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With the Treasure Hunters

Bwana Humpto in Africa

By Raber Lundorf
HAVING seen the last dog fit foreraps upon its breast and sink snoringly into eternal sleep, Photo Humpto took a snapshot of many horses, oxen and dogs that were prone and helpless on the ground.



HORSES, OXEN AND DOGS LAY HELPLESS ON THE GROUND.

"I mention his feet because he has the habit, when galloping, of bringing his hindlegs in front of the forelegs, like a badly twisted sawhorse; but I wouldn't hurt the giraffe's feelings for the world," remarked Dr. Pillo. "How do you like my song?" he inquired.



PHOTO'S STEED IS JOINED BY THREE OTHER GIRAFFES.

feeding on leaves and twigs. At first Photo could make out only the reddish-brown spots of hair upon the animals' bodies. By the time the white interlining spaces began to show the wary giraffes were moving away.

the doctor had said. Therefore, the boy tried to get near enough to a giraffe to blow upon it. This seemed impossible; but Photo made a gallant try, and finally succeeded in casting the nose of his lasso about the giraffe's neck.

Then his real troubles commenced. The pony endeavored to stand firm, but he was dragged along by the big giraffe. Again Photo urged his mount forward.

A very uncomfortable slope there is to the back of a giraffe. It is very soon discovered. He held firm to the nose, drawn taut about the neck of his new steed. By this means alone was his ride possible.

After awhile, however, the boy grew accustomed to his seat, and he would have enjoyed the ride had it not been for the swiftness of the giraffe's bounding hoofs. This nearly blinded him, while the giraffe, exercising its ability to close its nostrils, was free from annoyance.

In order to feel at home, Photo unslung his kodak and hung the strap over one "horn" of the giraffe. Upon the



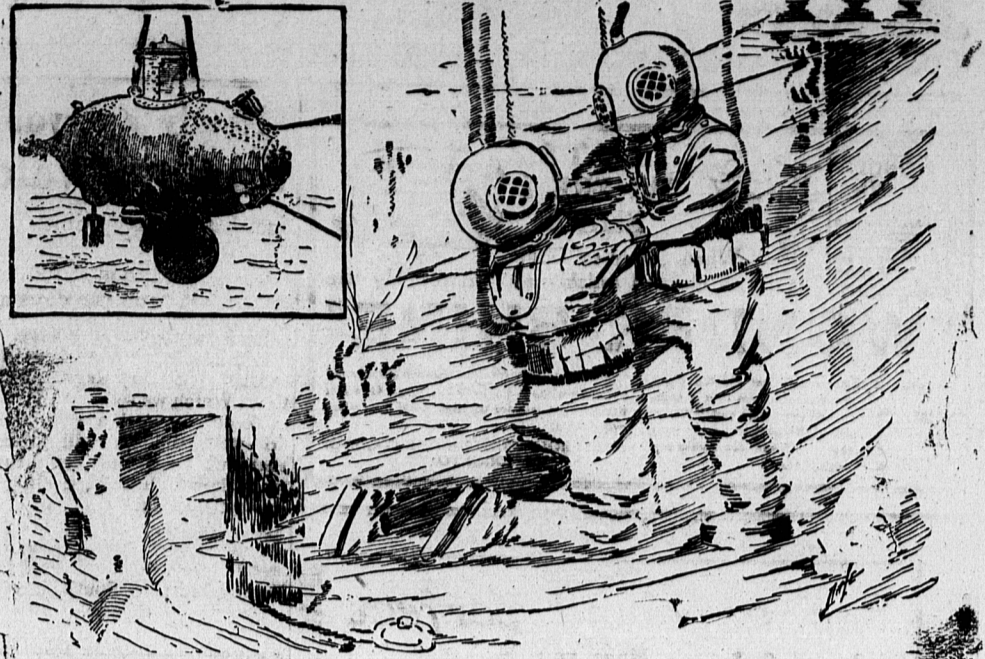
A LONG CHASE.

other protuberance he placed his hat.

Now, when the three companions of the giraffe saw from afar this strange headgear they were consumed by envy. They approached near to the captured giraffe, and in the hope of gaining a similar headcovering also galloped along beside him. In this fashion the four giraffes entered the camp of Bwana Humpto, where they stood meekly as Photo dismounted. Any one of the animals would have given up its life in exchange for the honor of carrying the famous kodak but once.

While the sportsmen gathered round to express their astonishment at the wonderful feat, Photo said modestly: "This is the first installment of the Humpto. Now I shall build an extension saddle in order that my seat may be level, after which I shall need the hunt."

Before departing, however, Photo Humpto took a snapshot. The giraffes were pleased immensely. So Photo Humpto took another snapshot. (The eighth Bwana Humpto story will appear next week.)



THE SUBMARINE WRECKER

DICK GRAPPLES WITH THE SPANIARD

"I'M DEAD tired of this idleness!" exclaimed Dick, in disgust. "Here we are, laid up for three weeks, with not a blessed thing to do!"

Pedro shrugged his shoulders and settled himself more comfortably on the wharf. Inactivity did not worry this easy-going native of a southern land as much as it did his strenuous chum from the north.

The merchant ship Luisa, plying between Buenos Ayres and Vigo, had encountered heavy gales during her last passage. And the "old tub," as Dick called her, was in great need of repair by the time she came to port in Vigo harbor. So, after discharging her cargo, over two weeks in the dry dock would be necessary before a cargo of wines could be shipped for the return voyage.

PLAN TO HUNT TREASURE

"Naw," rejoined the other, scornfully: "you've got to work too hard for too little pay over here."

Both relapsed into silence. Then Pedro stopped abruptly in the tune he was humming, and jumped excitedly to his feet.

"I know which to do! We will depart the treasure for to hunt!" he cried.

His comrade's questioning led him to explain that an expedition under Dr. C. L. Ibert, had been granted concession by the Spanish government to raise the wreck of the treasure ship sunk in the Bay of Rande, near Vigo bay, in 1570.

"Little difficulty had the boys in attaching themselves to the expedition. Pedro was engaged to help on the submarine boat, which, driven by its screw, could be maintained at rest in

any depth of water, or even run along sea bottom by means of its wheels. His companion was assigned to the wrecking boat from which the divers descended.

On the day of his arrival, Dick chanced to hear the foreman of the diving crew complain to an associate: "I'm in a bad fix. My best diver is sick and can't go on with his work. We need him badly; nor can we, at short notice, get any one to fill his place."

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Dick stepped forward. "I learned the trick of diving for sponges in the Bermudas, sir," said he, "and while I've never had any experience in a diving suit, I'd be glad to be of help."

The foreman looked critically at the 15-year-old boy, observing his splendid build and apparent strength. He slowly replied: "I've a good mind to try you. Suppose you report to me tomorrow morning."

"Yes, the story has already come to me," said Pedro, when he joined Dick on the wrecking boat that evening.

Pedro told, moreover, of a conversation he had heard among the divers. It appeared that a close friend of the ill man had applied for the work shortly after Dick had spoken to the foreman. Upon learning that the fellow had had absolutely no experience in diving, however, that official had refused him, whereupon the man was much displeased.

"He is a bad Spaniard," cautioned Pedro; "so if he find you where he fail, maybe he or his friends do you mean."

Dick laughed lightly. The young American, who had knocked about many parts of the world since his parents had died four years before, was not to be frightened by the disgruntled Spaniard. But he promised the anxious Pedro he would be careful—and then quickly forgot the warning.

Bright and early the next morning Dick was given a diving suit. Shortly afterward he was lowered over the side of the wrecking boat to the main poop of a Spanish man-of-war, from the upper portion of which the sand had been removed by suction pump and the clay dug away. With diver's

lamp in hand, Dick advanced carefully upon his inspection of the wreck. Suddenly he was grasped from behind. He wrenched himself loose, turning to find another diver trying to cut the three tubes and cords by which Dick communicated with the boat above.

Dick seized his spear for probing mud and used it as a lance. The first thrust knocked the ugly looking knife from the man's hand. He picked it up, however, and the two grappled. The fellow was stronger than Dick. It was going ill with the boy, when he happened to see at his feet on the galleon's deck an old dagger. Quick as a flash he grabbed it and made a savage thrust. Through the stout rubber and canvas the knife penetrated into the flesh. Back staggered the man. Fearing that his enemy was badly wounded, Dick pulled the fellow's signal cord.

As soon as his adversary was apparently hoisted out of the water Dick signaled to be hauled up also. There was no response. He signaled again many times, always with the same result. He did not know that his enemy, in the ascent, had cut the signal cord, rapidly trying the end fast, and that confederates were not going to pull up Dick unless they received the signal.

PEDRO GIVES THE ALARM

In the meantime Pedro was keeping his eye upon the divers. The submarine was on the surface at this time, so the lad could see all that was going on. When Dick failed to appear, Pedro insisted upon giving the alarm. Dick was hauled out of the water too soon. His long stay on the sea bottom had already made him lose consciousness.

That was the end of Dick's trouble, however. He told the foreman frankly about the attack made by the diver, who by the way, was merely scratched by Dick's weapon. The fellow was immediately dismissed, and the threats made by the foreman caused the evil Spaniard's friends to give the lad a wide berth in the future.

So well did the boys work that when the time came for the Luisa to sail they were asked to remain with the wreckers. But both had grown restless and longed to leave the coast of Spain rapidly. Therefore, they pocketed a tidy sum of money in wages and rejoined the merchant ship. In spite of Dick's gloomy prediction at the beginning of their three weeks' vacation, they had been far from idle.

ing and found it so difficult to answer the call.

"You are wrong, my boy; the fever is acquired only in Africa and through the bite of the tsetse fly," Trappo explained.

"Yes, you are wrong," rebuked Dr. Pillo; "because your tardiness at home was due to mere laziness. Here is a good little verse which I should like to have you memorize:

"Sleep not, as the sunny sun / 'Tis not from the sky, / Blame your laziness, not on / The little tsetse fly.

"Laziness, like funny bones, / Come not from the sky, / Nor is rheumatism reaped / From eating rhubarb pies."

"I thank you, Doctor," said Photo, fervently; "again I thank you. The tsetse fly is my friend from this time on."

But the little insect did not find favor with Bwana Humpto, also. Through its bite, said the great hunter, many of the beasts of burden had been stricken unto death.

"It is impossible to make use of some animal unaffected by the disease," asked Photo.

"I can think of none, except the giraffe," Bwana Humpto jokingly replied.

The lad, however, took his father at his word. "I shall catch you some immediately, father," he promised. The giraffe was extremely difficult of capture. Only one animal had been seen in the Athi district for a very long time, he explained. Photo was not to be deterred. "With trusty kodak and lasso I shall ride forth upon my pony," he stoutly insisted, "and there will be no giraffe who can stand against me."

Doctor Pillo encouraged the lad by observing: "Your courage is admirable, my boy. I myself think that the giraffe will suit our purpose. Here is a pretty little song about the giraffe which I should like to have you memorize:

"His head, though light and hollow, / Giraffe doth carry high; / His tongue, though long and supple, / Ne'er says a word awry.

Chorus: / "His only trouble is / That he mixes up his feet." / "His neck, so long continued, / Makes a toboggan line; / His legs, on his forehead / Await your hat and mine.

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The Queen's Talisman



"A BEAUTIFUL QUEEN, SURROUNDED BY ELVES."

had caught his squirrel in the wood and imprisoned the furry little creature in a wire cage made with special care. Therefore, the wild chucky could not be permitted to hunt food by himself and the master must needs journey to the grove for beechnuts and acorns.

Chores were yet to be done at his father's cottage, so Terence gathered nuts as quickly as he could. He eagerly pounced upon three acorns lying close together. Turning over the leaves on which they rested, he espied three more nuts. Terence pried deeper and found other ones. Thus encouraged, the boy dug among the fallen leaves and loose earth, always adding to his store of nuts. Quite a deep hollow was scooped out, when he felt in his hand a

piece of metal incrustated with dirt. Curiosity made him brush away the clinging soil.

"It is a ring!" exclaimed the lad, as there lay revealed in his palm a dainty circlet of gold, ornamented with precious stones set in the form of a heart.

A rub of the ring upon his sleeve caused the gold to shine and the stones to sparkle. Another rub and so dazlingly did the ring gleam that Terence cried: "Never have I seen a more beautiful ring, not even in the window of the jeweler's shop!"

Terence snatched from the ground his bag of nuts and ran homeward with all speed. Soon, he was proudly displaying the treasure to his father and

of her possessions. But it appeared that the ring was trying constantly to get away from her.

Once, as she approached a thicket that bounded the manor park on the west, a fox sprang from cover, grabbed at the ring and fled before she had recovered from her astonishment. Falling asleep in the hammock one afternoon, she swooped down and tried to snatch the jewel from her finger. Her favorite parrot, a pet bunny, the fox terrier she loved, and even a dignified tabby made efforts to take it from her. A bat flew in her window at night, endeavoring to lift the jewel from its casket. And so there were many attempts by animals and birds to steal the little girl's dearest treasure.

It was on the evening of Elsie's eighth birthday that, for the first time, she forgot to be careful. She had come from a special birthday party, and, thoroughly tired, had tumbled, undressed, into bed, with little thought for else but sleep. The ring lay on the dressing table where she had tossed it.

Midnight arrived, when Elsie, weary though she was, awoke suddenly. A patter on the floor near her dressing table, a crawling and scratching, led then a third told of happenings. She switched on the electric light just in time to see a big gray rat leap from the floor. It barely reached with its forepaws the edge of the table. There the animal clung and struggled for a footing until at last it dropped to the floor, carrying a bush with it.

"You have, indeed, made a rich find!" cried the mother examining the wondrous jewel.

"Yes," said the father, "and I've no doubt 'twill bring a pretty sum. I'll take it to the jeweler to have it priced and you may come with me, my son, instead of going to school this morning."

The value of the ring proved to be greater than the wagoner and his wife had supposed. And the dealer in precious stones purchased it for many thousands of dollars. Through his lucky and Terence had brought to the family riches beyond their wildest dreams. No longer did the father pursue his rounds with the little cart. The tiny cottage gave place to a handsome residence. His parents were exceedingly grateful to Terence, you may be sure; and Terence always remembered the ring as a jewel of magic, to which he owed all his good fortune.

The Talisman Regained

Before opening the velvet case Elsie paused to make another guess as to what it held. Then, breathlessly, she pressed the spring; the lid flew open, and—

"Oh, father, I guessed right! It is a ring!" screamed the lass, giving her father a warm kiss at the same time. Looking upon the slender band of gold, with its heart-shaped setting of wonderful gems, she explained, eagerly:

"You've given me the very thing I wanted! And this ring is the nicest ever! It's like the ring owned by the fairy queen; my story book tells about, only it's lots nicer, I am certain!"

Of all the treasures belonging to this wealthy little girl of Foxcroft Manor, none was prized more than the ring presented by her father on the day she became 8 years old, and the stones to sparkle. Another rub and so dazlingly did the ring gleam that Terence cried:

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Elsie scrambled out of bed at the rat made another jump. This time it was successful. Gaining the top surface of the table, it seized the precious birthday ring in its mouth, leaped to the floor and darted across the room. After it rushed the girl. The rat dived for a hole. Elsie stretched forth her hand, which closed about the rat's tail.

But the rat did not pause in its flight. No sooner did Elsie touch the tail than she was changed into a pile of air. Through the hole she was whisked and thrown upon the back of the animal, where she clung desperately. Elsie could ride her pony skilfully, but this journey was harder going than any pony's gallop down the steep ledges of the haunted Mr.

Par, without thought for the comfort of his rider.

Would the wild ride never end? It seemed a year to Elsie since she had mounted her queer steed. Almost exhausted now, she prayed again and again for help. But none seemed near when all at once the rat turned to the right, pushed open with his paws a tiny door and tossed the girl to the floor.

Elsie struggled to her feet. Dumbly she looked about to find herself in a magnificent chamber. The floor of a gorgeously painted ceiling was supported by walls as beautiful as a coronet and fastened with gold hinges. Massive beams showed wonderful carvings, beneath her feet were floors of elegant mosaic work.

All this was seen in a glance. Way attracted Elsie's mind, was the glow thrown at the extreme end of the room. Upon it sat a beautiful queen, surrounded by elves with funny noses and spry limbs. Toward her majesty now sped the rat, ring in mouth.

Immediately the fairy queen sprang from her throne, bent toward the rat and hurriedly took the ring. With the sparkling jewel she cried:

"At last my talisman is returned to me! By it alone have I the power to overcome the wicked fairy, whose long years ago my greatest enemy was. I shall throw at the oak tree and restore the hiding place an elf was wont to use, which even my magic could not reach away. Then a mortal may be saved and dug up my talisman."

After having had all beasts and birds and insects in quest for the ring, a loyal rat has brought it back to me. Fairland no longer will be in turmoil. Disturbed by evil forces and elves, the queen's happiness shall reign in my fairy kingdom.

As the fairy queen placed the ring upon the queen's throne bowed as one man. The fairy majesty advanced toward Elsie. Greeting the little girl goodly, she thanked her for taking such good care of the fairy talisman, and gave her another pretty little ring for remembrance. Then she directed a handsome elf to bring a basket, into which Elsie was banded. The fairy queen and Elsie's family, the doors were opened and many accompanied Elsie home, drawing the rat rapidly behind them. They must have traveled over the same route by which Elsie had come. For the time there was no jolting, the carriage ran smoothly until finally it came to a stop. The little girl dismounted in her own room, whereupon she was to be congratulated.

"I have a journey to fairland was which she rode. Besides, the beautiful ring she now owned was the gift of a fairy queen. And that was 'most as good as being a talisman."

He Knew. "Teacher, don't know the truth commandment. Now listen: if a man can speak with a revolver and shot and killed, what would it be? Johnnie brightly—A holiday, ma'am."

Auto's Number

TWO little girls from the country visited the Guimet Museum in Paris. They paused before a mummy.

"A mummy, Jean? Do you know what a mummy is?" asked the one.

"Why, a mummy is a person who is dead," was the enlightening reply.

"Is it possible? I should never have thought it. But, Jean, what means the inscription, M. G. U. S. marked upon the placard attached?" persisted the other.

"Stupid!" exclaimed Jean. "It is the number of the automobile, which while the poor mummy was driving it fell over and crushed him."

Doctor Pillo encouraged the lad by observing: "Your courage is admirable, my boy. I myself think that the giraffe will suit our purpose. Here is a pretty little song about the giraffe which I should like to have you memorize:

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Chorus: / "His only trouble is / That he mixes up his feet." / "His neck, so long continued, / Makes a toboggan line; / His legs, on his forehead / Await your hat and mine.

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Flower Fancies

QUAKER LADY FLOWERS

Quaker Ladies in the wood, / Holding Quaker meeting; / Silently the Quakers / Pray, / All their palms repeating.

Dressed in crowns of / White and blue, / I can see them / As kneeling in their / Hearts they pray / For a kindly blessing.

In their meeting houses / The Quakers / Sweetly, as still / And steady / Be sure a blessing will / Fall down / For every Quaker / Lady.

GUESS THE RIDDLE

I know a little robin— / But I never, never / And, unlike other / Robins, / It hasn't any wings.

It never in the spring— / time / Build a cozy nest; / You'll find it has no / feathers.

Nor yet a scarlet / breast. / You couldn't guess the / shade. / If you tried for / hours— / It's the little Ragged / Robin, / One of grandma's / flowers.

LIGHTING THE CANDLES

Each little rose, when day is done, / Folds its petals, one by one.

Each little bird and outdoor thing / Keeps at last, its tired wing.

Each little child, with drowsy head, / Climbs into its trundle bed.

Then, when all have closed their eyes, / God lights the Candles in the Skies!