In a foreign land, and more than a quart-er of a century since the day I killed the buck. And those eyes brought the whole scene as vividly back to my memory again as if it all had happened yesterday." We have now heard Ole's story, as i listened to him, that his fear of being called a coward should have been so strong as to compel him to do what his conncience reproved him for so strongly and his better feeling revolted so much against. I do not believe that the love of the monry alone would have got him to lay a cruel hand on his little buck. But I am glad of this much, that the lemon he learned by it all stock to him for the rest of his life. It was a valuable leason. Have you learned anything from his story?

his story? JOHANNE SOMMER, Translator.

MULTIPLICATION MADE EASY.

Simple Method of Computation for

Boys and Girls. Boys and girls who find it tedious

learn the multiplication table by heart may be greatly assisted and may find

Get a smooth board or strong sheet of

By tearing apart an old calendar a

quantity of clearly printed numbers may be easily cut out. The object is now to copy the multiplication table from an arithmetic in large figures by cutting out the large numbers of the calendar and pasting them correctly together in the square upon the board, corresponding to the saymers in the table even in the book

the squares in the table given in the book. A great deal will be learned while the board is being made, and which may be kept in sight, hung in one's room. The

383888888888888 28982385893

table would be as follows:

TRADER TALLOS

W H S Q W H H S Q T S H S Q a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

HARTONFRACTER

TURKISH SCHOOLBOYS.

Sleepy, Lasy Teachers Teach They

Many Funny Things.

TAN SELZS

delphia Inquirer:

each way.

sment in trying this, says the Phila-



them o'er and o'er. And then it laughed and left them, and dashed

back to town once more. And Billy-boy and Bobby-boy they stood upon their feet. Their checks were almost frozen and their

tears were almost sleet. Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, "Whatever shall

we do? We're miles and miles away from home!"

Sobbed both, "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, "I see a house-Oh! Oh!" Cried both,

as fast as they could go.
 -A. H. Allen, in Primary Education.

OUT OF THE NORTHLAND

Simple Tale of a Norwegian Lad and the Fate Inflicted by Him Upon a Pet Kid.

In the northern parts of Norway, where towns are few and far between, the peo-pielive in little settlements called "bygds," The bygds are scattered through the narrow valleys, along the watercourses. Some of these watercourses are deep and broad, and contain salt water. They are a kind of bay or inlet, that cuts a winding way deep into the land. These sali-water streams are called "fjords." But Norway is a very mountainous country, and the mountains have numerous little springs, that bubble up along their rugged sides, in the clefts of the rocks and at the bottoms of the ravines. These springs form little brooklets, which rush down hill into the basins of the valleys below. There they join other little brooklets like themealves, and form gushing, merry little streams of soft, clear water. These mountain streams are called "clves," in the language of the people.

Alongside of such a gushing, folly little elv there lived a small boy, with his uncle and his mother. I suppose his father

Hilly-Boy and Bobby-Boy.
Baild Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, one wild and windy day.
"There's wood to pile, and lots of things-I say, let's run away."
Bo hand in hand they scampered, and the blusters is and in hand they scampered, and the blusters and in hand they scampered, and the bluster tering March wind heard.
It whistled round the corner, but it never said is a word.
It chased along behind them, and it caught the grant and mellow from the blue sky, then the grants and mellow from the blue sky, then the grants were lat out to hunt their own the driveway at a grant and furtous rate.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's for the air-it tweaked a little noae.
It searched and left them, and dashed
It found and round.
It searched and left them, and dashed
It found and round.
It searched and left them, and dashed
It search and the air with the rest contex the searches and the search. It there and the searches and the search. It there fourt the searches and the search. It there and t ATOMIC APPROBATION. CA

Billy-Boy and Bobby-Boy. Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, one wild and himself: will listen to Ole's story, as he tells it. Then I sat down and looked into those

DLET B Literary Fisa-This follow Shakespeare our tainly possessed some talent. I should enjoy reading another page. would run and pick handfuls of Finn about without aim or purpose. If only grass for them, or give them a treat of the deed had been dono-and me needing grass for them, or give them a treat of fresh young willow sprouts. "But as a rule there were too many kids in the Spring, and so a number of them had to be butchered, especially of the bucks, for what was the use of keeping so many bucks to take care of?

so many bucks to take care of? now soon time to cut reed whistles, and Per Novigaard. how could I get along without a knife outfit of my own? Per Norigaard had "At the time I am telling you about, I two knives. "There had to be an end to this. It was to the schoolhouse, singing joyous songs. had a playfellow, a little older than my-

keep as many goats on Novigaard as my uncle did.

LEEBORDO

uncle did. "This piece of information did not add to my contentment. I kept brooding over it, and next Spring I kept the matter be-fore my uncle until he agreed to make a contract with me like the one Per had at Novigaard, and I had now good hopes of catching up with him on the skins. "The first buck kid did not come till late that Socies and I had the more till late

"The first buck kid did not come till late that Spring, and I let it run with its mother for a week or so, to make sure the skin would be worth 12 skilling. "It grew to be a fine, large kid in that

There had to be an end to this. It was self, whose name was Per Novigaard. One day Per told me that he had done at good business that Spring by, butchering young bucks at Novigaard, where he lived, and getting their skins for killing-that is, about δ cents-at the trader's, and Per had haid up a pretty little sum, he said, from his trade, and yet they did not

NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY.

Fate's Perversities Maudie went to Sunday school At the little mission; Wicked Willie spent the day Off somewhere a-fishin'.

Maudie caught the obleken-pox, Now she's sating gruel: Willie didn't catch a thing-Fats is often cruel! --Chicago Times-Herald.

DRIED APPLE FAIRY LAND

Jimmy Smith, Bad by Reputation, Is

Jimmy Smith, Bad by Reputation, Is Given a Wish Apple and Has Strange Experiences. Jimmy Smith wasn't such a bad little boy, but he had a reputation. If a stone courted a window in the vilinge, and the window got smashed, 'twas sure to be window got smashed, 'twas sure to be the other boys throwing mud at him. "Geel" said he, reaching for his apple. "Geel" said he, reaching for his apple. the other boys throwing mud at him. "Geel" said he, reaching for his apple. the other boys throwing mud at him. "Geel" said he, smacked his lips and bit into it again. "Wish'd I wur in the swimmin' the other boys throwing mud at him. "Geel" said he, smacked his lips and bit into it again. "Wish'd I wur in the swimmin' the other boys throwing mud at him. "Geel" said he smacked his lips and bit into it again. "Wish'd I wur in the swimmin' the other boys throwing mud at him. "Geel" said he smacked his lips and bit into it of him. Taking a bite he wished himself on top of the straw stack to dry in the sun. Jimmy that was blamed for it. If Willie sun. Prime came home with a black eye of a

Saturday afternoon, his mother was sure that Jimmy had done it. The strawstack was hot, and before he stopped to think Jimmy said "Wish this that Jimmy had done it. And yet Jimmy wasn't such a bad little boy after all. He could dil the woodbox Away they were whisked in an instant,

cardboard, 16 inches long and 16 inches wide. With ruler and pencil draw lines guicker and get the cows in from pasture and Jimmy, nearly frozen, and his teeth sooner than Willie Prime, who was the chattering, found himself looking down good little boy of the neighborhood, and from a terrible height, on a great field of an inch apart across the board from side to side. Then turn the board around and draw lines an inch apart from end to end, so that the entire board will be divided into one-inch squares, 15 rows, running FEARFUL FLY FATALITY.

them; hut there are others who have their indiations. Speaking of apples, how do you like that cone?" Jimmy opened his eyes wider still when too the edge of a box near his head. "Is it good to eat?" "Sure." said the fairy, and Jimmy had pounced on it and taken a big bite, all in somed on it and taken a big bite, all in mounted. It was so good be took another big mouthful, and then he stared hard. The bites filled up as fast as he took them, and the apple grew whole and rosy again. "With when you bite." said the fairy. "Good-bys, and good luck to you, Jimmy." "Tailo, are you goins?" cried the boy; but no answer came back. "Geel but this is a luffin' good apple." and he smacked his lips and bit into it spain. "Wish'd I wut in the swimmin' hot."

Next day the black child came to school And on her face were smeared All shades of paint that ever have To any eye appeared.

A black child in this plight. Her little head she hung and said, Why, won't I soon tarn white" -- Philadelphia Inquires. --

ALL OF AN EASTER EVE At the North Pole.

> Pink Eyes Pilots Curlylocks and Rosie, in a Chariot and Six, to the Bunnyland Carnival.

She Didn't Understan

The children something new and size They must remember well-

"See how these colors all make white This fact I want to teach; All seen together, white appears, While blending each in each."

One child there was who listened long, And black the was as coal; Theo, while the teached toid them this. He saw her big eyes roll.

And when the children laughed to me

And then he held up to their sight A many-colored top. "Now see me spin it round and rou As thought it would not stop.

in the dis

It was the day before Easter Sunday, and Curlylocks stood on the tips of be toes, peeping up at a table just loaded with a dazzling heap of all kinds of pret-

with a dazzling heap of all kinds of preis-ty things, Easter eggs, bunnles, duoin, candies and chicks, that looked as though they were already tired of the world. And to crown everything was one great big bunnie in the center, peeping out from a large bow of sath ribbon. "Mover," said Curlylocks, slowly, tab-ing a chubby finger out of her mouth. "Mover, where does Bunnies tum from?" "From Bunnyland, darling." ropled mamma, looking up with a smile. Ourlylocks stared hard at the big white bunny.

"Where is Bunnyland, mover?" she

"Where a buildenly. asked, suddenly. "Bunyland is in Fairyland, pet," laughed mamma, catching Curlylocks up and kissing her. "I wish I toud do to Bunnyland." said Curlstocks digging her fat finger into her

Curlylocks, digging her fat finger into

Curlylocks, digging her fat finger into has roay mouth. Curlylocks fell asleep that night in hes little crib, with Rosie, her best doll, hug-ged tightly in her arms, and dreamed of a long array of white bunnies with bags of augar Easter eggs, which they laid im a great pile at Curlylocks' feet. Curlylocks sat suddenly upon her bed and rubbed her blue eyes. Then ahe stared with all her might at a strange thing on the floor. She saw a wonderful charlot. It was her huge crystal Easter egg, with the pink satin bow o nthe top, but the white bunny was gone and a glues door was cut in the side of the crystal coach. Six snow-white bunnies were harcoach. Six snow-white burnies were har-neased to the chariot by slender pink rib-hons; another in a drab coat and little thre-cornered hat nat on the box, while two others were perched behind the

Invited to the Carnival.

As Curlylocks stared in wonder, one of the footmen gravely walked on his hind d feet across the floor to Curlylocks' orth. Taking off his three-cornered hat, he made a very low bow. "Will your highness be pleased to at-tend the Bunnies' Easter Carnival?" he

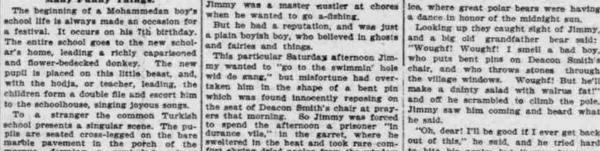
the village windows. Wought! But he'll Jimmy saw him coming and heard what

tend the saked. Curiylocks nodded her head, then grasp-ing Rosle she scrambled to her feet. The footman gave her his paw and helped her over the side of the orib, then led the way over the side of the crib, then led the way "Oh, dear! I'll be good if I ever get back out of this," he said, and he tried hard across the foor to the crystal chariot i the moonlight. Then he opened the glass door with-very low bow and Curiylocks, claspin solid that his teeth could not dent it, and, wish as hard as he might, the wish would

very low bow and Curiviocks, clasping Rosie tightly in her arms, stopped into the crystal chariot. The footman climbed up behind, and, with a crack of the coachman's whip, the six snowy bunny steeds leaped through the window. wish as nard as he might, the wish would not come, if he could not bite the apple. Just then he looked down and saw the grandfather bear's great red mouth opened wide to catch him, and he feit himself slipping, slipping, slipping! Then, with an awful scream, he fell-bump off the mattress onto the garret floor, and woke un. the window.

the window. Then away they went until they came to a moonlit dell, where hundreds of bun-nies played leapfrog. The chariot stopped; the footman jump-ed down from his perch, and, with a very low bow, opened the glass door. Curlylocks, with Reste in her arms, stepped out of the pink, satin-lined coach. "Your highness," said the footman, "my name is Pink Eyes, and I shall have the hear of being your miths theorem.

aves, and banged his heels against the ifters overhead. "Wish'd there wux some fairies up re," he said. "Yes'm," he answered; "I ain't goin' to bend no more pins." "Supper is ready," she suid.-Prince T. Woods, in Philadelphia Inquirer. the honor of being your guide through Bunnyland. We are waiting for His Majesty, the King, and in the meantime I will show you about." Biggest Diamond in the World. The Paris Exposition authorities were



There would be a strange swelling of breasts in the same barnyard after the dried apples had made the acquaintance of the water from the pump trough, and Jimmy chuckled as the thought came to him.

must have been dead, for there is nothing said about him in the story, but be had a good mother, and a good mother is the greatest blessing any boy can have in this world. I do not know what the boy's name was, I do not know what the boy's name was,

I do not know what the boy's name was, for when he told his story he forgot to tell his name, but I will call him "Ole"--one-half of all the Norwegian boys are named Ole, when not called "Bjorn," which means "bear." How would you like to carry a name like Bear Bearson around with you all your lifetime? I suppose you would get used to it; most of us can get used to almost anything in the course of time. the course of time.

Lots of Goats. *

Ole lived with his uncle on a farm, in a small settlement, among the mountains in Norway. In that part of the country the people kept lots of goats, and Ole's uncle had a nice flock of them. In the Springtime there would be a great many young kids added to the flock, and that was Ole's happlest time the year around, for he was very fond of pets, and there was no end to the fun he had with the kids.

But I think, now that Ole has been inwe to you, the best way will be to m tell you his story in his own him vords; then you will get it fresh from its

works; then you will get it fresh from its source, just as i got it, and it is always a satisfaction to know that things are straight from first hand. When anything has become second-hand it has jost its chief value until it has gone through a great many hands, and been haid on the shelf for a long time, and grown musty and been covered with dust and debris of many centuries. Then it is become val-

SEVERE MEASURES NECESSARY.



Well, of dat ain' scan'las! Is dat de way yo' stay in an' chop wood fo' yo' mudder? Jes' walk in de house; an' nex' Sundy I'll maik yo' go to Sundy school fo' punishment."

uable again, much more valuable than it, for me they might make fun of me for

or I would sit and stroke its soft, sliky fur and look into its large, wondering eyes. I had never before noticed that the eyes of a young buck were so beautiful. There was no fear in them. I could read

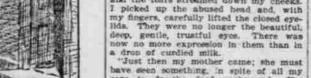
There was no fear in them. I could read in them that the buck trusted me. I won-dered if they could ever weep. "Then, when I would be sitting and talking to it, it would open its delicate lit-tle mouth and bleat to me, and then go to leaping joyfully across the meadow, only to come back to me again in an 'n-stant. Often the mother, old Lykle, would stand be and mead meads to to be stand by and watch us play, and look dig-nified and content, as if she were quite proud of her son.

"Sometimes a foarsome feeling would "Sometimes a foarsome feeling would lay hold of me, when I remembered that I was to kill this wee creature with my own hands. I tried to figure gut where I should best strike the knife into the little holds to make the knife into the little body to make quick work of it, but the thought of it was so miserable I had to shake it off my mind every time.

Sets the Day.

"At last, however, I picked up courage and set the day when the buck must lose no time left for such particular business Then it is become val- up to, for if it should happen to go wrong





have seen something, in spite of all my care to do the deed unobserved. She drew me close to her side and said: 'Stop crying, my boy; the little buck is all right now; he can feel no more pain. But you shall not do any more butchering.' And mother looked as if she were very near to crying Would Not Kill Again.

"It was easy enough to get me to give up the butcher trade from that day on. For all the gold in the world I would not but I eive a percentage of the profit, but sever again have tried my hand at butch

uable again, much more valuable than it was at first, when it was brand new out of the shop. When it is become so very, "I lid my toils on the wood block br-hind the dairy shed, so that nobedy could that is what makes it so valuable-to have the stamp "antique" put on it. It is a way the word has of gauging walves, and when we grow older, may be we shall un-dermiand better why it is so. Now we

MIDGET

Mr. Snyder Spider-Calm yourself, my dear sir, and I will liberate you as a on as I apply at to this swelling. My first impression was that it was my friend the fly who had called, hence your cordial reception. The mistake was mine. No apologies are necessary

thing, tucked him under my arm and ran to the block, as if I ran to save my life. be now or never. I grasped the little serve order among the mischlevous, but to urge on the boy whose recitation is not satisfactory. But as a rule hodjas are lazy, and often fall asleep. Then it is that the pupils enjoy what the American boy would style a "picnic." A trick they

A Bloody Deed.

"I selzed the hammer, forced the buck "I seized the hammer, forced the block boy would style a play on their sleeping down on the ground and hit him a blow specially like to play on their sleeping teacher is to anoint his hair and long gray in his forehead, so that he staggered and fell. He did not get up again, but continued to kick. In a twinkle I had him on the block, seized the knife, and began to cut his throat. The blood spurted out over my hands, but still be kicked. I hit

makes good use of his lengthy weapon. Some of the answers these little Turks receive to their questions would make an American child open his eyes in amaze ment. A half-grown boy, in the presence of a missionary, who tells the story, asked to hodja: "What makes it rain?" "Up in the clouds," answered this wise

teacher, "our Prophet Mohammed and the one who belongs to Christians went into business together, the profits to be divided. One night Mohammed stole all the profits and ran away. In the morn-ing, when the Christian God discovered his loss, he pursued Mohammed m his golden chariot, the rumbiling of whose

wheels makes the thunder, the lightnin is the bullets of fire which the G is the bullets of fire which the God shot after his fleeing partner. Mohammed, finding he could not escape in mid-air, plunged into the sea, the Christian God followed him, and the shock splashed the d shot water out and it fell to the earth in rain.

Ball Trick.

Get a turner to make a large wooden ball, and have a hole bored through the ball, not straight, but curved. Through this hole pass a fine rope or thick cord. and tie a knot in each end to prevent its coming off. In showing the ball, have the cord out of it, and then, in sight of every one, pass the cord through the hole in the ball. The ball will run easily backward

and forward on the rope. Taking the ball at one end of the rope, place your foot on the other, and, holding the rope almost perpendicular, allow the ball to slide down; you can cause it to stop instantly by simply drawing the rope per-fectly tight, and upon again slackening it, the ball will alide down the rope. In this way the ball can be made to progress have killed another buck. The ekin was so cut this way the ball will slide down the rope. In Lars got the buck. The ekin was so cut this way the ball can be made to progress up that I only got 6 skillings for it. After that I made another contract with my unche. I should sell the skins and ro-rope.

My second is in Spain, but not in France. My second is in walk, and also in dance. My third is in man, but not in boy. My fourth is in sparrow, but not in sair. My fifth is in scoking, but not in chair. My saith is in couch, but not in chair. My seventh is in distant, but not in far. A hero my whole of our recent war.

"You do, do you?" piped a thin little voice, which seemed to come from the strings of dried apples over his head.

Mr. A. Howes Fly-Alas! there it goes.down with all souls on board. At the next session

uy,

at of a life-saving station on this coast

"Wought! Wought! I smell a bad boy,

who puts bent pins on Deacon Smith's

chair, and who throws stones through

to bite his apple; but it was frozen ro

'Guess I ate too many dried apples!"

recently notified that a newly found dia-

to be the largest in the world. The Kooh-

1-noor, the Grand Mogul, the Shah, the

Regent, and other famous stones pale be-

fore the glory of this new sovereign of the kingdom of diamonds, if the glowing

statements of its heralds are to be be-

lieved. It is said to have been insured for

12,000,660, and is to be shown under a glass case, and under the watchful eyes of four guards.

For its care at night arrangements are

to be made similar to those for the Re-gent, which is in daily exhibition at the Louvre, with the diamond-incrusted sword of Napoleon and several old crowns. The

glass case is to be lowered at night into

It will

a strong vault beneatht he floor

And what do you want with fairies?" And what do you want with fairies" Jimmy opened his eyes wide, and his mouth wider, and stared hard at the strings of dried apples. "I thought you wanted a fairy," piped the thin voice. "Here I am, now what do you want here". mond from South Africa would be put on

nim. Any sport soon loses its zest to the pris-oner, and the supply of dried apples show-ing an appreciable shrinkage, Jimmy thought it was time to quit. He fung himself on an old mattrees under the eaves, and banged his heels against the rafters overhead.

"You Do, Do You!"

the thin voice. do you want, boy?" "What are you?" said Jimmy. "I don't see nobody. Who be you?" "Tm one of the dried apple fairies," said

here,"

he said.

Congress I shall advocate the estat

the voice, "that's why my voice is so thin It's me that makes the apples swell so when you mix 'em with water. When they are all swelled up our voices swell, too, and we step out and enjoy the fun. It is because you have given so many of my friends enjoyment this afternoon in the barnyard, that I want to do something for

'Oh!" said Jimmy.

"What would you like most?" "Some apples, and los cream, and-" "Hold on! Wait a bit!" broke in the hry. "Not so fast, please, one thing at time. Apples are right in my line, but

don't know about the ice cream and the beard with oil and wax, which is, of rest." course, very difficult to be rid of. You "W? may be sure, when the hodja wakes, he thing,

"Why, I thought fairles could do any-hing," said Jimmy. "So they can; so they can; some of Transvaal.

LEO SHOULD BE THANKFUL.



He led the way around a great fallen log, where tall Easter lilles formed three

tes of a vast hall. "This is our supper-room," he said with exhibition at the big show. The new diamond has not been named, but it is said

a fourish. Hundreds of mushroom tables were laden with tullp cups filled with homey and dew, and piles of tender, green roots and herbs, and little seed cakes, while and herbs, and little seed cakes, while laden with tully cups filed with be and dew, and piles of tender, green r and herba, and little seed cakes, w hanging on strings from the tail lilies bushes, and strewn upon the ground, were millions of big and little Easter eggs of all. col

"Your highness can have as ma you want." said. Pink Eyes, as he Curlylocks' inp.

A Strange Performance.

"This is our ballroom and theater," an-ounced Pink Eyes pompously, as that went around a big bush. And there, in the moonlight, a great lot of bunnles out upon their haunches, while upon a big log, four or five others while upon a in-log, four or five others weat through a strange performance, which consisted in jumping about and pulling each other's ears, while the audience clapped their paws and wagged their ears. Suddenly a biast rang through the dell

Buddenly a blast range through the dell and every bunny scampered away. "The King," said Pink Eyes solemnly, and led the way to the great through the around, and in the center, upon his great throne, sai the King a bunny, with bright pink eyes and very tall ears. At a sigh from the King a berald swept forward and blew his horn. Immediately all scampered wildly away to the incline where the egg-rolling con-test was to take place, and soon the throneroom was deserted more for the King and his chief officers. Then Curlyfocks was presented to the King of Hunnyland, of whom the was very much afraid, and could not find her tongue to say a single word in response to his greeting.

greeting. o she breather a big sigh of relief and stuck a red sugar erg in her mouth as she followed her guide. Pink Eyes, away to the place where the ergrolling contest way the place where the eggrolling contest we going on. And the fun grow fast an furious, and Pink Eyee and Curbiock grow wild with excitement as the watched.

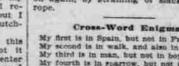
Finally the prize was awarded to a cut

little white bunny, the game was over and all scampered away. The bunnles' Easter carnival was over, -Josephine Sterrette, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Have Fun With an Echo.

The mischlevous pages of the House have liscovered a new trick of the echoes in Statuary Hall, says the Washington Post. They play it upon tourists by the score and upon pretentious statesmen occasion-ally, when they can do so without dis-

There is a certain spot, near the beaten bath of travel from the central doorway path of travel from the central doorway of the House toward the Senate, where of the House toward the Senate, where this peculiar echo is effective. If any coin or metal object is dropped on the marble step between the telegraph office and the reception-room it sounds to one passing the particular spot in question as though the object were dropping imma-diately at his feet. A boy with a dimo or a nickel is able to have all sorts of fun by waiting till some one passes the point. Even the Senate pages skip away from their work to visit the boys on the other side and play with the scho.



My first is in Spain, but not in France

over my manas, but will be kicked. I hit him with the hannner again; then went to cutting once more like one possessed. I cut his throat, slashed him in the head and anywhere it happened. I knew no longer what I was doing. I heard only hones crushing, and saw only blood flow-ing. At last all was over. The little buck

lay still now-a bloody, ragged heap. Ex-hausted and with my feelings stirred to their depth. I remained sitting by the their depth. I- remained sitting by the blood-smeared block, overwheimed and forlorn. Toriorn. "Little by little it dawned on me how horribly I had acted. This could not be a more, ordinary butchering. This was murder! Now the buck lay dead at my feet and I was his murderer! I cried, I cried as though my heart would break, and the tears streamed down my checks. I picked up the abused head and with