STORY OF A ROMANTIC KIDNAPING

BY P. Y. BLACK

"THAT was very sweet of him," said Mrs. De Taille, "quite a nice thing for him to do. And when the little boy gave you the flowers, Trixy, I suppose you thanked him properly."

"I tissed him," said Trixy, calmly, as she stuck more daisies in her mother's hair.

"Bless me," said the great lady, "do you think the gift of flowers required such an extreme measure of reward? I hope he was a clean boy."

Trixy was hesitatingly doubtful.

"Me and Hoppy made a doll house, we did, all of mud—so big, oh, so big!"

"Hop—Hoppy! Is that his name? That can't be his name, Trix. Who have you been playing with? I must see nurse."

Mrs. De Taille's brow darkened. Trixy was more valuable to her than her diamonds, and she knew, every moment, exactly where they were. She was very much vexed at the thought of dirty, mysterious Hoppies, who might have scarlet fever. Doll houses of mud, also, were beneath even the playful notice of children of ancient Huguenot blood. Nurse produced a handkerchief and prepared to sob, when the doorbell of the cottage rang, and soon Edwards, the butler, was heard in communion, with an assured, if piping, voice.

"Them's for Trixy," said the voice. "She ordered me to get 'em, she did. An' this, too. Don't you eat it, will you? You'd better not, 'cause it's for Trixy, from the Prince."

Edwards entered the back drawing room a few moments later, perplexity and benignity warring on his face. Miss Beatrice's orders were not to be lightly obeyed in a castle where she reigned queen. On a silver salver he bore some wild flowers from the woods—a big, disordered posey, by whose side lay a stale gingerbread soldier.

"For Miss Beatrice, mum," said Edwards solemnly.

Trixy squealed with delight, grabbed the gingerbread and ran out to the piping voice. Mrs. De Taille gasped. The nurse, being unable to explain, wept in the handkerchief.

"Who left them?" the mother asked.

"A boy, mum," said Edwards, cocking his eye at the flowers doubtfully, "a small boy, mum, what says they're from a Prince—a most percoachus boy, mum."

"Show him in," said Mrs. De Taille.

Hoppy entered—a ragged, barefoot, brown-faced child of six. Neither his rags, nor his feet, not his face, Mrs. De Taille noted with horror, were clean. One cannot make mud houses for little ladies and remain unsoiled. The nurse shivered, Mrs. De Taille drew in her skirts, Edwards sniffed, but Trixy held tightly to Hoppy's hand.

"Mamma," said Trixy, "Hoppy's a prince, an' me's a princess, an' we's goin' away, away, ever an' ever so far an' be married."

Edwards choked; the nurse cried, "Well, I never!" but Mrs. De Taille's voice trembled when she spoke.

"Come here, Trixy dear," she said. "Who is your little friend? I fear, if he is a prince, he is perfectly disguised. What is your name, child, and how do you come to know Miss Beatrice?"

The little man approached fearlessly, his chubby brown hand still holding that of his little princess. He brushed back with his disengaged fingers a forelock of black hair, and looked at the great lady with eyes that were wonderfully big and brown, deep seeking and clear.

"I'm Hoppy."

"Hoppy what? What's your father's name?"

"He's went away. I dunno where. I'm goin' to find out if the fairies took 'im or the brownies did. I guess it was the brownies. They're awful mean sometimes."

"What a dreadful boy!" cried Mrs. De Taille. "Now, nurse, you see what your carelessness has done! Trixy's head will be full of the nonsense this child talks, and she'll dream and she'll—"

The nurse dropped hysterically in a chair and began to kick and howl.

"She's bewitched," Hoppy screeched. "Witches is sticking pins in her."

He danced about in much excitement, until Edwards seized him by the neck.

"Shall I eject 'im, mum?" Edwards asked.

"Wait, wait," said Mrs. De Taille, when the nurse was quieted. "Come here, little boy, Hoppy, or whatever you call yourself. Listen to me. Miss Beatrice and myself thank you for bringing the flowers. But you must not come here any more, nor speak to Miss Beatrice again. When you're older you'll know better why. Do you understand? Never again, or I shall have you whipped. Now, take this money and go away and be good. Edwards—"

Trixy stuck her knuckles in her eye, opened her mouth and proceeded to yell most horribly.

"I will see her again," cried the little Prince of the brown eyes. "You can't stop us. We're to be married. She's my Princess. You are a witch! You are! You are! You are!"

He and Trixy fought frantically to reach each other, but their good fairy must have been too busy elsewhere to help. Edwards lifted the Prince without regard to his rank and carried him out and placed him out beyond the gates of the lawn!

Who shall bar the courts of love? Trixy accepted all things as appropriate gifts from the gracious fates. Therefore she was complacently ready when Hoppy sang his little troubadour song down by the brook.

"I dunno why I loves yer, but I do," Hoppy piped, and Trixy, gurgling with delight, crawled down the back stairs and toddled with all the speed of her tiny feet to the arms of the Prince who made such beautiful dollhouses of mud.

Trixy gurgled again.

"I love 'oo, Hoppy," she cried.

Then from round the bend of the road came slowly a curtained buggy driven by a lone man, and Hoppy halted and frowned.

"Dat's my uncle," he whispered to Trixy. "He's not nice, but he showed me your castle where the witch kept you, and told me who you was. I ought to love him 'cause he helped me, but I don't. Let's hide."

They were too late; the man had seen them. By the manner in which he crept along the shadowed lane looking eagerly ahead he was waitng for them. He cried to them now in a voice whose harshness his attempt at geniality could hardly modulate.

"That you, Prince? Well, I never! So you won out! Was there ever such a hero? And that's the little Princess? My soul, ain't she lovely! Rescued from the dragons and witches at the big castle—rescued by Hoppy all alone. That's what it means to stand in with the fairies and have a fairy godmother to whisper in your ear when you're sleeping. Ain't she sweet? And is the Prince going home to his kingdom to be married? Beautiful, beautiful. But it's a long way, Prince. Wouldn't the sweet little Princess like to ride part of it?"

"No," said Hoppy, with his thumb in his mouth, and he looked doubtfully upon the harsh-voiced man. "We'll go to sleep on a carpet and fly through the air to my kingdom."

"Of course, bless you," the man instantly replied. "I passed the carpet down the road quite a long way, too far for you to walk. Jump in and I'll drive you where it is."

"Ess," cried the trustful Trixy. "I wants to drive, 'cause my foots wobble."

The man jumped out and proceeded to help her into the buggy. He lifted her to the seat, and at once his manner changed.

"Now, you Hoppy, go home to your crazy old grandad, quick. Your little sweetheart's coming with me."

The little dreamful children understood immediately that they were to be parted, and screamed aloud. The man leaped beside Trixy and pressed a handkerchief to her nose and mouth, so that she almost instantly was silent and inert. Then the kidnaper seized the reins and was about to whirl about when Hoppy sprang to the horse's head. The tiny urchin's black and tangled hair did not reach above the shafts, but he leaped high and held on valiantly, shrieking. The frightened horse tossed and plunged. The man, with a curse, nipped the boy across the face with the whip-lash. He held on, though the blood trickled, and his screams awoke the sleeping birds and roused the distant dogs.

My Princess!" Hoppy yelled. "You dussent steal her! She's mine! she's mine! she's mine!"

The man stood up in the seat and struck down viciously. The child clung desperately, with eyes shut, tears streaming down his cheeks, his opened lips uttering cry after cry. The vexed horse reared, dragging Hoppy in the air, dropped up with the bit in his teeth and bolted.

One fearful scream of pain and reproach searched the woods and lanes as the little dreamer dropped beneath the hoofs and wheels. The horse dashed down the road, swerving from bank to bank, and within 50 yards the buggy was overturned. The man was thrown on his head. Trixy was pitched on the bank. The fastenings parted, and the released horse charged blindly into the dusk. His galloping feet clattered noisily into the distance and the sound of them died away. Then the three still figures lay silently under the stars.

An old white-haired, hatless man came across the road singing feebly to himself:

She was a princess fair,
And he a poor shepherd,
But he loved, and she loved,
So dearly, so dearly.

Every few steps he paused and called into the darkness:

"Hoppy! Hoppy boy! Come to supper!"
To the glowing woods he threw his cry:
"Has anyone seen my little Prince Hoppy?"

He came to the silent figures in the lane and stumbled across the body of the driver. He recoiled with a pathetic horror.

"Jim! It's Jim!" he cried. "He'll bring trouble. He always does. He's no boy of mine. He's a thief. He's a kidnaper! He'll be hung some day. Get up and go away, Jim. I'll give you money to go away!"

He stooped over the figure and shook it, and rose with a wisper almost joyful.

"He's dead! Jim's dead! Thank God!"

Beating his hands softly together he crept down the road and came to Hoppy lying bleeding and crushed. Then, as he fell beside the child, and gathered him in his arms, one hopeless cry came from him. After that he sat down in the road with the dead boy in his arms, laughing and crooning to it.

There the august party of notable dancers found him when they ran from the big house of the princess, aroused by the loss of Trixy and the shrill cry of the little Prince.

Trixy was born fortunate. She had escaped unhurt, only a little stupefied still from the chloroform. The men were violently wrath with the kidnapper, even to lamenting the death which cheated the law's revenge. The women were hysterically rapturous over Trixy's recovery. None worried over the crushed little corpse. It was only that of a dirty little boy.

"That horried crazy boy was the cause of it all!" Mrs. De Taille cried, shuddering. "To think, just to think that so young a thing could be so wicked!"

So they carried Trixy back to her guarded castle and were amazed at the faithful Princess because she cried all night for the prince she loved. The villagers took the old grandad back with his burden to the little cottage. They did not blame Hoppy, because they understood, when they heard what had passed before at the big house.

"This is how it must have been," said the Postmaster. "Crazy old Jim here and the kid was never apart, and them old fairy tales the old chap was full of—and very pretty they was, too, and entertaining—was all gospel truth to poor little Hoppy. In comes his uncle, young Jim, the blackguard—can't help it if he is dead, he was a blackguard—and he works on the kid about a princess as he's to rescue. See! the kid was just a decoy—that's all, just a decoy."

In the hut the white-haired old man wept over his lost baby, but the little Prince's face was calm and content. He had really rescued his little Princess, the poor decoy, and had found the kingdom where all his best dreams will come true.

TEACHING BOYS TO BECOME SAILORS

No. V — The Finished Man-o'-War's Man, by H. Irving King.

SERVICE on board a cruising man-of-war is the final stage of a sailor of Uncle Sam. Here the boy associates with men and becomes a man, putting away childish things.

When he returns to visit his home at the expiration of his first cruise as a member of the ship's company of some big battleship his parents have hard work to realize that this big, bronzed, self-reliant young man, in his petty officer's uniform, is the scrawny, spindly boy whom, with many misgivings, they consigned to the tender mercies of the training-school.

If they are poor the boy has, from time to time, sent them money which has enabled the old folks to have many comforts which they could not otherwise have procured, and now he comes home with money in his pocket and stores of gifts, bought in strange lands for them.

After a boy has been a short time in a seagoing ship he is promoted to be an apprentice of the first class, and if he is any way bright at all, he is soon made a petty officer.

A bright boy, who means to succeed, now has his education specialized. If he shows ability as an officer he is, after a time, sent to the petty officers' school at Newport, a school established at the training station there. Here he takes a special course of instruction which fits him for a petty officers' billet as nothing else can.

His education is rounded out and completed as much as schools can complete any one's education, and, after graduation, he is pretty sure, if he stays in the Navy when his apprenticeship is ended, to became a warrant officer eventually.

The position of warrant officer is a most honorable, responsible and well-paid one, carrying a salary of from $1200 to $1800 a year. When you come to consider that out of this the warrant officer, unless he should get married, has no house rent to pay and his food and clothing costs him only a trifling sum, it is at the lowest calculation more than equal to $1500 to $2000 in any civil employment.

If a first-class apprentice develops a liking for electrical engineering he is sent to one of the electrical schools of the Government, where he gets a technical education for which, outside, he would have to pay much money, but which, as he is one of Uncle Sam's apprentices, he gets for nothing and is even paid for getting it.

By the time his apprenticeship is ended at the age of 21 a boy who has gone through one of the Navy electrical schools has a profession which, whether he stays in the service or not, will afford him a good living all the rest of his life.

He should stay in the Navy, though. Every boy who becomes an apprentice should stay in the Navy. Uncle Sam has educated him and has a claim on his services.

Besides, after going through the apprentice course, he is better fitted by habit and methods of thought for the Navy than he is for civil life, and in the service everything is sure.

He has not to worry or to struggle with the competition of the world. His future is secure beyond the reach of misfortune.

At Washington and Newport there are schools for the instruction of seaman gunners and torpedo experts, and apprentices of the first class whose tastes run in those directions are sent to those schools for special instruction.

These schools are popular with the apprentices, for every boy is ambitious to become a good seaman gunner, and out of seaman gunners are made gunner's mates, and finally gunners, the latter of whom are warrant officers.

The study of torpedo warfare is a most fascinating one, and appeals especially to brave and energetic young men. These special schools are the high schools of the training system, and after a boy has been through one of them he is not only fitted to obey with intelligence, but to command with knowledge.

It is because the training system is thus perfected that Admiral Dewey was able to say that if every commissioned officer on board an American man-of-war were killed off in battle the ship would not be helpless, for the enlisted men could handle her intelligently.

The practice of giving apprentices acting appointments as petty officers as soon as they become proficient in their duties on board a seagoing man-of-war early develops in them self-reliance and brings out their powers and abilities in different directions. It also is a great stimulus to the boys to study hard and to behave well.

Where is the boy, now loafing about home with uncertain prospects before him, who would not contemplate with keen delight the certain prospect of commanding real men on board a real battleship, before he is 21?

While the boy in civil life is still at school or learning his trade, the naval apprentice is sailing around the world in a position of responsibility and authority.

On the day before he is 21 the apprentice receives his discharge. His term of training is ended and he is now a finished man-of-war's man eligible for admission into the most highly trained body of enlisted men in the world—that belonging to the United States Navy. He can reenlist at once if he wants to, or he can take a few months' vacation first. If he has conducted himself well as an acting petty officer while an apprentice, he is made a permanent petty officer before he is discharged, and then, if he enlists again within four months, the government makes him a present of $120, and he begins his new enlistment with an advance in monthly pay.

In addition to this, an apprentice, when he ends his term of apprenticeship, generally has several hundred dollars on the books which have been saved for him, and this he can draw and spend as he pleases on his vacation.

If a boy, for instance, graduates from the training system with a permanent appointment as third-class petty officer, and after spending a couple of months at his home, goes back to the navy, he not only finds his job waiting for him, but takes it with an increased petty officer's pay and is able to begin his career with money in the bank or to make liberal presents to the old folks if they need the money.

The young man's ambition upon reenlisting should be, of course, to become a warrant officer as soon as possible. As an apprentice and as an enlisted man the boy can make extra money by winning the prizes which are liberally offered for good shooting, and for every good conduct badge that he gets his monthly pay is increased.

But after he is 21 the life of the story of the apprentice becomes the story of the sailor. The training system turns him out a finished product, and if he does not succeed after that it is his own fault—Uncle Sam has done everything for him that could be done.

Any ex-apprentice who, after trying sailorizing awhile, decides to go into civil life, gets the preference in all civil service examinations if he seeks a Government berth, or, if he goes into business of any kind, he finds that the training he has received and the knowledge he has acquired of how to handle men is of great benefit to him.

But the Government wants to enlist for the service only boys who are likely to stay in the navy and make it their life work.

To such every inducement is held out. Uncle Sam is the best man-of-war's-man in the world, because the American boy furnishes the best material in the world and is prepared for his profession on the best system.

No boy in this big land need complain, "I can't find anything to do," for the career of a navy sailor is open to all—rich and poor alike.

SWALLOWS HAVE THEIR OWN TOWNS

ASWALLOW CITY is an interesting sight, and yet Eastern Oregon has many of them as well as numerous swallow towns. There are also many farmer swallows which occupy their homes in some secluded spot unmolested by the bustle and turmoil incidental to swallow life in one of their large cities. That some swallows like the quiet life and others prefer the immediate association of others of their kindred is so plain to the close observer that the fact at once becomes self-evident to him.

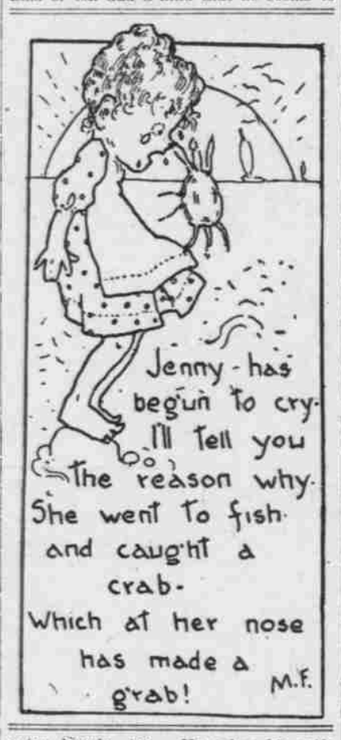
The swallow town has about a hundred nests in it, while some of their larger cities have an innumerable collection of these little adobe houses stuck over the side of some abrupt butte or cliff far back from the haunts of man. Here the little forked-tail inhabitants build their homes and rear their young undisturbed by the cruel boy with his sling or small rifle. The swallow towns are usually nearer habitation of man while the farmer swallow gets right in among usandquietly goes about the construction of his nest regardless of the frequent jostles he gets at the hands of the hired man or the probes from the little boy who has not yet learned that when he is trying to kill a swallow he is after one of the smartest little creatures in the world.

How They Build Their Nests.

The swallow would rather build his home under the eaves adjacent to some muddy place, but as he must manufacture the material out of which his house is made he does not require in every instance that material and homesite be contiguous—looking at it from the winged standpoint. Then again it is not possible that the places selected for putting up their larger cities can always be found right near the ingredients from which they make their nests, for it requires a queer kind of mud to stand the wearing of the elements long enough to grow the little boy and girl swallow old enough to vote and take part in the affairs of life. As it is a bad matter for a nest with two young swallows in it to fall from a high point and crush out their dear little lives right before their parents and cousins, the father swallow takes every care to make the foundation of his house perfectly secure. When the building is in progress nothing else attracts the attention of the little architects, and they even go hungry while at their work. The mother does all the inside work and the father does all the outside daubing. The mother carries the water for wetting down the material and the father brings the mud. The mother does take one part in the outside construction, too. She carries the water and keeps the house wet without and within. This wetting feature is one that cannot be neglected and the house thereafter stand. It is kept perfectly wet at all times from the time the first shovel of dirt is moved until the happy moment comes when the mother swallow sticks her smiling face out of the only opening and exclaims, "Joshua, don't bring any more mud."

Then Comes the Bath.

The hardest part of Joshua's Summer's work is not yet over by any means, but he changes his clothes from that of the laborer to the kind worn by the gentlemen swallows and thereafter does a different kind of toil and a kind that he seems to



enjoy hugely, too. He takes his wife down to the spring or river nearest at hand and they practice a series of bathing and washing. All the mud is removed from each, and the feathers are turned back the right way and the more weighty matters in their line are discussed with an earnestness that might well be imitated by some of the larger winged creatures that we have seen.

For the next day or two immediately following the announcement that the domicile is complete, the screens all up and the paint dry on the kitchen table, the parent swallows romp through the air with hearts as light as a hummingbird's. They sometimes go 20 miles from home, but always get back at night. All the time they chitter and chatter about their new home. They never fail to inspect it frequently to see when it is dry enough to put the eggs in without chilling them. One day the mother swallow is missing from the sky or is not seen with her husband as he flits along the ground in search of the bugs that have sought shelter lower down at the close of the day. If it is in a village nearly every other swallow knows that Joshua's wife is staying close at home to look after things. If it is in one of their cities her absence has not attracted the universal attention perhaps, but there is quite a circle of friends who must thereafter run in and out to pay their respects to the young wife.

One day before you would think about it—but of course it's understood by the swallows—out comes the mother swallow and tells her husband that she has two little fellows inside and one egg that will have to be removed from the dining-room. He sometimes asks her why she didn't bring it out with her and save him the unnecessary trip, and sometimes he just waves his hand to her and flies up and gets the spoiled egg without a word. That depends upon the kind of a husband he has made up his mind to be, however.

Guards Hired to Protect the Nests.

When many little families of swallows have been hatched out and their parents can afford it, they go off some place and hire a beemartin or a raincrow to come and fight away the hawks and magpies that are nearly sure to try to kill the baby things in the nests. I don't know what they have to pay the guards, but it takes quite a village to be able to employ two such, and it has to be a very large city where a dozen guards can be seen at work on the streets. They work pretty hard, though, and I suspect they get good wages. When an enemy gets within danger distance there is such another chittering in all the little mudhouses as one never heard elsewhere in the world, and out come the guards from their quarters and start after the intruder in earnest. All the swallows at hand then circle about the city and make a joyful noise for a while, and then all is quiet and business-like. A dozen times each day this kind of fight has to be gone through with on account of the many enemies that are to be found in the far interior of Eastern Oregon. The great eagle frequently comes around and wants to eat a whole colony of the little swallows for one meal, but then the eagle can't catch one of the little forked-tail fellows in a fair race. The only way an eagle ever catches one is to appear on the scene suddenly and rattle the entire crowd and then pick up one while it is frightened out of its wits. This is rarely ever done, however, as the eagles do not like swallow meat, but some kinds of hawks relish the dainty piece and make no end of trouble. The beemartin is not one bit afraid of the hawks, though, and pepper away at them until miles are sometimes put between this enemy and the city of swallows.

Widows Soon Wed.

If everything is favorable the baby swallows fly out for themselves in four weeks from the time the first egg finds its resting place in the home. If the nest has been substantially put up it will then do for the next family of young, but if it looks at all uncertain Mr. Swallow gets on the inside and flops his wings against the side and his wife gives a jerk on the outside with her little beak and down falls the house to the earth. Once in a long time Joshua shakes the house off in such a manner that he cannot get but of it, and is carried down and killed. This does not stop the building of another nest, but as the widow swallow does not do all the building she must make arrangements with another Joshua to assist her in the work. She usually does so well that this old bachelor swallow falls in love with her before they get half done, and a wedding is the result.

This new family is only half-brothers and half-sisters to the first lot, and in the swallow world may intermarry with the others. This privilege has proved to be of great benefit, as it is a difficult matter to trace genealogy and family trees successfully back through many swallow generationns. There is also some sort of agreement whereby a man swallow, after he has heard of some boy killing another man swallow, may go over to the dead fellow's house and take charge of the widow and young babies. It is not easy to get at this arrangement in detail, but it only takes a few minutes' talk until it seems to have been completed. Doubtless there are cases where one old swallow will kill another and then go to the widow with some sort of a fairy tale and take her to be his wife.

Tell When It Will Rain.

Swallows have a way of telling when it is going to rain. If they fly very high in the air it is not going to rain, and it is useless to say that here in Eastern Oregon, where it never rains, the swallows are always high. When they fly high it is because the bugs and gnats have gone up there, and this is certain to indicate dry weather. When the swallows come down near the ground to get their feed and remain there during a day or two, it is almost certain to rain soon. In their cities they have a way of foretelling rain to a certainty, and while they may not make it perfectly clear to us, they doubtless warn all their own people. When rain is approaching there will be hundreds of the little fellows sitting patiently on the edge of the rock bluff, smoothing down their feathers and putting oil in them. They will patch up all uncertain places in their mudhouses and strengthen every weak part. Many little boys have promised never again to knock down a swallow house or attempt to kill one of them as they fly about when told what clever birds they are.

B. W. RICE.

Stella—Cholly hasn't any originality. Belle—Not the slightest. Why, I submitted his love letters to three publishers, and they all refused them.—Puck.

COMEDY IN CATLAND

BY KATHERINE F. BRERETON

THOMAS GREY was in the seventh heaven. It may seem strange that he should have found the seventh heaven on top of a fence, but when I explain that Thomas Grey was the kitchen cat, and that he was having a delightful tete-a-tete with the parlor cat, a beautiful pure white Angora, perhaps you will not think it so strange.

The full moon and the peaceful quiet of the night may have made Thomas sentimental, at any rate he was pouring a great deal of nonsense into Angelina's ear and, to judge from the expression on her fair face, she was enjoying it immensely.

Thomas had just commenced to sing "Your Eyes Are Bright as the Stars above," in his well trained voice, when something jumped upon the fence on the other side of Angelina. It was Mephisto, the barn cat. Now two is company, three is a crowd. Thomas was angry, very angry, but he was also much in fear of Mephisto.

To tell the truth, Mephisto was something to be afraid of. He was very large in size, jet-black from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and his green eyes had a sardonic gleam in them. And such teeth and claws! For evidence of their power all you had to do was to look at the many deep scars on Thomas for that.

"You look beautiful in the moonlight," commenced Mephisto, addressing the parlor cat.

"She always looks beautiful," said Thomas, rather irritably.

Mephisto completely ignored him, and went on calmly:

"Your color is the most becoming for females, though for males I prefer black," here he gave a scornful glance at Thomas' well groomed grey coat.

"That is a matter of taste," growled Thomas, sweeping the air with his tail.

"I think Mephisto is right about white being the most becoming for females," said Angelina, who, like most parlor cats, was badly spoilt, and very, very vain. "And I think I like black very much for gentlemen." Here she looked at Thomas out of the corner of her eye. Thomas looked hurt. Then she looked at Mephisto out of the corner of the other eye. He looked elated. Certainly it was flattering to her vanity to feel that she could make one admirer happy when she made the other miserable. It was very much like a game of see-saw, the spirits of one lover were high when the spirits of the other were low.

"You ought to hear Thomas Grey sing," said the wicked little beauty to Mephisto, "he has a beautiful voice."

"Oh, I have heard him," said Mephisto, indifferently.

"It is one of the finest bass voices I have ever heard," went on Angelina.

Thomas purred with delight.

"Very base, I should say," muttered Mephisto.

Thomas glared at him across Angelina's beautiful back.

Angelina changed the subject. "Have you caught many mice today" she asked, "I know you are an ardent hunter, Mephisto."

"Three or four," answered Mephisto, in a matter of fact tone. "I would have brought you one of them only I knew Thomas would keep you well supplied with them." Mephisto knew Thomas never caught mice.

"I have no time to catch mice," said Thomas, "I have to practice singing all my spare moments."

"Oh," said Mephisto.

"Some have talent in one direction, some in another," said Angelina, thinking she would balance their feelings and stop the see-sawing for a little while.

"I will bring you two mice tomorrow," said Mephisto.

"How kind of you, dear Mephisto," said Angelina.

"I will have a new song composed to sing to you tomorrow night," said Mephisto.

"Oh, do," said Angelina sweetly.

"I won't be here tomorrow night," remarked Mephisto to the moon.

"I don't see why you are here tonight," growled Thomas.

"Well," said Angelina, jumping gracefully to the ground, "I must be going home or I will be shut out."

"I will escort you home," said Mephisto, before Thomas had time to offer his services. "Thomas can stop here and practice singing for tomorrow night."

"Good night," said Angelina, sweetly.

"Good night," said Mephisto. "Take care the night air does not injure your voice."

Poor Thomas felt lonely and sad. He sat on the fence and sang:

Oh, it's good to be clever and wise,
But 'tis better to be honest and true,
'Tis best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.

KATHARINE F. BRERETON.
Woodstock, Or.

A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

Without doubt every one of you is acquainted with some glazier, who, for the asking, will furnish you with two small pieces of looking-glass, each of the same size, about four inches long and three and a half inches wide.

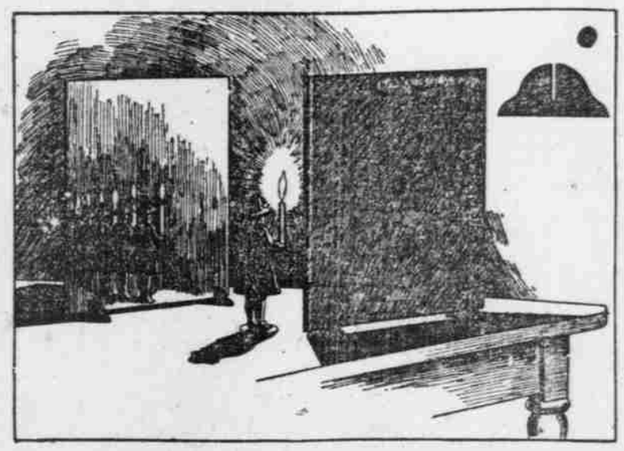
Take an old cigar box, break off the lid and cut four little supports, as shown in the illustration.

If you have not enough confidence in yourself and think it too hard to cut the legs out of wood, cut two raw potatoes into halves and make an incision in each half, and they will serve as supports perfectly well.

Take one of the two pieces of looking-glass and with your pocket knife scratch a small hole in the center of the silvering on the back. This hole should be about the size of a pea.

If you have a small wooden figure of a man, such as comes in every Noah's Ark, you will place a piece of candle into his hand and place him in the center between the two pieces of looking-glass, standing upright, as shown in our illustration. Look through the small hole in the back of the looking-glass toward the other looking-glass, and you will see not only one little man, but a large number of them, with candles in their hands, ready to start a brilliant torchlight procession.

THE LITTLE MAN APPROACHED FEARLESSLY.



ANY NUMBER OF LITTLE MEN.

THE HUCKLEBERRY PICNIC

Solution of the Rhyme With Hidden Characters Printed Last Sunday.

(By G. M. L. Brown.)

In the following verses you will find the ten well-known characters from books by the following authors: Dickens (three), Scott, James Fenimore Cooper, Harriet B. Stowe, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, Marryat and Thomas Hughes. By putting together the words printed in capitals, if joined together properly, they will make the following:

Tom Brown, Uncle Tom, Sam Weller, Rip Van Winkle, Little Nell, Oliver Twist, Jacob Faithful, Rob Roy, Huckleberry Finn and The Pathfinder.

TOM and JACOB, SAM and ROY, OLIVER and NELL;
FIN-ished with their lessons, all scampered home, pell-mell.

"UNCLE WINKLE," cried the crowd,
"We've a splendid plan;
Won't you take us berrying
In your new, BROWN VAN?

There's a HUCKLEBERRY patch
Where the PATH-ways TWIST;
If we hurry off at once
We surely won't be missed."

"And think," said TOM, "how good we've been;
How FAITHFUL to our books;
Now, Uncle, you will let us go—
I see it by your looks!"

"WELL—ER, yes, I'd take you off
If I had a span;
But only "ROB" is here—You know
One horse can't haul the van.

Still, LITTLE "RIP" is in the field;
Go see if you can FIND 'ER;
I'm sure she'll do her best with such
A merry crowd behind her!"