PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Little Lady Dimple-Tot.

Little Lady Dimple-Tot,
Have you not a smile to sell?
I have sweetmeats you love well;
Barter with me, will you not?
Here is honey in a pot
(Such a shapely waxen cell!)
Fragrant of a blossom deli
Or some crimson clover lot.

Here's a shining pouch that pouts
Full of nectar from the south,
Brewed for such a dainty mouth
As your own; I have my doubts
If such oranges as this
E'er again will chance your way
If you don't buy one today
With a happy smile or kiss.

Let me have your hand to hold,
Little Dimple-Tot, my dear;
Come to me and nestle here
With your locks of purest gold—
Bless me! Are you six years old?
Ah, you're growing staid, I fear,
And old age is drawing near—
"Grandpa?" Yes, of course; who told?
—Chicago Record.

SAVED BY FAITHFUL BOB

Florence and Her Tiny Brother Are Snatched From Neptune's Grasp by Their Big Dog Chum.

Florence Knight dragged herself wearily home from the Portland school which she attended. It was the last day of the term, and, although it was yet early Summer, the weather was dry and sultry, and showed its influence on the delicate child; Florence was growing rapidly, and now, at 12 years, was almost as tall as her mother. As she entered the house, Mrs. Knight, who was reading to little Willis, asked anxiously:

"Why, Florence, are you ill?"

"No, mamma; only tired. I'm glad school is out at last," she answered, and dropped into an easy chair.

But Mrs. Knight was only half assured, and that evening, when the children were sleeping, she said to her husband:

"Charles, I am worried about Florence. She came in from school this afternoon looking so pale and thin that I thought she was ill."

"It is probably the heat," he replied, laying aside his evening paper. "Hadn't you better go down to the coast with her?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Knight, "I think I will. I can get away by next Monday."

When the children learned that they were to go to the coast, they were delighted, and Florence seemed to improve.

At last the eagerly awaited Monday came, when they were to take the steamer for Astoria. Florence and Willis were in a flutter of excitement, and Bob, the great St. Bernard, seemed to think he was to be taken also, for he went bounding about the house, as full of joy as the children.

"You are going with us, Bobby," remarked Willis, aged 6, with his arms clasped lovingly about the great dog's shaggy neck.

"Oh, no, dear, Bob can't go," said Mrs. Knight, as she fastened on her hat; "the men on the boat would throw him off."

Cause for Grief.

"Oh, dear, I don't want to go, then; Bob will be so lonesome without me that he will run away," wailed Willis, clinging tightly to the dog. Bob seemed to understand that he was not included in the delightful preparations and began to whine dolefully.

"Well, let him go, Jessie!" urged Mr. Knight; "he'll be good company for the children, and I think they will take him on the steamer."

So it was settled, and the party started for the boat. The deckhands were drawing in the gangplank, when they arrived at the dock. Willis was so afraid they would be left that he shouted as he ran toward the boat:

"Pierre wait, Mister! Can't you wait just one little minute for me and Bob and the rest?"

"Yes, we will wait 'one little minute,'" laughed the men, and they ran out the plank again.

Across the plank and aboard the crowded steamer, Bob marched after them. He walked along with as much dog majesty as he could assume, and eyed the ticket-man with supreme indifference, when the latter objected to having him on the boat. But Mr. Knight succeeded in convincing the man that that particular dog was very valuable, and as eligible to ride on the boat as any one else, so he was allowed to remain.

Soon the craft had passed the Burnside and steel bridges, and was steaming rapidly down the river for the coast. The long, happy day for the children passed, and they reached Astoria. Here they embarked in a little tugboat that took them across Baker's Bay to Ilwaco. The train for the beach was waiting on the long wharf, and at 10 o'clock that night the passengers arrived at their hotel.

A Pretty Picture.

Early the next morning, Florence and Willis donned their bathing suits and went down to the beach. The tide was in, and the beach was already thronged with bathers. The children made a pretty picture as they stood together, in their red and white garments, with the wind tossing their golden curls about, and many people stopped and gazed at them.

"Rude people," said Willis.

"There's too many here; let's go down toward the Willows," suggested Florence.

So they left the crowd and wandered off some distance by themselves. Bob accompanied them and kept a watchful eye on their movements. He had been in the family ever since Florence was a baby, and the children loved him next to their parents.

"See, sister; I'm going to make Bob bring me this stick," called Willis.

When he threw the stick, Bob plunged into the briny water and brought it back to his little master. Florence was already busy making a house in the sand, and Willis was left to his own devices.

"I'm going to swim just like papa does," said he to himself, and then waded out into the ocean alone. Bob had gone to sleep after his bath and was therefore paying no attention to what the little fellow did; the fact that the tide was going out made the lad's venture more perilous.

At first Willis enjoyed it, and laughed and splashed in high glee. He was doing just like papa did, he was saying to himself, when a great breaker rolled in and threw him over. Down he went under the surging white foam, nearly to the bottom of the sea, he thought, and then he knew no more.

Florence suddenly missed him, and, looking up from her play, she saw, with a start, that he was gone. Greatly frightened, she ran down to the water. She saw an object bobbing up and down, about 100 feet away. It was little Willis, and he was being carried out to sea on the receding tide.

Without a thought, she sprang in and swam after him. The effort proved almost too much for her slight strength, and she reached the drowning child in an exhausted condition. Quickly catching him by his collar, she tried to swim back, but was too weak, and found herself unable to make any progress. She thought of good, old Bob, lying asleep on the beach, and began to scream for him.

"Here, Bob! here, quick! Help!" she shouted.

Bob to the Rescue.

Bob heard and sprang up, looking eagerly about.

"Help, Bob! we're drowning," came a faint voice over the water.

The intelligent dog pricked up his ears; looked steadily in the direction of the sound, and then tore down the beach and into the churning, foaming sea. He kept his eyes on a red and white spot, far out from the beach, and swam steadily for it. At last, he reached the children, and none too soon, for Florence was about to give up the unequal struggle, and the ocean had almost claimed two more victims.

"Oh, Bobby, dear! I knew you'd come, good doggie," she gasped, as she caught him by his leather collar. Then, knowing that the dog could not reach the shore with them both, she pushed her brother under the big fellow's mouth, and he quickly seized him by his bathing suit and started for the shore, leaving Florence to battle with the waves. Soon he dragged the insensible child high up on the beach.

Florence, almost exhausted with her struggles, called to him, and the brave dog again plunged in and swam toward the sinking girl. Just as he reached her, she went under a comber and appeared, a second later, on the crest of a wave. He plunged for her and seized her by her skirt. Then began a desperate struggle to reach the shore, but the noble fellow, burdened as he was, succeeded and pulled Florence up on the beach by Willis. But by that time the frail child had succumbed, and lay on the sand, apparently dead.

Then Bob displayed an instinct so closely allied to human reasoning that it is difficult to separate them. He started on a mad race up the beach, and, bursting into the hotel parlor, where Mrs. Knight was sitting, he rushed up to her, whining and barking. Then he ran back to the door and looked out to the sea.

"Bob, what is the matter? Where are the children?" asked Mrs. Knight, instantly alarmed.

Dog Talk.

For answer, he only whined and looked beseechingly into her face.

"Something has happened to Florence and Willis, and Bob is trying to tell me," cried Mrs. Knight, running into the next room, where her husband was talking to a doctor.

"Come, we must look for them!" Mr. Knight said, and then he rushed out the door after Bob, followed by Mrs. Knight and the physician.

They ran along the beach and soon reached the unconscious children.

After an hour's work, Mr. Knight and the doctor succeeded in resuscitating them, but several times they had almost given up the attempt, thinking the task hopeless. Mrs. Knight, however, would not listen to such a thing and urged them, each time, to try again.

By the next day, Florence and Willis were able to leave their room, and it was not long before they fully recovered from the effects of their dreadful experience.

Bob is a very important member of the Knight household today, and I think he has earned that position, don't you?

ALICE M. WELLS.

EGYPTIAN CAT WORSHIP.

Tabby Well Cared for in Life and Death in Pharaoh's Land.

While the Egyptian children no doubt had as great regard for cats as the children of today, the parents had a still higher regard, rising into worship. So strong was this sentiment that cats came to be looked upon as sacred, and cat worship became a part of the religion of the race, which found expression in great temples erected in honor of the cats who died. Shaving the eyebrows on the death of a cat in the family was a favorite means of showing the distress of the household. It was believed that in the future life the cats would live again with their young masters and mistresses, thereby contributing to the happiness of the latter in the celestial land.

On the death of tabby all due ceremony was observed, and with tender care she was embalmed and placed with the mummies of her family. You may see such mummies in the British Museum, wrapped in their cerements, fold upon fold enswathing the body, as though it were the body of the child who had owned the cat.

The cases in which the cats were placed after embalming were capital representations of the animals in life. Many of them were of carven wood, remarkably lifelike affairs, the form and even the individuality of expression being admirably preserved. Now and then a cat belonging to some aristocratic family, when it departed for cat heaven, was put in a case of bronze, beautifully ornamented and in keeping with the standing of the family.

Some cat cases that have been discovered are curiously decorated, and some of the faces are fitted with queerly-made eyes, inlaid with obsidian or rock crystal; others are done in colored paste, the effect frequently being decidedly grotesque. The object in giving eyes to the case was that the spirit cat might have an opportunity to look out. An opening down the center of the case divided it into halves, so that the cat, when embalmed and ready for her journey to the land of the blessed, could easily be inclosed.

The utmost care was given to the Egyptian cats, in order that their lives might be prolonged to a ripe old age. Their food was rich and nourishing, one favorite dish being bread soaked in milk and mixed with chopped fish.

In many cases cats were kept in and about the temples which were sacred to the many gods of Egypt, and greater care could not be given to human beings than that which was accorded to them.

CHILDREN OF THE CZAR.

Popular With Visitors and Residents at Zarskole Selo.

The Russian imperial children are very popular at Zarskole Selo, and during their daily drives the inhabitants of the little city and all the better class of country residents living during the Summer in the "datschi," or cottages, love to meet and greet the imperial baby trio, writes Arnold Lewis Gillin, in the Chicago Record. Many fine bouquets of the choicest flowers of the season are handed into their carriage.

Last Summer the Czar presented the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana with a superb little English donkey, or "osilk," on which good-natured creatures both princesses now ride, seated in a special two-seated saddle chair. The donkey is the greater favorite of the two eldest daughters of the Czar.

The Czar could not resist his eldest daughter's desire to ride "as grown-up people do." The Grand Duchess Olga, having met during her walks and drives around the Zarskole Selo park many fine gentlemen and soldiers on horseback, especially the bold and picturesque Cossacks of the Czar's bodyguard, on their splendid Caucasian horses, thought such a style of mount the height of happiness. So sometimes her wish is gratified and she is perched for a moment or two on a side-saddle. On railways the little princesses occupy their own comfortable sleeping-car.

The Artful Fly.

When the pesky fly,
So artful and sly,
Doesn't care any longer to flutter,
He buzzes around,
With mournful sound,
And buries himself in the butter.
—Chicago News.

GETS A GOOD SPRINKLING

Master Clarence Has a Disastrous Experience Which Cures Him of a Very Bad Habit.

Clarence Sedman would hang on to the backs of wagons. In vain his mother tried to break him of the habit; in vain drivers struck at him with their long whips. Never came the opportunity but he would so attach himself, and people, as they saw his small body dangling, would say: "That boy will certainly be killed."

"Remember about wagons!" warned his mother, as she started him out to play, one Summer afternoon.

"Yes, mamma; I won't hang on to any," he promised.

Being fonder of dress than are most small boys, Clarence was feeling particularly well contented, on account of the clothes he wore that day—a freshly-laundered suit of white duck, brown stockings, brand-new, russet shoes, and, to complete the costume, a picturesque Spanish hat, trimmed with a heavy silver cord.

He did not linger in the yard, but walked down the street until he came to a low shed, over the entrance to which hung this sign:

JoNeS & waTkiNS
STorE
grEAT barRgaIN sAle wiTHin.

Clarence went into the store, where he expected to find Eddie Conway and Clyde Ellis. But Eddie and Clyde had not yet come, so he seated himself upon a cracker box and waited. The three boys, Clarence, Clyde and Eddie, intended starting a rival store, and it was to talk the plan over that they were to meet this afternoon. While waiting, Clarence busied himself in making observations and "getting pointers."

Clarence's Observations.

He saw that Jones & Watkins had very good counters and shelves in their store; also, that they had collected all the posters possible. These posters lined the walls and were suspended from the ceiling. The shelves were well filled; and, of course, no one was supposed to know that nearly all the boxes and cans were empty. However, Clarence being particularly interested, thought the matter out and decided that they were.

He noticed that kites made a good showing, as did also paper windmills. He observed that the stock contained different kinds of boats—rowboats, with oars, yachts and fishing smacks—tops whittled from spools, barrel hoops suitable for rolling, slingshots and other things useful to boys.

Pins were taken in exchange for the goods. rices varied from five pins, the cost of a hoop, to 150 pins, the price of a yacht.

Even considering, as he did, that the members of the new firm were boys too young to do the carpenter work necessary in constructing such a counter and such shelves as Jones & Watkins had in their establishment, and that they were too small even to make boats, kites, slingshots and windmills successfully, Clarence had yet reason to believe that a new store could be started. For had not Eddie Conway's big brother, Tom, promised to help along "the little shavers"—as he called Clarence, Clyde and Eddie—in their enterprise?

Having made observations and revolved the plan in his own little brain, Clarence left the store and walked toward home.

"I wonder why the others don't come," he thought, keeping his eye on the lookout for Clyde and Eddie, although conscious, at the same time, of his freshly laundered duck suit, his brown stockings, russet shoes and Spanish hat.

But he forgot his clothes, when a wagon, drawn by two large, gray horses, approached. Worse still, he forgot the promise made his mother. He ran after the wagon with all his might and attached himself to the back of it. But, oh, children! it was a sprinkling cart, and no sooner had he gotten a good grip, than the driver turned on the water.

Well, the shock was dreadful! Of course, not being prepared to resist anything of the sort, the force of the spray knocked him off and down—"sent him flying," as the saying is. He picked himself up immediately, but stood perfectly still, as though dazed or trying to think what had struck him. Then he howled and ran, screaming, home.

Had she not seen it all, his own mother, who waited at the gate, might not have recognized her boy, in the mud-bedraggled youngster who approached. The crown of the Spanish hat had been torn off, and no one would have guessed that the russet shoes were new. Clarence dug at his eyes with dirty little fists, and the tears trickled down his cheeks in muddy rills.

"Come straight here!" his mother said, the minute he was within hearing.

Now when she says, "Come straight here!" in a certain tone of voice Clarence knows that it means something quite serious. This time it meant being put to bed in the middle of the afternoon, and, before sending him there, his mother washed the mud out of his hair. Clarence always dreads having his head washed, which included combing the tangles out of his brown curls, but he bore it bravely on this occasion, something telling him that it would be better not to complain. However, he did make a little fuss, as he climbed into bed, and thought of the good dinner he would miss.

"Oh, and there's going to be ice cream. Sister 'll eat it all; I know she will," he wailed. Then he heard Clyde and Eddie whistling for him. Yes; they had come at last to talk over plans for the new store. They were on the pavement below and he could see them from the upstairs window. Clarence ceased his crying long enough to call:

"I can't come out until tomorry."

Eddie and Clyde moved away. Clarence had his lesson; never again was he seen riding on the backs of wagons.

CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS.

Funny Ideas That Bob Up in Heads of Boys and Girls.

A small boy of 6 was found stepping on the nursery window railing for the entertainment of small boys in the street. His mother, terror-stricken, exclaimed:

"Francisc, don't you know that if you fall you will be killed?"

"And taken to the dead ground," added Clair, a younger and less venturesome brother.

"No," replied Francis, "I would go first to the funeral, then to the burial ground and then to heaven."

A little girl of 7 and a brother of 5 on the South Shore, whose mother had wished she owned a large tenement, was overheard in the following conversation:

"Rudolph, you must not dig that plant up."

"Why not, Jennie?"

"Because mamma don't want you to, and if you do wrong a great man up in heaven will write you down as a naughty boy, and then something terrible will happen."

"Where is heaven, Jennie?"

"Oh, all above the sky."

"Wouldn't that be a good, large place for mamma to keep boarders?" said Rudolph.

The teacher of a Lowell school had to leave the room for a few minutes, and gave the children some drawing to do. When she came back there was in the atmosphere something that told her all had not gone well during her absence, and two of the boys were hanging their heads. "Now, boys," she asked, sorrowfully, "have you been doing something that you know I should not have liked you to do?" Yes'm," came the meek reply. "What did you do?" "Well, you see, we thought you'd ask who'd whispered when you came back, so we just talked out loud."

We were spending the Winter in old Fortress Monroe, and the small boy of the family had been cautioned repeatedly not to drink any water that had not been boiled, as it was not safe. One day, when something had gone wrong and he was crying bitterly, his mother called cheerily to him.

"Kenneth, do you know that your tears are salt? Catch the next one and taste it!"

Stopping his sobs for a moment, he wailed forth in the most dismal tones: "Oh, no; I'm 'fraid to—it hasn't been boiled."

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a street sprinkler. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, with wide-open eyes, "just see what that man's got on his wagon to keep the boys from riding on behind!"

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the Springtime. "Ah, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their Summer clothes in their trunks!"
—New England Magazine.

MASTER MUSQUASH AT TABLE.

Interesting Habits of Muskrats in Their Watery Home.

If you know, says a writer in St. Nicholas, where there is a colony of muskrats—and if you don't know you can easily find out; any farmer or hunter will show you their village of grass houses by the river—you can have no end of enjoyment by going there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight making a great letter V in the water, it turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still, you have only to hide and squeak a few times when two or three muskrats will come out to see what the matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

If you go often and watch you may see a good many curious things—see "musquash" (that's his Indian name) digging a canal or building his house, or cutting wood, or catching a trout, or cracking a fresh-water clam, or rolling a duck's egg along on the water's edge, so as not to break it, to his little ones in the den far below. And if you like bananas, you may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat a banana of his own making. This is how he does it:

First, he goes to the rushes, and, diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to have the soft, white part that grows under water. Then he tows it to his favorite eating place. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but wherever it is, he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away or too hungry to wait.

Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight, holding it in his fore-paws. Then he peels it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husk with his teeth till only the soft, white, luscious pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off and biting it off again, until there isn't any end left—exactly as a school boy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him, your mouth begins to "water," and you go and cut a rush for yourself and eat it as musquash did. If you are hungry, it is not very bad.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Way Some Toothless Snakes Dispose of Duck's Eggs.

"Now, how does a snake manage to get down its throat such a thing as a duck's egg, not only so much larger than itself, but also hard and perfectly smooth?" says a writer in Popular Science. "We know," he continues, "that a common snake is aided in swallowing a toad by its hooklike teeth, which hold the prey while the upper and lower jaws glide over it alternately, and thus push it backward. Lizards, boas, the heterodon of Madagascar, etc., are said to place the egg—of a canary or other small bird, that is—against an irregularity of the ground or within one of their own folds, which enables them to ram it into their mouths.

"In the case of our 'dasypeltis' and its duck's egg, however, these explanations do not suffice, this genius being destitute of true teeth. We can therefore only suppose that two membraneous folds, which have been discovered, one on each side of its mouth, lay hold of the shell, like cupping glasses, and thus work it into the throat.

"But there we meet with another difficulty. After the egg has passed between the prodigiously distended jaws and upper esophagus, it would seem as if its bulk and solidity, when lodged in a comparatively inelastic part of the digestive tube, whose juices are unable to dissolve the shell, must quickly prove fatal to the animal. A remarkable instance of natural adaptation is afforded by the manner in which this danger is provided against. The anodon, as already observed, has no true teeth. So-called gular teeth, however, are present, these being really the tips of the long inferior spines of the first eight or nine vertebrae, protruding through the esophageal wall. When the shell is broken by the gular teeth it is ejected, and the fluid passes into the stomach."

His Prayer.

The way sometimes is dreary
And the gloom sometimes is deep;
The cup is often bitter
And the path is often steep,
But there's one who kneels at night,
In his little robe of white,
And asks the Lord to bless me,
Just before he goes to sleep.

The burden oft is heavy,
There is little chance to rest;
Through the day I hear the murmurs
Of the weary and oppressed—
But at night he still is there
To repeat his little prayer,
To appeal to God to bless me—
And I know that I am blessed!
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

DANDADDY FINDS A WIFE

Story of the Successful Courtship of a Venturesome Gray Goose Gander.

If the ducklings and goslings and silly geese have got through their sputtering and cackling I'll begin my story. When I see how you go on all day long, I wonder if I was ever as flighty and foolish as the most of you. In may young days no gosling or duckling under a year old was permitted to state his or her ideas and put on airs, and I can't get used to it.

I am, as you know, called Dandaddy Gander. That is because I am the oldest goose on the farm. As near as I can make out, I'm 10 years old, and you may guess that I've seen many changes in that time. Bless you, but when I came to this place, only a yellow gosling and weak on my legs, the farmer had only one child, while now he has three sons and a daughter. I have seen Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's come and go 10 times, and if I should tell you of the number of geese and ducks killed for those holidays you'd look pretty serious for a day or two. Let that pass, however, while I tell you how I found a wife and stole a goose at one and the same time.

Dandaddy's Story.

When I was a year or more old, I began to look around for a mate. There were only seven or eight of us then, and the only goose without a mate was so homely and ill-natured that I wouldn't even speak to her when I could help it. It looked as if I should become an old bachelor, and there was a good deal of laughing and joking at my expense. After thinking the matter over one day, I found a hole in the goose-yard fence and started off across the fields. I think I walked a good five miles, and at length I came to a farm where there was a large flock of geese. Some were swimming in the pond, and some feeding in the fields, and pretty soon I noticed a fine young goose all by herself. I edged along up to her, trying to look my best, and when I had come near I said:

"Ahem! Pleasant day, isn't it?"

"Very pleasant," she answered with a smile.

"Are your folks all well?"

"All in usual health, thank you. Did you want to see our gander about anything?"

"Oh, no. I am just strolling around, you see." Then I looked at her out of the corner of my eye, and I also saw her looking at me, and pretty soon I said:

"Yes, I am strolling around, but looking for a wife at the same time."

"La me!" she replied with a blush.

"Would you think it impudent if I asked if you were engaged?"

Awfully Impudent.

"It would be awfully impudent, young gander."

"But I have taken a great liking to you," I said.

"Please don't," she giggled.

"Yes, I admire you, and if you think you can learn to love me, I will ask you to be my wife."

She cast down her eyes and blushed, and then, to hide her blushes, she hid her head under her wing. I was pleased enough, you may be sure, and after promising that she would have everything a sensible goose could expect, I put my wing around her and walked her off. At home they thought I was lost and had been devoured by a fox, and as we entered the farmyard, the farmer, his wife and all the geese and ducks came running to greet us. I was congratulated, the good looks of my wife were loudly praised, and the farmer slapped his big leg and laughed and said to his wife:

"I tell you, Mary, that's a smart young gander! He's not only found a mate, but he's added another goose to our flock, and do you see that they have a good supper and a good big share of the mud-puddle."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

DON'T GET A CHANCE.

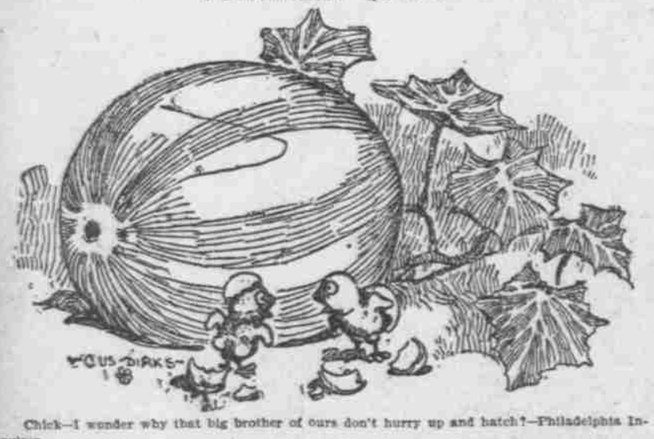
"Tommy, you must not interrupt your elders when they are talking. Wait until they stop."

"They never stop."

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

"O'asey, goosey, gander, whither do you wander?"
"I'ny way, you little jay, to shake the farmer yonder!"
—Exchange.

PERTINENT QUERY

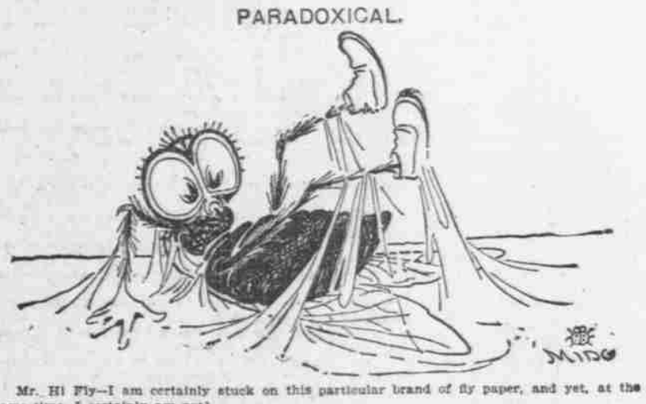


Chick—I wonder why that big brother of ours don't hurry up and hatch?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PITEOUS PLIGHT OF A PAIROF PESTS

Mrs. Carpet Bug (addressing her husband)—If our landlord's children do not stop scuffling and romping on this carpet it will not be fit for us to eat.

PARADOXICAL.



Mr. Hi Fly—I am certainly stuck on this particular brand of fly paper, and yet, at the same time, I certainly am not!