PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Princess of the Purple Palace.

A Story of the Pekin Siege. By William Murray Graydon.

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CHAPTER VI.

The dawn of the 15th of June was gladly welcomed by the young refuges in Sam Wong's warehouse, and they counted the hours that must elapse before they could expect Chow Yen, by whose aid they hoped to safely reach the Legation under cover of darkness; he had furthermore offered to hide them in his house if, as was not unlikely, they should find the gates closed between the Chinese and Tartar cities.

The Princess Loo-Loa, now that the somniferous effects of the drug had worn off, was quite another person. She chatted with her companions, and surprised them by the fortitude and pluck with which she accepted the terrible misfortune—the heartrending grief—that had come upon her. But she could not speak without tears of her father, and the slightest allusion to her abduction from the palace brought a look of horror to her eyes; so the lads were reluctant to question her too closely, and for the present no fresh light was thrown on the mysterious disappearance of Prince Lan and the attempt to carry off his daughter.

The day passed quickly and without alarm, Dan and Alec sleeping through the greater part of it, while the little Princess kept vigilant watch. And when evening approached again, and the light faded from the gloomy building, the three waited confidently for Chow Yen. But he came not.

Late on the afternoon of the 16th, a sharp cry woke the lads simultaneously, and they sat up to find the warehouse hazy with pungent smoke—to see the frightened face of the Princess looking at them over the silken barrier. A dull, throbbing noise filled their ears and a lurid glow was reflected on the ceiling.

"It's another fire!" exclaimed Dan.

They climbed hastily to the nearest window slit, and their courage was hardly proof against the terrible sight that met their gaze. The limited vista to the north showed an unbroken sheet of flame and smoke, spangled with myriads of sparks, flecked with burning brands and cinders, and shooting up every few seconds into waves of blue, purple and green fire. Near by houses were blazing furiously, and the conflagration extended right and left as far as could be seen.

"I am not afraid to die," she spoke heroically, "but for my father's sake, I desire life. You will save me? Promise!"

Alec looked at her with admiration. "We will save you," he answered. "There must be a way."

"It means certain death," said Dan, huskily, "to venture out. And it is death to remain where we are."

He was right. While Alec, with knitted brows and anxious face, pondered what could be done in this terrible extremity, the situation grew rapidly from bad to worse. The roar and tumult increased. The angry flames, fanned by a breeze, swept nearer and nearer. They licked the walls of the warehouse, and lurid, forked tongues darted through the farthest window-slits. The interior, as the hot, stifling smoke hung in wreaths and billows, was already like a furnace. The heat became unbearable, and showers of sparks danced in the shimmering atmosphere. Dan brushed several from the girl's brocaded gown, and she clung to him with a choking, hysterical sob.

"Another minute will suffocate us," cried Alec. "Let us try the ditch—creep through the water to the canal."

"Come on!" Dan exclaimed. "Any end but by fire. And I've got a few shots for the first ruffians who molest us."

But they had delayed too long; it was too late for flight. That slim hope was suddenly frustrated by an interruption which, strangely enough, they had taken no reckoning of. There was a noisy rattle of wheels and drumming of hoofs in the courtyard, followed by the clanging of an iron bar on the flag stones. Then the double doors of the warehouse were torn open, and a middle-aged Chinaman appeared on the threshold.

If the fugitives were startled by the swift misfortunes that had destroyed their hopes of escaping unseen to the ditch, the silk merchant—for such his dress proclaimed him to be—was equally frightened by his discovery. He stood rooted to the spot, his teeth chattering and his face turning to a sickly gray hue, while the lads rose to their feet and confronted him. Through the open door a large cart was visible, and a second Chinaman, doubtless a servant, was staring with dilated eyes into the warehouse, from his post at the heads of the two mules that were harnessed to the vehicle.

"Kill the foreign devils, master!" he shouted. "Slay them, and gain the reward!"

The merchant whipped an ugly-looking knife from his waist, but as quickly, finding himself covered by Dan's rifle, his hand fell to his side.

Alec struck up the barrel of the leveled weapon. "We are not going to harm you, Sam Wong," he cried. "We want to talk to you sensibly, but first drop that knife."

Sam Wong obeyed, and just then his servant attempted to slip off in order to fetch assistance. He did not go far, for Dan drew a bead on him from the doorway.

"Tell me," said Aleck, "is there a route open to the Tartar City?"

"Yes, by the Ha-ta Men gate," was the reply.

"Then listen, Sam Wong. You can take but one load from the warehouses. You must conceal us beneath the goods in the bottom of the cart, and drive to the foreign Legations. Name your own price."

"That's the way to work it!" Dan cried eagerly. "Offer him any amount. My father will see that it is found."

But Sam Wong shook his head. "It is impossible," he replied.

"You can do it easily, and none will suspect," protested Alec. "Five hundred taels reward is offered for each of us—1500 in all. Very well, you shall have 2000 taels if you take us safely to the Legations. The sum will be paid. Have no fear of that. And you and your goods will be safe."

"Safe!" sneered Sam Wong. "Safe in the Legations? In a day or two the quarter of the foreign devils will be razed to the ground—not one stone will be left standing upon another."

"Don't you believe it," said Alec. "That is a fool's tale. The Legations can hold out for a year, if they like. But there is no need of that. Within a week they will be relieved by 20,000 soldiers from Tien-Tsin. They are on the way now—they will surely come. The Boxers know that, and so they are making haste to do all the damage they can while they have the chance."

This was a bold stroke, and Sam Wong plainly wavered. The Princess Loo-Lao, who had extricated herself from the bales, joined timely in the conversation, and faced the silk merchant with an air of mingled hauteur and entreaty.

"Save us," she begged, "and earn the everlasting gratitude of my father, Prince Lan."

"I shall lose my head," declared Sam Wong. "As for the Prince, it is well known that he is a prisoner in the Imperial Palace—"

"He will shortly be released," interrupted Alec. "By the Emperor's command he was taken away lest the Boxers should kill him. Decide quickly. Did I say 2000 taels?—you shall have 2500. And in the evil days that are in store for Pekin you will be glad of the friendship and protection of the foreign devils."

Sam Wong's skin had assumed its normal hue, and now his little pigskin eyes glittered with greed.

"I will take the risk," he said. "For 2500 taels I will drive you to the Legations."

"Swear that you will not betray us," demanded Alec.

"I swear by the bones of my honored ancestors. You can trust me fully."

"And your servant?"

"Have no fear," was the reply. "Chang will do my bidding. And I will promise him 1000 taels for himself."

In spite of his confident assertion there was an anxious look in the merchant's eyes as he hurried out to the courtyard to explain matters; but the man Chang, on learning what had been arranged, nodded with evident approval. Sam Wong turned to the lads.

"In with you, quick," he exclaimed.

"It was high time, for the roof of the warehouse was a mass of flames and cinders, and sparks were falling into the yard. The three stretched themselves flat on the roomy bottom of the cart, the Princess between her companions, and immediately the bales of silks and satins were piled upon them; there was plenty of air, and the weight did not press heavily.

The load was soon complete, and no whip was needed to start the terrified mules. The vehicle rattled noisily over the stones, out into the mad panic and excitement of the crowded street that lay close beyond the warehouse. The young fugitives had entered upon a new phase of their adventures, and one that promised to end as favorably as they could have wished.

"What luck!" said Dan. "I say, you did bluff old Sam Wong beautifully about the Boxers. I suppose he is all right?"

"It won't be his fault," was Alec's enigmatical reply, "if he don't land us safely at the legations."

Loo-Lao was trembling with joy. "You heard?" she whispered to the lads. "My father is still a prisoner—they have spared his life. The Emperor has used his influence."

At this hour—it was now about 5 o'clock in the afternoon—the conflagration was at its height, and the scenes to be witnessed in the southerly district of Pekin were such as no pen could portray.

The cart moved on slowly, by fits and starts, while Sam Wong led the mules and Chang kept guard at the rear. Stoppages were a frequent cause of alarm to the three who nestled under the bales, but they might have spared themselves the least anxiety on that score. The delay was due to the congested traffic, and none gave a thought to the vehicle or its load.

A wide avenue was crossed by dint of perseverance and hard struggling, and from a narrow crevice on his side Alec saw, under a wide-spread canopy of lurid smoke, the seething mass of pedestrians jumbled together with mules, horses and ponies. Then came confusing turns and narrower streets, where frantic crowds of people were emerging with their household goods from doors and passages, hastening to poin the vast exodus that had already begun from the native city. And over all hung the sullen roar of the flames, and the hoarse yelling from thousands of throats.

The pressure was not so great now, and the smoke and sparks were less in evidence. The cart swung round a corner and crept up a familiar thoroughfare. It came to a sudden halt, and for an anxious moment the voices of Sam Wong and his servant were raised in angry altercation. Then the interrupted progress was resumed, and the fugitives breathed freely again.

"How are we getting on?" Dan whispered.

"Famously, old fellow," Alec replied, with his eyes to the crevice. "I recognize the neighborhood. We are close to the Hata Men gate—we are rolling through it, and the people are making way for us. Hurrah, we are inside the Tartar City now! The worst is over."

"And Legation street is near by?"

"Yes; a little ahead, on the left."

"Good old Sam Wong—he has earned his money," muttered Dan. "Won't my people be glad to see us?" he added, with a lump in his throat.

And just then, from some cause or other, the mules suddenly took fright and bolted. Away they tore at a gallop, the vehicle jolting and swaying behind them. Alec, watching from the crevice, saw Sam Wong pick himself up from the stones and run alongside. He saw also the eastern end of Legation street whizz by in a cloud of dust and vanish, and a moment later he was knocked roughly against little Loo-Lao.

The iron-shod hoofs began to beat a confused tattoo. The cart swerved to one side and stopped with a jerk, as the runaway mules yielded to control. Above the din and shouting rose two voices—one hoarse and accusing, the other shrilly triumphant.

"What's wrong?" asked Dan.

"I can see soldiers—they wear the imperial uniform," Alec replied, chokingly. "By heavens, that scoundrel Chang has betrayed us."

He had hardly spoken when the mules were cut loose, and a dozen hands turned the cart over on one wheel, tipping the contents lightly out.

It was all done so quickly that Loo-Lao and her companions were sent sprawling on top of the bales almost before they could realize what had happened. A ferocious outcry greeted their discovery, and the next instant they were in the grasp of the seven or eight imperial soldiers who surrounded the spot, and who were responsible for the sudden checking of the vehicle. Dan had kept hold of his rifle, but it was snatched away from him at once, and he and Alec, in spite of desperate struggling, were brutally overpowered by four of their enemies. Another seized the girl, who screamed piteously for help as she was thrown over the ruffian's shoulder.

Chang, the traitor, was to blame for the calamity. Either through fear of detection and punishment, or because of the tempting opportunity that the stoppage of the cart offered, he had promptly made up his mind to denounce the fugitives and earn the reward. The deed was probably unpremeditated, but none the less he gloried in it.

"Which of us was lying?" he cried, pointing to the master he had betrayed. "Judge for yourselves. Did I not declare the truth?"

Sam Wong could not deny his guilt. Speechless and tremulous, his face gray and twitching, he looked the picture of terror. He turned to run, but two of the soldiers intercepted him and plunged their swords through his body. The unfortunate man fell, and his life blood ebbed on the stones.

"He deserved death," said Chang, contemptuously, "for he would have taken the young foreign devils and the daughter of Prince Lan to the legations. I have given them into your hands, and the reward is mine. You will bear witness to that."

But the informer was not to taste the fruits of his blood-bought triumph. His hearers mocked him insolently and ridiculed his claim.

"Begone!" they cried. "The reward is ours. Did we not seize the cart? Off with you, lest we send you to join your master."

As the threat seemed likely to be carried out, the baffled and justly punished Chang took to his heels, followed by derisive laughter.

This grim piece of jesting done with the fate of the prisoners now came up for discussion. The Princess Loo-Lao had swooned in her captor's arms, and Dan and Alec found a ray of comfort in the thought that her life was not in danger. For themselves, they expected to be put immediately to the sword, yet at this terrible moment their courage did not desert them, and save for the ashen hue of their cheeks, they showed no sign of fear. But it was hard to die, doubly hard when help and friends were so near; for the disaster had befallen just off the right-hand side of the Hata Men-street, close to the left of which lay the legation quarter.

"Sha! Sha!" (Kill! Kill!) the soldiers clamored fiercely, and the man in charge of them, a petty officer, whose face was hideous from smallpox, assented readily enough to the bloodthirsty demands.

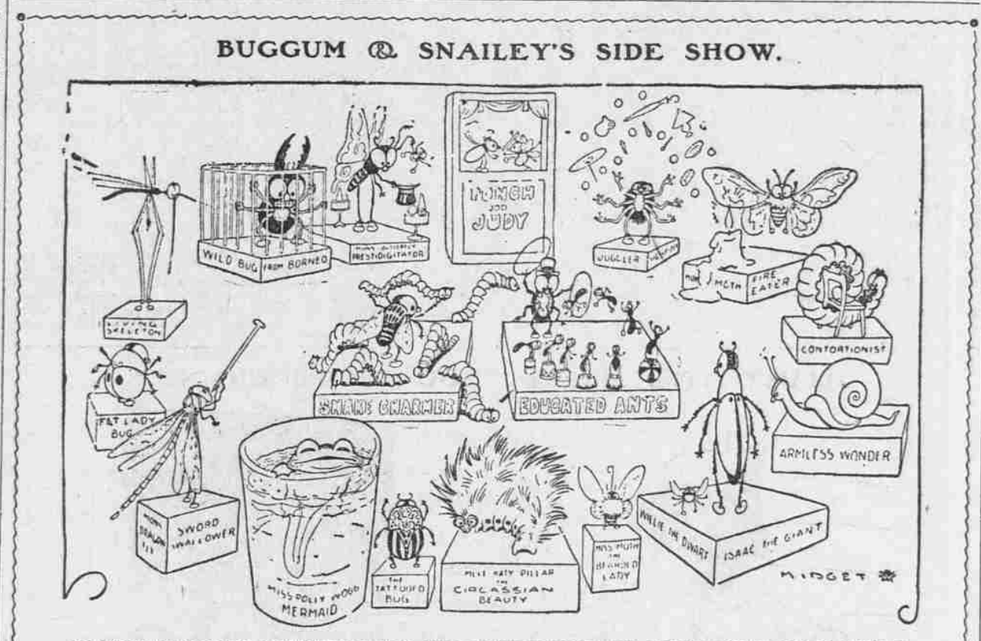
"Yes, let the two foreign devils be decapitated," he said, "and we will take their heads to the Military Commandant."

"They are worth more alive," spoke up a voice. "Li Sheng will pay 1000 taels for each."

"Li Sheng indeed promises that sum, but we might wait for it till the Pei-ho freezes over in midsummer," replied the officer; "and, besides, he would certainly take the girl also, by which we should get into trouble with Tuan."

This argument was effective. The lads were forced to their knees and swords flashed above their heads.

(To be continued.)



AN AGGREGATION OF LIVING WONDERS FROM EVERY HOLE AND CORNER OF THE BUG WORLD.

The unfortunate man fell.

A DOZEN HANDS TURNED THE CART OVER ON ONE WHEEL.

Stalked by a Brazilian Jaguar.

Story of What Befell a Small Lad, as Told by F. E. Hawson.

As little Gerald lay in bed one bright morning, he heard the hum of a "flower kisser's" wings, and throwing wide the shutters of the window frame (for coolness it held no glass), he saw a beautiful little humming bird, with a brilliant blue head, fly away from the flowering plant which blossomed against the wall, and hover over the cup of another bloom, in the center of the garden, into which it thrust its long tongue and sipped the honey.

Then Gerald rested his arms on the window sill and looked on the lovely scene which seemed new every day. At the left was the garden full of sweet-smelling flowers, and away below, for the house was perched on the mountain side, was a land-locked bay, its shining blue surface flecked with the white sails of a few fishing boats. This small boy's home was in Brazil.

Gerald turned his eyes away from the bay and glanced at his big, gray cat, lying, in a drowsy state, under the climber with the slipper-shaped blossoms. Then his dog, Loch—a little languid, too, like pussy, for cats and dogs do not thrive well in the hot Brazilian climate—strolled past, and stopped a moment to lick his master's hand. Gerald's latest pet, a young goat, bleated from its corral, as though asking for his breakfast, and the lad stretched further out of the window to get a glimpse of it.

The Morning Bath.

At that moment his old black nurse knocked at the door. He knew she had come to take him to the bath, and, full of harmless mischief, he sprang into bed, covered himself with sheets and pretended to be sleeping. But Juana knew his little ways, so, quietly entering the room, she tucked the 7-year-old boy under one arm, took his towels and clothes on the other, and carried him off to the bathroom.

It was a stone bath, as large as a room, and the water, which was continually flowing in and out, just reached above Gerald's waist. He slipped off his nightshirt, bounded in, and was soon splashing away like a young duck, for he dearly loved bathing. One of his tricks was to wade to the other side of the great bath and defy Juana to catch him. When the old negress was weary of coaxing and stretching after her charge, she sometimes was obliged to call his father, and then Gerald quickly capitulated. You must not think, though, that he was a naughty boy; he was only full of life and fun, which even that warm climate could not dampen.

After breakfast Gerald studied with his mother, and when afternoon came, he was free to play. Thereupon Juana took him on the hill above the house, where she dropped on a seat under the mango tree. Gerald romped with Loch, and Nanny browsed on some shrubs which suited her palate.

Gerald Is Cautioned.

"Play on the path in front of these mango trees, little one," said Juana; "but do not go out of my sight, nor in the woods on the hill above us, for fear of the wild beasts." She spoke in Portuguese, which Gerald understood quite well.

"Si, Senhora," he answered, politely.

He ran races with Loch up and down the path; or they amused themselves hunting small lizards, but the mercurial little creatures always escaped them. They were so intent on this sport that they did not notice Nanny, and when Gerald looked around for her, she was nowhere to be seen. He glanced at Juana, but she was dozing on the seat, her head dropped sideways on her shoulder.

"Nanny's just around that bend where Juana told me not to go," thought Gerald, "but I can get her in a minute; so I guess it won't matter, if I go that mite of a way," and he ran down the path.

When he got around the corner, he saw Nanny disappearing through a belt of timber several yards ahead. Gerald called her, but she did not heed him. Just beyond the trees was the pineapple plantation, and as Gerald was anxious to see if any of the fruit was ripe, he went on. Two or three of the pineapples were nearly ripe, but Gerald could not gather them, so he lay on the ground to inhale their luscious odor.

Then he and the dog began to play, rolling over and over on the ground. Suddenly Loch uttered a low growl, which made Gerald instantly think of the beasts against which he had been warned. He gripped the dog's muzzle in his two hands and ordered him to be quiet.

An Intruder.

Then, following Loch's eyes, he saw a creature like an immense cat creeping out of the dense forest which skirted the plantation on the opposite side to where the boy and dog lay among the pineapples, and just above the spot where Nanny was feeding. The goat did not see the brute, but was quietly nibbling some succulent grass, which she remembered having enjoyed when she came before with Mr. Raymond and Gerald. It proved a fatal meal for poor Nanny.

The beast was the terrible black jaguar of the Brazilian highlands. Gerald knew this at once, for he had heard many stories of the animal from his father and his hunting friends, and also from the negroes. He did not dare get up and run, lest the beast might desert the quarry upon which it was now intent. He, therefore, held the dog tightly and crouched behind the pineapples, which afforded but a poor shelter, his heart beating with fear and the cold perspiration bursting out all over his body. There was also the difficulty of keeping the dog quiet, for though Loch was as afraid of the jaguar as his little master, it was difficult to prevent him from growling occasionally.

With his heart in his mouth, Gerald saw the beast pounce upon the unsuspecting goat and, fascinated by the dreadful spectacle, watched it commence its meal. Would that meal satisfy the jaguar and, when finished, would he return to the fastness of the woods; or would he, attracted by scent or some movement or sound from the dog, seek another prey? That was the question Gerald revolved in his mind, as he lay trembling among the pineapples.

Meantime Gerald's father, Mr. Raymond, who was an American engineer then planning a new railway in Brazil, had returned home, accompanied by an English sportsman of his acquaintance. After greetings had been exchanged between husband and wife, the father asked:

"Where's Gerald?"

"Te is with old Juana, playing under the mango trees."

"I will go and see him. Will you come along, Scott?"

His friend nodded assent, and the two men, carrying their rifles, ascended the hill, while Mrs. Raymond, unconscious of the danger to her boy, went into the kitchen and ordered a meal prepared for the travelers.

When the men reached the mango trees they found old Juana, who had just awakened and discovered the absence of the child, crying and wringing her hands in distress. Mr. Raymond commanded her peremptorily to hush her cries and, on no account, to inform her mistress of the disappearance of the boy, but to remain quietly on the seat until his (Mr. Raymond's) return.

Then, accompanied by Mr. Scott, he proceeded down the road, as noiselessly as possible. That morning, on the journey home, they had heard accounts of a man-eating jaguar having been seen on the highlands above Mr. Raymond's house, and the father was full of apprehension for the safety of his child.

When the men reached the edge of the belt of timber whence they had a view of the pinapple plantation, the jaguar finished eating the poor little kid, and, having caught sight of the boy and dog, it was coming toward them, but cautiously, for it feared a surprise. Perceiving its approach, Loch yelped and eGrald jumped up and ran toward the timber.

End of Mr. Jaguar.

Fearing its human prey might escape, the jaguar came on with leaps and bounds; then, scenting danger, it stopped for an instant. This gave Mr. Raymond and his friend their opportunity. They both fired, and the beast rolled over dead, one bullet having gone through his heart and the other broken his leg.

Immediately when the shots were fired Gerald saw his father, and he ran to him and clung around his neck, hardly able to speak. But he was a brave little fellow, and, after a few minutes, took courage to go with the men to examine the beast, which was a large, fine animal. Then they all went home and sent up a couple of negroes to take the skin.

You may be sure that, after his narrow escape, Gerald never wished to go alone to the pineapple plantation. He had no opportunity either, for his mother would not again trust him with Juana, and only permitted him to play in the garden, or on the slope in front of the house, where she could watch him herself.

F. E. HAWSON.

Dancing Electric Pigmies.

European children are at present deriving much pleasure from a new toy, which is known as "the electrical ball of pigmies."

A simple contrivance it is, consisting mainly of a sheet of metal on which stand several miniature figures. Each of these rests on a pedestal, which is connected with an electric magnet. A battery also forms part of the mechanism, the result being that these small, quaintly costumed figures can at any time be made to dance in the most approved fashion.

If a quick dance is required, they will perform it with all requisite grace and agility, and if a slow waltz is called for, they will go through all the evolutions as languidly and yet as dexterously as the most skilled drawing-room belle.

Moreover, while they dance, they have admirable music, for on a cylinder in a music box which is attached to the sheet of metal are the most popular airs and dances of the day, and by simply turning a crank any one of these may be heard.

English Schoolboy Definitions.

Q. "Who discovered the law of gravity from the fall of an apple?" A. "Paris."

Q. "What is a sarcasm?" A. "A sore on your body."

An "antiquarian" is "a place for animals;" "harlequinade," "a kind of drink;" "a dilemma," "a medicine;" "citadel," "a sort of chief policeman;" "neutral," "a kind of reptile," and "eulogy," "a chap who feels bumps on your head." "Juggernaut is a mountain in Switzerland," "glacier" is a mender of windows," "prig" is "a little boat," and the ostrich is "distinct." "Sapphira was a high priest," "chamois are a kind of big fleas," "the Milky Way" is "the thick creamy stuff on the top of milk," "tableaux vivants" means "hotel dinner," and "elopement" is "the opposite to allopathy."—From collection made by a London head master of school.

Gladys Has a Strange Dream.

She Visits Piano Village and Sees Many Remarkable Things.

Glayds was not a very apt pupil. She just loved to sit at the piano and strum—at least, that's what the professor called it—but when it came to putting certain fingers on certain keys and not using the thumb on the black keys, and doing ever so many things that she thought were awkward, she was awfully unhappy and very often cried.

One morning her lesson had been worse than usual, and the professor looked at her without pity over his glasses and said, "Gladys, you must practice more."

After he had gone, she thought she would tell mamma and find the usual consolation by burying her head in her mamma's lap and crying, but then she thought better of it, and decided to be proud like grown-up ladies, and so she started in to practice awfully hard. She practiced that morning until lunch time, and then after luncheon when nurse came to take her walking with baby, she refused and stayed indoors to practice. At dinner time her fingers and her arms and her little head ached, and she hadn't yet found out where to put the thumb and where not to put it, and when to pass it under and when not to; in fact, she had not yet found out any of those awful rules which, she imagined, were made only to tantalize little girls.

At the dinner table she sulked and didn't enjoy her dinner one bit until the plum pudding appeared, and then she did a most dreadful thing—she asked for two helps. After that she began to get drowsy and kissed mamma and papa good night, and then nurse took her upstairs and put her to bed and tucked her in.

The next thing Gladys knew she was in the strangest land she had ever heard of. It was a village with only one street, and on both sides were perky little Queen Anne cottages, with long, sloping lawns. And the pavements and the middle of the street were nothing but the black keys of the piano running crosswise. They were right close together, so that nobody but a little child could ever fall in between, and other folks just walked on the tops of them. But, way deep down between these black keys, she could see the white ones. And as far as she could see from out of the window of her house, up the street and down the street, were nothing but these black keys. She could, by leaning out far enough, see about two octaves in each direction.

She began to hear sounds of music, very deep at first, but getting higher and higher and louder and louder until she saw, just in front of the house, the butcher boy with a basket of meat on his arm galloping up the street. His horse seemed to know exactly where to put his feet and he never slipped once. Behind it ran a poodle, making the queerest noises, and Gladys wondered why until she noticed that the poodle would skip a few black keys because he was running carelessly.

Then she heard a regular tramp, but away down in the bass. She leaned out and saw a troop of soldiers coming up the street, all walking on those black keys. One of them in front was blowing a bugle, and the melody he blew fitted in with the accompaniment of the sounds the soldiers made by walking on the black keys. They passed the house, the sounds growing higher and higher; then nursie called her to go walking with baby.

So the three of them started up the street together, and it seemed to her the funniest sensation because, as they put their feet down the keys would sway down under their weight, and then they could hear the sounds of music coming out somewhere behind the houses.

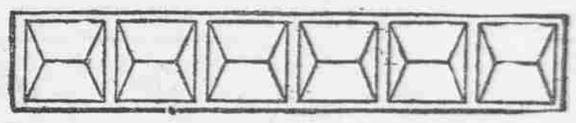
Everybody walking along the street made different sounds, some very rapid and others dawdling ones. But funniest of all was the sound made by the postman, who was coming down the street, so instead of getting higher, the noises he made grew lower and lower. This amused Gladys very much, and she laughed so very hard, as she turned about to see where the postman was going, that she suddenly slipped and fell over between the black keys, striking one of the white keys—Bing!

This sound made an awful discord, and it rang in her ears so loud that she woke. She looked about her, but on both sides it was awfully dark. "Oh!" shivered Gladys, "those are the sides of those dreadful black keys." And then she saw the white coverlid of her cot and thought, "And here I am lying on one of those white keys. How ever will I get out?"

Then she heard a step in the hallway as some one neared her door, and she was dreadfully surprised that the step made no music. "I wonder how this is," said Gladys, "that folks can be walking on black keys without making any music come out of them?" Just then the door opened and she was more than surprised to see mamma coming in, holding a lamp high over her head to see if little Gladys was asleep.

"Oh, mamma," said Gladys, "did you fall down between the black keys, too?" "Go to sleep, my dear," said Gladys' mamma, as she kissed her good night.—Edward E. Ziegler, in New York Herald.

TWO OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.



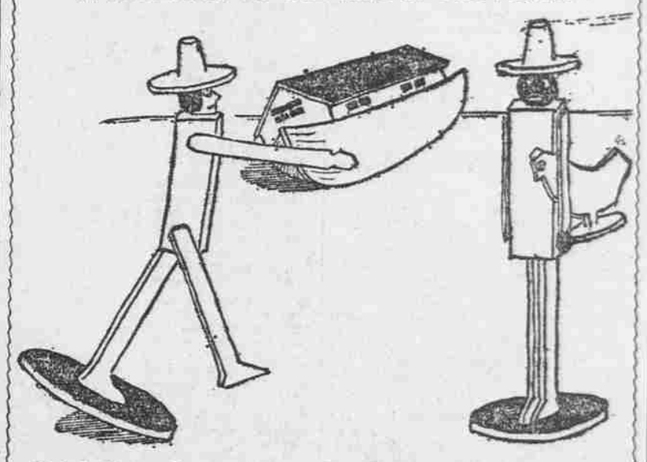
CHANGEABLE FIGURES.

These figures assume various forms, when hastily scanned.

NOT ALWAYS THE SAME FEATHER.

The feathered end of this arrow assumes different shapes, if looked at awhile.

IT HAPPENED AT THE TIME OF THE FLOOD.



Noah—So I've caught you stealing chickens, have I?
Ham—No-o-o, Pa; I was jes carrying in de hen so she wouldn't get her feet wet.
—Beaumont.