

# Boys' & Girls' Page

EDITED BY DAVID AWALKER



## CRUISE OF THE CALIFORNIA.

[Synopsis of preceding chapters.—Binnie and Kemona have traveled with the savage chief, Kott, and the other savages who had been held captive by the skull-hunter, Ghoor-Ghee-Tee, and have reached the land where the people of the village of the dead chief, Mah-Coh-Gah, are. Kott has promised that an army of savages will march through the country of Ghoor-Ghee-Tee with Binnie and Kemona to the rescue of the German, who is held captive, although their king, by the Atlantic, a nation of savages who live in the country adjoining Ghoor-Ghee-Tee's realm. Binnie and Kemona have been a British soldier in India knew that in skill Binnie, by his show of confidence, must be the superior of Peloto in such a game.

Peloto's first lunge was met by Binnie with a sharp parry. To the savage's surprise and also to Kemona's, the white boy stood for some time on the

thinking now that he would speedily end white boy rival.

Kemona was frightened as he saw Binnie step forward with a spear to meet Peloto's onward rush; but the look of alarm on the Australian's face changed as he saw Binnie, with his spear, take the position of "guard" in the bayonet drill. Kemona having been a British soldier in India knew that in skill Binnie, by his show of confidence, must be the superior of Peloto in such a game.

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defensive and once more showed that life around a garrison, with soldiers as well as Indians for instructors, has its advantages. Peloto could not strike Binnie, even when exerting his strength with his utmost fury. Binnie stood quietly, but with his blue eyes wide open and watchful, awaiting each new attack.

The savage chiefs were more surprised than before. They saw Peloto's frenzy. Peloto would have plunged the spear through Binnie if he could have done so. He tired himself out with his rage and violence, only to see Binnie, with quick, skillful motions, prove the savage to be really unskillful before the eyes of all the savages.

"Strike him, Binnie," shouted Kemona. "You must do it to win the day."

Binnie's face flushed. Soon the point of his spear grazed Peloto's arm, then

voice, asked Binnie to teach them the art of war and to lead them, as their great war chief, against Ghoor-Ghee-Tee.

The following few weeks were filled with business. Kemona formed the savages into battalions and taught them to perform some marching movements. They were made to see that breast guards of the bark of a swamp tree was proof against arrows and spear thrusts. They learned to obey orders and when they were on a "bayonet charge" they looked formidable even to Kemona as they dashed forward on a rapid run, tall, black, athletic, shouting fiercely their native war cries.

They were as teachable as children. Binnie learned enough words to command them to do whatever Kemona had taught. Every day they were put

through the movements. Every night Kemona was prouder of them. They grew more impatient daily to march to attack Ghoor-Ghee-Tee.

It was wiser to go forth to attack than to wait until all the hostile tribes of Ghoor-Ghee-Tee could be brought into the land of Mah-Coh-Gah in one army. A council of the chiefs, each of whom would command the people of his own village, was held with Binnie and Kemona. It was agreed by all that it was wise to march at once.

"Forward," shouted Binnie in the dialect of the savages the next morning.

"Forward," repeated the great chief who commanded the twenty battalions into which the 10,000 fighting men had been divided.

So they marched in dusky procession with Binnie the San Francisco boy, at their head and with Kemona at his right hand as adviser and second in command. They forded streams, climbed mountains and crossed valleys in military order. The savages already acted like soldiers and were evidently proud of what they had learned. In many ways they showed that they were devoted to Binnie, whom they promised to follow through all dangers where he would lead.

"To-morrow," said one of the chiefs to Binnie, "we will see the Marwise River. On the other side Ghoor-Ghee-Tee has his great village."

The body of savage runners, who were doing duty as scouts, was doubled, so that there were 200. At night a scout brought word to Binnie that he had, from a high hill, sighted the Marwise at a short distance of some miles, and had seen some war canoes in motion.

"The time has come for you to show your skill, Kemona," said Binnie. "You will have to cross the river at night, under the cover of darkness, and learn all you can about Ghoor-Ghee-Tee and his plans. You will take with you a strong body of picked men, who will wait for you at the river's edge. They must not build any fires. Should you need help send across the river at once. I will keep a picket line all the way from our camp to the river, and so will know in a few minutes what happens. Now go."

Kemona needed no second command, but was off almost before Binnie ceased speaking. The army of savages was halted in a dense forest. Among them Binnie walked with the brotherly and chivalric feeling that belongs to those soldiers on the eve of battle. When the savages saw that Binnie was cool and calm and that he evidently did not fear Ghoor-Ghee-Tee's thousands of black-skinned warriors, they were filled with enthusiasm which they manifested in loud cries of "good." But Peloto said nothing, and in his eyes burned a baleful light, which did not escape the seemingly careless but really keen eyes of Binnie.

"Peloto may yet be more of an enemy than Ghoor-Ghee-Tee," the boy muttered.

"White snake," said Peloto, beneath his breath, as Binnie passed.

That night Peloto stole out of the camp, swam across the Marwise River, and began his career as a traitor to his own people, to revenge himself upon them and upon Binnie.

CHAPTER XIV.

But Binnie was not to become war chief without opposition. The son of Mah-Coh-Gah, the chief of the white people, had been killed in the duel on the beach with Ghoor-Ghee-Tee, heard of the coming of Binnie and frowned. He rallied all his friends, many of them chiefs in small villages, to support his claim to be the head of his people. Nightly there were signal fires burning upon the surrounding mountains, and the chiefs in all the country saw the signals and gathered at the call of Peloto, Mah-Coh-Gah's son.

Not less active was Kott in favor of Binnie, and, as he had many friends, he succeeded in getting half the party of chiefs on his side. Pending the question who would be the chief, Kott was busy and brought daily reports to Binnie.

"It is about an even chance whether we get away from here alive, Binnie," Kemona said one night.

Binnie was sitting on the ground watching his dinner, which was cooking in front of the grass-thatched hut that he and Kemona had built with their own hands. Kemona, looking every inch like a native chief, stood near holding his war club.

"I am determined to be the war chief if I can," answered Binnie, "because there is no other way for us to reach and rescue the white King of the Afrike."

"That is right, Binnie. But Peloto is very angry and you must look out for him. If he was out of the way our course would be clear. As he is here, the only sure way for you to become the chief is to show them enough tricks of the white men to astonish them and make them a little afraid of you."

"Very well. I will first challenge him to show to the chiefs, who is the better marksman, and I will stake my chances on that test."

Peloto laughed savagely when he heard of this. He at once agreed. He came with bows and arrows and spears and slings and handed them contemptuously to the white boy.

"I will try him first with bow and arrows," Binnie told Kemona.

"But you are no match for Peloto with a bow."

Binnie smiled. He had passed two summers among the Muscogee Indians when his father was an army officer and he was confident that he would give a good account of himself and of his teacher, a great Muscogee chief.

Peloto fixed an arrow on his bow-string and aimed at an eagle that flew overhead. Binnie was changing the feathers on his arrows but looked up to see the eagle suddenly stop in his course and fall toward Peloto. Quick as thought he had an arrow and twang went his bow. When the eagle fell there were two arrows through its body, one of which was Binnie's that he had shot when the bird was dropping through the air with the speed of a rocket.

"Huh, huh, huh!" said the chief, looking at Binnie favorably. Peloto's eyes flashed fire.

Again he aimed an arrow and twang went his bow-string. The shaft flew high, fell in a curve and pierced the body of a small squirrel, which it pinned to a tree. Binnie had another arrow ready and let fly. He was more careful about his aim. His arrow struck the one shot by Peloto squarely on the end, splitting the shaft and of a murmur arose among the chiefs. They had never seen any shooting like this. Peloto threw down his bow in anger.

"Arrows are the playthings of boys," he said, "but what will the white boy do when the battle rages? Will he lead our braves with the spear?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Binnie, when this was repeated to him. "Peloto would be a poor man for me to meet in battle if he knows no more about a spear than he knows about the bow and arrow."

"Dog, dog," growled Peloto, darting forward, half crazed with rage, but

## CAPTAIN IVOR WALLIS, The Five-Year-Old Soldier of Marysville.



It is generally conceded that the young, the world over, show, in one way or another, a leaning for the glitter and array attendant on the position in life of the soldier, but it is seldom that this characteristic is to be noted in such a marked degree as in the case of little five-year-old Ivor Wallis, the midget mascot of Marysville's military company, whose picture, true to life, is here presented.

Attired in his trim-fitting uniform, and carrying the sword with which his admirers about The Call headquarters have presented him, Master Wallis, or rather Captain Wallis, as he prefers to be called, allows no one to outdo him for martial courage and tread. He also has a gun, with which he executes the manual of arms in a finished way that puts to blush many of the recruits of the N. G. C. Strange to say, this lad has also given evidence that he will one day make his mark at shooting. A book without the pictures of soldiers or scenes of war times possesses no attraction for him. On the other hand, he will ponder for hours at a time over a volume devoted to the battlefield and its illustrations of heroes. Company D is quite proud of its youthful mascot.

his shoulder, then his body and then scratched his cheek. That Binnie could have dealt a dangerous blow if he had willed so to do the chiefs who were looking on fully understood. Finally, when Peloto was off his guard, Binnie, by a quick, dexterous movement, actually disarmed him and Peloto stood at the mercy of Binnie. The boy stood a moment with his spear held as if to strike, then he laughed and dropped his spear on the ground.

"Quick, Kemona, a revolver," said the boy, as a shadow crossed his handsome face. A small bird was soaring so high above him that it seemed only a speck. The savages shouted with surprise and some alarm at the report of the revolver as he fired, for most of them knew nothing of firearms. Swiftly sped the bullet on high and the bird, which had been beyond the range of any bow and arrow, fell.

Peloto was defeated but not satisfied, nor could he conceal his wrath the following day when the chiefs, with one

pulling all the sails up at once. "Great!" said Willie Twinkle as the sails were hoisted the first time by the forward motion of the wagon, which did the work of hoisting the sails itself. This was the most ingenious invention of all, and it played an amusing part in Willie's adventures.

Willie Twinkle was made captain of Billy Bluster and Charlie Capstan and the second mate. As they were all of the crew and all were officers they got along very well together, as might be guessed. Tommy Traddles offered to ship as foremast hand, but when he found that he would have to mind three officers at once he gave it up at the end of one afternoon.

The wind wagon was tried at Bernal Heights and was found to work well. The three boys made occasional trips along Mission street for short distances. Then an ambitious idea came into Willie Twinkle's head. He whispered it to his officers and crew, and they took it as a matter of course that a lot of little girls and boys in the Bernal Heights district received invitations, which read as follows:

FIRST GRAND VOICE OF THE FAMOUS WIND WAGON OF BERNAL HEIGHTS.

You are invited to sail from Bernal Heights to the foot of Market street, via way of Valensher street. Rite soon if you will go. It will be a Kawker-shure!

WILLIE TWINKLE, Captain. BILLY BLUSTER, First Mate. CHARLIE CAPSTAN, Second Mate. P. S.—Bring your lunch along.

A score of boys and girls came. Minnie Lightfoot brought a Christmas doll, and so did Mary Needles. All the boys had on sailor caps, on the front of which were the words: "Red Rover of Bernal Heights." Tommy Traddles and the name in a book about pirates and all the boys liked it. There were more boys than girls who were ready to sail. They all had lunch-baskets. When all was ready Willie Twinkle pushed his Wind Wagon into view. The youngsters greeted it with "tree cheers," which made Willie's face blush like a red rose.

The sails went up when the wagon moved, and as the wind struck them, they held the boys could do to hold the Wind Wagon until the girls could get on. They sat with their feet hanging over the sides, their dolls between them and their lunch-baskets carefully stowed near the masts.

It was a week before the Xmas holidays that Billy Pembroke's mother caught the severe cold that confined her to her bed for a season. The doctor had been there that morning, and his parting words were still ringing in her ears. "Have a bitter prescription filled out at once, Mrs. Pembroke, rest quietly in bed for another week, and I think you will soon be well and strong again."

How little the good doctor knew what a bitter prescription he was leaving. It was hard indeed to rest quietly in bed, when it was her busy needle that kept herself and little Ruth from want. Ruth's father was dead. He had died two years before the beginning of this story, when Ruth was only 4 years old.

The child still remembered the pretty home in San Francisco they had

Some small boys did not succeed in getting on to the Wind Wagon, as it now stood forward. They rolled in a dust and cried. Willie Twinkle and his crew were all aboard. The boys stood up and held on by the rigging. So, with a fresh wind, and all sails, including topsails and jibs set, the Wind Wagon rounded the Valencia street and bowed rapidly along, to the admiration of many spectators.

The officers of the Market-street railway, hearing what had happened, humbly telephoned to have all cars held at the foot of Market street, for fear of collision, and sent a force of policemen to the junction of Market and Valencia streets to stop the queer sailing rolling craft there if they could.

Willie Twinkle was the hero of the hour. Only once he compromised his popularity by describing the wind as "a spanking breeze."

Several boys looked a little shamed until Captain Willie said that he had heard a sailor say this and that it meant only that the wind blew very hard. Then the boys breathed easier.

The Wind Wagon fairly flew along Valencia street, and all went well. He already had dreams of going into business in competition with the Market street railway. The first real excitement was at the turn where Valencia street joins Market. The wind had steadily grown stronger and the Wind Wagon had a high rate of speed.

"Stand by to wear ship," yelled Willie to Billy Bluster and Charlie Capstan, as the blue-coated police officers, who were lined up on both sides of the track, came to view.

This called all the crew to the steering sweep. Could they round into Market street? They were all strong and cool-headed and they made the turn in short time.

But they noticed with horror that the bowsprit had impaled a fat policeman who had been in the middle of the car track, and there he hung at the bow of the Wind Wagon like an apple on a pointed stick. Nor was this all, for the Wind suddenly shifted and all the sails with their heavy booms swept across the deck like a flash, knocked overboard half of the little girls with their dolls, rolled the others off and moved down a whole squad of policemen, who lay in the street in a blue row as the Wind Wagon swept on in its mad career.

There were wallings of children and the sound of gruff police voices in the air. Willie and his crew were scared, but they nevertheless felt proud of the way in which they had turned the corner. The sails were now "wing and wing"; that is, they were partly over one side and partly over the other. The Wind sweeping down Market street was

just astern and the sails were full. Billy Bluster moved about and pail out on the ropes so that the sails drew as hard as possible.

There were several narrow escapes from collisions. Suddenly the wind died out opposite the City Hall. Willie pulled his sails down in a trice. Out rushed some policemen and jumped on the deck. They pushed the wagon just enough to raise the sails a little bit. A puff of wind started the wagon faster. Another policeman was in trouble. The machinery that hoisted the sails caught him and he was mastedhead. The other policeman held a captive at mastedhead the Wind Wagon dashed.

A dense crowd had gathered between the Baldwin and the Palace hotels that not only lined the sidewalks and all the windows overlooking the street but also filled the street out to the car tracks. Into this crowd with a policeman fastened on the bowsprit grazed the Wind Wagon and a man held a captive at mastedhead the Wind Wagon dashed.

Away down the street a solitary bob-car was coming up.

"Gracious," said Willie Twinkle to Billy Bluster, "must run down that hay-bunker sure, unless we make quick work. Hurry and help me put the helm to port."

Billy and Charlie Capstan seized the sweep along with Captain Twinkle. The effect on the crowd was magical. The sweep felled them like a row of tenpins.

"Starboard, starboard," yelled Willie, seeing that the Wind Wagon would not go as he wished.

The result was the moving down of additional scores of spectators. Then the Wind Wagon left the track just in time to have its bowsprit graze the bob-car and take out its windows, dropping the policeman on the roof of the car. But Willie steered it back in great shape.

"Throw out the anchor," he cried.

The anchor fell into a cable slot, but dragged a while. Then the Wind Wagon was near the long line of cable cars, which were held up at the foot of Market street.

"Hi, yeh!" shouted the crowd.

"Get off the track!" screamed Willie Twinkle.

But the anchor stuck fast. The Wind Wagon was brought to an instant stop and the air was full of flying boys. Willie and his crew flew so high in the air that they struck on the roof of the ferry sheds.

"Hooray," yelled Willie Twinkle, "we did, we did!" answered his crew, with glee.

But the Wind Wagon was a wreck with a policeman still at mastedhead.

## RUTH PEMBROKE'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY MORRIS LLOYD.

Only a few squares from home is a business portion of the city. Here she takes Annabel to look in at all the gay windows. The druggist's window interests her more than all the others. So many bottles—surely there must be something there to make poor mamma well. She gazes long and earnestly at all the labels. At last with a sigh she passes on. Nearly every window offers a prize of some sort on purchases made within.

One window exhibits a large doll dressed as a bride. She studies the doll with interest. "Annabel, she is not half as beautiful as you are, my pet."

Suddenly a thought enters her head that almost makes her little heart stop beating, and causes her to clasp Annabel more tightly in her arms.

"Annabel, can we do it?" she whispers. "We both love mamma very

questions. I have earned your medicine," and, drawing her hands from behind her, "here it is, full of flying boys."

Mamma did ask a great many questions, but Ruth steadily answered, "Will tell you all about it when you are well, mamma."

Some way an account of little Ruth's brave sacrifice crept into the daily papers, accompanied by a picture of Ruth and Annabel, for she went every afternoon and sat for half an hour with her dear dolly. And when the druggist announced that the doll, and a large percentage on purchases made at his store the following week were to be donated to little Ruth, it proved to be the best advertisement he had ever made in his life. For the kind-hearted people fairly flocked to his store.

Mrs. Pembroke steadily grew better, and at the end of the week was sitting

given up at his death. The happy days when mamma and herself were always merry and glad, with hosts of friends.

Now they lived in two little rooms, with few comforts and fewer friends! One little Ruth was having her own happy days in a sad one, of going to say "good-by" to papa when he was so ill, and how he took her in his arms and whispered, "Take care of mamma for me, dear little Ruth. His parting words to the child have never been forgotten, and they have colored all her life.

Her constant thought and care of her sweet, pretty mother has made her old beyond her years. And there is Annabel, her beautiful doll baby, that she loves with all a mother's devotion.

While the doctor was holding consultation with her mother that morning she was sitting with Annabel in the corner.

"Annabel," whispered Ruth, "I cannot give quite so much time to you now, my dear, for I am very busy indeed. As soon as the doctor goes I must make tea and toast for mamma, and then if you are a very good child you may go out with me to buy her medicine."

But after the doctor had departed poor Ruth was doomed to disappointment. She made the tea and toast, but when she offered to go for the medicine her mother said: "Ruth, dear, I am afraid we cannot afford the medicine just now. We have so little money; I am afraid to spend it until I am sure of earning more. I think, however, darling, that Annabel and yourself had better go out for a little walk, for you are looking quite pale, from being shut up just now."

Sadly the little girl departed for her walk, with Annabel dressed in gay attire.

## WILLIE TWINKLE'S WIND WAGON

What can I do for you, little girl; is Dolly ill?"

dearly and we must make her well."

She does not pause to think. Hurdled she retraces her steps to the drug store. The druggist is filling out a prescription for a customer. When he hears the door open, looking up, he sees a little girl who wears a bright-red cape and a little red cap resting on her curly head. In her arms she carries a beautiful doll. As she reaches the counter he notes how white her face is, and that her eyes are filled with tears. "What can I do for you, little girl? Is Dolly ill?" said the druggist.

"No, sir," said little Ruth. "Annabel is well; but my mamma is very ill, and she has no money to buy medicine. If I give you Annabel to put in your window, would you give me some medicine for mamma?"

The druggist's face was a study, and he looked at little Ruth with his own eyes, as he picked little Ruth up and seated her on the counter and made her tell him all about it.

"And if you put Annabel in your window, may I come every day to see her? For you see she has never been separated from me before," said the child.

The kind-hearted druggist agreed to everything, and even allowed her to arrange Annabel in the window to her own satisfaction. With a look of pride and a kiss she departed, running all the way home for the prescription. Fortunately she finds her father's little slip of paper held tight in her hand, and she runs all the way back, entering the drug store a second time with cheeks as red as roses.

When Mrs. Pembroke was awakened from her bed, little Ruth was seated by her bedside with such a smiling, happy face, and both hands clasped behind her.

"Mamma, you must not ask any

(To be continued.)

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She does not pause to think. Hurdled she retraces her steps to the drug store. The druggist is filling out a prescription for a customer. When he hears the door open, looking up, he sees a little girl who wears a bright-red cape and a little red cap resting on her curly head. In her arms she carries a beautiful doll. As she reaches the counter he notes how white her face is, and that her eyes are filled with tears. "What can I do for you, little girl? Is Dolly ill?" said the druggist.

"No, sir," said little Ruth. "Annabel is well; but my mamma is very ill, and she has no money to buy medicine. If I give you Annabel to put in your window, would you give me some medicine for mamma?"

The druggist's face was a study, and he looked at little Ruth with his own eyes, as he picked little Ruth up and seated her on the counter and made her tell him all about it.

"And if you put Annabel in your window, may I come every day to see her? For you see she has never been separated from me before," said the child.

The kind-hearted druggist agreed to everything, and even allowed her to arrange Annabel in the window to her own satisfaction. With a look of pride and a kiss she departed, running all the way home for the prescription. Fortunately she finds her father's little slip of paper held tight in her hand, and she runs all the way back, entering the drug store a second time with cheeks as red as roses.

When Mrs. Pembroke was awakened from her bed, little Ruth was seated by her bedside with such a smiling, happy face, and both hands clasped behind her.

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