



Children's Heads Are Hollow.

Ram it in, cram it in; Children's heads are hollow, Ram it in, Jam it in; Still there's more to follow— Hygiene and history, Astronomic mystery, Algebra, history, Latin, astronomy, Botany, geometry, Greek and trigonometry, Ram it in, cram it in; Children's heads are hollow. Rap it in, tap it in; What are teachers paid for? Bang it in, slam it in; What are children made for? Ancient archology, Aryan philology, Prosody, zoology, Physics, climatology, Calculus and mathematics, Rhetoric and hydrostatics. Hoax it in, coax it in; Children's heads are hollow. Scold it in, mould it in! All that they can swallow, Poit it in, mould it in; Still there's more to follow. Faces pinched, and sad, and pale, Tell the same undying tale— Tell of moments robbed from sleep, Meals unshared, studies deep. Those who've passed the furnace through, With aching brows, and weary eyes, How the teacher crammed it in, Rammed it in, jammed it in, Crunched it in, punched it in, Rubbed it in, chined it in, Pressed it in, caressed it in, Happed it in and slapped it in— When their heads were hollow. —Rebeck's Sunday Herald.

COYOTES ATE THEIR GRUB

Madventures of a Hunting Party of Boys From Grand Ronde Valley Many Years Ago.

Now I would like the boys and girls who read this page to gather around while I tell them a story of a boys' hunting expedition, full of mishaps, that took place in Grand Ronde Valley, in pioneer days. The party was composed of four boys, ranging in ages from 10 to 15.

On a fine Friday in June, 1855, these rollicking boys drove out to La Grande and followed the foothills skirting the west side of Grand Ronde Valley to the mouth of Ladd Canyon. The mountains were inhabited by antelope, deer, elk and many coyotes. So you see it was a boy's paradise.

The lads had been counting on the hunt for a long time, and had to use all their persuasive powers to get their parents' consent. After much arguing, the parents gave in, reluctantly, and the lads began preparations for the trip.

They borrowed an old wagon, with bow-legged wheels, and then took possession of a small mule, which was common town property.

His Chief Virtue. This mule's chief virtue was in breaking into back yards and thrusting his nose through back windows and saying: "Good morning." In a perfectly polite, although rather uproarious manner. His mate was a dilapidated cayuse, blind in one eye, and who saw with difficulty out of the other.

The boys hitched the "critters" up with a harness consisting mostly of rope and strings, but the cayuse objected to being seen in public with a mule, and it was necessary to use persuasion before the two agreed to pull together.

The boys piled into the wagon and pulled out of La Grande at 11 o'clock in the afternoon, armed to the teeth with an assortment of weapons. They drove around the foothills, and along the famous Tule Lake to the canyon.

Seeing that there were ducks on the lake, they stopped, took up their guns and prepared to make a dreadful slaughter.

Joe Baker, the youngest, boastfully remarked that he expected to bag 20 mallards.

"Oh, come off," answered Lee West, the eldest in the crowd; "you bag 20 ducks! You must be dreaming."

All the rest of the boys laughed loudly at this, much to poor Joe's discomfort. Then they started for the lake, which lay several feet east of the road. They crept stealthily through the dry cat-tails, and all would have been well, had not blundering "Sam" Chinworth tripped over a bunch of weeds, and tumbled headlong into the water of the lake. He made a great noise, as he spluttered the water out of his mouth, and wiped the mud from his face, and it caused the flock of ducks to rise.

One Lone Duck. The boys all fired at the same time into the flock, supposing that they would kill at least 10, but only one duck fell. Which boy killed the duck none could tell, but each claimed that he did. When Lee stated that he saw the shot from his gun strike that particular duck, there was nothing more said. You see, Lee had borrowed all the equipment, and, by virtue of this, was head boss of the expedition, as his word was law. It was a lucky shot, however made it, for the expedition was poorly supplied with provisions.

Upon securing the duck, the boys returned to the wagon and started on up the canyon into the mountains. This part of the trip had taken up the afternoon, and so they decided to make camp. On a flat hill, three miles from the mouth of the canyon, and about a hundred feet from a running stream, they drove the outfit of the road, unhitched the horses and fed them, and then prepared their supper of coffee, bacon and bread, which tasted very good to the hungry lads, who spent a jolly time around the camp-fire that evening. Each one vied with the other, in scenes of his own bravery. Said David Bay, in a patronizing tone to Joe:

"What would you do, Joe, if you looked up and saw two shining eyes of a cougar looking down at you from that tree? Cry for your mother, I reckon."

"Wouldn't do no such a thing," was the wrathful response: "I'd get my gun ready and pop him in the eye."

"Yes, like you would," said Lee. "Why, I wouldn't be afraid to meet a ferocious bear, or two of them, for that matter."

Draw Closer Together. At this, the brave hunters drew closer together, and Walker Cuffin asked the boys if they didn't think it was time to go to bed. This suggestion met with approval, for the woods were very dark, and the tall pines threw out threatening shadows which, to the minds of the boys, assumed shape of wild animals.

They all said that they would as soon sleep right on the ground as anywhere else; in fact, they preferred to. But Dave was careful of his health, and said that he had rather sleep in the wagon, as the ground might be damp.

Then Joe Baker suddenly remembered that his mother had forbidden him to sleep on the ground, as he was subject to croup. There followed excuses, more or less valid, by each boy in turn, and when it came to the last one he couldn't sleep on the ground because—er—well, just because.

Every boy then made for the wagon and climbed in. The bed was only four feet wide and eight feet long, so it was a tight fit for them. After much crowding they got settled three boys at the head of the wagon and the other two at the foot. In trying to turn over in the crowded quarters, Joe landed one heavily shod foot in Sam's face.

"Kick a feller in the face, why don't you!" Sam yelled, in pain. This created a commotion in the wagon. As the night was very warm, all were restless and thirsty. Only a pint of water had been brought up from the stream and put on the wagon seat, and, as Walker was nearest, he took first drink. In boyhood it is always "first come, first served," and Walker drank all the water.

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Question of Water Supply. When the others found it out, they were for pitching him out of the wagon, for they were so thirsty that they thought they could drink the creek dry. The oldest boy said that it was always the duty of the youngest to bring water, and the

youngest insisted, with equally good logic, that it was not his place to get out of the wagon and go down that hill to the stream, when it was so dark and there might be wild animals about. Each urged the other to go, but not a boy would do it. Not one of these brave lads would go down the hill for the best gun ever made.

Sweating with heat and thirst and trembling with fear, the boys lay wedged in the wagon bed. The alinking form of a coyote, attracted by the smell of bacon, glided out of the timber and crept under the wagon. He sniffed the box of boys' rags, and sent up a blood-curdling howl of delight, and three other coyotes who had been watching the first one accepted the invitation to join in the feast. It was a fearful sight. "Go! go!" cried the boys, and sent up a blood-curdling howl of delight, and three other coyotes who had been watching the first one accepted the invitation to join in the feast. It was a fearful sight.

When daylight came they climbed out and took a look at the surroundings. What they saw almost took their breath away, for the wagon had caught on the edge of a precipice. The coyotes were gone, and the boys hauled the wagon back up the hill. Then they got together, for their breakfast, the scraps of provisions that the coyotes had left. They had grown very brave with the coming of the morning and the disappearance of the coyotes.

After the meager breakfast, they started out for the hunt, winding higher up into the mountains, along as old Indian trail. For mutual protection they kept close together, almost treading on each other's heels. It was a wonder that some one of the number was not killed, in so reckless a manner did they carry their guns, as half the time the muzzles were pointing at the heads or backs of each other. Once as they passed around a large tree that stood in the trail, Sam's gun went off into the tree. The boys in front nearly jumped out of their shoes, and they were glad the tree was between them and the gun.

They Sight Game. After a long journey, Joe Baker caught sight of three antelope, and he caught his discovery with a loud shout: "Oh, fellows! Look at them animals; look at 'em!"

All the boys looked in the direction indicated by Joe's wildly waving arm, and when they saw the antelope they opened fire, severely wounding some trees. They then began to chase the antelope, thinking (foolish youngsters) that they could run them down. On they went for half an hour, stumbling through the thick underbrush, with the antelope almost out of sight in the distance.

At last the young hunters dropped exhausted, declaring they couldn't run another step. They had had nothing to eat

since early morning, and were nearly starved, as it was then late in the afternoon. No one had shot anything during the day, and they were discouraged. The hunt was distinctly a failure, and every one knew it, but none mentioned the fact. As there were no provisions left, there was nothing for the hungry lads to do but go home. So they went wearily back to camp, hitched up and started homeward—"a sadder, but wiser," lot of boys. It was late at night when they reached home, and they tumbled into bed, thankful that there were no coyotes to disturb their slumbers that night.

These boys have since become men, and still live here in Oregon. I doubt not that they will enjoy this account of their boyhood hunt quite as much as any of the children who will turn to this page, the first thing this morning.

ALICE M. WELLS. SPOILED THE MAY-POLE DANCE. Mischievous Boys Deprive Themselves of a Pleasure. Mrs. Crosby, an English lady, who desired to introduce a few English customs into the Oregon village that was to be her

future home, planned to have a modern form of the May-pole dance given at the picnic to be held in the village the first day of May.

"Boys, will you go to the woods and cut down a straight, slender fir tree?" she asked of Tom Allen and Fred White.

"I've never seen a better one for the purpose," she said of the sapling they brought from the forest. Then she showed them how to remove the bark and to smooth down the raised places.

The pole was erected in the center of the level play ground, and it was wound with yards and yards of red, white and blue bunting, which did not extend the whole length, however, for the upper part of the level play ground.

An equal number of boys and girls were to be in the dance; although Kitty Lee said confidentially to Mrs. Crosby: "Really, if I were you, I wouldn't let the boys have anything to do with it. They're perfectly dreadful."

That Wouldn't Do. "Oh, we couldn't get along without the boys," Mrs. Crosby replied. She drilled the children carefully. By holding the ends of the strips of bunting, they were to unwind the May-pole, as they danced around it, and then were to finish the dance by winding it up again. Patriotic music would be played the while, and a very pretty effect would be produced.

May day dawned bright and clear. People for miles around came to the picnic. They had all heard of the dance, and were anxious to see it. The children were on hand at the proper time, and the girls were dressed in white, as Mrs. Crosby had requested them to be. Murmurs of admiration could be heard, as they formed around the pole, and were handed the ends of bunting. The hand struck up and the dancers moved with pretty, tripping steps slowly and then faster. But no sooner had the dance fairly started than those dreadful boys ran wildly in a different direction.

Soon boys, girls and strips of bunting were involved in a tangle, from which the children could be extricated only by cutting, in many places, the strips of bunting. So the May-pole dance was a complete failure.

Boys Not Invited. But this is not all the story. Mrs. Crosby had planned to entertain the dancers at her home the afternoon following the day of the picnic.

"I'll request the boys not to come," she said, after the scraps of bunting had been cleared away.

And what a good time the girls had at Mrs. Crosby's. The boys heard of it later, tried to pretend they would not have gone under any circumstances; but, nevertheless, disappointment showed in their faces, as they listened to descriptions of the romping upon the lawn, the rowing upon the lake and the good things to eat which had been provided.

Could the youngsters have had it to do over again? It is likely they would not have spoiled the May-pole dance.

POSSESSED A SUPERIOR MIND. By Aid of Canine Allies, Diplomat Cat Whips His Rival. It was not, says the Grand Rapids Herald, his size or his beauty which made him remarkable, though his possession of these attributes of feline superiority easily made him prominent among the cats of the neighborhood with whom he waged unrelenting warfare, but the fact that he possessed a controlling mind and a strategic ability that would have made him a great commander had he been born in France. He was a staunch royalist, and in the days of the Revolution he valiantly espoused the cause of the unfortunate Louis and his doomed queen, Marie Antoinette. He was arrested and thrown into jail, where he lingered for days and weeks. One of his few pleasures in the gloomy solitude of his dreary dungeon was to listen to the voice or tune of the little music ring, which he always wore on the third finger of his left hand. He had inherited it from his grandfather, who had it manufactured in Genoa, at great cost.

One day, sullen-faced men, heavily armed, came to his dark dungeon and told him he must follow them. He knew that this meant the guillotine. He stepped bravely out to meet fate, determined to die like an English gentleman and a brave man. And he did. A strange fancy took possession of him just before they led him to the block. He touched the spring of his little ring and lovingly held it to his ear. It sang its little tune merrily and briskly. Then the signal came. He laid his head on the guillotine, which a few hours before had known the life blood of a queen. In the course of time the little ring found its way back to the Temple family, but it was silent. Its present owner took it to a London jeweler, who found in the musical mechanism a clot of blood that for years had lain there and impeded the working of the machinery. This was removed, and the little ring sings again the same little tune that beguiled the many sad hours of its former owner.

"SAILOR TOM." Cat Hunts a New York Pier Awaiting Its Ship. If by chance you should wander down to pier 38, North River, says the New York Herald, and see on the edge of the wharf a big black and white spotted cat, all

with listless, uninterested eyes at the different sailing craft as they pass, but watches with lively interest every steamship that passes, and when one heads toward his pier he prances about in a perfect fit of nervous excitement. If it comes to land at pier 38, Tom is wild. He runs up and down outside the pier inclosure, and when the drawbridge is let down the first one aboard is Tom—Tom.

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scarred and weather-beaten, looking longingly out to sea, don't cry "Scarf" for that cat, despite his disreputable appearance, has the faith of a martyr of the Middle Ages.

Three weeks ago the big Atlantic transport liner Manitoba left pier 38. The cat got left. This is how it happened: "Sailor Tom," as the cat has been dubbed by the wharf hands, came ashore a few minutes before sailing time to get a little fresh water. He had hardly put foot on shore when a big dog rushed at him and he was compelled to take refuge on one of the high pier stumps. The wharf hands laughed, the sailors were unheeding and the vessel sailed.

The dog left in time, and the wharf hands have treated the cat with respect—nay, more, they have treated him with unusual kindness, sharing their homely mid-day meals with their dumb companion, and often stopping in their work to give him a pat of sympathy, but the cat will not be comforted. Still he longs for his home on the sea.

He sits and watches all the day long for the return of the Manitoba. He goes

and went forth to battle attended by a bodyguard whose appearance inspired respect and assisted him in his combats. An English mastiff, a bird dog, and a small cocker spaniel shared his meals, and later enabled him to gain victories over his hated rival, the gray cat across the street.

This cat had had many a contest with that gray cat, but the combat always resulted in a draw because of the guerrilla tactics of his wary opponent, who preferred a short fight and a rapid dash to safety, to a prolonged conflict where the superior weight and fighting ability of the cat with the controlling mind would have a decided advantage.

The thought that victory, undisturbed, had never yet perched upon his banner, vexed the soul of the diplomatic feline and embittered his milk and beefsteak with the wormwood of vengeance long delayed. But at last diplomacy triumphed and retribution overtook the gray prowler and disturber of midnight slumber.

One day in a fatal hour the gray cat invaded the precincts of the feline Bismarck when the allies of the latter were at hand. When he struck a sudden blow and ran, a smile of ineffable joy parted the whiskers of the cat with the controlling mind, and with him the three dogs joined the chase.

Because of their superior numbers, the dogs easily caught and brought to bay the gray cat and then formed a ring about him while the avenger entered the arena and began the battle. Continually driven back into the ring by the three dogs the gray cat was unable to pursue his favorite tactics, and the result, after that of the prettiest "cat scraps" that that ward had ever seen was complete victory for the cat with the diplomatic inclinations. Only when the gray cat, by a flying leap over the heads of the dogs, escaped, did he let up in the work of righteous retribution. Then, in the consciousness of victory, the conqueror returned, accompanied by his allies, to his repast of milk and beefsteak, lord of his own domain. And the surrounding neighborhood as far as three blocks owned his undisputed sway.

UP-TO-DATE HOLD-UP. Lightning Bur (the thur)—Hands up! Honey or your life!

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RING WITH A HISTORY. Contains a Tiny Music Box and Was Worn to Guillotine. The most charming little ring and interesting little curio in the world is the property of Mr. Temple, of London, England, says the Chicago Times-Herald. This gentleman is a nephew of the celebrated Sir Richard Temple, and the ring in question is a highly prized old family heirloom. Its history is pathetic and romantic in the extreme. Inside of the

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