For the Boys and Girls

LIFE ON THE ALPS

BY BERTHA A. WINKLER.

"Mutterli! Madeli! no more worrying now. I've got a place; I am engaged to Yokli's herd, and tomorrow I will start for the Alps."

This exclamation, uttered in the quaint dialect peculiar to the Swiss people, was from a bright youth of fifteen to his mother and sister, who did not receive his glad tidings quite as joyfully as he expected.

The mysterious fate of the wild, reckless son of the wealthy cattle-owner Bruno, and the large reward which was offered by the stricken parents for his body, was still the topic of village talk, and contributed not a little to the fears of Ulrici's mother lest he, too, should never return.

Her endeavors to dissuade him from his intentions by portraying the dangers and hardships to which he would be exposed among the glaciers and chasms of the snow-capped mountains, with nothing but cheese and milk for his food, and only a straw-thatched roof over his head, only aroused his fiery, adventurous spirit still more.

His ardent imagination had long been fed with the sight of the Alpine tops, and the tales of wonderful adventures which the seniors (herdsmen) would relate upon the long winter evenings.

When, those force, Ulrici's promises of caution were backed in the evening by Senner Yokli's word that he would bring him back safe, it was decided that he should go; for, after Ulrici's wishes were the only thing keeping extreme want from the door.

The following morning, the whole village was astir in eager expectation. The zug (herdsman's parade) was always a regular holiday for the villagers.

Children in wild delight on the ground; goats were butting their passing; ducks and chickens were cackling and fluttering, and the thresholds of the houses, loudly demanding attention, which the young "bosy-bosies" were failing in groups, were the recipients of the admirations for the sensational display in their excitement.

Soon the herd, headed by the leader, Yokli, with a graceful swing of his new hat, he salutes his mother and sister. Both push forward. In an instant he and the heifer are covered with flattering ribbons. A few suppressed fears, an earnest warning, and a fervent "B'hutte Gott," and they separate for one long period of anxiety.

A cry of "Hurrah for Ulrici," from his old comrades, and the train winds slowly up the mountain-pass, accompanied with the prayers and good wishes of the old folks, the fluttering handkerchiefs of sisters and sweethearts, and the ringing cheers of old comrades, until the last echo is lost in the chasms and fissures of the rocks.

Ulrici, along with the herd and the herdsmen, climbs laboriously up the steep heights. The Alp-horns and cow-bells keep up a merry chorus, and Ulrici's heart would have kept time with the music, if only his gentle mother had bid him good-bye with smiles instead of tears.

Presently, however, a bright thought lit up his face.

"Yes," he murmured to himself, "he would write a letter. Mothers always like to get such little tokens of thoughtfulness from their thoughtless boys."

A week later, Michel, the messenger from the Alps, surprised the inmates of Ulrici's house with a letter.

There was a great commotion in the little cottage, even to the four-footed pets, judging from their attitudes and pricked ears, when Madeli opened the missive and read aloud:

"Dear Mother and all the Home folks: I know pussy will be purring on Madeli's shoulder, Carlo will wag his tail for greeting from me, and I am sure my little robin will keep the sunlight company sideways for a glimpse of my letter. So I won't delay a single moment.

"I am writing this on the green sward, bestrewn with Alpine flowers and herbage, surrounded here and there with patches of ice and snow, which dazzle the eyes with their brilliant colors from the reflection of the sun. Away down lies the valley, with its villages and orchards, looking like groups of toy-houses and miniature forests. And the stream I used to fish in seems only a slender white thread flowing through an expanse of green. Early in the morning, the clouds are so thick that I sometimes feel tempted to try and sit down on them and be carried to the valley, below, and I often imagine a few steps sufficient to touch the blue sky.

"All around me are the snow-capped mountain peaks, staring like giants over the neighboring smaller fissures of the rocks drops of water, clear as crystal, incessantly, forming little rivulets, then cascades from one declivity to another down in deep chasms, where they flow under the snow-covered ground.

"In the midst of this solemn grandeur I am with a herd of twenty-four Yokli and Ulrici. But I don't mind it, for up a constant commotion among the bells of our shalmers as I pass a great part of my time practicing the tunes which I am to play. Madeli would like to hear me play her favorite, 'The Mountaineer.' Yokli says I improve.

"My thoughts often down in the valley, and Madeli; but I feel sure you daring that impulsive. The Senners' Well, darkness has already the valley, and the highest things only An the highest peaks, the chief sensation, we the highest Alp, emerge the hut, and blows through the Praise God the Lord.' immediately every senner within the distance appears upon the the lapse of fifteen minutes the name of God reverberates from mountain-top and ravine for miles around. Then there is a solemn every senner, including Ulrici, with bared head, now you until the last rays of the sun vanished. Then 'good night' from the trumpet of the first, second and 'good-night' is reechoed from the Alp-horns of All the rest. everybody now retires for the night, here we have no such luxuries candles. And bread I have not seen since I ate the last seed-cake you gave me for my journey.

"The young heifer you decorated with ribbons is very familiar, rubbing her nose on my shoulder. Perhaps she would like to send her greetings along with the love of your devoted

Ulrici."

The same day on which this letter cheered the hearts of his mother and sister, they might have thought he was on the mountains, so confidently did he stride between his cattle, carefully leaping a narrow chasm, or peering down into the fathomless depth.

Presently, however, he tired of his survey and sat down to play a familiar air. The cattle were quietly grazing, as quietly scattering, under Ulrici, whose head had drooped upon his breast in slumber.

A long blast from Yokli's horn, asking the usual question, "Is all well?" aroused him with a start. Without taking time to see, he replies, "All's well!"

Then he begins to count the number of his cattle. And discovers that a valuable cow and his favorite heifer are missing. He starts up in wild alarm, for his whole season's wages, besides the money which his mother had paid as security, would be forfeited if they were lost.

With throbbing heart he starts in search of them. Again he heard Yokli's horn, inquiring if all was well, and Ulrici, fearing a severe reprimand, and still hoping to recover them, each time replies with an assuring "Yes!" though he felt his face burn with shame at the conscious deception.

At last, after ascending some hundreds of feet higher, he discovers the print of hoofs on the thin crust of snow.

An exclamation of relief, a bound forward, and Ulrici, with a smothered cry, sinks down, down through the treacherous snow—he knows not where.

A cry of horror escapes his bleeding lips as he recovers his senses, only to find himself on a narrow, craggy rock, with the wild, icy mountain-stream roaring fifteen feet beneath him.

He was already twenty feet below ground, and a single misstep would fling him down into the rushing current below.

In vain his weak voice called for help; the roaring current drowned it all. In vain he felt his side for his "shalmer"; it was lost—perhaps shattered on the rocks below.

Again and again he heard Yokli calling his name, but he could not make himself heard above the rushing waters.

"Must he die there all alone?"

He could not always sit there. Ere long he must give way his hold upon the rocky shelf, and then he would be shattered to pieces, within hearing of Yokli's incessant call. Oh, if he only had his horn to make himself heard above the deafening roar below!

"Perhaps it had fallen into the current!"

He peered down. A cry of horror escaped his trembling lips.

There, fifteen feet below him, shining brightly in the water, the only thing which yet held out the means of rescue, his Alp-horn, lay close beside a human body with its face turned down.

The boys had always called him "brave Uli," but he stood paralyzed with fear, gazing upon the ghastly scene below.

In a few hours he must share the dead man's fate. Should he make the dangerous leap for his horn, and, perhaps, land in a crushed heap upon the dead body? It would only decide the fate which now prolonged his agony of suspense, and then there was a possibility of rescue within reach of his horn.

But he recoiled from the attempt. His courage forsook him, as he measured the width of the chasm and saw that he could not avoid landing upon the corpse.

In an agony of irresolution, he kept his eyes riveted upon the narrow aperture above, where the creeping shadows reminded him of approaching night.

Still the cries of "Uli!" came floating across the chasm from Yokli's horn, and still the icy current continued its deafening roar.

Ulrici was motionless—his white face grewing ghastlier every moment.

Every faculty and muscle seemed paralyzed with dumb despair. The echo of "Praise God the Lord!" reverberating through the narrow chasm, brings a flash of consciousness over his face.

"The seniors are praying now," he murmured, as he, too, knelt upon the dripping rock. "Was Yokli praying for him, too?"

Then he suddenly remembered how he had repeatedly deceived him, to hide his neglectfulness.

He thought of his mother, how he had disregarded her warnings, and would now bring double poverty upon her by his carelessness.

He covered his bruised, bleeding face with his hands; heavy sobs shook his frame.

When the "good-night" of the seniors reached his ear, he knew that they were going to rest, and, in a few minutes, all hope would be gone. He remained upon his knees until the well-known call of Yokli reached him once more.

Then, with a fixed look of determination and daring on his face, he raised himself to his full height, peered down into the chasm, and exclaimed fervently, "Life or death, I'll dare it!" he made the fearful leap.

His heels slightly struck the limbs of the corpse as he landed, stunned and bleeding, in the middle of the current. With mingled horror and joy, his trembling hands reached down the side of the lifeless body to grasp the precious horn. Blast upon blast of alarm notes now ascend through the narrow aperture, and immediately half a dozen horns sounded in reply.

Familiar voices reach his ear, and ere long a rope descends, and the welcome voice of Yokli inquires if he can secure himself to the rope without aid.

"Yes," replies Ulrici, "but there is a dead body here. What shall I do with it?"

A long consultation was held. Then he heard Yokli again:

"If you are brave enough, tie it to the rope; otherwise we will let it remain there until morning."

Ulrici had learned to have courage in those few hours of dreadful experience, and without hesitation, though his hand trembled, he fastened the rope around the corpse and, with his back turned and his eyes closed so that he could not see the face—which he knew must be disfigured—he gives the signal for drawing it up.

He hears an exclamation of surprise as the body reaches the surface. Then the rope again descends and brave Ulrici, with a mental thanksgiving, feels himself drawn up by the strong seniors.

Ulrici's first question is after the strayed cattle, and his almost thankful listens to the short, but decisive Senner Yokli administers, amid careful and almost tender application of bandages to his bruised head, after being informed that the cattle came home all right with the rest of the herd.

The dead body was recognized at once as the lost son of rich Senner Bruno. And when, in September, the seniors came back to the village, young Ulrici's fame as the finder of young Bruno's body preceded him.

The widow's cottage was full of villagers who came to congratulate Ulrici and have a look at the sturdy heifer which Senner Yokli gave him in payment for his wages, and the fifty silver gulden reward which he received from the grateful parents of young Bruno.

But Ulrici never told his mother how dearly those silver pieces had been obtained. He only took Madeli and Carlo for a sail.

Cpl. W. A. Bishop, crack Canadian ace, looking over the international air races at Mitchell Field.

Was Still Boss.

"Well, I suppose you're all boss in your own home?"

"Why, of course I am—the family is still away at the shore."

PASTIMES OF THE POETS

It would be interesting to know how a great sportsman Shakespeare spent his leisure time, but unfortunately no one does. He had a full knowledge of the sports of his time, as of most other things. For instance, in "Venus and Adonis" he gives the "points" of a good horse as well as any judge at a horse show could.

Milton's hobby was music. He could play the organ well, and also the bass viol, and he had a good singing voice. But perhaps the recreation he enjoyed most was controversy, a really hard battle of wits and words.

Goldsmith described himself as an itinerant musician. In his early manhood he made his way through France with a flute. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house, toward night fall," he confessed, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and this procured for me not only lodging, but subsistence for the next day."

Byron, in spite of his lameness, was a great swimmer and it is not certain of in later days Swinburne did not excel the other poets in this diversion.

Cowper always had a few pets about him. His same hares are classical animals, and so are several of his dogs, especially the spaniel named Beau. He wrote poems about most of his pets. He was also fond of carpentering, gardening, and walking. Pope was a great gardener, but he was a cripple and soon tired.

Browning, probably, excelled even Milton as a musician. He could play the piano like a master, and his knowledge of music and musicians was only second to his knowledge of literature. Gray could play on the harpsichord, but, generally speaking, poets have not been particularly musical.

A Ruined Garden.

From a man as weak as I
His life would be taken
If ever his pride should die,
That now is shaken.

I held your hand in my own
In a moonlit garden
How could a fool have known
To sue for your pardon?

You offered your heart with tears,
And I took it lightly
I wonder amid my fears,
If I heard rightly!

For now that I see how my will's
Wild work is done, discloses
A ruin, wherein night spills
Silver on fallen roses.

The strong and not the weak
Can dare to be humble;
The fool's hand goes to seek
Your hand, lest he stumble.

Pity he pleads. Will you give
Him, humbled, your kiss of pardon?
And his pride, like the roses, will give
Again in the garden.

Theodore Maynard.

Killer Whales Battle Finback in Arctic as Explorer Watches

During one of Scott's Antarctic cruises to study the finback whales, the rare appearance of which in the waters near the Falkland Islands presented the existence of the islanders, one of his assistants witnessed a stirring battle between a sixty-foot finback and a number of killer whales. The smaller species are armed with strong, sharp teeth, grow from twenty to thirty feet long and are exceedingly ferocious. They tear pieces of flesh a yard long from their larger adversary, slash its lips and enter its mouth, ripping out its tongue. The ocean's surface is soon red with blood over long stretches after such a conflict.

The killer whale usually lives on "food" which it obtains around the mouth of a river lying in wait for its prey, but occasionally is found sallying out to sea hunting and attacking the largest whales without fear. One article found parts of thirteen dolphins and fourteen seals in the inside a killer seventeen feet long.

Lapland Music.

Even the Lapps of Lapland, have their music. It generally runs to the descriptive. The typical Lapp song illustrates a person, an adventure, an object, and the favorite motives are concerned with familiar surroundings of Lapland life bear, reindeer, river, for example. An eminent observer declares that much of this folk-music reminded him of Wagner.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

Bobbie used to call on a certain old lady every Saturday afternoon, and she always gave him a piece of cocoanut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to Bobbie.

He waited and waited for his usual treat, till finally the time came for him to go.

"I believe I smell cocoanut cake," he remarked wistfully, rising from his chair and looking toward the kitchen.

The lady laughed, went to the pantry and cut him a very thin slice. Bobbie thanked her and said: "It seems strange that I could smell such a little piece, doesn't it?"

"Now, my young man," said the barber, "how do you want your hair cut?"

"With a hole in the top, like dad's," was the boy's reply.

"My papa is a mounted policeman," said Eric to a visitor.

"Is that better than being a walking policeman?" asked a visitor.

"'Course it is," replied Eric. "If there is any trouble he can get away quicker."

"Now," asked the teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?"

There was silence for a moment. Then little Billy raised his hand.

"I know," he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish like a nut."

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.

"No," replied the baby's older brother disgustedly, "he doesn't need to talk. All he has to do is to yell, and he gets everything in the house worth having."

The Vision on the Wall.

"The Holy Ghost shall teach you the same hour what ye ought to say," said Our Lord to his disciples on earth, and a striking fulfillment of this promise is found in the impressive experience of a famous living evangelist.

He was preaching in Liverpool to a congregation that packed the church to its utmost capacity. Suddenly in the midst of the sermon he stopped abruptly and said: "There is a man here who twelve years ago was sent to New Zealand." He was a drunkard, a gambler and a wife-beater. He returned from New Zealand last evening and has come to this church tonight. I have to tell him that his wife has forgiven him and that he should now return to her as quickly as he can." Then the evangelist resumed his sermon. At the end of the service a man came from the pulpit and rushed up to him, and said excitedly: "How did you know about that part? It's true, doctor! And, I packed off to the colonies twelve years ago, and he is here tonight!" "But, man, how did you know about it?"

"All I can say," replied the preacher, "is that during my sermon I saw on the wall opposite to me a vision of the Mersey and a man embarking on a magnificent New Zealand liner. Mersey boats and a man going ashore."

"How did you know it was twelve years ago or that the man was here at all?"

"I don't know, sir, I knew that!"

Before that night was ended the man had given his heart to God and was speeding back to the wife he had so cruelly treated, that they might begin life again together. There is no doubt that there is a heightened consciousness frequently realized in the pulpit by saintly preachers that a sound testimony to divine inspiration.

Gave the String.

She—"Give me a piece of string to tie up this music."

He—"Use its own chords."

A Child's Faith.

A party of friends were out in an automobile for a drive and had noticed the approaching storm.

With great peals of thunder and flashes of lightning and wind the storm broke, and because of the severity there was some alarm felt among the party as to the most desirable course to pursue. Amid the consternation of the adults a little child with the party had been watching very calmly said: "Why, God is just watering His flowers, isn't He?"

Nature's Lesson.

The apple blossom is pink,
Can you stand on the brink
Of things Nature she wrought
And learn it before it is taught?

Queer Reception For Long Life.

Henry Jenkins, who died in Yorkshire, England, in 1670, lived to the age of 169 years. He was a fisherman and a soldier, and was presented to Charles I. when that monarch was hunting near Scarborough. Jenkins was then 157 years old. He was also presented to Cromwell and had an interview with Oliver Cromwell's wife. He was apparently very active and could swim and row a boat even when he was 160 years old. He was also a witness in a lawsuit when he was 169 years old.

Cultivation of Music Taste.

Musical taste can be cultivated by the many people who were satisfied only with the hurdy-gurdy of music and now are bored with the music that is really music. Doubtless they all have had within themselves the capacity to appreciate a good thing when they hear it. Some people possess that faculty without knowing it, and hence the impossibility for every music lover of any effort to appreciate the music that seems to be beyond him. Most of the time it only seems to be, and is not really beyond him. How best to make that effort? By hearing good music over and over again. It is the only way, and it is a sure way, to cultivate musical taste.

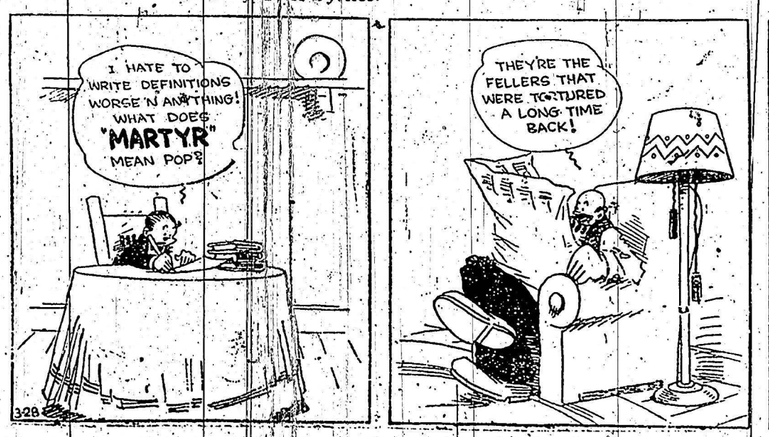
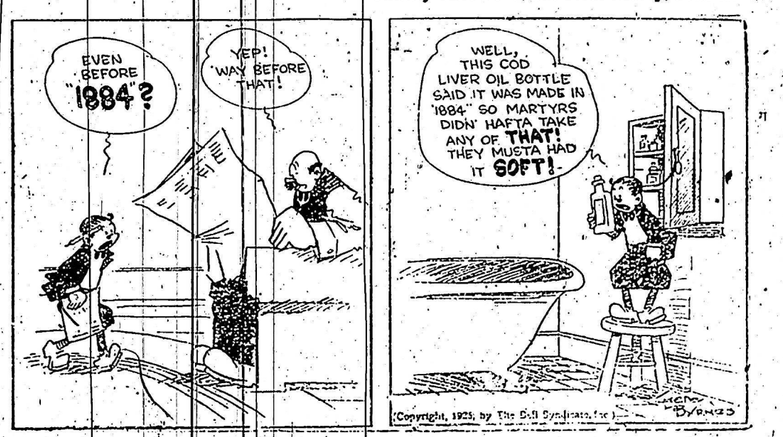
La Mort.

The leaves are singing,
And I hold "Don't care!"
In a cup of organe
Red-gold hair;
A round of crimson;
A purple flower;
The hoary head of man
The last, mad hour.

—Jessica Boyer.

"Please, auntie, the new minister's dear sends her compliments, and will you play very low, because her husband is extremely nervous."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



Jimmy Knows What Real Martyrdom is.