

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER, JR.



BY DWIGHT BURROUGHS



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Jack, the Giant Killer, Jr.



HE DUG A DEEP HOLE IN THE GROUND BETWEEN TWO TREES

Jack, the Giant Killer, Jr.

BEING THE THRILLING ADVENTURES, AUTHENTI-
CALLY TOLD, OF A WORTHY SON OF THE
CELEBRATED JACK, THE GIANT KILLER

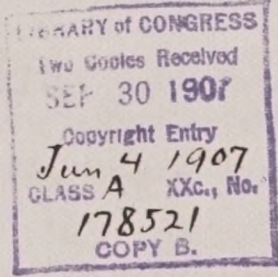
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PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER, 1907.



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INTRODUCTION

THESE stories were written in response to the unanimous demand of my three boys—ages four to nine—and have been received with marked approval. The little fellows are strong, healthy, bright, happy, romping chaps, and their endorsement influences me in presenting the volume to other American children.

These boys are not believers in giants, goblins or ghosts; they are not afraid of policemen or to go in the dark by themselves; but they enjoy stories of this character just as grown-ups enjoy fiction of a more substantial nature.

No story possesses a more intense interest for the boy than that in which giants figure, and I am convinced that this interest is a natural one with a strong moral undertow. The healthy boy reveres the hero who dares combat overpowering odds, and glories in the

overthrow of those odds. To the juvenile mind, the giant and the youngster opposing him represent respectively evil and good—the misuse of strength or ability or opportunity on the one hand, and the development and right application of latent or hidden talents on the other hand. It needs but a mere suggestion to cause the child to associate this valuable lesson with the realities of life.

Besides the juvenile classics—Jack and the Bean-stalk, and Jack, the Giant Killer—there are very few giant narratives couched in simple sentences, and the little stories set down here are written with the idea of supplying in some measure a deficiency in the literature of the child-period. They possess certain features allied with modern affairs which should give them an unusual interest.

CHAPTER I

THE GIANTS RECOVER THEIR CASTLES

Jack, the Giant Killer, Jr.

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THE GIANTS RECOVER THEIR CASTLES

EVERY boy knows—and, for that matter, every girl knows—that when Jack, the Giant Killer, had conquered and slain the fearful monsters who had dared to cross his path, he finally married a beautiful princess, and they settled down to live in one of the castles which he had taken from the giants. They lived happily, and the people, who were now undisturbed, had a chance to learn a great many things to which they had been unable to give any attention as long as they were in fear of being pounced upon by the wicked big fellows whom Jack had made away with or had driven into hiding. So they got a great deal of knowledge of machinery and of the

uses of steam and electricity. But such of the giants as remained kept themselves hid far away from the homes of man, and, instead of learning anything, seemed to grow more and more ignorant all the time.

Jack and his wife were well liked by all the people, and many great men came to their castle from all parts of the world to visit them, and they urged Jack to travel with them and see more of this big world in which we live. But for a long time Jack would never go, for he feared that in his absence some of the wicked giants who were in hiding would come to his castle and drive out his wife and seize his gold and valuables.

After many years had passed, however, Jack reached the conclusion that all the giants were dead, and he decided to take a long trip to see a king who lived very far off, indeed. Jack's wife did not go with him but stayed home with little Jack, a bright lad, who, people said, was the living image of his father.

Now, when the news spread round about that Jack, the Giant Killer, had gone away, the giants—for they were not all dead, you see—grew bold, and decided to leave their places of hiding, return to their former homes and renew their old mischievous tricks.

So they came back and frightened the people as they had done in days gone by, and they seized the castles that Jack had taken from them and from their relatives, and Jack's wife and little Jack, Junior just barely managed to escape with their lives.

They fled with the other people to a distant point, and now, instead of being very rich and happy, they were very poor and very unhappy. They longed for the return of Jack, the Giant Killer, that he might again defeat the members of the giant family; but year after year passed and he did not come back, so it was generally believed that he had at last fallen into the hands of his powerful enemies and that they had destroyed him.

The giants became more and more villain-

ous and were constantly doing all sorts of dreadful things that kept the people always in terror for their lives.

CHAPTER II

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

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A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

THERE was one of these great, great big giants of whom the people were so very much afraid that they ran at the very mention of his name and hid themselves in their homes. But he was a very lazy fellow and never traveled far from his castle or the big forest that surrounded it. One afternoon, as he was going through this forest, looking for some poor person whom he might carry off to his wife to be made into stew for supper, he grew tired and threw himself on the ground to rest. Very soon he was fast asleep.

Now it happened that on this very self-same day Jack, Junior, who lived near the edge of the forest with his mother, had been sent by her to gather chestnuts for their evening meal, for they were without money to buy food.

As Jack, Junior was filling his basket with

nuts he was startled by the snoring of the giant, but, not knowing what this horrible noise was, and being a little curious, as all boys are, he began to look around to learn the cause. He was making his way about among the trees when what should he do but trip over the sleeping giant's great feet and tumble headlong to the ground.

In an instant the giant was awake, and, springing up, grabbed Jack, Junior in his immense fist and squeezed him so hard and tight that the little fellow was almost forced to cry out with the pain. But he was a brave lad and tried not to let the giant see that he was hurt or frightened.

"Aha! Aha!! Aha!!!" roared the giant in great glee. "What do you mean by disturbing my sleep? You little brat, you shall pay for this! My good wife will boil you to-day with potatoes and beans and all of you that I cannot eat I shall toss out to the dogs."

Jack, Junior was very much alarmed for he knew the giant would do just what he said,



JACK, JUNIOR FINDS A GIANT IN THE WOOD

and he also knew that the only hope he had of saving his life was to find some plan to get the better of the giant. So Jack, Junior, pretended to be very much surprised that the giant should treat him as an enemy.

“I only aroused you,” said he, “to show you a better and more comfortable place to sleep. The people are very fond of you and they have made a fine bed for you to sleep upon. They sent me here to guide you to it.”

This aroused the giant’s curiosity and he agreed to go with Jack, Junior, to see the wonderful bed; so the boy led him out of the forest and some distance away until they came to a railroad track.

“This,” said Jack, “is the fine bed that has been built for you. The people have made it nice and long so that you will not have to sleep in one place more than once. It may look hard to you, but it is really very soft, and it is a magical bed, so that while you sleep you will hear beautiful music and dream beautiful dreams.”

The giant lay down to try his new-found bed, but fearing that while he slept Jack would escape, he first tied him to a tree several yards from the track.

The giant had hardly closed his eyes when Jack, Junior heard away off the hoarse whistle of a locomotive.

"What's that?" growled the giant, raising himself on his elbow.

"That's only some of the sweet music provided to help put you to sleep," answered Jack, Junior.

The giant turned over on his side and again closed his eyes, when he heard the rumbling of the fast train that was rapidly nearing.

"What's that?" he roared at the boy.

"Only more of the music I told you about," was the answer.

The giant grinned with pleasure at the thought that the people had taken so much trouble to please him; and, once more closing his eyes, although the rattle and rumble and

roar of the train grew louder and louder, he was soon asleep.

In another minute the train whirled around the curve and, striking the giant at top speed, cut him completely in two from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. One-half of him rolled on one side of the track and one-half on the other, and he never knew what struck him.

The people were so glad that Jack, Junior, had succeeded in trapping the giant and causing his death that they presented him with the castle and the great forest. The railroad company wanted to make Jack its president, but the lad preferred to stay at home and care for his mother. And ever after this the boy was known as Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, and he pledged himself to do all he could to rid the country of the giants forever and to find his lost father.

CHAPTER III

MOCRAM MISSES THE DINNER PARTY

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ONE of the first things that Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior found when he entered the giant's castle was a letter written by a giant named Mocram, who said he was coming to visit his brother. Mocram had written this letter before his brother had been trapped by Jack, Junior, and, of course, knew nothing of what had happened since then.

Jack, Junior went to work at once to prepare for the visitor. He dug a deep hole in the ground between two trees outside the castle walls, filled it with water, and covered it with boards that were not too strong and that were not too weak. Then he hung a large hammock from tree to tree and fastened the ends of two electric wires to it.

The next morning Jack, Junior saw the big, bearded Mocram away off, coming down the road, and ran out to meet him.

"Your brother is so glad you have come to visit him that he has prepared a grand dinner for you," cried Jack, Junior. "But just now he has a horrible toothache and does not want to see you until he feels better. So he sent me out to tell you to rest awhile in the hammock, for you must be very tired after your long walk. When you are rested, his toothache will be gone and the grand dinner will be served."

Now Mocram was really very tired and was glad to have a chance to rest himself. He stretched his great arms, tossed his club on the ground with an immense bag of fine fried chicken that he had brought as a present to his brother, and climbed into the hammock.

"You are a nice looking fellow," he hissed savagely at Jack, Junior. "I do not see why my good brother should keep people like you around here when you would make such excellent eating. You may be sure that before I go home I shall make a meal off you."

Jack, Junior pretended to be very much

alarmed and cried aloud and wrung his hands, all of which appeared to please Mocram a great deal, for he sang out:

“That’s it, boy; cry, cry, cry! The more little boys cry the more tender their flesh grows, and the better eating it makes. Cry, cry, cry!”

Jack, Junior, still pretending to be crying, went up to the castle gate, where there was a little push button connected with the electric wires. He placed his finger on this and gave it a smart shove. Instantly the electricity sped through the wires to the hammock and gave Mocram such a sudden shock that he sprang fully thirty feet into the air. He came down upon the hammock with such a crash that the ropes broke, and he went on down upon the boards that covered the deep hole. Now these boards, which were not too strong and not too weak, could not stand such a heavy weight thrown on them so suddenly, and they flew to pieces and the giant went into the big hole filled with water, where he drowned.

Then all the people who were in the castle with Jack, Junior's mother ran out and rejoiced, for when Jack, Junior went forth alone to meet Mocram they sorely feared he would never return alive.

After they had congratulated Jack, they took the giant's immense bag of fine fried chicken into the castle's banquet hall and had a grand dinner party.

CHAPTER IV
THE JUMPING CONTEST

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THE JUMPING CONTEST

THE people did not rest in peace very long, for, soon after Mocram's death, news reached Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, that another fierce giant was in the country, and was burning houses and stealing cattle, and it was much feared that he would kill men and women and children if he came across any of them.

Jack, Junior made up his mind that the best thing for him to do was to go out and find this giant and try to slay him. He left the castle and began his search, but for several days was unable to hear anything of the giant.

One day he came to the mouth of a dark cave and in he went. He walked, and walked, and walked, and walked, and it grew darker and darker all the time. At last he saw a tiny dim light away off and he was almost

tired out when he reached it. To his surprise, it proved to be an opening from the cave, and, as he stepped through it, what should he find but that he was in the big court-yard of the castle belonging to the very giant for whom he was looking.

And there sat the giant on a log, smoking his pipe. He was such a big and ugly fellow that Jack, Junior gave a little jump of surprise.

"Aha! You are a good jumper!" exclaimed the giant, laying down his pipe, and rolling a large stone over the hole through which Jack had come in order to keep him from escaping.

"Oh, I am a pretty fair jumper," answered Jack, Junior.

"But not as good as I am," said the giant. "If I did not have to put you in the dungeon cell with my hungry lions and tigers, I would show you just how great a jumper I am."

"Can you jump six feet?" inquired Jack, Junior, pretending that he thought this would be a big jump for the fat giant.

"Pshaw, boy!" cried the giant in disgust. "I can jump up in the air and come down sixty feet from here."

"Show me," said Jack, Junior.

So the fat giant jumped, and, sure enough, he went fully sixty feet.

"I can beat that," declared Jack, Junior.

"Well, Mr. Good Jumper, how far can you go?" asked the giant.

"Why, I can go up in the air and come down two hundred feet from here," replied the lad.

"Show me," said the giant.

Jack, Junior straightway climbed up the trunk of a tree and went from the limbs of that tree to the limbs of the next, and so on, until when he finally came down to the ground again he was just two hundred feet from where he started.

"That's a pretty clever trick," commented the giant; "but it does not make you a good jumper. Can you jump from the top of my castle wall?"

"Yes, and I can jump from the top of your castle itself," replied the lad.

"Whew!" exclaimed the giant.

"And more than that," Jack, Junior continued, for he saw the giant was growing interested, "I can jump from here over the top of your castle sixteen times, as quick as you can jump from its highest tower to the ground and back again."

"I don't believe it," declared the giant, looking up toward the highest tower on his castle, which was fully five hundred feet above the ground. "That is a pretty good jump and I never tried it."

"Why, man alive!" exclaimed Jack, Junior, in mock surprise. "You do not call that a high jump, do you?"

And Jack, Junior began to tease the fat giant about being afraid to attempt a little feat like that, and he finally made so much sport of him that the big fellow, rather than be taunted by this mere boy, agreed to try it.

"Mind you, if I win, I shall eat you

alive!" cried the giant, shaking his great fist at Jack, Junior.

"Very well," replied the youngster. "All you have to do is to jump from the tower to the ground and back again before I jump from this spot over the castle and back again sixteen times."

The giant went into the castle and climbed to the top of the highest tower.

"Are you ready?" cried Jack, Junior.

"Yes, I am ready," answered the giant.

Jack, Junior swung his arms backward and forward as boys do when they are about to try a long jump.

"One, two, three, jump!" he sang out.

The big, fat fellow plunged through the air and landed with a crash near the lad's feet, and the height from which he came was so great the giant was crushed to pieces, and that was the end of him.

Jack, Junior did not have to jump, of course, because the giant did not live to try to jump back to the tower.

CHAPTER V

THE TALKING SLATE AND THE
GREEDY GIANT

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WHEN Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, went into the jumping giant's castle to inspect it, he heard a voice saying:

"Good morning!"

Jack, Junior looked all around but saw nothing except a curious looking slate that sat upon the mantelpiece.

"Who are you?" asked Jack, Junior.

"I am the Talking Slate."

"What do you know?" inquired Jack, Junior.

"A great many things," was the reply.

"Is my father alive?" asked Jack, Junior.

"Yes," answered the slate.

"Is he in the hands of the giants?"

"He is."

"And where can I find him?"

"Beyond the mountains and——"

But before the poor Talking Slate could

finish its answer a great club descended upon it with such force that it was smashed into a thousand and twenty-six pieces.

Jack, Junior looked around and saw that this had been done by one of four big giants who had just rushed into the room and who were about the fiercest looking he had ever come across. These were the four brothers of the jumping giant and they had hurried to his castle when they learned of his death.

"You little varmint! We have you now!" they cried in chorus. "And we shall tear you apart and put an end to you forever!"

It did indeed look very serious for the giant killer, and he knew that he must exercise his wits to get himself out of this plight.

"Well," said he, "I suppose it is all up with me now."

"Yes," exclaimed the four giants; "your time has come at last, and you had better make ready to die."

"Very well," said Jack, Junior, "but I have one favor to ask of you."



"AH! YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO LET US ALL HAVE SOME"

“Well, what is it?” cried the giants. “Out with it at once.”

“You see,” said Jack, Junior, “I am very fond of candy, and I should like to eat one more piece before you eat me.”

The four giants did not want to allow Jack, Junior to do this, until one of them suggested that probably the stick of candy would make Jack, Junior, a sweeter morsel for them, and then they all agreed that it would be a good idea to let him eat it.

So Jack, Junior took from his wallet a package containing several sticks of what looked to be nice cream candy.

“Ah! You have enough to let us all have some,” cried the giants.

“Oh, no, no!” replied the lad. “This is all for me.”

Then the giants became roaring mad and insisted that each of them should have a piece. That was just exactly what Jack, Junior, wanted, for the sticks were not really candy, but dangerous dynamite. So, after he had got

them very anxious for some, he laid it all on the table and told them to help themselves.

The biggest and ugliest of the giants seized a piece greedily and plunged it into his mouth. As his great teeth descended upon it, there was a terrific explosion, and his whole head was blown off.

When the other three giants saw what had happened, they turned and fled pell-mell from the castle, and when they had gone, Jack, Junior crawled out from under the table, where he had jumped to save himself from the explosion. He filled his wallet with gold and silver and precious stones, and went back to his own castle-home.

CHAPTER VI

A DUEL OF THE GIANTS

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A DUEL OF THE GIANTS

JACK, the Giant Killer, Junior pondered a great deal over what the Talking Slate had told him, and he wondered what it would have said if it had not been smashed into one thousand and twenty-six pieces before it had finished its reply to his question. At any rate, he knew that his father was in the power of the giants beyond the mountains, and he made up his mind that he would lose no time in trying to find him.

So he went to work immediately and made a great balloon, in which he proposed to cross the mountains and discover the place where his father was held captive. When he had finished the balloon he strolled down the road toward the castle to get a basket of food, which his mother had prepared for him to eat on his journey, for it was believed that it would be a long one.

When he was yet a long distance from his castle, and was passing through a dense, dark woods, two strange giants sprang out from among the trees and seized him.

Jack, Junior thought he was surely done for now; but, instead of dashing his brains out against a tree, as he thought they would, one of the giants, whose name was Redscar, said:

“See here, youngster, we are looking for a fellow called Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, and we mean to slay him when we find him. If you help us to find him we will do you no harm, but if you do not help us to find him, and if you tell us any lies, we will slice you into pieces, no thicker than autumn leaves, with our swords.”

“That we will,” added the other giant, whose name was Totem. “Do you know this fellow, Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior?”

“Oh, yes,” answered Jack, Junior, who, you may be sure, was very much amused to think that the giants did not know he was the very fellow for whom they were looking.



THEY RAN AT BREAKNECK SPEED DOWN THE ROAD

"Is he very far from here?" asked Redscar.

"No, only a short distance," answered Jack, Junior.

"Is he such a great fighter as we have heard?" inquired Totem.

"Yes, they say he is a very wonderful fighter," replied Jack, Junior.

"How big is he?" asked Redscar.

"He is big enough to have slain many giants as big as either of you," was the lad's answer.

Then Redscar and Totem drew their swords and sharpened them to a keen edge on a large stone at the side of the road, and when they had finished this task they ordered the lad to lead the way to the place where they could see Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior.

He took them to the edge of the forest, and there he showed them a great field.

"This is a fine plain for your battle with him," said Jack, Junior. "You both wait here, and I shall go beyond the hill over there and come back with him. But, mind you, do not

be frightened if he is a trifle larger than you expect him to be."

So the giants waited, and Jack, Junior, went behind the hill, where his big balloon was fastened. He took some red paint, which he had there, and quickly painted the eyes and nose and mouth of an enormous man on the great, round balloon. Then he cut the rope that held the balloon, and it rose into the air.

After it had risen above the top of the hill the wind carried it directly across the plain and toward the waiting giants. They had not expected to fight such a horrible looking monster.

Jack, Junior ran as fast as his legs would carry him toward Redscar and Totem, and, pointing in the air at the big figure, shouted at the top of his voice:

"Here he comes! Here he comes! Run for your lives! Run for your lives!"

The frightened giants saw the enormous creature rushing through the air in their direction, and they did not wait for a second warn-

ing, but made up their minds very quickly to escape as soon as possible. Thrusting their swords into their belts, they turned and ran at breakneck speed down the road.

“Run! Run!! Run!!!” shouted Jack, Junior. “He almost has you!”

The giants glanced over their shoulders at the terrible thing following them, and ran faster than ever.

Once, when they appeared to be getting tired, Jack, Junior sang out:

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop! He will have you in a minute!”

Just then they reached a narrow path along which both of them could not go at once, and they were so anxious to get away that they began to fight as to which of them should go first. Redscar drew his sword and Totem drew his sword, and they slashed each other until both fell down dead.

CHAPTER VII

MONO CAUGHT IN A RAT TRAP

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MONO CAUGHT IN A RAT TRAP

BECAUSE of his adventure with Redscar and Totem, the ballon trip beyond the mountains of Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, was delayed several days, but he finally started on his mission, and although his mother cried a little when he sailed away in the air, she was really glad that he was going, for she hoped that he would return safely and bring his father with him.

When the balloon had traveled a great many miles, Jack, Junior saw that he was in a strange country, and the people there did not know what to think of his peculiar air vehicle, for they had never seen a balloon before in all their lives.

They told Jack, Junior that there was only one giant in their land, but he was a very ferocious fellow and was called Mono. He had only one eye. one ear, one arm and one

leg, yet he could see twice as far, hear three times as well, was four times as strong, and could run five times as fast as if he possessed two of each of these members of the body. He was a very shrewd fellow, too, and the people feared Jack, Junior would have difficulty in getting advantage of him. He was also very proud and took great pleasure in letting people know what terrible things he could do.

Jack, Junior thought that, if Mono was such a proud fellow, he could find a way to get the better of him. So he built a huge cage, which was made exactly like an immense rat trap, and when he had finished it he tied a poisonous snake in his handkerchief and walked into the trap, while all the people assembled on the outside to see what he was going to do and how he proposed to annihilate the giant Mono.

Jack, Junior made a speech, shouting it out at the top of his voice. He said:

“My dear friends, I am Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, and I have come many, many

miles to engage in battle with the great giant, Mono. I have built this fine steel arena that all you good people may have a chance to see the sport. But, after I have gone to all this trouble, where is the coward, Mono? He is hiding away somewhere, afraid to meet me; so I guess I shall have to return home without seeing him and without having the pleasure of running my sword through his carcass."

Now, all this speech was just a trick to bring the giant to the trap, and it succeeded. Although Mono was a very great distance away, his hearing with his one ear was so good he heard every word Jack, Junior uttered, and he could run so fast with his one leg that it took him only three minutes to get to the place where Jack, Junior was waiting for him in the trap.

"So ho! my fine bird!" he cried, as he saw the Giant Killer. "There you are, and you called me a coward, did you? We shall see about that. I will chop your ears off, flatten them out and send them back to your friends

as souvenir postal cards, and the rest of you I will roast alive on hot coals before this day is done."

So saying, he stepped into the trap, and the door slammed tight and fast behind him. As he stood in front of Jack, Junior, he towered thirty feet above the youngster.

"Where is my father?" asked Jack, Junior.

"He is not in my land," answered Mono.

"When I have disposed of you I shall search your castle and see," answered the boy.

With that the giant sprang at the lad and tried to seize him in his immense fists. But Jack, Junior was too quick for him. He tossed his handkerchief in Mono's face and slipped through the bars of the cage to the outside. The giant was too large to get between the bars, and when he found that he was caught in a trap he became furious. He rushed up and down and tried to beat his way out, but he was not strong enough to bend or break the steel bars that held him captive.

In his rage, he grabbed up the handkerchief

that Jack, Junior had thrown at him and that had fallen to the floor. Thinking it might contain a weapon or a magic ball, he untied the knots. As he did so, the poisonous snake sprang out and bit him on the lip.

Mono howled with rage and pain, and the next instant he began to swell and turn black from the effects of the snake's poison and in four more minutes he was stretched out on the floor of the trap at full length—dead!

Jack, Junior, accompanied by all the people, immediately made a search of the giant's castle; but it was in vain, for no trace of the boy's father was found. The young fellow was sorrowful, but the people rejoiced that he had rid them of the giant. They urged him to come and live among them the rest of his days.

But he was determined to continue his search until successful, so he got in his balloon and started back to his own home.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WRECK OF THE "CARRIE ANN"

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THE WRECK OF THE "CARRIE ANN"

BEFORE he reached home, Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior found there was trouble with his balloon and that he would have to abandon it. He started to go the remainder of the distance on foot. After a long walk, he came to a wide river, the only way to cross which was on a steamboat, the "Carrie Ann," just about to start with a great many passengers.

He got on board, the whistle blew, and the men were about to pull in the gang plank, when there was a rush of excited people.

"The giant! The giant!" they cried as they dashed up and down the deck.

Sure enough, it seems that a giant had hidden himself in the boat during the night. The blowing of the whistle for the vessel to start had awakened him, and he came strolling up on deck, to the alarm of everybody.

Everyone hurried off the "Carrie Ann," except Jack, Junior. Some of the people were so scared that they jumped into the water and had to be pulled out by other persons on the wharf. When all were off, they cut the ropes, and the boat drifted out into the stream.

"That was a pretty trick to play upon us, was it not?" asked Jack, Junior, turning to the giant.

"It was," growled the giant, who was very mad, and who thought of taking vengeance on the boy.

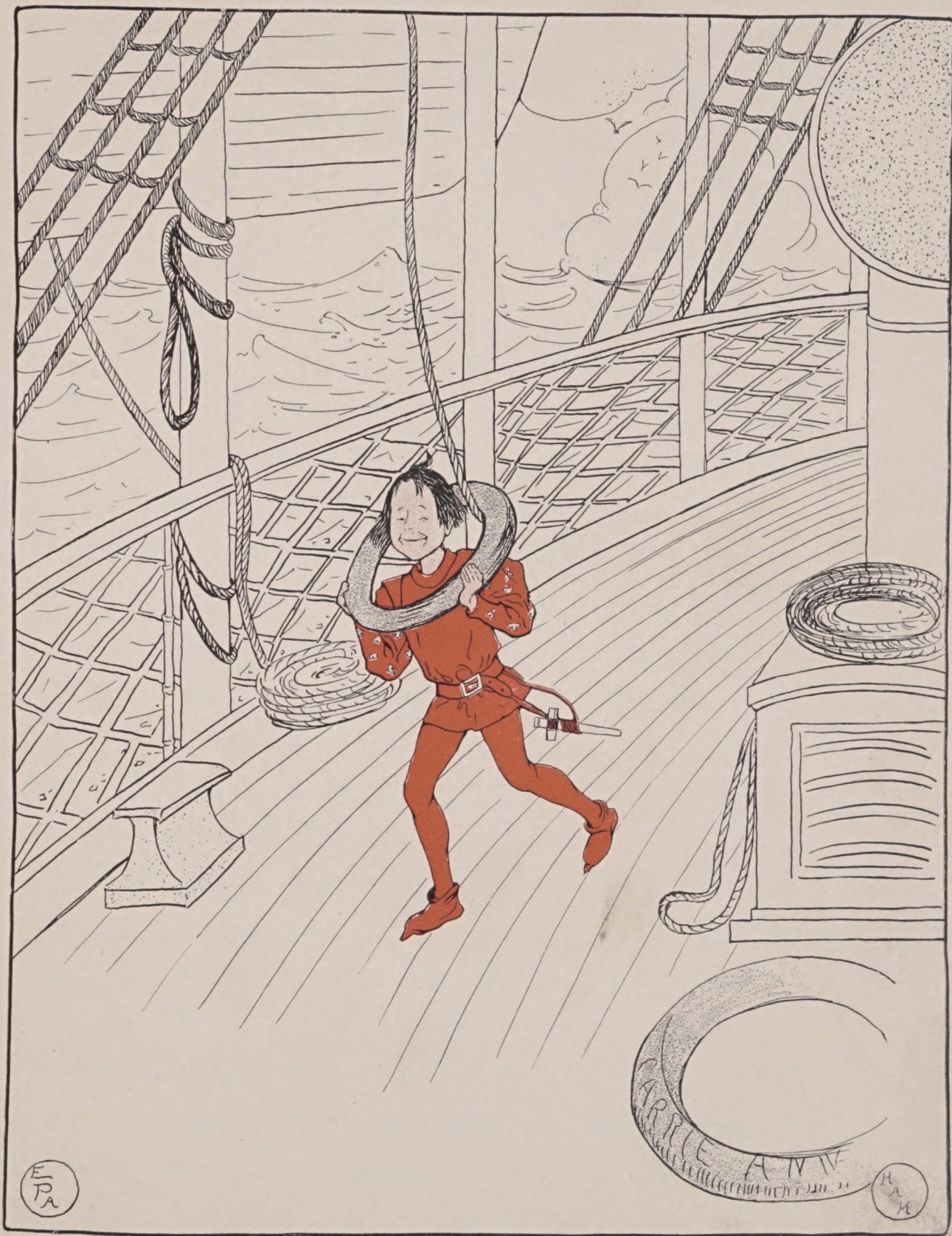
"Who are you?" asked Jack, Junior, bravely.

"My name is Mebto, and I boil 'em in lard," replied the giant.

"Boil what in lard?" asked Jack, Junior.

"Nice little fellows like you," answered Mebto. "It makes 'em juicy and sweet."

"Well, Mr. Mebto," said Jack, Junior, "you cannot boil me in lard until we reach the shore, and, unless we get there very quick, you will never have another chance to make a meal of a human being. Just below here are



JACK, JUNIOR QUIETLY SLIPPED ON A LIFE PRESERVER

very high waterfalls, and the boat is drifting straight for them. We will soon be carried over them and be dashed to pieces on the rocks two hundred feet below."

"Wow!" cried the giant, terror-stricken.

"You may well cry 'wow!'" continued Jack, Junior. "The only way we can escape such a horrible death, is to run the boat up the river, away from the waterfalls. Now, if you want to save yourself, go into the boiler room and pitch coal into the furnace as fast as you can. I will go to the pilot house and steer the vessel away from the danger that threatens us. Whatever you do, do not stop piling on coal, and, before you begin doing that, see that the safety valve is fastened down tight."

The giant hastened to do as he was told, tying the safety valve down tight, and hurling coal into the furnace as fast as he could.

In the meantime, Jack, Junior headed the boat directly for the waterfalls, and then quietly slipped on a life preserver and plunged overboard. He paddled his way to the shore,

and when he got there turned to see what fate would befall his bloodthirsty companion. Just as he looked around, the boat went over the waterfalls, and, at the same instant, the boilers exploded with a deafening crash.

All that was ever found of the "Carrie Ann" was a piece of the flag pole and the railing from the hurricane deck.

CHAPTER IX

WAUGHBER'S TRIP TO THE MOON

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WHEN Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior finally got home, his mother persuaded him not to start on any more long trips for a while, for she had heard that Waughber, a mighty giant, was coming in search of them to kill them, and she wanted her son to be home to protect her from this hideous creature.

So Jack, Junior remained, and, as the Fourth of July was near at hand, he planned a great many amusements to entertain the people on that day. Among the things he did was to build a cannon, which was so big a house could be put inside of it. The day before the Fourth he loaded this cannon with much powder, and told the people if they would arise at daybreak they should see him fire it off.

You may be sure they all wanted to see this great thing fired, and they went to bed

early, in order to be able to get up in time. Jack, Junior sat up near the cannon all night to see that no one tampered with it and got hurt.

About midnight whom should he see coming along but Waughber, and he hid behind a tree, so as not to be observed by the giant. Waughber was tired and in search of a place to rest. He had never seen a cannon before, and when he saw this one he imagined it was some kind of house.

“Ah!” he said to himself—for giants have a great way of talking to themselves, it is said. “Ah! here is a nice tavern for me to rest in until morning, and then I shall go to the castle yonder and fix that young Giant Killer.”

Waughber gave three raps on the side of the cannon with his big club.

“Ho, there!” he cried. “Landlord, landlord, let a weary traveler in for the night.”

There was no answer.

Waughber rapped again.

"Ho, there, landlord!" he repeated. "Let me in quickly, or I will make mince-meat of you and all your family!"

Still there was no answer.

"Aha!" exclaimed the giant; "I guess the landlord saw me coming and ran away frightened. Very well, I shall be my own landlord."

So saying, he climbed into the mouth of the cannon and went to sleep.

Now, at sunrise there was a great gathering of the people, but they were much scared when they saw the bulky giant lying in the cannon, asleep.

Jack, Junior told them not to give themselves any uneasiness, as Waughber was not going to stay very long, for he was on his way to a trip to the moon and would start in a short while.

With that, the lad pulled a lanyard, and the immense cannon went off. Waughber went out so fast he did not have time to say "good-bye." His great, big form shot out of the

cannon's mouth with the speed of lightning and disappeared away up in the clouds.

For all that anybody knows, he may be going through the air yet—unless he really did reach the moon.

CHAPTER X
THE FATAL DOSE

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THE FATAL DOSE

THERE was a great deal of excitement and fun on the Fourth of July, and about dinner-time Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, went to his room to get a little rest. He threw himself on his bed and fell asleep. I do not know how long he slept, but when he awoke there was lying beside him a giant, whose name was Squib. Nobody knows exactly how he got into the place, but there he was, and Jack, Junior knew that he must find some way to get rid of him, for he was a very bad fellow, and doubtless intent on some mischief.

Squib was fast asleep when Jack, Junior, awoke, and his immense mouth was wide open, and his snoring sounded like a train of cars crossing a bridge. The lad had a package of firecrackers, and he lit these and dropped them into the giant's open mouth.

Immediately Squib awoke and jumped up. "What's that I swallowed?" he cried angrily.

"Maybe a fly," said Jack, Junior.

Just then one of the firecrackers went off in the giant's stomach.

"Ouch!" he cried.

Then another firecracker went off.

"Ouch! Ouch!!" cried the giant.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Jack, Junior, in pretended astonishment.

"Ouch! Ouch!! Ouch!!!" answered the giant, as more crackers went off. "I'm full—Ouch!—of some—Ouch! Ouch!—thing terri—Ouch!—ble! Ouch! Wow! Wow! Ouch!!"

"Oh, be a man," said Jack, Junior. "There is nothing the matter with you; you only imagine there is."

"Oh me! Oh my! Oh me!" yelled the giant. "I am a man—Wow! Wow! I don't imagine anything. Ouch! Ouch! I know it—Woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-o-o-o!"

There was a terrible racket going on among



JACK, JUNIOR FINDS THE GIANT SQUIB IN HIS BED

the firecrackers by this time, and the giant was dancing up and down the floor like a wild man; and all the time Jack, Junior was urging him to try to behave himself and act like a gentleman.

But Squib only jumped faster and higher and cried out more.

"Maybe you have dancing cramps," said Jack, Junior, at last, for he was getting very tired of the fuss; "and there is only one thing that will cure them. That is a little ginger. Hustle yourself out into the yard and I'll give you a dose."

The giant tumbled down the stairs the best he could, and when he got to the yard, Jack, Junior was waiting for him with a large can of gasoline.

"Drink this down," said he, handing it to Squib.

The giant raised the can to his mouth and poured the gasoline down his throat. As the oil came in contact with the burning firecrackers, there was a tremendous explosion, and

the giant was blown into so many pieces, and the pieces were so small, that nobody ever found any of them.

It was a very good thing for Jack, Junior, that he crawled under the chicken house or he would have been blown up, too.

CHAPTER XI
THE SKATING LESSON

CHAPTER XI

THE SKATING LESSON

ONE day, when Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior was going through the woods, whom should he meet but a funny little old man with great, long whiskers and great, high boots and an enormous green hat and red coat. Although he was evidently very old, he was smaller than the boy, and was as active and spry as a grasshopper. But the best part of all was that he had a pleasant, smiling face, and he greeted Jack, Junior, with a merry laugh and a hearty "Howdy do?"

"Who are you?" asked Jack, Junior.

"I'm the King of Circles," answered the little old man. "I know more about things that are round than anyone else. I have made a special study of wheels and have learned a great deal about them that would surprise you."

"That's very fine," exclaimed Jack, Junior.

“Won’t you tell me some of these wonderful things?”

“I should be very glad to do so,” answered the King of Circles; “but you would not believe me, unless I should prove these things to you. Now, I’ll tell you what I will do; I’ll give you a box of magic wheel grease that I have made, and when you have tried it you will be ready to believe any of the wonderful things that I shall tell you when we meet again.”

So the smiling little old man pulled out of his pocket a small box and handed it to Jack, Junior.

“Take that,” said he, “and remember this: when you pour any of this magic grease on a wheel it will make the wheel revolve rapidly backward, but when you rub any of it on a wheel it will make the wheel revolve rapidly forward.”

“That is, indeed, something wonderful,” commented Jack, Junior.

“It is,” said the King of Circles. “Good



"I'LL GIVE YOU A BOX OF MAGIC WHEEL GREASE"

day! I'll see you again, some day." And, with a broad smile on his merry little face, he bowed a low bow and disappeared in the woods.

Jack, Junior stuck the box of magic grease in his pocket and started off for his home. After he had gotten out of the woods and gone down the road a little way, he suddenly met, face to face, a giant.

"Heigho!" cried the giant. "You're just the fellow I am looking for. I went up to your home to get hold of you, and they told me you were out for a walk. I suspected you were hiding from me, so I smashed up nearly everything in the place looking for you. Now I see I might have saved myself all that trouble, and have spared all that good furniture that I will have to replace when I move into your house after I have finished with you."

"Why, what are you going to do with me?" asked Jack, Junior.

"I am not going to do anything with you

but kill you," replied the ugly giant, with a wicked laugh.

"Oh, you are very kind!" exclaimed Jack, Junior. "But what is that you have under your arm?"

"That," said the giant, "is something I stole from a house down the road. I don't know what they are; do you? They look like little wagons to me; but then, again, they don't look like wagons."

"They are roller skates," said Jack, Junior, and, at the giant's direction, he put them on and skated up and down the road a little to show how they worked.

"That's very fine," cried the giant. "Do you think I could do that?"

"Certainly," answered Jack, Junior. "It is true, they are a trifle small for you; but I think I can help you make them work very nicely."

So the giant sat down on a stone, and Jack, Junior helped him to put on the skates, strapping them tightly to his great feet. Then

the big fellow stood up. Every boy and girl who has ever tried roller skating knows what happened the first time. Well, that is just what happened to the giant. Down he came on the ground with a terrible thump.

Jack told him not to get discouraged, but to try again; so the giant got up, and once more he came down with a whack that shook all the leaves off the trees. Again he got up, and again he came down, harder than ever this time, so that he actually bumped a hole in the road. He was getting pretty angry, but Jack, Junior urged him to try only once more.

"Hold fast to a tree while I fix the wheels," said the lad. The giant got upon his feet and seized upon the limbs of a tall tree to steady himself.

Jack, Junior took from his pocket the box of magic grease, and he poured some of it on the wheels of one skate and rubbed some of it on the wheels of the other skate. And no sooner had he done this than the right skate went flying forward up the road, and the left

skate went flying backward down the road, stretching the giant's legs as if they were great India rubber bands, while he held fast to the limbs of the tree with his hands, yelling and screaming for Jack, Junior to pull him together.

Oh, he was in a terrible plight! The skates were going farther and farther away all the time, and his legs were stretching longer and longer, and he was yelling louder and louder. Well, to make a long story short, the giant finally could stand it no longer and he just simply snapped in half and fell to the ground, and one half was dragged away up the road and over the hills by the right skate and the other half was dragged away down the road and over the hills by the left skate; and that was the last of that monster.

"The King of Circles is certainly a wonderful fellow," said Jack, Junior, to his mother, that night, after he had told her the story of the day's adventures.

CHAPTER XII
BULLY BILLY'S CONQUEST

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BULLY BILLY'S CONQUEST

THERE was one giant who annoyed the people very much, and whom Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, was very anxious to do away with; but he could never get a chance to do so. In consequence, he had to resort to unusual methods to catch this fellow. Jack, Junior built a large tunnel, the biggest end of which was as tall and as broad as a house and was three miles from Jack's home. The tunnel grew smaller and smaller, until, when it ended in his back yard, it was not very much larger than the head of a barrel.

Jack, Junior went to the field at the larger end of the tunnel, and walked up and down, waiting for the giant to come after him; and at last he came. When the boy saw him, he pretended to be greatly frightened, and cried out aloud for help and ran as fast as ever he could into the tunnel.

Of course, the giant went after him, and the chase was a sharp one. They had not gone far, however, when the tunnel grew so small that the giant had to stoop to get along. A little later he had to get down on his hands and knees and crawl, and when they were nearing the end, the giant had to lie flat on his stomach and drag himself along as best he could. But the worst part came just as Jack, Junior leaped out of the other end of the tunnel into his yard, for the giant's quarters had grown so very small that he became stuck; and there he lay, wedged tight, unable to go either forward or backward, the top of his great, shaggy head just sticking at the opening of the tunnel.

Now, perhaps you did not know that Jack, Junior had a very fine and very large goat that he kept in his yard for the children of the neighborhood to play with when they came around to see him. He was as gentle as you please with Jack, Junior's friends, but he also knew his enemies and had very little use for

them. He had a head as hard as a bull and for that reason he was called Bully Billy.

When the giant became stuck in the opening of the tunnel, Bully Billy looked around and snorted, and snorted and looked around.

"Sic him!" said Jack, Junior.

"Baa-a-a!" cried Bully Billy, and backed off six feet.

Then he reared straight up in the air on his hind legs, gave a hop, skip and jump, and, zippety-bum-bum, he landed on the giant's head. Whew! it was a terrific blow, and you could hear something very much like somebody's head cracking; but you can rest assured it was not Bully Billy's. That old goat could have butted a stone wall over and not felt it.

"Sic him!" said Jack, Junior, again.

"Baa-a-a!" cried Bully Billy, as he backed off.

Then he reared right straight up again, just as he had done before, and took a few leaps through the air and kerslappup he landed on the giant's head.

"Once more now," commanded Jack, Junior. And once more Bully Billy obediently cried out, "Baa-a-a!" Once more he reared, once more he sprang, once more he landed on the giant's crown, and that once more was enough. The old giant gave a moan and a groan and was done for.

"You are a good old goat," said Jack, Junior.

"Baa-a-a!" replied Bully Billy, as he trotted back to his stable.

CHAPTER XIII

SHORWIND'S PUNCTURED FEET

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SHORWIND'S PUNCTURED FEET

WHILE Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, was returning from a fishing trip one afternoon, he saw the footprints of a giant in the sand and he knew at once that Shorwind had been around, for Shorwind was the only giant who went barefooted at that time of the year and the footprints had been made by bare feet.

You may be sure that Jack, Junior did not tarry long in that neighborhood but hurried on as fast as he could, for Shorwind had a very bad reputation. The last man he caught he had stuffed and baked just as we do turkeys on Thanksgiving Day.

But, in spite of all his hurrying, and in spite of all his care, it was not five minutes before Jack, Junior walked almost into Shorwind's arms. The giant gave a ferocious growl and Jack, Junior turned and ran at his very

best speed. His very best speed was pretty fast for a lad of his years and Shorwind was not slow either. He started out after the boy, and, while his legs did not work as fast as Jack's, the great long strides easily enabled him to keep up with the little runner. And more than that, too, for Jack, Junior presently realized that the giant was gaining on him and would soon catch him.

He hastily thrust his hand into his fishing bag and drew out a dozen fishing hooks, which he threw upon the ground. As the great bare feet of the giant came flopping down, they landed on several of these, and you may be sure he shouted out in pain and anger. But he was so determined to catch Jack, Junior, that he did not stop to pull the hooks from his feet, and the next minute when the boy tripped and fell over a stone, Shorwind seized him in his fists. He gave Jack, Junior a good shaking and boxed his ears.

"Now take those things out of my feet!" he commanded, grinding his teeth fiercely.

The giant sat down on a log and held up his feet while Jack, Junior inspected them. There were five fish hooks in one and four in the other, and the giant had run so much on them that they were almost buried out of sight in his flesh. But Jack, Junior thought it would be a great lark to get them in farther, and while he was pretending to be getting them out he was all the time pushing them in.

He worked pretty hard and the giant yelled a great deal, but the lad told him to have a little more patience and hold still. Finally, Shorwind could stand the pain no longer and he rolled over and over on the ground and simply howled.

"I know exactly what the trouble with you is," declared Jack, Junior, suddenly.

"What is it! What is it!" screamed Shorwind.

"Why, your feet are punctured," answered the boy. "Soak them in cold mush and they will be all right."

The giant was willing to try almost anything, and, although it pained him a great deal to walk, he agreed to go to the home of Jack, Junior, and have his feet soaked.

When they reached there, Shorwind sat down on the top of a wall and put his feet in a large hogshead that Jack, Junior provided and that reached up to the giant's knees. Then Jack, Junior mixed a very large quantity of cement and poured it into the hogshead until it reached the top.

"Now sit right still and be quiet for a while," said the boy, and the giant did as he was told.

Cement is soft enough while it is fresh, but you know when it dries out it hardens like stone, and it did not take very long for this cement to dry out and harden around Shorwind's feet and legs.

"Now get up and walk around," said Jack, Junior, "and see if you don't feel better."

The giant made an effort to raise his feet and found he could no more do so than he

could lift a mountain. Then he realized he had been tricked and trapped, and oh what a fury he was in! But he might just as well have saved his temper for all the good it could do him, for he was absolutely helpless. He could thrash his arms around, it is true, but Jack, Junior stood well out of his way, and the giant accomplished nothing.

After a while Shorwind tired of his exertions and his arms fell limp to his sides. Then Jack, Junior got another hogshead and with the help of some of his servants dropped it over the giant's head, so that it rested on top of the other hogshead. Then he poured more cement in this, and when that had hardened, Shorwind was bound tight and fast up to his waist, and he stood there and bellowed like a mad bull.

Another hogshead was brought and dropped over his head, reaching up to his chin, and this, too, was filled with cement. When it had hardened, all the wooden hogsheads were knocked away and there stood a great pillar of

cement, five feet in diameter, with the ugly giant's head sticking from the top.

It was a very peculiar sight and Jack, Junior had it hauled to the top of a high hill, where it was set up as a monument to be a warning to all other giants in the future.

CHAPTER XIV

BIG MOLASSES AND LITTLE MOLASSES

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BIG MOLASSES AND LITTLE MOLASSES

JACK, the Giant Killer, Junior sat beneath a tree in the woods one morning, enjoying the singing of the birds, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw he was in the grasp of a grinning giant. There was no chance to get away, so Jack, Junior pretended that he was very angry at being disturbed.

“How dare you lay your hands on me, sir?” he cried, springing to his feet.

The giant, who was seven times as big as the boy, was somewhat surprised at this and was at a loss for an answer.

“Who are you, anyhow? and what are you doing here?” exclaimed Jack, Junior.

“My name is Molasses,” answered the giant; “and I guess I have as much right here as you have.”

“Well now, isn’t that strange?” said Jack,

Junior, suddenly changing his tone and extending his hand to the giant. "My name is Molasses, too. Probably we are cousins."

"That is very strange," added the giant. "I never knew there was any one else who had the same name as myself."

"We should be pretty good friends having the same name," continued Jack, Junior. "But to know each other apart we will call you Big Molasses and call me Little Molasses."

"A capital idea," declared the giant, who seemed mightily pleased with the wit of the lad.

"Well, what is your business around here, Big Molasses?" asked Jack, Junior.

"I'm looking for a brat they call Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior," answered Big Molasses. "And when I have found him there will be an end of giant killing, because I shall make very short work of him."

"I know just where he lives," said Jack, Junior. "If you want me to do so, I will show you the way."

"Very well," said Big Molasses. "Let us start at once."

"You must remember one thing," said Jack, Junior. "There is only one giant that this fellow is afraid of and that is you, and he has always said that as soon as he saw you coming he would hide away somewhere that you could not catch him. If you want to be sure of getting within reach of him, you had better fix yourself up, so that he will not know you."

"But how can I do it?" asked the giant.

"I'll tell you a very good scheme," replied Jack, Junior. "You have light hair and light skin, but, if you should darken your hair and darken your skin he would never know you, and believing you were some other giant would wait to fight you."

"Well, you are a pretty bright boy. How shall I go about darkening my hair and skin?" inquired the giant.

"The best plan I can think of just now," replied Jack, Junior, "is for you to cover yourself with your name."

"What do you mean?" asked the giant.

"Your name is Molasses and if you cover your face, and your neck, and your hands, and your arms, and your legs with molasses, and rub molasses into your hair and your beard, you will look altogether different," said Jack, Junior.

The giant lay back against a tree and laughed heartily.

"Well, well, well!" he cried, when he had finished laughing. "That is a good scheme. But where shall I get the molasses?"

"Just wait here and I will get it for you," said Jack, Junior, and he hurried home and soon returned with the largest jug of black molasses he could find.

"It is almost too good to waste," said the giant.

"But you will never catch Jack, Junior, without it," said the boy.

So with Jack, Junior's help he began to smear it on him. First, the molasses was rubbed carefully into his hair and beard, and

then all over his face, and on his neck and his bare shoulders, and on his arms which were bare all the way to the shoulders, and on his legs which were bare from the tops of his sandals to half-way above his knees. He did not have to bother about smearing any on his hands for after all the rubbing of other parts of his body, they were perfectly coated with molasses.

“Now come on,” said Jack, Junior, and he led the way through the woods.

There was a place a short distance off where there were a thousand hives of bees. Everybody knows what a hive of bees is like, and everybody knows that bees are fond of sweets, and everybody knows that molasses is sweet, but it was not everybody who knew where these bees were. Jack, Junior knew it and he took the giant in that very direction.

When they got there, Jack, Junior poked around among the hives, giving each a little kick to stir up the bees, and presently they began to fly about, and smelling the molasses

that covered Molasses, they made directly for him.

It was not very long before the air was thick with bees and they all naturally went for the giant, alighting all over him in order to sip up the sweet syrup with which he was covered.

Did you know that a honey bee will not sting you unless you anger it? Well, it will not, but just as soon as you make it angry it is going to stick its bitter little spear into you.

Big Molasses did not mind the little creatures at first, but when they got so thick on his face that he could not see, he made a vicious slap at them. Immediately the whole crowd went for him, and in less time than it takes to tell, he had five hundred stings in him, and then another five hundred bees flew up and delivered their stings, and then another big swarm came along and presented him with their stings, and then some large, fat bees, that had been waiting in the background for a chance, waltzed up and left their stings in him.

All the time the giant was slapping and puffing, and puffing and slapping, and scraping and scratching, and scratching and scraping, but when he knocked one bee off a dozen were ready to take its place, and in five minutes they had stung him so fearfully that his eyes were swollen so he could not see, his nose was swollen so he could not smell, his mouth was swollen so he could not yell, his ears were swollen so he could not hear, his hands were swollen so he could not slap, and his legs were swollen so he could not run.

He threw himself on the ground and rolled over and over, and over and over until he rolled into a big pit, and there he was dashed to pieces.

CHAPTER XV
THE AUTOMOBILE RACE

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THE AUTOMOBILE RACE

THERE was to be a fine automobile race and many people had gathered from far and near to take part, and of course Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior was there with the rest, and he had a nice automobile that he believed would go as fast as any of them.

Just when everything was ready for the race to begin who should appear on the scene but the two giants Gerri and Jaydo, and there was such a scampering of people as you would not have seen in many a long day. Nobody wanted to stay and face the giants except Jack, Junior, and I don't know but that he, too, might have tried to get out of the way if they had not grabbed him the first thing and held on tight to the corners of his jacket. And there he was all alone with the two big giants and the automobiles that had been deserted by their owners.

“What’s all this, anyhow?” inquired one of the giants.

“We were going to have an automobile race,” answered Jack, Junior.

“What’s an automobile race?” asked Gerri.

Then Jack, Junior explained all about the machines; how fast they could go, how much fun it was to ride in them and how people raced their automobiles to learn which was the fastest. Gerri and Jaydo became very much interested, just as people always are when they come across some ingenious contrivance with which they are not familiar, and they asked Jack, Junior to get into one of the automobiles and show how it could go. He did so and went up and down the road, and turned this way and that, and stopped the machine and started it, and backed it and did all those other tricks that an expert can do with an automobile.

“I would like to try one of those things,” said Jaydo.

“And so would I,” added Gerri.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Jaydo; "we will have a race and the one that wins shall have this boy for supper."

"Good! Good!" cried Gerri, merrily, for he liked sport, and he liked also to eat tender little boys.

As neither of them knew how to manage the machines they made Jack, Junior show them what to do; how to guide them, how to start and stop them. Jack, Junior selected two of the largest automobiles there, and even at that the machines were hardly large enough to hold the giants.

"We will race five miles down the road and five miles back," said Jaydo.

"Very well; that suits me," consented Gerri.

They tied Jack, Junior to a tree, and got in the automobiles.

"Honk! Honk!" they squawked, and they were off.

Now it happened that while Jack, Junior, was showing them how to manage the machines

he fixed the steering wheels so they could not be turned from one side to the other, and he fixed the other machinery so that after it was once started it could not be stopped. The giants did not know this, of course, and they were in great glee as they sped along, faster and faster.

Pretty soon, however, they came to a turn in the road and when they tried to guide the automobiles around the bend, the machines would not go that way but plunged straight across a field that had just been plowed up. And such a bumping as those two big fellows got! Straight ahead went the automobiles and their clumsy, awkward passengers. Now across another road; now plump through the middle of a pond; now knocking down a fence; now through thick bushes, the thorns of which scratched their faces and tore their clothes. If they had really known what was best for them they would have tumbled out heels over head right then and there, but the things were flying along so fast that they were afraid to take

any chances, and made up their minds to stick in until some lucky opportunity came for them to get out.

Now they struck a broad, smooth plain and the riding was not so rough and disagreeable, but the automobiles were going so fast that neither Jaydo nor Gerri had any breath left and they sincerely wished they had never laid eyes on these things. And, indeed, it would have been well for them if they had not.

At the far end of this plain, across which they were traveling at such an enormous rate, there was a very, very high precipice, and in about three shakes of a sheep's tail the automobiles had reached this place and the next moment shot far out into the air and went tumbling down, down, down, down, down to the river that ran below.

With a terrific splash, the two machines and the two racing giants went into the water kerflop!

At the place where Gerri went down eighteen big bubbles came up, and at the place

where Jaydo went down nineteen big bubbles came up, which was probably because Jaydo was a trifle larger giant than Gerri.

"I guess those fellows are not coming back to eat me," said Jack, Junior, with a smile when the people came and unfastened him from the tree.

And then they had the postponed automobile race, and who do you suppose won it?

CHAPTER XVI
FEM'S GREAT FRIGHT

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FEM'S GREAT FRIGHT

SO many giants had failed to trap Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, that Fem, a giantess, decided to see what she could do. A giantess, as everybody knows, is a woman giant, and, although Fem was a woman, she had a heart as cruel as that of any of her brothers. She had long, black hair that hung down her back until it reached the ground and trailed in the dust. Her nose was long and sharp and her chin was pointed. She always carried a big club, the end of which was filled with sharp spikes, and when she struck anyone with this it meant instant death to the poor creature.

When Jack, Junior saw Fem approaching his home, he ran and hid in the stable, after telling his mother just what to do and just what to say to the giantess.

“Where is that boy?” asked Fem.

“He is hiding from you in the stable,” an-

swered Jack, Junior's mother, and she showed the giantess how to reach the stable.

After Fem had entered there, the mother closed and bolted the door from the outside.

It was very dark inside and Fem began to feel around to find the boy whose life she sought. She groped all around but when she was in one place you may be sure Jack, Junior was in another, and, finally, the giantess reached the conclusion that she had been fooled and that the boy was not in the stable after all.

"I have been deceived; he is not here!" she cried.

"Yes I am!" sang out Jack, Junior, from a dark corner. "Come over here and get me."

Fem went in the direction from which the voice came but Jack, Junior dodged past her.

"Now I am over here," said Jack, Junior, with a laugh from another corner.

The wicked giantess uttered an exclamation of anger and turned to go to the other part of the stable. This time Jack, Junior did not

dodge, but, just as she was about to lay her hands on him, he pushed open a little window to let in the light.

As the floor was lighted up, three little gray creatures scampered right across it directly in front of Fem.

"Rats!" yelled Jack, Junior, at the top of his voice.

There is no place where rats and mice delight to live in more than a stable, and there is nothing that will so thoroughly frighten a woman as one of these little gray animals. A woman is a woman whether she be of ordinary size or a giantess and Fem had all the horror of the creatures that is possessed by other females.

Therefore, when she heard Jack, Junior, yell and saw the three rats romp across her path, she was well-nigh scared out of her wits.

"Rats!" screamed Jack, Junior, again.

"Ow-ow!" shrieked Fem, and she gathered up her skirts about her in haste and sprang upon the top of a feed box.

But stable rats frolic over feed boxes as readily as they do anywhere else and in an instant several of them had darted across her toes.

“Whew!” screamed the giantess, and she leaped from the feed box to the top of a stall.

But that furnished no haven from the rats and she had no sooner landed there than some of the furry fellows glided by her heels.

“Whee-e-e-e!” cried Fem, and she jumped from the stall to a hay rack over her head.

And there she found more rats—or rather, the rats found her—and they ran between her fingers and one darted across her face.

Fem sprang to the floor and tried to open the door, and while she was doing this Jack, Junior ran up behind her and fastened a large piece of cheese in the end of her long black hair.

Immediately all the rats and mice in the stable—and there must have been three thousand of them—rushed for the cheese, as these creatures have a great fondness for this edible.



SCREAMING AND SHRIEKING, SHE RACED DOWN THE ROAD

Fem, finding the door bolted, threw herself against it with all her strength and burst it open. Screaming and shrieking, she raced down the road and racing behind her, all intent on getting a bite of that sweet-smelling cheese, was that host of rats and mice.

The giantess looked back and saw the whole road behind her black with the scampering rodents, big and little, leaping, tumbling, springing and jumping in their efforts to overtake her. Faster and faster she went and louder and louder she cried, and faster and faster they followed and louder and louder they squeaked.

Jack, Junior and his mother ran out into the road to see the fun but the giantess and her big procession of rats and mice traveled so quickly that Jack, Junior and his mother soon lost sight of them over the hill.

No one learned how it all ended, but the rats and mice never came back and neither did Fem.

CHAPTER XVII

TEMPUS TAKES A LESSON IN BRAVERY

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TEMPUS TAKES A LESSON IN BRAVERY

ONCE there came to Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, a great giant named Tempus, who thought he would like to learn the secret of the lad's great bravery. He was a timid giant and while he desired to kill Jack, Junior, he did not have the courage to try. So he thought if he could first learn to be brave, he would attend to the boy later on.

Tempus was a very big giant and when he approached the home of Jack, Junior, all the people ran away and hid themselves for fear of him. But Jack, Junior strapped on his sword and walked out into the road and asked what he wanted. Thereupon Tempus made known the purpose of his visit.

"There is only one way to learn to be brave," said Jack, Junior. "You must spend one night in an enchanted chamber."

"But I don't know of any," said Tempus.

"If you will come back here the first very dark night, I will let you sleep in mine," answered Jack, Junior.

The giant agreed and the first very dark night he appeared and Jack, Junior escorted him up to a room in the top of his house that he had prepared for the entertainment of his big guest.

"Now," said the boy, "I will leave you. If anything worries you during the night, cry out as loud as you can: 'What shall I do?' If you get frightened, crawl up this ladder and get out on the roof. But, of course, you will not get frightened. Good night."

Jack, Junior left the room and the giant peered out of the window into the darkness. There was no moon and there was not a star to be seen. The wind howled and roared, and rattled the shutters and the shingles on the roof. There was no lamp in the room, but Tempus felt around until he came to a bed.

"I guess I'll go to bed," said he, and in he crawled, determined to go to sleep.

Now there were several cupboards around the sides of the room and some curiously shaped boxes, and Jack, Junior had provided an unusual device for each, "to keep old Tempus from getting lonely," he told his mother.

As the giant was just about to fall asleep, the howling wind tore a few bricks from the chimney and they rattled down over the shingle roof with a crash and a bang that caused Tempus to start up in affright.

The noise also aroused an old donkey that had been hidden in a cupboard and he brayed out loudly:

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"What's that?" roared Tempus, straightening himself up in bed, pale with terror.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" cried a little cuckoo clock on the mantel.

"Quack! quack!" said a duck in one of the curious boxes on the floor.

Tempus was trembling with fear, for he was a coward and thought that the room was bewitched.

He tried to pull the bedclothes over his head but they were so short that he drew them off his feet. Then when he covered his feet they would not reach to his head.

The wind howled, and another brick fell from the chimney and went bounding and bumping over the roof. A limb of a tree blew against the window and broke the glass, letting the cold wind rush in, and giving the giant the shivers.

The old donkey did not like the rumpus, either, for he let loose with his heels and kicked violently on the door of the cupboard and brayed out:

“Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!”

“Quack! quack!” said the duck.

“Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!” said the little cuckoo clock on the mantel.

“Baa-a-a-a!” said a goat in one of the cupboards.

The giant was shaking like a persimmon tree. He remembered what Jack, Junior had told him and cried out at the top of his voice:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Bettergitup! Bettergitup! Bettergitup!"
croaked a fat old bullfrog from a box.

"I think I had better get up," said Tempus,
and he threw off the bedclothes and started to
spring from the bed.

"Go to sleep!" exclaimed a parrot that was
concealed in a closet.

Tempus rolled back on the bed and again
grabbed for the covering.

"Bettergitup! Bettergitup!" croaked the
frog.

"Go to sleep!" shouted the parrot.

"Bettergitup!" croaked the frog.

"Quack! quack!" said the duck.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" said the little
cuckoo clock on the mantel.

"Baa-a-a-a-a!" said the goat.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"
brayed the old donkey, as he gave the door a
few more bangs with his heels.

"Woo-o-o-o-o-o-z-i-i-i-i-r-woo-o-o-o-o-o," roared
the wind outside.

Just then three cats ran across Tempus's face, and the old donkey kicked so hard on the door of the closet that he smashed it down and dashed out into the room, prancing and rearing and tearing around until he knocked the legs from the bed and the thoroughly terrified giant tumbled all in a heap on the floor. Up he sprang with a yell of horror and rushed up the ladder that Jack, Junior had shown him leading to the roof.

As he pushed the skylight open he upset a huge tub of black tar that came down on his head with a crash, smearing him with the sticky stuff and knocking him back into the enchanted chamber where the animals were now making the most terrific rumpus imaginable.

Tempus saw only one way of escape and that was by the window. Running to this he caught hold of the limb of the tree and was about to crawl out and slide down to the ground when the old donkey drew up his heels again and gave the giant such an awful whack that the big fellow was sent through the air

like a shot out of a cannon. He landed head first in a deep well with only his feet sticking out. His toes wiggled three or four times and that was the last of him.

CHAPTER XVIII

JACK, JUNIOR FINDS A PARTNER—AND
LOSES HIM

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JACK, JUNIOR FINDS A PARTNER—AND LOSES HIM

IT has been seen how easily some giants fell into the power of Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, but it must not be supposed that they did not keep him at his wits' end sometimes to prevent himself falling into their power. Now, for instance, there was a very shrewd giant whose name was Tarpo and who had heard a great deal of what had been done by Jack, Junior.

“If that lad can get the best of so many giants, he certainly should be able to do away with ordinary men,” said Tarpo to himself, as he sat in his castle thinking the whole matter over. “Now I shall try to get him to help me to kill all the people and after that has been done I will slay him.”

And when he told his wife about it she said that it was a very good plan, so he decided to experiment at once. Then Tarpo gave

his wife a big bag of gold and told her to take it to Jack, Junior, and tell him to come at once to the castle on important business.

The wife did as she was directed and Jack, Junior took the fine present of gold that had been sent him and gave it to his mother and then he started out for Tarpo's castle to learn what was wanted of him.

When he got there the giant had a great dinner spread for him and greeted him as if he were a brother. He gave Jack, Junior a fine gold ring and made his fiddlers come in and fiddle a little and his dancers come in and dance a little, all to amuse and please the young fellow with whom he was trying to make friends. Jack, Junior enjoyed it all, but he knew there must be some evil scheme in the giant's heart and he made up his mind to fool the old fellow in some way and do away with him.

After a whole afternoon of feasting, and frolic and fiddling, Tarpo took Jack, Junior, into his private room for a little talk.



TARPO HAD A GREAT DINNER SPREAD FOR HIM

"You are a grand boy," said the giant; "and I like you. I want to be your friend and want you to be my friend. I will give you all my gold, and all my lands, and get you a beautiful wife if you will only help me out in some of my plans."

"What are they?" asked Jack, Junior.

"Well," answered the giant; "first of all, I want you to help me slay all the people in your land."

"That will be a hard job," said Jack, Junior.

"Yes," replied Tarpo; "that will be a hard job, but it will not be hard for you and me if we both work together."

"Then we will start out to-morrow morning," said Jack, Junior.

"Good!" cried Tarpo, in great glee, and he sent word to his wife that Jack, Junior had agreed to his scheme.

"Now," said Jack, Junior, "if we are to be in partnership we should dress alike. Send for all your tailors and get them to work

making our clothes, for they must be finished before sunrise."

So the tailors were brought in and Jack, Junior told them what kind of clothes they should make for himself and Tarpo.

"The most important thing of all," said the lad, "is our cloaks. They must be long, reaching from the shoulders to the ground and they must be of the brightest red."

"Oh, I like red!" exclaimed Tarpo, gladly. "Make them of the very brightest red that can be found."

So all night the tailors worked on the clothes and when morning came they had two suits of clothes—one for Tarpo and the other for Jack, Junior—and the cloaks were very long and very red.

When they had had breakfast, they started off on their trip and walked a long distance until they came to a place where two roads met.

"In order to catch the people we must separate here," said Jack, Junior. "I shall go

along the road to the left and you must climb over the fence at the right and go through that broad field until you come to the homes of the people. Whatever happens, do not lose your red cloak."

Tarpo sprang over the fence and went across the field, while Jack, Junior walked up the road a few yards and then got behind a tree to see how his plan was going to work.

Now in this field where the lad had sent Tarpo, were kept forty-five very fierce bulls.

Probably some one has told you that there is nothing that angers a bull more than the sight of a piece of red cloth. No matter how fierce he may be, a bull becomes more ferocious when he catches a glimpse of red. You may be sure, therefore, when this herd of forty-five saw the giant Tarpo strutting across their field with his fine red cloak trailing along on the ground, they were anything but pleased, and in three shakes of a sheep's tail they were all rushing toward him with lowered heads, bellowing out their anger.

When Tarpo caught sight of them, he looked around for a way of escape but found that they had completely surrounded him.

"Jump the fence!" yelled Jack, Junior.

Tarpo saw that the fence was three hundred yards away.

"Climb a tree!" sang out Jack, Junior.

Tarpo saw that the nearest tree was half a mile away.

"Crawl in a hole!" cried Jack, Junior.

Tarpo stooped down to look for a hole, and as he did so a big black bull that had galloped up behind him gave him such a severe butt that the giant was thrown flat on his face on the ground.

He raised himself on his hands and knees to get up when a big brown bull smashed into the side of his head and sent him down.

Tarpo tried to get up again, but a big white bull smote him in the rear and over he went once more.

Then a reddish bull, and a spotted bull, and a speckled bull, and a gray bull, and a

striped bull, and a yellow bull, and all sorts of other colored bulls took turns in knocking him down as fast as he made efforts to regain his feet.

It was a terrible time that Tarpo had and when he made one last attempt to escape, all the creatures charged upon him at once. They came from every side, and when they all crashed together with him in the middle, they simply mashed him to pieces.

The bright, beautiful red cloak was torn into ninety pieces and when the animals trotted off, there was a piece on each horn of each of them.

CHAPTER XIX
THE THREE SPIES

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THE THREE SPIES

THERE were sixty giants—all brothers—who made up their minds to capture Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, and in order to learn of the best way to go about this difficult task, they sent three of their number as spies to find out what they could about the lad; how strong he was, and what weapons he used in fighting.

These three giants who were chosen as spies were Bill, Dill and Fill, and they had no more than started out on their errand when it began to snow very hard. The snow came down in large white flakes that soon covered the ground to the depth of several feet.

Jack, Junior must have known that they were coming for he dressed himself up like an old woman and went out to meet them.

“Who are you, old woman?” asked the giants when they met him.

"Only a poor old creature," answered Jack, Junior.

"Will you show us how to reach the home of this fellow Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, if we promise not to eat you?" asked Bill.

"Yes, kind sirs," answered Jack, Junior.

"Is there any house near here where we can warm ourselves?" inquired Dill, who was shivering with the cold.

Jack, Junior pointed to a little hut nearby in which nobody lived and into which he said they might go and build a fire, but he was afraid that all three of them could not get into it at once.

The giants raced across the snow to the hut, and Bill and Dill got in and made a fire, but there was not room enough for Fill, who had to stand outside and shiver.

"Now, look here, old woman; you will have to show me some way to get warm," said Fill.

"There is a tree over here that will give you warmth if you will climb it," said Jack, Junior.

He showed the giant a large tree and Fill clambered up among the branches. At the same time Jack, Junior took some matches from his pocket and set fire to the trunk of the tree.

"It is not very warm up here!" cried the giant.

"Go up higher," suggested Jack, Junior.

The giant climbed higher and then he began to feel the warmth from the burning tree.

"How is it now?" asked Jack, Junior.

"It is getting a little warmer, old lady," replied Fill.

"Go a little higher," suggested Jack, Junior.

The giant climbed a little higher and by that time the lower part of the tree was burning so briskly that Fill was really comfortable.

"How is it now?" inquired Jack, Junior.

"Very fine," answered the giant.

"Go up a little higher," suggested Jack, Junior.

The giant climbed higher and by that time the heat was very intense and clouds of smoke had begun to roll up about the giant.

“How is it now?” asked Jack, Junior.

“It is altogether too hot,” answered Fill. “I guess I had better come down.”

“I guess you won’t do any such thing,” said Jack, Junior.

And he was right, for the next minute the flames encircled Fill, whose clothes speedily caught on fire and he was burnt up.

CHAPTER XX

BILL GETS INTO TROUBLE

CHAPTER XX

BILL GETS INTO TROUBLE

WHEN Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior had disposed of Fill, he hurried home to prepare for the coming of Bill and Dill. These giants, after they had warmed themselves in the hut, started out to look for him and were soon knocking at his back door.

Jack, Junior had gotten a pair of long stilts and strapped them to his legs and over them he drew a pair of long trousers, so that when he stood up on the stilts he appeared to be a very tall man indeed. He also took a piece of wax and formed it into a large nose that he fastened over his own nose. Then he took other pieces of wax and made large ears to fasten on his own ears, and fingers to fasten on his own fingers.

When the giants came in Jack, Junior, apologized for not being able to stand upright, saying that he had grown so quickly the

house had become too small for him, and he guessed he would have to build another house or go to live in one of the castles he owned.

Bill and Dill were very much surprised for they had expected to find a small lad, instead of this tall fellow who was really larger than either of them or any of their brothers.

Jack, Junior bade them sit down at the side of a table and he, too, took a seat.

"We hear you can do some wonderful things," said Bill. "Show us a few of them."

"I will do so," replied Jack, Junior, "if you will do just as I do."

"Very well," agreed Bill.

"And I will look on and see how it is done," said Dill.

With that Jack, Junior picked up a carving knife and chopped off one of his wax thumbs.

Bill looked surprised.

"Now it is your turn," said Jack, Junior, passing the carving knife across the table to Bill.

The giant made a wry face, but took the knife and chopped off one of his thumbs.

Then Jack, Junior took the knife and quickly chopped off all the wax fingers on his left hand.

Bill squirmed as the boy passed the knife to him, but summoned up his courage and chopped off all the fingers from his left hand.

Jack, Junior took the knife again and slashed a long piece from the end of his wax nose.

Bill was very much annoyed, but grabbed the knife and slashed his nose off close to his face.

Jack, Junior next picked up a saw and sawed off one of his stilts close to his foot.

Bill hesitated.

"You are a big coward," said Jack, Junior.

Then the giant seized the saw and sawed off one of his legs.

This was more than Dill could stand and he bolted for the door and ran as fast as his two legs could carry him.

And then Jack, Junior picked his broken stilt from the floor and cracked Bill over the head twice and killed him.

CHAPTER XXI

DILL SLAIN BY HIS BROTHERS

CHAPTER XXI

DILL SLAIN BY HIS BROTHERS

WHEN the giant Dill escaped from the home of Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, he did not go far, but stopped at the old hut which he and his brother had visited to warm themselves. He made another fire and threw himself on the floor beside it and went to sleep.

Jack, Junior was not done with him, however, and started in pursuit as soon as he had made sure that Bill was dead. It was easy to follow the giant by his footprints in the snow and Jack, Junior soon found him asleep in the hut. The boy got a lot of paints and paint brushes and set to work to decorate Dill as he had never been decorated before.

He painted the giant's toes black, and his feet brown, and his legs purple. Then he painted the giant's fingers light blue, and his hands dark blue, and his arms in black and

white stripes. He painted great red rings around the giant's eyes, and great blue rings around his ears, and a great yellow ring around his nose, and a great green ring around his mouth.

When it was all done a fearful looking sight was Dill, and Jack, Junior quietly slipped out of the hut and went home.

Dill slept very soundly for he had been tired and cold, so that he did not awake until the next morning. The snow was still falling and he pushed open the door of the hut and started for the home of his brothers who had sent him and Bill and Fill to spy upon Jack, Junior.

The giant was not aware of how his face had been decorated during his sound sleep, and as he drew his cloak closely around him to keep the cold wind and the snow from his body, he did not notice the fine art work that Jack, Junior had done on his feet and legs, and hands and arms.

When he neared the place where his



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THE BOY SET TO WORK TO DECORATE THE GIANT DILL.

brothers were awaiting him, however, they noticed it at once, and so thoroughly changed had Dill become through the painting process that they did not know him.

"Here comes some terrible enemy of ours," said one of them.

"Oh, what a fearful object!" exclaimed another.

"See the huge red dragon eyes he has," declared a third.

"And the monster blue ears," commented a fourth.

"And the horrible yellow nose!"

"And the green mouth!"

"And the purple legs!"

So, as he approached, each of them had some comment to make upon his hideous appearance.

They all seized their swords and clubs and prepared to defend themselves against this many colored creature coming toward them.

The eldest brother stepped out from among them and cried:

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

"Why, I am your brother Dill," answered the painted giant. "Don't you know your own brother? Are you not glad to see me, whom you sent to spy upon Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior?"

"If you are our brother, where are our other brothers who went with you to spy upon Jack, Junior?" asked one.

"They are both slain," answered Dill.

"And how did you escape?" asked another.

"By hiding in a hut," replied Dill.

"It is false!" exclaimed one of the giants. "You are not our poor brother Dill, but are some partner of Jack, Junior's, and I suppose you have enticed our three brothers into a trap and helped to slay them."

Then all the giants agreed to this and they fell upon the painted giant with their swords and their clubs and beat and cut him to death.

CHAPTER XXII

THE RETREAT OF THE FIFTY-SEVEN
GIANTS

CHAPTER XXII

THE RETREAT OF THE FIFTY-SEVEN GIANTS

NOW the angered giants, whose number had been reduced to fifty-seven by the deaths of Bill, Dill and Fill, marched out over the snow toward the home of Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior. There were so many of them, and they were so large and strong, that they did not believe it possible that he could escape them or that he could overthrow them if they met in battle, however wonderful he was, and whatever wonderful things he could do.

The noise made by the marching of the fifty-seven giants attracted the attention of Jack, Junior, and he called upon all the people to help him prepare to receive them properly upon their arrival.

Everyone was put to work making immense snow men and setting them up on the side of a hill overlooking the road along which the giants must pass. Exactly three hundred and

ten of these snow men were made, and each of them was as tall as a house and as broad as a barn door. Jack, Junior stuck pieces of coal in the faces of the snow men to represent eyes and noses and mouths, and placed tubs on their heads for hats, and fastened blankets around them for clothes. And then he armed each snow man with a great club.

They presented a very fierce appearance when the band of giant brothers came around a curve in the road, prepared to do battle. It could be seen at once that the giants were startled by the great array of warriors on the hillside, in front of whom Jack, Junior stood as their captain, with his sword drawn and all ready for the fight.

The fifty-seven brothers gazed in astonishment at Jack, Junior and his regiment and huddled together in the middle of the road to consider what they had better do. While they were discussing this among themselves, Jack, Junior turned to his snow men and solemnly made a little speech, taking care to shout it

out so loud as to let the giants hear every word he uttered. He said:

“Gentlemen and soldiers! it is a sad duty we have to perform to-day, but we must go about it bravely and do our work well. Down there, in the road, are fifty-seven giants, who have come here to slay you and your families. There are only three hundred and ten of you, but I am with you, and that makes three hundred and eleven. Therefore, it should not take us more than three minutes to fall upon those fellows and crush them to pieces no larger than peanuts. But that is not what we want to do. We want to teach these giants a terrible lesson that will also be a lesson to all other giants and keep them away from us for all time.

“When I give the order to charge, we must rush down on those fellows and surround them on all sides, so that not one of them can escape. Then we will bind each one with ropes and build a great fire and roast all of their toes off. When this has been done, we

want to dip their hands in a pot of boiling water and boil all their fingers off. Then we will pull their hair out by the roots. Then we will trim off their ears close to the sides of their heads. Then we will run red-hot pokers through their stomachs. Then we will beat them with sticks. When all this has been done, we will bury them in holes, with only their heads sticking out, and sic the dogs on them.”

Of course, the snow men listened very attentively to this fearful program, and so did the giants. When Jack, Junior had finished his speech, the fifty-seven brothers were fairly trembling with terror and were clinging to one another to prevent falling to the ground.

Jack, Junior cleared his throat, and, looking over his shoulder at his curious regiment, he asked, “Are you all ready? Then charge!”

That was enough for the giants. Believing that the great army of monsters, whom Jack, Junior had at his back, would speedily capture them and do all the dreadful things he had

spoken of, the giants turned and fled down the road, whooping and yelling, and battling with one another to see which could get away first.

Jack, Junior also made a terrific racket to fool the giants into believing that he and his army were at their heels. The fifty-seven brothers never stopped to look back, but tore along through the snow, panic-stricken and intent only upon getting as far away as possible.

It had been arranged by the lad that a fire engine with six lines of hose be stationed in the woods on the side of the road along which the giants retreated, and as they rushed pell-mell past this point the engine was started up and six streams of water were turned on the fleeing giants.

Each one of them was thoroughly drenched, and it was so cold that, as fast as the water fell on them it froze, and, presently, instead of there being fifty-seven scampering giants, there were fifty-seven huge icicles chasing over the country.

In a little time they reached a high stone wall, over which they could not climb because they were so stiff with the cold and the ice that covered them. They all gathered together in a heap and were soon frozen into a solid mass, resembling a great iceberg.

Whether they ever thawed out does not matter, for it is sufficient that none of these ever bothered Jack, Junior and his people again.

CHAPTER XXIII
THE WONDERFUL BEATER

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THE WONDERFUL BEATER

IT was a long time before Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior saw his old friend, the King of Circles, who had given him the magic grease; but one day he again met him in the woods.

“I have a present for you,” said the King of Circles, smiling as usual.

“Thank you; what is it?” asked Jack, Junior.

“This little stick,” answered the King of Circles. “It is small, but it is hard and strong, and nothing can break it or cut it. You must be very careful how you use it, however, for while it is a good friend, it is a dangerous enemy. Anyone who beats with this stick cannot stop beating, and the harder he beats, the harder he will have to beat. Take it; it may prove useful to you. But remember, you must be careful!”

Jack, Junior promised to remember and be careful, and again thanking the little old man, he thrust the stick in his belt and went on his way.

It chanced that day that he passed the home of a giant and slipped into the door, as no one was around, to see what was inside. The giant was not at home, but his wife was there preparing his dinner, as she expected him to return very soon from his walk.

"How are you?" asked Jack, Junior, bowing low to the wife of the giant.

"Not very well," answered the giant's wife. "I eat well and I sleep well, but I am not very strong."

"That's a pity," said Jack, Junior.

"Yes," answered the giant's wife. "I need strength here, for I have to do all the work, and between making the bread, making the beds, cleaning the house, and filling the giant's pipe, I have all that I can do. But run along now, boy, and don't bother me, for I must beat up some eggs to make a pudding for the giant,

and if it is not ready when he gets home he will be very angry and will beat me.”

“If you are going to beat eggs,” said Jack, Junior, “I have here a magic stick that will help you a great deal. If you promise to return it to me, I will lend it to you. It will make your work very much easier.”

The giant’s wife looked at the magic stick and was greatly interested in it, although she could not see how it would help her.

“Try it,” suggested Jack, Junior.

So the giant’s wife got her eggs ready and took the stick and began to beat them with it.

“It does work very easily,” she said, and she beat away as she never beat before.

“Beat harder,” said Jack, Junior.

But it was not necessary for him to tell her to do so, for she was already beating harder, and the harder she beat, the harder she had to beat. Her arm flew faster and faster, and the eggs splashed out of the pan and all over the floor and the walls until there were none left.

Then she beat the pan into a shapeless mass, and when that was done, she beat the table to pieces, and then two or three chairs, and all the pots and kettles in the room. She beat the sideboard and the stove to pieces, and yet she could not stop.

When she had gone all through the house and beat everything in it to pieces, she began to beat the sides of the house, and so vigorously did she do this, that the walls were soon tumbling down and the house was left a big pile of ruins.

She beat down the wall around the yard, and she beat down the stable, chicken-house and the pig-pen, and beat the poor pig and the cow to death.

Just then the giant came running up, for he had heard the racket and hurried home to see what all this noise was about.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he cried, for he feared his wife was having a crazy fit.

"Come here to me!" she screamed, for no sooner had she laid her eyes on him than her



THE BAD EFFECTS OF JACK, JUNIOR'S MAGICAL BEATER

arm holding the magic stick went faster, and she longed for something else to beat.

Away ran the giant, and away ran the wife after him. He dodged around the ruins of the house, and around the ruins of the wall, and around the ruins of the pig-pen, and the stable and the chicken-house, and she was right after him all the time and steadily gaining upon him.

Now, the giant was a stout fellow and was soon exhausted and out of breath, so that his wife got within reach of him and began to belabor him with the magic stick with all her might and main.

He jumped, and yelled, and screamed, but it was of no avail, for she rained blows upon him as fast as her arm could travel back and forth, and presently — well, he was simply beaten into a mass of mush.

Then the giant's wife beat down all the trees around the place, and, finding nothing else to beat, she began to pound on the ground. She worked so hard that a hole had soon

been knocked in the earth, and into this she jumped and continued beating, the hole getting deeper and deeper all the time.

Jack, Junior crawled to the side of the hole and looked down and watched her until she had gone so deep he could see her no longer, and could only hear the terrific pounding that she was giving the earth at the bottom. She never came out of that hole, unless she came out in China, at the other side of the world, where she may be beating the Chinese now.

CHAPTER XXIV
THE GAME OF TENPINS

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WHILE Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, was rolling tenpins one day, a giant, named Spare, came up behind him and grabbed him by the collar.

“What are you doing, you little scamp?” growled the giant.

“I am playing tenpins,” answered Jack, Junior.

“Let me see how you do it,” commanded the giant.

Then Jack, Junior set up the tenpins and showed him how to roll the balls along and knock them down.

“That’s a pretty good game,” said Spare. “We will have a game between us, but there must be larger pins, for these are entirely too small for me.”

“Larger ones would be entirely too large for me,” said Jack, Junior.

“Oh, I don’t care about you,” replied the giant, with a laugh. “But, mind you, if I win the game I am going to carry you off to my home and make you my slave for the rest of your days.”

“Well, if we are going to have larger tenpins and larger balls, you will have to allow me to roll the balls from a barrel, for I shall never be able to manage them with my hands,” said Jack, Junior.

“Very well,” answered Spare. “If you are able to roll them better from a barrel than with your hands, you are surely welcome to do so.”

They got saws and axes and cut down some trees and hewed them into tenpins twelve feet high, and they made balls that were one foot thick through the middle.

Jack, Junior went off and got his barrel to roll the balls with; but, in reality, it was a cannon covered with barrel staves.

Spare took the first roll and knocked all the pins down with one ball.

Jack, Junior loaded his barrel-cannon and knocked all the pins down with one ball.

"It is a tie game!" exclaimed the giant. "We must roll again."

This time Jack, Junior rolled first and knocked all the pins down with one ball.

Spare then rolled, and he, too, knocked all the pins down with one ball.

"Another tie!" he cried. "Roll again."

It was the giant's first go this time, and he knocked over all the pins, just as he had done before.

Jack, Junior rolled and did the same thing.

"There are too many ties in this game!" exclaimed the giant, angrily. "Try again."

Now Jack, Junior was a little careless, and when he rolled he knocked over but nine pins.

The giant was very much elated, and when he had knocked down all ten pins, he cried:

"Ah, you have lost the game, my fine young fellow."

"Not so fast," sang out Jack, Junior. "It is true, I knocked down only nine pins with

the last ball, but the next time I shall knock down eleven."

"How can that be?" inquired Spare, in surprise. "There are only ten altogether."

"I will show you," answered the boy. "But it is your first roll this time. Go ahead."

Spare rolled, and, as previously, knocked down all ten pins with a single ball.

"You are a very good bowler, but watch me," said Jack, Junior. "First, however, you must set those tenpins straight. Several of them are out of line."

Spare rearranged the tenpins until he had them just right.

"How is that?" he asked.

"They are all right now," replied Jack, Junior. "Now, if you will stand near to them and watch them closely, you will see me knock over eleven."

"You cannot do it," declared the giant. "There are only ten of them here."

"There are eleven," answered the boy. "Count them."

Spare counted them slowly and carefully.

"Now, there, Mr. Smart Boy," he cried; "there are only ten, as I told you."

"But you did not count yourself," said Jack, Junior.

"I am not a tenpin!" exclaimed the giant, in anger.

"Well, we shall see," replied the boy, placing his hand on the trigger of the barrel-cannon.

The giant saw what he was up to, but it was too late. Before Spare could spring to one side, Jack, Junior, who had this time loaded his cannon with a very strong charge, pulled the trigger.

The big ball, instead of rolling along on the ground, went hurtling through the air. It struck the giant squarely in the head and knocked him over, dead, and, as he fell, he toppled all the tenpins over.

"Well, I believe eleven went down that time," said Jack, Junior, to himself, as he sauntered homeward.

CHAPTER XXV

A TERRIBLE SHOCK

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JACK, the Giant Killer, Junior began to think that it was about time for him to be looking up the three brothers of the jumping giant, so one day he tucked a powerful electric battery under his arm and started off for their castle. He journeyed through the same long, dark cave that he did on the previous occasion, and when he stepped out into the castle courtyard there stood the three giants, waiting for him, for they had heard that he was coming.

“You are the fellow who slew our brothers,” they said. “How dare you come here? You caused the disaster to the Talking Slate, too, and have done all sorts of evil things against us. Do you think we have forgotten these?”

“No,” answered Jack, Junior. “But, see, I have come to repay you for the loss of the Talking Slate. Here is a much more wonder-

ful thing. It will make you feel young again. It will make you dance and shout as do merry children on a playground."

The giants did not believe Jack, Junior, and plainly told him so. They remembered the dynamite trick and were afraid to give him another opportunity to get the better of them.

But Jack, Junior placed the electric battery on a table, and, taking out the two handles fastened to the long cords, invited them to try it.

"It will make you feel very happy," said he.

At last one of them consented to catch hold of the handles, and immediately a curious tingling sensation went through his body.

"Now, does not that make you feel happy?" asked Jack, Junior.

"I don't know," replied the grinning giant. "I cannot tell whether I feel happy or what, but I do know that it is very funny and fine. I think it is a tickling machine."

"It is," said Jack, Junior, to himself, "and it is apt to tickle you to death."

The other giants wanted to try the thing, so Jack, Junior told them all to join hands, which they did, and the two at the ends took hold of the electric battery's handles.

"Do you feel younger?" asked Jack, Junior.

"Yes! yes!" they cried, laughing at the great fun they were having.

The lad turned the electric current on stronger, and they began to dance up and down, increasing their laughter and expressions of wonder at the peculiar sensations.

"Do you wish to feel still younger?" asked Jack, Junior.

"Yes! yes!" they answered, for they were enjoying it.

Then Jack, Junior turned on the current so strong that it drew their fingers into knots, so that they could not release the handles or disconnect their hands.

When they discovered this, all three howled with displeasure.

"Enough! Enough!" cried one.

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried another.

"Make it stop biting me!" cried the third.

But Jack, Junior was now determined to see all the fun he could, and he made the current still stronger.

The giants raved, and roared, and pranced, and danced, and howled, and yelled, but it was useless, and they could not get at Jack, Junior, for they were stuck together as tight as if they had been glued one to another.

They grew red in their faces, and perspiration stood out on their features like great drops of rain. And all the time they were jumping harder and higher and yelling louder than before.

"You must answer one question for me," said Jack, Junior.

"Wow! Wow! We will!" they cried, together. "Wow! Wow! What is it? Wow! Wow! Hurry up! Wow! Wow!"

"What did the Talking Slate intend to say when I asked it where my father was, and you smashed it before it had finished speaking?" inquired Jack, Junior.

The giants, still dancing and gritting their teeth, pretended not to know what the Talking Slate had tried to say, so Jack, Junior, made the electric current still stronger, and one of them at last cried out:

“The Slate said, ‘Beyond the mountains and across the seas.’”

“Ah! That is where my father is, is it?” exclaimed Jack, Junior, in great triumph that he had finally learned what he had so long sought.

Then he turned on the electric current so strong that it killed all the giants instantly, and they fell to the floor in a heap.

CHAPTER XXVI

JACK, JUNIOR RESCUES JACK, SENIOR

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NOW there was gladness in the land when Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior returned home and told the people he had learned where his father was, and he lost no time in preparing to go to rescue him. In order to cross the seas, he built for himself a fine flying machine, and, after bidding his mother an affectionate farewell, he started on his aerial voyage.

It took him days to cross the ocean and days to cross the mountains beyond the ocean before he saw from his lofty perch a giant's castle.

The giant, whose name was Thornraven, and who wore a big brass ring in his nose, was walking along a road when the flying machine circled over his head. Thornraven was, naturally, a little perplexed, for he had never seen such an affair before.

“Who or what are you?” he cried. “Are you a bird or a goblin? And, furthermore, what do you want?”

Jack, Junior made no reply, but carried the flying machine closer to the giant. Thornraven struck viciously at it with his club, but Jack, Junior skilfully guided the machine aside and escaped the blow which was intended to demolish him. He continued these tactics until the giant gave up, in despair, his efforts to strike down the peculiar air craft, and, out of breath, threw himself on the ground at the side of the road.

“Who or what are you?” he cried again.

“I am a little star from high up in the sky,” replied Jack, Junior. “From away up there I have seen your wicked deeds, and I have come down here to punish you.”

“I have done no wicked deeds,” answered the giant.

“Ah, yes,” replied Jack, Junior. “You stole a good man, named Jack, the Giant Killer, from his home, and you have kept him in a

dungeon cell in your castle, surrounded by snakes and toads and lizards, and with very little to eat, for many, many years.”

“No!” howled the giant, angrily, for he was furious that his badness should be discovered.

“Oh, yes,” continued Jack, Junior. “I am not to be fooled. From up in the sky I could see him hid away in your dungeon. I demand that you release him at once, or I shall see my friends, Thunder and Lightning, and ask them to strike you down dead.”

This frightened Thornraven, and he agreed to set Jack’s father free.

Then he opened the dungeon, and out walked Jack, the Giant Killer.

As soon as the father saw his brave son, he knew who he was, although he had not seen him since he was a tiny baby. The two rushed into each other’s arms and embraced heartily.

Now, when Thornraven saw that he had been tricked, he grew furiously mad and made a dash for the father and son to slay them on

the spot; but, just as he was about to lay hold of them, they sprang nimbly into the flying machine and sailed up in the air.

The anchor, which was hanging down by a long rope, caught in the ring in Thornraven's nose, and the giant was carried up, yelling like mad.

Away went the flying machine with the happy father and son, and dangling below them was the unhappy giant, who, try as he would, could not release himself.

Jack, Junior steered the machine homeward, and when they were over the middle of the ocean, far away from land, he reached down and cut the anchor rope with a knife.

The giant dropped down, down, down, down, down, like a stone, and sank beneath the surface of the waves, never to rise again.

It goes without saying that there was general rejoicing when Jack, the Giant Killer, and Jack, the Giant Killer, Junior, returned home. A great feast was given, and the people celebrated the event for a whole week.

And the best part of it all was, that there were no more giants left in the land and the people lived in peace and happiness for many years thereafter.

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