
THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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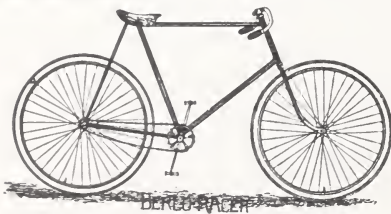
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STUDY FOR STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.

Latin School Register

VOL. XIV.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 5.

An Eventful Skate.

THE day of the 18th of January, in the year 1887, dawned cold and severe on the little village of Lemington in New Hampshire. It was the coldest day the town had seen for twenty years; at least, that is what old Deacon Jones said, and he ought to know. This Deacon Jones was a relative of the Williams family who lived with him; he was, also, I shall add, the bane of Joe Williams' life.

When Joe awoke, on this eventful morning, his joy could find no bounds. His mind dwelt on ice, skates, etc., until, finally, he could stand it no longer, so he jumped out of bed and gave vent to his feelings by turning a few handsprings. When he was dressed, he bounded into the dining-room and eagerly looked askance at his father, who understood him very well. Alas! Joe's face fell as he saw his father's countenance.

"No, Joe, I have work for you to do to-day; but you may go to-morrow," his father kindly said.

"I don't see what these modern boys want to think of skatin' for, when there's work to be done," said Deacon Jones petulantly. "When I was a boy, I used to do my work first, then,—"

"I don't think that the ice would be thick enough, at any rate," interrupted Joe's father.

"Well, I suppose I can wait," Joe murmured in a sorrowful tone.

After this dreary day, Joe went to bed feeling quite sad; but, when he woke in the morning, what a change! The sun, forcing itself through the frost-covered windows, dispelled every sad thought. He jumped

into his clothes, rushed down stairs, swallowed a few mouthfuls of breakfast, and was getting ready to go out, when his father said:

"Deacon Jones wants you to write a letter for him, this morning, Joe."

"Deacon Jones can write his own letters," replied Joe, angrily.

"Joe, I wish no impudence from you; go and write that letter."

The stern tone of his father admitted no answer, so Joe, reluctantly, deferred the much longed-for skate until the afternoon. At last, he started; at least, tried to, but immediately turned back, when he remembered that he had his best friend's skates in his house, and decided to return them. Will Turner, that was his friend's name, lived about four miles down the river, so Joe set out at an easy, swinging gait, noticeable in all good skaters.

The day was beautiful. The sun stole through the trees in a thousand places and flashed on the clear ice. The dark blue sky peeped here and there through the overhanging forest, sometimes showing a narrow strip of blue, as the river widened. Joe's thoughts were turning on this magnificent scene, when he became aware that some one was following him.

He looked back, and, great was his surprise and terror, when he saw, pursuing him at the distance of about one hundred yards, a long, lean wolf. Driven by fear, he put forth his utmost efforts in his attempts to distance the beast. He, soon, however, realized the folly of his action.

In the first place, he could not keep up this terrific rate for three miles; secondly, if he could, there would be no time to remove his

skates, before the wolf would be upon him. He gave up all hope and lessened his speed with the vain thought that he might hit upon some plan to save himself.

He was, furthermore, surprised at the presence of the wolf, for the inhabitants had killed the last one twenty years before. (Here we are quoting Deacon Jones again.) During this short soliloquy, Joe realized that the wolf was gaining on him.

His fear overmastered him and he blindly, rushed on at his greatest speed. When he had passed over about half a mile, he stopped breathless. He knew that he had gained some, but he thought that, worn out as he was by his last piece of folly, he would be unable to continue a mile farther.

Since, however, the wolf was some distance behind, he determined to plan the best course for him to take. He thought of allowing the wolf to approach him and, then, of dodging one side, turning around, and retracing his steps. His fear and his reason would permit the execution of no such plan. The wolf was near enough now, and the very thought of allowing him to come nearer made Joe's blood freeze.

One thing which he longed for was a knife. With this, he thought, he could hold a thou-

sand wolves at bay. Yet he had a weapon of no sort. He was soliloquizing thus, when he thought of Will Turner's skates. Could he not use them as a weapon? In his strained imagination he thought that, if somehow he could strike the wolf with the skates, he could kill or wound him.

Joe formed his plan and went to work to put it into execution. He slowed up gradually, and the wolf, thinking that he was worn out, came on with greater speed. Joe could hear the rasping breathing of the animal and soon felt the warm breath. His first impulse was to escape; however, he stuck to his plan. Furthermore, he was encouraged by the sight of Mr. Turner's house, as he turned a bend of the river.

When the wolf was almost upon him, he swerved aside and threw his friend's skates at the passing beast. This was the plan. He had done the most foolish thing he could, for, not looking ahead, when he was deliberating, he had counted on no mishaps and therefore, when the skates overshot their mark, he gave himself up, as lost. Just then, however, a shot was heard and the wolf fell. Joe, strained by the terrible excitement, fell fainting, at the Turners' door, not five yards from the dead wolf. "F." '97.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

On November 16, Boston was called upon to mourn the death of its ablest orator; one who by his pure life, his stern integrity, and his scholarly attainments had justly won the title of "the first citizen of Boston." This man was Robert C. Winthrop. He was a lineal descendant of John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, and was born in the year 1809, at Boston, Mass.

At an early age he entered the Latin school and graduated in 1824. He then entered Harvard College and in four years finished his college course. Having a leaning toward the law, he studied with Daniel Webster for three years, though he did not engage in the legal profession actively.

He was elected to the State Legislature in 1834 and in a few years became speaker of the House. He served a long time in Congress, and was chosen speaker for the sessions of 1848-49. Upon the retirement of Webster from the Senate, Mr. Winthrop was appointed

his successor. During his whole political career he was distinguished for his firmness, his sense of justice, and his eloquence.

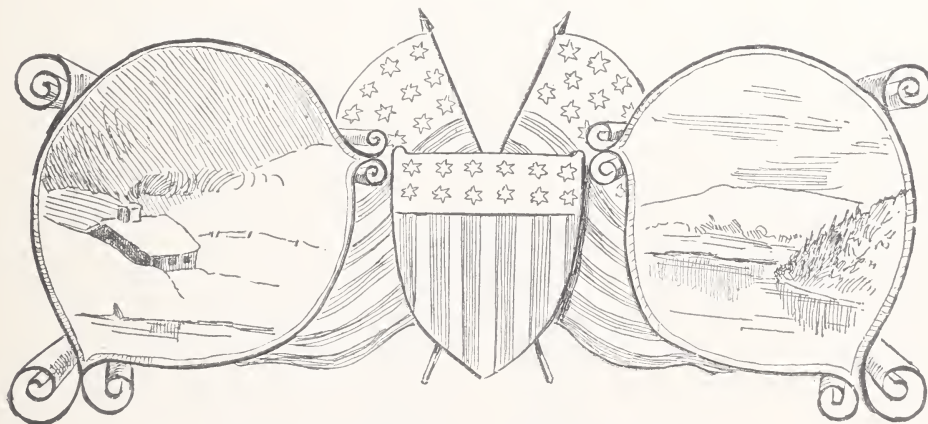
But his early entrance into politics was followed by his early withdrawal from it. Three or four years of public service had been sufficient to wean him from all desire for official station, and he resigned of his own free will. Of independent fortune, freed from the cares of office, and fond of research, Mr. Winthrop devoted himself for some time to literature and wrote his greatest literary work, "The Life and Letters of John Winthrop." His addresses during the past fifty years showed all that was best in the social and general interests of Boston. Among his well-known schoolmates were William Henry Channing, James H. Blake, George W. Bond, James Freeman Clarke, Patrick Grant, James Jackson, John T. Sargent, Charles Sumner, John B. S. Jackson, George S. Hilliard, Francis Gardiner, Samuel May,

George C. Shattuck, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Thomas Wigglesworth and many other men whose names have become household words in this city.

In the midst of his greatness, however, he never failed to show his affection for the scene of his early triumphs, the Latin School. To the library of this school he sent every book in the making of which he had any share. Till the end of his life, he attended the meetings of the Latin School Association. Even in his last testament he has be-

queathed \$250 to the library of this school. This same spirit is manifest throughout his whole life. He was always true to his conscience, his name and his fellow citizens. The grave has closed over the remains of Robert C. Winthrop, but we, who are so much indebted to his generosity, will not cease to respect him who has added lustre to the name of Winthrop, and who has been an honor to his State and to the nation and a particular honor to this school.

J. A. R. '95.



NATURE'S RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

In the spring-time of the year,
All along the hedge-way blows
(Dripping with the dew-drops clear),
Many a blushing, damask rose

While the winter howls around
House and forest in the night,
Spread upon the frozen ground,
Lies the snow, so pure and white.

In the happy summer days,
When the stormy times are few,
Glowing with the sun's bright rays,
Hangs the "canopy of blue."

Thus, throughout our native land,
In valley, or above the crag,
Most sublime, and sweet, and grand,
Painted by Dame Nature's hand,
Glorious in beauty stand
The colors of our country's flag.

A. S. B. '95.

Aladdin Again.

Poor Tommy was sleepy. But he had one more lesson to do, so he slowly dragged out his books and slid them off on to the table, placed his classical dictionary on the top of the pile, and blinked at the lamp before him. He did feel *so* tired. As he gazed at the lamp he saw a little filmy smoke rising from the lamp chimney; but he didn't take the trouble to turn it down, for

he liked to see the smoke curl up in the room. Soon he thought he saw—something—a shape, a little figure—could it be! Yes, there perched on the edge of the chimney sat a little Greek maiden with a loose robe on, belted in gracefully at the waist and decorated with a Greek border. Her hair was wafted upward by the current of heat that passed up the chimney.

Tommy opened his eyes very wide. "Yes,"

said the little spirit, "I know you're surprised to see me. You rarely can. I am the spirit of the Ancient Lamp, and when these modern arrangements get smoking, I sometimes like to come down and gloat over them, and hobnob with myself about old times." "May I ask what sort of an affair the old lamp was?" said Tommy, more to break a pause than from any desire to know. "Why, of course," said the little spirit, apparently only too glad to talk to someone who seemed interested.

"You know, *way* back, I used to hover

and I'd get scorched. About that time, though, I struck a great improvement. It was in a sea-coast city. It was a shell. The broad mouth of the shell made a fine place to sit on, and play with the flame. Why, gracious, I've seen them now, in Scotland. They are pretty spiral shells hung up by two cords passed under them at each end. The 'canny Scots' call them 'roaring buckies,' for the roaring sound you can hear in a shell like those."

"That's farther back than I can go," in-



around the most primitive lamp you can imagine! It was the *crudest* affair, only an animal's skull, hollowed and dried, and then filled with fat. The wicks were nothing but dry rushes and didn't soak up the fat very well, and, of course, no good arrangement was made for letting in air, because the wick was stuck in through the eye-hole. Sort of ghastly, wasn't it! But how those lamps did smell! and smoke! and flicker! I didn't like those, because they flickered so that sometimes I couldn't get out of the way in time,

interrupted Tommy. "The oldest thing I've seen is an ancient Greek lamp." "O, yes," continued the spirit. "Looked like a covered saucer with a small nose. Yes indeed. I used to stay around them for a long while. Some of them would be decorated on top, too." Here Tommy opened his classical dictionary to the title page, and showed the spirit the circular figure of Hercules. "Yes," answered the spirit, "that's just like them, but I never happened to see that one." She went on: "The Greeks called the lamp *lychnus* you

know. (T. didn't, but resolved to put the word down in his Greek vocabulary.) They were, at first, of plain, unglazed pottery. One of the old writers claims that they weren't a Greek invention, but he says they were in common used about the fourth century B. C. I remember they were pretty common then. Yes, he's right about that." Tommy didn't dispute her.

"Then improvements began. Decorations followed—and some were *be*-autiful—and instead of the old single wick, they got up to as many as ten or a dozen. They were of flax-tow—sometimes rushes, or some vegetable fibre. Once some one got it into his head that a light outdoors was useful at night; so he went to work and did the business by putting a cover over the flame to prevent its being blown out by the wind. Then it became a *lampas*. These were almost all bronze. Diogenes' was. I saw him once or twice, wandering about, but he didn't seem to find what he was hunting. I'm sure I don't know what it was.

"The Romans made some of the most sumptuous bronze lamps—but no better than the one I once saw in the Erectheium. This one was all gold, and was kept burning day and night. Why, it held oil enough to last a year! It was beautiful, too,—the work of a first rate sculptor. But the Roman lamps!

One I remember has quite a history. It was an elaborate bronze work, and was suspended by a chain and hook. It was shaped like a deep saucer, with four noses. Two dolphins curled up above it, their tails meeting, and forming a handle, to which the hook was caught. The two noses that extended in opposite directions were heads of Bacchus. The other two, open-mouthed lions, whose extended jaws made way for the flaring wicks. This lamp belonged to Brutus, originally, and what do you think! I happened to be at Philippi at the time, and I chanced into Brutus' tent as he was meditating and saw Cæsar's ghost! It scared me so to think of being near the great Cæsar that I flew off. Next I heard, the lamp had been taken to the baths of Julian in Gaul, now Paris. Now it is in the British Museum, for I've seen it there. And what *do* you think. An old ignoramus of a keeper tried it, and it smoked so delightfully that I could fairly see Brutus and Cæsar again; but that old thing blew it out, and got a good-for-nothing kerosene lamp, and put the bronze one away! It was frightful." And the spirit gave such a sharp little shriek that Tommy gave a start, and saw that the lamp was smoking fearfully, but that the spirit had gone.

Had he been asleep? Some lessons are *awfully* sleepy.

S. '96.

ART THOU THE MAID?

School Boy's Revery on Calling Upon a Summer Girl in the City.

BY "ROBERT MORSE."

I.

Art thou the maid, so prim and staid,
Of countenance demure,
Whose guileless smiles and artless wiles
Last August did allure?

II.

Art thou the maid who with me played
At tennis and croquet,
Who oft did call to me "Love all";
Whose hammock I did sway?

III.

Art thou the maid who with me strayed
So oft beneath the moon,
Whose mystic light did us incite
To bill and coo and spoon?

IV.

Art thou the maid whom I did aid
To mount an old stone wall?
When that did shake and thou didst quake,
Into my arms didst fall?

V.

Art thou the maid who once essayed
To climb a young oak tree:
And when that bent was't I that lent
My ready arm to thee?

VI.

Art thou the maid who once did wade
Beside me in the stream,
With dainty feet and ankles neat,
Or was that all a dream?

VII.

Art thou the maid, who, in the shade
Beneath a hemlock tree,
Once sealed the vow, forgotten now,
My sister eye to be?

VIII.

Art thou the maid—but this tirade
Somewhere must have its end,
So farewell sweet, for at thy feet
My knee no more shall bend.

The Latin School Register

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

THERE WAS NO REASON to complain that the last public declamation was not long enough.

HAVE YOU BEEN in the Library lately? It has assumed a very business-like air, and the librarian's task must be far from light.

HOW THE TIME flies! Here we are about half through the long winter term and there are only seven weeks more before the April vacation. Time in school passes almost as quickly as time out of school.

FROM AMONG the six hundred pupils in the Latin School there must be many who are able to write stories good enough for THE REGISTER to print. Writing is excellent practice; and as THE REGISTER is dependent entirely upon contributions from students, it respectfully solicits your aid in filling its columns.

CONTRARY TO THE USAGE of former years the members of the dance committee are not going to pocket the net proceeds hereafter.

Inasmuch as the athletics of our school are to receive all the profits, the success of the dance is a matter that concerns every one of us. If anybody is looking for a chance to kill two birds with one stone, now is his opportunity—let him buy a ticket to the dance on Washington's Birthday. He will not only add to his own pleasure, but he will also be helping a worthy cause.

THANKS TO THE EFFORTS of Mr. Jones and Mr. Pennypacker, and about six per cent of the boys, there are bright prospects ahead of

our sending a delegation to the Indoor Mee next spring.

What we want most to secure now, is the largest possible number of entries in each event. The one thing essential to this is perseverance, without which, we can do nothing.

All those who started last month with a determination to go in and win must not allow themselves to be turned from their course. Entries we must have and entries we are going to have. The Latin School has been asleep long enough. The time for awakening has come.

HARVARD NOTES.

Cunniff, B. L. S. '94, is trying for the Mott-Haven team.

Stevens, B. L. S. ex-'94, is showing up well in the 40-yard dash.

Whittemore, captain of the base-ball team, is a B. L. S. man.

McVey, Ring and Rand, B. L. S. '94, are trying for the Varsity Base-ball team.

J. P. Warren, '92, was on the committee of arrangements for the Harvard and Yale Debate.

Jackson, B. L. S., '94, tried for the Mott-Haven team, but failed to pass the physical examination.

It is rumored that O'Malley, B. L. S. '92, substitute catcher on last year's Varsity, will not play ball this year.

There has been some talk about starting a library for Harvard B. L. S. members. It is to be composed chiefly of books useful in courses most taken.

At the last meeting of the Harvard B. L. S. Association, Pierce, '94, favored the members with a rendition of "Brer Rabbit"; Rand and Flagg played on the guitar and banjo, and Edmunds sang. Lawton, '91, is writing "The Only True and Authentic History of the Latin School"; at the next meeting he is going to

read a chapter entitled "Life in Ancient Dedham."

Dr. Merrill was a guest at the last meeting, and he highly recommended the Athletic Advisory Committee, and especially those Latin School Graduates who worked so hard to organize the association.

THE CORRIDOR BOY.

What little shavers some of the boys in Room 18 are!

Why are Irishmen prone to anger?
Because they come from Ire-land.

Spargo, the president of the Boston School Editors' Club, was once in the Latin School.

The Out-of-Course class is now studying French, under the instruction of Mr. Freeborn.

At the last Public Declamation, the school was visited by F. G. Chisholm and R. W. Guiler, ex-'95.

What an old nation China is, to be sure!
Virgil repeatedly mentions "Caelicolæ,"—
"Celestials!"

'94 CLASS DINNER.

The Class of '94, B. L. S., held its first dinner, at the United States Hotel, on Saturday evening, January 19th. Fifteen members were present. A business meeting was held and the following officers were elected:

President, P. A. H. van Daell.

Vice-President, A. W. Davis.

Secretary, C. S. Tilden.

Toastmaster, I. C. Watson.

Class Poet, C. H. Cronin.

Class Historian, S. T. Frost.

C. J. Flagg, acting as toastmaster, gave the following toasts:

"The School," responded to by S. T. Frost;
"The Class of '94," responded to by C. S. Tilden; I. C. Watson responded to "The Teachers"; E. S. Logan to "The Battalion"; P. A. H. van Daell to "Dr. Merrill"; J. W. Edmunds to "The Ladies"; J. H. Sprague to "The Non-Drillers," and J. W. Edmunds to "Harvard '98." The last toast was in honor of Mr. Capen.

THE LATIN SCHOOL AND THE ERECTION OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

A student of Webster's oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, in his studies about the monument, the battle, etc., etc., has found an interesting connection that the Latin School had with the erection of the monument.

In a volume, compiled in 1830 for the use of the members of the Monument Association, is a list of subscribers to funds for building the monument. The list contains names of citizens from all parts of the State.

Conspicuous in the list are the names of ninety-five boys of the "Boston Latin Grammar School." The subscriptions of these boys varied from one dollar to ten dollars, and amounted to over four hundred dollars.

The Latin School contribution several years ago for excavations in Greece, gave us a financial share in the ancient monuments. Now we find we have a like share in our own monuments. Of course we did not need to know of this money relation to Bunker Hill Monument to make us have a deep interest in the obelisk. Natural patriotic feeling is, even now, being helped in some of the classes by the study of Webster's orations, and it was that study that led to this discovery.

HOW TO ENJOY A GOOD SNOOZE.

Now some people in writing on such a subject as the above, would hold their readers in suspense and would not tell how to enjoy a good snooze until the very end of the article. This would be very well if this short article were a novel in three volumes, of which the reader had only the first, and so could not begin at the end. But I have not the least doubt that if the reader of the present article should suspect that the secret was contained in the last part of this revelation, he would immediately read the last paragraph, first. And so I tell the secret of how to enjoy a good snooze in the very first of this essay, as my reader doubtless sees. It is this:—"Stolen fruit always tastes the sweetest."

The circumspect reader has already divined that the word "fruit," in the above epigram, refers to nothing else than "sleep." Putting "sleep" in the place of its equal "fruit" we have,—

"Stolen sleep always tastes the sweetest."

Of course "tastes" is used in a figurative sense.

Why, you might go on sleeping all your life, night and day, and never enjoy it, if you did not know what has been disclosed above.

Now take it in the summer, for instance. You tell your companion to wake you up the next morning early and you will go a-fishing. You go to bed early in order to get a good night's sleep. When you have been asleep about five minutes, as it seems, you are suddenly aware that the rascal (you thought him quite a good fellow the night before) whom

you told to wake you, is shaking you in a very rude way. You said the night before that you would go fishing at 3 o'clock the next morning. You wish you had not, but you have. You must go fishing. You look at your watch. It is 3 o'clock. Still it is quite dark and 3 o'clock is too early to get up. Just a short snooze. Were the bed clothes ever so delicious? Was a pillow ever so soft? Why are the bed clothes so delicious and why is the pillow so soft? See the last line of the first paragraph of this.

C. R. L. '95.

Military.



HE sword squad has been conducted thus far by Capt. White.

Tickets for the Lynn Classical High dance were received; but we regret that none of our officers were able to attend.

The new officers' belts fill another long felt want. They were furnished to our battalion first, and to some of us they came at a very opportune moment.

Jan. 18, the West Roxbury High gave a very enjoyable dance. The B. L. S. men present were Capts. White and Fuller, Temple '95, Lieut. Davidson, and Stillings '96.

The bayonet squad now uses the pony guns. The exacting bayonet drill, with ordinary muskets, is very tiresome, and the spirits of the men become broken long before the prize drill. With the new guns, a greater degree of snap ought to be achieved than former squads have shown.

The tickets for our own dance should meet with a much greater sale. Perhaps it is too early. However, it is best to buy your tickets now, as the number is limited. Peters' Orchestra will furnish music, and special attention will be paid by the committee to the decorations and refreshments. Remember it's for

a worthy and, we are sorry to say, a needy cause,—athletics!

A movement has been initiated to institute the wearing, on the day of the annual parade, of white duck trousers by all men in the regiment, except officers and sergeants. Much comment has been made every year by the press and by those who have reviewed the parades, upon the nondescript character and harlequin color of the dress, outside of the jacket, cap, and gloves, which are necessary to let the public know that the regiment really does wear a "uniform." The trousers, purchased at wholesale, would cost about fifty cents per pair,—*the price of a collar clasp*. Then white ducks are useful to any one in the summer, which comes not long after the parade.

Jan. 25, the officers of the Brighton High gave a dancing party. A flash-light picture was taken of the grand march, sixteen abreast. B. L. S. men present were Maj. Morse, Capts. White, Hardy, and Fuller, Sergt. Maj. Morrison, and Ormond ex-'97. After the party, a number of friends, including two of the B. L. S. men—Ormond and Capt. Fuller—were entertained at the residence of Scully of the Brighton High. Dennet's was again made the objective point by many who were forced to return to their homes through the city.

On the same evening, the Medford High gave a dance. The B. L. S. men present were Barron '96 and Kelly '98.

The officers of the Charlestown High gave a very enjoyable party in the school hall, Monument Sq., Jan. 17. A large number of visiting officers were in attendance. The B. L. S. was represented by Cpts. White, Hardy, and Fuller, Adj. McDermott, Barron '96, Kelly '98, and McMahon ex-'98. After the party was over, all the visiting officers, accompanied by a large escort of C. H. S. men, marched to City Sq.; but, as the capacity of the "hot dog" wagon there was insufficient, column of fours was formed, and, led by Lieut. Col. Fitch, the party marched over the bridge to the city. The line of march led up Washington St., and, upon reaching Newspaper Row, column right was given, and the hungry crowd invaded Dennet's "open-all-night" restaurant. Refreshments were procured, "nor did the soul lack at all a due allowance of the feast; but when they had dismissed the desire of drink and food, the youths" departed homewards.

The movements in company drill that will be executed at the prize drills have been issued. They are as follows:

- 1.—To march in column of fours—halt and move forward.
- 2.—To march the column of fours to the rear from both pivots.

- 3.—To form line to the right or left and halt.
- 4.—Manual of arms.
- 5.—To march the line to the rear from both pivots and by the left flank.
- 6.—To form on left into line.
- 7.—To advance in line of platoons in column of fours from the left.
- 8.—To form column of platoons to the right, continue the march and change direction.
- 9.—To form company to the front.
- 10.—To march by the left flank and form on left into line of platoons in column of fours.
- 11.—To march in column of fours to the left and form right front into line.
- 12.—To form column of platoons to the front.
- 13.—To form column of fours to the front from the right of each platoon.
- 14.—To form on right into line of platoons in column of fours.
- 15.—To form line to the front.
- 16.—To turn and halt to the right by platoons.
- 17.—To form line to the left.
- 18.—To form column of fours to the front from the right.
- 19.—To form column of platoons to the front.
- 20.—To form company to the front.

The Mail Messenger's Story.

IN the city of D—there is, near the center of the business portion, an old coffee-house which has been a popular resort for many years. This coffee-house is kept by a good-natured old fellow, who is called "old Jones" by the boys. Every evening during the winter the boys sit down before the blazing log-fire, and tell "yarns."

One winter night, being detained in the town by a heavy storm, I stopped at "Jones'" and was invited by him to sit down to the fire and listen to the stories. After the usual introductions, the conversation turned upon a recent railroad robbery, in which a messenger had been killed.

"Well," said old Bill Forbes, the retired mail messenger, "I once had an experience similar to that, myself. I was acting as ex-

press messenger on the G. C. & T. Road from Denver. One day, while walking through the depot, the superintendent of the road rushed up to me, and asked me to take charge of a special, which was to run down to Truro, one hundred miles from Denver, to bring up some government valuables.

"You want to take every precaution," he marked, "as they have been having considerable trouble lately with the Jones gang."

I promised to do so, and in half an hour I was spinning along in the mail car, arranging my papers. We reached Truro in due time, without any trouble. We had taken on a pretty valuable load and were getting ready to return, when three men came riding up in a wagon. One of them jumped out, and coming up to me, asked me if I could possibly carry a

coffin, containing a miner who had been killed, up to Denver. I did not fancy having this coffin in the same car with me, but I finally agreed to carry it up. The box was lifted aboard, and we soon steamed out of the station.

I sat down at my desk, and busied myself with making out receipts. I had been writing thus for half an hour, when I carelessly looked around, and glancing at the coffin, saw the muzzle of a pistol sticking through a hole in the upper end of the box. I immediately understood the situation. I would have given a year's salary to have been anywhere but there, at that moment.

However, with a presence of mind which astonished myself, I pretended to keep on writing. I soon dropped the pen, got up, stretched myself, and carelessly walked across the car, to look at some boxes, keeping on the watch, however.

When I had approached within two feet of the coffin, I threw myself flat on the floor, grabbed a railroad spike and a hammer, which were lying there, and almost instantly drove it through the hole in the top of the coffin. The fellow inside took on terribly, but it did no good. I had him in a position where he could do no harm, and we steamed into Denver with a lively "corpse."

E. B. T. '95.

The Mountain of Mystery.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER.

X.

WORDS could not half describe that ride—the dismal howling of the wind, the shrill hiss of the water engine, and the deep roar of the black waters beneath the gleaming rails. There were several openings in the front of the car, through which the occupants could see for a short distance ahead. For over an hour the terrible speed was maintained. Not a word had been uttered by those in the car, but Harry and Bob clung fast to the seats and Alexis stood silently at the machinery. After they had sped on in this way for about an hour and a half, Alexis began to increase the speed. Faster and faster flew the car, till suddenly it seemed that they had struck an incline. The hissing of the machinery ceased, and the dull roar receded in the distance. Still the car mounted upwards, driven by the impetus it had gained, but losing speed every moment.

At last a slight curve was rounded, and a light appeared ahead. Alexis put on a brake and stopped the car. He extinguished the lanterns and, opening a door at the side, stepped out, and his companions followed him. He led the way up a narrow flight of stairs. On one of the lower steps was the lantern whose light had appeared upon rounding the curve. This he took with him. At the head of the stairs he opened a narrow metal door,

and the explorers found themselves in a room walled with blocks of stone. At the further end was another door, which was closed. In the centre of the room was an open chest. Alexis pointed to it and said:

"You must now discard the garments of civilization. Clothe yourselves from yonder chest as I am and leave your own garments here."

Harry and Bob hastened to comply, and soon each stood arrayed in a white tunic and cloak. Both strapped their cartridge belts around their waists, under the tunics, and around their revolvers; but Alexis informed them that their rifles must be left in the chest with their old clothes. Each fastened a short, beautifully-wrought sword to the belt which extended across the right shoulder. Then Alexis opened the door, and they followed him through a number of corridors, till they reached a pair of immense doors. He seized a rope, which hung from a hole above, and gave it a vigorous pull. Immediately there came from a distance the deep-toned peal of a bell. Soon hurrying footsteps could be heard from beyond the doors. There was the blast of a trumpet, a loud command, and the great doors flew back. Following Alexis, the explorers strode into the room. They advanced several paces and then Alexis paused, threw back his cloak, and folded his arms. Taking the hint from him, Harry and Bob did like-

wise ; but their eager eyes took in the whole scene before them.

The room was of enormous size, with heavy columns arranged in long aisles. In front of the doors were a number of men, standing with folded arms. They were clothed similarly to our friends, but were slightly darker in complexion. The foremost one wore a brazen helmet, with two immense feathers of brass, and his cloak and tunic were decorated with much gold lace.

Alexis was first to speak. Addressing the leader of the strangers, he said in the language of the country, which we will translate :

Are the strangers qualified to enter the sacred country ?”

“ Even so, by the code of oaths.”

“ Then I bid them welcome. The news of your arrival shall be carried at once to our leaders. Meanwhile thou shalt consult with me apart. Bid your companions to follow.”

The stranger drew his cloak about him and followed by our friends, made his way among the massive columns to a side door. As they passed, the other men in the hall bowed their heads, as in reverence. The stranger led the way within a small room hung with draperies. Heavy rugs covered the stone floor, and there



“ I have kept my promise. I have returned, and I have brought to thee the White Magician’s son. I have also dared to conduct within the sacred country him who was in former years almost a brother to the White Magician,—who came in search of him even to the land of the Atlans, the blessed country of the *Runya Tyrrhund*. I have spoken.”

“ Thou hast done well,” came in measured tones from the stranger. “ Our cause still prospers ; but thou hast returned in time ; for the moment of our declaration has nearly come. It is but three suns till the Great Festival. Then will our demonstration be made.

were several couches, upon which our friends seated themselves.

XI.

After a lengthy conversation, which was, of course, wholly unintelligible to the others, the stranger left the room, and Alexis turned to his companions.

“ Now,” said he, as he drew up a couch before his friends, “ now it is permitted me to reveal to you what I may choose. I shall as yet give you but a few general bits of information, which are necessary in order that you may know how to meet the course of events. I shall be brief. In the first place, these people are a tribe of a once great nation known all over the continent as the Atlans.

Their origin is lost in remote antiquity; but legend relates that they came over a great sea from Aztlan, a mythical country which corresponds strangely with the lost Atlantis of the ancients. However, these tribes were decimated by plagues and war, until the more northern nations reached a state of complete annihilation. But, long before their sad destruction, this one tribe was severed forever from the outside world by remarkable volcanic phenomena, and here they remained, compelled by superstitiously observed laws to preserve the old customs, while their nearer neighbors faded away, till only the great Mexican branches remained. They also have disappeared in process of time, and the mighty, modern civilization of America has sprung up. Yet this little nation has been miraculously preserved, untainted by contact with progress.

"The passage whereby we crossed the desert was completed many centuries ago, but there are laws against its use, which no man dares to violate. At present there are internal troubles among the people. A queen is on the throne, against whom there is much public feeling; for she is an usurper. Yet there lives no lawful heir, and all those who aspire to the throne are likewise but usurpers. Years ago, when your father, John Rivers, came among them, the people thought that in him they recognized their deliverer; for prophecy told of one who would come to their relief from the ground, in times of perplexity. Accordingly John Rivers seemed fair to become a king; but new troubles arose. The priests of the sun declared that he had passed the lawful age at which the duties of state might be assumed and forbade his coronation, proposing that the laws prohibiting exit from the land be raised and that a search be made for the son whom they knew he possessed. Discords again arose; but I was secretly permitted to leave, in order to find you, Harry. I dared not go down to the coast and so secured the passage of your father's letters by Indian carriers.

"Now that we have entered the land again, I find that the girl queen has grown into a woman of magnetic and ravishing beauty—a woman who holds the hearts of men by mighty chains and defeats continually the projects of her enemies by her terrible influence. By a smile she has won to her side many a man who was formerly her bitterest foe. John Rivers is jealously guarded by both factions, although their objects differ. Neither, however, would dare to harm his person; for their superstitions are as strong as ever, and he is believed to be sacred.

"That is the state of affairs at present, as I have learned from Quenzoatl, who is one of your father's best friends and among the most powerful leaders of the opposition to the queen. Harry, you have before you grand prospects. You will be held in reverence by these people, as soon as your identity is disclosed. Everything has been so carefully planned that success is reasonably sure, and the men who possess the secrets are beyond suspicion. In three days a great movement will take place, at the Great Festival, which is held every year in Tholpec, the principal city of the Atlans. Tonight we shall attend a council of the generals at Quenzoatl's house in the city; but your presence will not be known. Your location will be concealed until the Festival, lest treachery betray you into the power of the queen."

* * * * *

The day was passed in rest, and Alexis informed his friends on many things. When evening came, the explorers were led into a court-yard, where stood several covered carriages, similar to those now used in Japan, each drawn by half a dozen men. Cloaks had been provided, which concealed their faces, all save the eyes, and they each entered one of the strange vehicles. Immediately the men sprang away at an even trot. After passing out of the court-yard, the road wound up and down hill and through rocky passes. After several hours of travel through a very wild region, a smoother road was met with, and soon the men were changed for fresh relays at a house by the roadside. Darkness had now fallen, and the explorers could see but little of the surroundings. They knew that the country was more open, and stone dwellings were passed at intervals. The road sloped downwards considerably, and suddenly the glint of water was seen. The vehicles paused on the bank, and, upon getting out, the water was found to be a broad river. There was a long, narrow boat by the bank, and Quenzoatl motioned to the others to step into it. This they did, and a number of the men seated themselves at the oars. The boat was pushed off into the stream and was rowed rapidly over the smooth surface. The banks of the river could hardly be discerned, and far away lights glittered here and there. For several hours, the men rowed on untiringly, and then the river widened, while a great number of flaring lights shone all about. It was Tholpec, the city of the Atlans.

[By a typographical error, the chapter number IX was omitted in the last number, page 47, before line 17.—ED.]

(To be continued.)

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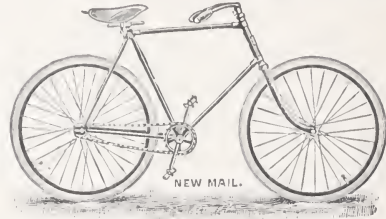


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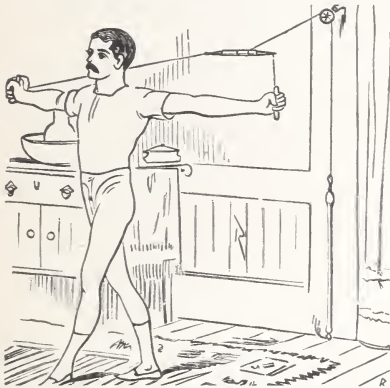
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