

CHILDREN'S PAGE

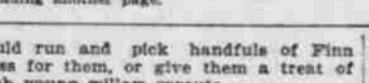


Billy-boy and Bobby-boy. Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, one wild and windy day...

will listen to Ole's story, as he tells it himself. "When the winter snow had melted away from the mountain sides and run down into the river below...

Then I sat down and looked into those strange, kind eyes again. "It was impossible to do it that day, and I happened to remember that I had not yet learned my lessons...

ATOMIC APPROBATION.



Literary Pica—This fellow Shakespeare certainly possessed some talent. I should enjoy reading another page.

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 people live in little settlements called "bygds."

Alongside of such a gushing, jolly little elf there lived a small boy, with his uncle and his mother. I suppose his father must have been dead, for there is nothing said about him in the story...

SEVERE MEASURES NECESSARY.



"Well, of dat ain' scan'las! Is dat de way yo' stay in an' chop wood fo' yo' mother? Jes' walk in de house, an' nex' Sunday I'll malk yo' go to Sunday school fo' punishment!"

able again, more valuable than it was at first, when it was brand new out of the shop. When it is become so very, very old, then it is called "antique," and that is what makes it so valuable...

In a foreign land, and more than a quarter 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.

JOHANNES SOMMER, Translator.

MULTIPLICATION MADE EASY.

Simple Method of Computation for Boys and Girls. Boys and girls who find it tedious to learn the multiplication table by heart may be greatly assisted and may find amusement in trying this, says the Philadelphia Inquirer:

Get a smooth board or strong sheet of cardboard, 15 inches long and 16 inches wide. With ruler and pencil draw lines in each 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 each way.

Table with 15 rows and 16 columns of numbers for multiplication practice.

TURKISH SCHOOLBOYS.

Sleepy, Lazy Teachers Teach Them Many Funny Things.

The beginning of a Mohammedan boy's school life is always made an occasion for a festival. It occurs on his 7th birthday. The entire school goes to the new schooler's home, leading a richly caparisoned and flower-bedecked dromedary.

NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY.



Mr. Snyder Spider—Calm yourself, my dear sir, and I will liberate you as soon as I apply some salve 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.

be now or never. I grasped the little thing, tucked him under my arm and ran to the block, as if I ran to save my life.

"I seized the bloody, forced the buck down on the ground and hit him a blow in his forehead, so that he staggered and fell. He did not get up again, but continued to kick. In a twinkling I had him on the block, seized the knife, and began to cut his throat. The blood splattered over my hands, but still he kicked. I hit him with the hammer 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 bones crushing, and saw only blood flowing.

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 cut off it, and then, in a flash of every eye, pass the cord through the hole in the ball. The ball will run easily backward and forward on the rope.

Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in Spain, but not in France. My second is in walk, and also in dance. My fourth is in sparrows, but not in bees. My fifth is in stocking, but not in pairs. My sixth is in cooking, but not in chairs. My seventh is in dance, but not in far. A hero my whole of our recent war.

Fate's Perverities. Made me turn to Sunday school at the little mission; Wicked Willie spent the day Of somewhere-a-fishin'.

Manly caught the chicken-pox. Now she's eating grass; Willie didn't catch a thing— Fate is often cruel!

DRIED APPLE FAIRY LAND

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 coursed a window in the village, and the window got smashed, 'twas sure to be Jimmy that was blamed for it.

And yet Jimmy wasn't such a bad little boy after all. He could fill the woodbox quicker and get the cows in from pasture sooner than Willie Prime, who was the good little boy of the neighborhood, and

LEO SHOULD BE THANKFUL.

Mr. A. Howes Fly—Alas! there it goes, down with all souls on board. At the next session of Congress I shall advocate the establishment of a life-saving station on this coast.

Jimmy was a master rustler at chores when he wanted to go a-dishing. But he had a reputation, and was just a plain boyish boy, who believed in ghosts and fairies and things.

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

"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, boy?"

"What are you?" said Jimmy. "I don't see nobody. Who be you?"

"I'm one of the dried apple fairies," said 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 you."

"Oh!" said Jimmy. "What would you like most?"

"What would you like most?" "What would you like most?" "What would you like most?"

them; but there are others who have their limitations. Speaking of apples, how do you like that one?"

"Sure," said the fairy, and Jimmy had pounced on it and taken a big bite, all in a minute. It was so good he 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.

"Wish when you bite," said the fairy. "Good-bye, and good luck to you, Jimmy." "Hallo, are you going?" cried the boy; but no answer came back.

And before the words were fairly out of his mouth he was floundering in the swimming hole with all his clothes on and the other boys throwing mud at him.

"Gee!" said he, reaching for his apple, which bobbed along on the water in front of him. Taking a bite he wished himself on top of the straw stack to dry in the sun.

The strawstack was hot, and before he stopped to think Jimmy said: "Wish this strawstack was on top of the North Pole." Away they were whisked in an instant, and Jimmy, nearly frozen, and his teeth chattering, found himself looking down from a terrible height, on a great field of

It was the day before Easter Sunday, and Curlylocks stood on the tips of her toes, peeping up at a table just loaded with a dazzling heap of all kinds of pretty things, Easter eggs, bunnies, ducks, candies and cakes, that looked as though they were already tried of the world.

"Curlylocks stared hard at the big white bunny. "Where is Bunnyland, mover?" she asked, suddenly.

"Bunnyland is in Fairyland, pet," laughed mamma, catching Curlylocks up and kissing her.

"I wish I could go to Bunnyland," said Curlylocks, digging her fat finger into her rosy mouth.

"Curlylocks fell asleep that night in her little crib, with Rosie, her best doll, hugged tightly in her arms, and dreamed of a long array of white bunnies with bags of sugar Easter eggs, which they laid in a great pile at Curlylocks' feet.

Curlylocks sat suddenly upon her bed and rubbed her blue eyes. Then she stared with all her might at a strange thing on the floor. She saw a wonderful chariot. It was her blue crystal Easter egg, with the pink satin bow on the top, but the white bunny was gone and a glass door was in the side of the crystal coach. Six small white bunnies were harnessed to the chariot by slender pink ribbons; another in a drab coat and little three-cornered hat sat on the box, while two others were perched behind the coach.

Invited to the Carnival. As Curlylocks stared in wonder, one of the footmen gravely walked on his hind feet across the floor to Curlylocks' crib. Taking off his three-cornered hat, he made a very low bow.

"Will your highness be pleased to attend the Bunnie's Easter Carnival?" he asked.

Curlylocks nodded her head, then grasping Rosie she scrambled to her feet. The footman gave her a kiss, and helped her over the side of the crib, then led the way across the floor to the crystal chariot in the moonlight.

Then he opened the glass door with a very low bow, and the coachman's clasping Rosie tightly in her arms, stepped into the crystal chariot.

The footman climbed up behind, and, with a quick nod to the coachman, stepped into the snow. The window was snowy.

Then away they went until they came to a moonlit dell, where hundreds of bunnie's eyes were shining upon a great pile of white bunnies. The chariot stopped; the footman jumped down from his perch, and with a very low bow, opened the glass door.

Curlylocks stepped into the coach, and stepped out of the pink satin-lined coach. "Your highness," said the footman, "my name is Pink Eyes, and I shall have the honor of being your driver upon a Bunnie's Easter Carnival. We are waiting for His Majesty, the King, and in the meantime I will show you about."

He led the way around a great fallen log, where tall white lilies formed three sides of a vast hall.

"This is our supper-room," he said with a flourish. Hundreds of mushroom tables were laden with tulip cups filled with honey and dew, and piles of tender, green roots and herbs, and little seed cakes, while hanging on strings from the tall trees and bushes were all sorts of dainties, and millions of big and little Easter eggs of all colors.

"Your highness can have as many as you like of the Bunnie's Easter Eggs, as he likes Curlylocks' lap."

A Strange Performance. "This is our ballroom and theater," announced Pink Eyes pompously, as they went around a big bush. And there, in the moonlight, a great lot of bunnie's sat upon their haunches, and upon a big log, four or five others went 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.

She Didn't Understand. "Was in the district school one day. The master said he'd tell me how to do a thing, but I never understood."

And then he held up to their sight a many-colored top. "Now see me spin it round and round as though it would not stop."

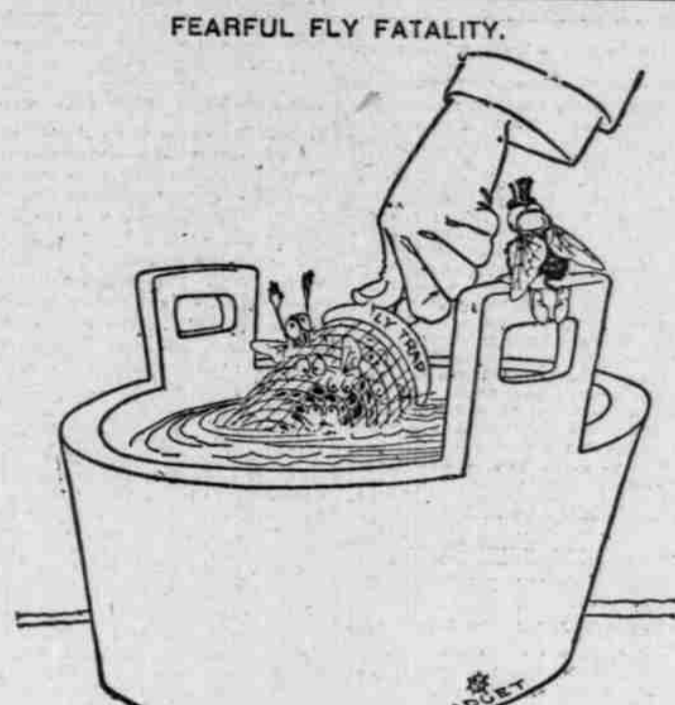
"See how these colors all make white. This fact I want to teach; All these separate colors appear, While blending each in each."

One child there was who listened long. And black she was as coal. Then, while the teacher told them this, He saw her big eyes roll.

Next day the black child came to school. All shades of paint that ever have To any eye appeared.

And when the children laughed to see A black child in his plight, He told them that he had seen, And why he had seen it.

ALL OF AN EASTER EVE. Pink Eyes Pilots Curlylocks and Rosie, in a Chariot and Six, to the Bunnyland Carnival.



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lea, where great polar bears were having a dance in honor of the midnight sun. Looking up they caught sight of Jimmy, and a big old grandfatherly man, who was just a plain boyish boy, who believed in ghosts and fairies and things.

This particular Saturday afternoon Jimmy wanted to go to the swimmin' hole wid de gang, but misfortune had overtaken him in the shape of a bent pin which was found innocently reposing on the seat of Deacon Smith's chair at prayin' time that morning. So Jimmy was forced to spend the afternoon a prisoner "in duress vile," in the garret, where he swished in the heat and took rare comings of dried apples from the window at the fowls and pigs in the barnyard.

There would be a strange swelling of breasts in that 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.

Any sport soon loses its zest to the prisoner, and the supply of dried apples showing an appreciable shrinkage, Jimmy thought it was time to quit. He flung himself on an old mattress under the rafters, and banged his heels against the rafters overhead.

"Wish'd there was some fairies up here," he said.

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

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"Why, I thought fairies could do anything," said Jimmy.

"So they can; so they can; some of 'em can do anything."



Dog—Just my luck! They've gone and fenc'd off that lion in so's I can't get at him!