

DUMBY'S PLUCK.

SOME one in the office had nicknamed him Dumby because he was such a quiet boy, and not because he was stupid. He seldom had anything to say, but he was never sullen and never impatient. His duties were well and faithfully performed. He had a way of whistling softly while about his work, but he was never noisy. He never had to be told anything twice, and there was not a more truthful boy in the office.

Dumby was the shabbiest boy in the whole office, but if silence was a matter of choice his shabbiness was not. He had gentlemanly instincts and would have liked to be well dressed. He could not do this on a salary of five dollars a week.

It took half of all he earned to pay the rent of the three tiny rooms in which he and his widowed mother and his two little sisters lived. His mother earned \$3 a week in a shirt factory. The money the boy and his mother earned was the sole income of the family. Dumby's mother called him by his right name of Edgar, and he never told her that the boys in the office called him Dumby. There were eight or ten boys and fifteen men in the office in which Dumby worked. Dumby was at the desk and call of several of the clerks, and when a certain bell rang he had to present himself in the private office of Mr. De Witt, the manager of the entire business.

Mr. De Witt usually addressed Dumby as "Boy." Sometimes he said "my boy," for he was of a kindly disposition, although he did not manifest any interest in Dumby. The cashier, Mr. Cole, was abrupt and business-like, and when he spoke to Dumby he usually said, "Come, boy, look alive now!"

Mr. Cole was next in authority to Mr. De Witt, and when Mr. De Witt was away which was much of the time, Mr. Cole was manager as well as cashier. One day Mr. Cole called Dumby to his desk, and said: "I want you to take the deposit to the bank to-day. Heffern, the boy who usually takes it, is at home sick. You can do it, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will need to be very careful with it. Yes, sir, I know."

"There's over \$3,000 in cash and checks that are the same as cash. Have you an inside pocket to your jacket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, put the bank book and money in there and button your jacket up tight before you go out."

The bank was but a few blocks distant. It was on the second floor in a large business block. A flight of marble steps led from the street entrance up to the floor on which the banking rooms were. Dumby unbuttoned his jacket and took out the bank book as he climbed the marble stairs. He stopped for half a minute at the head of the stairs to arrange the bills neatly, then he walked down a wide hall to a door leading into the bank, with the bank book in his hands. He paid no heed to a man standing by an open window at the end of the hall, apparently doing nothing but gazing down into the street below.

The man turned around when he heard the boy's footsteps on the marble floor of the hall. His small, glittering black eyes fell on the bank book. He looked quickly up and down the hall. There was no one in it but himself and Dumby. He waited until the boy was within six feet of him, then he sprang forward, snatched the book and its contents from the boy and gave him a violent push that sent Dumby reeling toward the window.

Dumby, surprised as he was by this onslaught, kept his wits about him, while his courage did not desert him for a moment. He was on his feet in time to see the man turn from the hall toward the stairs. Dumby realized that it would be impossible for him to overtake the thief before he had reached the street by following him down the stairs. The push Dumby had received had sent him reeling violently toward the open window. It was about eighteen feet from the window to the street below, but Dumby gave no thought to this.

"That money! It was intrusted to my care! I am responsible for it! They may think I stole it if the thief escapes!"

These thoughts were in the boy's mind as he climbed out upon the window sill. He

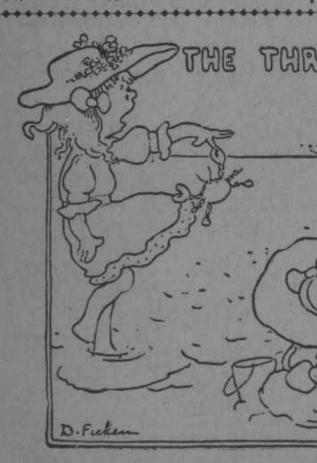


HE SNATCHED THE BOOK AND ITS CONTENTS FROM THE BOY.

hung for a few seconds to the stone sill, and then dropped just in time to fall heavily on the shoulders of the thief as he rushed out of the door below.

The result was much worse for the thief than for the boy. The man had broken the force of Dumby's fall, and while the boy fell heavily to the ground no bones were broken, nor was he stunned into unconsciousness. The thief lay stunned on the pavement, with the bank book in his hand.

"It's mine!" said Dumby to the fast gathering crowd, as he snatched the bank book from the prostrate man's hand. "At least, it is in my care. It belongs to De Witt & Co. over on K street."



When the Browns go to the seashore they have adventures by the score.

Color this picture and send it to box 2,000, Station E, New York city. Thirty of you will receive prizes, a game of jacks or a memorandum book.

Although I'm a horse I have never been ridden And as I've no hoofs I shall never be driven



If you are successful in marking the peculiar horses in this picture you may have your choice of a Buster Brown badge, a coin purse or a leather card case. Address Box 2,000, Station E, New York city.

A TAME BABY MOOSE.

THIS is a letter which a boy reader of the HERALD received a few weeks ago from his uncle, who was on a hunting expedition in Canada. It shows how tame a wild animal can be before it is frightened by a human being.

MY DEAR ALDEN:—

I am sending you a picture of a baby moose, which I took last week in the woods. I was paddling along in my canoe, when, passing a small island, I heard this little moose crying for his mother. I went there, saw him among the trees, and thought I would take a picture of him.



BABY MOOSE.

While I was trying to get it on the plate in the camera he happened to see me, and as I was the first person he had ever seen, of course thought I was some other kind of an animal who was probably away from his mother, which I was, a great many more miles than the moose, so he came up to me and started to make friends.

I patted him and soon found that he was quite contented to stay with me. However, when I had taken his photograph I wanted to return to my camp, as I had not been there for two days, having slept out in a small tent in the woods each night.

The baby moose would not leave me, and followed me like a dog right down to the canoe. In fact, when he got to the edge of the lake he fell to and I had to pick him out and put him on dry land again. I then saw that he would try to follow me wherever I went, so, having some condensed milk in the canoe, I found a piece of birch bark and put some of the milk on it and walked back to where I had first discovered him.

When we got there I took the piece of bark with the milk on it and poked it under his nose, and he immediately began to lick it off, so I put the bark on the ground and he lay down and commenced to eat it, and he seemed very happy when I left him.

I guess his mother came back pretty soon afterward, and wondered where he got the condensed milk. The picture, you will see, makes him look very shabby on his long legs, but he was only a few days old, and by next fall he will be able to run much faster than your white horse, old Snowball. I saw several other moose while I was away, and he killed two bears, one very big one. When he stood on his hind legs his head was higher than the mast of your big boat, the Sea-bright, that stands on the mantelpiece at home. Your affectionate

UNCLE CHARLIE.

A CITY OF PIGEONS.

CONSTANTINOPLE is sometimes called the City of Dogs, but it might be called quite as well the City of Pigeons, for the pretty gray-white birds are there in innumerable flocks.

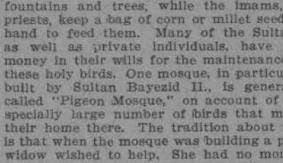
They are protected and fed by the Turks, who hold them and the spider in great veneration. The reason they give is this:—When Mohammed, their great prophet, was fleeing

A TOY BOOMERANG.

MOST boys know that the boomerang is a weapon used by the natives of Australia. It consists of an irregularly shaped piece of hardwood, so fashioned that it can be thrown at an angle widely different from the direction in which it is started.

The savages are quite skillful in its use, and one of their favorite ways of throwing it is to make it skim along the ground for about a hundred feet, and then, rising in the air, double back on its course and hit a mark only a few feet in front of the thrower.

Our boys need not hope to become skillful in the use of the weapon, even if they had one properly made, but they can get lots of fun out of a toy one made of so simple a material as cardboard.



Here are three forms in which one may be made. To throw it, place it on a book, one end extending beyond the edge of the book, and then with a small stick strike it hard on the outer edge, and it will fly through the air in a very amusing and unlooked for manner.

Or it may be thrown by snapping it with the forefinger of the right hand while you hold the book in your left. You had better make the experiment out of doors, for you cannot tell where the little thing will fly when you set it on its course.

SEA URCHINS.

Crowded on a boulder, thick as thick can be, Are a lot of little black urchins of the sea. When they're tired clinging there Back to sea they'll go.

And upon some nice new boat Pasten in a row. Hands and feet don't trouble them. And, it seems to me, Life is very pleasant for The urchins of the sea.

ELIZABETH RUGGLES.

THE KING'S STORY TELLER.

Part I.

ONCE there was a king who was very fond of stories, but either because his eyes were bad or because he was too lazy he did not care to read them. His great desire was to hear them told. Whenever or wherever he heard of any good story tellers he had them brought to the palace and in a short time tired them out. After a while he appointed two men to be near him always, day and night, to relate a story should he happen to wake up and want to hear one. These men got dreadfully tired of it and wanted to give up their positions, but the King would not let them. Still, he was very kind to them, and they were fast growing rich.

At last one of these men happened to meet with an ingenious clockmaker, to whom he told his troubles. While he was telling them an idea came into the head of the clockmaker, and he said:—"I am poor and you are rich. If you will pay me well I will make you an iron man with clockwork inside that will tell all the stories the King likes and many others." The story teller was delighted. "Only," said he, "if the King has this iron man, the other story-teller and myself will lose our places and the rich presents the King gives us. The worst is at night, when one of us has to sit up ready with a story at any moment."

"Then," said the clockmaker, "that would be all the better. The King could wake up or drop asleep, just as he liked, there would be the man going right on with the stories."

"But," said the story-teller, "the King is very angry if we don't stop instantly, and if the man goes right on he will find out it is a cheat."

Here the story teller ran away as fast as he could to the palace, for his time was up. The clockmaker set to work and in a short time made the iron man. It looked just like one of the story tellers, and what was more wonderful, it could have a voice like one or the other of them by turning a screw. Then there was an arrangement whereby a paper full of little holes or slits was put into the machine. By this they made the iron man tell any story that was put on the paper.

The story teller had told his companion all about it, and they agreed to try it on the King. Only one was to stay and watch it so as to stop it when the King did not want to listen any more.

They smuggled the iron man into the palace and into the room next to the King's bedroom. After the King had retired they wheeled it in softly, for it made no more noise than the smallest bird, and then when the King asked for a story they set it going. It worked beautifully, but they had to be careful not to make the least noise themselves lest the King hear them or see them. The King's bed had great curtains that shaded it and kept out the light. The iron man was a complete success at first, but unfortunately the story tellers had to be moved back into the anteroom before morning, and one of them had to stand there ready when the King woke and was dressed. So they were not much better off than before.

But after a few days they managed this, too. They hired a page, who was to watch and stop the machine or set it going, while they either slept in comfort or went to their rooms. Of course they paid the clockmaker well.

One night the page fell fast asleep and the King, wishing to sleep also, ordered the story teller to cease. The page, being asleep, did not hear him for some time. Then he awoke to find the King sitting up in bed and staring with wonder at the iron man. In a few moments the frightened page, who, however, was not such a fool as the story teller had thought him, had told the King all about it. The King sprang out of bed and examined the iron man with the greatest delight.

"Do you know how to make it go and to stop it?" asked the King.

"Yes, sir," said the page.

"Well, then," cried His Majesty, "what is the use of further keeping those lazy story tellers, who have so cheated me? I will give them a lesson."

So when the story teller whose duty it was to be there that morning came the King was very queer toward him, and arose so quickly that the poor story teller had no time to wheel the iron man out. In a mighty short time he discovered that the King had found it all out.

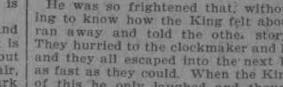
He was so frightened that, without waiting to know how the King felt about it, he ran away and told the other story teller. They hurried to the clockmaker and his sons, and they all escaped into the next kingdom as fast as they could. When the King heard of this he only laughed and thought how well he had got rid of them.

The page was appointed keeper of the iron man, and now whenever the King wanted stories all he had to do was to call the page and have one turned on.

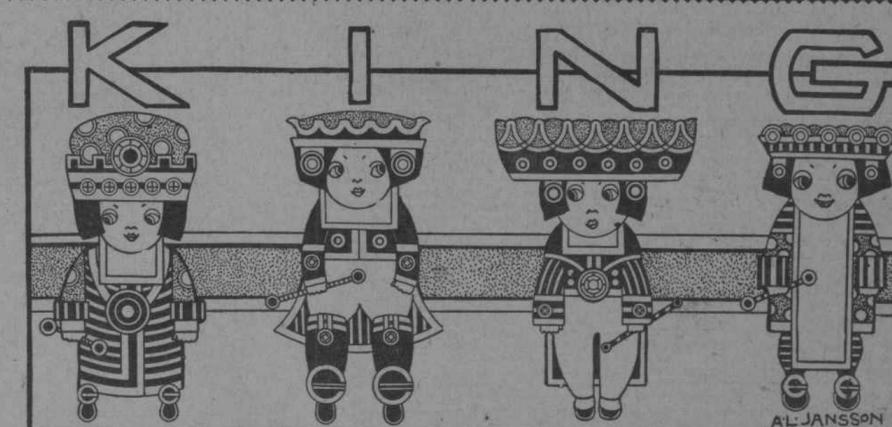
But, alas! One day after the iron man had been turned on the page disappeared, the King and his men looked in vain for him. He could not be found. The fact was, he had been stolen away by the two story tellers and carried into the next kingdom, where he was safely locked up.

ANSWER TO PLOT PROBLEM.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



This is the way in which the plot of land should have been divided in order to let each person get to his own property without trespassing on that of others. The problem was given last week. How many of you solved it?



K was the King of Kent, Who went to the Town of Trent, Where he bought a crown And a striped gown From the Tailor who lived in a tent, I was the King of Islington, Who called for his horse when day begun, He rode away To war they say, And did not get back till set of sun. N was the King of Nice Who dined upon curry and rice, On caddy hearts And apple tarts, And asked them to help him twice. G was the King of Gaul, His throne was a ping-pong ball; But one day, they say, It rolled away And then it was nothing at all.

AL JANSSON