knew that there was a high fence not far ahead, beyond which he would be safe, but he wondered whether they would attack him before he could reach it; and also he remembered that the old corncrib stood there, a safe shelter for a small boy chased by animals, for he had often tested it in play. There he had lain securely hidden from the Indians when they played "Indians and settlers" many a time, and he now only wished to be able to reach its cover. Suddenly and without a warning, noiseless as a spirit, there rose directly before him a gigantic figure, standing up against the starlit sky so that its form was quite plain, and he saw at once that it was a big black bear. Its red eyes menaced him and it thrust out and withdrew its great sharp claws as if already feeling his tender body in their grasp. He ducked and swiftly dashed to the right through taller grass and shrubbery, the roots of which seized upon his feet and tried to hold him back, while tough branches of trees grasped at him, savagely slashing him across the face as he fled blindly toward the corncrib, whose outlines he could see against the sky. The bear, with a horrid growl, pursued him in a scrambly shuffle, and Mr. Hamm could hear the pebbles rattle as they flew out behind the great claws. Glancing to either side as he ran, he saw other beasts, immense, looming, portentious, coming to head him off, and with his heart in his mouth he quickened his steps. An atom of his old-age feeling suddenly came to him, and he muttered: "'Twill kill me, surely! I'll have heart failure, running like this at my time of life!" Then he was a child again as suddenly, and new speed came to him. He leaped over bushes breast-high and jumped deep hollows in the sward that he well remembered having often gone around, but all the time the bear seemed nearing him and the other beasts coming at a sharp angle toward his destination. Then, when the corncrib was but a few yards away, he saw directly in front of its rickety door a rhinoceros. It was perfectly visible, and, while he instantly reflected that this animal is foreign to America, and rarely, if ever, discovered on a farm, he had to be convinced of its reality, for it began to move as if to attack him in front. The path led around the corncrib to the big barn, and then to his house through a grove of chestnut trees. Poor Aurelius turned from the rhinoceros and darted around the barn, there to be confronted by a whole herd of fiery-eyed bulls breathing flames and smoke.

Hiding From the Animals.

"What did I ever do to deserve this?" he murmured, pantingly, as he dodged again, ran around the barn along a stone wall followed by them; and then he saw a green lion coming with dreadful roars and in tremendous leaps across the pasture to his left. Behind the lion was a purple elephant with large yellow spots on his sides ambling easily on his hind legs.

"This is too much!" cried Mr. Hamm. "I must give up and be devoured." But just then he thought of the cellar window, through which he had slipped so often when he didn't want his mother to know he was out of the house. It was many steps to the house, but the thought of the window gave him strength, and, perspiring freely, he hurried on through the chestnut trees. A whole tribe of monkeys hidden in the branches broke out into fierce yells and shrieks and hurled chestnut burrs down on him by the bushel, making him duck at every step. He tripped several times, but did not fall, only each time he lost a little, and when he arrived at the house both the lion and the bear were so close behind him that he could feel the hot breath of each on the back of his neck. He made a dive at the cellar window, and as he did so they grabbed him, each digging a pawful of claws into his knickerbockers where they had been patched oftenest. The cloth gave way and he fell into the dark cellar, where he lay on his face for several moments. Then the elephant with the startling discoloration came shuffling up, and, reaching his long trunk through the window, began to feel carefully about for his victim. The slight noise made by his trunk was like that of a snake moving about. Mr. Hamm rolled over and over until he was out of reach, and then sat up with every hair on his head erect. He saw the stairs before him, and slowly, painfully, crawled up. The house was in silence, and he knew that everybody was sound asleep, so he crept softly up to his own little bedroom under the eaves. Just as he entered he saw a monkey peeping into the window with a malicious grin on his ugly face. Then he knew that he was discovered. In another minute the trees about the house were filled with screeching monkeys of assorted sizes, and, too, there were several more bears, only slightly smaller than the first one which he had met; and raccoons, opossums, anteaters and panthers also climbing out on every limb large enough to hold an animal. His heart almost stopped beating as he looked at them and thought of how they would divide him up—poor little Aurelius, who had never harmed any of them—among them, and then he reflected with a bit of satisfaction that none of them would get more than the merest mouthful for all their trouble in pursuing him so far. Still, that was mighty little comfort to him, and so, without wasting any time, he plunged into his bed and drew the bed clothes closely over his head, as he had always been accustomed to do when he saw things in the darkness of his room.

He heard the front door rattle a little later, and knew they were at it. Then there came a horrible bang, and the door crashed in upon the hall floor, for the elephant with the yellow spots had burst it in with one mighty push, and the animals began to hustle up the stairs to his room. He could hear them snuffling at all of the doors, and he wondered if they would get his father and mother and the baby before they tackled him. He hoped not, yet he knew none in the house was safe. But it was soon made certain that they were after him alone, for the shuffling, scratching sounds came nearer and then ceased at his own door. He crouched closer under the bed clothes and began to tremble violently. The door flew open with a bang, slammed against the wall, and in burst the lion, closely followed by the bear and as many other animals as could crowd into the room. Behind them he could see the head of the yellow-spotted elephant, his wicked little eyes glinting maliciously at him. There were so many fiery eyes in that bedroom that it was all lighted up as if by lamps, and he could distinctly see every movement they made. All were twitching their claws and seemed desperately savage and hungry. Then, with one last despairing look, he covered his head again and waited for them to tear him to pieces.

A long pause ensued, during which the animals sat there licking their chops and glaring at him, and it gave Mr. Hamm time to reflect upon the position, so that he remembered that he had a good, large knife in his pocket. He promptly reached for it, but, alas! it was gone, and his fingers came in contact with the little lead whistle, which in another instant he had placed to his lips, for the memory of Tatters came to him in a flash. When the animals saw the movement beneath the bed clothes they knew at once what was about to happen, and all, with one accord, dashed at him, uttering hideous howls and growls. He blew the whistle. Instantly he felt Tatters land beside him, softly and gently, as in the past he had so often done, so that he should not disturb his sleeping master. Mr. Hamm, his courage restored, instantly threw off the bed clothes and hugged the dear little dog close, and Tatters, standing erect upon his hind legs, showed his teeth at the host of savage creatures facing him. He was a little dog, only about ten inches long, but he had an immense mouth, and my! such a row of long, glittering white teeth as sharp as tacks.

A Friend of All Boys.

At the sight of these formidable teeth every animal shuddered and drew back, but a push from the elephant safe in the rear made them stand their ground, and then, as if desperate, they hurled themselves upon the two in the bed.

The dog did not wait for them, but dashed forward, and then began a frightful scene of carnage which was most wonderful indeed. Tatters tossed the fierce creatures in the air, slammed them against the wall, ripped and tore them into strips and shook them until the room was filled with hair and claws; but while he was busy the elephant reached through the muddle and mix-up, seized Aurelius Hamm by the neck and began to drag him out of the bed. Mr. Hamm resisted and clasped his arms around the footboard, but he could not retain his grasp. With a sudden jerk the elephant slammed him upon the hard floor. Mr. Hamm then awoke to find that he had fallen asleep in his chair, and then fallen out of it, and was now stretched upon the rug before the mantelpiece. He arose, looked at the clock and said:

"Mercy on us! What a terrible dream! And I must have been walking in my sleep, too—something I've not done since I was a small boy, for here is the little lead whistle I used to call Tatters with!"

He went to bed silent and thoughtful, but in the morning early the neighbors were surprised to see a carpenter hard at work, and superintended closely by old Mr. Hamm, making a gate in the fence around his vacant lots next door, and later fixing up rows of benches along the sides. This, however, was nothing to the astonishment of everybody, when next day a host of noisy boys, shouting, yelling and whooping, blowing tin horns and cheering for Mr. Hamm, filled all the lot. Then Mr. Hamm, with a smile a yard wide, made a speech and told them the lot was theirs to play in for all time, and if they needed anything to let him know. A bigger cheer shook the neighborhood when he had finished, and when the policeman to whom Mr. Hamm had often spoken about the noisy boys who troubled him came along later wondering why the lads were not to be seen on any street, and saw them all in the vacant lot, with Mr. Hamm in his shirt sleeves at the bat, his eyes opened as wide as saucers.

"Hello, cop!" shouted Mr. Hamm, "Come right in and take a hand! It will do you good!"

Hoolihan, the cop, was so overcome with amazement that, in defiance of orders, he couldn't resist having one shy at the ball, and he smote it so powerful a swat that it flew far over the housetops and vanished forever. "Never mind!" yelled Mr. Hamm. "Let her go! Here's $5. Run down to the store, you boy with the torn stocking, and buy a whole box of balls!"

Now every day you can see Mr. Hamm having fun with the other boys in that lot, and, strange to say, he has a shaggy little skye, and his name is Tatters. But even now the other boys sometimes get together when he's taking his afternoon nap, and all are silent, and they wonder what it was that altered the cross old curmudgeon into the rollicking comrade. And nobody but just you and I really know what did it. But don't ever tell any of them the secret, for my friend Hamm doesn't want it known, for he's a little bit ashamed of hiding under the bed clothes at this time of life.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Quaint Remarks Recorded by One Who Studies Them.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, in a letter in the London Spectator, has made some notable additions to the number of children stories. Some of the best given by her are as follows:

Ethel and Marjory went with their mother to the stores to buy golf clubs for their father, who was sweltering in the Indian plains. "Ethel," said Marjory, "are these for our Father which art in heaven, or our father which art in India?" "Hush, Marjory!" was the answer. "Don't you know that our Father which art in heaven only plays Sunday games?" (I cannot help inserting here the remark of one of my acquaintances to whom I take all my stories, because her absence of any sense of humor prompts her to inimitable comment. "Ah," she said on being told the above, "I suppose, then, the mother was married twice!") Granville said his prayers at bed time, but refused to do so in the morning. "A fellow must be a fool if he can't take care of himself in the day!" "Make Tom a good boy," said another 5-year-old; adding, "Do you hear that, Tom?" And—"Wait, Lord, while I kick Tom!" was another of his interjections. Elsie's saying were numerous. "I wish I could bathe in chapters," was one extracted on a shivering winter's night. When she was about 8 she hated being called of a morning, and thought of a way out of the necessity. "Trespissurs on my dreams shall be presekuted!" was the announcement in her largest writing found pinned on to her coverlet. The spelling was what Elsie herself would have called "pathetic!" "Some one once told me I spelt on the pathetic system," she confided to me. It was very pathetic sometimes, as when she wrote of her sweet little "ginny pigs!" "King of kings and lord of lords," was in the Sunday hymn. "Do you know whom that means, dear?" asked the mother. "Let me see; now, would it be hearts or clubs?"

Sometimes the comment on younger brothers and sisters is delicious. "Why does not baby speak?" puzzled one small girl. Later, dissatisfied with her mother's answer, she produced her own. "I know; the things that baby saw in God's house before she came to live with us were so wonderful that she cannot speak about them. She's got to be quiet—till she's forgotten!" "Baby's broken a hole in the sky and come through," was the explanation of another, aged 3. Jack, rather older (aged 8), was a student of "ruling passions." "Oh! mother's been getting bargains again!" he said in all good faith upon being shown his twin baby sisters. Enid and Edith were at a loss for a game. "Let's play at being 'at home,'" said Enid. "We'll have a day." "But what does that mean?" begged Edith. "What is a day?" "Oh! don't be stupid," said Enid. "All fashionable people have 'days.' God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday!" "God would not send a flood now," said Frances comfortably, after hearing the Noah story. "And why?" asked her mother. "Oh! He knows that every one can swim now; it would not be any good!" "Please let's rerange about Christmas presents," said Rosamond to me last December. "But don't you want a surprise?" I asked. "Oh, no!" she replied, "I've tried surprises, and they're only disappointe!" (Seven seems too early to grow blase, even in this century.) Joan is just 9 years old. "What is she like?" she asked of her mother about an expected guest. "But really, Joan, I can't tell what you want to know." "Well, what does she look like? Is she old or young? What does she think about?" Her mother attempted a description. "I know," said Joan, summing her up, quite satisfied; "black net and sequins!"

SHOOTING WILD TURKEY.

Tricks of the Hunter by Which the Birds Are Deceived.

It was now August, and though the hunting season did not begin until the middle of September, Peety was out with his double barrel, just the same, says W. R. Leigh, writing in Collier's Weekly about shooting wild turkey. Peety never had been fond of work, and since it had become perilous to make "moonshine" he found it easier to live on turkey flesh at this season (when, as he said, the young ones were still very silly) than on bacon. While the woods were half dark at the break of day, and a long winding cloud of silvery mist hung over the course of the Cacapon, the gobbler headed the flock for the pasture field. It extended from the top down the eastern slope of a ridge, and the sun's first rays flooded its upper half with brilliant light.

A killdee flew up noisily from the shoulder of the hill that sloped down toward the river, but the gobbler observed two pigs among the ragweeds there, which explained the circumstance and put him at his ease; he was not so foolish as a killdee. All became engaged in the pursuit of grasshoppers, and none perceived a stealthy form glide to the edge of a cliff on the opposite side of the Cacapon. It was Peety; he saw the turkeys, saw the pigs, and his plan was made. Down the ridge by a watercourse which kept him out of sight, across the river without even stopping to take off his shoes, he went, and to the fence surrounding the field. He did not climb over it, because the elevation would have brought him in view of the flock, but on his hands and knees he crept through where a rail was broken, and into the ragweed. The turkeys were above, just over the hill, but when they raised their heads they could see him; the pigs were between.

The turkey gobbler every now and then looked up and surveyed the pigs, but, not having much of a head for numbers, it never struck him there were three pigs now where but two had been. He did notice that one approached gradually, but then it was only a pig; what did it matter? Suddenly up leaped Peety, as if out of the ground, and rushed toward them. There was a moment of indecision, a fatal moment, when all the turkeys ran together as though to take counsel of each other, and their upstretched heads for an instant formed a group. It was the instant Peety was waiting for. A flash and a roar, and two turkeys rolled on their backs, another and a third turkey dropped. Peety stopped to reload; the flock took to their wings, but before they were out of range two more shots rang out and another turkey fell.

Peety's impersonation of a pig was a role which suited him. Not satisfied with four turkeys, he followed to the part of the woods where he judged the most of the fugitives had gone, and lay down flat on his stomach between a huge log and an old stump.

Now the silliness of the young turkeys showed itself, just as Peety knew it would. A half hour had not elapsed before one of them, after looking about from his hiding place and seeing and hearing nothing, gave one call and received a low, discreet answer. He waited and listened a while, and called again, a little louder, and again that low, encouraging answer. It sounded just like his mother; he was sure it was she, and he stood up, this time calling twice. Another silly little turkey not far off called, too, and this emboldened the first, and when he heard the low answer again he ran toward it. But it was only Peety with his wingbone caller, and as the turkey approached a shot laid him low. So it went on; at noon Peety staggered home under the weight of eight turkeys, well knowing that he could get his dinner and return by the time the terrified birds would venture to call again.

OLD ENGLISH SUNDAY.

How the Day Was Observed Prior to the English Revolution.

(New York Evening Press.)

For a considerable period prior to the English revolution Sunday was a day of great festivity and high revelry in the old country. Incredible though it may appear its observance was governed and ordered by a paradoxical royal declaration, issued by King James I. This document is generally known as "The Book of Sports." In its preamble it recites a royal rebuke, administered to "some Puritanes and precise people" for "prohibiting o' unlawful punishing of Our good people for using their lawfull Recreations and honest exercises upon Sundayes and other holy days, after the afternoone sermon or service," and then it refers to "the generall complaint of our people, that they were barred from all lawful Recreation and exercise upon the Sundayes afternoone, which cannot but produce two evils; the one, the hindering of the conversion of many, whom their priests will take occasion hereby to vexe, persuading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawfully or tollerable in our Religion, which cannot but breed a great discontentment in our people's hearts; the other inconvenience is that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for Warre, when we or our successors shall have occasion to use them."

Then follows the royal mandate "that no lawful Recreation shall be barred to our good People," and "The Bishop and all other inferior Churchmen and Churchwardens" are enjoined to "bee carefull and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant and convince and reforme them that are misled in religion." "Our pleasure likewise is, That the Bishop of the Diocese take the like straight order with all the Puritans and Precisians within the same, either constraining them to conforme themselves, or to leave the country according to the Lawes of Our Kingdome and Canons of our Church." The declaration proceeds to define "lawfull Recreation" as "Dancing, either men or women. Acherie for men, leaping, vaulting or any other such harmlesse Recreation, including May-games, Whitsun-Ales and Morris-dances and the setting up of May poles and other sports therewith used. But withall wee doe here accompt still as prohibited all unlawfull games to be used upon Sundays onely, as Beare and Bull-baitings, Interludes, and at all times in the meaner sort of People by Law prohibited, Bowling." A penalty was inflicted upon those who did not join in the Sunday sports, and no one could take part in them without first having attended divine service in the parish church, which was also enforced under pain of penalty.

In those days the clergyman would, in obedience to the royal decree, publicly recite the 'Book of Sports' from the pulpit; after divine service he, with his churchwardens, would proceed with the congregation onto the village green, there to indulge in all kinds of "lawfull Recreation." While the sports were going on it was the custom for the parson and his churchwardens to retire to an adjoining inn.

His "Bumps."

(London Answers.)

"That man is a phrenologist, Pat.'

"A what?" asked Pat, puzzled.

"A phrenologist."

"An' sure, what's that, sorr?"

"Why, a man that can tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are."

"Bumps on my head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, then, I think it would give him more of an idea what kind of a woman my wife is."

Slapstick.

(Indianapolis Sun.)

"Papa," said little Willie, who was looking at a picture of Atlas, "nobuddy could hold the world on their back, could they?"

"I don't know about that," answered papa. "I've heard people talk about Wheeling, West Virginia."