Adventures of Ben and Nancy

CHAUTER V. BEN had lighted a candle, and there was still a fire on the hearth, and the children at once saw that the two men belonged to the fishing village, and were two of the toughest-looking fel-lows of the crowd. For a moment no one

lows of the growd. For a moment no one spoke, while the men edged farther in and shut the door behind them. So far as could be seen the only weapons they had were the knives used by all fishermen. Ben was the first to speak:

"What do you men want?" he asked in a voice that trembled a little.

"I'll tell you that in no time," answered one of the men with a grin. "We want that money you have stored up in the house, and we don't want any fooling about it. If you hand it over neither of you shall be hurt, but if you are sassy about it we'll roast you on that fire."

It was hard for the children to believe that the men had come to piliage the house, and for a moment they wondered if their visitors were not playing a joke. They were still staring and wondering when the other man said:

when the other man said:

when the other man said;
"Bill, you take the girl and I'll take
the boy, and we'll have that money in
ten minutes!"
"Open that door and get out!" shouted

Ben as he brought his rifle up to his face. While he was naturally somewhat fright-ened, as a far older boy would have been, he was no coward. As he pointed his weapon at one man Nancy covered the other with hers.
"If you shoot," said the man who had

"If you shoot," said the man who had spoken first, "we'll roast you alive and be all night about it! Jim, let's rush them!"
The rascals sprang forward, but as they did both the children fired. Ben wounded his man in the shoulder, and Nancy hers in the arm, and both feil to the floor. They were up again in a minute, however, but instead of making a new attack they threw open the door and rushed away in the darkness, afraid that a second bullet might cost them their lives. There was no more sleep for the children that night. Next day, as they visited the that night. Next day, as they visited the

that night. Next day, as they visited the village, they related the story of the attempted robbery, and the butcher said:

"I know who the two men are. They are named Johnson and White, and they have been stealing from the men here. They are not to be found this morning, and have no doubt fled along the shore, and none of us will be bothered with them again. If they come back we will know how to deal with them. You children did just right to shoot, and had you killed them both, no one would have blamed you."

lamed you."

It may be said here that neither of the men was seen in that vicinity again, and that the children were not further molested that Winter. They continued killing and selling game up to about the 5th of March, when Spring weather came and the ice showed signs of breaking up and the village was abandoned. On counting was abandoned. On counting said to Ben:
oney they found that they had "No one may ever come to rob you advice is that you take your cash over chicken.

getting through?"
"Not unless you

the end of the first half.



earned over \$40 during the Winter. Mr. again, but it is not prudent to keep such Richards was the only one who knew how a large sum of money in the house. The much money they had, and one day he place may burn down when you are away.

DICK MITCHELL'S GREAT FOOTBALL It Was a Brilliant Play But Not Exactly as He Had Planned It.

want to draw any you can do so."

Ben and Namey felt that the advice was good, and at once proceeded to act on it. The banker thought it very strange that two children should be possessed of such a sum, but when he came to hear their story he had only words of praise for them.

som, of when the case to hear ineir story he had only words of praise for them.

From the time the ice broke up until the fishing season fully opened the children were busy getting their boat ready. She had to be repainted and overshauled and provided with a new sail, but when completed she was one of the best of the fleet of twenty or more boats along that shore. The time had now to be divided up on a new scale. When they went out in the boat it was for a four days' triptwo and a half for fishing and a day and a half to take their catch to market and sail back home. They cooked and took along with them provisions to last this length of time and also blankets to cover them at night, as they made their beds in the boat. All the fishing was done with hook and line, and they knew the feeding grounds of the choicest and best. The children had made five or six trips and done fairly well, when they returned home one day to find a surprise awaiting them. They had not locked the door on going away, no longer having any money in the house, and they found it wide open on their return. As they looked in and saw the floor littered up they stepped back and Ben whispered:

"Somebody or something has been here and may be still inside. We will raise a yell, and if it is a wild animal he will come bounding out. Be ready with your rifle."

"Fortunately for them, the children al-

Fortunately for them, the children always took their weapons along with them, and now had them ready. They set up a great shout, and what followed I shall tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

Concealed Sentences.

Concealed in each one of these senten is a sentence that expresses exactly the same thing in a much better way. Trans-pose the words so that you make a now and more simple sentence, being careful to use every word that is in the original

Vastly different are the ways, right and wrong, of saying things. Try, again try, if you don't at first suc-

Cheerless over hills of gray that brief December day rose the sun. Everything is worth doing well that is Thou sluggard, go to the ant; be wise and consider its ways

nd consider its ways. Fear makes all of us cowards

West Indian Proverbs.

Spider an' fly no mek good bargain. Trouble neber blow trumpet, What man no know is good for know. When berryin' day come at you door,

warning. Dick took it for applause, and

warning. Dick took it for appeause, and ran the harder.

Joe Bartlet realized that if Dick were allowed to slow down, everything was lost, and turning in his place, he flew after him. He made a dive, barely touch-

ing the runner around the legs. Dick gave a twist, which Joe took care should be enough to free him, threw back his head, dashed over the line, and fell upon

the ball exhausted.

you no pick an' choose gravedigger.
When dog hab too much owner, him sleep widout supper.
When fowl merry, bawk him catch

paring for a presentation of the cantata "Who's that coming?" asked one suddenly.

suddenly.

"Oh, that is the girl from Shelby."

"That backwoods place! No wonder she looks as if she came out of the ark."

"And there goes Fifty Cubit,"
"And there goes Fifty Cubit,"
laughed Helen Avery as Ruth Alden, tall and stoopshouldered, with hands that told of hard work, it was hard for Ruth Alden, when she wanted to be like other girls; hard to wear that old dress with outgrown sleeves and skirt eked out.

She wished she knew how those girls did their hair so prettily, but there wouldn't be time, even if she knew. She must use every minute before school, for her invalid mother must be made comfortable, and dinner left cooked for the children, and at night there was even more to be done."

It tenced to be hung on a gallows 50

"What is it?" asked Ruth.

"What is it?" asked Ruth.

"What have hard of Pine Hill cottage. I give it to you."

When Ruth began to understand she could hardly believe herself alive. That pretty house, right in town, to be house. "Hush!" whispered Harry. "She's not to blame for being so tall. I say, let her have some part with the rest of you."

"She can't: she hasn't a decent dress of any kind."

"Well. I know one thing," retorted harry angrily, "you girls would better look out. Professor Harrison says she will be head of the class next year."

"Don't stop to quarrel," said Angie Fenner. "What shall we wear?" And all began talking at once.

"I don't want to be one of the girls."

T WAS luncheon hour at Hilton

Academy, and excitement was high-

among the pretty girls who were pre-

She knew what the girls were talking about so earnestly, but stepped back, perceiving herself unwelcome. A moment later Harry Foster ap-proached the group. He had the part of Haman in the cantata, and was sen-

THERE WAS A ROOMFUL OF GIRLS CROWDING AROUND HER.

The Tall Girl's Fifty Cubit

tenced to be hung on a gallows 50 cubits high.

"Kings and queens wear royal purple trimmed with ermine."
"We'll get purole cambric, and for ermine cut white cotton batting into strips and ink it for ermine tails."

"And what for crowns?"
"Glid pasteboard with gold paint.
Will Newton's shirtstud can be the

"Good! We girls will wear white

"I'll wear my new silk," said Angle Fenner, who was to be prophetess.

Fenner, who was to be propheters.

"How you would look, prophesying in an apple-green silk! You must have a costume."

"You needn't talk about it! I'm going to wear the silk."

Ruth Alden wasn't asked to take any part, but one of the girls had said Fifty Cubit might be useful in the dressing-room, and told her to come. The name of Fifty Cubit still clung, only two or three girls making any protest. Ruth knew that they had given her some queer nickname, and felt more lonely and left out than ever. On cantats night the hall was packed

On cantais night the hall was packed to the doors. The girls' dressing-room was a foam of white muslin, and Fifty Cubit was here, there and everywhere, helping to make the others beautiful. When the curtain rose, the king, standing on Mrs. Fenner's best rug, locked royally impressive in his duet with Haman. The chorus sang their Song of Joy," and then the prophetess appeared in her silk, fluffy with lace

and a garniture of roses.

The audience rustled with approval, and when she had promised a rainbow of glory to the righteous, there was a round of applause. As she bowed, her dress fluttered against a flaring can-

and a garniture of roses.

voice, and Fifty Cubit burst through
the dressing-room, threw Angle to the
floor, and catching up the rug, rolled
her over and over. Another instant,
and Angle's father dashed over the
footlights to his darling.

Angle was saved, but Ruth's hands
and arms were badly burned, and only
her woolen dress saved her from a worse
fate.

"Oh, Ruth! What can we ever do for
yout" fallered Angle's mother.

you? failered Angle's mother.
That night Ruth slept in Angle's room, and next morning Mrs. Fenner said: "Ruth, dear, we have sent a good woman to your mother, and you must stay here and rest. Angle needs just such a sister as you."
"Here's something for you," said Mr.

"Here's something for you," said Mr. Fenner, laying down a curious looking paper. "I'm not a man of many words. It's no use trying to tell you how I feel."

"What is it?" asked Ruth.
"It's the deed of Pine Hill cottage. I

THE WILD DOGS' TURTLE FEAST

A Tiger Invited Himself to a Spread on a Java Beach.

A CCOMPANIED by my friend Crandor, I made a hunting visit once to
the Island of Java, where we bagged
many strange sorts of game. The head of
a wild dog glares down at my writing

the mound where we lay and crouched
as if he would spring. I dropped him
with one shot from my express, and so
got two mementoes of the wild dogs' turtile feast on the moon-lit Java shores.

by the mean of seek their fortunes on the section is
sharing. Thus, if fish are plentiful their
earnings are large, but if the season is
the would spring. I dropped him
with one shot from my express, and so
got two mementoes of the wild dogs' turtile feast on the moon-lit Java shores. desk now as a trophy of that expedition. These wild dogs hunt in packs, and are fierce customers. A native ruler

promised to show us a pack of dogs feast-ing on turtle. One evening with a few

close down to the water's edge, attacking

the turtles.

Their scheme seemed to be to turn the creatures over on their backs, and then rip off the lower plates of the turtles with their teeth.

Once the lower shell was off, the fierce dogs had the sea creatures at their mercy. But the turtles made a fight for it, grabbing the dogs by the legs with their nharp, beaklike jaws and striving desperately to drag them toward the water.

Sunday out of the meanes and if the catch, warrants it, the boat is steered for the harpon. The fish are either sent off by rail or carted to the factories, according to the state of the market, where they are transformed into bloaters.

The fish are drawn out of the meanes and if the catch, warrants it, the boat is steered for the harpon. The fish are either sent off by rail or carted to the factories, according to the state of the market, where they are transformed into bloaters.

The fish are drawn out of the meanes and it rown into the bottom of the boat, and if the catch, warrants it, the boat is steered for the harpon.

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The fish are drawn out of the boat is steered for the harpon.

thing, and many a dog was so badly bitten that he was unable to use his legs, and rolled over and over, yelping and

barking helplessly.

barking helpiessly.

I saw one great turtle, which had been attacked by two dogs near the water, grab one of his enemies by one of his hind feet and actually drag him into the sea and take him down. Others of the dogs, no doubt, shared the same fate.

The dogs battled fiercely among themselves every now and then; for as soon as the under plates of a turtle were torroff, all the dogs fought for the prey.

The brutes were soon smeared with their own blood and the blood of their victims, and the scene was a perfect pandemonium. I took aim at one great, wolf-ish-looking dog, a dirty-white in color. ish-looking dog, a dirty-white in color, who seemed to be a sort of leader of the pack, and dropped him at the first fire. It is his head which I have over my

writing deak.

I expected that the sound of my rife would scare the pack away, but so intent were the fierce creatures on their eavage work that they scarcely seemed to notice it. A few stopped and looked around as it searching for the direction of the sound, and then went on with their bloody work.

I was just going to fire again, when writing deak.

I was just going to fire again, when from hehind one of the dunes sprang a great tiger right into the middle of the

great tiger right into the middle of the pack.

With a snarl and a grow), he sent the dogs scampering and yelping in all directions. They dared not face the master of the jungle, and soon we heard their cry dying away in the forest as they sought safety in flight.

The tiger was a beautiful specimen, and apparently was as fond of turtle steak as were the dogs. But he did not try to tear the live turtles, contenting himself with scooping out the shells which the dogs had forn apart.

Having finished his course of turtle steak, the tiger approached the dead dog which I had shot, suffed at it contemptuously like a cat and then turned away. He was roaming slowly down the beach looking to see if he could find any more unabelled turtles, when the wind having shifted a little, he secuted us.

With a low growt he faced right at

THE FISHER BOYS OF

GREAT YARMOUTH

Yarmouth, on the east coast of Engattendants he took us to a part of the seashore where the great sea turtles came out to lay their eggs.

We hollowed out the top of one of the came out to lay their eggs.

We hollowed out the top of one of the dunes for shelter, and we could see the turtles hauling themselves up from the ocean. Some of them were monsters, I ocean. Some of them were monsters, I

can tell you.

Night came on, and the full moon rose, making everything as light as day. We waited in silence possibly two hours, and then, off in the dense forest, we heard the cry of the approaching pack. It was not so long drawn out as the bay of hounds nor so short and sharp as the bark of a buil terrier, but between the two; and it was interspersed with savages maris and shrill yelps as the wild dogs rushed toward the beach.

Emerging from the forest, the large, mangy-looking creatures, with long jaws and white teeth, whose gleam we could see plainly, their fangs dripping and their wild cries never still, spread themselves among the dunes and over the beach, even close down to the water's edge, attacking

past.

The nets are thrown overboard toward sundown and are hauled in at daybreak. The fish are drawn out of the meshes

The Profligate Knight.

(A Plain Tale in Mixed Rhyme.) Once on a day there was a knight (This doesn't sound exactly right), Who had of forefathers a score Who had of forefathers a score
And of foremothers, too
(Which sounds a little mixed, but it
Is absolutely true).
The fortune that was left to him
He did not handle right.
But was so hilled about it that It soon was out of sight.
At last of all his big estate At last of all his big estate
The creditors the biggest ate.
Till all that they would let him keep
Was just an ancient ruined keep,
And ruined in the ruin he
Sat under his ancestral tree.
(A man might parch beneath it, for
Twas parchment, and no leaves it hore.)
Now in his woes he was not wise.
But, quite beside himself, he sighed;
And to make his low apirits riee.
He poured more spirits down inside: And to make his low spirits ries.

He poured more spirits down inside:

(A most uncommonly common way
To keep the sea of grief at bay.)

But ah, his epirits rose;

But in his mind he turned things o'er.

And then turned up his toes.

The a short raie; but it will wag
Not utterly in vain Not utterly in vain
If it will teach that liquor licks if it will teach that liquor licks
A man and makes him pain;
And that 'tis wrong to live so high
That all your funds get low
For wight or hight, by day or night
To none should ever O.

Dick's Criticism of the Season. This ain't no real good time of year, For skating isn't nowhere near; Yet ir's too cold for swimming, whils Tops and kite-dying ain't in style. Sometimes it really seems to me As if a boy just couldn't be Real happy at this time of year If Thankesiving was not so near.



NOBODY REEDED HIM. THE FRANKFORT SUPPORTERS PADED AWAY.

RANKFORT and Rockville occupied | was over. Puttink their hands on each | out of the hands of the quarter back like

Frankfort had more students from which to make up a football eleven, and for four years had beaten Rockville in the annual championship game.

When the Prankfort team strode on the field, each player wearing a darkblue aweater with a red F, it was greeted with wild cheers and shouts by the battallon of supporters.

Dick Mitchell, the captain, stalked down the side lines with an air so haughty that his own supporters would almost have been glad to see him humbled.

"What he second half began, Rockville in the second stronger. Before anyone realized it she had secured the ball, carried it into the enemy's camp and made a successful drop kick. Frankfort could add nothing to her score, and Rockville got the pigskin again on downs as the half was drawing to a close.

The ball was on the 35-yard line at the time and the team summoned all its resources to get it over the white mark ahead.

"Now, boys," said Reddy, "push right"

Dick Mitchell, the captain, staiked down the side lines with an air so haughty that his own supporters would almost have been glad to see him humbled.

"Whatever eise you do, Mitch," said cois of them, "don't get rattled."

"When you see me rattled," replied the great one, with crushing scorn, "it will be time to amend the Constitution."

George Kinsley, better known as Reddy, the Rockville captain, won the toss, and choosing the north goal, his team spread cut to receive the ball from the kick off.

"Now, hoys," said Reddy, "push right along. Don't mind them. Get in the game, everybody."

"Chew 'ein up, chew 'em up," came from the side lines where the Rockville forces were thoroughly aroused.

It was Joe Bartiett's play around left end. He was cataputted through the knot of Frankfort men who were massing there, sind dodging to the right raced to-wards the goal. As he dodged again to the left, he saw the Frankfort quarter back crouching in his path, and remembering his Summer provess on the high hurdles, gave a leap which took him over the quarter back's hend, and dashed on. Just before he reached the line, however, Dick Mitchell caught him around the knees. Joe pitched forward, but as he did so, slipped the ball back into Reddy's hands, gave him a push, and alup, the right tackie tried Frankfort's he did so, slipped the ball back into center, and then Joe Bartlett, the right half, was sent around the end, both to no purpose. So Reddy Kinsley kicked the ball down the field, and when Frankfort had lined up she pushed her way forward ing the ball down for his side.

If Rockville could only kick goal! That nait, was sent around the end, both to no purpose. So Reddy Kinsley kicked the ball down the field, and when Frankfort had lined up she pushed her way forward in spite of all the Rockville boys could

would tie the game.

Joe Bartlett sent the ball whirling tounder them," shouted Roddy wards the posts, but it went wild, and "Can't you keep them from Rockville's chance was gone. The best she could hope for in the six minutes re-maining was to keep her opponents from scoring, and although Frankfort got the

"Not unless you put up a picket fence,"
answered a boy in the Frankfort ranks.
Rockville couldn't hold them. In, ten
minutes Frankfort had carried the bail
over the line and the field was ringing ball immediately after the kick off on a punt, Rockville blocked her like a wall of grantie when she lined up. "Second down and five yards to gain." A goel was kicked and within as little shouted the referee. Then Dick Mitchell saw his chance to again Frankfort had the ball down

past the 25-yard line, from which place make a grandstand play and make his her full back put it over the bar with a drop kick, leaving the score 10 to 0 at whispered to the quarter back: "Throw The Frankfort students felt so tickled

it to me for a fake kick and I'll carry it down the field." The center snapped the ball. It passed

opposite sides of the river and were other's shoulders the boys marched 'round intense rivals. The highschool at the field in single file, lock-step, keeping ley, the Rockville right end, ran into him, Frankfort had more students from which time as they went by shouting, "Left, head down, like a battering ram.

bead down, like a battering ram.

Dick turned a complete somersault, while the ball spun out of his hands.

A dozen boys swooped down after it, and Dick was buried beneath a pile of but it did not seem to be gathering about and Dick was buried beneath a pile of

and Dick was buried beneath a pile of arms and legs.

The mass parted. A figure sprang out with the ball. It was Dick. He had recovered it after all.

"Hurrah for Dick Mitchell!"

Then the spectators stared in amazement. What? Wasn't it Dick? Yes, it was surely Dick, and he was running like wildfire across the field. But he was headed for his own and not the enemy's goal!

Dick had been completely turned around in the scrimmage, and was running in the worg direction. As soon as they could find their tongues the Frankfort crowd yelled to him to come back, but Bockville set up a roar to drown the street that he was alone.

But it did not seem to be gathering about him. He turned over and looked down the field, and the truth came to him. He turned over and looked down the field, and the cruth came to him. He turned over and looked down the field, and the truth came to him. He field, and the truth came to him. He to other side, and so lost the game to Rockville by one point. For a moment at the top of his voice.

Nobody heard kim. The Frankfort supporters faded away, and the Rockville boys tied a long rope to the 'bus and dragged the victorious players off the field by hand.

As they disappeared down the field and the truth came to him. He turned over and looked down the field, and the truth came to him. He turned over and looked down the field, and the truth came to him. He to the field, and the truth came to him. He to the field, and the truth came to him. He to the field, and the truth came to him. He had and the truth came to him. He to do not the field, and the truth came to him. He to the field, and the truth came to him. He had and the truth came to see the had and and the truth came to him de and the truth came to him the bed and and the truth came to him the ha

DILLYDOLL AND JAPLITTLE

THEIR MISDEEDS

ILLYDOLL was born in Nurem- sign, "To Let." That, he explained, can tell you. Night came little came from. He looked mysterious whenever the subject was mentioned, and hinted that he was a kid-

naped son of the Mikado.

But nobody in the ark believed that. Noah used to laugh at it-that is, he tried to laugh, but his fine red smile and been washed half off by a glass of water that was upset over him, so his laugh was not a real success.

napkin sea when Dillydoll and Japlittle came aboard in a tremendous They were so much bigger hurry. than the other passengers that even

the elephant complained. Japlittle fell on top of the hyena when the ark rolled, and broke off two of its excellent spotted legs so that thereafter the sufferer had to lean against things.

Dillydoli settled all in a scraggly heap on trees and houses and Japhet and the lion. The lion's noble curved tail broke off under her foot, and the monarch of the jungle begged the monarch of the jungle begged the brown ape in a great fright to examine the injury and tell him if it was fatal. The ape looked at it carefully and said to the anxious one: "If Your Majesty did not have such

a wonderful wooden constitution, you would have had to be operated on long ago. You are suffering from an inflamed condition that is known as the glueisloose, and it is well that your royal tail has broken off. A new one

will soon grow."

But it never did.
"I would make you walk the plank."
said Noah to Dillydoll and Japlittle,
"only I have none aboard." The conversation ceased then, for the ark began to roll harder than ever. The napkin billows mounted until their white crests were high over the

top of the good craft, and Noah cried to Ham to man the pumps.

Ham lay still on the bottom of the ark with a clm expression on his benignant face. He knew that there were no pumps aboard, because they hadn't been invenied, so he did not move.

Suddenly the ark stopped stock still with a shock that mixed up everything. Noah fell with his head down into the tangle of beasts. The giraffe cried frantically: "My neck! My neck! Look out for my neck! It's carved out against the grain and the least shock will break it off!"

The bear said nothing. His head top of the good craft, and Noah cried

carved out against the grain and the least shock will break it off:

The bear said nothing. His head had been broken off—straight, clean, clear, spang off!

"Land, ho!" cried Japlittle, boarsely.

"Where away?" cried Dillydoll.

"Let me see, too!" cried a voice from the bottomest bottom of the ark, and upward flew tigers and lambs and dogs and spotted pigs, as if they had been blown up.

That was Blackerblack. He had come aboard as a stowaway.

Japlittle, Dillydoll and Blackerblack climbed out of the ark and found it stranded on a desolate shore.

"A tableland, as I live!" said Japlittle. So it was.

They immediately hastened to explore the country, after having set out two trees in the hope that they might sprout into a forest in so time.

This did not prove true.

As they left the giraffe hung up a

As they left the giraffe bung up

"Let us coax Blackerblack to climb up and sit on the roof," she whis-pered to Japlittle, "and you will see some fun. Old Grandpa Jack Spring-bang lives in it, and when he finds out that Blackerblack is sitting on his roof he will jump up and bump it with his head and Blackerblack will of the ead and Blackerblack will go flying "Hahahahahaha!" said Japlittle, with (To Be Continued.) Mary 'Lizabeth's Doll. Mary Lizabeth's Doll.

MY doll is just the QUEEERST child:
She really almost drives me wild.
It ain't that she's just BAD, you know,
Hut that she agravates me so.
She doesn't cry OR fret OR staw;
I wouldn't stand THAT. I tell you!
Hut she sits up SO stiff and vain.
It sconetimes JUST gives me pain.
Now Mary 'Lizabeth, why she
Has one that's modest as can be,
And SUCH a grateful child! On, dear,
I'm 'traid that mine's spoiled as can be,

was done in sarcasm.

Japlittle, Dillydoll and Blackerback had not gone far before they found a strange house. It had neither doors nor windows nor chimney nor stairs.

Japlittle and Blackerback could not imagine what it was, but Dillydoll knew. She had seen one like it in Nurombers.

Billy's Growl. My father says that if I would Just try a little to be good. That maybe some day I would be Almost as good a man as he. And. ob, how often he has told he that he was good as gold. And filled his parents' hearts with joy When he was just a little boy. But when he talks to grown-up men hy father he talks all different then, he sit and saughs and full of glee Tells them how bad he used to be.

