

s Boy little had been noteep-sep in his trimide bed-

and a tiny water that said -

harge on the foe!" said the same small vol.e. "Look out for that deep ravine" and down they dushed from his sturdy legs To the sunken space between.

Little Boy Blue than plainly saw At the fact of his trumfle bed, And a-creeping toward his bend,

s saldiers of lead met the hold gray mouse Ith cheering that filled the air, and the mousic showed his gleaming toeth, But they took his principal there.

ben little Boy Blue woke up next day is rubbed his upon quite hard, r there was the mouse in a tiny trap, And a soldier stood on goard!
-New York Herald.

ery of the Thrilling Adventures of Inventor Josh and His Daring Chums, Eph and Snooks.

"Hurrah?" sang out Josh, as he and his companions, Each and Snooks, stepped out of the boling machine. As you will rember, they had just an hour previousstarted on their way through the crust the earth, and were now in the center I the globe.

"Hadn't we better go back?" suggested ooks, in a qualitag voice. There was a canceness about their surroundings that I ightened him, as well as Eph, who sod, white-faced and trembling, at his

"Go back before we've seen anything?"
corntuity answered Josh. "Not much!
Guess you must be afraid."
"An't neither; only I thought it must
be getting late, and my mother always
wants me home carly," stoutly protected

"This is a funny place, and not at all ke what I thought it us be," announced ph, who had somewhat recovered his their surroundings. "Josh, I thought at said it was hollow here." And, indeed, it didn't look like a bol

ow sphere, such as Josh had described to be boys. The inner contour of our globe as extremels irregular and rough. It s honey combed with caves, passag

lieries and immense grottes.
"Let's go through this grotte and see not the place looks like!" said Spooks, who was now feeling quite brave.
"Come on, then!" replied Josh.
They first supplied themselves with slips

paper which Josh had brought along mark the course they took from the achine. You who have played "hare d hounds" know that the bays playing know that the boys playing are scatter slips of paper after them, so hat the bounds can follow. This is what he adventurous boys in the center of the th did, in order to find their way back the machine, when they were ready to

ibstance appeared to be nitrous in qual-

"Make fine salipeter out of it," wisely "What's this," inquired Eph, exhibitg a whirish-locking specimen.

"That's limestone," replied Josh; "I told an there were lots of things to be seen "You but there is!" mawered Snooks.

Then the boys began to wonder at the frightened lads. fullar glare that flluminate i the for aped cave which they now entered. It of the gallery they had come through

"Ain't it profty here" cried Snooks, investigate."

The boys draw close together and then sixed on through the numerous galleries.

him ever. The rocky sides were finely sarked with waves and rippies, and apared to be canopled by fleecy clouds and to udded with mimic anowballs. he most gigantic magnet ever seen or giant close behind him and gaining at

camed of. Josh rushed up, followed every step.

Shooks stopped the machine and trice should be stopped the machine and trice should be stopped to the stopped to t by by the others, to examine the let. It was shaped like an ordinary schoe magnet, but—oh, the size of iti he boys could harely see the top, beuse of its immense height. "I bet I know what it is!" exclaimed

after some minutes' inspection. "Did you ever hear of the attraction

of gravitation that keeps everything on the earth from flying oft?"
"Yes," answered the lads. Josh Solves the Riddle.

"Well, this is it, and no mistake, Sci-

swered Josh, very pempously.

"The crows have only to combine them by twos, by threes, by fours, or by fives, and the secondarial thin." Shooks said, pointing toward it.

"Fellows, it looks like a glant. See! it's got legs and arms and a body," whilepered Eph, tremulously.

"You stay here and keep quiet," admonished Josh, "and I'll sneek over there and find out."

Eph and Snooks waited, in suspense, while Josh slipped quietly away. If it was a really and truly glant, they had no intention of disturbing it, for angry glants are daugerous things to monkey with, you know. They always do very dreadful things in fairy books, such as eating up small boys, and this one was ant to be just like the others.

Several minutes had elapsed, when Josh returned.

"Just come and look!" he whispered, excitedly; "if's a sure enough glant."

And when the boys reached the huge treature, as it lay asleen on its side.

"It comes and look!" he whispered, excitedly; "if's a sure enough glant."

And when the boys reached the huge treature, as it lay asleen on its side.

"It comes and look!" he whispered, excitedly; "if's a sure enough glant."

And when the boys reached the huge the chaffinch sang also of its amour looks by fures, by fours, or by fives, and then will get a number of combinations and they will get a number of combinations surpassing the number of words contained in the richest language in the universe, says a writer in the Revue des Revues.

M. Nemours does not think, however, thut the crows do actually make so many, or even any, combinations of the words in their dictionary. Their 25 words are quite enough to express "here," "armed man," a nest" and scores of more expressions which crows might naturally be supposed to need. "After which crows have not much left to say."

M. Nemours does not think, however, thut the crows do actually make so many, or even any, combinations of the Revues.

M. Nemours does not think he revues.

M. Nemours does not think he revues.

W. Nemours man and a come has writer in the richest language in the universe, says a writ

and describe it as an unknown force.
Think of it! We've found out all about gravitation by our trip.
"Are you sure?" inquired Eph.
"Sure? I should say I am sure," an"The crows have only to combine them

"Just come and look!" he whispered, excitedly; "it's a sure enough giant."

And when the boys reached the huge found, sang of nothing but their loves; found, sang of nothing but their loves; the the chaffinch sang also of its amour they saw that Josh was right.

The giant was seven times as large as

PAPA'S LITTLE DEAR.



last Josh, who was good at guessing,

"He's the man that makes all the vol-The gretto through which they were canoes and carthquakes. When he gets mad and stamps around, he shakes the moth Cave, in Kentucky. The earth till it quakes. You know there subterranean fires all through the earth's crust that break forth in volcanic eruptions. I think this fellow causes Make fine sallpeter out of it," wisely them. It's my opinion that he just stirs them up when he feels like it and makes them pour out through the craters."

"He's as old as the world, then, isn't." he?" said Snocks.

The Ginnt Awakes. Just then the giant Volcan, for that was his name, waked from his sleep and

turned his hideous countenance upon the They retreated hastily into the opening

aspec cave which they now entered. It is the whole region as far as they suld see.

"Wonder if it can be the light of a fire." he growled in a voice of thunder. "They must be specimens of human beings that live on the outside of tais earth. I'll investigate."

"Ain's it pretty here" cried Snooks, looking upward at the wall above; "It looking upward at the wall above; "It looks like a fairy palace."

All looks like a fairy palace."

All looks upward and beheld a profusion of white crystals, shining through a coating of black exide of manganese. The crystals flashed and sparkled in the flickering light and resembled diamonds.

"I'm goin' to have one." said Snooks, throwing a piece of limestone at the gleaning roof.

A rain of the crystals fell, accompanied by such a terrible roor that the lads were bearly scared out of their wits. The sound continued to eche and reverberate along the chasins and passages, and then died away with a low morn. after the boys, who were panting and gasping for breath, in the close, sulphuric

atmosphere.

After half an hour's hard running the smally they emerged into an enormous pen space, where the light was brighter were ahead, and they clambered in and set the machine in motion, without waiting for poor Josh, who was almost ready

"Heigh, there! Hold on a minute!" the center of this open space was he called, as he staggered up, with the

to pull Josh in, but the giant had caught him by the leg and held him tightly. ALICE M. WELLS. (To be concluded next week.)

LANGUAGE OF BIRDS. Twenty-Five Words in Crow Talk-

Other Bird Talk. At the end of the last century a distinguished political economist, M. Dupont de Nemours, sallied forth into the fields to learn the language of the crow and the nightingale. After two Winters stists never could tell just what it is, shivering about the highways and hedges

awful to behold. His hair was blazing red; his face and whiskers were red, and he breathed fire and brimstone. That was what made the peculiar glare. Oh, he was a terrible monster!

"If he'd wake up and see we the see to be added to be a see to b

he breathed fire and brimstone. That was what made the peculiar glare. Oh, he was a terrible monster!

"If he'd wake up and see us, it would be the list of us," whispered Josh.

"What do you suppose he is?" was the question they asked one another. At last Josh who was good at greefler. German naturalists have pursued their researches into comparative bird philology even farther. One of their celebrated ornithologists tells us that the language of the sparrow may be used as a standard of comparison for that of several species. eral species.

"Dieb' is the cry which they utter when on the wing, 'schilp' when perching, and these are their two cries for attracting attention. When they are eating or at rest they may be continually heard re-peating, 'dieb,' 'bilp' or 'bioum.' Their cries of tenderness are 'durr' and 'die'; 'terr' (pronounced with force and the rolling of the 'r') means the approach of danger. It is a signal of warning. Should

Raindrops. The raindrops fell—each drop a living soul; Joyfully they left their cloud home. Rushing downward, through the unknown.

And some fell on the parched ground And gave their new life to the grass; And some into stately, grand-souled rivers, and were one with them; some into laughing streams, leapt, and

danced their lives thm'; And some into the deep, wild ocean; And some into stagnant pools—the quicksouled raindrops.

And when they were tired the wind stooped down and carried the raindrops home.

—Margaret Crowell in Lippincott's.

LABORED AT THE FORGE

Story of a Boy Duke Who, Deprived of His Possessions, Followed Blacksmith's Craft.

Those who journey on the Rhine can see at a point on the west side of that beautiful river the ruins of a castle situated on the crest of a steep mountain. Mose than four centuries ago there lived in this castle a powerful Duke, who held sway over a large territory on both sides of the river. The castle was known far and wide for its beauty, and its lord was proud of the extravagant hospitality he exercised toward those who were his equals in wealth and rank. There were luxury and splendor, and all the beautiful things that the heart might crave, money could buy or art and labor pro-

Much of this splendor was derived from Auch of this spiendor was derived from the duty levied on passing vessels, laden with merchandise and the products of the soil. This sort of taxation was not con-sidered wrong at that time, and the Duke collected and spent the proceeds with a

At the foot of the mountain were the dwellings of humble folk. They were the serfs of the Duke, and in their huts was seldom joy and often misery. There were ragged boys and pale, hunger-worn girls. They had neither school nor books, and none could write. Sometimes the Duke, in a charitable mood, would send them delicacies and loaves of wheaten bread, and they were grateful beyond bounds. "How good is the Duke!" they cried, and they cheered justily as he went by. Their own bread was made of rye flour, with bran and husks.

The Duke's Son. The Duke had a son who was then 12 years old. He was the pet of his father and the idol of the servants and peasants. His will was never crossed in any of his boyish undertakings, his father even allowing him to go to the village and mingle with the children of the serfs. Here he found his greatest delight. It was pleasant to enjoy the good things of life, but it was a far greater pleasure to share them with those who were in need. A thrill of joy would come to his heart when he could give of his bounty to the children of the village. Then he would romp and play with them, as if he were

heart when he could give of his bounty to the children of the village. Then he would romp and play with them, as if he were one of their number.

Often he would go to the blacksmith's shop and watch, with keen interest, the manufacturing of horseshoe-nalls. He observed and studied every instrument and detail of work, and, many times, he pulled the bellows which blew into the fire with a wheezing sound and made the sparks fly against the black chimney. A few years later, when he was nearly grown, he asked the blacksmith to let him try to make a nail, and the man granted his wish, saying: "To know a trade will peace have used to the polled it with the things that were needed. Having no children of his has come to the end of the coil. Then he has come to the end of the coil. Then he has come to the end of the coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the children in his dominion. He died at a different in his dom

nail with tolerable speed, and the black-smith thought that the pleasure of see-ing the young lord working at the anvil amply repaid him for his loss of time. Not long after this there came war. The Duke was taken prisoner, and soon died, and his son was driven away from the castle. Kindhearted and charitably disposed toward those whom the war had made yet more destitute than himself, his small stock of money and valu-ables was soon exhausted. Now, for the first time in his life, came hardships and

Kings, he tried to find any kind of employment to sustain life.

Hungry and in Need But the war had paralyzed most of danger. It is a signal of warning. Should the peril increase or an enemy have suddenly appeared, they utter another cry, which may be distinguished, 'tellerell-telltelltell.' If the sparrow is safe, the bird of prey or the cat having disappeared, he repeats gently several times over, 'durr.' When the male birds are disputing for the affections of a femile, 'tell, tell, slip, den, tell, dieb, schilk,' etc., comes from every throat, producing the deafening noise heard especially in disputing for the affections of a femile, tell, tell, stip, den, tell, dieb, schilk, etc. comes from every throat, producing the deafening noise heard especially in Surface."

near ms nome that he could see the had her lovers, like other women. But tower of the castle, but he dard not go she turned a deaf ear to them all. The comes from every throat, producing the deafening noise heard especially in better future, he wished that he might for children, for the orphans and the poor surface. near his home that he could see the had her lovers, like other women, deafening noise heard especially in Spring."

Mr. Barington, vice-president of the Royal Society of London, also an acute bird observer, is quoted as saying that hardly two birds of the same kind have a song exactly similar. Locality also insulates their songs, the same bird sing differently in the mountains and in better future, he wished that he might die. He longed to lie beneath the sod of the village graveyard, under the shadow of the castie, and sometimes, in his feverish dreams, caused by hunger and weakness, he saw the children of the village for children, for the orphans and the poor little outcasts more wretched than orphans.

All her money, all her thoughts and care, as years passed, went to them. She spread flowers over his grave.

In this condition he sat one day, near a town, and heard the ring of a black

as ever man did serve," he said. The master took pity on him and bade

The master took pity on him and bade him stay. It took several days before he was able to work, but after starting he soon regained his previous proficiency. His good work established him in the favor of the master, and his kindliness won the sympathies of his fellow-workmen. Nobody in the town having the slightest knowledge of his rank, he could associate with the lowliest on could associate with the lowliest on could associate with the lowliest on equal terms. Although sometimes, in his soil-tary hours, there stole upon him sad memories of his past life and thoughts of his lost patrimony, yet, on the whole, his life was not unhappy. He had as many friends as he had acquaintances, and they all knew better than he himself how kindhearted he was.

self how kindhearted he was.

After the war came peace, and one day, when hammering on a horseshoe, the young Lord was surprised with the glad news that all his possessions had been returned to him. Now he told his master of his rank and fortune, and there was joy, among his friends when they heard it. But yet greater joy was among the people of his village, on his return. His first visit was to the old blacksmith in his shop, and one may imagine the In his shop, and one may imagine the gladness of the faithful old retainer. The young Duke retired the old blacksmith on a pension and came to visit him very often.

Public Benefactor. And many improvements were made

in the village. The Duke built a schoolin the village. The Duke built a school-house, and every child was educated. When he heard of want or sickness in a tool is becoming blunted he uncells an-

Mr. William Worm-Why so gloomy, Lewis?

Mr. Lewis Locust-My sweetheart has left town for a 17-year visit.

BEREFT OF HIS LOVE.

omitting only the mention of his rank, | significant looking snail's mouth, for that | and ended with an appeal to the master's animal could outdevour anything that humanity. "I will serve you as faithfully as ever man did serve," he said.

The master took pity on him and bade.

The master took pity on him and bade. allsts care to bother with it, but by neg-lecting the small they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snall feeding an a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, silmy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been out with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snall eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snall with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snall keeps in a coll in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band-saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snall's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp and only a few of them are used at a time—not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparaof them, but a few of them compara-tively, for the small will probably have 4000 or 5500 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncell as much of this as he chooses, and the uncolled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf be-tween his tongue and that hard substance, and, resping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

Going Nutring. When autumn sides are gray And leaves are turning brown, The children hasts away From tillian and from town.

In little bands they go. As happy as can be.
To where the sweet nuts grow
Upon the draw old tree.

The squirrels hear their bong And climb the branches high, While through the grames ling The timid cabbits by.

And singing all the day The little children rove To gather what they may While nutting in the grove,

Then when the nun is low
And the day is nearly done,
Homeward the children go,
Glad-hearted every one,
—Home Mos.

BESIDE THE STONE WALL

Arrogant Pride of a Tall Sunflower Humbled by a Mishap to a Tiny Little Maid.

Once upon a time a tall sunflower grew among a great many other flowers beside the stone wall in an old tangled garden. All the flowers looked up to him; even the roses and lilles bowed sheir heads be-fore the great golden flower. For the Summer breeze had told them that the laistes and buttercups that grew along the road on the other side of the wall the road on the other side of the wall looked up to him and worshiped him as the san. The butterflies and been swarmed around him all day long; birds circled and caroled above him, and the gentle Summer breeze floated over the garden toward him. He tossed his gold head and stared at the great sun, his names also and was a very very proud namesake, and was a very, very proud sunflower indeed.
One afternoon a beautiful child came out of the old house youder, and with a shrick of delight ran away from its nurse,

hither and thither, chasing butterflies, among the flowers.
Suddenly the child stopped beneath the tall sunflower, danced about and clapped its little hands in glee at the great golden.

flower.

"Tim down, turn down; me wunt you," commanded the child.

"Turn down, turn down." But the proud sunflower only tossed his gold head still higher, and was prouder than ever.

"Turn down; me want you," walled the little child, trying in vain to reach the great flower. The nurse appeared in the path, and in obedience to the command of the child, she to, tried to reach the of the child, she, too, tried to reach the

friendly breeze, he toom it his golden need far over the garden wall and out of her reach. Prouder Than Ever.

The nurse picked up the sobbing child and carried it away, and the proud sunflower was safe, but only prouder than ever, for had not the little child mistaken him for the great sun? So after that he would not even turn his head down to

the other flowers.

When night came and the moon was overhead, a descen pussy coits had song service on the garden wall, and their mountful music was borne away on the night breeze to the ears of the little child in its white bed in the old house yender. And the child lay staring out late the moonlit night and thought of the great moonit night and thought of the great golden sunflower by the parden will.

A little white figure crept out of the shadows of the old beneat down the winding path. Again it stopped beneath the proud sunflower and ruised wistful the proof anniower and raised wastral blue eyes at the flower it wanted so bad-ly. They fell on a heap of stones, and mischief crept into the blue eyes, and, catching up its nightdress, the child dart-ed forward and clambered upon the stones.

being called up to recite, said:
"Once in every 10 years Massachusetts comes to its senses."—New York Tribune. and to the top of the wall.

The moon looked on in wonder and the flowers relased their sleepy heads as the little child steed on the narrow wall and stretched out eager hands to catch the proud sunflower. But he angrily tossed

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"
"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie. The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how, she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?
"I know it was the third, mamma," little Willie hastened to explain, "cause you sounded so mid."

She classed him to her bosom. A boy tle Willie hastened to explain, "cause you sounded so mad." She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could bolster up a poor story with gauny wings, and the gentle night breeze a better one was not doomed to remain sighed softly above them. signed softly above them.

The Butcher's Dog.

Early in the morning the butcher's dog found the little child, and with queer jumps and barks led his master to where of the proprieties in his efforts to satisfy the child lay by the wall. into trouble at Evanston, Ind., recently and incidentally caused quite a commotion. Dick, the animal in question, became addicted to the use of tobacco in his early days, probably from association butcher raised the child in his strong arms and carried it away.

It was many weeks before a pale little child limped out of the old house into the garden beside its nurse. And then it begged to be taken to see the great

sunflower.

The sunflower was proud no longer.
All the flowers had noticed how he had changed. He no longer taunted the othchanged. He no longer taunted the athers and tossed his head at the great sun, but all day long it was turned away to the old house, watching for the child. And so, when he saw her coming, he humbly drooped his head until it brushed her shoulder as she key in the nurse's arms. "I am sorry," murmured the flower; "take me—I am yours."

The child stroked the golden flower and kissed its brown center.

kissed its brown center.
"No, no," she said, noftly; "now you

have made me well."
So the sunflower stayed all Summer by the garden wall. The other flowers grow to love him, and every day the little child. came to water his roots. And his heart was glad, for he saw that she grew daily stronger, until once more she chased the butterfiles among the garden flowers.— Josephine Sterrette in the Philadelphia

CUTE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN. Funny Ideas That Bob Up in Heads

"Thank you, my little gentleman," said she, "Why didn't you take the seat yourself? You look quite weary," "So'd you be weary, lady, if yer father

and out you went fishin', like mine

A teacher in civil government had told his pupils that once in 10 years the State of Massachusetts takes a census. Little

James, who is an attentive scholar, upon

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother,

in obscurity.-Indianapolis Press

Slave to Tobacco Habit.

it got an otherwise well-behaved horse

nerves.

This was his condition recently, when

A craving for nicotine and a disregard

did."-Exchange.

In the City of New Orleans there are many monuments erected to the famous of Boys and Girls. Teacher-Now children, who can tell statesmen and soldiers of the South. But me what an epidemic is? What! None of there is one which has a more pathetic you? Let me prompt your memory. It is something that spreads. And now-ah, I see one of you knows. What is it, my and deeper significance than any of these. It stands on Prytania street, in the midst of beds of flowers and surrounded by little friend? stately dwellings and groves of orange "Jam, sir,"-San Francisco Examiner. and palmetto. It is the figure of a stour woman who is seated, holding a child, on which she looks down, her homely face illumined with a noble benignity and There was a vacant seat in the car. Little Willie allowed the strange lady to take it, although he looked very tired.

tender love. "That is our Margaret." the stranger misery. Being too young yet to enter is told when he asks what it means. All into the service of one of the warring New Orleans knows "Our Margaret." She was a poor woman, who earned her living by making bread, which she sold from a little shop; a thrifty, energetic business woman, whose heart was full of love for children. Before the counter was always to be found some ragged urchin

Priend of Little Children Loved by

People of New Orleans.

who would be sent away with full hands and a happy face.

As Margaret prospered, and her bake-shop enlarged into a cracker factory, she only man she would have married was dead, and her heart was full of love for children, for the orphans and the poor



-Philadelphia Inquirer,

My first is in bush, but not in tree, My first is in bush, but not in tree,
My second is in ocean, but not in sea,
My third is in ice, but not in snow,
My fourth is in knot, but not in bow,
My fifth is in bed, but not in cot.
My sixth is in sold, but not in bought,
My seventh in is street, but not in alley,
My cigth is in type, but not in galley,
My cigth is in spel, but not in galley,
My night is in spel, but not in galley. My ninth is in apple, but not in plum, My tenth is in mute, but not in dumb, My eleventh is in mate, our not in odds,
My eleventh is in even, but not in odd,
My twelfth is in smile, but not in nod,
My whole is a nation, the best in the world,
For freedom is found where its flag is unfuried.

—Miss Lavene Madden.
Seliwood, Or., August 7, 1900. looked and and cast pitying glances at type of truest mother lov

The young man roused himself and walked into the town. Following the di-rection of the hammering sound, he came to a shop, where several men were making hoof nails. Previously he had failed to find work, but now he tried again. After the usual questions, the master looked at him in a scrutinizing manner, and said: "Young man, judging from

the plains. Tracing back the language of man to its most primitive beginnings, is it so different in nature or in origin from the language of the crows and nightingale?

A Native Daughter's Enigms—No. 7.

smith's hammer. The sound brought sweet, and yet sad, memorier from his happy past. He felt himself transported to the old times and into the old smithle of the village. The old blacksmithle of the village. The old blacksmithle of the village. The old blacksmithle part of the smithle poor babies of the great city.

When she died, other charitable women mered the white-heared tron and made except this monument, so that the homen. mered the white-heated iron and made erected this monument, so that the home-the sparks fly all around. Then the man ly figure should remain among them, a

> BUILT TO DEVOUR. Snail's Mouth Fitted With Band-Saw

"It is fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said a naturalist to a writer on the Chicago Tribyour appearance you are hardly able to une, "that no large wild animal has a do a day's work; you seem to be sick." mouth constructed with the devouring do a day's work; you seem to be sick." mouth constructed with the devouring. The young Lord then told his sad story, apparatus built on the plan of the in-

with stable boys or others of lax morals. He became a slave to the weed, and to be deprived of his "chew unstrung his This was his condition recently, when he caught sight of a juley plug in the hands of a passer-by. Dick began to act queerly, and people thought the excessive heat had unbalanced him. The man who had unwittingly tempted the beast became alarmed and lost no time in getting into the nearest store. The horse was persistent, however, and, mutely begging for a "nip," followed him on to the sidewalk and toward the doorway. Just then the horse's owner came up

Just then the horse's owner came up and by good advice and much coaxir and 30,000 Teeth.

> Twas Very Funny. Miss Booklore is funny, I do declare,

helped Dick to conquer his appet resume his place at the curbing.

For when she went out to the Zoo.

Although she knew all of the animals there, She couldn't find one she gnu.
-San Francisco Examiner.

