

# PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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

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

"Twas 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 tabletop 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.

Ah! 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. The manager of the plantation had 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 Pastimes.

Edward from Hidalgo is a mountainous white hunk, the Mexican coast. This range was infested with roving bands of robbers who made its cunningly-hidden caves 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 the robbers led a life of prey to the outlaws.

Among the latter came the discharged Don Gonzales, now grown vengeful and bold. 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 bowed to them, he never permitted his men to exercise violence against 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 hands and feet, and the bandits were engaged in looting the luggage.

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

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

"Twas 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

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 pedal segments 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,

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 an 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:

**PAPA'S LITTLE RAG-TIME GIRL.**

"I'll leave my happy home for 'oot"  
Papa's little ragtime girl  
Can sing an' dance an' play it, too,  
Jus' one little ragtime girl.



**Stolen Sweets.**

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

**Wonderful Bicycle Clock.**  
The most wonderful and probably the most unique clock in existence, as described by the French papers, is one that has just been completed by Alphonse

**WHAT FROGGIE CAUGHT WHEN HE WENT A FISHING.**

**MAMMA FROG VIGOROUSLY RESENTS THE INDIGNITY PLACED UPON HER.**

**CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF YORK.**

**LOLLIPOPS GOING TO SCHOOL.**



Ding dong! goes the school bell; Time for school to begin; So here are the Lollipop children, Each one as neat as a pin.

Of course they will learn their lessons, And try to keep each rule; Wouldn't you like to visit Lollipop school? Their queer little Lollipop school? —Primary Education.

**Had an Eye to Business.**  
Little Monkey Organizes Swimming School, and Mr. Zebra and Tiger Acquire Stripes.

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**THE QUEEN'S BALL.**  
Fairy Story That Should Interest Very Small Folk.

The little fairies were all busy doing their work, or helping some neighbor who had more to do than they, for the fairies are always willing to lend a helping hand wherever it is needed.

The royal household was all astray, for Her Majesty the Queen had decided to give a ball, the first of the season, at the royal palace. She sat in the Summer house, which was a large pink rose, writing invitations. The good Queen did not want to slight anybody, for she was loyal to her subjects, so she invited everybody she could think of.

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

**Boy Speaks Eight Languages.**  
Stello Argiris is but 12 years of age, yet he is perhaps the most wonderful linguist of his age in the world. He speaks fluently eight languages. He is a protege of Sir Thomas Lipton, of yacht racing school at England, England.

The young marvel is a Cretan by birth. His father was killed in May, 1898, by the bullet of a Turkish soldier, and his mother, taking refuge in the hills, finally starved to death. The little orphan began his education in the government school of his native place. Later he went to North Africa, where he attended the French and Italian Government schools.

It was here that he became an accomplished linguist, and is the master of Russian, German, French, Italian, Greek, Turkish, Arabic and English languages. Sir Thomas Lipton, having heard of the wonderful boy, took him on board his vessel and sailed for England, where he placed him at school. The only language he had to take aboard the ship was a parcel of books.

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**NOT SO WISE, AFTER ALL.**  
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 to allow myself to be deceived by this," she said. "When a woman admits that she can master politics, then it is all up with her. I am older than I am, and he is in some way without that." So when he next saw her she asked him if it were true that Republicans were better dressed than 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."

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**Little Boy Blue.**  
Oh, Little Boy Blue was a brave little man  
And Little Boy Blue was bold,  
And his big umbrella sheltered him  
From the storm, so wild, so cold.

But the storm was brave and the storm was bold  
And fond of having his way,  
So he caught up Little Boy Blue's umbrella  
And carried it away.

Then up to the clouds went Little Boy Blue  
On the wing of the roaring storm,  
Till the earth, so far, so far away,  
Had lost its usual form.

But down came Little Boy Blue once more,  
For he heard his mother call,  
And Little Boy Blue was in a hurry  
To find her dressed in a surprise.

—James Albert Wals, in New York Herald.

## SISTER SUE'S BRIEF RIDE

**Begin in Blaze of Glory and Ends Ignominiously in Complete and Irrecoverable Disaster.**

I guess you have never been out to my Aunt Fannie's farm, have you? I was out there this Summer for about two months, and I had such a good time, it didn't seem like I was there more than two weeks. I don't know what I did enjoy the most. We had boating and horseback-riding, and a swing down in the orchard.

My Aunt Fannie is the nicest aunt I've got. She doesn't think it hurts a fellow to go swimming, whenever he feels like it, and she is not always worrying about railway tracks, and she bakes the best things to eat; it makes me hungry now just to think about it. Then she is always going round laughing and singing, and can tell if a fellow is homesick just by looking at him, and she knows just what to say to make him feel better.

I've got two cousins out there. Rob is a year older than I am, and he does it to just tag round with me. I know a girl that can run faster and whistle louder than any boy on our street, and she ain't afraid of nothing, either. That's the kind of a girl a boy likes. If she was like her, I would like to stay at Aunt Fannie's all the time.

**Rob's Big Dog.**  
Rob has a great big dog, and on his birthday his father gave him an express wagon. We thought we would fix a harness and teach the dog, so that when we went camping or fishing he could haul our traps. We worked about two days on that harness, and when we got it done, it was a dandy. The dog wouldn't stand still to be hitched up, until we got some scraps from Bridget to feed him.

Rob said all the time that he wouldn't ride first; that I was company. I didn't care about that, and told him so. While we were talking about it, Sue brought a cry. Rob asked her what the matter was, and she said: "Rob Curtis, if you don't let me ride first, I'll go right straight in and tell my mother."

I didn't want to ride first, neither did Rob, for, you see, you never can tell just what a dog will do, when he is hitched up. But Sue is fat, and I had heard Aunt Fannie say that her scratches healed up quickly, so I didn't think it would hurt her much, even if she did fall 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.

Well, when we got all ready, we put Sue in the wagon. Rob told her to hold on to the sides with both hands. The dog made one move, but when he found that he was to ride, he just settled back in the harness and stood still. Rob ran down the path and called him, but he wouldn't stir. We were afraid to twist his tail, for, though he never had tried to bite us, sometimes he growled and showed his teeth.

**Sue Gets Her Ride.**  
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!

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, chunk! and then she spilled out. I held the dog, but he boomed and went on alone.

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.

Aunt Fannie and Bridget and the hired man all came running to see who was killed, and they took Sue to the house and bathed her head and gave her a great big piece of cake. Rob and I played by ourselves all the afternoon, making another harness, and we had lots of fun. Aunt Fannie was going to scold us for letting Sue get hurt, but we had explained to her how she cried, and she said: "Oh, I tell you, your fault; you go out to Aunt Fannie's farm; you'd enjoy yourself 'most to death."

**Puzzle.**  
On a piece of paper draw 30 lines, and on each line place five circles. The circles should be 37 in number, and each circle should rest upon an angle, and be at an equal distance from its fellows on a line.

**CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF YORK.**