

PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Fairies' Ball.
The Queen of the fields and the forest
Was going to give a ball
To the little flowers and the sweet songs,
The humble, the steady and all.

"Was going to be on a moonlight night,
In a beautiful fairy dell,
Where a little brook winds its way along
And sounds like a silver bell.

At the appointed time the fairies came
(And oh! 'twas a beautiful sight,
They told weird tales and sang sweet songs,
And danced by the moon's soft light.

A tablecloth formed the table,
Some mossy stones the stools;
They had honey fresh from the sweet wild rose,
And they drank from the sparkling pools.

At last each fair, with happy heart,
Made their kindly Queen good night,
And spread their bright and gauzy wings,
And disappeared by the moon's pale light.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

AMONG MEXICAN BANDITS

Story of the Captivity of Lovely Senora Sebastian and Her Two Fair Young Daughters.

All could you have seen, Ophelia Sebastian, the little maid of four years, who dwelt in Pachuca, capital city of the Mexican state of Hidalgo, you would have said, as I did:

"She is not mortal. She must be a fairy, stepped out of a beautiful tale."
And, with her hair that hung below her waist in sun-gold curls; her eyes shining like stars on a frosty night, and her cheeks that resembled half-blown La France roses, Ophelia, indeed, resembled a fairy.

Her mother, a beautiful American lady, had married Senora Sebastian, a wealthy Mexican, high in the official circles of the capital. The Senora, with her two daughters, Ophelia and Septima, the latter then three years old, excited much admiration among the dark-haired, dark-skinned Mexicans of Pachuca. Their home resembled a palace in its magnificent furnishings, for the Senora delighted in surrounding his wife and daughters with every luxury which money could buy.

Senora Sebastian had extensive property interests in the state of Hidalgo, among them being an immense coffee plantation which yielded him a large income. For several years it had been under the management of Don Gonzales, a stark handsome Mexican.

Just before this story opens, however, change had been observed in Don Gonzales. He displayed a discontented spirit and was less happy than formerly. This was attributed, in part, to a severe affliction that had befallen him, in the loss of his entire family by yellow fever. On that account, and also because of his previous valuable services, the Senora Sebastian was inclined to deal considerately with him. However, he could not allow his fine plantation to go to ruin, and so he warned the manager to exercise more care over the place. But Don Gonzales continued to neglect his duties and the Senora was forced to discharge him.

Robber Fastnesses.
Edward from Hidalgo is a mountainous region which borders the Mexican coast. This range was infested with numerous bands of robbers who made their cunningly-hidden camps their hiding-places. Was the custom of people, then, to travel by carriage over the mountains to the great cities, as railroads had not yet been built, and many of the travelers led a life of the outlaw.

Among the latter came the discharged Don Gonzales, now grown vengeful and sordid. He embarked on his evil life, and last became the acknowledged leader of the band, which had swelled to a hundred members. He made a very polite and courteous bandit. If ladies happened to be riding upon his train, as he boasted, he never permitted his men to exercise violence upon them, and he seemed to devote more travelers of their money and possessions, choosing to make his living as the wealthy ones.

Senora Sebastian decided to send his family to a sequestered town during the hot season in Pachuca, and preparations having been made, they started over the mountains, in a large traveling carriage. Several days of the trip passed uneventfully, and the party had nearly completed the mountainous part of the journey, when it was suddenly surrounded by a band of robbers who appeared from the bushes on both sides of the road. In the man who appeared to be their leader, Senora Sebastian recognized the discharged manager of her husband's estate. He was a very polite among the villainous-looking men, and was attended in the fantastic trappings of a Mexican brigand. Revenue and retaliation he was writing upon his face, as he bowed before the Senora. The guards' carriage had been overpowered and the bandits were engaged in looting the luggage.

"Oh, Don Gonzales, how you come to be!" began the trembling Senora.

The Bandit and the Lady.
"Who, my lady, but your husband's grove to it?" answered the chief of the band.

"Was your own madness, and not my husband's injustice," she replied.

"I'll allow you that view of it, Senora," he replied, "but you and your three are now my prisoners."

Saying, he bound silken bandages over the eyes of the Senora and the little girl. Then they were placed on horses, and the party started for the cave of the band.

The journey was long and very fatiguing, and during its course, the Senora Sebastian went bitterly over the fate which had befallen her and her children. When the cave was at last reached, she and the girls were led into a separate apartment, where the bandages were removed, and they beheld a room of the most beautiful furnishings, with rich, rare draperies and a soft, velvet carpet.

Don Gonzales looked on in silence, as

his prisoners surveyed the place, and then said:

"Senora Sebastian, this is the private apartment of yourself and your children. None shall enter here without your bidding. You will be treated by me and my men with all the respect and courtesy that your station demands, but give up now and forever, any hope of liberty. This cave is hundreds of miles from any habitation, and you cannot possibly find your way out. For your own safety, I warn you not to attempt to escape."

He bowed low and withdrew. The wondering children had looked on, terrified, and when he was gone they burst into tears. After quieting them, their mother sat through the long night, pondering upon the situation, and wondering how it would end.

As the days and weeks passed, she lost her fear of the robbers. Their leader exacted of the men the utmost courtesy toward her and her daughters. Her Madonna-like beauty and queenly bearing inspired them with awe, and they gradually came to regard her with the utmost respect. Ophelia and Septima found a soft place in the hardened hearts of the outlaws, for their dainty, charming ways were irresistible. They were allowed considerable liberty, and played in the forest near the cave, like woodland fairies. Don Gonzales, too, fell a victim to their wiles, and he, also, loved to watch the pretty children. Often, upon returning to the

something that spreads. And now—ah, I see one of you knows. What is it, my little friend?"

"Jam, sir!"—Exchange.

"Did that kid ask you if you wanted a shine?"

"No. He asked me if I desired to have my peddlar's wares artistically illuminated for the infinitesimal remuneration of one dime. He's from Boston."—Denver Times.

"Say, teacher, here's a snake called the anypoodan, an' it takes it a week to digest its food." "Yes, Willie. What of it?" "Well, would it be right to say it had a weak digestion?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SWEDEN'S RELIGIOUS QUEEN.

Friend of Salvation Army and Gives Liberally to Its Funds.

In an illustrated sketch of the Queen of Sweden in the Young Woman, one is told that many exaggerated stories have been published of her relation to the Salvation Army, one of which is to the effect that her majesty wears the Salvationist bonnet and plays the tambourine. Her connection with the Army is explained by Booth Tucker in this way: "The Queen is the friend of the Army. She has contributed liberally to our funds. She is interested in the Warm Shelter,

Eight small children for busy bees—Eight to feed and wash and dress. Four small girls and four small boys—Four to wash and wash and wash; And so, to have them out of the way, She's sent them off to the woods to play.

"Don't quarrel, nor tease, nor fret, nor frown, But when the sun is down, And if you see the chipmunk snarl, Don't throw stones at him—that is all; And let's just as busy as he can be."

—Joy Allison, in October St. Nicholas.

HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS

Little Monkey Organizes Swimming School, and Mr. Zebra and Mr. Tiger Acquire Stripes.

Little Monkey lost his tail, and the other monkeys made so much fun of him that he could not live with them any more. He went away by himself and fed on berries. He was sitting on the bank of the river one day, when the earth gave way, and he fell in the water. He swam out again, and as he did so, he had a new idea.

"I'll start a swimming school," said he. "I'll teach all the other animals to swim, so that their lives will be saved if they fall into the water."

So Little Monkey built houses on the shore of the river and put up a sign, which read:

L. MONKEY, Swimming School, Bathing Suits to Hire.

He had 100 bathing suits in sizes to fit any animal from a mouse to an elephant. He hired the Tailor Bird to make new suits as fast as the old ones wore out. Ben Crocodile was always swimming around to save the lives of the animals who swam out too far. Little Monkey put a raft away out in the stream, where the animals could rest after they had swum as long as they should.

When all the animals and all the birds heard that Little Monkey had a swimming school, they said: "How very fashionable!"

Some of them thought they could swim, but then it became the style for all animals and birds to swim like little monkeys without tails. Every afternoon the beach in front of Little Monkey's bathing houses was filled by the jungle folk.

They went in hired bathing suits, and the Tailor Bird was kept busy all day making new suits and mending old ones. Little Monkey was a fine gray suit, and he swam up and down to teach the animals how to swim.

Tiger and Zebra were very great friends, and one afternoon they went to Little Monkey's swimming school. "We want nice new suits," said Tiger.

"They're fine," said Tailor Bird. "They fit like the bark on the tree, and the colors are so new that they would be ashamed to run."

"What pretty suits," Zebra and Tiger said in unison.

laughed so hard they had to put their hands to their sides. Hyena laughed until he rolled over and over on the beach.

"Hyena," roared Tiger, "you are always laughing at nothing. What is the matter with you?"

Hyena pointed with his paw. Tiger and Zebra looked at themselves and found that their skins were all striped. The color had come out of the new bathing suits and the sun had dried it into their hair. Ever since that day the beasts in the jungle have always said Striped Tiger and Striped Zebra, and it was not until the Spotted Leopard told me this story that I knew that those two animals were once as white as the Polar Bear.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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The invitations were written on rose leaves, with a feather for a pen and dew for ink.

After she had finished she rang a little silver bell and a little page clad in pink and gold with a gold trumpet at his side came in.

The Queen gave him the dainty invitations, and, bowing gracefully, he retired. He blew on his trumpet at the houses and gave the invitations to whom they were addressed.

The ball was a grand affair, as well as a success. There were fireflies for lamps and birds to sing and dance, besides fairies, broomies, elves and all little people.

The Queen thought she ought to get married, so she married the King of the Brownies. They lived to a good old age, doing good to other people.—Bessie Frazer, in the New York Herald.

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Chewed Gum in 1402.
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"Finally that I may compress in few words the brief account of our departure and quick return and the gain, I promise this, that if I am supported by our most invincible sovereigns with a little of help, as much gold can be supplied as they will need; indeed, as much of spices, of cotton, of chewing gum (which is only found in Checo), also as much of albatross wood and as many slaves for the Navy as their majesties will wish to demand."

The date of this letter is March 14, 1492, or 400 years ago, and it is very evident from the inclusion of chewing gum in his list of products obtainable in the new country, that Columbus considered it an item of considerable importance; so one may fairly assume that the chewing-gum habit was prevalent in Spain in 1492.

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My first is in love, but not in give;
My second is in love, but not in live;
My third is in love, but not in home;
My fourth is in love, but not in home;
My fifth is in love and also alone;
My whole is a place that a called a home.

School Teacher (to boy at head of class, the lesson being philosophy)—How many kinds of forces are there?
Boy—Three, sir.
Teacher—Name them.
Boy—Bodily force, mental force and the police force.—New York World.

CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

It was only nine years ago that the subjects of Queen Victoria were grieving over the fact that her first great-grandchild in the line of succession was a girl, and daughter of the Duke of York. At that time, however, such a case as a great-grandchild of the sovereign was absolutely unprecedented and wholly unprovided for—that is, the Duchess of York's child, though at that time the fourth in line from the crown had no rank except that of a Duke's daughter, and might be passed in precedence by some one not a grandchild of the Prince of Wales. When the Duke of Clarence died, that amiable heir-presumptive whom the people had nicknamed "Collars and Cuffs," the Queen's subjects were all in a flutter until his brother George, the sailor Prince, had espoused Clarence's betrothed, the lovely Princess May of Teck. The following June a son and heir was born to the happy couple.

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Then they went tearing across the yard, until they came to the fence. The wagon was too high to go under, so Sue went up against it, chuk! and then she spilled out. I said: "Let her ride, Rob!" and Rob said that if she would be a good girl, and find him a piece of rope, she could ride first.

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Sue began to squall, because she wanted to ride. Then I saw some crows away down the pasture, and I just clapped my hands and told the dog to go after them, and you should have seen him! There was a pile of wood in the way, but he never stopped to go around; he just went straight across. I thought sure the wagon would tip clear over, but it didn't. And Sue hung in. How she did yell!

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Sue had a bump on her head as big as my fist; the wagon was all scratched up, but, worst of all, the harness was busted all to pieces.

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Found the Man She Wanted, But He Didn't Want Her.

There was once, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, a woman who understood her fellow-men very thoroughly. This endeared her to many of them, but she was very particular in her tastes, they seldom suited her. Finally, however, she found a man who perfectly suited all her requirements. She then brought to bear upon him all her information concerning his sex, which was great. One day the man's sister called on her and said: "It is a good thing that you are so strong, for so is he, and he does not like delicate women."

At this the woman smiled. "I should be very foolish were I to act on this hint," she said. "My knowledge of men teaches me that such men invariably prefer women of opposite dispositions from themselves." So when he next saw her she told him that she was terribly afraid of mice and could not walk far.

Again his sister called on her and said: "It is a good thing for her and her maid; politics so well, for he is much interested in them, and says that all intelligent women should be, too."

The woman smiled wisely. "I should be more than foolish, if I allowed myself to be deceived by this," she said. "When a woman admits that she can master politics, then it is all up with her. A man who claims to be superior to Democrats, and why so many people were betting 16 to 1 on the election."

By and by he stopped calling, and she learned, to her horror, that he had engaged himself to a woman who had written a pamphlet on the silver question. She herself had given a great many ideas on this subject to the other woman. This she realized that the man was peculiar. This teaches us that things are sometimes what they seem.

Stolen Sweets.

Mrs. Fly—I thought I told you, Jimmie, that I wanted that jam for supper!

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WHAT FROGGIE CAUGHT WHEN HE WENT A FISHING.

Rising at 8:30, she spends an hour alone in prayer and meditation, and then breakfasts with the King. From 10 to 2:30 she devotes herself to reading or else knits or does needlework, while one of her ladies reads to her. At 2:30 comes a simple lunch, and at 6 o'clock the family sit down to dinner. The rest of the evening is spent together in reading aloud, or playing games, or listening to music.

Had the "Tummyache."
She was the parson's baby, and prided herself on her goodness, but that day more than commonly she misbehaved in church. Thereupon her father fixed his awful eye upon her nurse, who caught the signal from the pulpit and trotted her restless charge ignominiously down the aisle. But at the door of the sacred edifice the small person balked. She was not overwhelmingly afraid of her father, and she was tremendously anxious to set herself right with the congregation.

So, turning firmly about, she set her wee hands behind her and announced, unmindful of the solemn barangue from the pulpit, in the dreadfully penetrating treble of a small, but earnest child: "Well, I don't care. I had the tummyache, anyway!"

She hadn't. But she felt that she was vindicated from the charge of bad behavior, and went serenely away, leaving an embarrassed parson and a congregation in tormenting throes of laughter.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Advices His Tormentors.
"Tiger," he said, "if you would keep your mouth from being open so much, and Zebra, if you would not splash with your feet, you both would become very fine swimmers. Don't bother to take off your bathing suits. Just sit in the sun, and when the water gets hot to dive, I'll give you another lesson."

So Tiger and Zebra sat in the sun and told the other animals about the great fun which they had had with Little Monkey.

Then they found somebody else to make fun for them. Leopard, who was all spotted, came down to the beach.

"Ho, he! he! he! at the time I have tried to change these polka dots for a plain checked suit, but somehow I could never do it. I may be funny, but I never looked so queer as do two very mean animals who are lying on this beach all dressed up in ugly, striped bathing suits."

Then Zebra and Tiger became angry. They got up and took off their bathing suits and threw them at Tailor Bird. Then all the birds and the animals

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laughed so hard they had to put their hands to their sides. Hyena laughed until he rolled over and over on the beach.

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