



DICKON BEND-THE-BOW A Wonder Story By EVERETT Mc NEIL

ON the day that Queen Hilwid disappeared from the royal palace a giant huntsman came to dwell in a rude hut built near the edge of a large forest.

Swiftly the ten years slipped into the past, while the beautiful queen lay, like the dead, in the crystal coffin, and the little maid, her daughter, grew with each year yet more wise and lovely, and the giant huntsman hunted in the great woods.

One morning, when the end of the tenth year had come, as Dickon Bend-the-Bow sat on the large flat rock which formed the door stone to his lonely hut, he heard a light step coming down the hoarse path, and, glancing quickly up, saw, to his great astonishment, a young maiden hastening toward him.

Now Dickon Bend-the-Bow was such a huge, shaggy-haired, rough-looking monster, and had such a deep, gruff voice that most children fled at the sight of his giant form or the sound of his terrible voice.

But this little maid marched right boldly up the door stone whereon he sat, and, with never a look of fear in her bright blue eyes, said: "Dickon Bend-the-Bow, I have come for thee. Make thyself ready to do my bidding. By this token I command thy services," and she held forth in the palm of her extended hand a pierced heart done in gold with blood drops of ruby.

At the words of the girl Dickon Bend-the-Bow frowned darkly and bent his fierce eyes angrily on the maid. But at sight of the pierced heart of gold the look of anger fled, and, falling on one knee, he bowed his head, even until his great beard swept the ground.

"Command of me what thou wilt, sweet maid; I am thy servant, the servant of her who holds the pierced heart," he said. Then he arose and waited with head bowed humbly.

The maiden raised a white hand, and tossing back her long hair before her eyes, so that their bright blue shone full and unflinchingly up into the rugged face of the huntsman, said: "I am Fonhilda, the daughter of the Lady of the Pierced Heart. I came hither at her bidding, for the hour of her greatest need is at hand. Oh, thou wilt not fail us, wilt thou, good Dickon Bend-the-Bow? Think on my mother, thy mistress, the great woe and pain of her life, her present awful peril, and be bold and strong to deliver her. Thou wilt come to her rescue, wilt thou not, good Dickon Bend-the-Bow?"



FONHILDA GREW WITH EACH YEAR YET MORE WISE AND LOVELY.

On the long lashes tears trembled, and the white hands were clasped imploringly.

"Aye, aye; what man can do, even to the death, that do I gladly to serve the Lady of the Pierced Heart," the sturdy huntsman answered.

"Thou must swear it, even on bended knees and with hand on the pierced heart; thou must swear thy truth and constancy," and again she held forth the heart of gold on the palm of her extended hand. "Down on thy knees, good Dickon Bend-the-Bow, and lay thy great right hand on this heart. 'Tis my mother's command."

The giant knelt and placed his hand on the heart. Fonhilda then bade him say these words after her: "With hand on heart I swear to serve with mind and skill and might, even to the death, the Lady of the Pierced Heart and Fonhilda, her daughter. Her will I follow, and her commands obey while the warm blood flows and the quick brain thinks."

Slowly Dickon Bend-the-Bow repeated this oath, while his startled eyes stared at the hand which lay trembling above the heart of gold. Beneath he felt the heart grow warm and throbb.

"Bravo! Good Dickon Bend-the-Bow!" cried the maid. "Thou hast sworn true fealty. This I know, for the pierced heart grew warm, and, throbbing with thy love, told how thou art ready to serve me and mine, even with thy heart's blood. Now, good Dickon Bend-the-Bow, lift the great flat stone whereon thou wert seated when first I came to thee."

The giant bent his back, and, grasping the stone underneath one side, he heaved with might and main. The great stone groaned, and, slowly starting from its deep bed, arose, until by a mighty effort the giant threw it over backward. At the bottom of the depression thus brought to view gleamed the polished surface of a square block of white marble. From an opening near the center of this block ran the links of a great iron chain.

"Now good Dickon Bend-the-Bow," Fonhilda said, pointing to the block, "seize the chain and pull with all thy might, and pause not until the bucket of gold leaps into thy hands. This bucket hangs with its mouth downward, and no man knows the size of its opening nor how fast the precious fluid flows from it. But this I know: if it be empty when it comes to thy hand, thou must die for it is a charmed well, and he who would draw from it and fails to bring to the surface enough water to moisten his lips must perish. Now, good Dickon Bend-the-

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forth all his strength and quickness, made the links smoke with the heat of their rapid passage.

The chain seemed endless. Minute after minute went by until an hour had passed, and still link followed link in rapid succession.

The tremendous strain was beginning to tell even on the iron frame of the huntsman. His breath came in quick, labored gasps; the marble block was wet, as from a shower of rain, with the falling sweat drops. His great limbs trembled, and the blood rushing to his head blinded him.

The iron wore through the tough skin of his hands. Every grasp left its mark of red on the links. The piled up chain by his side reached to the height of his shoulers. His huge body began to sway back and forth and his trembling knees to bend.

Fonhilda stood by the side of the marble block. Her face was white as the stone. She was watching a race with death. She saw that the strength of the giant was fast failing. She noticed his flushed face, his labored breathing, his trembling limbs and bloodshot eyes. She saw his huge shoulders begin to sway, his knees to sink as though he was about to fall, and, with a quick cry of agony, sank on her knees.

"Good Dickon Bend-the-Bow!" she exclaimed, "thou must not fail! Think on what depends on thee! The life of the Lady of the Pierced Heart and thine own existence hang at the end of the chain! Look, once again, on the head, the symbol of thy lady's wronged and suffering life, and make one last mighty effort!" and she extended her hands, with the golden heart within them, imploringly toward him.

Dickon Bend-the-Bow turned his eyes for a moment on the heart. He says that it was again throbbing, as with life, and that the red drops were falling. The slight sent the strength back into his exhausted limbs. He thought of the fate of his lady should he fail, on his own death, and at the thought the sparks flew from the marble opening as though the chain had set fire to the stone with the heat of its swift passage.

Suddenly the top of the block flew apart with a loud noise and the bucket of gold leaped through the opening. A small stream of an amber-colored fluid was slowly trickling from its mouth. With a shout of joy Fonhilda sprang forward and set the bucket upright. She then quickly unclasped from a gold chain around her neck a silver flask, and filled it with the precious fluid. The flask was not large, but when it was filled the bucket was empty.

The chain and the golden bucket now fell back of themselves into the well and the top of the marble block came together again, so that the square block of marble, with the great chain protruding from the opening near the center, looked just as it had when first the flat stone had been lifted.

Dickon Bend-the-Bow lay like the dead where he had fallen the instant his hand touched the bucket. Fonhilda placed the flask to his mouth and moistened his lips

with the amber water. At once his strength came back and all his weariness fled, and he stood up, feeling like one who had just arisen from a refreshing sleep. She rubbed a few drops of the magical fluid over his bruised and bleeding hands. The worn flesh and skin came in new and the hands were made whole. She then fastened the precious flask to the gold chain around her neck.

"Now, good Dickon Bend-the-Bow, place the great flat stone back over the well," she commanded.

Dickon Bend-the-Bow did as bidden. Again Fonhilda, commanded, "Get thy great bow and all thy longest and sharpest arrows and follow me."

Straightway Dickon Bend-the-Bow entered the hut, picked the great bow from off its deer horn hooks, slung a quiver well filled with arrows of great length over his shoulder, tightened the belt about his waist, and signified to the girl that he was ready.

(To Be Continued.)

SAVING UP.

I'm savin' up. Ma bought a bank with a sojer on it that turns a crank fer the penny I draw in. An' den he doesn't move again 'till another cent comes clikety clik. An' nether the sojer does his trick.

I got it day fore yesterday. But jest already I've put away a bran' new nickel an' seven cents. Mother says I'm doin' immense. An', purty soon, that I kin buy a shirt like pa's an' a regular tie.

But pa says, "Don't be gittin' gay. You're goin' to be a man some day. An' now you'd better save yer tin. So's men you kin buy a house to live in. With a barn an' a hoss an' a kerridge, too. An' a cow what'll give good milk fer you."

An' Uncle Bill don't believe in banks. He says they wuz only made fer cranks; Besides, they wuz bustin' every day. An' half the time they wouldn't pay. "An' ez fer me," he says, "my sock is bank enough fer Billy Rock!"

Late that night ma sez: "Now, Josh, Don't listen to Uncle Billy's bosh! He'll loaf all day an' set an' chat. He never got married nor nothin' like that."

He ain't model fer you." But still I got the nickel from Uncle Bill.

I'm savin' up, but how I'd thank Ma ma fer a gun instead o' that bank. A bank's all right fer a man, I guess, 'Cause he's got folks to feed an' dress. But a gun the'll shoot an' make some noise. Ah, that's the gift to give to boys. —Maurice Brown Kirby.

ANCHORED.



Jane, Clarence, Harry, Rube and May Have started for the Milky Way, But mamma's stern, relentless grip Postpones their little skyward trip. But just suppose that she should slip! The ground is forty feet away. I think she'd be inclined to whip Jane, Clarence, Harry, Rube and May.

Funny Finney Folk of the Aquarium.

One of the most beautifully marked and queerest-shaped fish is the trigger fish though it is sometimes called fish and leather jacket. The reason why it is called trigger fish is owing to a big fin on top of its back just behind and over its eyes. When this fin is erected the first ray or bone cannot be depressed, but if you were to press on the second bone of the fin the first would immediately fall like the hammer of a gun when the trigger is pulled.

NUMBERS AND NAMES--A RECESS GAME.

Boys and girls have their lessons in geography, in arithmetic, in botany, in natural history and in the history of their own and of other countries, but the most important thing after all is their study of the English language. A thorough knowledge of their own tongue is what they need as the foundation stone of success in the life they will enter when they grow up.

ANOTHER PARROT STORY.

A New York woman owned a parrot that was a great talker and a wit. Liked most people who love parrots this woman was never tired of boasting of the accomplishments of her bird. But for one sad fault that Polly had she would have been "too good to live." She was an incorrigible thief, or rather a kleptomaniac; for, impelled by that mysterious power that moves kleptomaniacs, she stole something for which she had not the least use on earth, and stole that thing in season and out of season. Polly's irresistible was pickles. Whenever she was unchained she would get at any and every kind of a receptacle that contained pickles and purloin them to the last one.

those that are found on the coast of China being darker than those living in the Atlantic. In color the specimens at the aquarium are a yellow pearl gray, of a warm tone, with beautiful rose-colored stripes radiating from the eyes to the top of the head. A strong blue-green wavy line, or band, of color runs from the mouth back to the end of the gills. The mouth is very small, with long teeth. In general appearance trigger fish look as if some boy had been trying the contents of his paint box on their bodies, such is the variety and clearness of the coloring. The red stripes from the eyes make you think of the clown at the circus, who paints his face with reds and blues.

The specimens of the trigger fish at the aquarium came from the coast of Bermuda. Many people think that the trigger fish is not good to eat, and it was considered poisonous for a long time, but such is not the case, as its flesh is very sweet and nutritious.

she would begin to talk again. And she was a doleful looking sight, sure enough, with no feathers on the top of her head, "in the place where the feathers ought to grow."

The story of her sins and punishment was told to every chance visitor that came to the house. These people would look at Polly, laugh most heartily, and say: "Well, well, hello, Polly! So you steal pickles, do you?" But all of these remarks met with a dignified and queenly silence from the bird, whose mistress was in despair, thinking that her parrot would never talk again.

Polly had been taken out of reach of further harm from the cook, and now lived in a gilt cage in the parlor. One evening an exquisite of the masculine gender, a regular Beau Brummel up to date, called. How well pleased he was with himself, his clothes and the way he adorned them was plain to be seen. He was even unconscious of his shiny, bald head. When Polly got sight of this model of the tailor's art she turned her head first on one side, then on the other, and screamed out: "Hello! Well, well, have you been stealing pickles, too?" and from that day forth she was as full of chatter as ever.

Was in Her Class, Though. Col. Jack Cain generally tells stories of blood-curdling Kentucky shootings, but sometimes he stoops to peaceful anecdotes.

There came to his town not long ago, he said the other day, a young woman who hailed from another Southern city, where she considered herself "the real thing." While in the Chin neighborhood she attained some popularity, and her opinion of her own exclusiveness grew apace. She became imbued with the idea that the elite of the visited city were at her feet. "Oh, it's not such very hard work—only a trifle monotonous." "What are you anyway?" she asked. "Why, I'm a clerk in a dry goods store." "In my town, sir," she exclaimed, drawing herself up haughtily, "dry goods clerks do not mingle in the best society." "Nor do they here," he answered.—New York Times.



HE PULLED UNTIL THE CORDS AND SINEWS STOOD OUT LIKE KNOTTED WHIPCORDS.