

PETER AND ELLEN PICTURES TO PAINT

THE RAINY-DAY STORY

ALWAYS on a rainy day there was one thing little Peter and Ellen did love to do—they did love to put on their little rubber boots and rubber caps and take their little umbrellas and go out into the shining rain and down the road to the little red house where Donny lived. Donny was a big little boy. He was 5 years old, and he could think of more things to do on a rainy day than any one you ever knew. Donny boy had a splendid mother. She always helped Donny think of things to do on a rainy day.

And one day it was raining, oh, very hard. Out of the sky the bright drops were coming, each drop so fast you could hardly see the trees in the garden when you stood by the window!

And mamma said:
"It is raining too hard for you to go to Donny's house today, I'm afraid."
And little Ellen said: "Oh, mamma, we like to go out when it rains very hard!"
And Peter said:

"We like to hear the beautiful rain come pitter, pitter, on our little umbrellas!"
And mamma said:
"All right, you may go; I know the beautiful rain will not harm you."

And Peter and Ellen put on their little rubber boots and rubber caps and caps, and each took a little umbrella, and went out into the shining rain, and down the road to Donny's house.

And Ellen walked in all the little brooks beside the road, and splashed the water and laughed and said:
"I love a rainy day. I love to go down to Donny's house to play!"
And Peter walked in the brooks and splashed the water and laughed and said:
"I'm a duck, quack! quack! quack!"

And little Ellen said:
"Oh, yes, we are ducks, quack! quack! quack!"
And Peter and Ellen went on down the beautiful road in the shining rain to Donny's house.

And Donny opened the door and said:
"Hello, Peter and Ellen! I was just looking out of the window for you."
And Peter and Ellen went into Donny's little red house. And little Ellen said:
"What are we going to play this rainy day, Donny?"

And Donny laughed and said: "Well, first, little Ellen, we are going to make six little loaves of bread!"
And Peter looked cross and said:
"Oh, Donny, boys don't want to make bread!"

And Donny said:
"We are going to make six little, tiny loaves of bread, and then feed my little white mice."
And Peter said:
"Oh, Donny, have you some little white mice?"

And Donny said:
"Yes, I have six little white mice, and we must make bread to feed them."
And they went out into the kitchen, and when Ellen saw the tiny little baking tin she clapped her hands and said:
"Oh, I like to make bread. What cunning little loaves these will be!"

And there on the bread board were five large pieces of dough.
And Peter looked cross and said: "Boys don't like to make bread, Donny."
And Donny smiled sweetly and said:
"Little Ellen likes to make bread, and we like to help her, and then we will feed the white mice."

But when Peter began to knead the soft dough into six little loaves, and put them into the little baking tin, he thought it was fun, too, and said:
"I do like to make bread, if I am a boy."
And Donny's splendid mamma came into the kitchen and said: "I am glad to see you, Peter and Ellen, and what the little loaves of bread you have made today!"

And Ellen said:
"Oh, good! good! I'd like to eat the two little loaves I've made, with butter!"
And Donny's mother sat down to watch the nice little loaves of bread while they baked.

And Donny got some crackers, and they all went out into the shed, and there was a big wire cage and six cunning little white mice running about.



In the shed there was a big wire cage, and six cunning little white mice running about.

white mice running about. And Peter said: "Oh, isn't it fun to watch them chasing each other about the cage?"
And little Ellen said:
"Oh, yes, there is a little white mouse swinging alone in that swing."

And Donny fed the white mice crackers, and said:
"All the animals can learn to play tricks, I guess."
And Donny's mother came to the door and said: "Come, children, and eat your little loaves of bread, and then we will make candy cones."

And they all went into the kitchen again, and Ellen ate the two tiny little loaves of bread that she had made, with butter. And Peter and Donny each ate the two tiny little loaves they made, with butter.

And then Donny's splendid mother showed them how to make candy cones on a rainy day.
She boiled the molasses on the stove, and she made three long candy cones—one for Ellen and one for Peter and one for Donny.

And when the candy cones were done Donny's mother said: "Now I will tell you a beautiful rainy day story."
And Peter and Ellen and Donny sat down by the window and sucked their candy cones, and Donny's mamma began to tell the rainy day story:

"Once upon a time, there was a little caterpillar who lived on a big sunny leaf in the garden. And this little caterpillar used to look up and see the beautiful butterflies flying about, over his leaf in the sunshine, and he thought:
"Oh, dear, I wish I were a butterfly; a beautiful butterfly, and could fly about and see all the dear flowers in the garden. I'm so tired of being a caterpillar and lying here on this leaf all day!"

"And one day the little caterpillar woke in the morning and found himself in a very dark little house, so dark that he could not see one ray of light. And the little caterpillar thought: 'Oh, dear, I'm sorry that I complained. I would far rather lie on my leaf and look up at the sun and the butterflies flying about than be shut up in this dark place.'"

"And then the dear little caterpillar fell asleep, and slept a long, long time. And then one morning he woke, and, oh, what do you think? He found two little wings on his body! And the caterpillar spread his wings and flew up, up, and out into the garden. And the caterpillar laughed, 'Ha, ha! I have my wish! I have my wings! I'm not a caterpillar. I'm a beautiful butterfly now, and I can fly about the garden!'"

And Donny's mother said: "That is all of the story, Peter and Ellen."
And Peter said:
"And now we must go home, little Ellen."

And they put on their little rubber boots and rubber caps and caps, and took their umbrellas and went home through the rain.
Do you wonder that Peter and Ellen loved to go down to Donny's little red house when it rained?

took the turkey and walked behind the newly arrived citizen without a word until the latter reached his own gate.
"Catch!" said the young man, tossing a nippence to his hireling.
The old man caught the nippence, and as he turned to walk away a gentleman passing by bowed deferentially to him.
"Who is that shabby old fellow?" asked the turkey-buyer.
"The Chief Justice of the United States," was the reply.
"Impossible," stammered the blunderer. "Why did he bring the turkey—why?"
"To teach you a lesson in good breeding," interrupted the gentleman. "He will give the money away before he gets home, but I have no doubt he is enjoying the joke you have so condescendingly given him."

WANTED TO EARN HONEST MONEY

TALE OF A PRINTING OFFICE ESTABLISHED BY BOYS.

GEORGE Francis & Co. was organized at last. At first it was to have been Francis & Henderson, for Harry Henderson was the junior partner. Afterward it was decided that it would be better to make Nellie Francis the office boy, and, in order to avoid unpleasant complications, such as salary, they made her a member of the firm with the understanding that she was to be a decidedly silent partner.

The firm of Francis & Co. transacted a job printing business. George had been presented with a hand press that was too large to be regarded as a mere toy, and Harry's father had given him several new fonts of type. By pooling their interests they found that they would have a considerable stock, so they retired to a corner and drew up the partnership. Mr. Francis leased space in his stable to the new firm for 25 cents a week, with the express understanding that they cleaned their type with lye instead of benzene.

Both of the boys had grown familiar with typesetting through Harry's smaller press, and soon they had their printing office established. Nellie canvassed for orders, and they finally grew so prosperous that they decided to have a letterhead and call themselves a "Printery."

There were no job offices in the town, and Harry was not large enough to support a local paper. The day of the election the mail train was wrecked and the county seat was burned in the express car. Then the town clerk turned to the printery. The printery promptly turned out the ballots.

Later in the afternoon Thomas Jackson put in an appearance. Mr. Jackson was the richest man in the town, and he was running for office on an independent ticket, and the town clerk had conveniently forgotten to provide his ballots.

The printery was very tired. From the secret partner to the silent one was hurried to get the regular job out, and now here was Mr. Jackson insisting that they print another set. "Never mind making a price," he said; "I'll make it all right with you; only the ballots look down at the town hall at 5 o'clock and see that no one gets them but me."

Mr. Jackson had been gone only half an hour, and the boys were almost completed when the town clerk came. "Has Jackson been here?" he demanded.

The children said that he had.
The clerk looked at the bill. "I paid \$5.00 for the other ballots," he said. "I am willing to pay \$10 for the ones Jackson ordered, and you won't be any the wiser for it. He wants type and tell him you couldn't get them ready. I'll leave the money now. I can trust you to honor it."

The three looked at each other. Fifteen dollars for the printery in one day was a terrible temptation. The clerk had ordered two sets of ballots, so that they could not very well charge Mr. Jackson more than half that sum for his single set. It was an awful temptation, but George was equal to the situation. He picked up the bill.

"Mr. Stevens," he called after the retreating figure. "Better take this. The printery of Francis & Co. intends to do right by all of its patrons."
Stevens turned angrily. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Don't you want the money?"

"We want the money," George retorted quietly. "But we want honest money."
With a sneer and with anger Stevens snatched the bill and at the same time struck out at the boy. George swiftly stepped to one side, and instead of hitting Stevens' arm swept over the table and upset the can of lye with which they had been cleaning the type.

With a howl he dashed out of the place, for the lye had spilled over his legs. Two hours later the story of Stevens' bleached trousers was well circulated about the village.

That evening the printery made delivery of the ballots to Mr. Jackson and after the most exciting contest in the history of the town Mr. Jackson was elected. The children sent him a bill for \$25.00, but beyond a note of thanks they received no reply for more than a month.

Then one Saturday afternoon one of the Jackson trucks drove up to the door of the printery and unloaded a brand new Gordon press and huge boxes of type. With it was a note from Jackson, which read:

"My Dear Children: I send payment for my bill, which you will please receipt. The story of how you withstood Stevens' temptation is known to me, and I know that you saved the election for me. I am sending a press which I hope will be frequently put to my service. I need a lot of printing and shall send the printery of Francis & Co. shall get my work done. Faithfully yours,
"THOMAS JACKSON."

For a moment nothing was heard in the office. Then even the silent partner let out a yell that startled the head of the family and brought him out to see if another can of lye had been upset. The printery has a bank account now, and the handsomest printed check in the village with the line, "Official Printery for the Village of Hastings."

TALES OF THE UGLY BRASS LAMP

HARRY AND THE BURGLARS

ONE night—it was New Year's Eve, to be exact—Harry Munn was awakened by a noise and he saw a light in the parlor.

Now it was in the parlor closet that his mother kept all her silver and they had a good deal of it, because Mr. Munn had a habit of bringing home something made of silver whenever he returned from a business trip.

Harry's room was on the opposite side of the hall and he could see what was happening without lifting his head from the pillow. In less than a minute he saw soft-footed burglars helping themselves without permission to the silver.

At first the boy thought he would alarm

the djinn had not power to help him. The parlor clock was three minutes fast. Would the burglars stay three minutes? Oh, if he could only go in and lock the door!

Still Harry kept on rubbing the lamp. They came without invitation and no amount of pressing will make one stay after he thinks his time is up.

Harry saw one of the burglars whisper to the other, who looked at his watch, nodded his head and began to shut and strap his suit case. They evidently were going to leave the house before the arrival of the New Year, and the djinn would not arrive in time to seize them.

The burglar who had fastened his suit case stepped to the window and noiseless-

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.



THEY WERE NOT IN WHAT ON E NIGHT CALL A COMFORTABLE POSITION.

the house and then he thought of a more interesting plan than that. He had brought his brass lamp in from the barn in order to use it the first thing in the morning. The fact is he had intended giving his parents a New Year's gift of a bag of gold as soon as it was light; and the lamp that would summon the djinn lay under his pillow.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

the house and then he thought of a more interesting plan than that. He had brought his brass lamp in from the barn in order to use it the first thing in the morning. The fact is he had intended giving his parents a New Year's gift of a bag of gold as soon as it was light; and the lamp that would summon the djinn lay under his pillow.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

the house and then he thought of a more interesting plan than that. He had brought his brass lamp in from the barn in order to use it the first thing in the morning. The fact is he had intended giving his parents a New Year's gift of a bag of gold as soon as it was light; and the lamp that would summon the djinn lay under his pillow.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.

But a bag of gold would not reconcile his mother to the loss of her silver, for it was made doubly valuable by pleasant associations, so Harry quickly pulled the lamp out and began to rub it with the sleeve of his night shirt.

He had expected that the djinn's awesome form would issue from the lamp's neck as it had done so often before, but nothing of the kind happened. In fact, nothing at all happened. The lamp remained an ugly brass lamp of no value beyond its worth as brass.

The burglars kept on helping themselves to whatever they wanted, filling two suit cases with their plunder and proceeding in a very leisurely way as if they thought that such a thing as a person's waking up when burglars were around was not to be thought of.

Harry, if rose from his bed and then dropped back again. Why should he alarm the house? His father would be sure to come out with a pistol and he might be hurt by one of the burglars before he had a chance to show his second wish.

But why did not the lamp work? Harry rubbed it more vigorously and then the striking of the fast parlor clock told him. Twelve times came the delicate tinkle and Harry knew that the new month had not yet come in and as yet

ly opened it. Then he returned to the closet and stooped to put a few small pieces of silver into his pocket. His companion meantime was buttoning his coat, and when he had finished doing that he shut his suit case and locked it and stepped to the window just as the deep-toned bell of the Episcopal Church filled the midnight air with melodious reverberations.