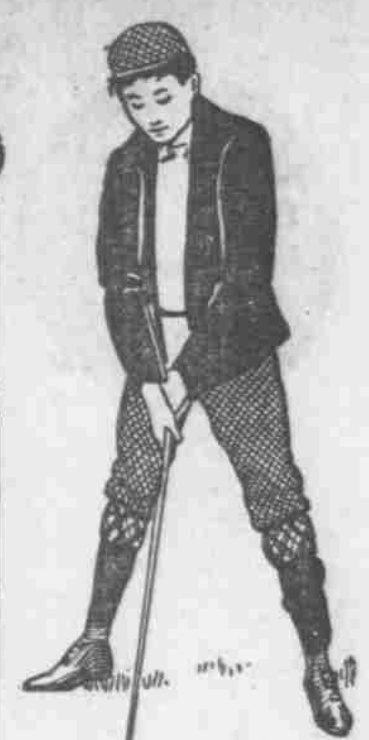


FACE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



for the night, their guns within easy reach.

Silence reigned supreme in the little cabin for some time, while the nervous lads endeavored to sleep. At about 11 o'clock there came a slight noise on the outside.

"What's that?" inquired a scared voice from somewhere beneath the blankets where the owner had taken refuge.

"It's nothing," quavered Charlie. "What do you want to wake a feller up for?"

But it did prove to be something, for soon a snort was heard, mingled with a deep growl. In an instant, all three boys were on their feet, trembling with fright. By the faint flickering light of the dying fire, they now discovered in another part of the cabin what appeared to be the bed of some animal, and they came to the conclusion that the animal, whatever it might be, had just come home, and finding the cabin inhabited, was prowling about on the outside.

Presently they heard a noise at the window, and the ugly face of a big brown bear was pushed through the blanket covering. The bear gave a vicious growl at the three boys, who were standing as far in the other end of the cabin as they could conveniently get, and made an effort to climb in, but he was too large, and could only get partly through.

Finally Frank, who had seized his rifle, raised it and fired at the bear, but the bullet struck the bear on the side of his thick skull and glanced off, inflicting a painful wound and infuriating the animal. The other boys then got possession of their guns and all three fired again at the same time. When the smoke cleared away, the bear had disappeared, and the lads thought he was killed, but they were mistaken.

Although he had been badly wounded, he at once renewed the attack—this time at the door, which was made of frail clapboards, which were already yielding to the pressure of his great body. The boys had not even time to load their guns.

Scared Boys.

The chimney occupied the end of the cabin, and had a great, wide opening, large enough to admit the body of a man. It was built mainly of sticks, plastered roughly with mud on the inside.

"We'll have to go up that chimney," whispered Frank. "The bear will be in there in a second, and we'd get caught sure, if we tried to get out the window."

Thereupon he hastily scraped the fire from the back part of the fireplace, and Charles and Andrew threw down their useless guns and started up the chimney, Frank bringing up the rear. They were not an instant too quick, either, for Frank had hardly started, when the wounded bear broke open the door and dashed after the retreating lads. Poor Frank was hindered by his gun, which he was endeavoring to drag up the chimney with him, and the bear made a grab at him and fastened his sharp claws in his jacket.

Charles and Andrew had made their escape to the top, and from there they pulled and tugged at Frank to loosen him from the bear's hold. The coat was not made to stand such a strain, and soon the bear dropped down, with the entire bulk of Frank's coat in his claws. Frank scrambled out upon the roof.

The boys could hear the bear inside, trying to force his way into the chimney. He had just finished a baking of corn, and the lower portion of the chimney constructed of sticks and mud tumbled onto the cabin floor, and left the hunters perched on the ridgepole of the cabin. They felt safe enough, unless the rickety cabin itself should be torn down by the bear, in his efforts to get at them.

Frank determined to shoot the bear, and, after reloading his rifle and while watching for a chance, he said:

The Retort Courteous.

"You fellows are fine hunters to drop your guns when the bear took after you." They silenced him by inquiring what had become of his coat.

By this time the bear had reached far up the side of the chimney, and was actually pulling himself up on the roof with his huge claws. Catching sight of him in the dim light, Frank fired. The animal

ing it, throwing it with both hands or crossing the dividing line are foul, and count one point for the opposite side. Each goal made counts two for the side making it. When a goal is made the ball is again started from the center. If the ball hits the fence or wall back of the goal and bounds into the goal, it counts a goal.

The game is played in three rounds of 15 minutes each, with a rest of five minutes between. The teams change courts for successive rounds.

BOY SWAPPED FOR BEAR.

New York Bear Succumbs to Honeyed Temptation.

"Darius Schofield did not long ago, up in Cortland County, N. Y., to they told me up there," said John Gilbert, traveling man, "and they also told me that he would have died about 50 years before if his grandmother hadn't succeeded in making a trade with a bear, by which the bear delivered up Darius to his grandmother in exchange for a loaf of corn bread."

"Darius was about a year old then, and his folk lived in the town of Virgil, so I was told. That part of the state wasn't

cut up much by settlement in those days. Wild animals were protesting yet against leaving their old haunts, and were numerous and aggressive. One day the young hopeful of the Schofield clearing was playing on a pile of logs in front of the cabin, when he tumbled over and fell into a thicket. Whether the bear had been lying in wait there for a chance at the chubby youngster, or whether it was coming along just as little Darius came tumbling into the bushes, either the Schofield records do not state, or my informant up there do not know. At any rate, Darius' grandmother heard Darius yell, and she ran out in time to see the bear ambling away with the boy under one arm.

"The grandmother was alone in the cabin. There was no time to run about the clearing and alarm the men, and she didn't dare fire the gun at the bear for fear the bullet might puncture Darius. She had just finished a baking of corn bread. It was sweetened with maple syrup. Believing that the bear would much prefer fresh, sweetened, nicely baked corn bread to raw boy, she grabbed one of the savory loaves and started in pursuit of brute. She had to follow him a mile before she overtook him. He was about entering his den, and still held possession of little Darius. The bear stopped and looked back in some surprise at the old lady, who did not waste any time, but threw the tempting loaf at his feet.

"The bear stooped and sniffed at it. One sniff was enough. He dropped the loaf as if the kid had been a hot potato, grabbed the bread and disappeared in his den. Darius' grandmother grabbed the boy, and never stopped for breath until she got back home with him. He wasn't hurt a mite, and was able to eat almost as much corn bread for his supper that night as had been offered up to the bear as his ransom."

An Unwise Tortoise.

A tortoise, disaffected with her lowly life, had a great desire to see foreign countries. On informing two ducks of her wish, they said: "We shall be happy, for a fair price, to transport you to any country you please."

The passage money having been agreed upon and paid, the ducks said: "You must take this narrow piece of stick in your teeth and hold it fast, and we will take hold of it at each end and carry you between us, and as you value your life, be sure to keep your mouth shut."

The journey began, and wherever they went, there was a large crowd of people, who exclaimed in astonishment: "What a wonderful sight! The queen of the tortoises, with her house at her back."

"Yes, yes," said the tortoise, "you are quite right, I am the queen. But it would have been better if she had held her tongue, for the moment she opened her mouth she let go the stick and was dashed to pieces on a rock—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOW TO PLAY 'DRIVE BALL.'

Interesting Game for Youngsters During School Recess.

Here's how to play "drive ball," a lively game for youngsters which is much liked by those who are fond of active exercise. It is an excellent game to play during school recess:

A court about 30 by 30 feet is divided to form two courts, each a little wider than it is long and each occupied by a team of players. A goal about 1 by 3 feet is marked at the rear end of each court, the object of each team being to get the ball into the opposite goal. Each team has a captain, who stands at the middle of the dividing line and is responsible for the discipline of his team; a guard, whose duty it is to keep the ball from the goal and who stands in the goal, and from six to 12 players, each assigned a certain spot, marked as his territory, and from which he cannot move more than two feet. At no time can the players do mass work.

To start the game the ball is placed between the captains on the dividing line. At a signal from the umpire each captain throws the ball with his fist; the ball is then kept going back and forth, hit always with the fist. To put the ball into play at any time after it has been caught or otherwise stopped, it may be bounced or thrown from one hand and then hit with the fist. Kicking the ball, hold-

JUANITA VISITS THE CITY

Writes to the Ranch Folk at Home Ancient Her Varied Impressions of Things in General.

"There was the funniest old lady on the train when I came down," writes Juanita home to the people at the ranch. "When," she continued, "we were coming through the sandhill, sagebrush country, I asked her how she liked the scenery, and she said it was very 'neat.' She was quite enthusiastic over the comfort of the luxurious Pullman, but she sputtered with wrath when she remembered the accommodations on another road."

"I go over that road twice a year to see my daughter," she said, "and it's always the same. The dressing-room is not more than large enough for one woman, and they all try to crowd in at once. As for me, I go and wet the corner of

my favorite violet. I asked the old dowdy woman if she had California violet. "No, not today," she said. "They ain't from California, though; we raise 'em ourselves."

"Well," I said, "they are very big and pretty, but they are not so sweet as the Oregon kind."

"Yes, yes, that is so. De Oregon violet is just like what grows in England, and in Switzerland—all over de hills in Switzerland! Ah! those are de sweet kind. Like de sweet and pretty Portland girls, too."

"Of course, I didn't take that as a personal compliment, as I'm not a Portland girl, but I bought an immense bunch and pinned them on my jacket, all the same."

"Tell Sue that she can leave off her stiff collars in peace now, for some of the Portland girls have a tad of discarding their collars and wearing low-necked sailor waists."

The Elk Fountain.

"Mary and Betty and I went to see the new elk fountain yesterday. There were two hunters there looking at it, and we heard one say: 'Looks as if he hadn't had a blade of grass, or a sprig of kin-kinnick for 50 years.'"

"But then you know it's the fashion to draw swarthy things like Gibson's men and women, for instance. That's probably the reason the artist made the elk so lean, for he does look gaunt, as if his home were in snowy woods, instead of this green plaza."

"I wanted to go and see the Skidmore fountain, and both the other girls said they had never seen it. So we went, although it was beginning to get dark. This fountain is the most beautiful one on the coast, and is the work of the sculptor, Olin Warner. When I was in San Francisco last Spring, with Uncle Dick, waiting for my poor, sick, soldier cousin, Bob, from Manila, we went all around to see everything, and the Skidmore monument, in Portsmouth Square, with its ship and cheap, gilded sails, is nothing to compare with this, nor is the Key monument, in Golden Gate Park."

"I am sending you a little picture of one of the figures supporting the upper basin of the Skidmore fountain. Such figures are called caryatids, and I have learned that, in art, this always means a sort of slave to whom is assigned by the sculptor to hold up something, as for example, the basin of a fountain. A critic in the Century says that the figures of the Skidmore fountain are more like the hands of the old Greek sculptors than just humble caryatids."

"I should hate to be a caryatid, myself, but I might like to be a maid. Anyway, these figures, if you look at them, don't think about their expression, do have a sort of contented grace, as if they might enjoy the splashing of the water. Maybe they are glad to see the hundreds of horses getting a drink there every day, just as a good, philanthropic modern maid should be."

Neglected and Forlorn.

"But this fountain, set down among dinky, old wholesale houses which are in what was once the best part of the city, is neglected and almost forgotten. It had my way I would scatter all the old legal points to the wind and move that fountain to some lovely park or handsome street, where Mr. Skidmore would like to see it, if he were here."

"It is a pity for a ranch girl to see the swarms of bicycles in the streets at lunch time, but I think papa and the other ranchmen, riding their big horses over the range, look a good deal better than these city wheelmen, clutching their handle-bars and riding all doubled up."

"The very sight of a bicycle makes me homesick for the plains, where nearly everybody rides horseback, and in my mind there is a vivid picture of the difference between the cowboy at home and the 'scorchers' on Portland streets, and the difference is strongly in favor of the cowboy."

"There's one sure thing: When I get back home the first thing I shall do will be to saddle Duster and go for a 30-mile ride with Bess. Adieu! JUANITA."

BERNHARDT EXPOUNDS MAGIC.

Juggling With Coins and Making Two Cigarettes of One.

Professor Leon Bernhardt, the magician, declares that the very simplest thing in the world is the performance of tricks in magic "if you only know how." For the benefit of readers of the Philadelphia Inquirer he has explained "how" and shows the way in which two really simple and yet very mystifying tricks are performed. One of these is the cigarette trick—making two cigarettes out of one. No trick seems more mystifying to the uninitiated, and yet none is really more easy to perform. It is simply a matter of "palming."

You hold a cigarette in one hand and show that there is nothing in the other. Then you explain that by the pronouncing of a magic word—anything you please—you will make two cigarettes of that one. As a matter of fact you have a second cigarette concealed in the palm of the hand, and as you pronounce the "magic word" you deftly let it slip between the forefinger and the third finger, and behold, there are two cigarettes in the place of one.

"Practice the trick a few times in private before showing it to an audience," says Professor Bernhardt, "and you will be able to do it so deftly that none can see the cigarette coming through the fingers."

The apparatus needed for the second trick is a silver dollar, two half-dollars, and two ordinary handkerchiefs. One of the half dollars is sewed in the corner of one of the handkerchiefs and cannot be seen.

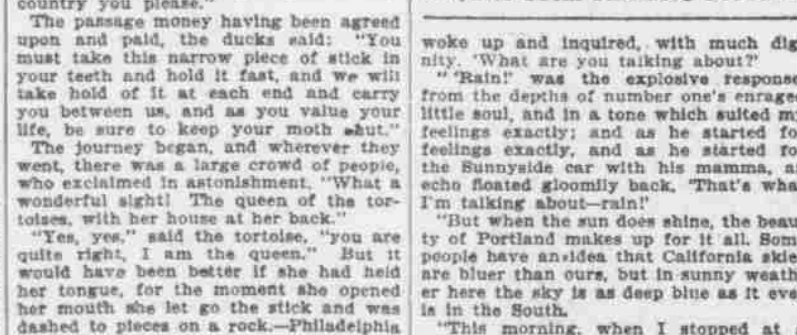
You explain to your audience that you



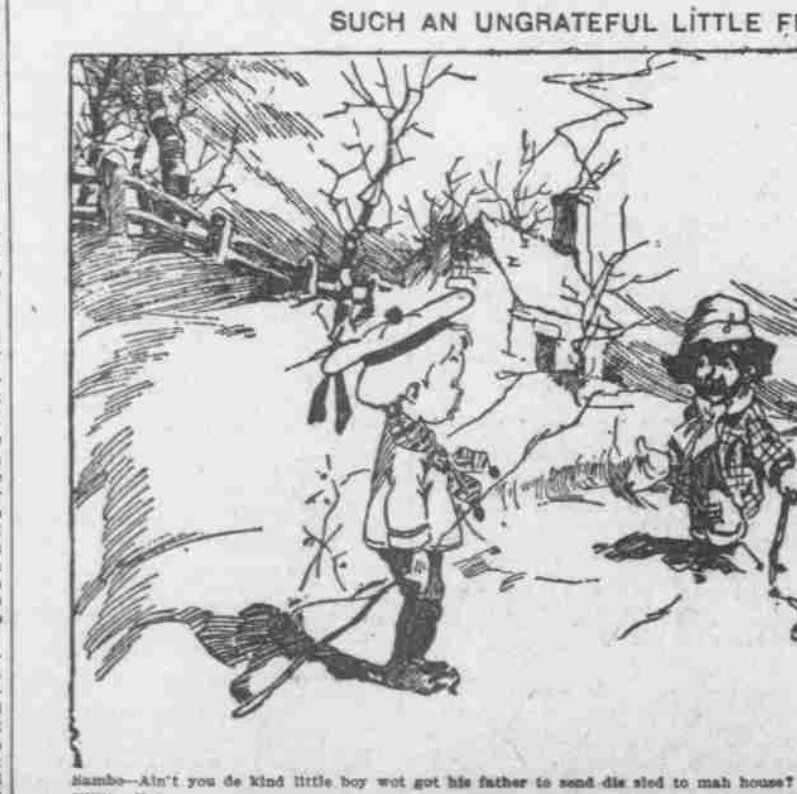
IN FAVOR OF THE COWBOY.



Caryatid From Skidmore Fountain.



Such an Ungrateful Little Fellow!



Such an Ungrateful Little Fellow!

MR. CROW RATHER LIKED IT.

Umbrellas Couldn't Scare Him Out of the Corn Patch.

The crows bothered dear old grandpa more than ever that year. They were digging up all the corn.

"I believe they laugh at my scare-crow," grandpa said.

"Yes, they do—I heard 'em!" Perley cried. "They get together in a regular confederation (Perley meant congregation) and laughed out loud—oh, very loud! 'Caw! caw! caw!'—if that isn't their way of saying 'haw! haw! haw!' then I'm mistaken."

Grandpa smiled.

But it got to be no smiling matter at all. Things began to look serious indeed out in the corn patch. At last grandpa dug up a device. He came in to breakfast one morning looking quite satisfied and happy.

"I've got 'em now," he said, complacently.

Who, David? dear old grandpa asked.

"The crows—every mother's son of 'em! Let 'em dig up my corn rows now if they want to! I've spread the scare-crow umbrella that the whole family used to go to meeting under when I was a boy—I've got it out there in the middle of my corn patch, looking like a giant mushroom."

"Or a circus tent," put in Perley, gleefully. He had been walking all around the corn patch in a triumphant procession of his own.

"I guess they'll laugh at the inside of their mouths now!" he exclaimed.

But that noon, at dinner time, Perley came in out of the blazing sunlight with his little red, moist face drawn down lengthily. He waited till after grandpa asked the blessing and filled all the plates. It was hard work to "break it" to grandpa, but when you have a thing to do, you had better do it before you begin on your mashed potatoes and chicken. It was good reasoning, and Perley straightened up his chair.

"Grandpa," he said, solemnly, "there's a crow sitting under that umbrella down in the corn patch. I saw him. He looked real cool and comfortable 'out of the sun.'"

—A. H. D., in Primary Education.

Children's Bruises.

The most frequent injury of child life is the bruise. This should receive prompt attention, particularly if on the head or in the neighborhood of the larger joints.

Hot applications are most efficient in subduing the pain, lessening or preventing the swelling or hastening the absorption of the materials which have already leaked from the blood vessels.

A piece of flannel, well saturated with hot oil or hot water, applied to the bruise, will be the best remedy. The oil or water must be kept hot. The hot flannel should be continually changed for about 30 minutes. After this place a dry bandage over the bruise. In 24 hours remove this bandage.

RUFF ON RATS.

binding, lubricate the hand with oil or vaseline, and rub the injured part for 10 minutes as vigorously as can be borne without pain. Repeat this rubbing twice a day till the effects of the bruise have all disappeared.

If hot oil or water cannot be obtained, cold water may be used. The applications should be kept cold.

Birds in Storms.

During tremendous wind storm birds may sometimes be seen flying overhead at a great altitude. When this phenomenon is observed it may be taken for granted that the upper atmosphere is comparatively quiet and that the disturbance is confined chiefly to the lower regions.

When a heavy wind or gale springs up, says Pearson's Weekly, the gulls, terns and petrels will fly to and fro over the water's surface, rising and falling, and uttering their peculiar cries of warning. If the storm extends to high up they will fly gradually toward one side of the storm-swept path, but falling off at the same time in the direction of the blowing wind. Once more it will sweep around and face the storm, ascending and descending and striking desparately toward the direction of the storm. By pursuing these tactics, the bird will gradually work itself to one side of the storm center.

Enigmas.

My first is in peach, but not in grape. My second is in uncle, but not in mate. My third is in lazy, but not in smart. My fourth is in crazy, but not in heart. My fifth is in land, but not in ran. My sixth is in gent, but not in man. My seventh is in sea, also in lake. My eighth is in dish, but not in plate. My ninth is in chair, but not in stool. My tenth is in ditch, but not in pool. My eleventh is in oyster, but not in clam. My twelfth is in jar, but not in slum. My whole is one to whom we write With joy and gladness if we are right.

will place a silver dollar in the center of one of the handkerchiefs and twist the handkerchief around it so that it cannot escape. Then you will permit some one in the audience to hold it. In the other handkerchief you will place the half dollar in the same manner, and that may be held by the same person or some one else. Then you will by magic transfer the coin from one handkerchief to the other, so that opening one, you will find the coin gone, and opening the other you will find both coins together.

You pretend to place the half dollar you have in your hand in the center of the handkerchief, but you do not do so. Instead, you take the corner that contains a hidden half dollar, and folding that inside twist the handkerchief around it. Apparently the loose half dollar is in the center there. You ask some one to hold it.

Then you place the silver dollar in the other handkerchief—in the center—at the same time placing the half dollar under it. You twist the handkerchief around it and apparently there is only a silver dollar there. You hand it to some one to hold.

You pronounce some word—"Presto! Change!" is the usual thing—you shake out the handkerchief containing the half dollar—it is gone! You open the other, and in and behold! there are both the dollar and the half dollar, and your audience is much mystified.

THE SLEEPY MAN.

Nurse says the sleepy man is coming—let us run and watch him through the keyhole!

"I wonder what he looks like. For nurse has often told that he's great-grandpa to Santa Claus! Then he must be very old."

So they softly crept to the playroom, little Ted and Alice, and, And waited long and patiently To see the sleepy man.

At last it came their bedtime, And nurse looked all around For baby Nan and little Ted, And waited long and patiently To see the sleepy man.

The sleepy man had caught them both And laid them on the floor. —New York Tribune

LITTLE MISS ROSY POSY

She Goes Skating in Fairyland and Has a Splendid Time With the Curious Little People.

Little Miss Rosy Posy was a good little girl, as all little girls should be, and she was always very fond of fairy stories. She had always longed to meet some real fairies and have some real adventures, like those in the fairy tales. As she was so good it was only natural that she should have her wish gratified, and one evening in early Fall she was surprised to wake up and find a cute little gnome standing at the foot of her bed.

"Hello! Rosy," said the gnome, "don't you want to come and skate with the fairies?"

Rosy was too frightened to speak at first, but the gnome told her not to be afraid and to come with him. The first thing she knew she was flying through space, over the housetops, and, to her surprise, she was now clad in her warmest winter clothes, with a big feather bonnet around her neck and a fuzzy-wuzzy muff to keep her hands warm.

Soon they came to the Enchanted Lake, in Fairyland. Rosy found that she now had on a pretty curly-skated, and the little gnome also wore a pair.

"Come with me," he said, and they skated off merrily over the vast lake.

Lots of Fun.

There were great wide trees around the shores, and a great big silver moon, shone through them with a beautiful light, making the lake shine and shine again. The ice was perfectly smooth and seemed

to give wings to the swiftly gliding skaters. After while they met a funny little clown. The gnome, whose name, by the way, was Delfo, introduced the little clown to Rosy. The clown was called Playaway.

Playaway, Delfo and Rosy skated off together, and very soon they met two jolly boys, Grizzly and Frizzly, who were coming toward them, greatly on their skates. Every now and then they would stop and laugh as if at some joke, and soon all five were laughing heartily, they did not know why.

A band of light-winged and light-footed fairies came out from behind the trees and skated in fancy circles and figures around Rosy.

"Ring around a Rosy!" they cried in glee, and skated faster and faster, until Rosy could hardly see them. Then they disappeared suddenly, and this made Grizzly and Frizzly laugh harder than ever.

They skated on and on and came to the mouth of a beautiful frozen river, which shone like diamonds in the moonlight. They skated up the river until they came to the enchanted ice palace of the fairy queen. The palace glittered with ice and was the prettiest thing Rosy had ever seen.

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