OUR YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

THE PRIZE SERIAL.

THE ABANDONED CLAIM.

By Flora Haines Loughead, Author of "Was He Guilty," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

HIS is what Martin saw! Dr. John caught in the very act of edging toward the door. Dr. John looking like a detected culprit as his old comrade laid hold of him and brought him back reproaching and cheering him in a breath. Dr. John, called upon for a speech, had started out bravely, not to say defiantly, then faltering and breaking down, as old associations flooded his memory. Dr. John protested that he was no speech-maker, but rising to the occasion, nevertheless, and giving utterance to patriotic sentiments in a way that stirred the loyalty of the old veterans and made the hall again resound with cheers. Dr. John, the hero of the evening, whose name and praise were on every tongue.

How small and mean Martin felt. What a goose and sneak and lunatic he had been. And when the doctor, his self-possession a little restored, though still protesting against the extravagant honors done him, catching sight of Martin, said pleasantly:

"I think I see a young friend of mine over there," and he called the lad to his side, how proud and unworthy Martin felt under the distinction.

But it was a great event for the young fellow, none the less, one to be treasured and remembered all his life, to be told over and over again to eager listeners at home, to be dwelt upon when the dark tragedy, already impending, descended upon the little colony beside the Brook.

CHAPTER XXV.—TROUBLE IN THE VALLEY.

The Grand army disbanded and the old soldiers went their separate ways. Before Col. Marshall and his nephew returned to their eastern home, they made a long call at Home ranch.

They walked down into the rose garden for a parting look at Hope's "black rose." After a short period of rest the plant was again putting forth a profusion of buds.

"How comes it, Miss Hope," asked the colonel, "that while you have so many roses, many of the standard kinds are not here, and you have none of the new ones? Did you get tired of planting them?"

"Tired of roses? Oh, no, no, no!" cried Hope.

"But you felt that you had enough," suggested the colonel.

"No, Col. Marshall," replied Hope, looking down, while her cheeks vied in color with the most brilliant of her crimson roses. "Something happened that spoiled the pleasure for me. I used money that ought not to be used. I felt as if I could never buy another rose. Ned wanted to, but I wouldn't let him."

"My dear," said the colonel, breaking the awkward silence, "you do not need to pay out money for the plants you want. You have something as good as gold with any Eastern florist."

"The—black rose?" asked Hope.

"No, my dear. That is a much more important matter, and I shall not make you an offer regarding it until I can consult with my head gardener. I mean your California wild flowers, seeds and plants. I wouldn't ask for any better currency."

Then the colonel reverted to the subject of the black rose.

"Which would you like best—a specified sum outright, or a royalty on all plants that are sold?"

A look of fearful longing mingled with terror.

One still night late in September, as the boys were returning from their chores about the stable, Martin caught Ned's arm in excitement, pointing to the open stretch of road on the opposite side of the brook.

The bridge and its approaches shone white in the moonlight. The ground beyond was dark with moving figures. Men on horseback were crossing the bridge, which rang with a muffled response to the clattering hoofs. Then the body seemed to pause, as if for deliberation. A moment later two mounted figures dashed up to Home Ranch.

The boys ran down to meet them. The horsemen drew rein.

"Mr. Willets!" exclaimed Martin, wonderingly, as he recognized a steady young ranchman, who with his wife and child, lived a couple of miles further down the stream.

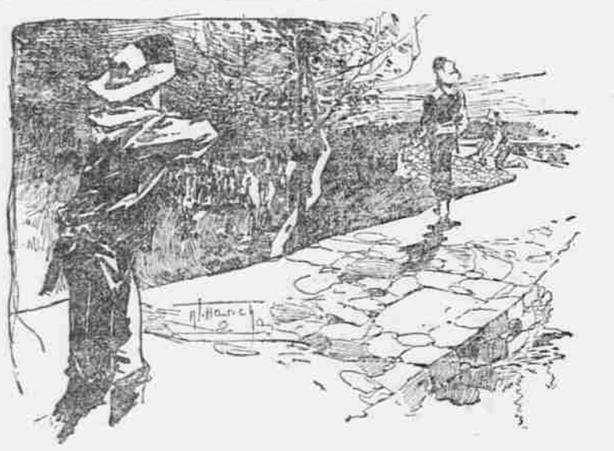
"Boys," said the farmer, "we have business up the Canon to-night. Do you want to join us?"

No need of further explanation. Ned answered like a soldier to the roll call.

"I will come."

Then, seeing Martin's eager movement, he laid his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Only one, Martin. If anything should happen, they must have you to depend upon."



THE SENTINEL RAISED THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND LEVELED IT AT THE CROWD.

"A royalty?" repeated Hope, inquiringly.

"A certain per centage on all sales; just as an author has a royalty on a book. Only, in this case, if you preferred the royalty, we should of course pay you a small sum outright; for there is no question as to the value of your rose; and there always is a serious question as to whether a new book is worth the paper it is printed on."

"I think I should like the royalty," said Hope.

The lieutenant lingered a little after his uncle. Although he was a genuine West Point boy, who had passed unscathed through a hundred flirtations, something about this little maid touched him as no other girl or woman had ever done.

"Miss Hope," he said in a low voice. "May I—shall I—come back next year?"

The sixteen-year-old girl caught her breath with a little gasp of surprise and terror. He was so handsome, so amiable, such a thorough gentleman. She did not want to hurt him, and his blue eyes seemed wistfully pleading with her. Then the budding woman in her arose and strengthened her to be true to herself and to him.

"Not on my account, Lieut. Marshall," she said.

Why was it that at that moment the memory of another scene bore in upon her, and she saw, in his place, a tear-stained boy's face, and heard the cry:

"Whatever I am—if I ever amount to anything, Hope, I owe it all to you."

Two weeks later they could hardly believe that the grand army had come and gone, with all its train of exciting circumstances.

Dr. John seemed just the same as ever. It was noticeable that he looked thin and worn, but this was easily accounted for by the prevalence of a dangerous malarial fever throughout the valley, and the demands made upon him night and day might well have taxed a stronger constitution than his.

Of course the McCrary's came down with it, just when the disease had abated a little, and the doctor most needed rest.

Matters had somewhat changed at the mountain ranch since Mike McCrary started out to prove himself a man.

The house was in better repair, the children went to school, and Sam, at nineteen years of age, shamed by Mike's example, had planted a considerable acreage in vines, to which he was giving indifferent care.

One of the children, little Mattie, as she was called, was a gentle, lovable girl, with modest, lady-like ways, in contrast to the rough manners of the others. Hemmed in by every disadvantage, she had exerted all her slight strength to bring order and decency to the dirty, unkempt household, but had succeeded only in bringing down upon herself the open disfavor of the rest. Mike, alone, humiliated by the contrast between his home and the orderly households of the valley, was little Mattie's devoted champion.

When the fever had run its race with the rest of the family, Mattie, the faithful nurse, fell sick, and Dr. John saw that it was to be a sharp struggle if he would save her.

Distracted by the danger that threatened his young sister, Mike McCrary left his work in the valley and came to her bedside, where he took up his quarters as a tireless watcher. Together the doctor and he fought for the child's life, and one night the crisis passed, and they knew they had won the fight.

With his fingers on his lips, Dr. John arose and tiptoed out of the house. He felt strangely worn and tired, now that the sharp strain was over. A footfall sounded on the turf, and Mike stood behind him, his haggard face dignified by its look of solemn thanksgiving.

"It's your work, Dr. John," he said. "You've saved her. There isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for you. I'd lay my life down for you."

About this time the occupants of Home Ranch became involved in a difficulty almost without a precedent.

A great corporation, which earned a princely revenue by supplying a large city with water, found the supply in its reservoirs becoming inadequate for the growing city's uses, and made haste to supplement it with the waters of the Brook.

They began their operations a couple of miles up the canon, where the steep cliffs nearly approached each other, only needing a heavy wall of stone across the entrance to complete a vast natural reservoir. By the 1st of September their work was completed, and just as the farmers came to the season of the year when water was most essential to them, the brook, imprisoned in an iron pipe, coursed past them on its way to the city.

The people of the valley awoke to the fact that

"Make haste, Austin," said Willetts. "Bring an ax—hatchet—crowbar—anything you have handy. No firearms, mind."

As the horsemen took their way up the canon, any stranger who might have seen them would have been puzzled to make out their character and purpose. Surely this was no gay cavalcade bound on sport or pleasure, nor yet could it have been mistaken for a martial company riding forth to open contest, where honor and renown were to be achieved. No light jests passed. There was no laughter on the grim faces, no enthusiasm in the downcast eyes. It was more like a funeral party, for in his heart each loyal man rebelled against the position into which he had been forced—that of an opponent to the peaceful administration of the laws of the state.

They came to a point where they could see a broad and glistening wall of stone crossing the gorge above them. Along this three armed men were pacing, like sentinels on a rampart. The ripple of imprisoned water could be heard above.

The sound maddened the ranchers. This was the precious fluid for want of which their stock was dying, their gardens and small fruits parching, their wells running dry.

"Hall, Who are you?"

It was one of the sentinels on the dam who challenged them.

Loud and clear came the reply. "We are seventy men from the valley. We want water."

"I am here to protect this dam. Don't you come nearer, or I'll fire.

The sentinel raised his rifle to his shoulder and leveled it at the crowd.

One of the men on horseback pressed toward

Miss Hope, may I, shall I come back next year?

the front, and, as if in response to this movement, the whole company surged forward.

There was a flash, a puff of smoke, and a loud report awoke the echoes of the canon. The man who had first moved forward reeled in his saddle and fell.

In the glamor of the moonlight no one seemed to recognize him. There was wild cries of "He is killed!" "Who is he?" "No, he is all right. See! He is up again!"

They had not dared close in around him, lest the horses, already terrified and prancing, should trample him down. Those near to him instinctively drew off, while one or two quickly dismounted and ran to his side, but before they could reach him he was on his feet, holding by the pommel of his saddle to steady himself.

"I only wanted a word with you, McCrary," he said, addressing the sentinel. "Listen to me now. These men are honest farmers, men you know and respect. Most of them settled in this valley, along the line of this stream, before the water company was incorporated. This water is life and subsistence to our people. Their crops are failing; cattle dying. The stagnant pools along the bed of the brook are breeding pestilence throughout the valley. Be more than the faithful servant of a rich corporation. Be a man, and respect the rights of your fellow men."

They could see that the man who fired the rifle faltered in his purpose. He had lowered the gun and seemed to be debating with himself as to what course he should pursue, while his two aids drew near and stood irresolute, awaiting his orders.

No one but those in his immediate vicinity had recognized the speaker. His voice, raised from the ordinary conversational tone, was deep and sonorous, qualities emphasized by the echoing crags above.

He spoke again, and his hearers observed a huskiness and broken utterance, like one who battles against a growing physical weakness.

"Why, McCrary, are you so blind to all principles of right—that I must appeal—as man to man? Do you think—I—would join such a movement—if I didn't know—it was in the interests of justice? Don't let us have any more bloody work to-night. McCrary, you said once—you'd do anything for me. Don't fire again—on unarmed men! Let me be the first—and the last victim."

He was sinking in the arms of one who stood beside him. Blood was drenching his garments and forming a pool upon the ground at his feet. At his last words Mike McCrary flung his rifle backwards into the deep pool, and they heard a splash as it struck the water and sank.

He leaped down from the dam and forced his way to the side of the injured man. None who heard him ever forgot his bitter cry:

"Oh, my God! I've killed the doctor." They made quick work of the dam after that. Long before morning the Brook was rippling down the canon, its old glad self, distributing its bounty throughout the valley and cheering the face of all the country.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Why, Mike, I understand. You thought it was your duty. You don't know me. Don't take on so, Mike. If anyone had to go it is better it should be me. I have no one to miss me."

"No one to miss him." What a murmur of contradiction arose. Who would be so sorely missed by all the country?

"Its nothing serious," insisted the doctor weakly. "It'll be all right in a week or so. Now take place at the head where the heaviest weight comes, Mike. You'll do penance enough over this rough road."

When they got him home, those who knew the doctor's radical precepts were still surprised that he should decline their proposal to telegraph for another physician.

"I understand my case best," he insisted. "Ned is to be my chief nurse, and McCrary will assist him. Now, friends, do not be offended if I thank you all and ask you to leave me. I must prescribe rest and quiet for my patient."

He lay still, with closed eyes, for some minutes after the men had gone away. The sleeping room to which they had carried him was furnished with the utmost simplicity. On the gray-tinted walls was a single picture, a painting of a woman, evidently copied from a miniature. The serious beauty of the highbred face arrested Ned's attention. He had never seen a face that could compare with it, yet there was something in the expression of the mournful eyes that was peculiarly saddening.

He was relieved when the doctor finally spoke and he could withdraw his gaze from the fair face with its sad, wistful eyes.

"Ned Marshall didn't tell the whole truth—that night at the campfire. He glossed over facts. I came out of the army suffering with a painful neuralgic trouble, the result of a gunshot wound. I took opium to ease the pain. When I got the better of the disease I was a slave to the drug.

"I had a wife, and afterward a little daughter. They were dearer to me than my own soul; but a man who once becomes enslaved by that accursed habit would pledge his own soul for a single grain of the drug. My child fell sick. We thought she would not get well. I took larger and larger doses. It helped me not to care. I sank lower and lower. I had no money. My credit was gone. I was mad for the drug. Ned, I did a dastardly thing. I robbed the little savings bank that belonged to our dying child. She—my wife—saw me. She pointed to the door. I went out into the night an abashed, God-forsaken creature. I slept under the trees in the public park that night. I thought the child was dead, but then and there I swore to free myself from that pernicious habit or die in the attempt. I started out into the country. I can't tell you the horrors I went through. I walked, walked, walked; I worked in the field. It was seed time when I started out and harvest time when I was through. I was cured. But I couldn't go back.

"Ned, I'm not in the best bodily condition, and this injury is going to bring back that old trouble. I'm afraid of myself. There's a bottle of arsenic and a bottle of morphine, side by side on the shelf in my cabinet in the next room."

"I'll go and empty out the morphine—burn it—bury it."

A contemptuous expression flitted over the doctor's face.

"The principle on which they are trying to run three-fourths of the reformatory institutions in the country," he said dryly. "As if any lasting good could ever be accomplished without strengthening a man's moral nature. No, Ned. Let the bottles stand there; only, if worst comes to worst, if I am so weak as to beg for the opiate, promise me you'll give me the quicker poison first."

The hero of many battles had one more to fight, and it was a battle unto the death.

He spoke once more to Ned, in a weak, failing voice.

"If I should get pretty low, Ned—so far gone that there seems to be no other hope, I suppose Dr. Thompson had better be called in. Just at the last, for decency's sake. I don't want to go out of the world—and leave—a reputation for pig-headed obstinacy—behind me. But mind; no opiates, even if he prescribes them."

"I don't believe you would take them if he gave them to you. You underrate your own moral courage, Dr. John," said Ned earnestly.

"You don't know Ned," said the doctor, weakly. "Only a physician knows what cowardly, tyrannic forces these bodies of ours are; how they buffet and cow the soul. Stronger men than I have given up. Stronger men than I."

"I don't believe a human body ever held a stronger soul," cried Ned in a burst of enthusiasm.

Thus the doctor glided into the heat of the awful conflict that disease was about to wage with the spirit for the possession of its abused and worn out tenement.

After all it was Ned whose courage weakened, not the doctor.

One day there came upon the sufferer a frightful paroxysm of pain.

Ned forgot his promise, forgot everything save that before him was dying his best friend, suffering as it seemed no mortal could long suffer and live, while near at hand was a remedy that would silence the pain and bring him relief.

He rushed into the next room, seized the bottle and returned to Dr. John's bedside with it in his hand. Had he known the proper dose he would have measured it out; but he could only hold it out to Dr. John and beg him to take it.

A look of fearful longing, mingled with terror, shone in the sick man's eyes as they fell on the drug. Then he raised his clinched fist and trembling smote the bottle from the young man's hand.

Back fell the sufferer on the pillow. A deadly torpor stole over body and mind. His muscles relaxed; his limbs grew limp and motionless.

No need of opiates now. Ned's frantic demands for some token that the doctor still recognized him brought no response. The boy's task was ended.

Ned found Mike waiting below. They stared at each other, trying to find words for what they felt and courage to pronounce them.

"Is—is it that?" blundered Mike at last.

"Yes, Mike, I am afraid."

"Any man but him! If it had been any man but him!" Mike finally broke out. "What'll the valley do without him? Who is there to take his place!"

"That reminds me, Mike," said Ned hastily, "I was to send for old Dr. Thompson in case this—in case the worst happened. Will you carry word now?"

When Ned had taken up post in the sick room, Hope had hastily packed in a valise such articles as she thought he would need, and carried it to him herself. As she handed it to him, she had given him four folded silk handkerchiefs, presents from Ah Wing on as many successive Chinese New Years.

"Ned," she had said, "we shall all want to know how the doctor is getting along oftener than we can send or come. Keep one of these handkerchiefs hanging out of the upper window that looks towards the brook. The blue one if he is worse, the white one if he is better the red one if he will surely, surely get well. And oh, Ned—the black one if there is no hope."

In the early dawn, after Mike had gone on his errand, Ned went to the place where he had laid the handkerchiefs, and untying the blue one, hung the dark messenger of sorrow in its place.

Time dragged wearily in the sick room. The sufferer's white hands no longer roved restlessly over the counterpane, but lay still and almost pulseless on his breast. His face was wan and colorless and his features sharpened by his long and wasting illness. His breath came in long, fluttering gasps, and his eyes were glazed and sightless.

Even as Ned watched him, he saw a look of perfect peace, the look that the dying wear, spread over the doctor's face.

The sound of carriage wheels broke upon the silence. The front door opened and closed.

Ned stepped into the hall and looked down. Two ladies were standing there. At the sound of steps above, one of them lifted her face.

Ned clung to the balustrade, his head in a whirl.

In the hall's dim light he saw a pale, oval face with pathetic, dark eyes. Years of sorrow had dimmed the radiance of youth, but had no power to quench its imperishable beauty.

It was the face of the portrait.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS HABITS OF CUCKOOS AND PELICANS.

By Maurice Thompson.

No stranger bird flies in our woods than the cuckoo, of which there is at least three species in North America. The yellow-billed species is the most interesting and at the same time the most common. It is a very long, slender bird, with narrow wings and a long curved bill, the under part of which is of a bright yellow color; while its tail is disproportionately slim and long. It is impossible to watch the cuckoo's actions and not feel that he is a mysterious bird; nor is it quite possible to fairly tell just what it is that makes this impression. In the first place its form is unusual, so attenuated and lengthened in appearance; and then its eyes are very gloomy and sad-looking, and its flight is as odd as its voice is peculiar.

I have seen a yellow-billed cuckoo going about with one of its eggs in its mouth, searching for the nest of some other bird. So soon as it found one it dropped the egg in it and left it to be hatched by the owner of the nest. Still, notwithstanding this parasitic habit, the American cuckoo builds a nest of its own and hatches a brood of young every spring. The English cuckoo often deposits its eggs in the nest of a bird much smaller than itself, so that when they are hatched, along with the eggs of the smaller bird, they crowd out the weaker brood and usurp the nest. It is also stated on good authority that this bird has the power of coloring its eggs so as to closely resemble those of the bird in whose nest they are deposited.

The black witch, a bird closely allied to the cuckoos, inhabits the Atlantic coast from Georgia to Florida. From four to six of these birds build one nest in common, fill it with their eggs and sit upon it in a closely huddled group to hatch their young.

The ground cuckoo builds a nest for itself, but it lives a most eccentric life, running on the ground in preference to flying, and living chiefly upon reptiles that it kills in a very adroit manner by repeated strokes of its bill on the back of its victim's neck. It has a very long tail, and absurdly short wings, which it holds comically akimbo as it runs.

THE CUCKOO.

The genuine American cuckoos lay greenish colored eggs usually, but the color is said to vary through many shades of green, blue and brown, sometimes mottled in various way. This may account for the story of their ability to suit the color of their eggs to that of those in the nest where they are to be deposited. The yellow-billed cuckoo often drops an egg in the nest of a mocking bird, but the queen of songsters is not to be duped so easily. She flings the offending egg out of her nest as soon as she sees it. In the Zoologist for 1873, it is stated that for eight or nine successive years a pair of wagtails built in the same spot, and each year they reared a young cuckoo.

The voice of the cuckoo is singularly harsh, with an intonation quite indescribable. Its call is said to foretell rain in time of drought, and it is a fact that the bird is more noisy just preceding a change from a dry to a damp atmosphere.

The mangrove cuckoo, found in the Everglades of Florida, will light on the back of an alligator as it lies sunning itself and feed upon the insects that gather upon its slimy scales. Indeed, as a whole, the cuckoo family is a very odd one, and worthy of careful study.

There are two specimens of pelican in America, one the white and the other the brown; the latter is exclusively a sea bird, the latter is often found inland. Beneath the lower mandible of all the species is an elastic membraneous sac, which is used as a dip net with which to catch fish. The white pelican fishes while swimming by opening its mouth and suddenly scooping the prey from the water, but the brown species flies around above the water until the fish is seen, when it strikes down like a hawk, and, plunging into the water, bags its prey and instantly takes wing again. The fish caught by it are usually much larger than those taken by the white species. As one flew past me on the shore of a Florida island I shot it with an arrow, and it fell close by on the sand. Upon examination I found in its enormous sac six fish, whose combined weight must have been at least two pounds. This was the only time I ever found more than one fish in the pouch of this species.

THE PELICAN.

Buffon tells us that some pelicans have a pouch that will contain twenty pints of liquid; that a man could put his foot into it, and even thrust his arm into it up to the elbow. Ellis relates that he saw a man put his head inside one, and Sanctius says that a pelican was seen to let fall a negro child that it had stowed away in its enormous pouch.

A pelican is said to have followed the army of the Emperor Maximilian, flying above it when on the march, sometimes rising so high that it looked no larger than a swallow. The bird reaches a great age; the one above mentioned lived to be eighty years old, and was pensioned by the emperor.

In some countries pelicans have been domesticated and trained to fish for their masters, and it is said that they are very faithful in their work, going far out to sea and returning heavily loaded with game. Along the Atlantic and gulf coasts the brown pelicans are often seen marshaled on the sandy islands in such regular lines that at a distance they look like armies of men on parade. In the shallow sounds off the coast of Alabama and Mississippi I have seen thousands of pelicans fishing at the same time. It was a beautiful sight to watch them tumbling against the sky like a feathery cloud, and presently falling like a rain of birds upon the dark-green water, which they churned into a foam with their plunging.

Off North Beach, near St. Augustine, Fla., I saw a large fish-hawk perform a very savage and yet very graceful act in robbing a brown pelican of its prey. The hawk hovered high in the air above the pelican, and when the latter struck down and caught a fish the bold robber swooped upon him and, seizing him by the head, forced him to drop it. The hawk then let go the pelican's head, and, dashing down after the falling fish, caught it before it reached the water and triumphantly bore it away in its talons.

Although the beaks of pelicans are very large, they are not exceedingly strong, and the birds, although they fight savagely, rarely hurt one another. I have seen them wage long and fierce battles in mid-air, with no other result than some hoarse cries, a great flapping of wings, and a few detached feathers.

A HEROINE OF THE FRONTIER.

By Benson J. Lossing, the Famous Historian.

At the time of Dunmore's war (1774), just before the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle, a stockade fort, in parallelogram form, was built about a quarter of a mile above Wheeling Creek, for the protection and defense of settlers in that neighborhood. It covered three-fourths of an acre of ground. It had a blockhouse at each corner and several log cabins within it for the use of families. The gate was on the side toward a straggling village of about twenty log cabins—the seed of the present flourishing city of Wheeling, of nearly 40,000 inhabitants. The fort was built under the superintendence of Ebenezer Lane and John Caldwell, each of whom occupied one of the cabins of the hamlet. It was at first named Fort Pincastle and afterward Fort Henry, in honor of the zealous patriot, Patrick Henry.

In the year 1777 Fort Henry was garrisoned by only forty-two men all told, some of them mere boys. Their commander was Col. Shepherd, a resolute and skillful officer. At that time an energetic British officer, Col. Hamilton, was in command of the garrison at Detroit. He sent out bands of Tories and Indians to desolate the homes of the American settlers on the frontier and distress them as much as possible. His favorite and most cruel instrument in this business was Simon Girty, the offspring of crime, born of Irish parents out of wedlock. He was adopted by the Seneca Indians and became the fiercest savage in the tribe. For twenty years he was the terror of the women and children of the Ohio region.

At the time we are considering, Girty and his followers were hovering around Fort Henry and the Wheeling hamlet on the cultivated plain between the wooded hills and the river. In May and June they made some distressing forays on the settlements. As summer advanced these became more frequent and alarming. The settlers were compelled to drop their implements of industry and snatch up the weapons of war. Finally, in September, the savage hosts of Girty assembled on the Sandusky river, several hundred strong, and before the scouts of Col. Shepherd could learn their real designs, they swarmed around Fort Henry. Their approach had been heralded the night before by the blaze of a burning block-house twelve miles below. The families of the hamlet and neighborhood, so forewarned, took refuge in the fort.

At dawn a white man and a negro sent out to get some horses were assailed by Indians hidden in a corn field. The white man was slain by a bullet. The negro escaped and aroused the garrison. Fourteen men were sent out to dislodge the barbarians. They fell into an ambuscade and all but two perished. When tidings of the attack reached the fort another party sallied forth to assist them, and shared a similar fate. The garrison was now reduced to twelve fighting men, including boys.

Girty, having posted his followers near the fort, now appeared with a white flag and demanded its surrender in the name of "his Britanic majesty." Col. Shepherd well knew the character of the miscreant, and was satisfied that only a victory over the assailants would insure the lives of the garrison and the loved ones in their charge—mothers, wives, sisters and children—huddled within the stockade, and he determined to fight so long as there should be a man left to fire a rifle or a musket, or a charge of ammunition to load one remained. He promptly replied to Girty:

"This garrison will never surrender to you; and you can obtain possession of the fort only when there shall no longer remain an American soldier to defend it."

Girty was about to renew his demand when a lad in a blockhouse fired at him, but missed his aim. The miscreant instantly disappeared and a few minutes afterward the Indians began a siege by a general discharge of rifles. This was kept up fully six hours, from sunrising on a beautiful morning in early autumn. The little remnant of the garrison was composed almost wholly of sharpshooters, who, from the blockhouses, sent bullets with unfailing, deadly aim among the Indians. Many of them fell. At a little past noon the assailants, dispirited by their losses and observing no abatement of the energy of the defenders of the fort, withdrew to the base of the hills.

It was now discovered by Col. Shepherd that the stock of gunpowder was nearly exhausted. In Ebenezer Lane's cabin, sixty yards from the gate of the fort, was a keg of powder, now a priceless commodity, and it was determined to make an effort to secure it. It would be a most perilous undertaking, for the Indians were undoubtedly concealed not far away. It was resolved to take advantage of the absence of the barbarians to make the effort. The colonel explained the matter to his men. He was unwilling to order one of them to undertake the fearful adventure. He inquired if any one would volunteer to perform it. Four young men promptly stepped forward.

"The garrison is so weak," said the colonel, "that only one man can be spared from it. You must decide which of you it shall be."

Each volunteer was so anxious to go on this important mission that they could not readily make a decision. Precious time was passing. While the young men were contending for the privilege of performing a great public service or to win the crown of martyrdom, the Indians might return, renew the siege, gain a victory, and annihilate the garrison.

Among the women who had taken refuge in the fort was a handsome, slender girl, less than twenty years of age, with mild brown eyes, dark hair, a fair complexion, and apparently unmoved by the fearful danger and great excitement around her. She had recently returned from school at Philadelphia, and had never endured the experience of witnessing any of the terrible scenes then occuring on the frontiers. The young maiden was Elizabeth Lane, a sister of Ebenezer and Silas Lane who were in the fort. Their aged mother and their eldest sister were also there. Whilst the young men were debating the question of which should have the honor of imperiling his life for his country's good at that time, Elizabeth Lane stepped forward and modestly asked permission to go on the urgent errand herself. At first her request was peremptorily refused. She renewed it with increased earnestness. The commandant remonstrated, saying:

"Either of the young men will likely be more successful than you, for they are familiar with danger and can run much faster than you."

Her mother and brothers implored Elizabeth not to think of such a rash act, but she persisted in pressing her suit with more and more earnestness.

"I have but one object," she said, "in seeking this service. Every man is required in defense of the fort. My life is of no account here in comparison with that of either of these young men. You cannot spare one of them. Let me go. I beseech you. I am sure the God of heaven will shield me from harm!"

ELIZABETH LANE.

Her entreaty prevailed. Divesting herself of outer garments that might be an encumbrance, and putting on a night robe, she passed out of the gate with a firm step and walked briskly to her brother's cabin unmolested. The Indians had observed the whole movement and watched her steps from fort to cabin, but seemed to have been restrained by an invisible power from shooting a defenseless girl, so angelic in appearance in her white robe. She quickly emptied the powder in the keg into a table cloth, which she bound around her waist, and was soon seen walking swiftly back towards the fort. The vigilant Indians, now suspecting the nature of her errand and her burthen, discharged a volley of rifle bullets at her, but not one touched her, though four pierced her flowing robes as she quickened her pace into a run. She re-entered the gate of the stockade with her precious treasure in safety and triumph. The men cheered her, and the women, especially her relatives, wept for joy, and audibly thanked the Almighty for her protection from harm and the promise of deliverance which she had brought. Guardian angels had shielded the inspired and intrepid girl.

The Indians renewed the siege and continued it until late at night, but with continually lessening vigor. The bullets of the sharp-shooters in the block houses, sent by the powder provided by Elizabeth Lane, laid many dusky warriors low, and when, at dawn, a small reinforcement for the garrison appeared and cut its way through the line of the besiegers the latter, alarmed and disheartened, fled from the scene.

Elizabeth Lane's bold and patriotic feat inspired the young men of the garrison with admiration that was almost reverent devotion. One of the young men, named McLaughlin, who coveted the opportunity to perform that service, wooed and won her heart and hand. They were married at Wheeling within a year after the occurrence of the events above recorded. They lived happily together for about ten years, blessed with sons and daughters, when the husband died. Two years later the widow married a Mr. Clarke, and for many years they lived on the Ohio side of the "beautiful river" above Bridgeport. There the noble Heroine of the Frontier died at the age of four score years, surrounded by her children and her grandchildren.

SECOND PRIZE POEM.

THE BOYS' CRUSADE.

By Eldridge S. Brooks, Author of "Historic Boys," Etc.

Marseilles and the Mediterranean, A. D. 1212.

O, many a mother's tears flow fast,
A father's bronzed cheek pales—
From Norman shore
To banks of Loire,
From Paris to Marseilles.
For childish feet are crowding close,
And childish hopes are high,
And homes are left
And hearts bereft
While rings the children's cry:
"God's will; God's will!
Press forward still,
Win Palestine—or die!"

Now twice ten thousand restless hearts
In restless longings beat;
In childish eyes
Deep trust there lies
To see the waves retreat;
Dry-shod they wait to cross the sea—
But still the waves run high.
Hopes rise and fall
But, over all,
Loud rings the childish cry:
"God's will! God's will!
Press forward still,
Win Palestine—or die!"

THE BOYS' CRUSADE.

Come Hugh and William of Marseilles,
With crafty words and fair;
"All gain is loss;
For Holy Cross
Our ships with you we share."
"Veni creator spiritus!"
The childish chant swells high.
The home shores fade,
But, undismayed,
Clear rings the children's cry:
"God's will! God's will!
Press forward still,
Win Palestine—or die!"

The tempest shrieks, the cordage creaks:
St. Peter's Isle's a-lee.
All torn and tossed
Two ships are lost,
The rest outride the sea.
But treachery steers and baseness guides
Where greed and gain are high;
Where slave marts wait—
O, cruel fate!
There ends the children's cry:
"God's will! God's will!
Press forward still,
Win Palestine—or die!"

All in the days of Long Ago
Failed thus the Boys' Crusade;
But hope still starts
In youthful hearts
By old tales undismayed.
Yet if to valor forethought joins,
Young souls great deeds may try,
And victory sweet
Will duty meet
To crown the children's cry:
"God's will! God's will!
Press forward still,
Win Palestine—or die!"

HOW TO RUN.

Track Athletics for Boys—By Walter C. Dohm, Amateur Champion Middle Distance Running.

The increased interest in track athletics manifested by boys throughout the country in general, and at the large preparatory schools and academies more particularly, is one of the marked features of the advanced position which this form of sport has taken in amateur athletics. Four inter-scholastic athletic leagues now hold annual meetings at which youthful athletes measure speed, strength or agility against each other for championship laurels, while nearly all the individual members of these leagues have their "field days" as well. It is in the vicinity of the large athletic clubs and colleges that these sports create most interest, and the directors of the great New York clubs keep a watchful lookout for the discovery of athletic talent that may in the course of a few years carry the emblems of their associations to the front in some great championship meeting. At the great athletic colleges, Harvard, Princeton, Yale and Columbia, even deeper interest is manifested in the work of the "prep" schools, for it is the embryo sprinter, jumper, and hurdler of these institutions who are to compose the teams which later on will do battle or the intercollegiate championship honors. While in many cases the champion of an inter-scholastic league will develope into an intercollegiate, or even a national champion, it sometimes happens that there is no improvement in athlectic ability, and the bright hopes of athlectic successes entertained at school fall to materialize. This arrested development is usually due either to improper training or what is only another form of the same thing, too early specialization in athletic work.

The most common, and at the same time the mistake most fatal to athletic success, which is made in training, not by boys alone, but by four out of every five beginners, is doing too much work. In the case of boys, many of them follow a system of training designed only for maturer athletes, or preparing for a race on a track where older athletes are training they adhere too closely to the system which these men follow.

Now, between the ages of 14 and 18 the greatest amount of physical development ordinarily takes place in a boy. He does not know that the matured athlete, having already attained his matured growth, has only to replace the tissue lost through severe muscular exertion, while he himself has in addition to this to meet the wants of his growing system. The two have nothing in common, and the result is that instead of the benefit which was to have been derived from the exercise, even permanent injury may be inflicted.

As for specializing, no boy should think of confining himself solely to one form of athletic exercise. At every out-door athletic meeting we see runners with poorly developed arms, while in the gymnasium we see athletes with undersized legs. It may be safely stated, however, that in no case are men of such physique first-class performers, while on the other hand, I can recall no champion runner who has not, in addition to his strong legs, a stout pair of arms. Before a man can make a success as a specialist in athletics he must, like the specialist in medicine, have a general basis for his future work. The first thing, therefore, that the boy should do, in whatever branch of athletics he may desire to excel, is to build himself up by general athletic work, and so insure the most perfect development of the whole system. Let him take part in football and baseball; let him row and swim, and not imagine that if he wants to become a runner putting a big pair of arms and shoulders on himself will make him slower by giving his legs just so much extra weight to carry in a race. These sports for summer. Then in winter he can go into the gymnasium and wrestle and spar, jump and vault, turn and swing, and use Indian clubs and dumbbells. My own experience has satisfied me that this is the best course, and I am as regular an attendant at the "gym" in winter as I am the track in spring and fall. And even while training for the Eastern championship at Traver's Island, I used almost daily to row four or five miles.

So much for the "all 'round" work, which is to give us general strength. In addition to this we are of course to take a certain amount of practice in running itself. To begin with, you will want what is by courtesy termed a suit. The running suit consists of a cotton or knit woolen quarter-sleeve jersey and a pair of muslin or silk running drawers reaching to the knees, the whole weighing about four and one-half ounces—my "suit" weighs a quarter ounce less. Then with a pair of running shoes—the most important part of your dress—your outfit is complete. The shoes should be the regular spiked article worn by all athletes, and it will be a good idea for you to get accustomed to them, after which they will be found a wonderful improvement over slippers, preventing you from slipping, keeping you on your toes, and lengthening your stride. You can get a good pair ready made for $3 or $4. Made to order they will cost $5 or $6. A pair should last you at least four months, but when you once begin racing you will want a new pair for nearly every race. My bill for running and jumping shoes in the course of a year usually amounts to about $60.

If you can practice on a regular running track, where you will have the benefit of dressing rooms, baths, etc., so much better, but these are not absolutely necessary. I have trained in a level field where there wasn't anything like a running track, and I have also taken my practice barefoot on the beach along the seashore. While this training affords sufficient preparation for distance running, it is likely to make one a trifle slow, adding strength at the expense of speed. For "sprinting," that is, rapid, short-distance running, a firm, springy track must be used.

Natural inclination will determine for you whether you are likely to do best "sprint" running, which includes all distances up to 300 yards; "middle" distance running, which includes the quarter and half mile runs; or at the longer distances, a mile and over. Remember, that if you elect "sprinting" you must confine yourself to that form of running exclusively. "heavy" work, that is, running on heavy ground, or running long distances, having the same effect on a "sprinter" that handling heavy dumb bells would have on an acrobat—muscle would be cultivated at the expense of speed and activity. You will find sprinting the easiest kind of running, but you should not attempt more than forty or fifty yards at first, and should never, even after considerable training, attempt more than 120 or 150 yards. Few of our best athletes even after years of practice can run a 220 yards dash through at top speed.

For long distance running endurance is, of course, the all-important factor, speed alone not being sufficient to win a mile race. But in the "middle" distances both staying power and swiftness are required, and it is the unusual combination of these qualities which is required to run a quarter or half mile that makes this form of running more difficult than either of the others.

While, as I have before stated, training for the "sprint" should exclude "heavy" work, we must bear in mind that in a distance race when runners of equal endurance and pluck meet, the better sprinter of the two will win. It is an excellent idea, therefore, to cultivate your speed, however ordinary it may be, to as high a point as is consistent with your distance work. I have seen more than one race won in the last twenty yards by an athlete who, though not as strong as his opponent, had just a sufficient "turn of speed" to win at the finish.

A striking confirmation of these two facts that practice in sprinting enables one to do a better performance in the distance, while too much heavy work detracts from one's speed, is afforded by the series of races which I have run