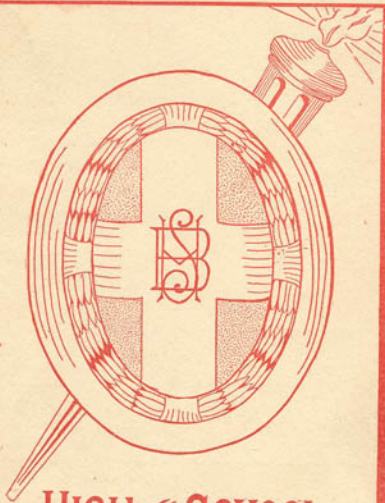


ÆGIS



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TELEPHONE.

THE ÆGIS.

VOL. II.

BEVERLY, DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 4

Entered February 1, 1902, as Second Class Matter, post office at Beverly, Mass., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Boy and Big Brother.

Boy was much like all other six year old boys. He had curly hair and blue eyes. Incidentally he had a pug nose and rather more than his share of freckles. These detracted from his otherwise angelic appearance.

Boy lived on a big Western ranch with his uncle and aunt, and there were no other little boys there. But Boy didn't care, for he had Big Brother, and wasn't he the best of playmates? Big Brother was tall and strong, full of fun and frolic, and always ready to play with Boy. They had the best times in the world together, at least, so Boy said. They had long rides together, they walked together, and in short did everthing together; and in the evening Big Brother would tell stories of the big Eastern cities which Boy would visit some day, until Boy's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Oh! there was no one like Big Brother.

One morning Boy woke up feeling quite sick. As the day wore on he became very sick, and next day he was so very, very sick he just lay in his little white bed all day long. Then came weary, anxious days. His pony whinnied, but no master came; Uncle nearly drove his men crazy by his contradictory orders; Aunt seemed turned into a statue by the Boy's bed, while Big Brother wandered around, wondering why the house seemed so dark and gloomy, with the sun shining outside.

After two long weeks, Boy began to grow better. As soon as Boy was out of danger Big Brother had to go away. Boy's first question was for "Brother," and he was not there to answer.

And Boy missed Big Brother so that he didn't get better at all, in spite of Auntie's gentle care, but lay looking in the direction Big Brother had gone, growing weaker and weaker every day. He wouldn't tell what he wanted, but Auntie guessed and sent for Big Brother. One evening, as the sun was setting and it seemed as if the frail little life couldn't last till the sun rose again, Boy saw Big Brother coming up the road. The color came to his cheeks and he stretched out his arms impatiently. The next moment Big Brother clasped him tight, and after that Boy got well.

B. A., '05.

My Trip up Pike's Peak.

During my stay in Colorado Springs my wish was to ascend Pike's Peak. I could not arrange to go up the Peak until last summer, when my uncle and one of the young men I knew consented to go up with me.

We started from my house at eight o'clock at night and arrived about nine in Manitou, where the ascent begins. The Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway, which ascends the Peak, is so steep in some places that it is only with the aid of cogs that a car can be pulled up to the top. These cogs are

placed between the rails in such a position that a wheel under the engine grips them and thus pulls the train to the top. The distance by the way the bird flies is only about a mile and a half; but we had to go nine miles on the railway before we arrived at the summit.

We began this long ascent at half past nine o'clock and covered the nine long miles of climbing in seven hours, arriving there at about half past four and just in time to see a glorious sunrise. The journey to the summit was uneventful. The dull, monotonous walk between the two shining rails was varied only by occasional halts and rests. Yet the view from the summit, which embraced a territory extending over an hundred miles in each direction, amply repaid us. The sunrise was wonderful. It seemed as if a ball of red fire were rising from behind a bank of shining gold.

It is said that the most beautiful sunrises seen from the top of Pike's Peak are those on cloudy mornings. The summit is above the clouds, and the shades of color made by the sun upon the upper surface of the clouds are exquisite.

The descent was without incident and we arrived in Colorado Springs at twelve o'clock, tired and worn out, but happy.

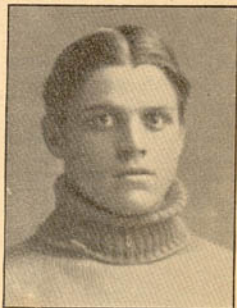
S. F., '05.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As on his bed shone morning's light,
I wish the school burned down last night.
—Ex.

He left the woodpile and purloined the pie,
This tramp who scorned all decency and law,
He said, and gaily winked the other eye,
I came, I conquered, but I never saw.
—Ex.

Athletics.

We have just closed a successful season of foot ball, both financially and in the winning of games. Much credit is due to Mr. Iverson and Mr. Tarr for our successful season. Only by their hard, persistent coaching have our boys been able to accomplish anything desirable. Too much praise cannot be given to our captain, Mr. Fullerton, who has worked very hard for the interests of the team this year.



CAPTAIN FULLERTON.

(By courtesy of the Times.)

There have been a great many instances this season when the practice of the team has been discouraging, but through much practice and hard work on the part of our captain and coaches the work was greatly improved.

Results of our foot ball games:
Sept. 27, Beverly 0, Salem High 0.
Oct. 4, Beverly 5, Danvers High 5
Oct. 7, Beverly 0, Lynn High 5.
Oct. 8, Beverly 5, Peabody High 0.
Oct. 11, Beverly 21, Gloucester A. C. 0.

- Oct. 15, Beverly 6, Salem High 0.
 Oct. 18, Beverly 0, Lincoln A. A. 11.
 Nov. 5, Beverly 12, Lynn High 0.
 Nov. 7, Beverly 5, "Tech Tigers" 0.
 Nov. 12, Beverly 0, Peabody High 5.
 Nov. 22, Beverly 12, Carlton "Prep." 0.
 Nov. 25, Beverly 0, Danvers High 11.
 Nov. 27, Beverly 0, Beverly 1902 0.
 Total points, Beverly 77, opponents 42.
 Percentage of games won .733 $\frac{1}{3}$.

The game with Peabody, in Peabody, was forfeited to Beverly, because of ringers in Peabody's team. Score 6-0.

The results of the league this season:—

	Danvers.	Beverly.	Peabody.	Games Played.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Tied.	Per cent. Won.
Danvers		2	1	3	2	0	1	1.000
Beverly	2		2	4	2	1	1	.750
Peabody	1	2		3	0	3	0	.000

B. H. S. 12, CARLTON "PREP" 0.

November 22. Beverly High defeated the Carlton Preparatory School from Boston, on the common to the tune of 12-0.

Beverly carried the ball up and down the field at will, while their opponents found our line and ends invincible.

The game opened with Travers kicking to Gorman, who advanced the ball 10 yards. From here the Beverly backs carried the ball straight to the Boston's one-yard line, where the Carlton's braced somewhat, but after two plays Fullerton carried the ball over and fumbled where Quigley fell on the ball for the first score. Fullerton kicked the goal. On the next kick-off Fullerton caught the ball

on his five-yard line and ran the whole length of the field for a second touchdown behind the interference of the whole team. He also kicked this goal. This ended the first half.

In the second half neither side scored and the game was called before time was up on account of darkness. The score at the end of the game was 12-0 in favor of Beverly.

Summary:

BEVERLY.	CARLTON "PREP."
Robertson.....l.e.	Estell
Caldwell.....l.t.	Berry
Williams.....l.g.	Carey
H. Kent.....c.	Bolk
Mason.....r.g.	Ducey
McLaughlin.....r.t.	Smith
Standley.....r.e.	Webb
Quigley.....q.b.	Stevenson
Gorman.....l.h.b.	Hemenway
Herrick.....r.h.b.	O'Connor
Fullerton.....f.b.	Travers

Score, Beverly 12, Carlton 0.

Touchdowns, Fullerton, Quigley.

Goals from touchdown, Fullerton 2.

Referee, Madden of Beverly.

Umpire, Sullivan of Gloucester.

Time, two 15 min. halves.

BEVERLY 0, DANVERS 11.

November 25 Beverly played her final league game at Danvers on Tuesday afternoon. She was unable to score on Danvers, while her opponents scored twice.

The game was full of dirty playing on the part of the Danvers players.

The game opened with Kerans kicking to Foster, who fumbled, and a Danvers man fell on the ball. It was not long before the ball was carried across Beverly's goal line for a touchdown. Kerans kicked a difficult goal. Fullerton then kicked to White, who ran 25 yards before he was downed. From here the ball was carried to Beverly's one-yard line, where Bev-

erly obtained the ball on downs. The ball was rushed to the middle of the field where time was called.

In the second half Danvers scored again but failed to kick the goal. Beverly was hindered in this half by the interference of the crowd. The game ended with the score 11-0 in favor of Danvers.

Summary:

BEVERLY.	DANVERS.
Foster.....l.e.....	Allen
Berry.....l.t.....	Jewett, F. Parker
Williams.....l.g.....	Poor, J. Parker
H. Kent.....c.....	Danforth
Mason.....r.g.....	Caskin
McLaughlin.....r.t.....	Emerson
Standley.....r.e.....	Gaffney
Quigley.....q.b.....	H. Kerans
Gorman.....l.h.b.....	White
Herrick.....r.h.b.....	J. Kerans
Fullerton.....f.b.....	Merrill

Score, Danvers 11, Beverly 0.
 Touchdowns, J. Kerans, Merrill.
 Goal from touchdown, Kerans 1.
 Referee, Dr. Martin of Beverly.
 Umpire, Manning of Danvers.
 Time, two 15 min. halves.

B. H. S. 1902 0, B. H. S. 1900 0.

November 27. On Thanksgiving afternoon, despite the mud and drizzling rain, the High School team of 1902 lined up against the team of 1900. Neither team was able to score. In the first half Fullerton kicked to Jenkins and the ball was carried steadily to the High School's 15 yard line. Here our boys braced somewhat and on the third down Herrick threw Jenkins back for a loss of 5 yards. The High School carried the ball to the middle of the field where time was called.

In the second half the ball kept changing sides and there was not one player but what had floundered around in the mud. Neither side was able to

score in this half and the game ended in a tie. The feature of the game was a 30 yard run by Standley on a trick play. Summary:

B.H.S. 1902.	B.H.S. 1900.
Robertson.....l.e.....	Wallis
Caldwell.....l.t.....	Rankin
Williams.....l.g.....	Maloon
H. Kent.....c.....	Calahan
Mason.....r.g.....	Ward
McLaughlin.....r.t.....	Mader
Standley.....r.e.....	Pearson
Quigley.....q.b.....	Webber
Gorman.....l.h.b.....	Walker
Herrick.....r.h.b.....	Haskell
Fullerton (capt.).....f.b.....	Jenkins (capt.)

Score, B.H.S. 1902 0, B.H.S. 1900 0.
 Referee, Madden.
 Umpire, Ellis.
 Time, two 20 min. halves.

BEVERLY 6, THORNDIKE 5.

November 29.—The High School played its last game of the season, Saturday on the Common, against the Thorndike Club of this city. The teams were evenly matched although the Thorndike team played the stronger game. The game was exciting throughout and full of spectacular plays.

Fullerton opened the game by kicking to Rankin, who was tackled in his tracks. The Thorndike Club held the ball and by line bucking and tandem plays carried the ball over the line for the first score. Rankin failed to kick an easy goal.

The second half opened with Walker kicking to Foster, who advanced about five yards. In this half the High School was forced to punt a number of times. With about seven seconds to play Fullerton punted, got on side, caught the ball and rushed it across the Thorndike's line. He kicked an easy goal, leaving the score 6-5 in favor of High School.

Summary:

BEVERLY.	THONDIKE CLUB
FosterLarcom
Caldwell.....l.t.....Brookhouse
Iverson.....l.g.....Rankin
Kent.....c.....A. Webber
Cass.....f.g.....Davenport
McLaughlin.....r.t.....Pearson
Raymond.....r.e.....I. Webber
Herrick.....q.b.....Allen
Gorman.....l.h.b.....(capt.) Walker
Dodge.....r.h.b.....Crowley
Fullerton (capt.).....f.b.....Perkins

Score, B.H.S. 6, Thorndike Club 5.
Touchdowns, Walker, Fullerton.
Goals from touchdown, Fullerton.
Referee, Madden.
Umpire, Moses.
Time, two 15 min. halves.

MASS MEETING.

A mass meeting was held in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday, Nov. 25. The meeting was called to awaken the interest of the scholars in the football games and to get together a large delegation to accompany the team to Danvers that afternoon, where Beverly was to play her final league game. Mr. Hurd presided over the meeting and made a short address, after which he called on the teachers, who made very interesting comments on the football team. The coach of our football team also made a very interesting address and also our captain had a word to say.

Some of the old High School players as well as the former coach, Mr. Crowley, said a word or two of encouragement and praise to our boys.

They're forming trusts in everything.

He said to her one day.

There'll be a trust in kisses next, football team. The coach of our football team also made a very interesting address and also our captain had a word to say.

Some of the old High School players as well as the former coach, Mr.

Class Notes.

1904.

When the fire signal rings what is that cyclone which passes through our room?

We were surprised to hear A. H. say that a visit to the police station was nothing new to him.

It is good fun for us to see the shocked expression on the faces of those in the other classes when they read the announcement of the girl's football team on the board in room 9.

Lost in the Assembly Hall, two geometricians. Finder please return to room 9.

All boys who wish to come to see the girl's F. B. T. practice must dislocate their shoulders.

Capt. P. R. S.

Teacher: What was the lesson for today?

Pupil (sighing): Problems.

Even the Juniors find an attraction in a fire engine.

If some of our commercial English pupils would murmur a little louder, it would be a help to all.

Teacher: What is the relation between the triangles A. B. C. and D. E. F.?

Pupil: Cousins.

Ask Mr. G. how we are going to "slip up stairs."

Who said "inexpressibly grand?"

"Which cell did you like best in the Salem jail?"

A. H.: "Oh! Number 6 was the

Teacher: What is the relation between the triangles A. B. C. and D. E. F.?

Pupil: Cousins.

Ask Mr. G. how we are going to "slip up stairs."

iving, she plays.

to play. In 1904, when the game was kicked off by Rankin, who was tackled in his own backfield. The Thorndike Club held the score tied at 0-0 by line blocking and tandem end. In the 14th score, Rankin fumbled the ball, an easy goal.

in 1904. The second half opened with Walker's first touchdown to Foster, who advanced the line 14 yards. In this half the

CLASS NOTES.

1. Allow
2. The English School
3. The English School
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7. The English School
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8. The English School
9. The English School
10. The English School

Perhaps by this time G. St. has discovered where she found "Ulixes hanging by a rope."

The latest is "Miss Herrick." Mr. G. knows why.

H.C.L.: No flies on you.

W.C.L.: Not today, mercury's 10 below.

"P., the hugger," is on exhibition in room 9.

Will someone be brave enough to erase the names of the Girl's Foot Ball team, so that a new team for next year may be on exhibition.

J.L.W. wishes to advertise his daily papers. Please take one or he might throw one at you.

When will we be old enough to write long stories about love.

A question frequently heard Friday, December 12th: "May I be excused from lessons today? Why? Because the banquet was held last night.

Teacher (in civil government): What is the officer who measures lumber called?

H.C.: Justice of the Peace.

H.C.L. is afraid that he will know too much.

R.R. is seeking employment as an instructor of Physics. Apply to Miss P. for information.

Who can tell the difference between the gerund and the gerundive?

1905.

"Work while you work and play while you play" is an old proverb. In the High school it is "Recite German in German and French in French."

Mr. T. has in his book, which contains the names of the holders of music books, two barbaric commands: Cann Grant and Boyle Williams.

Miss C.: "Write about your favorite flower."

R. W.: "Wild or domestic?"

Anything will amuse L. R. from class notes about himself to a tin hen.

All candidates for the "Beverly Drum Corps" apply to Miss E. A. A. has already enrolled.

Poor A.! He gets very much confused in mathematics.

Please do not spread your feet over the aisle.

The class meeting was rather slow in coming.

J. M. does not strike the waste basket in chemistry so well as he did last year.

C. C. will be very careful to write out all of his algebra after this.

H. W. is another aspirant for class poet.

Wanted: Something that will show Miss H. when it is recess.

A. R. will be delighted to sweep up any floors recommended.

R. R. should not get angry even if he does fall over his own shadow.

Was A. H. admiring H. E. or her algebra?

Labelling seems to be the fashion in this class.

Miss McG. puts a bad example before the Greek class when she bets.

When is A.B.A. going to write his book?

Miss Mc. believes in a strenuous life, especially in geometry.

G. W. informed us that rivers crawl up the backs of houses.

G. P. wishes to state that a parallel parallel to another parallel is parallel to the parallel which is parallel to the first parallel.

J. M. should be more careful how he throws compliments around in this English class.

1906.

Ask B. L. to pronounce "homologous."

A. C.: Do you believe in spirits?

D. G.: Yes. Those that come in bottles.

M. D. does not believe in mermaids.

Why does R. B. always blow the chalk when she goes to the board? Do you suppose it is hot?

Why does B. D. insist upon looking at Miss W. instead of at the board?

1907.

Every pupil must be in his room or out of doors before school and at recess. There is no loitering allowed in the halls.

Molasses candy is bad to eat during recitation, for it makes speech impossible.

In a Latin class, "puellae" may stand for boys or girls, according to the sex reciting.

One of the ninth graders is still unlocated, or so it appears from the sign "Lost" which appeared on his back the other day.

A.W.'s voice has suddenly become very faint in class.

It was only a boy's hat that caused that confusion in room 5.

Did R. M. enjoy sitting on the edge of the platform?

Cæsar conquered nations,
Conqueror of the world was he,

And at the examinations

Cæsar conquered me.

—Ex.

You may find a balm for a lover crossed,

Or a candidate who's defeated;

But the only balm for a ball game lost

Is to say that the umpire cheated.

—Ex.

A Strange Adventure.

In the wilds of Northern Maine, far remote from city strife, a happy trio of boys had encamped during one winter vacation to enjoy that freedom and peace which nature alone can afford. They were sturdy-built fellows, who had roughed it in Maine all their lives. Frank Dunston, the eldest, was a tall and wiry sort of fellow, with dark hair and blue eyes. John Morton was short and thick set, and a little twinkle in his eye plainly told one that he was the fun of the camp. Phil Leighton, more commonly known as "Phi," or Phil, was a lad of medium height and stature.

Their camp was somewhat farther north than huntsmen generally choose to go in cold weather; but, as it was within the haunts of the moose and other large game which they eagerly sought, they were not to be balked by the cold. The hut was built of logs so well spliced together that the cold had no chance to penetrate. With a fire always kept blazing in the great open fireplace the boys gave no thought to the cold. Indeed, when it was the coldest weather and the wintry blasts howled fiercely about them, they rejoiced that they could again gather around their warm camp fire and talk over recent encounters with the beasts of the forest,—remembrances which were ever fresh in their youthful minds. Sometimes these tales were so thrilling that the night was far spent before they would finally roll over in their warm blankets to rest.

There was a lake not far distant which was of remarkable beauty. Heavily-wooded hillsides rose high and majestic on every hand, cutting deep

(Continued on page 46.)

THE ÆGIS.

CHESTER C. POPE, EDITOR.

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5 WASHINGTON STREET.

Editorials.

A long step forward in athletics has been taken by the Beverly High School by the admission of the girls to the Athletic Association. It has been under consideration for some time and at last has been settled. Also, a committee has drawn up a constitution, and the association, from now on, will be run on a firm basis. The girls certainly deserved to be admitted to the association, as they have done great work in supporting the different teams at the games.

There is an amusing incident connected with our Christmas vacation. It was supposed that it was decided that school would be closed on the day before Christmas, and the students were complaining loudly at having to go to school so near Christmas. Now that the date has been changed to the 19th they are happy once more. But

this gives us nine days vacation, while with the original plan we should have had eleven.

From a certain hint that was dropped a few days ago it appeared that courtesy in the High School was sadly lacking. This was spoken of to the students, and there is nothing to be complained of now. It would be sad indeed if our reputation should fall so low that people would say that there was no courtesy at all in our school. Again, people have spoken of the "rowdiness" shown in the special cars. This should also be suppressed. The street car company cannot be expected to give us special cars if we use them in such a way. In some cases injury is done accidentally, but sometimes it is done purposely.

Owing to a mistake of the editor no Class Notes were printed in the last edition of THE ÆGIS. He promises that it shall not happen again.

THE ÆGIS wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

(Continued from page 45.)

coves far in beneath their snow-bound crests. Here and there an island of irregular outline showed itself a little way from the sandy shore of the lake. Here it was that the three pleasure-seekers had caught many a string of shining fish, that the most practiced huntsman himself would have envied. And here it was that, tired from their labors in the earlier part of the day, they would delight in skating for a whole afternoon or in the moonlight evening.

It was the middle of March. For three days the weather had been very dull and threatening, yet too cold to

snow. As it was fairly moderate in the afternoon and the ice all of five inches thick and of glassy smoothness on the lake, the boys had left the hut soon after noon and had gone to skate. The wind had freshened a little, and once started, by spreading their coats, they could speed the whole length of this transparent surface, with little exertion. To return was of course more difficult. As they went sailing along, the metallic click of their skates rang out sharply on the frosty air and sang to a merry tune which echoed and reechoed through all the timber growth.

After they had indulged in this sport to their hearts' content, Phil suddenly wheeled around and suggested a race to his companions as they dashed up to him. "You see that stake out there," said he, pointing to a broken limb, which stuck up above the ice at a distance of perhaps half a mile from them, "Well, that will be the finish and when I say, 'Go!' we're off." All excitement now, the boys waited for the signal and then like a flash each one charged ahead.

Night was fast approaching. The shadows had already crept far into the coves. On they sped, looking neither to the right nor to the left, so eager was each one to gain the stake first. Frank was leading, Phil close behind and John, who found it more of a task to urge his rather cumbersome body along, brought up the rear. Yet there was very little distance between them. They had travelled about half way and had just rounded a jutting point of land to their right, when, to the amazement of the others, Frank, who was still in the lead, suddenly slackened speed and finally came to a dead stop. He gazed steadily into the cove just

opened up before them. To the eager inquiries of the others as they came dashing up all out of breath, he made not so much as a gesture of reply, but seemed to be wholly engrossed with what he saw. Bewildered they too looked into the cove. Like Frank they stood spell-bound.

But why this delay? Why not go on and win the race? There standing within the gloom was an old man, with shaggy hair and long whiskers, that waved frantically in the breeze. He wore no hat. His coat, which reached nearly to the ice, was made of the skins of wild animals. There was indeed something very mysterious and awe-inspiring about him, as he stood there motionless and staring from beneath his bushy eyebrows at the terror-stricken boys. Furthermore, they were not at all slow in making the startling discovery that he had on a pair of cruel-looking skates turned up oddly at the toes.

Suddenly, like one possessed with evil intent, he threw his arms wildly into the air and uttered one terrible shriek. For a moment those long-silent and snow-hung forests resounded with echoes. It chilled the hearts of the three who thus felt within themselves that they must have been the cause of it all. At the same moment that he had raised this piercing cry, the crazy man (for such he was), gave a mighty leap toward them and his gleaming runners landed squarely upon the ice.

All this time the trembling boys had kept their gaze firmly planted within the cove. They could move neither hand nor foot but stood rooted to the spot, with their feet weighed down as if by a ton of lead. But just as the dull thud occasioned by the fall of his skates upon the ice reached their ears,

their bonds were suddenly severed and like three hunted deer, with one accord, they dashed headlong down the pond. Hardly had they gone twenty paces when, like some phantom, the weird old man glided with wonderful velocity from beneath the thickening shadows into the opening where, but now, they had stood. They had soon covered over half the distance to the shore. Not a single glance did they cast over their shoulders for fear that they might encounter those gleaming eyes close behind. They reached the shore. Scarcely stopping long enough to unfasten their skates, they rushed up the steep incline and giving one hurried glance behind as they reached the hut, dashed in and locked the door.

For a moment they stood as they had entered and stared each other blankly in the face unable to utter a word. There was no fire to cheer and only a few half-charred embers glowed in the fireplace. The room was chill and dark.

Gradually, however, the knowledge that they were once more safely lodged in their own little room gave them renewed strength and vigor. Indeed by the time that Phil had rekindled the fire and added a new log to the flame, their spirits had in part revived. And nothing daunted they silently gathered about the fire. Soon the room was quite warm and comfortable. The tongues of flame, losing themselves up the broad chimney, sent a cheerful and mellow light into the dark recesses of their snug room. The charred wood, bereft of any solid foundation, now and then crashed down into the bright, glowing embers and spread a cloud of sparks upward to the ceiling. Shadowy and grotesque figures arose and danced fantastically upon the

walls. This was only for an instant for then, like gruesome and uncanny things, they silently faded away.

By supper time, thanks to the warmth and comforting glow of the blaze, the boys had quite overcome their fright and once more their rosy faces were aglow with the usual mirth and hilarity. John stood before the fire and tended the venison steak, which sizzled and sputtered on the spit. He was an excellent cook and right glad were the others when it came around to him to perform this all important duty of getting supper. The sweet and savory smell of the steak scented the room and made the hungry boys impatient for supper. At last the table was spread with all the good things that a thoughtful cook could prepare. And now, with no further ceremony, three hungry boys began to clear the table of all its bounty.

In the meantime the wind had risen to a gale and snow beat sharply against the northeast windows. The wind fairly whistled about the eaves. Its din came in somewhat muffled tones into the interior of the hut. Yet it only served to make the boys feel more secure and content. Supper over with, they sat down near the fire to enjoy a quiet hour before going to bed. Time flew on rapidly and unheeded by them until ten o'clock. By half-past, John, who had been beaten three games out of four at checkers, finally gave in and said that he was going to bed. Frank and Phil soon followed his example and, except for the silent tick of the clock on the mantle shelf, the occasional sifting down of the charred and glowing embers and the snap of the great log, the room was still and dark. The storm still raged and its force was

unabated. While John and Phil slept soundly, Frank tossed restlessly about on his bed, confessing to himself that the storm made him nervous. At last he arose and glanced at the clock. It was five minutes to twelve. He stirred the fire a little and as he did so a cloud of sparks flew up the chimney. Just then the clock slowly struck the midnight hour. He stood peering into the fire, not heeding the cold draft that chilled his bare feet. Suddenly, he gave a quick, nervous start, which at once brought him to his senses above all the din of the storm. A faint yet distinct cry from far off in the forest had reached his ears. He listened intently with every muscle tense. For a space nothing was heard but the clock which seemed to tick louder than ever upon the mantelpiece. Again he heard that plaintive cry.

This time it was much nearer. Then another and another followed, each one louder and fiercer than the one before, until the whole neighborhood reverberated with echoes, which, if they had come from the very throat of a demon, could not have been more terrible. Frank stood rooted to the floor. The next minute a terrible shriek rent the air about the hut. Frank knew what it all meant and tried to calm his nerves. At this minute John and Phil awakened with a start. Again they

stared at each other with abject terror stamped on their faces, and in truth they had good cause. Indeed, what could be more terrible? They were helplessly at the mercy of one whom they knew to be crazy. Perhaps that very minute he was preparing to force his way in — an easy task, for such as he. Frank cast a quick glance upon the other two, which spoke plainer than words all his fears. They returned his gaze while icy shivers chased one another down their backs. They were almost frantic. How awful was this suspense? The next minute they heard a clatter of hoofs, which pealed out on the midnight air like a thunder clap. The boys were now prepared for the worst. Again they heard that familiar cry. But this time it was much fainter. Another faint and distant cry came and then all was again still as death. The danger had passed. Their weird, nocturnal visitor had gone and they were safe.

The next noon found the little log cabin deserted. The great excitement of that awful night had proved too much and its three tenants had gone home. The hut still stands for aught I know in that far off region of Northern Maine; but of one thing I am sure, that three boys, at least, are perfectly willing that it shall remain undisturbed in its forest fastnesses. H. C. L.

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