

OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

The Strange Story of Pine Cop By William Wallace, Jr.

Pine Cop was a strangely shaped mountain. It reared itself in the midst of a beautiful valley. From its southern side flowed a sparkling stream, falling over rocks and precipices. From its northern side yawned deep canyons filled with ice and snow the year round. On its eastern and western sides grew verdure, fresh and green, almost reaching to the very top of the mountain. And all about this strange mountain stretched splendid valleys full of fields, broken here and there by forests almost impenetrable, forests in which lurked all manner of wild bird and beast.

The people living in the valleys about Pine Cop looked with awe upon it, feeling in their hearts fear of the strange spectacle that forever loomed frowningly above them. And during the hundreds of years that man has made his home at the foot of Pine Cop none had ever explored the mysterious mountain to its top. A few brave hunters had gone into one or two of its deep canyons, but with the growing darkness and narrowness of the gorges had returned to the open land without having penetrated very far.

There was a legend which had been handed down for hundreds of years that once upon a time a wizard had been seen to pass through the town, which lay at the base of Pine Cop on its southern side, and to ascend the mountain, climbing beside the waterfall. It was told of him that he had said to some of the villagers that he had suffered at the hands of one of their townsmen and that he was going to the top of Pine Cop to spend the remainder of his life, where he would plan his revenge on the offending citizen of their town. As soon after that, according to legend, terrible storms began to sweep down the mountain side and great avalanches slid upon the town, sometimes doing great damage to man and property.

And even to the day of which I write the inhabitants of the region of Pine Cop believed that the old man—or wizard, as most of them thought him to be—was still alive and wreaking his vengeance upon the hapless town and thereby upon the descendants of the one man who had offended or wronged him. Every time a storm broke over their heads they swore it was the effects of the evil wizard upon the top of Pine Cop. If a drought killed their crops they blamed the Pine Cop dweller for their bad luck. Did a milch cow sicken or a sheep die, they turned their eyes towards the top of Pine Cop and swore their threats against the wizard, whose evil influence was being used to their disadvantage.

Now, in the town lived a wheelwright, with an only child, a little son of some 12 summers old. The name of this child was Pete. Pete's father and friends called him Pete. All day long Pete worked in his father's shop, for there was very little money to be made at the trade in their town, and the father could not afford to pay an assistant.

In the evenings Pete would sit beside the great blazing fire in the shop (he and

his father lived in rooms attached to the shop) and listen to the wonderful legends and tales told by his father and chamber friends who would drop into chat and have a smoke beside the cheerful fireplace of the wheelwright. And long after the company had gone and his father had fallen asleep in his high-backed wooden settle beside the fire Pete would sit and dream of the strange stories he had heard, and would plan and plan on making a journey up to the very top of Pine Cop when he should become a man.

But a day soon came when Pete decided upon making the strange and perilous journey to Pine Cop's top. It happened in this way. Several very brave youths had gone hunting for squirrels in the woods that covered the lower portion of the eastern side of Pine Cop, and on their return to the village they reported that they heard strange sounds as of some human being in distress. And again they had heard laughter and singing. They had hurried home in fear, each boy having stranger and more weird tales to tell than the others by his fellows.

But as Pete distanced the spirit of adventure outbalanced his feelings of fear, and he made up his mind to go into the woods whence the sound of walls, songs and laughter had been heard—or reported to have been heard by the young hunters. The time set for the journey was a day when work in the shop was lagging, and his father consented for him to take his gun and go hunting. Not a word of his plan had been spoken, for had he told his father that he intended going in search of the mysterious person or persons—or mayhap witches and wizards—who were responsible for the tales told by the young hunters, objections might have been raised against his plan, and his father's permission refused him.

It was a bright, cold January day on which Pete set out towards the place of mystery. He entered the wood, traversed the old familiar paths made by the village hunters, then crossed the stream which had always been the huntsman's boundary line dividing him from dangerous territory. Once on the opposite side, the up-mountain side—Pete cocked his gun and walked cautiously, peering ahead of him into the deep woods which grew on undisputed ground, for according to legend the wizard's realm extended downward to this spot.

Pete kept his eyes and ears wide open expecting to hear strange sounds and to see strange sights. But after a whole hour's hard climbing his expectations gave way to fatigue, for nothing save the wild woods about him had he seen and nothing save the sound of the wind in the bare branches had he heard. Being overcome by his weariness he dropped down beside a great boulder and fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke the evening was falling about him and he could see that clouds covered the sky.

Quickly getting on his feet, Pete took up his gun and determined to return home as fast as he possibly could. But in turn-

ing down the mountain side he heard a rumble; then the earth trembled beneath his feet and he fell to the ground. At once he thought of the old wizard, and feared that he was about to kill him. He scrambled to his feet again, got his gun and looked about him. A strange roaring was still filling his ears and still he could feel a quiver of the earth beneath his feet, but both sound and motion were growing less with each second. Pete turned about, facing the downward way, when to his utter amazement—and fear, too—he beheld a sight that quite took his breath away. In front of him, and covering a large space, the ground had fallen away, carrying boulders and trees with it. A terrible avalanche had just rolled away from him. He had been on its very edge, had felt its quiver as it separated itself from the steep side of the mountain. Pete stood transfixed, staring in the semi-darkness at the horrible ravage wrought in the side of the old Pine Cop. And his path homeward had been changed by the avalanche! Now he must turn about and find his way down the mountain at another point. He chose the side of the avalanche, which would lead him to the village most directly. It was a rugged way, leading through a canyon and beside a dangerous precipice. But there was no other way open for Pete, and he took a fresh grip on courage and set forth, his gun over his shoulder. Somehow, he felt no fear of unnatural happening. Having advanced up the mountain to this point without meeting anything that smacked

of wizards or witches, he began to doubt the stories told by the villagers of the dangers that had lurked there for hundreds of years—dangers that had made all men so cowardly that they feared to pass beyond a certain boundary line that cut them off from the top of mysterious Pine Cop's summit.

But the growing darkness soon made it impossible for Pete to see his way, and he feared that he might be forced to seek shelter for the night under the protecting edge of some projecting boulder. True, it would not be so snug and warm as his own bed in the little room opening from the big fire-warmed shop. But his apprehension was not for himself; it was for his father, who would be so anxious at his father's prolonged absence.

The wind had risen as the darkness fell, and Pete decided to look about for some sort of shelter made by Nature. He was on the edge of a deep gorge, and followed it for a few paces in the hope of finding a sheltering rock. Pretty soon there loomed before him a dark mass, something not so large as his father's shop, but yet larger than any boulder he had yet seen on the side of Pine Cop. He made straight for it, hoping to find a place snug from wind and threatening snow. To his great surprise he found the dark mass to be a rude stone hut, with a small door facing the south. Pete stopped beside the entrance—which was without a shutter—and knocked against the stone step with the butt of his gun. There was no response from within, so Pete made bold to enter



He had uncovered what resembled a human skull.

the hut. All was darkness and silence within. Pete felt about him, discovered a sort of stone table and bench in one corner and a fireplace nearby. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he made out the interior of this odd place quite distinctly. In another corner of the room was a mass of dark stuff which felt like leather. It had evidently been a bed of leaves in the long, long ago.

Pete felt in his pockets to see if he had a few matches about him. He seldom set off without supplying himself with these necessary articles, and on this occasion found he had quite a handful of them snugly tucked away in his vest. "Oh, I'll soon have a fire to give me light and warmth," he said. Then he went out and gathered bits of bark and decaying tree branches that littered the ground near to a patch of pine trees. Soon the fuel was blazing in the stone chimney, throwing out light and warmth. Then Pete began to explore the hut. No sign of life was visible. No food was on the stone table, and no appearance that any had ever been there. Not even a handful of ashes was to be seen about the hearth. Evidently the one-time dweller in the place had been absent many, many years, for no traces of his having been there remained.

After he had become warm Pete went to the corner where the mass of leaf mold lay. It had become so packed to earth that it was almost of the very soil. Pete dug into it with a stick. But what was that he dragged forth? He stared at it wildly, then leaped up and ran out of the cabin, almost too startled to think. He had uncovered what resembled a human skull. It had grinning teeth and eye sockets. After a while Pete became calm and his fear subsided. So he returned to the hut and looked a long time at the white, round thing which lay grinning at him. "I'll not be afraid of a thing that's dead," he declared bravely. "I only hope it's the old wizard who has been accused of wreaking all the mischief against our town. I'll carry this skull back home with me and show it to the people. My, won't their eyes bulge, though?"

Then he felt to digging in the bed of mold for other parts of the anatomy belonging to the skull, and soon he had almost the entire skeleton. Strange to say, Pete was no longer afraid of the uncanny bones as he dug them forth from the old, decayed mold. But while still digging for more relics of a human body his stick struck against something round and smooth. Pete went after the object with his hand and, extricating it from the soil that had buried it for so long, he saw by the firelight that he held an old pewter pot with a rust-tinted lid. With some difficulty he removed the lid and there, glistening in the firelight, were golden coins of a strange design. Pete hurried to the fireplace, that he might examine them more closely. On one of the coins he could make out a date about 150 years old. Ah, the owner of this hut had been a miser; possibly the very man that had passed through the village so long ago, threatening vengeance against one of the

townsmen of that day. And here he had lain dead, buried in his bed of decaying mold, with his treasure of gold beneath his head. The threat against the town had simply been a means of frightening the simple people of the time and preventing them from molesting him in his solitary mountain home. And here he had lived and hoarded. And here was but lifeless bone left to whisper of flesh and blood. But the gold—it was as bright and precious as ever.

"And since there's no one to claim this pot of coins it is mine by right of discovery," said Pete. "Ah, if it's any good it will enable father and me to go away from the mean, slow little town at the foot of Pine Cop and to seek our fortunes in a better and more thriving place."

The next morning bright and early Pete set out for his home. As he entered the town he saw the streets filled with excited people. They saw him coming, and several ran to meet him. "Ah!" they cried. "Then you were not buried beneath the avalanche of last night! Your father is grieving in his shop, thinking you were killed. The avalanche came near to our town, damaging some sheepfolds at the foot of Pine Cop. Oh, it's that old wizard who is still seeking revenge on this town

for some slight offense done him hundreds of years ago."

"Well, neighbors," said Pete, taking from the folds of his coat a human skull "here's all that remains of the old wizard. And I have a pot of gold that is mine by right of discovery."

"Ah, my son, my son," And Pete looked about to see his own father coming to embrace him. "So you are found, my son. God be thanked!"

And all that day and all that week, and all that month and year the people in the village at the foot of Pine Cop marveled at the discovery made up in Danger Canyon by little Pete, the wheelwright's son, and none dared to question his courage nor his right to the rich treasure of gold he had found in the old pewter pot. And when he and his father bade adieu to their old friends—for they were going away to seek their fortunes in a better place—Pete said laughingly to them:

"It was courage and love of adventure that made me rich. Learn the lesson, my friends, and banish fear and superstition from your hearts. The man or boy who runs and trembles at fairy tales and fears to go beyond a fixed boundary will remain ignorant and poor. You'd better all go to the top of Pine Cop. You may find another pot of gold at the summit. If not, you'll find nothing there to fear. Good-by, and be brave."

Peeps Into Places of Interest in Foreign Lands

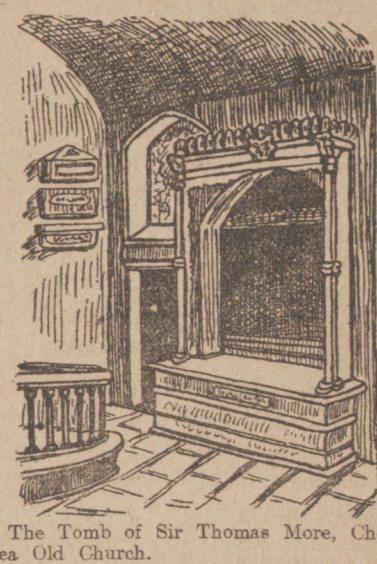
In St. Luke's Church (Chelsea Old Church, as it is commonly called) lie buried the remains of Sir Thomas More. Chelsea Old Church is one of the most interesting relics of old London. It has suffered little at the hands of time and has never been "restored." On its walls hang relics rich in historical interest, and beneath its floors of masonry lie sleeping many world-famed men and women—personages who made and sometimes marred the history of their time.

To the east of the south aisle is the little chapel built by Sir Thomas More in the year 1520. Inside the chancel he had erected in 1532 a tomb to the memory of himself and his two wives. In this tomb his headless body was placed long after his execution, for it had been buried in the chapel in the Tower as soon as it was carried from the scaffold. And beside him lie his two wives, Joan, the first and the mother of his children. To her More was married more through a sense of justice than through love, for at the time of his betrothal to her he said: "Though his affection most served him to her younger sister, it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have the younger sister preferred before her." His second wife was a widow at the time of their marriage. Her name was Mrs. Alice Middleton.

In St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, is preserved the head of Sir Thomas

More, beside the tomb of his favorite daughter, Margaret Roper. A picture of Sir Thomas More's tomb is given here.

MARY GRAHAM



The Tomb of Sir Thomas More, Chelsea Old Church.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can! —Emerson.

Deadly Conflict Between Artie and a Bear

Artie was not a boy. Artie was not a child. Artie was a big rag doll that belonged to Little Lucy Grover. And Artie was about two years old. Now did you ever hear of a doll living to be two years old? I never did till I knew Artie. And the way it happened that Artie had outlived his time—that is, the allotted time for a doll—was this: When he was given to Little Lucy she had loved him very dearly. Indeed, had not Artie been made of cloth he would have been broken into a good many pieces, for it was Little Lucy's habit to hug and hug him so hard that sometimes his breath was all squeezed out of his body, and he must have cracked in two had he been of a crackable material. As it was his poor body suffered the consequence of such great hugs, and became sadly shattered and out of shape. But so long as Little Lucy loved him Artie did not care a straw about how hard she hugged him, nor how flat his former round body became. He was happy in holding supreme place in his mistress's affection.

But after Artie had been the nursery favorite for about six months he was suddenly set aside for a new toy—a stuprily feelingless, pink, white and yellow doll, all done up in dainty white laces with pink ribbons. Little Lucy seemed to forget Artie entirely in the possession of this new pet, and she left him lying in a corner, where she had thrown him upon receiving into her arms the new pink and white thing which Artie soon grew so jealous of.

But what could he do? In the end state of neglect to which he was left he could only grieve and regret. And so the days and weeks passed by with Artie, disconsolate and heart-broken, lying dumpled into a corner of the nursery, with never

a look nor a word from Little Lucy, who gave all her attention to the horrid thing with the pink cheeks and yellow hair. Pauline was the name of this new member of the nursery. And the very name made Artie shiver. He could tell by the very expression on Pauline's face—or, rather, the lack of expression—that she had no strength of character. She was just a silly French doll, whose vanity was his dominant trait. All day long she would sit, with her mouth drawn up into a silly meaningless pucker, her useless hands folded across her lap and her tiny slippered feet thrust forward as if to say: "Look at my pretty, small toes!"

But pretty soon after her arrival Pauline began to droop and look a bit worn. Her white frock became dreadfully soiled and her curls tangled and her ribbons disarranged. Artie noted these gradual changes in her appearance with pleasure. Now, this may sound as though Artie was a bad-disposed fellow. Well, one may not condone his feelings, but one cannot really condemn him. He would not have minded sharing—mind you, sharing—his place in the nursery with Pauline. But who could blame him for feeling heart-broken when his place was usurped by the strange lady doll, with no place left for him save a dusty corner where only cast-offs were thrown? And though he was glad to see the unfavorable change take place in Pauline's appearance, he was not wholly selfish. He felt that after her beauty had worn off—the newness and primness—Little Lucy would take him back into her life and let him and Pauline share her attention. He did not ask to be THE ONE. He wished to be just like the weeks and months rolled by, with little change in the nursery, and Artie was about to resign himself to the corner for life, when something happened.

Little Lucy had a tiny cousin come to pay her a visit. This tiny cousin at once conceived a great liking for Artie, whom she saw languishing in the corner. She had scarcely entered the nursery when she beheld the poor rag fellow lying there, face drawn and miserable. Besides the look of dejection on his face there were numerous stains of strawberry jam, for during his days of favoritism he had been indulged with many delicious dainties, such as jam and candy. Now he repined without so much as a smell of those delicious sweets.

"Oh, what a big boy-doll!" And the little visitor, whose name was Minnie, had Artie in her arms instantly, hugging him close to her heart.

"Oh, that's old Artie," said Little Lucy. "You may have him if you want him. I don't care for him any more."

Oh, the fickle Lucy! It gave poor Artie's heart a twist to hear her speak so. But pretty soon his hurt was soothed by the tender solicitation of his new mistress, who had eagerly accepted Little Lucy's gift, never once resenting the fact that it was an old cast-off rag doll that had lost all favor in the nursery of her cousin.

"Oo needs 'our face washed, don't ee, pretty Artie?" And Minnie set to work to accomplish this feat, finding some water in a drinking glass and a kerchief in her pocket. She scrubbed and scrubbed the face of Artie, and although she succeeded merely in smearing the jam stains all over it, she was pleased with the result and put the poor fellow's head out at the window to dry in the sunshine and freezing wind. The cold atmosphere drew Artie's features into a funny pucker, holding them in an ice grip. And when, a little later Minnie went to bring him in she laughed merrily, saying: "Oh, just see how he is laughing! Isn't he too sweet for anything?"

And when Minnie went home that evening she carried in her arms Artie all wrapped in his overcoat and cap. And both Minnie and Artie were happy.

But Artie's first happiness in his new home was to be short-lived. Soon after his arrival there Minnie's mamma came into her little daughter's playroom one day and pulled from a huge box which she carried a great brown Teddy bear. Minnie was out calling on a friend at the time and her mamma put the new toy just where her little girl would see it on coming in. That she might give Teddy Bear a most prominent place where the light from the window might fall upon him, she took poor Artie from a comfortable chair where Minnie had set him up in all his dignity and put Teddy Bear in his place.

Once more Artie was to be eclipsed by a rival! In the corner where Minnie's mamma had put him Artie sat meditating gloomily. Then he chanced to look up at the great ugly animal that had his place in the window, and to his astonishment and anger, Teddy grinned at him. Artie felt the savdust in his heart stop short, and he shivered as with cold. How dared that impudent, insolent beast, that went on all fours, to grin triumphantly at him?

Artie rose and went straight at the bear, his feelings so outraged that he forgot to be afraid. Before the bear knew what was happening Artie had him by the neck and was flinging him to the floor. Teddy fell with a dull thud. It hurt him, too, for he gave vent to a grunt. Then he was up and at his antagonist's teeth shining and his eyes full of rage. But Artie had got on the chair, a real stronghold. From his elevation he could thrust out his foot and kick Teddy Bear in the jaw every time he leaped at him. Ah, now it was Artie's turn to laugh. And he spread his face in a broad smile and threw his arms about wildly, clapping his hands. But Teddy Bear was tenacious. He kept up the attack, growing more and more vicious. Then, seeing by the clock that it was almost time for Minnie's return home, Artie warned to the conflict, and soon had Ted laid low on the floor. With the smile of victory on his jam-stained face, he leaped from the chair, grabbed up his slain foe and hurried to the window with him. Succeeding in raising the cash Artie tossed his victim into the street below. A little street boy, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, saw the furry fellow coming through the air, and instead of Teddy Bear falling onto the hard pavement he dropped into the arms of the newsboy, who held velvet-covered arms for him.

"Gee, I've got a Teddy Bear at last," he muttered, his face radiant with happiness. "Ah, I guess not! Bears a-fallin' from third-story windows right into me mits!" And away went the new master of Teddy Bear, taking him home, where he would revive him in short order and make him as lively as ever.

And in the playroom Minnie was saying: "Hello, dear old Artie. How have you been since I went away? I do hope you were well and long!"

And Artie, still smiling from his place on the chair, knew that he was still his little mistress's favorite. As far as the fate of Teddy Bear was concerned—well, Artie did not bother his rag head about that.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a part of a window and leave a very hardy tree.
2. Behead a place where a certain kind of animals are kept and leave a piece of dining-room furniture.
3. Behead a hard substance of which houses are built and leave a stack of hay.
4. Behead a word meaning a bird's song and leave a small mountain stream.

(Answers given in next week's page.)

PROVERB PUZZLE.

In the following six sentences is hidden a well-known proverb, one word of the proverb appearing in each sentence. Write the correct words in the order in which they appear and you will obtain the answer. If you fail to find the proverb look in next week's page for it.

If each word do his duty all would be happy.
Virtue is its own reward.
We never miss the water till the well runs dry.
It is selfishness that makes so much misery in the world.
He ends a good life who is just to his fellow man.
If one would be well in body let him be sound in mind.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in pine, but not in shade;
My second is in lumber, but not in trade;
My third is in zero but not in cold;
My fourth is the same as my third, you are told;
My fifth is in little but not in big;
My sixth is in horses but not in gig.
My whole spells a word
With a meaning, I'm told,
That it often takes labor
Of mind to unfold.
(Answer in next week's page.)



Impertinent Piggie

Said the little Piggie
To the tall Giraffe:
What a rubberer you are!
How you make me laugh.



"Is the weather very fine
In the clouds so high?
Do you see rare sights up there
In the distant sky?"

Tall Giraffe did slowly bend
Forward his small head
Then he opened wide his mouth,
And to Piggie said:

"Of the weather up so high
You shall judge, my dear."
And he stretched his neck and took
Small Piggie by the ear.

Up and up he lifted him,
And held him there a while;
And Piggie squealed so very loud
He could be heard a mile.

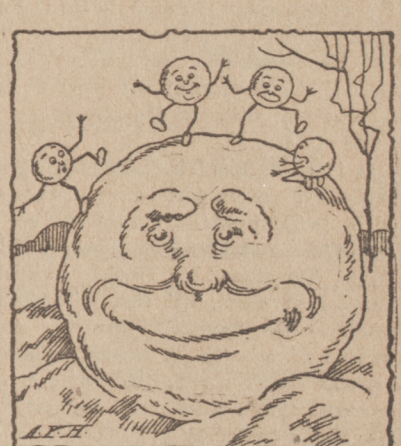
HELENA DAVIS.



A GRACEFUL WITHDRAWAL.

"Do you know who that old man is talking to our hostess?" asked Mrs. Blunderer of the lady sitting beside her.
"That," answered the woman coldly, "is my son."
"Oh," gasped Mrs. Blunderer in confusion, "he's a good deal older than you are, is he not?" —Lippincott's.

At the Ball



It was the very loveliest time
The Snow Flakes ever had.
They went there with their good Mamma
And their loving Dad.

The music it was splendid!
The crowd so jolly nice.
To see they way they frisked you'd think
They were not cold as ice.

Around about they flattered,
To the music's call.
Fellow, that was a grand affair
For 'twas a big snow ball.

The Favorite



Once there was a little fellow,
And his hair was brown.
He was loved by all the children
Living in the town.

Just one coat had this poor fellow;
Only one to wear.
Would you think him quite unlucky!
But—he was a bear.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BEHEADINGS.

(1) Hear—ear. (2) Chair—hair. (3) Hate—ate. (4) Danger—anger.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S HISTORY CONUNDRUMS.

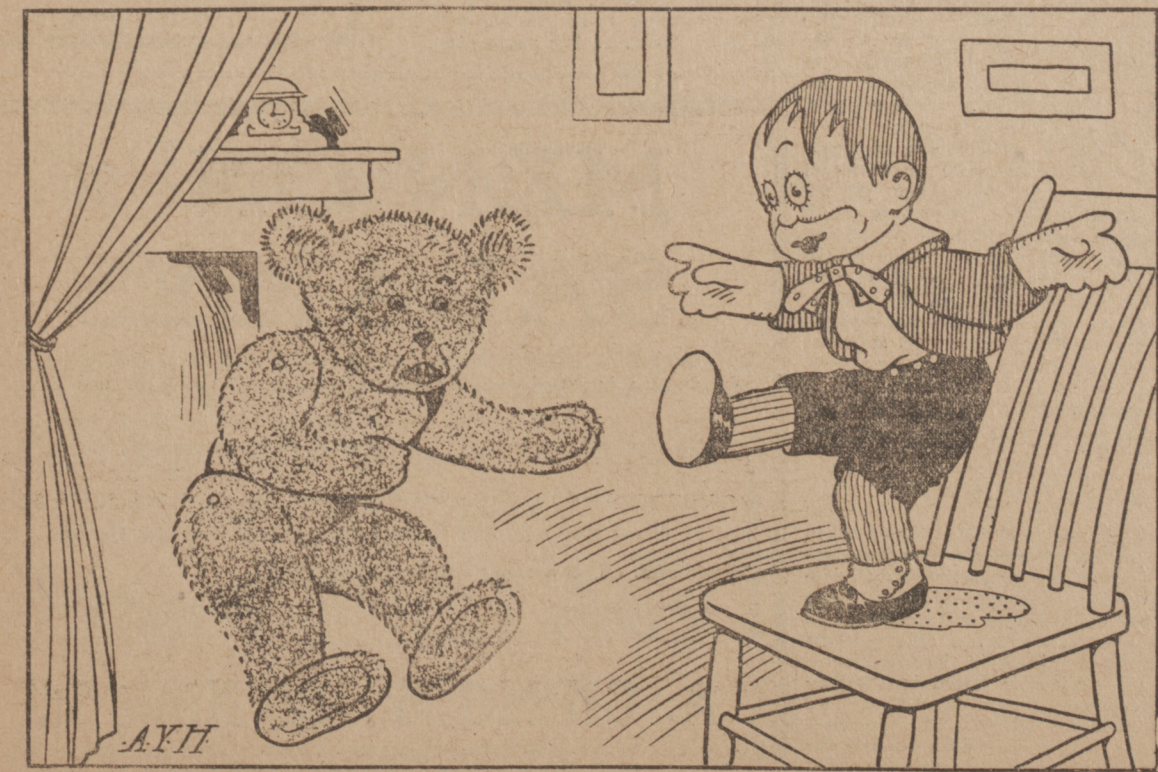
(1) Richard III. (2) The Flying Dutchman. (3) Churchill. (4) Mary, Queen of Scots.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLES.

(The Ocean.)
(Smoke.)
(In a looking-glass.)

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S LETTER ENIGMA.

MOONLIGHT NIGHT.



But Teddy Bear was tenacious. He kept up the attack, growing more and more vicious.