

BOY AND GIRL  
HEROES  
FLORENCE V. FARMER

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BOY AND GIRL HEROES



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TORONTO

EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

# BOY AND GIRL HEROES

BY

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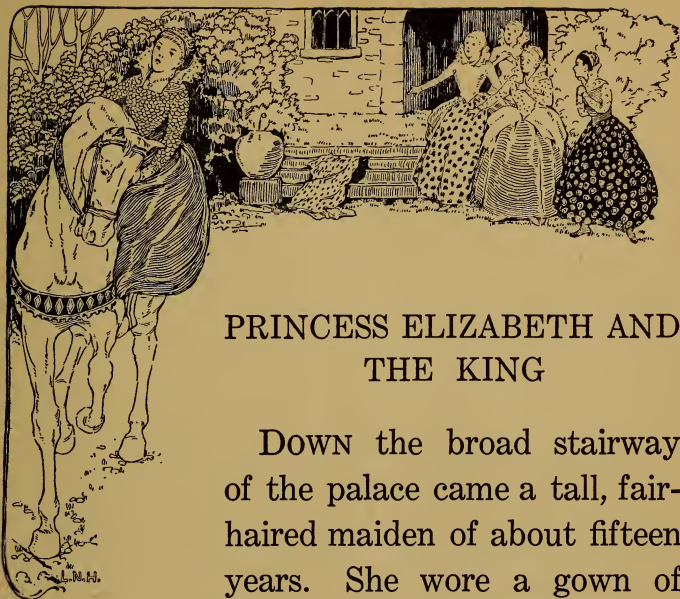
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## PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE KING

DOWN the broad stairway of the palace came a tall, fair-haired maiden of about fifteen years. She wore a gown of rich velvet, and a cloak of royal ermine hung from her shoulders. Upon her head was a net of gold set with pearls, and many jewels glittered at her throat. She was the Lady Elizabeth, Princess of England.

As she joined the group of young girls awaiting her, she noticed a strange horse tied beside the King's at the foot of the terrace.

“Whose steed is that?” she asked.

“It is a new one, brought for the King to look at, your highness,” answered one of the girls. “But he is so wild that no one dares to ride him.”

“What a beauty!” cried the princess. “How I should like to ride him. I do believe I could!”

“You ride him!” cried the girls. “You would surely be killed, if you tried.”

“Did I not ride my brother’s horse, Black Richard?” asked the princess, proudly.

“Oh, yes,” said the girls, “but he had been well trained and this horse has not. Surely you would not dare to ride him!”

“Not dare!” cried the princess. “Who says *not dare* to me?”

She swept by them all, dropped her royal cloak of ermine upon the stairs, leaped into the saddle, and seized the reins.

The astonished horse tossed his head angrily and then, with a fierce snort of rage, tore through the gate and down the road.



A cry of horror broke from the terror-stricken girls, and no one knew what to do.

The young princess, brave though she was, looked back at her friends, half in fear, half in triumph as, still firm in the saddle, she sped on in her mad ride.

The horse had taken the bit in his teeth, but a sharp tug at the bridle drew his head around, and suddenly he turned and galloped back again straight through the gate, to the steps of the palace. He scattered the crowd of frightened girls in every direction as he flew past them. Then, with a sudden and mighty bound, he cleared the low river wall and leaped into the water.

“Help, help!” screamed the maidens.  
“The Princess Elizabeth is drowning!”

The door of the palace was flung open, and above the shouts was heard a clear young voice.

“What means this noise? Have you all gone crazy?”

“The King! the King! it is the King!” whispered the girls in awed tones.

The young boy who stood upon the terrace was fair and frail but of noble mien. His suit was of black velvet trimmed with gold and rare lace, and he wore a long white plume in his velvet cap.

“Oh, your majesty, your majesty!” cried the girls, “the Princess Elizabeth is drowning! See, see, she’s in the river!”

Down the broad stairway sprang the startled King.

“My sister drowning,” he cried, “and no one tries to save her! Will you let her drown before your eyes? Where is she?”

“There, there,” cried the girls. “She would mount the new horse, and he leaped into the river with her.”

The King jumped upon Black Richard’s back, and in an instant had urged the horse over the wall into the river.

Elizabeth, still holding tightly to the wild

steed's mane, called out to the King, "Help, help, dear Edward! I will hold here till you come."

The horse made violent plunges and tried in every way to get his rider off his back, but the brave girl clung to his neck and waited for her brother.

But Black Richard was startled by his plunge into the river, and the boy King, though a cool and fearless rider, had great trouble in guiding him.

At last he reached his sister's side.

"Hold fast, hold fast, Elizabeth," he cried. "I will lead your horse to the shore."

The brave lad had now a double duty, to guide his own good steed and to lead the wild creature bearing the princess.

"Oh, Edward, I can hold on no longer," called Elizabeth, feebly. "I am sinking."

"Quick, jump to Black Richard's back," said Edward, "and let your horse go."

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot," moaned the girl. "I have no strength left."

“Jump, jump, I tell you! It’s your only chance,” cried her brother.

She tried, but she fell into the water and sank from sight.

Without a moment’s hesitation, the King dived after her. Soon he rose to the surface, clutching his sister’s gown. Holding her tightly with one arm, he swam towards his horse.

“Good Richard,” he called, “come to me.”

The noble animal swam straight towards the struggling boy.

The King flung the princess across Black Richard’s back. Then he climbed after her and grasped the bridle with his left hand. Holding his sister with his right, he guided the horse to the shore.

Strong arms drew them from the water. With thankful hearts and words of wonder and of pride, the people cheered their brave young King.



## HOW JEAN FOUND THE CALF

THE calf Trubb was lost.

Since early morning Jean had searched for her. Now it was growing dark, and the boy was tired.

The calf was the pet and pride of little Susanna. Its loss meant tears and trouble, and Jean could not bear to see the small Susanna in tears. So, tired though he was, he started on again along the beach, over the hill, and through the dark forest.

“Perhaps Trubb is in the woods,” he thought.

Suddenly he remembered that it was Christ-

mas Eve. Not that Christmas Eve could mean much to Jean! For five long years he had lived and worked among people who had no holidays and who thought it wicked to seek pleasure. But the little French boy could not forget all the fun of Christmas in his old home in Canada.

“Trubb shall be my Christmas gift to little Susanna,” he thought.

On the boy tramped through the woods. By and by he came near a pile of stones. The Indians had built this pile as a sign of peace after the last war. Neither Indian nor white man would touch it so long as the country was at peace.

As Jean drew near, he saw a sight that made him stop in terror. Then he crept back and hid among the trees.

There before him, he saw an Indian standing silently by the peace pile. Then two other Indians glided from the woods and stood beside this one. Silently they went to



work. They were pulling down the peace pile! War was in the land again!

“What shall I do?” thought Jean.

For an instant he hesitated. Then he turned and ran swiftly towards the settlement. First he must warn his friends, then he must hurry to the next settlement for help. He knew that the weak little fort could not hold out long against a large band of Indians.

He thought of a fair-haired little girl fleeing before an Indian hatchet, and the thought urged him on. Susanna must be saved!

“Hello! hello!” he called at the first house. “Get up! get up! The Indians are coming!”

Old Grandpa Parkins almost tumbled out of bed in his hurry. He rushed to the window and flung open the heavy shutter.

“The peace pile is down!” cried Jean. “Tell the people! I will run to Fort Saco for help. Tell everybody to hurry into the fort. And will you please see that little Susanna is safe?”

Then the boy rushed on and was soon out of sight in the darkness.

The tidings of danger spread. From every home in the settlement came men, women, and children, hurrying to the rough stone fort. There were about one hundred in all, but of these only thirty were fighting men.

Meanwhile Jean ran on. It was a good ten miles from the settlement to Fort Saco, and the road was sandy and rough. But straight on ran Jean. Sometimes he stumbled; sometimes he fell. He was frightened at every sound and every moving object, but he *must* get to Fort Saco before midnight.

Suddenly a form rose before him in the darkness. Jean's heart throbbed fiercely. Before he could draw his knife, the form was upon him. Then Jean felt a cold nose against his burning cheek. He broke into a laugh and flung his arms about the neck of Trubb, the calf.

He was so happy at finding Trubb, that for



a moment he forgot the danger, but only for a moment. Then he remembered what he had to do. So on again he started, dragging the calf at his heels.

But Trubb was in no hurry and poor Jean had to pull hard to make her go at all.

"This will not do," he thought. "I can never get there with this calf pulling me back. I must tie her here and come for her afterward."

He took a strong fish cord from his pocket and tied Trubb to a pine tree. Then again he sped on his way.

At the settlement Christmas morning dawned upon a strange, grim scene. The houses were all deserted. Behind rocks and trees were hidden Indians. Within the fort the people were crowded together, praying for help. Their powder was nearly gone. Their only hope lay in Jean's message to Saco.

There were some among the people who put small faith in Jean.

“He will not help us,” they said. “He is French and will bring the French soldiers against us.”

But little Susanna said, “He will come, if he lives, and so will Trubb. Jean has promised, and he never breaks a promise.”

The Indians crept nearer and nearer. The people within the fort were in despair.

Suddenly a cry arose.

“A sail! a sail! The soldiers are coming from Saco! Now, you redskins, we’ll show you!”

Then the people in the fort fired their last shots at the crawling forms behind the rocks.

Making straight for the fort was a boat filled with soldiers. As she neared the point, the men in her began firing. The Indians fled before the steady volley, and the soldiers, landing quickly, drove them back into the forest.

When the fighting was over, Susanna asked, “Where is Jean?”

“He is not here,” said the men. “He warned us, then he went away, and we know nothing about him.”

“It is not like Jean,” said little Susanna, weeping. “He promised to find Trubb.”

In the afternoon of Christmas Day the people left the fort and went back to their own homes.

As Susanna and her mother drew near their little house, they saw smoke curling above the chimney. They had left no fire. Who could be in their house? Was it the Indians?

Cautiously they opened the door.

Within, a fire was burning, the kettle was singing merrily, and their supper was ready on the table. But best of all there was Jean, while close at hand was Trubb, the calf.

Though nothing was said of the day, for none but Jean took note of such a day, there was surely never a happier Christmas Day, and never was there a more welcome Christmas gift than Trubb, the calf.



## THE FALL OF LONDON BRIDGE

“London Bridge is fallen down,  
Fallen down, fallen down,  
London Bridge is fallen down,  
My fair lady !”

YOUNG ETHELRED\* was King of England. He was called Ethelred “the Unready,” and unready the Danes had found him.

They had come with their armies to take his kingdom from him. The boy was no match for the fierce Norsemen. So they seized London and the King was in despair. Could he ever regain his capital city?

Across the sea in Norway was another boy King, young Olaf, and he was always ready. Olaf the Brave, they called him. At thirteen he had won his first great victory over a fleet

\* Eth'-el-red.



of these same Danes, and now he was a warrior tried.

Word came to Olaf that King Ethelred was in trouble and was calling for the help of all good warriors. So he quickly hoisted his blue and crimson sails and steered his twenty warships over the sea to aid the English King. Up the river and straight for London he rowed.

Just below the city King Ethelred met the strangers.

“Whence come ye,” he asked, “and why have ye come hither?”

“I am Olaf and we have brought our swords to fight for thee,” said Olaf. “We fight for love of fighting.”

“All hail to Olaf the Brave,” cried the King, and at his command the war horns sounded a mighty welcome.

“Thou hast come in right good time,” said the King, “for the Danes have taken London and are in my father’s castle. They have

built a strong fort of stones and earth and have placed a large army there.”

“Why do you not go against the fort and take it?” asked Olaf.

“I tried,” replied the King, “but could do nothing.”

“Why not?” asked Olaf.

“Because,” replied the King, “the Danes have posted soldiers all along the bridge, and we cannot get near enough to attack. They throw down stones, spears, and arrows upon our ships, so that we are driven back.”

“Why do you not pull down the bridge?” asked Olaf.

“Pull down the bridge!” cried the amazed King. “How could we do that? Have we a Samson among us?”

“Bring your ships alongside mine,” said Olaf, “and I will show you how to pull it down.”

“Be it so,” said Ethelred, and he gave orders for his men to obey Olaf.

So Olaf made ready to pull down the bridge. He ordered the men to make great platforms. They even tore down houses to get enough wood. These platforms were placed as roofs to cover the ships, and were supported by pillars. Now the men could work protected from the stones and spears of the Danes.

When all was ready, Olaf commanded the rowers to move the roofed warships close up to London Bridge.

As they drew near, the Danes cast stones, arrows, and spears upon them. Some of the ships were so badly damaged that they retired down the river. But Olaf was not to be driven back. Straight ahead he went, until he was close to the bridge.

“Now bring out the cables,” he shouted, “and lay them around the piles!”

The men reached out from under the roofs and passed stout cables twice around the wooden supports of the bridge. The ends were made fast to the ships. Then Olaf’s



twenty warships turned and headed downstream.

“Put out all the oars,” shouted Olaf. “Now, men, pull! Pull as if for Norway!”

Forward and backward swayed the strong Norse rowers; tighter and tighter stretched the cables; faster and faster rained the stones and weapons upon the roofs of the ships! Slowly but surely the wooden piles under the great bridge were loosened by the steady tug of the cables. The bridge began to sway and then to bend downstream.

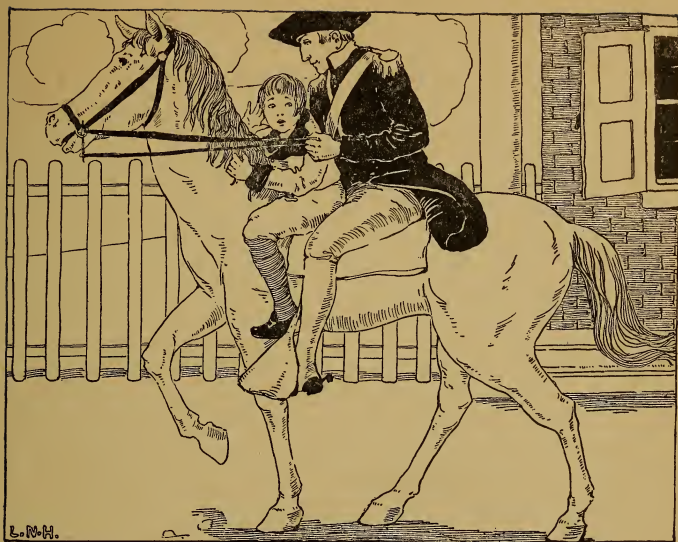
“Now, once more,” shouted Olaf. “All together, pull!”

With a sudden spurt, the warships darted down the river, and with them went the piles of London Bridge.

A mighty shout arose. The bridge gave way and with a great roar and splash it fell into the river. Most of the men on it fell with it, while the others fled, some one way, some another.

Young Olaf and his men and the English soldiers sprang ashore and stormed the fort. They carried all before them and the Danes were driven from the city.

So Ethelred won back his capital and he ever honored above all others Olaf, the Boy Viking.



## ROBERT AND THE SPY

“I WISH I were a hero,” sighed eight-year-old Robert. “I wish I were grown up and could go to war.”

Robert’s father was a soldier and was away from home fighting for his country. The little boy had heard many tales of heroes. He longed to do some brave deed such as those heroes had done, but he lived a very quiet

life and never seemed to have a chance to be a hero.

“Never mind, my son,” said his mother. “There are many heroes who never go to war. You may have a chance some day to be a hero right here in your own home.”

Scarcely had she spoken when they heard a noise at the door. It sounded as if some one had fallen on their little porch.

The mother hurried to the door to see what the noise could be.

There on the doorstep lay a soldier. His eyes were closed and his face was pale. He looked as if he were dying.

He wore an enemy's uniform, but Robert's mother could not let even an enemy die for the want of a little help.

“Come, Robert,” she said, “we must get him into the house. But first go and get a glass of water.”

As Robert ran for the water, the soldier opened his eyes.

“Help me,” he whispered. “I am not a British soldier. I am an American spy. The British are after me. Help me to hide.”

Then the eyes closed again. The sick man had fainted.

The sound of galloping horses was heard far away. The woman saw two horsemen coming over the hill. There was not a minute to lose!

Seizing him by the shoulders, she and Robert dragged the wounded man into the house and locked him in a secret closet.

When the two horsemen stopped at the door the woman was busy in the kitchen, while Robert was playing with the cat on the porch. But he was pale, and his hands trembled.

One of the men noticed how white and scared he looked. So, seizing him roughly by the arm, he shouted, “Where is the spy who came down this way a little while ago? Tell us quickly!”

Poor little Robert! He trembled so, he could not have answered if he had tried.

"The boy knows something," said one man to the other. "We can soon frighten him into telling what he knows."

"No, you can't," cried Robert, who had at last found his voice. "I shall never tell you where he is."

The poor child was brave, but he was not very wise.

"You won't tell?" shouted the man. "Then you will go with us. We will shut you up in a big, dark prison until you will tell."

He caught hold of Robert and, jumping upon his horse, galloped away with the boy before him on the saddle.

"Robert, Robert," screamed his mother; but the man rode on, taking no notice of her cries.

Across the fields, over the hills, and through the woods they galloped. At length they

came to the headquarters of the British army.

“Will you tell us now?” asked the man.

“No,” sobbed Robert, his lips trembling so that he could scarcely speak. “No, I will never tell you.”

“Waste no more time on him,” said another man. “Come, we must be off. Lock the boy in the cellar.”

A soldier picked up the little fellow and carried him away, while the two men rode off.

Robert cried and struggled, but it was of no use. He was thrown roughly down on the cellar floor. Then in a moment he heard the great iron door slammed and locked. For hours and hours he lay where he had been thrown. He cried until he could cry no more.

It grew darker and darker. It was night. Would no one come to him? Must he stay here and starve to death? He had heard stories of such things.

Suddenly there was a sound. He sat up



and listened. It was a key turning in the rusty lock!

There was a flash of light, then a whisper: "Are you here, little boy? Where are you?"

Robert sprang to his feet and gazed in wonder. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were awake. Surely this beautiful lady, all dressed in white, must be an angel!

"Hush," she whispered, laying her fingers on his lips. "Do not speak, but come with me. You need not be afraid. I will do you no harm. I will take you home to your mother."

She hurried him up the narrow stairs, through a dark hall, and out into the open air.

A little way down the road stood a beautiful white horse. This the lady mounted. She drew Robert up in front of her. Then away they rode.

By and by the lady stopped.

"You are near your home now," she said.



“I must hurry back. Run to your mother as fast as you can!”

Putting Robert down from the horse, she turned and rode away, before the grateful child could speak a word.

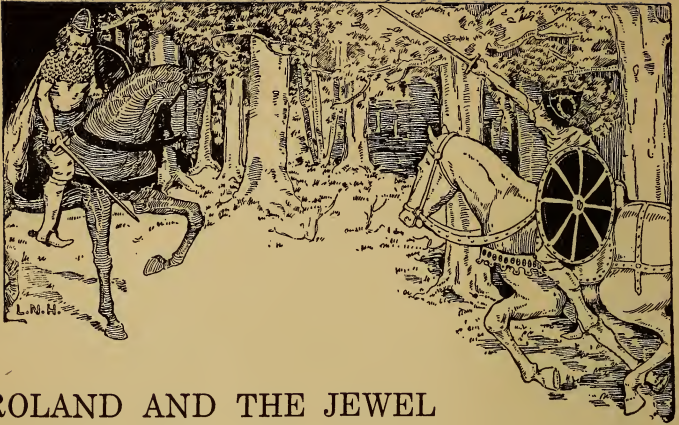
It was near morning, and across the field Robert could see his home among the trees. How he did run!

“Oh, mother,” he shouted, bursting in at the door, “I didn’t tell! I didn’t tell!”

“My brave boy! My little hero!” sobbed the mother.

“Was I a hero? I am so glad,” murmured Robert.

In another minute he was fast asleep, held close in his mother’s arms.



## ROLAND AND THE JEWEL

THE King called all his knights before him. "Sir Knights," said he, "I have been told of a wonderful jewel. It is the largest and most beautiful in the world. It belongs to the Robber Knight. He wears it in his shield. Now let all my knights ride forth and search for this jewel. To him who brings it to me I will give whatever he may ask."

Sir Milon greatly longed to win the prize. He took his young son Roland as his page and set out to seek the Robber Knight. For many days he searched in the forest where the robber lived. But his search was vain.

One day, tired and discouraged, he took off his heavy armor and lay down under a tree to rest.

Young Roland sat beside him for a time. Soon, seeing that his father was asleep, he looked about for something to do.

By and by he arose. Softly he put on his father's armor. Then he sprang upon the war horse and rode into the forest. There whom should he meet but the Robber Knight! He knew him at once by the wonderful jewel that glittered in the middle of his shield.

Roland was too brave to run away, although the knight was much taller and stronger than he.

So he said to himself, "I will fight him and get the jewel. Then perhaps the King will let me go to his castle and become a knight."

With a shout, he drew his father's sword and rushed upon the foe.

Fierce and terrible was the fight that followed. Though the knight was the stronger,

the boy was the quicker. At length Roland killed the Robber Knight and tore the jewel from his shield. He hid it under his cloak and rode back to the tree where his father was sleeping.

He put the armor where he had found it and tied the horse just as his father had done. Then he lay down to rest and wait for his father to awake. He thought it would be best not to tell of his fight with the robber, nor of the jewel hidden in his cloak.

“I want to give it to the King myself,” he thought.

By and by his father awoke and put on his armor. Mounting his horse, he once more began his search in the forest. Soon he came to the spot where the Robber Knight lay.

“Some one has been before me,” exclaimed Sir Milon. “I had hoped to gain the prize.”

Sadly he turned and rode back to the castle.

On the day set, all the knights came before

the King. They were followed by their pages carrying their shields.

Each knight told of finding the body of the robber in the forest. Each told of the many signs of a terrible battle.

Last of all came Sir Milon, looking sad and disappointed. He was closely followed by Roland, who held a shield before him. And lo! there in the shield shone the beautiful, long-sought jewel!

At the sight the people set up a shout of joy.

The King called out, "Sir Milon has won the prize! Step forward, Sir Milon, and name the reward you wish. Whatever it is, it is granted to you!"

"But I have not won it," cried the bewildered knight. "I, like the others, found only the dead body of the robber. His shield had been wrenched apart and the jewel was gone."

Great was Sir Milon's surprise when he saw

the jewel in his own shield, carried by his son.

The knights all crowded around Roland. Then he told how he had met the robber and killed him.

“The prize is for Roland,” cried the King. “What will you have for your reward?”

“My one desire,” replied the boy, “is to live in the castle and become one of the King’s knights. For they go everywhere with the King and fight always by his side.”

The King was greatly pleased with this answer. He gave orders at once that the boy should stay in the castle and be trained to be a knight.

So Roland was taught the first duties of the true knight, — to reverence God and honor the King; to speak the truth at all times; to deal justly with both friend and foe; to be courteous and obliging to his equals, and above all, to help the needy, to protect the weak, and to respect the ladies.

Roland became the bravest and most famous of all the knights of the royal court. And every one praised and loved him, for he was indeed a knight without fear and without blame.





## THE DRUMMER BOY

DAVY was an orphan. When his father was killed by the Indians, the boy was but nine years old. He then went to live with the wife of a soldier who was very kind to him.

Davy was small for his age, but he was so quick and so willing to please that he soon made friends with all the men in the settlement.

There were very few white people living in that part of the country, but there were a great many Indians, who killed the white people

whenever they had a chance. It was a time of war with England, and the British hired the Indians to kill the settlers.

Colonel Clark thought that if he could drive the British out, he could stop the terrible murder done by the Indians. So he set out to capture the British forts in that part of the country. He called for all the Americans living near to come to his aid.

Davy's friends were among the first to join Colonel Clark, and Davy begged for leave to go. So they took him with them.

Now the colonel wanted men able and willing to fight and to take long, hard, marches. He was angry when they brought little Davy before him.

"This is no place for a child," he said.

"We brought him for a drummer boy," said one of the men.

"He's so little, he'll be no trouble," said another. "We shall have no luck without him, Colonel."

“I’ll carry him, if he gets tired on the march,” said a third.

Colonel Clark laughed.

“Well, boys,” he said, “if you must have him, you must. I have no orders about taking a drummer boy into the army, but we’ll take him.”

Then, laying his hand upon the little fellow’s shoulder, he said kindly, “You will have a hard time, Davy. You will need to be strong and brave.”

That night the men were resting around a big camp fire. Suddenly a man ran out of the woods, carrying something on his head that looked like a kettle. He was one of Davy’s special friends and had been away from the camp since early in the afternoon.

The kettle proved to be a drum on which the man began to beat with his hands for drumsticks.

“It’s for Davy,” he cried, setting it down

in front of the boy. "I've the King's own drum for you, Davy."

And sure enough, it had been taken from a British regiment and bore on its head the royal arms of England.

They flung the string about Davy's neck. Drumsticks were quickly made, and the boy took his first lesson in drumming.

The next day, when the little army drew up for parade, Davy was at the head of the line, prouder than any man in the ranks. From that day the little drummer boy was the pet and plaything of the whole army.

The British heard that Clark had taken some of their forts, but they thought that they could easily get them back again.

It was winter. The rivers had overflowed their banks, and it was hard to march from one place to another. So they decided to wait until spring. Then they thought it would be easy to take Clark and his men.

But Clark would not wait to be taken. He

thought that if he could manage to get to the largest British fort in winter, when he was not expected, he could capture it.

At first the journey was easy enough. They passed across the snow-covered prairies and through great stretches of woods. They killed buffaloes and deer for food, so there was plenty to eat. At night they built huge fires and slept around them.

In the middle of February they reached the lowlands. The ice in the rivers had just broken. All day long the men waded in icy water. At night they had to lie on wet snow and ice. They found very little wood for fires and had scarcely anything to eat.

It was Colonel Clark and Davy who kept the men cheerful through all these hardships. The colonel taught Davy gay songs which the boy sang at night, when they lay around their camp fires. The soldiers would join in the chorus and, for a time, forget their troubles.

Clark was afraid that the men would want to

give up the journey. He knew that if they could hold out a little longer, they would be at the fort.

At last the little army came to a river, wide, though shallow. It was covered with thin ice, and there was no way of getting over but by wading. At this, the worn-out, half-frozen men rebelled. Clark urged them in vain.

“If we can get to those hills across the river, our troubles will be ended,” he said.

But the men would go no farther.

Then Clark thought of Davy. He might save the day.

Calling the tallest man in the army to him, he said, “When I give the word, you take Davy, with his drum, on your shoulders and follow me. Davy, do you think you could give us that song you sang last night?”

“Oh, yes, sir!” answered Davy, his teeth chattering with the cold.

The colonel raised his sword high in the air, shouted an Indian war whoop, and plunged



into the water. The tall soldier swung Davy to his shoulders and followed the colonel. Davy beat the charge with all his might, though his hands were so numb that he could scarcely hold the sticks.

There was a shout, and the men went plunging after.

“Now sing, Davy!” called the colonel.

Davy sang at the top of his voice. It was a favorite song of the men. They joined in the chorus and forgot the cold and the hardships they were suffering.

When the song was ended, they had reached the other side of the river and were at last on dry land. It was not long before they were in sight of the fort.

Clark marched his little army around and around in such a way as to make it seem that he had many men with him. He wrote a commanding letter to the British and behaved like a general with a large army.

It was just as Clark had expected. His



coming in midwinter was a great surprise to the British. They were having a party that night and were not prepared for fighting. They thought that a large, strong force was about to attack them and decided not to fight. So the American soldiers were soon making themselves comfortable in the fort.

The next day Davy, with his drum, led a parade in the square of the captured fort. Then Colonel Clark publicly thanked the little drummer boy who had drummed the American army to victory.

## HOW A BOY SAVED A QUEEN

QUEEN MARY was very beautiful, but she was very unhappy. Some of the people in her kingdom did not want her for their queen. So they put her in prison and chose her young son for their king.

The Queen's prison was a castle which stood on a small island in the middle of a lake. It could be reached only by boat.

Here Queen Mary was carefully watched. She was not allowed even to write to her friends or to receive any letters from them. Her keepers never let her see any one, except those who lived in the castle. Most of these people were unkind to her, so the poor Queen was very sad and lonely.

In the castle was a boy called the Little Douglas, who acted as page. One of his duties was to wait upon Queen Mary. In



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clear weather the Queen would sit or walk in the garden. The Little Douglas was always with her. He would carry her cloak, arrange a comfortable seat for her, or do any other little service that she might desire. They were soon good friends, and the boy was sure that the Queen had been badly treated. He began to plan ways of helping her to escape from the castle and join her friends.

One day the Little Douglas was sent on an errand to the village. While there he secretly visited some of the Queen's friends. He told them how anxious he was to help the Queen.

It was arranged that on a certain night at twelve o'clock the page should row the Queen to the shore across the lake. There the men would have horses ready to meet them and take them away.

When the Little Douglas went back to the island, he carried a large bunch of keys hidden under his cloak.

At sunset each day all the doors and gates

of the castle were locked, and at supper the keys were placed beside the plate of the governor. After that no one could get in or out of the castle without his permission.

At supper on the night set for the Queen's escape, the Little Douglas watched his chance. While he held out his plate to be filled, he took the bunch of keys from the table and put his own in their place beside the governor's plate. He was careful, but he could not help a slight noise as he took up the bunch.

The governor shouted, "Who touches the keys?"

The boy trembled with fright.

"I touched them with the sleeve of my cloak," he answered.

In great fear he watched the governor take up the false keys without looking at them and put them into his pocket.

"I am indeed lucky," thought the boy.

As soon as he could, he hurried away from the table and went to his own room. Here



he carefully oiled the keys so that they would turn easily and silently in the locks.

So far everything had gone well, but even now the governor might find out that he did not have the real keys. Suppose some one wanted to go out of the castle during the evening! The boy knew that if he were found out, his punishment would be severe, and that the Queen would be watched more carefully than ever. He trembled at every sound, thinking some one was coming to him for the keys. But no one came.

At midnight, when everything was very quiet in the castle, the boy crept softly to the Queen's rooms.

"Now turn smoothly," he murmured to the great key as he put it into the lock.

As if they heard him, the bolts turned without a sound.

He first placed a light in the window as a signal to their friends across the lake. Then the boy and the Queen stole out together.



On tiptoe he led the anxious and frightened Queen down the winding stairs. Out through the garden they went to the side of the lake, where a boat had been hidden. The boy locked each door and gate after passing through, so that no one could get out of the castle to follow them.

Then he helped the Queen into the boat. Quickly he jumped in after her, pushed off, and was soon rowing for the other shore, silently but strongly.

When out in deep water, he threw the bunch of keys into the lake.

"It will take a long time to find those," he laughed softly.

When the Queen stepped out of the boat, she found her friends waiting to receive her.

Quickly they all mounted their horses and hastened away. Nor did they slacken their speed until they reached the strong castle of some of Queen Mary's friends, where she would be safe.



## AN AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO

ONCE upon a time a child named Rebecca lived near a little town by the sea. Her father was a lighthouse keeper. He and his family lived in a tiny cottage near the lighthouse.

One day Rebecca and her friend Sarah were sitting on the rocks, playing with their dolls. The lighthouse keeper and his wife had rowed across the bay to the village. The children were alone.

Suddenly they saw a ship far away. They

watched it. It seemed to be coming toward the harbor.

At that time the people feared every strange ship, for it was a time of war. British ships often sailed right into the harbors and sent their soldiers to the shore to attack the villages.

Rebecca and Sarah hurried to the tower of the lighthouse.

Then, scarcely breathing, they watched the ship. Back and forth, back and forth, it sailed, each time a little nearer, till at last it was close to the harbor.

“She is coming in here!” cried Rebecca. “See, she is going to anchor! The boats are being lowered! Oh, I wish father were here!”

The girls looked along the shore. No one was to be seen. What could they do? If they could only warn the people! But they had no boat, and there would not be time to walk to the village, for it was a long walk around the bay.

“Oh, Sarah, what shall we do?” cried Rebecca. “Do you suppose we are the only ones who have seen the ship?”

“Perhaps the men are hiding until the British soldiers get close to shore,” said Sarah. “Then we shall hear the shooting and the beating of the drum.”

“The drum is here,” said Rebecca. “Father brought it here the other day to mend it. Let’s get it and beat it. Perhaps the people in the village will hear it and come down to the shore. Then they will see the ship.”

“It may scare the British away,” said Sarah. “Come, we’ll try it. It will do no harm, at any rate. I’ll take the fife. I can play it.”

The two girls hurried down the winding staircase and out across the lawn to the house. There they got the drum and fife. Then they crept around behind the lighthouse and started for the point. They scrambled over

the rocks and hid behind bushes, all the while beating the drum and playing the fife.

The British soldiers were now in the small boats rowing silently toward the shore.

Suddenly the order was given to halt! They listened. Surely that was a drum!

“What does it mean?” asked an officer.

“Troops, troops,” cried the others. “The people have seen us coming. They are getting ready to attack us when we land. They are marching down to that point.”

They listened and watched. Nothing could be seen, but there was no doubt that the drum and fife were drawing nearer and nearer.

“They are going to cut us off from the ship,” said the soldiers. “We cannot land here!”

“Row back to the ship,” ordered the captain. “The people must have been warned.”

So up over the sides of the vessel climbed the frightened soldiers.

Soon the ship had turned about and was

sailing out of the harbor. By the time the little band had reached the end of the point, the great vessel was speeding away. Rebecca and Sarah stood watching it, scarcely believing their eyes.

The people in the village were as much surprised as the British soldiers had been, when they heard the drum and fife.

“What can it be?” they asked one another.

“It must be troops from Boston,” said some.

“It cannot be the British, for they would come quietly.”

So they all rushed down to the point to see the Boston troops land.

The drum and fife were silent now. When the people reached the point they found two little girls sitting on the rocks watching a ship far away on the sea. A drum and fife were beside them.

“Do you think that we really scared them away?” asked the girls, when their story had been told.



“There is no doubt of it,” said the people.

And after that day, the two girls were called by the village people the “American Army of Two.”



## THE SWORD OF KING ARTHUR

IN the days when Uther-Pendragon\* was King of England, there was born to him a son, who was a beautiful child of great size and strength. They named the boy Arthur.

When he was but a baby, Arthur was taken away from the palace one night and given to the good knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay. There he grew up, never knowing that he was a king's son.

At length the King died, and there was no one to rule his kingdom. All the realm fell in great disorder. For years there were quarrels among the noblemen, because each wanted to be King. They strengthened their castles and made war upon one another, until the whole kingdom was in confusion.

At last on Christmas Day, the Archbishop called together the noblemen of the realm.

\* U'-ther-Pen-drag'-on.



KING ARTHUR.

They hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands, and came riding into the city from all sides. They met in one of the largest churches in London and prayed to God to show them by some sign who should be their rightful king.

When they came out from the church, they saw a strange sight.

There in the open space before the church stood a great stone. On the stone was an anvil and in the anvil was a sword. And this sword was the most wonderful that any man had ever seen. The blade was of blue steel, and very bright and glittering. The hilt was of gold, chased and carved and inlaid with a great number of precious stones, so that it shone with wonderful brightness in the sunshine.

These words were written on the anvil in letters of gold: "Whoever shall pull this sword out of the anvil shall be King of England."

All the noblemen were in great excitement. They gazed upon the sword and marveled at it, for its like had never before been seen upon the earth. Each man asked the other: "Who shall draw forth that sword?"

At once there were quarrels, each wanting to be the first to try his fortune.

Then the Archbishop said that they should make the attempt in turn, from the greatest in rank to the lowest.

Each in turn, having put forth all his strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and then drew back, ashamed.

So the Archbishop said: "He is not here who shall draw out the sword, but God will bring him in due time. Let us set ten knights to watch this sword day and night."

Then messengers were sent through all the country to give word of a great tournament\* to be held in London on New Year's Day. Each knight could thus prove his skill and strength

\* *Tournament*, tur'-na-ment.

and could try to draw the wonderful sword from the anvil.

For several days before New Year's Day it seemed as though the whole world was making its way to London. The roads were crowded with knights and ladies, esquires and pages. All were anxious to see the wonderful sword, and some were bound to make the trial. Every inn and castle was filled, and everywhere were tents pitched along the roadsides for those who could not find shelter elsewhere.

In the crowd that came to the tournament was Sir Ector, surnamed the Trustworthy Knight because he always did for all men that which he promised to do. With him was his son, Sir Kay, and by his side merrily rode young Arthur, for this was to be his first tournament.

Before they reached the field, Sir Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind.

He turned to Arthur and said, "I pray



you, fetch me a sword. I have left mine at home.”

“I’ll get it, gladly,” replied Arthur, and rode back quickly.

But he found no one at home, and the house was closed, for all had gone to see the tournament. The boy was vexed. He did not want Sir Kay to lose his chance of gaining glory.

Suddenly he thought of the sword he had seen in the churchyard.

“I will take that,” he thought. “Sir Kay must not be without a weapon, and I can take it back later.”

Knowing nothing of the story of the wonderful sword, he rode to the church. The ten knights who should have been watching the sword had gone to the tournament, so there was no one to stop the boy. He leaped from his horse and instantly drew forth the sword. Then he jumped on his horse again and rode back to Sir Kay.

Sir Kay looked at the sword in amazement and cried: "Boy, how did you get this?"

"I could not get into the house to find your sword," replied Arthur. "So I went to the churchyard and took this one. It was in a great stone in front of the church."

Thinking of the good fortune that awaited the owner of this magic weapon, Sir Kay joyfully ran to his father.

"See, Father," he cried, "this is the sword of the anvil. I am to be King of England."

As soon as Sir Ector saw the sword he exclaimed: "How came you by that?"

"Arthur brought it to me to use in the tournament," said his son.

"And how came you by it?" he asked Arthur.

Arthur again told of his adventure.

Even this did not satisfy Sir Ector.

"If you did indeed draw it forth from the anvil, then it will be that you can easily put it back again into the place from whence you got it," he said.



He wrapped the sword in his cloak, and they rode to the church, and Arthur put the sword back in the anvil.

Sir Kay eagerly stepped up and grasped the hilt of the sword. He pulled and pulled, but the sword did not move.

Then Sir Ector pulled with all his might, but there it stood, firm in the rock.

“Now you try,” they said to Arthur.

Arthur took the sword by the hilt and easily pulled it out of the anvil.

Then Sir Ector knelt before Arthur and said, “Sir, I see you are to be my King. I pray you, when you come into your kingdom, be kind to me and mine.”

When Arthur had promised, they went to the Archbishop and told him what had happened.

The crowds at the tournament soon heard the wonderful news and came hurrying to the church.

They told Arthur that he must put back

the sword and draw it forth again before them all. This he did with ease.

But the people cried out: "What a boy can do, a man can do!"

Each in turn tried to draw out the sword, but could not. So they put the matter off for ten days, thinking that by that time one of the noblemen would be successful.

At the end of ten days they again met, and again the noblemen were disappointed, for no one except Arthur could move the sword.

They said: "We will wait until Easter time."

Easter came. Again crowds flocked into London.

A platform had been built about the stone. Over it was a canopy of embroidered cloth of many colors. Near the place a throne had been built for the Archbishop. Around the throne were knights and esquires, waiting for their turn to make trial of the sword.

As had happened on the other days, neither

knights nor esquires were able to draw out the sword.

Then the Archbishop cried, "Let the boy Arthur make trial."

Arthur stepped upon the platform. He was dressed in crimson satin, embroidered with threads of silver.

The people said: "That youth is fair to look upon. Surely he is of noble birth."

Arthur took hold of the sword and lightly pulled it out of the anvil.

Then the people cried, "Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur!"

They went into the church, and Arthur took the sword and laid it on the altar. He was then made a knight by the oldest knight there.

This done, the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and Arthur promised to be a true king, and to be just and upright, as a king should be, all the days of his life.

Thus Arthur was made King, and to all he was just; quick to right wrongs, and to give to all what was their due.



## DAVID, THE BRAVE SHEPHERD BOY

KING SAUL was very rich, yet he was not happy. Sometimes he was so ill and unhappy that he was cruel even to his best friends. On some days he was so wild that nobody dared to go near him.

On those days music was the only thing that would soothe him. At the sound of the harp he would become quiet and gentle.

So the best musicians in the kingdom were ordered to bring their harps and play before the King.

After a time King Saul grew tired of these players and drove them all away from the palace.

“Bring me some one who can play well,” he commanded. “Those men did not make music. They made only a loud noise. I want good music.”

One of the noblemen said: “There is a shepherd boy in the South Valley, tending his father’s sheep, who plays on the harp wonderfully. It is said that even the beasts will listen to his music.”

“Send for him to come to the palace,” said the King.

Messengers were sent down to the little village of Bethlehem for the shepherd boy who made such wonderful music with his harp. So David went to the palace of Saul, the King.

The King was much pleased when he saw the lad, for David was a handsome boy, tall and ruddy, and as straight as an arrow.

“Now play to me,” said the King.

David took up his harp and played.

The King was cheered and soothed. He became so gentle and mild that all the people in the palace rejoiced.

David stayed at the palace and was the King's page. Every day he would play his sweet music to make the King happy. He was soon a favorite with all who knew him.

After a time a great war broke out. The King left his palace and rode forth at the head of his army to fight his enemies.

There was now no need of a page at the palace. So David took his harp on his shoulder and went back to his father's house. His three older brothers had joined Saul's army. David again went to the fields to help take care of the sheep.

The King led his army out to meet the enemy. The two armies pitched their tents, each on a mountain, Saul's on one side of the valley, the Philistines' on the other side. Each waited for the other to begin the fight.



Each was afraid of the other. They sent messages from one army to the other, making great boasts, but they did nothing more than that.

Now among the Philistines was a huge giant, named Goliath. He was more than ten feet tall. He wore a heavy armor of brass which weighed almost three hundred pounds. His staff was made of iron, with a long, sharp point at one end. It was so heavy that it took three strong men to lift it.

This giant went down into the valley half way between the two armies.

“What are you doing up there, you cowards?” he shouted. “Let one of your men come down and fight me. If he can kill me, then all my people shall become your slaves. But if I kill him, then you shall be our slaves and shall serve us.”

When King Saul and his army heard this they were afraid, for they had no one among them as strong as Goliath. None dared to go



down into the valley and meet the giant. So the two armies lay in camp, and no fighting was done.

Word came to Bethlehem that the army had not enough to eat.

David's father sent for the lad to leave his sheep in the fields with the men and to come home.

"I hear that the King's army is in want," he said. "You may go up to the camp and take this corn and these loaves of bread to your brothers. Take these cheeses, too, and give them to the captain. Find out if all is well at the camp, then come back to me."

David got up very early the next morning and started for the camp, taking with him a cart full of food. When he came to the camp, he found the two armies waiting to fight, just as they had been for many days. He left the cart of food with the driver and hurried to his brothers.

As he stood talking with them, the giant

Goliath came down into the valley and shouted as he had done each day. The King's men ran back, afraid.

"Why does no one go down and kill the man?" asked David.

"We have no giant in our army," replied his brothers. "No one could go out alone to fight such a man as he is. See how big he is! The King has offered great riches to the man who will fight him. But no one dares!"

"I think I could kill him," said David.

This made the brothers angry.

"Go back and take care of your sheep," they said. "You know nothing about fighting, and this is no place for a boy."

But some of the soldiers heard what David said, and they ran to the King.

"The young shepherd boy who plays on the harp is here," they said. "He says that he could kill the giant. Would it not be well to let him try?"

The King sent word for David to come to him at once.

When David stood before the King, he looked so young and slight that the King said :

“ You are not able to fight against this giant. You are but a boy, while this man has been trained to fight since his youth. You had much better return to your father.”

Then David said : “ Oh, King, I am very strong. Only the other day while I was tending my father’s sheep, a bear came out of the woods and carried off one of the lambs from the flock. I ran after him, snatched the lamb from his mouth, and killed the bear.”

“ That was a brave thing to do,” said the King, “ but this giant is well armed and is stronger than a bear.”

“ I have killed a lion, too,” said David. “ He came down from the mountain and carried off one of the lambs. I was no more afraid of him than I was of the bear. I caught hold of him by the jaws and killed him. God

has made me strong. Let me use my strength to aid my King.”

Then Saul called to his men to arm David and make him ready to fight the giant. The King's son brought his own armor for the boy. A helmet of brass was put upon his head, and a bright new sword was given to him. But these were so heavy that the boy could scarcely move in them.

“I cannot fight in these,” he said. “Let me make ready in my own way.”

He took off the helmet and the armor and threw aside the sword. Then he went to the brook and chose five smooth, round stones. These he put into his shepherd's bag, which he carried at his side. Then he took up his staff and his sling and went down into the valley to meet the giant.

When Goliath saw the boy coming toward him with only the shepherd's staff, he laughed.

“Am I a dog,” he cried, “that you come against me armed with a stick? Come on,

little fellow, and I will give your flesh to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

"You are strong," said David, "and you come in armor and with a sword, but I come to you in the name of our God. This day I will kill you and take your head to the King. All the world shall know that our God is the true God."

Then the giant was very angry and, raising his spear, he rushed toward David.

David put his hand into his bag and took out one of the smooth, round stones he had taken from the brook. He put the stone into his sling.

As the giant raised his spear to throw it, David sent the stone whizzing through the air. It struck the giant in the forehead so hard that it sank deep into his head. Then Goliath fell upon his face on the ground.

David ran to him and, drawing out the giant's own big sword, cut off his head.

When the army of the Philistines saw that

Goliath was dead, they fled down the other side of the mountain. The King's men ran after them and did not stop until they had driven them out of the country.

The King took David to his palace and made him a prince.

When David grew to be a man, he married the King's daughter, and when the King and his son were both killed in battle, the people chose David for their King.

## A BRAVE INDIAN GIRL

POCAHONTAS was a very beautiful child, and was so good and sweet that she was loved by all the tribe over which her father ruled. Her home was in Virginia, and a very happy life she led there in the sunny woods, with the birds and squirrels for her playmates.

Pocahontas grew up in this pleasant home and learned to embroider her dresses with tiny shells, to weave mats and baskets, to cook in clay bowls, and to do all those things that Indian girls were taught to do.

In those days there were great woods everywhere and many wild beasts and many Indians. There were no white people, no cities, and no farms.

One day when Pocahontas was about twelve years old, some white men came up the river and began to build a little town. They came





A BRAVE INDIAN GIRL.

in a great ship that was larger than any canoe the Indians had ever seen.

Everything these white people did was so strange and wonderful that the Indians stood afar off and watched them and were very much afraid of them.

King Powhatan and his people had always lived in the forest. They spent their time in hunting and fishing. They had never heard of any other way of living, so they thought the white men very strange indeed.

One day Powhatan went to these English people and asked them where they came from and what they were doing in his country.

The men answered: "We came from England, which is far across the ocean. This country belongs to our King, who lives in England."

"That cannot be," said Powhatan. "My people have always lived in this country, so it must belong to us. But you are welcome to part of our land. There is enough for us all."

The Indians began to make friends with the white people. They would sell them corn for a few colored beads and would give them wild turkeys that they had killed in the woods.

King Powhatan himself often visited the little English town. Sometimes he would take his daughter Pocahontas with him. The men were kind to the little girl, and gave her presents to take home with her.

But after a time the Indians began to be afraid that the white people would take all their land from them and drive them away. They were not friendly any more. They killed the English when they could, or took them prisoners and were cruel to them.

Little Pocahontas was always a good friend to the white people. When they were in danger of starving, she secretly carried them food. When a messenger was sent from the town to Captain John Smith, who was in the forest, she hid the man from the Indians. Then she led him to Smith, although she knew that

her father had planned to kill him. Smith wanted to give her a reward, but she would not take anything.

When Powhatan wanted to make war upon the white people, she said: "They are my friends. Do not fight them."

One day some Indians took Captain Smith prisoner. Instead of appearing frightened, he began to amuse the chief by showing him his pocket compass and explained to him how to use it. The Indians did not dare to kill a man who had such a wonderful thing. They thought he might bring some evil upon them. So they tied Smith's hands behind his back and led him from one Indian village to another. They made him show all the wonderful things he could do.

At last they decided to take their prisoner to King Powhatan and let him decide for them what should be done to Smith.

Captain Smith was led into a large room made of green boughs of trees.

King Powhatan sat on a mat at one end of the room. He was dressed in the skins of beasts and wore long feathers on his head.

Nearly two hundred Indians were seated on the ground around the room. They all wanted to see Smith killed. They shouted and made a great noise when he was led in.

After much talking and shouting among the chiefs, it was decided that Smith should die.

They said: "He is too wise and too dangerous. The sooner he is killed, the safer it will be for us."

When his hands and feet had been bound, Smith was stretched on the ground with his head upon a great stone. Two tall Indians with big clubs in their hands came forward. They lifted their clubs. Another moment, and they would strike.

Just then, in rushed Pocahontas. She ran across the room and threw herself at her father's feet. She begged him not to kill the



white man who had been so kind to her and had given her so many presents. But Powhatan only told her to go away.

Then the girl threw herself down and put her arms around Smith. She laid her own head upon his.

“You must kill me first, if you kill him,” she cried.

The Indians with the clubs could not strike, for they did not dare to hurt the daughter of their chief.

It was not uncommon among the Indians for one of the tribe to rescue a prisoner and claim him as his own. Powhatan was perhaps a little amused to see the child claiming the rights of a grown person, and then, too, he was half afraid to put the man to death. It may be that he was glad to find a way to avoid it. He told the men to lay down their clubs.

The cords were taken from Smith's arms and legs, and he was treated with great kindness.

Powhatan said : " You are one of us now, and you may go to your white friends whenever you wish."

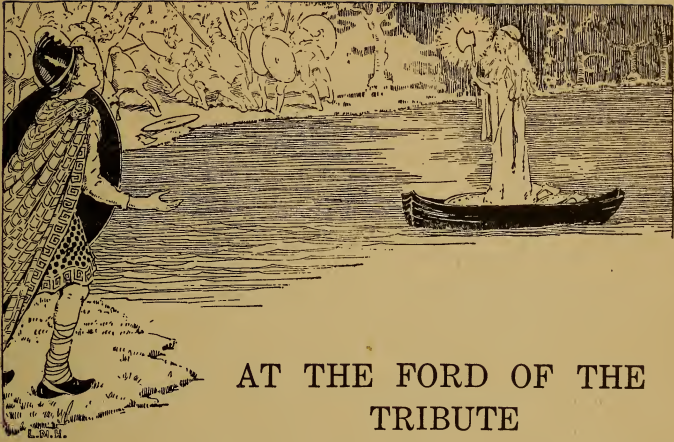
The next day he was given many presents and sent to his own people.

For several years Captain Smith was away from the settlement and did not see or hear anything of his little Indian friend.

One day he was in London, and there he heard that a beautiful American princess was visiting England. She was called Lady Rebekah. He was very curious to know who she was, so a friend took him to see her.

Imagine his surprise when he found that this beautiful princess was his little Indian friend Pocahontas, now grown to be a tall woman and married to an Englishman.





## AT THE FORD OF THE TRIBUTE

ONE bright summer morning, many, many years ago, a young Irish lad rode along the river Shannon.

He was a small but manly looking boy, with thick curly hair and clear blue eyes. His kilt was richly embroidered and fringed with gold. His coat was trimmed with silver and was open at the throat, showing a collar of gold about his neck. A long plaid shawl hung from his left shoulder and was fastened with a gold clasp. From his saddle hung his bronze shield and his short battle-ax.

The youth was followed by a number of warlike men.

As they drew near the Ford of the Tribute, the young horseman turned and told his herald to sound his trumpet to announce the return of Brian, son of King Kennedy of Thomond.

Loud and clear the herald's call rose above the rush of the rapids.

As Brian crossed the ford, the gates of the palace were flung open, and a company of soldiers and boys rode out to greet the young prince.

Brian had passed his early boyhood in training at another court. He had been brought up among warlike scenes, where battles with the Danes were of frequent occurrence.

He had learned to fight — to fight at all odds, never to be turned back by defeat, never to acknowledge himself beaten. He had now completed the years of his train-

ing and was a lad of great courage, and a firm foe to Ireland's greatest enemy, the Danes.

A feast of welcome was given to the young prince in the great hall of the palace. The jester played his pranks and the juggler his tricks. But the one thing they all enjoyed most was the harper who sang to them the ballads of their people.

In the midst of the feast, when the great hall echoed with their shouts and laughter, suddenly there was heard the sound of a galloping horse. In a moment every voice was hushed, and men sprang to their feet and grasped their swords.

The messenger made his way into the crowded hall and cried: "O King, the Danes are upon us! Their ships are in the bay, and they are coming toward Thomond!"

The feasters had good reason for their alarm, for the fierce Danes would sweep like a whirlwind through the land, burning the

homes of the people and carrying away the women and children.

“Thou hast come in right good time, my son,” said King Kennedy. “Here is need of strong arms and stout hearts. What say you, noble lords? Dare we face so great a force?”

As the noblemen were discussing what was best to do, young Brian sprang up, battle-ax in hand.

“What,” he cried, “will ye stop to question what to do! Death is better than a life of shame. Shall we be slaves to the Danes? Call out our men to war! Place me, O King, my father, here at the Ford of the Tribute, and bid me make test of my training. Have ye forgotten how a boy once held the ford for five days against a great army? What boy hath done, boy may do.”

The boy's brave words gave courage to all in the room.

“Call out our men,” cried the King. “We will march to meet the Danes.”

Horsemen were sent in haste to warn the near-by towns and to summon men to battle.

“The enemy are upon us. Let every man leave his home and come!” was the cry that went from town to town.

Great fires were kindled on the hilltops that the people might see them and prepare as best they could to defend themselves.

Soon from north and south and east and west came the men of Thomond, rallying around their King.

Brian and a small band of soldiers were left to defend the palace, while the King and a large army marched toward the coast to meet the invaders.

Many terrible battles were fought, in which the King and two of his sons were killed.

But at the Ford of the Tribute, Brian kept his position and drove back the Danes again and again as they came up the Shannon to attack the palace.

In the very midst of the stubborn fight, a

light canoe came over the rapids. In the bow stood a figure all in white. It was Eimer, the golden-haired sister of Brian, bringing new weapons in her canoe to Brian and his fighting men. But as the sun flashed full upon the shining battle-ax that she held before her, the Danes saw in the floating figure the fairy guardian of the Irish.

They stood spellbound, gazing at the fair-haired girl as she floated nearer and nearer. In vain their leader urged them to fight.

“It is useless to fight against magic,” they cried, as they turned and fled.

So Brian and his sister Eimer won the victory at the Ford of the Tribute, and from that day the Irish gained victory after victory over the Danes and finally drove them out of the country.

Upon the death of his older brother, Brian was chosen King of Thomond and later was made King of all Ireland.



## BETTY ZANE

FORT HENRY stood on a bluff above a wide river. From it one could see the country for many miles.

The fort was a hollow square with a fence around it, about twelve feet high. It was made of stout posts planted firmly in the ground, side by side, and sharpened at the top. Within this square was what is called a blockhouse. The thick walls had many portholes for the men to shoot through.

Besides the blockhouse, there were a number of cabins within the square. These were used as homes for the settlers in time of trouble with the Indians.

Many men of the fort had already been killed. Only about twelve were left to protect the women and children.



BETTY ZANE.

Suddenly one day a band of five hundred savages and British soldiers attacked the fort. The men in the fort, though few in number, were good shots, and many an Indian fell dead under their sure aim.

In the midst of the battle it was whispered that the powder was giving out. The people were in despair. To surrender meant death to every man, woman, and child in the fort. With only a few charges for their rifles and none for the cannon, how could they hope to hold out against the savages?

There was plenty of powder in the Zane cabin not sixty yards away. But that was outside the fort. How could they get it?

“If we had only one keg, we could hold out until relief comes,” groaned the captain.

“I will go to the cabin and get it,” cried a young man.

“You know it may mean death,” said the captain.

“I know,” replied the youth, “but we must

have the powder. One of us must go for it. It may as well be I."

"But not one man can be spared," said Betty Zane. "I will go!"

"You shall not!" cried the men.

"Let me go, let me go," pleaded Betty. "It is the only chance. Let me take it. I would rather die that way than wait here for death."

"It isn't a bad plan," said the captain. "Betty can run like a deer, and as she is a girl they may let her get to the cabin without shooting. Let her go. If she gets back, she will save the fort. If she fails, she will at least be spared capture by the Indians. God bless you and keep you, Betty."

The captain drew the iron bar from before the gate, but held Betty back for one more word.

"When I let you out," he said, "run, but not too fast. Empty a keg of powder into this tablecloth. Throw it over your shoulder

and start back. Keep on running, if you do get hit. Now go!"

The huge gate creaked and swung open.

Betty ran out, looking neither to the right nor to the left. She had gone half the distance to the cabin before the Indians saw her. Not one shot did they fire. They did not seem to understand what it meant.

Betty obeyed the captain's orders. She ran easily and not too fast, and soon she bounded up the steps of the cabin and into the arms of her brother. He and two others had stayed in the cabin, and were fighting from there.

"Betty! What does this mean?" he cried.

"We are out of powder," she answered. "Empty a keg into this tablecloth. There is not a minute to lose."

With one blow of an ax, Zane smashed in the top of a keg of powder. Then he poured the precious stuff into the cloth. The corners

were caught up and tied, and the bag of powder was thrown over Betty's shoulders.

"Brave girl," said Colonel Zane, holding open the door. "You can do it! I know you can do it. Now run as you never ran in all your life!"

Even then the Indians did not seem to understand what had happened.

On, on, Betty flew toward the fort. Not until she had nearly reached the gate, did the meaning of it dawn upon the savages.

Suddenly a shout went up.

"The girl has powder! Don't let her reach the gate!"

Then the bullets rained about her. They hissed close to her ears and cut the grass in front of her. But, still unharmed, the brave girl sped toward the fort.

She saw the big gate swing open. She saw the tall form of the captain. Another second and she stumbled; she felt herself caught by eager arms; she heard the gate slam, and the



iron bar shoot into place; then she felt and heard no more. She had fainted.

A mighty cheer went up in the fort. The settlers, inspired by the heroism of a girl, fought as they had never fought before. Slowly the Indians gave way before the fire.

All at once the long, strange call of an Indian scout rang out. He had been sent to watch for the coming of a relief party. This call was a signal for retreat. Scarcely had it ceased, when the Indians moved rapidly away across the river.

Soon soldiers on horseback were seen galloping toward the fort. Relief had come! The fort was saved! And a girl had saved it!



L. P. W.

## THE YOUNG HANNIBAL

A GOLDEN chariot, drawn by four snow-white horses and surrounded by a gorgeous escort in golden armor, came dashing through the streets of Carthage.

In the glittering chariot stood President Hamilcar, who had returned as conqueror from a great war. He was a tall and noble-looking man. His splendid tunic of violet silk glittered with gold embroidery; his boots were of gilded leather; a collar of jewels was about his neck; large pearl pendants hung from his ears; a golden helmet covered his head; and

his short bronze battle sword hung at his side.

With him in the chariot stood his dearly loved son, little ten-year-old Hannibal.

The boy held the ends of the reins that hung from the driver's hands. He was very proud and happy as the great city rang with shouts of praise for his father.

Suddenly some one from among the excited crowd threw a wreath of olive leaves over the boy's head.

All the people clapped their hands and shouted: "Hanna-Baal! Hanna-Baal!"

Now Baal was the great sun god of that country. Hanna-Baal meant the favorite of this most powerful god Baal. What wonder then that little Hannibal felt very proud and happy, as he received all this attention from the shouting crowd.

The palace of President Hamilcar was a splendid one and was richly furnished.

It was now the perfect season of the year.

The pomegranate trees in the wonderful gardens were brilliant with crimson flowers. Roses and fig trees, cypresses and sycamores gave varied colors to the gorgeous scene.

While young Hannibal rode proudly at his father's side, a little slave girl, called Gyptis, played in the garden of the palace. Her fair face and golden hair, and her gentle, sweet manners had made her a pet among the people. She was treated with greater kindness than most of the slaves about the palace.

Little Gyptis became tired of her play and wandered into the private gardens of young Hannibal. There she saw a small tiger cub, which the boy had been training. She unchained it and was playing with it in the shade of the thick cypress.

Suddenly a long trumpet call rang out on the air. The gate was flung open, and into the garden dashed the golden chariot of the president.

Little Hannibal sprang lightly to the ground.

There was no time for Gyptis to put back the pet tiger, so she tried to hide it behind her, hoping that Hannibal would not see it. But in vain. The boy ran toward the little slave with an angry word and raised his hand to strike her. But the voice of his father checked him.

“Stop, my son,” said the president. “He who is the favorite of the great god Baal should not lift his hand against a slave. Only a coward would strike the helpless.”

The boy understood his father’s meaning, and with a flushed face he lowered his hand. Instead of striking the girl, he took the chain of flowers she had woven and threw it around the tiger’s neck. Then together the boy and girl raced gayly away with the tiger cub between them.

The playful ways of the tame tiger were much like those of a dog or cat, and the three friends were soon having a glorious romp.

As they rolled in a heap together under a

great cork tree, there came a rush of wings and a mighty vulture swooped down upon them. It twined its strong talons in the veil-like tunic of the slave girl.

The tiger, surprised and startled, ran away; the girl screamed in terror; but young Hannibal tore off his short purple mantle and threw it over the bird's white head. Then he flung his arms about its body and tried to tear it away from the struggling girl.

The vulture, blinded and attacked, beat about with its wings and tried to release its head. But, though bruised by the vulture's wings, young Hannibal held his ground.

At length poor Gyptis was freed from the vulture's talons. Then the boy seized the great bird more firmly in his clutch and pressed it against his chest so tight that he strangled the vulture to death in his strong grasp. Then both fell to the ground.

There was a cry of delight from the avenue of the palm trees. President Hamilcar came



under the cork tree's shade. He caught the boy in his arms.

“He who can stay his hand from striking a helpless slave,” he said, “and yet can crush the vulture in his strong young arms; he who can hold the tiger in leash and guide his father's war steeds, while yet a boy like you, is one whom the republic may hope either to exalt to honor or to mourn gloriously.”



## KING ALFRED

THE palace in which King Alfred the Great was born was hardly what we should call a palace in these days. It was a long, low, wooden house that looked like a group of little houses joined together. Whenever more room was needed, a new building was put up and joined to the old ones wherever it seemed most convenient. There had to be room for a large family, for many of the King's advisers and noblemen lived with him.

All around the palace were many smaller houses for the fighting and working men. It was like a little village, for almost everything that was needed had to be made on the place. Besides the farmers, millers, weavers, and shoemakers, there were blacksmiths, who not only made the simple tools needed on the farm, but who must be skillful enough to make and repair the metal network of the coats of mail, and to keep the soldiers well supplied with spears, swords, and battle-axes.

Alfred was the youngest child of King Ethelwolf. Every one loved the young prince, and every one was eager to do something for him. People never came near the palace without bringing him nuts, grapes, or apples. When he was only five years old, the blacksmith had made him a tiny coat of mail, a sword, and a spear, and he and the other children would play at war. The soldiers were all very proud of him.

Although he had reached the age of twelve before he learned to read, he was delighted with the songs and poems his mother used to read to him. In those days few people could read, and hardly any one could write. The greatest men in the land could not write their names, but made a cross upon papers which they wished to sign.

But Alfred was a bright and thoughtful boy. He looked with delight and longing at the books from which his mother read. The poems were ballads and tales of heroes and the adventures of wanderers of all kinds.

One day his mother was showing the boys a book of beautiful colored pictures and splendid print.

"I will give it to the one among you who first learns to read it," she said.

"Will you?" eagerly asked Alfred, although the youngest.

"Yes," said she, with a smile of pleasure.

The boy quickly took the book from her

hands and ran to a priest. In a few days he brought back the book and read it aloud. So he won the precious book for his own.

Although Alfred knew little of books, he had learned how to hunt, how to catch birds in snares, and how to lie flat on the bottom of his boat, hidden under branches of trees, till he was near enough to the wild birds to shoot them with his bow and arrow. He had learned to wrestle and run and leap, and to use spear and shield and sword and battle-ax.

When he was nearly fourteen years old, the King allowed the young prince to go on his first boar hunt. Alfred was delighted, for ever since, as a little lad, he had one day ridden with his father on the front of his saddle, he had longed to go on a hunt.

The hunters met in the open space in front of the palace door. They were on horseback, and all carried spears. The dogs were leaping about them, eager to be off. The signal was given. Into the woods dashed the dogs.

The hunters blew their horns, the dogs bayed, and the horses sprang forward.

“They have found him!” was the shout, as the riders rushed on.

The excited young prince was soon far ahead of the others.

“The prince will be killed,” shouted the man who had been intrusted with the care of Alfred. He urged on his horse.

Far ahead was a little open space, and there was the young prince, his cap fallen from his head, his long yellow hair tossing in the sunshine, and his face scarlet with excitement. He charged upon the boar again and again.

The furious beast dashed at the horse that bore the prince. The horse sprang to one side, the boy’s spear fell from his hand, and he himself rose in his stirrups, and seemed about to fall.

The hunters pressed wildly on.

Suddenly there was a shout of applause. The fearless boy had swung himself lightly



from his horse's back into the branches of a great tree.

"A spear! Give me a spear!" he cried.

The dogs were down below him. The boar was at bay, but was growing weaker. The hunters sprang forward with their spears ready to strike.

"Hold," shouted one. "Give the prince a spear. He shall kill the boar!"

In a few minutes the boy was standing flushed and happy, with his spear in his hand, and the great boar lay dead beside him.

There was much rejoicing when the tired, dusty company rode home, dragging the boar behind them.

The King gave a feast in honor of the prince's first hunt. There were beef and pork and mutton, but the great dish was the roasted flesh of the boar that Alfred had killed. When this was brought in and put at the head of the table, the harpers sang a song praising the deed of the little prince.



## A BRAVE RUSSIAN GIRL

ELIZABETH'S father had once been rich and happy in Russia. He had many friends and lived in a beautiful castle. He had servants to wait upon him and fine horses and carriages to ride in.

But one day all this was changed.

The Emperor became angry with him, and sent him many, many miles away from his beautiful home. He was not allowed to take any money, and he was forbidden ever to go back to Russia.

The poor man begged that he might take his wife and baby with him. This was granted.

Guarded by soldiers, they journeyed for many long days into a far country called Siberia. It was a cold, dreary country, where winter lasted nearly all the year. Early in September heavy snow fell and did not melt away until late in May. The summers were so short that few plants could grow.

Here the little family were given a tiny little house to live in. The poor man had to hunt animals and sell their fur to get food and clothes for his wife and child.

For twelve long years they had lived in this country. During all that time they had not been allowed to go into the village or to have any one visit them.

Elizabeth while only a little child was quite happy. She knew no other country than the cold, dreary one in which she lived. But as she grew older, she saw that her father and mother were not happy. She often asked them to tell her the cause. But for a long

time they said only that they were far from their own country and friends.

One day when Elizabeth was older, her father told her that he had been sent away by the Emperor and could never go back to his old home.

Elizabeth thought about this for a long time. She was planning some way to make her father and mother happy.

At last she decided that there was only one way to do it. She would go herself to St. Petersburg, where the Emperor lived. She would beg the Emperor to let her father go home.

It was hundreds and hundreds of miles to St. Petersburg, and she must go all alone and on foot. The way led across a cold country where the snow was very deep and where hungry wolves made the traveling dangerous.

Elizabeth was only a young girl, but she said: "I will go."

She packed some dried fruit and a little bread in a deerskin bag. She hoped that this would be enough for a long time. When it was gone, she would have to beg of strangers. She had only a few cents in her pocket.

At each town she would ask the nearest road to the next village on the way to St. Petersburg.

Some of the people said : "The girl is crazy." Some laughed at her.

A few were kind to her, and gave her food and a bed for the night.

Through the summer months Elizabeth found it was not so hard as she had feared. She began to think that those who had told her of the dangers of the journey were mistaken. The weather was fine, and she was often given a ride from one town to the next by good-natured drivers. But even with this help, she traveled so slowly that she had gone scarcely half the distance when winter set in.

One day she came to a wide river filled with floating ice. It could only be crossed by going part of the way in a boat, then getting out and leaping from one piece of ice to the other. Even the boatmen, who were used to the river, would not undertake to cross, without a large reward.

Elizabeth was about to jump into one of the boats. The men pushed her roughly away, saying that she must wait until the river was all frozen over.

“How long will that be?” she asked.

“Two weeks, at least,” they answered.

“Oh, I beg you to help me to cross now,” she cried. “I am on my way to St. Petersburg to ask the Emperor to pardon my father. I cannot wait here so long. I have no money.”

One of the men was so sorry for her that he said: “You are a good girl. Come, I will try to take you over.”

He took her in his boat half way across the



river. Then the ice stopped him. He could row no farther. So he lifted the girl in his arms. Sometimes he walked on the ice; sometimes he leaped from one cake to another; sometimes he had to wade in the cold water. At last he reached the other side of the river.

Before going back to his boat, he gave Elizabeth some small pieces of money.

“May God watch over you and protect you on your long journey,” he said.

On another day there was a terrible storm. Great trees were blown over and fell crashing to the ground. The girl hid herself under some big rocks in a cave. There she stayed all night long, listening to the storm.

Her clothing was torn. Her feet were almost bare. But as soon as the storm was over, she started again on her way.

When she reached the next village, she learned that some sledges were about to start for St. Petersburg. She told some of the

drivers her story and begged them to take her with them.

“Yes, you may come,” they said.

Her dress was too thin for a long, cold drive, but one of the men said: “You may have my fur coat. I am warmly dressed. I shall not freeze.”

So now the child rode happily on her way.

The snowstorms were terrible. The travelers sometimes had to wait for days at some small town. At one of these places Elizabeth fell into the river and was almost drowned. She was taken into a convent near by, and there she lay sick for many weeks.

“She will not see the Emperor. She will never see her father and mother again,” said the good sisters who were taking care of her.

But Elizabeth slowly got well. When the second winter came, she was ready to start once more. The kind sisters had made her warm clothes and had given her a little money.

As she came near a great city called Moscow, Elizabeth saw many carriages, horses, and people going into the city. She heard the report of cannon and the ringing of bells. In a timid voice she asked a woman what it all meant.

“The Emperor is coming to Moscow,” replied the woman. “He is to be crowned there to-morrow.”

The city was so full of people that Elizabeth wandered about nearly all night before she found a place to rest.

The next morning she went to the church where the Emperor was to be crowned.

It was very beautiful. More than a thousand candles were burning. The Emperor and his young wife were seated upon a dazzling throne under a canopy of crimson velvet.

Just as Alexander was about to take the oath as Emperor, a poor girl in a worn dress pushed her way through the crowd. Throw-

ing herself on her knees before the throne, she cried: "Mercy! mercy!" It was Elizabeth.

There was great excitement. Then some soldiers rushed forward and dragged the girl from the church.

The Emperor, however, had heard her.

It was his most glorious day. His heart was full of joy. He would make others happy, too. So he sent for the poor girl.

Elizabeth was taken before the Emperor and told him her story.

Alexander then called for the order that had sent the girl's father from his home.

"The pardon is granted," he said. "Your father is free."

At once the pardon was written and given to the girl.

"Can I grant you any other wish?" asked the Emperor, kindly.

"Oh, yes, your majesty," said Elizabeth. "Let me take the pardon to my father my-

self. I want to give it to him with my own hands."

"That, too, is granted," said the Emperor.

A carriage and some soldiers were sent to take Elizabeth back to her parents.

"My noble girl," said the father, as he held his loved daughter in his arms.

The mother almost fainted with joy.

In a few weeks the little family were once more in their beautiful old home in Russia.



## NOEL DUVAL

It was a time of war, and there was great excitement among the people. The British troops were just across the border in Canada, and word came that they were getting ready to attack the Americans.

The farmers left their fields to drill and form companies. Even the boys became excited and were soon forming companies.

One afternoon Noel Duval walked out to the fields where the boys were drilling. He



stood leaning on the fence, looking wistfully at the boys.

There were about twenty in the company. The captain had a real sword, but the other boys used sticks for muskets.

Noel was a thin, pale boy, about fifteen years old. One arm was stiff and almost useless. But that was not the reason he had not been asked to join the company.

His mother was an American. But his father had been a Canadian, and the boy had lived nearly all his life in Canada. He and his mother had been in America scarcely three months at this time.

One of the boys saw Noel watching them. "Captain," he said, "shall we let Noel Duval join the company? I know he wants to."

"We had better not," said the captain. "He may be a spy. We can't be too careful. Besides, he would be of no use with his stiff arm."

So the boys said nothing to Noel. But he

lingered and hoped that he would be asked to join.

By and by it grew so dark that the boys had to stop. They were lying about on the ground near the woods, resting. There Noel joined them.

Suddenly a party of men came into sight. They were walking fast and keeping close to the woods.

The boys kept very still, and the men did not see them until they were close upon them.

“What’s this?” exclaimed the leader. “Don’t move, boys. Not a word — not a move, or we shoot!”

The boys were too frightened to either speak or move. From the uniforms of the men, the boys knew that they were British soldiers.

“You won’t be hurt if you keep quiet,” said the officer, “but you must stay here.”

He told two of the men to stay and watch the boys.

“Do not let one of them escape,” he said. “If one moves, shoot him. Forward, men!”

The two men left behind tied the wrists and ankles of each of the boys, so that they could not move. Then they stretched themselves on the grass and began talking. They talked in French, but Noel was from Canada, too, and could talk French. He understood what they said, and he soon learned that the British were about to attack the village.

“I must get away from here and warn the people,” he thought. “I will prove to them that I am no British spy.”

He worked at the knots with his teeth and at length he untied first one and then another. He was close to the woods, and it needed only one spring to carry him into the underbrush. But the men had sharp eyes and they saw the boy's first movement. One of them was up and after Noel before he had reached the woods. A bullet whizzed so close to the boy's head that it almost stunned him.

Noel knew that there was no danger from bullets when in the woods, for it was too dark for the man to take a sure aim. He ran like a deer, but the man kept close behind him. On, on, they went, stumbling over the bushes and sometimes falling to the ground. But Noel still kept ahead.

Soon they came out of the woods into the fields. Here Noel stumbled over a cow that was just getting to her feet. She was frightened and ran on ahead. Noel ran a short distance, then turned in another direction. But the man followed the cow, thinking it was Noel.

Now Noel could see the lights of the village in the distance. He saw that he had been running away from the village instead of toward it. So he turned quickly and ran in the right direction.

He had three miles to go, and he was tired. But he kept on. He had gone about half the distance, when he heard the sound of a horse's

hoofs. He hid in the shadow of some bushes and waited.

When the horse and its rider came into sight, Noel saw that it was the village doctor on his white pony. He stepped into the road.

“It is I, doctor, Noel Duval,” he whispered. “Was everything quiet in the village when you left?”

“Quiet as usual,” said the doctor. “What’s the matter, lad? Why are you trembling and panting so?”

“The British are going to attack the village to-night,” said Noel. “Let me have your pony, doctor. I must get to the village to warn them, and I am tired out.”

The doctor looked sharply at the boy in the dim light. Then he jumped down from the pony.

“I’ll take the risk,” he said. “You look as if you knew what you are about. I’ll follow you on foot. It will go hard with you, if you are deceiving me.”

Noel sprang upon the pony and was out of hearing long before the doctor had finished speaking.

When he had almost reached the village, a man suddenly stepped out into the road.

“Halt!” he ordered.

It was a British soldier.

Noel bent low in the saddle and struck the pony with his whip.

A rifle blazed in his face. The pony was frightened but did not stop. It ran on faster than ever, and Noel held on for dear life. He felt a sharp pain where a bullet had gone through the flesh. He grew faint and had to clutch the saddle tightly with his knees to keep on. When he reached the village, he was so dizzy that he could scarcely see.

The sound of the galloping horse brought the men to their doors.

“The British are coming! They’re close by!” gasped Noel, as he fell from the saddle.

There was shouting and hurrying to and



fro. Then the beating of a drum and the ringing of the church bell were heard. Men came running from all parts of the village.

But Noel Duval heard nothing of all the noise. It was many days before he knew anything. Then he learned how the British had been defeated and driven back into Canada.

When Noel was well again, the village boys came to see him and asked him to join their company.

“We want you to be our captain,” they said.

Later the story of how Noel Duval saved the village was told in Congress, and Congress voted him a hero and thanked him for his aid.



A FRIEND OF THE PRINCE.

## A FRIEND OF THE PRINCE

“MARTIN, Martin!” called a woman’s voice. The boy sitting by the brook did not move. “Martin, Martin!” called the voice again and again.

But the boy only drew farther back into the shadow. There he sat and watched his mother lead their cow down to the edge of the water.

It was the first time in his life that he had failed to answer to his mother’s call. But to-day something had happened to Martin. He wanted to be alone to think about it.

Martin was nearly fifteen years old, and nothing had ever happened to him before. Ever since he could remember he had done the same dull work day after day. He was tired of going to the poppy field to work with his mother. He was tired of taking care of

the cow and the chickens. He was tired of eating porridge and brown bread.

To-day he was more tired of it all than ever before. And all because he had seen a boy of about his own age on a beautiful black horse!

This boy wore a handsome riding suit, such as Martin had never seen before. He was riding with several gentlemen who were all richly dressed. Martin had pulled his cow to one side of the road to make room for the gay party. He had grown red in the face as he heard some of the men make jokes about him.

But the strange boy looked at him kindly.

Turning to his friends he said: "Gentlemen, you forget the value of such strength. I should like to have even half the muscle of that arm."

"Your Highness, would it not be well for us to hasten?" asked one of the gentlemen. "Your royal father will not allow you to leave the palace again, if we are late."

“You are right,” answered the young Prince.  
“Let us hasten.”

Martin stood and watched them until they were out of sight. Then, leaving the cow to find her way home as best she could, he sat down by the brook to think.

At last something had happened to him! He had something new to think about!

That was why he did not answer his mother's call—and why he hid himself in the shadow of the bushes. Suddenly he sprang up.

“I will serve the Prince,” he cried. “He has no muscle of his own. He shall have mine.”

In the house he found his mother before the big black fireplace. She was stirring porridge for their supper. On the rough wooden table was a huge piece of brown bread and two bowls.

The mother asked no questions, but she watched the boy during supper and talked of her day in the poppy fields. When the



meal was cleared away, she went to his side and said: "What aileth thee, my son?"

Then Martin told her all; how he disliked his dull life, and how he wished to go to the city and serve the young Prince.

The mother tried to tell him of the dangers of the city. She tried to make him feel more contented with their quiet country life. It was of no use. Martin could think only of the beauty and kindness of his Prince.

"Mother, the Prince needs me," he said. "He is pale and has no strength, and see how strong I am. Surely I should use that strength for my Prince."

So, before many days, Martin sat beside old Jacques in his two-wheeled cart. He was on the way to the city, where the Prince lived. In his pocket was a letter to an uncle. The mother knew that the uncle would look after her son and see that he came to no harm.

What a fine morning it was! For the first time in his life Martin seemed really to hear



the birds sing. Eagerly he watched for the first sight of the city. How high and grand the big towers of the cathedral were! How fine the buildings! How wide the streets! What crowds of people, and how cheerful they all looked!

“Here we are,” cried old Jacques, and Martin was at the end of his journey.

He was in such a hurry to begin his new life that he hardly said good-by to Jacques. He jumped down from the cart and pulled the bell of his uncle’s house.

It had been many years since the uncle had seen his sister, and he was pleased that she had sent her son to him.

“You have come at the right time,” he said. “The young Prince wants a boy of his own age for a companion. I shall take you to the King and ask him to place you with the Prince.”

Martin was surprised when he saw the palace. Its narrow windows were all barred

with iron, and the door was dark and was guarded by soldiers. Martin thought it was like a prison. He had never been near a palace before and had expected it to be very bright and beautiful.

While his uncle went to talk with the King, Martin sat on a stone bench in a large room whose walls and floor were all of stone. On the walls were many swords and shields.

By and by a page came for him, and he was shown into the throne room. He found this room more like what he had expected in a king's palace. Beautiful banners hung upon the walls, and richly dressed gentlemen stood about the room. At one end was the throne, and there sat the King.

Martin would have knelt before the throne, but the King said, "Stand, my boy. I want to look at you."

After looking at him for what seemed to Martin a long time, the King turned to his uncle, and did not again speak to the boy.

By and by Martin was taken to the young Prince.

Prince Charles was at the top of a high tower looking out over the park. He was tired and cross and would have nothing to do with any of his companions. But his face brightened when he saw Martin. He had often wished for a boy friend.

“I have come to place this arm at your service,” said Martin. “You once said you wished for such strength. Let me use mine for you.”

“Ah, I remember you,” cried Prince Charles. “This pleases me well. I am glad to see you again.”

Then, turning to his companions, he said, “Leave us alone together, and tell my father I thank him for this gift.”

So Martin made his home in the palace and became a close friend to the young Prince. For many months he lived happily, and almost forgot his old, dull life in the country.

One day the Prince and his followers were returning to the palace after a long journey. In a country road they passed a woman bending under a heavy load of wood. It made Martin think of his mother. A great longing to see her came over him. Did she miss him very much? Tears came to his eyes. He was afraid that the men would see them; so he left the road and went into the woods. He wandered about for a time. Then he threw himself on the ground to think, just as he had done on that day when he first saw the Prince. This time he was planning how he could have his mother with him.

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He glanced up to find several rough looking men around him.

“Take him to the chief,” said one, and he was half led, half dragged to a clearing where a great fire blazed.

Around the fire sat a number of men, all rough and fierce looking.

“Speak up, boy,” said a sharp voice. “Who are you? How did you come here? Where are you going?”

Pale with fright, Martin told them.

“Let me go back to my mother,” he begged.

“You may go to her after you have done what we wish,” said the man. “Do you know who we are? You belong with us. Your mother is poor because the King takes all from her. We mean to change this and let the poor have what is theirs. It is not right for the King to have riches and for us to have nothing. Where does the Prince stop to rest to-day?”

“At Angers,” replied Martin. “But what do you want with Prince Charles? He never harmed any one in his life. He is always kind to the poor. It is through no fault of his that there are poor people in the world.”

“We mean him no harm,” said the man. “We want him with us for a while. We will keep him safe when we get him.”

“But you cannot get him,” said Martin. “He has many archers and knights with him.”

“Has he as many men as I?” asked the chief, raising a whistle to his lips.

At the sound men seemed to spring out of the ground. In a moment the clearing was filled with an army of ragged men.

“Listen, boy,” said the chief, “you tell us the Prince is kind to the poor. It will do him no harm to stay with us for a short time. He will soon be King. We want him to see with his own eyes what it means to be poor. You belong with us, as you are poor, and you should be willing to help us.”

“What can I do?” asked Martin.

“The playmate of the Prince can do much,” said the chief. “Go back to the Prince and tell him about us. Tell him that if he wishes, he may see us. You and he can arrange to fall a little behind the rest of the party. Then whistle and we will be with you.”



“Are you sure no harm will be done to the Prince?” asked Martin.

“No harm will be done to him, and you will go home to your mother a hero with plenty of money in your pockets, too. You had better not refuse us,” added the chief, laying his hand upon his sword.

Martin promised to do what they asked.

A man led him through the woods so that he came out on the road not far behind the Prince’s party.

As soon as they were alone, Martin told the Prince about the ragged army in the woods and what they wanted him to do. The Prince was delighted with the thought of an adventure.

“My father often talks to the poor people,” he said. “Why should not I? It can do me no harm. We will go.”

So Prince Charles and Martin fell behind the others. When they came to a bend in the road, they left the path and rode into the woods.

“Now for our new friends!” cried the Prince. Martin raised his fingers to his lips and blew a long, soft note.

At once men sprang up from the bushes. They lifted the boys from their horses and carried them quickly into the thick woods. Not a word was spoken.

The boys began to feel frightened. These men had promised to do them no harm; but could they be trusted? Martin tried to speak, but a hand was roughly placed over his mouth and a harsh voice bade him be quiet.

Just then a bugle call rang out. The Prince had been missed by his friends.

Martin gave a wild shout, but the rough hand again stopped his mouth. They were hurried forward at a run.

The knights had heard Martin's call and were hurrying to the rescue. An arrow struck the ground close beside the boys; another, then another went whizzing by. At any moment one might strike the Prince!

Martin struggled in the arms of the man and at last freed himself. Rushing to the man who held the Prince, he threw his arms about them both while he shouted with all his might, "To the Prince! To the Prince! Help, help!"

With a shout the knights came on.

The men of the woods were no match for these trained knights and archers. The fight was soon over.

Martin threw himself at the feet of Prince Charles.

"Forgive me, my Prince, forgive me!" he cried. "Say you are not hurt."

But before Prince Charles could answer, an arrow struck Martin and he fell dead at the feet of his Prince.



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