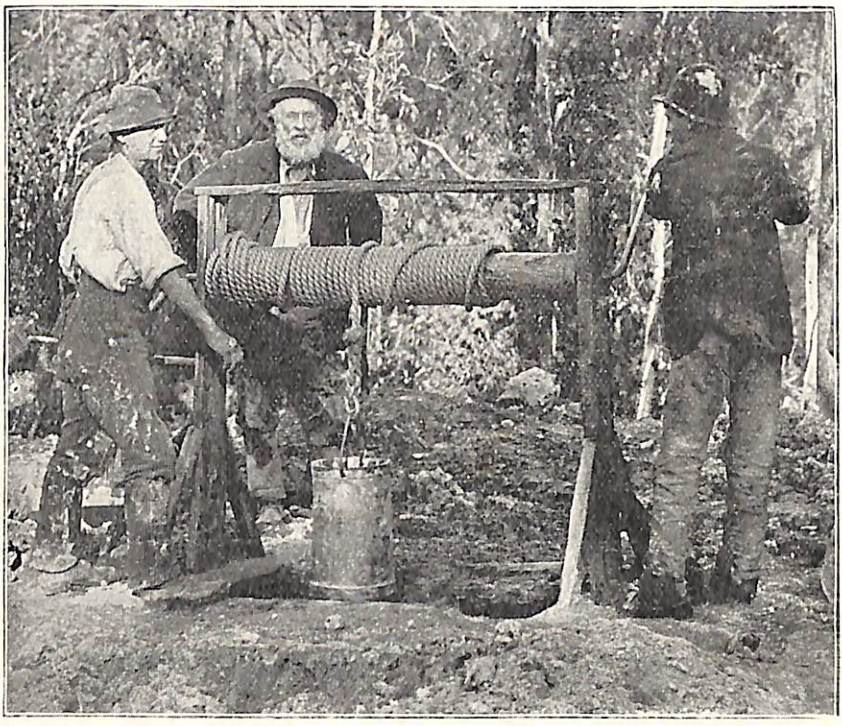
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temper of his brother had caused the quarrel between them that morning; but, then, Jack admitted that, and apologized when he first tried to make it up.

3. Tom moved round uneasily, and tried to smoke: he could not get Jack's last appeal out of his ears—"You are not going to let the sun go down, Tom?"

Tom found himself glancing at the sun. It was less than two hours from sunset. He thought of the sacred verse; its words began to haunt



AT THE MOUTH OF A SHAFT.

him: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath—Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Quick-tempered men are often the most sensitive; and, when they let the sun go down on their wrath, that feeling is likely to get *them* down and worry them during the night.

4. Tom started to go to the claim, but checked himself, and sat down and tried to draw comfort from his pipe. He understood his brother thoroughly; but his brother never understood him—that was where the trouble was. Presently, he got thinking how Jack would worry about the quarrel and have no heart for his work. Perhaps, he was fretting over it now, all alone, down at the end of the damp, dark drive.

He had almost made up his mind to go below again, on some excuse, when his mate shouted from the top of the shaft :—

"Tom! Tom! Quick! Come here!"

5. Tom's heart gave a great thump, and he ran like a kangaroo to the shaft. All the diggers within hearing were soon on the spot. They saw, at a glance, what had happened. It was madness to sink without timber in such treacherous ground. *The sides of the shaft were closing in.* Tom sprang forward, and shouted through the crevice :—

"To the face, Jack! To the face, for your life!"

"The old workings!" he cried, turning to the diggers. "Bring a fan and tools. We'll dig him out."

6. A few minutes later, a fan was rigged over a deserted shaft close by, where, fortunately, the windlass had been left for bailing purposes, and men were soon down in the old drive. Tom knew that he and his mates had driven very close to the old workings.

7. He knelt in the damp clay before the face, and worked like a madman; he refused to take turn about, and dropped the pick only to seize a shovel in his strong hands, and snatch back the loose clay from under his feet; he reckoned that he had six or, perhaps, eight feet to drive, and he knew that the air could not last long in the new drive—even if that had not already fallen in and crushed his brother.

8. Great drops of perspiration stood out on Tom's forehead, and his breath began to come in choking sobs, but he still struck strong, savage blows into the clay before him, and the drive lengthened quickly. Once, he paused a moment to listen, and, then, distinctly heard a sound as of a tool or stone being struck against the end of the new drive.

Jack was safe!

9. Tom dug on until the clay suddenly fell away from his pick and left a hole, about the size of a plate, in the "face" before him.

"Thank God!" said a hoarse, strained voice at the other side.

"All right, Jack?"

"Yes, old man; you are just in time; I've hardly got room to stand in, and I'm nearly smothered."

He was crouching against the "face" of the new drive.

Tom dropped his pick, and fell back against the man behind him.

"O, my back!" he cried.

10. Suddenly, he struggled to his knees, and, then, fell forward on his hands, and dragged himself close to the hole in the end of the drive.

"Jack!" he gasped, "Jack!"

"Right, old fellow; what's the matter?"

"I've hurt my heart, Jack!—Put your hand—quick! . . . The sun's going down."

Jack's hand came out through the hole; Tom gripped it, and, then, fell with his face in the damp clay.

11. They half carried, half dragged him from the drive, for the roof was low, and they were obliged to stoop. They took him to the shaft, and sent him up, lashed to the rope.

A few blows of the pick, and Jack scrambled from his prison, went to the surface, and knelt on the grass by the body of his brother. The diggers gathered round, and took off their hats. And the sun—went—down.

—With some slight alterations from *While the Billy Boils*, by Henry Lawson. By permission of Messrs. Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

THE STORY OF A BELL.

En-graved', cut into stone or metal.
His'-to-ry, account of what has happened.
Of'-fered, put before one to be taken or refused.
E-nough', all that is needed.
Flour'-ish-ing (*flur*), thriving; getting on well.
Pro-duced', caused to be.
Di-vide', give out in shares.
Re-ceived', taken when offered or sent.

1. A very pretty story is told of the way in which a church bell was paid for. The bell hangs in the church tower of a little town in the north of Germany. On it is engraved its history, a six-eared stalk of wheat, and the date, October 15th, 1729.

2. A new bell was wanted, because the one in use could not be heard at the end of the town. The people were poor. Where was the money to come from? Every one offered to give what he could; but the united offerings were not nearly enough.

3. One Sunday, when the schoolmaster was going to church, he noticed, growing out of a chink in the churchyard wall, a flourishing, green stalk of wheat, the seed of which must have been dropped by some passing bird. The idea struck him that, perhaps, this one stalk of wheat could be made the means of producing the bell they wanted so much.

4. He waited till the wheat was ripe, and, then, plucked its six ears, and sowed the grains in his garden.

The next year, he gathered the little crop; and, year by year, sowed the seed and gathered the crop, till, at last, he had not room enough to sow what it had produced. Then, he divided the seed among a certain number of his friends, who went on sowing it. In the eighth year, the crop was so large that, when it was sold, money enough was received to buy a beautiful bell.

5. There, the bell hangs to this day, with its story and the date of its birthday engraved on it; and, above the lettering, is a cast of the wheat-stalk.

* WHATEVER OTHERS DO, BE GOOD YOURSELF.

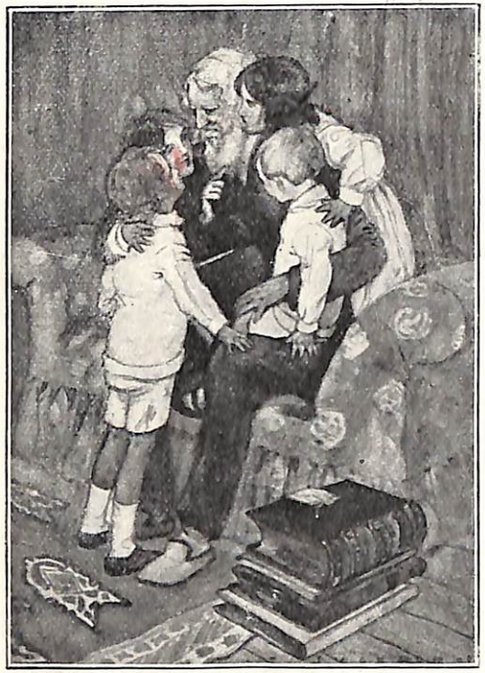
Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good, just as if the gold or the emerald or the purple were always saying this, "Whatever anyone else does, I must be pure and keep my color."

—Marcus Aurelius (*au-ree'-lee-us*), Emperor of Rome from 121 to 180. He is famous as a philosopher.

* THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Low'er, grow dark. (It rhymes with *hour*.)
Oc'cu-pa'tions, work; business.
De-scend'ing (the "c" silent), coming down.
Raid, attack; rush; invasion.
Tur'ret, strictly speaking, small tower on the top of a castle.
Ban-dit'ti (plural of *ban'dit*), banded robbers; highwaymen; bushrangers.
Scaled, climbed.
De-part', go away; leave.
Dun'geon (*dun'jun*), dark room in a prison; that part of an ancient castle in which prisoners were kept.

1. Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,



From a painting by A. E. Jackson.]
"BLUE-EYED BANDITTI."

Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

2. I hear, in the chamber above me,
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

3. From my study, I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,[1]
And Edith with golden hair.

4. A whisper, and, then, a silence;
Yet I know, by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

5. A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall!

6. They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

7. They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen[2]
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache[3] as I am
Is not a match for you all?

9. I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

10. And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (1807-82), a famous American poet.

1. **Al-le'gra.** The name means mirth, cheerfulness.

2. **Bish'op of Bing'en** (the "g" sound does not go on; thus, *bing en*), a bishop who lived in Germany. There is a legend about him to the effect that, at a time of famine, he stored away great quantities of grain in a tower on an island in the River Rhine, in order to get a high price for it. To escape the anger of the people, he took refuge in the tower, and is said to have been devoured by mice attracted thither in swarms by the stores of grain.

3. **Old mus-tache'** (*mus-tash'*), veteran; experienced old fellow.

* HOW KING AND COTTER CLIMBED.

As-cend', climb up; scale.
Lug'gage, that which is "lugged" about; baggage of a traveller.
Ba-rom'e-ter, instrument for measuring the pressure of the air.
Ther-mom'e-ter, instrument for measuring heat.
Knap'sack (the "k" silent), bag for carrying provisions on the back.
Re ceive', accept.
Pi'o-neers', those who go to prepare the way for others.
Gran'ite (*gran'it*), hard rock made up of *grains* united by heat.
E-ter'nal, never-ending.
Ven'i-son, flesh of the deer.
Las'so, rope with a running noose for catching things.
Res'in-ous, holding resin, a kind of gum.
Boul'ders (rhymes with "shoulders"), large, rounded stones
I'ci-cle, hanging stalk of ice.
Ge-ol'o-gist (both "g's" like *j's*), one who studies the soils and rocks that form the crust of the earth.
Sci'ence (the first "c" silent), knowledge of principles and causes; organized knowledge.
Gla'ci-er (*glas'ee-er* or *glay'sher*), field of ice in a valley or on a mountain.

1. A band of mountain climbers had camped in a fir-wood in the Sierra Nevada.[1] On all sides rose high peaks, and the way to the peaks was over ice, snow, and heaps of broken granite.

2. King and Cotter were young. Brewer and Hoffmann were older. King and Cotter said they wanted to get up to the top of a tall mount, which, as yet, had no name, for no man had climbed it to give it a name.

"You might as well try to ride on a cloud as to ascend that peak," laughed Hoffmann.

3. However, it was agreed that the young men should make the attempt. The hobnails on their boots were strong; so were the young men's hearts; and the two things went together very well. They must carry luggage—a barometer, a compass, a pocket-level, some thermometers, notebooks, bread, beans ready cooked, deer's flesh enough for seven days. All these articles were rolled up in two blankets, one for each

man, and, then, each carried a very big knapsack strapped to his shoulders. of the weight of forty pounds.

4. Well, would King and Cotter manage to give the mountain a name ? Of course, any lazybones could sit down on a heap of moss and feathers, and stare up at the grand old snowy top, and say, "I name thee Mount Jones." But the world would not receive the name that way, and no map-maker would draw such a mountain on his map.

5. You would not call King and Cotter lazy because they lay down to sleep first, for a good sleep is part and parcel of a good task. The sun had not risen when the couple of pioneers set out, their friends going a little of the road with them, and carrying the knapsacks, those forty-pounders.

6. Over fields of snow, they trudged till they reached a level where pine-trees hung out their dark branches for the last time. No more trees grew beyond. Granite slopes rose upwards like prison walls. Granite blocks were scattered here and there in the vales and gorges, and, in and out of the granite blocks, rippled brooks that tumbled and tumbled to the shades below. The eyes of the men were charmed by the lakes, blue in color, and smooth as smooth could be ; and, where patches of grass made green spaces, little flowers of blue and white spotted the green. The four men sat awhile on a ridge, and gazed at the flowers, the rocks, and the vast heaven over all. Then, Brewer and Hoffmann helped to fasten the knapsacks—those forty-pounders—on the young men's shoulders. The high peak—granite it was—pointed to the eternal sky. It had no name.

7. "What is your plan ?" asked Brewer. "I have none," replied King, "except . . . " "Except ?" "Except to get to the top." "Good-bye," shouted King and Cotter. "God bless you," cried Brewer and Hoffmann ; and the two older men tramped downwards to the camp.

8. Before the two young men, a long, long slope fell away. They threw a stone, and the stone bumped down, some three thousand feet, stirring the snow into white clouds at the points where it hit the ground. They marched on, and, then, began to go down a place of broken rocks, and halted on a little plain of snow. This was not climbing up, indeed, but they were seeking a path by which to ascend. Meanwhile, the sun was at the set, and King and Cotter prepared to camp out for the night. In the evening light, the hilltops glowed orange ; the sky was violet ; then, all turned grey and gloomy ; then, the stars flashed, and the giant peaks were black ; and one of them had no name, and perhaps it soon would have one, and perhaps not.

9. King and Cotter had supper of cold venison and bread, and, with icy water, they made some tea ; and, then, they rolled themselves up in blankets and slept.

10. At 4 a.m., the two friends rose, ate venison by the light of the moon, packed the things up, strapped on knapsacks—those forty-pounders

—and started. They stumbled, groped, pulled each other along, cut steps in snow, and kept stopping to take breath. At one place, there was no line of advance at all. Overhead sprang a wall of rock, and, from this, some crags of granite jutted out. King and Cotter threw up a looped rope ; the lasso caught a crag ; they hauled themselves up thirty feet, and struggled on. They came out upon a summit, whence they saw a deep gorge, and, gazing down into this wide, wide space, they saw many blue lakes, and trees afar off and below, and the sound of many brooklets made music in the lonely vale.



VIEW IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

11. There was no road up from here. King and Cotter had lunch as they sat on granite seats 13,000 feet above the sea ; and they agreed that they must descend the steep cliffs, in order to gain a path which they believed ran round the south side of the hill that had no name. No name !

12. King slid down the rope, the loop being circled round a rock ; and, when he had slid down forty feet, Cotter followed ; and they rested on a ledge, crouching like monkeys. King went on again, Cotter holding the rope. It was a bad moment for King, for he fell on a ledge, and was near rolling over to death, when he gripped hold of a mountain gooseberry-bush, whose roots, being stoutly tangled in the rock, kept him from the plunge. Cotter dropped the knapsacks down, and, then, rattled down himself, King grabbing him as he neared the gooseberry-bush. Two more scrambles of this sort brought them to a snow-heap, where they rested ; and it was now three hours since they had started down from the spot where they had lunched.

13. They were now tied together by the rope, and, in this manner, they slid down a long slope of snow till they dropped upon a frozen lake, and—King on his back and Cotter on his back—they shot over the ice like smooth stones. They untied the rope-ends, and got ashore the other

side, and were glad to be out in an open area, where they could feel the sunshine; and they shouted, and sang snatches of songs, and laughed at the mount that had no name. It was six miles away still. There were trees now, and flowers; and King and Cotter looked at the trees with joy, and smelled the flowers.

14. They climbed again till it was the hour of supper. A fire of resinous pine-wood cooked the venison, and frizzled the beans, and made some tea—most jolly tea,—and the young climbers slept on a bed of pine needles, sharp in name, but soft to lie on.

15. At 3.30 a.m., breakfast—venison, bread, beans, tea—and moonlight. By this dim light, they resumed the climb, over snow, over boulders of granite. When the sun rose, it shed its rays over a vast field of snow dotted with granite blocks, and, afar off, lo! the nameless hill smiled a red smile in the flush of the new day.

16. King, be a man! Cotter, be a man! He deserves neither bread nor beans that will not play the manly part. This hill must have its name to-day. America's old hill shall have a new nature, for it shall have a name to call itself by. Feet? They are sore. Shoulders? They are black and blue with the burden of the straps of the knapsacks—those forty-pounders. Hearts? The hearts are good. "We told Brewer we had no plan, but we have courage, have we not? The hill has no name; but it will have one ere long. Is it likely we shall go back to Brewer and Hoffmann, and say we have not reached the top of the white Sierra?"

17. At times, when the sun had melted the snow on which boulders rested, the great stones clattered past the pioneers. The climbers did not dare march in a line, lest the boulders dislodged by one should crush his comrade. So they walked, one to the right, one to the left. They snatched sudden hold upon rocks; they dodged to avoid rolling stones; they sliced out the ice into steps. Here and there, the ground yawned, and a slip would have meant death in a pit. On the left hand, the view opened out upon a valley, ten thousand feet down, and in it shone the blue waters of Owen's Lake; but, up here, the pools were frozen. The summit was now very near. It was composed of a smooth cap of granite with sides too steep to climb, except where a huge icicle hung against the rock. In this icy mass, King cut holes for his hands and feet, and so crawled upwards, and, then, leaned over the granite top to look at Cotter.

18. Cotter was coming, hand over hand, his face turned skyward; and he seemed in doubt and despair. He caught sight of King's eyes, and, then, he smiled, and on he climbed. A few more strides brought the companions to the height. It was just noon. King rapped his hammer—his geologist's hammer—on the granite as a sign of conquest. The two men shook hands, a very excellent thing to do on the top of a mountain 14,386 feet high. There would be something to tell to Brewer and Hoffmann.

But the name! Should it be King Peak or Cotter Mount?

19. No. Their thoughts had flown across the Rocky Mountains; across the United States; across the Atlantic Ocean, to the land of the Union Jack. In that land dwelt a man of science, learned in the science of physics, of heat, of light, of sound, learned in the nature of mountains, and the ice and the glaciers of mountains. His name was Tyndall.[2]

King said, "The name of this peak is Mount Tyndall."

—From *Stories for Young Hearts and Minds* by F. J. GOULD, published by George Allen and Company, Limited, London, 1912—a good book for the school library.

1. **Si-er'ra Ne-va'da** (*se-er'rah neh-vah'dah*), mountains in Eastern California, United States of North America, highest peak Mt. Whitney, 14,502 feet.

2. **Tyn'dall.** John Tyndall (1820-1893) was a famous British physicist (*sist*), or man well versed in the study of mechanics, heat, electricity, light, and sound.

* SLAVES TO FEAR.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–91), a famous American poet.

* A PLAIN DIRECTION.

Sau'cy, impudent.
Ro-man'tic, here, filled with wild and fanciful ideas.
Dwarfs, pygmies; manikins.
Gi'ant, man of unusual size and strength.
Om'e-lette, dish made of eggs beaten up and fried in butter.
Ap'pe-tite, desire for something, as food, &c.
Haunt'ed (the first vowel sound as *ah* or as *aw*), visited often; frequented.
E-clipse', cut off light; darken.
Gold'en, gold-colored.
Par'a-dise, place or state of great happiness.

1. In London, once, I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And asked a little, ragged boy
The way that I should go;
He gave a nod and, then, a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

2. I boxed his little saucy ears,
And, then, away I strode;
But, since, I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia[1] is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

3. I've read about a fairy land,
In some romantic tale,
Where dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
And wicked giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

4. I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

5. They say there is a garden fair,
That's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love.
The place must be a paradise;
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

—Thomas Hood (1799–1845), English poet and humorist.

1. **U-to'pi-a** (*toe*), an ideal place of perfection described by Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), a famous philosopher, who was put to death in the reign of Henry VIII. "Utopian" is an adjective, meaning unreal, visionary.

RALEIGH'S TWO PLANTS.

1. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth,[1] two plants were brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh,[2] both of which are now very much used—the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter had sailed across the seas to America, in search of new lands; and he brought back both these plants with him.



From *Worthies of Devon.*]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618).

2. When he was in America, he had seen the Indians smoke, and, before long, he acquired the habit himself. He became extremely fond of smoking, and frequently indulged in the practice.

3. When he returned to England, he was sitting by the fire one day, and began to smoke. In the middle of his smoking, the door opened, and in came his man-servant. Now, this man had never in his life seen any one smoke, and did not know that there was such a plant as tobacco. So, when he saw the smoke coming from his master's mouth, he thought that he was on fire! He cried out in alarm, and ran to fetch a bucket of water to put the fire out; and Sir Walter was deluged before he had time to explain what he was really doing.

4. But, very soon, the old servant got used to seeing people with smoke coming out of their mouths; and all the young nobles of the court began to smoke because Sir Walter did so.

5. At first, people did not like the potato at all; nobody would eat it. Yet Sir Walter told them how useful it would be. The potato, he said, could be made to grow in England. He told them that, when the corn-harvest failed—a thing that often happened,—people need not starve if they had plenty of potatoes.

6. Queen Elizabeth, who was a very clever woman, listened to what Sir Walter said, and had potatoes served up at her own table. There, the grand people who dined with her majesty were obliged to eat them. But they spread a report that the potato was poisonous, because it belongs to the same order as the deadly nightshade[3] and many other poisonous plants. So, in spite of all that the queen could do, no one would eat potatoes, and they were left for the pigs.



THE TOBACCO PLANT.

7. The people did not find out their mistake till many years afterwards. The poor potato was despised and forgotten till the reign of the French king Louis XVI., when there lived a Frenchman[4] who had made a study of growing plants for food. He felt sure that he could make the potato a great blessing to the country; and he began at once to try.



THE POTATO PLANT.

8. After a great deal of trouble, he succeeded. People laughed at him at first, and would not take any notice of what he said. But he went on growing the potato till he brought it to perfection. Even then, no one would have eaten it if its part had not been taken by the king. He had large pieces of ground planted with potatoes, and went about with the flower of the potato in his button-hole.

9. No one dared to laugh at the king; and, when he said that potatoes were to be eaten, people began to find out how good and wholesome they were. By degrees, the potato was more and more liked; and, now, there is hardly any vegetable that is more highly esteemed.

Reign (*rain*), time during which a sovereign is in power.
To-bac'co, plant, the dried leaves of which are used for smoking.
Po-ta'to, plant, the tubers or root-stocks of which are used for food.
Ac-quired', got by effort; attained.
Ex-treme'ly, in the highest degree
Fre'quent-ly, often.
In-dulged', gave free course to; gave oneself up to.
Del'uged, flooded.
O-bliged', forced; compelled.
Pois'on-ous, having the power, when eaten, drunk, or breathed, of causing disease or death.
De-spised', looked down upon; thought little of.
Suc-ceed'ed, got what one aimed at.
Per-fec'tion, state of having nothing wanting.
Whole'some (the "w" silent), tending to preserve or to restore health.
Veg'e-ta-ble, plant, especially one grown for food, as the cabbage, turnip, &c.
Es-teemed', thought highly of

1. **Queen E-liz'a-beth.** Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn (*bull'in*), reigned from 1558 to 1603.

2. **Sir Wal'ter Ra'leigh** (*raw'lee* or *ral'ee*), was a traveller, historian, and poet of the time. He was executed on a charge of treason in the reign of James I. It is probable that Raleigh was not the first man to bring the potato to England. The honor is claimed for Sir John Hawkins by some, and, by others, for Sir Francis Drake.

3. **Night'shade**, a plant that grows commonly in waste places in England. It has black berries The deadly nightshade, known also as dwale and belladonna, has purple flowers, and roots like parsnips. All parts of the plant are poisonous A drug is made from it, which, given in small doses, is useful in the treatment of various ailments.

4. **A French'man.** His name was Parmentier (*par mahnt-yay'*).

FABLES FROM ÆSOP.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

1. A hare mocked a tortoise for the slowness of his pace; but the tortoise only laughed, and said that he would run against her, and beat her, on any day she would name. "Come on," said the hare; "you shall soon see what my feet are made of." So it was agreed that they should start at once.

2. The tortoise went off, jogging along at his usual steady pace without a moment's stop. The hare, thinking very lightly of the whole matter, said she would first take a little nap, and that she would soon overtake the tortoise.

3. Meanwhile, the tortoise plodded on; and the hare, oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal only to see that the tortoise had got in before her.

Slow and steady wins the race.

The Fox that had Lost his Tail.

1. One day, an unwary fox was caught by his tail in a steel trap, and was able to make his escape only by leaving his tail behind him.

2. When, however, he began to mix with his friends again, he became so disturbed in his mind about the disgrace that the loss brought upon him that he almost wished that he had died in the trap. Accordingly, he called the other foxes together, and said, "How useless are tails