Story of Borrowed Runaway Catboat

ocean resort, Seabourne, was white with rumbling, fluttering, flapping Each one had a number on it in ig figures, made out of black canvas, for here was to be a great race for all laused of bosts when the tide turned, The biggest and swiftest cathout of the et, the Flying Pairy, lay alongside the ming in the wind. Her crew had just nished bending it on, and they had raised

any Ill-fitting places. The Flying Fairy was bobbing like a cork, and the thundering of the big saft shock her from how to stern, for all her jead ballast had been removed, and was lying on the little pier waiting for her crew to return from luncheon and ad-

it full and taut to stretch it and discover

Fred Hewell and Jim Phillips came along just then. Fred was from New York, and therefore he had adopted a knowing nautical air when he became acquainted with Jim Phillips, who was from the interior. Fred didn't exactly lie; but somehow what he said gave Jim the idea that he was intimately acquainted with every style of craft that enters the great

As a matter of fact, he had never beer on board of anything except a ferryboat, and all that he knew about other ship-

ping was from seeing it as it passed up and down the big river and the bay. So when the two boys saw the Flying Feiry and Jim Phillips, etaring at the enormous sail, said: "My, but it looks as if that boat would fall right over when she gets away from the float," of course Fred had to show his superior wisdom. Bo he said, patronisingly:

"Oh, she's stiff enough. Pretty good lines on her, I'd like to hold her tiller in the race and see what she's got in

Could you sail a boat with such a big that?" asked Jim in admiring "ertainly," said Fred. Seeing signs of

disbellef in Jim's face, he stepped into the boat and took hold of the tiller, shoving to and fro as he had seen men do.

She minds her helm beautifully," said

Now she couldn't mind her helm But Jim Phillips did not know what "minding her helm" meant, and neither, to tell the truth, did Fred Howell,

Mayor of Pennyville were walking

together, admiring the town and

streets and the town pump and the

pigs. The Mayor looked aft around very

udly and said to the schoolmaster. There is no town like Pennyville. We have everything that a town can possibly have and all of the very best. I

do not regret at all that I am giving up

"That may all be," said the school

"Is that so?" said the Mayor haught-

"No, I will not tell you," said the

schoolmaster. "I will tell all the other

citizens, and maybe you will find it out

ily. "Well, then suppose you tell me what t is. But I warn you beforehand that I

master, who was of a contrary dispost-"That may all be, but there is ing that is lacking in Pennyville

my time and talents to it."

will not believe it."

non that he met:

that way."

Great Caesar's Chost.

Jim, with new respect for his friend, also over to one side. climbed into the cutboat. And then the filed and the boat spirit of vanity impelled Fred to do just throwing the boy

The next moment be would have given a great deal to undo the deed; for the stiff breeze blew the catboat away from the float instantly, and before he could collect

have been easy to row out to her and sall her back. But Fred was too vain to ac-knowledge to Jim that he could not sall a boat at all, so he wasted precious time trying to study out how to steer the boat. Nobody on shore noticed anything wrong, for there were so many sails that one more or less did not attract attention. So the Flying Falry drifted well past the

Jim, with new respect for his friend, also over to one side. Instantity the duge said climbed into the cutboat. And then the spirit of vanity impelled Fred to do just the foolish thing that might be expected of a boy foolish enough to be such a boaster.

He cast off the lines that held the boat. The saved their lives, for it gave the boat a change to come up in the wind

the tangled sheet rope around the tiller, and again the boat heeled; then, in the mysterious manner in which sallboats act, she headed around, the rope slipped clear, the beliying sall swung out until the boom was at right angles with the hull, and the Flying Pairy, light as a feather without her ballast, dashed headlong out

into the open ocean!

By this time, you may be sure, there were plenty of boats in pursuit. But the Fairy was so much faster than any other craft in the fleet that she soon left them hopelessly behind. There was no vessel propelled by anything except sails in the harbor, and the tugboat for which the owner of the Flying Fairy telegraphed had to steam 30 miles from the city. So secuse she was tied fast bow and stern.
Sut Jim Phillips did not know what
minding her helm" meant, and nelther
to tell the truth, did Fred Howell.
However, it sounded so nautical that

You may be sure that Fred Howell had lost all his vanity by that time. Humbly he confessed his ignorance of hosts, and asked Jim Phillips what they would better do. Jim suggested that they pull in the sail; but they did not know how, and so they tried to haul in the sheet rope, immediately the unballasted boat rolled and that it was clear about would can.

Immediately the unballasted boat rolled so hard that it was clear she would capcize. So Jim Phillips said that the only thing to do was to hold the tiller steady so she would sall straight ahead. The Frying Fairy went straight to sea and out of sight of land. As the aftermoon wore on the wind increased till the big ocean waves creased to roll and undulate slowly, as they had been doing, and began to break into white foam. The catboat soen took water over her bows, and the boys, inexperienced though they were, perceived that she was likely to capsize or sink if any of the great waves struck her sideways.

ber sideways.

But Jim Phillips had been studying things, and suddenly he exclaimed: 'How foolish we are! Why not untie all they want and see if they

ropes along the mast and see if they won't let the sail fall down?"
Fred Howell immediately cast off the ropes than ran down alongside the mast and were fast to cleats at the foot of it. and were fast to cleats at the foot of it. The sail came down with a roar, but it was so distended with wind that it stuck half-way down, and there it flapped so flercely that the boat jumped wildly into the big bissing green, rushing seas.

"Cut everything you can reach!" screamed Jim Philips. Fred Howell obeyed humbly, and the canvan feil in a great heap to the deck.

The boys jumped on it and tied it up.

The boys jumped on it and tied it up, no that the wind should not catch it. Then they could do nothing more. But the Flying Pairy, being so light, rode the seas buoyantly, now that she was re-

There were too many things to frighter them. Once a school of porpoises, plowing along in the darkness, swam so to them, and puffed so terribly, that and puffed so terribly, that both to them, and puffed so terribly.

Fred and Jim thought a vast sea mon-ster had risen to devour them.

ater had risen to devour them.
Another time they suddenly saw what looked like two big eyes, one red and the other green. The thing came on with a terrible noise, until they saw mosts and a funnel against the stars, and realized that it was a steamship. They shouted with all their might, but, though it swept so close to them that its rollers dashed over the catboat, nebody abourd heard them.

Next morning at dawn they saw another steamboat—a small one. It was the tug.

steamboat—a small one. It was the tug-Soon she was alongelde. The boys were taken aboard, and back they went to Seabourne, with the Flying Fairy in tow. Scabourne, with the Flying Fairy in low. Fred Howell was cured of boasting from that day on. The owner of the Flying Fairy forgave him and took both boys out many times after that. And while the adventure was enough to teach Fred a leason, he learned still another one in humility, for Jim Phillips, the boy from miland, learned to sail a catboat long before Fred Howell, the New York boy, did.

of Pennyville, and finally the Grand Duke heard of it. So he drove to the town of the wise people and called the Mayor before him and got him to tell the whole story.

"What what would you do if a house caught fire, now that the firemen not hear the bell?" asked the Grand

Duke.
The Mayor scratched his head and thought. Then he said suddenly: "Please excuse me a minute. Your Royal Highness," and ran away.
He returned in half an hour and said with a bow;

"I know now what would happen. The house would burn down, Your Royal Highness, before the firemen heard about "Why did you go away before you told me that?" asked the Grand Duke.

"Why, I wanted to find out, so I set my house on fire to try it." said the

"You are indeed worthy to be Mayor of

As a Tale That Is Told,

By Mary Huntington-Sunday Oregonian's Selected Fiction

grass still showed a pleasant green-ness, for hour frosts were holding off. The barrenness of the woods was relieved by paiches of russet, touched with duli reds and yellows, and through the still air leaves now and then sailed earthward like slowly descending birds. Because of the Indian Summer mellowness, which rested in dim blue haze upon the hills, and made the pale sunshine feel soft against the cheek, the front door of Enoch Weaver's house stood open, and Teams were fastened about the outbuildings, and to the yard fence other horses were tied-their occasional neighs and stampings a break upon the silence. grizzled middle-aged men, bent upon heavy farm work, shook hands with os-

"We meet again, Mr. Avery."
"Yes, Mr. Barbour. An' th' last sad casion was th' funeral of old Mrs. Tib-

face of one given to seeing the pessimistic side of life, sighed deeply—not that Mrs. Tibbits had been even an acquaintance, but a sigh seemed appropriate to the sub-ject under discussion.

'Wal, Mr. Avery, we've all got to travel Mr. Avery stroked his smooth fat chin ontemplatively, as if the thought had ever before occurred to him and he

meant to give it due attention.

"Yes, yes—that's so," he answered.

"That's so, Mr. Barbour, it is, indeed."

The depression of Mr. Barbour's face
lifted slightly. It is pleasant to feel that "Enoch's pretty much broke up over his

loss, I s'pose."
"That's what they say," Mr. Avery re-plied, hurriedly, "Wal, I guess I'll be go-in' into the house."

in into the house."

He passed on and disappeared through the open moor. Mr. Barbour saw a phneton not fir from the gate and the flutter of alighting skirts. He guess'd that his companion had made haste to avoid a courtesy, and with disgust at such boorishness, went to offer his own services. The younger of the two women glanced

The younger of the two women glanced

bridegroom of 50 years ago—will always be a bride. Shall we think of her as dead? No—for she sleens!" The people sat stirtless, expectant, strangely moved—yet many of them hardly comprehending. And as they gat thus the minister's girlwife, on the hall stairs, began to sing with rare tenderness the words of Mrs. Browning's "Sleep."

The tenor-soprano left behind it a hush around at him.

the half consciousness with which she let her eyes lift to the beauty of the haze-wrapped hills-stretching away, and away, and away into the blue ether. She was here eyes lift to the beauty of the haze-wrapped hills-stretching away, and away, and away into the blue ether. She was thinking rebelliously how she hated funerals, and how she wished her mother would have let her stay at home. And what was there and about the death of such an old person as Mrs. Enoch Weaver? Why—she was 59! How could one wish to live to be 50? She tried to imagine what life would seem like at 80—and her thoughts trailed into blankness, for great, indeed, is the space between 30 and 19! She had never spoken to Mrs. Enoch Weaver, but she remembered seeing her occasionally—a rather bent little woman, with white hair and kindly eyes and

"Angelina".

She paused obediently, keeping her back to the gate. Her mother, leaving Mr. Barbour to greet the new arrivals as if he was master of ceremonies, reached her who had whispered about the wedding solution of Uncle Sam's Checket.

"Why, what in th' world alls you, Angelina Briggs? Anybody'd think you never'd been to a funeral before, an' I took you three times while you was a baby in

arms. 'Tain't a party to go rushin' in like that." "I didn't know I was rushing." Angel said, with hushed indignation and a blush

said, with hushed indignation and a blush which passed as swiftly as it came.

"Then you'd better know. An' I won't hev you answerin' so putcheky. You've been putcheky ever sence th' surprise party at th' church last week. I guess surprise parties don't agree with you. Wait—I want to speak to Mrs. Woodmansee! How d'yz do, Mrs. Woodmansee! Nice day for a funeral, ain't it? No reason why 'most everybody can't come-

Nice day for a funeral, sin't it? No rea-son why most everybody can't come-seem's though. I see Tom fetched you."
"Yes-s-s." Mrs. Woodmansee said soft-ly. She was a large woman with a pur-ting roice. "His father couldn't get away as he's one o' th' jurors on that case in court to town now. Tom don't like funerals, but I made him fetch me. How dive do America.

d'ye do, Angel?"
"Angel didn't want to come, either, but
I insisted, as Simon couldn't apare th'
time." Mrs. Briggs said, wondering why
the child should blush again under Mrs.
Woodmansee's greeting. She hoped Angel
wasn't developing bashfulness at 18.
"Dretful sad 'bout Mrs. Weaver, ain't d'ye do, Angel?"

Mrs. Woodmansee nodded solemnly that Mrs. Woodmansee nodded sojemniy that it was very and indeed, and with an allover glance which took in the other's dress from headgear to shoes, the two women went into the house-Angel following. The sitting-room and parlor, square front rooms opening out of the long, narrow hall, were filled with people sitting in decorous slience, and the hall was lead with standing men. The undertaker. lined with standing men. The undertaker, waiting upon the lowest stair opposite the open front door, came forward with the suave manner of his kind, and carried some extra chairs into the dining-room some extra chairs into the distinction beyond, which was already well crowded. Angel went on after her mother with a sensation of relief, for her giance into the parior had shown her a coffin, beside which sat a best old man. A few whispered greetings met them as they took seats.

pered greetings met them as they took geats.

"Awful queer 'bout her havin' on her weddin' bunnit ain't it?" whispered a woman next to Mrs. Briggs. "What! Hadn't you heard? Yes. Enoch insisted upon her bein' laid out in her weddin' bunnit: took on so th' undertaker said they'd better let him hev his way. His uncle was jest as odd as he could be, you know—always wore two coats in' shortest outside, an' whon his wife died he hung himself in th' smoke-house an' wasn't found for three days, though they hunted high an' low. Sairey Ann Westcott come in to help here after Mrs. Weaver died, an' she said if 'twan't fur that bunnit th' poor sould would 'a' made a beautiful corpse. Thet looks like she come out o' the srk. of course."
"Do teill!" Mrs. Briggs gasped back in astonishment, while Angel listened nervously, half fascinated, yet with a feeling of repugnance to this gossip, which

Copyright, 1903, by 2, 3, McClure Ca.) trickled on as if the tongue of the whis-

Just then from the hall sounded the minister's voice, vibrating with feeling from the blue pond waters to meet the pied the pulpit but six months, and this was the first funeral since his pastorate tion. was the first funeral since his pastorate began. He was a young man, with ideas which seemed hardly orthodox to eventenored country folk; and there were few present who did not wonder how he could avoid what might seem like consciousness that the woman beside whom the old man watched, as we watch the skeep of one we love, had been dressed for the grave in a way which exceeded all precedent. Necks craned, ears strained; curiosity was agog to catch the words of this stripling, fresh to catch the words of this stripling, fresh

from divinity school.

"Probably there is not one of you here today who did not know the wife of Enoch Weaver better than it has been my privi-lege to know her-you knew her quiet, un-obtrusive life, her kindness as a neigh-bor, her faithfuiness as a helpmeet; you bor, her faithfulness as a helpmeet; you knew how dear she was to him, who, alone in old age, sits, the mourner of mourners, beside the one whom 69 years ago he brought here a bride—and whose face, as she lies with her silvery white hair against the time-yellowed white of her wedding bonnet, is still to him the face of the bride so many yesterdays removed. To those of us to whom God has given the blessing of a good woman's love, to those of us to whom such blessing is yet to come, it brings a feeling of reverence for our own—that she who rests in yonder room is still a bride to the bridegroom of 69 years ago—will always be a bride. Shall we think of her as dead?

The tenor-soprano left behind it a hush "Mr. Barbour'll hitch Dolly an' blanket thrilling with sacredness; the minister's her, mother. I'm so glad that I shan't voice broke as he said: "Let us pray."

One by one those assembled passed in skirt. She's shedding dreadfully, and single file through the rooms to look skirt. She's shedding dreadfully, and shirt hair does show so."

"Sh." murmured the other. Then, with a nod of smilling rellef: "Why, Mr. Barbourt Yes, thanks, we'll be glad to have you 'tend to th' horse. A horse is a bother to women. Isn't it drefful sad about Mrs. Weaver goin' so sudden? I do pity her husband. My! what a lot of teams there are here. I guess it'll be a real big funeral. I think a small funeral always seems forlorn—as if a funeral al be a real big funeral. I think a small funeral always seems forforn-as if a body hadn't any friends. Simon couldn't get away today. He's behind with huskin' an' everything this Fall, an' he's sprained his ankle a little, too. He was complainin' this mornin' about luck, but I told him he warn't half so had off as old Enoch Weaver, who hasn't even a girl like Angel here left to him."

Mr. Barbour was not so pessimistic but that he gianced at the comely and still fresh face of "Simon's" wife.

"I sh'd think not," he said.

Angel went slowly on shead, leaving her

"I sh'd think not," he said.
Angel went slowly on ahead, leaving her mother and Mr. Barbour to follow—the subdued sound of their voices meaningless in her ears. The leaves rustled under her feet, and she looked down at them with the half consciousness with which she let to where in the small burying place a hear eyes lift to the beauty of the hazeher eyes lift to the lift the lift

with white hair and kindly eyes and cheeks red as a withered Winter apple. Her face had pleased the young girl... and yet to be 80! A Concord buggy, with a frisky sorrel horse, drove rapidly up to the gate, and Angel, with a quick glance at the driver, started for the open door. Her mether called to her in a sharp undertone: the brief afternoon was already wanting and further delay meant "chores" by lantern light. Angel found herself be-

> who had whispered about the weeding bonnet.
>
> "I've enjoyed the funeral so much! Ain't you, Mrs. Briggs! It passed off reel well. Mr. Bennett, the undertaker, does know how to manage things. But I b'lleve people would 'a' cried more if they'd known what was comin'. We was all so took up with wonderin' what th' minister would say that there wasn't hardly a tear ahed. It didn't seem right. An' th' minister's wife ought to 'a' chose a more ister's wife ought to 'a' chose a more lamentin' hymo. Why, death, wasn't lamentin' hymn. Why, death wasn't nothin', at all th' way she sung. Angel flashed a quivering face upon the

speaker.
"What th' minister's wife sung was beautiful! beautiful." The critic stared, startled at such vehe "Mebbe 't was," she acquiesced hur

"Mebbe 't was." she acquiesced hurriedly. "But it does seem as if th' minister ought to 'a' preached a reel sermon, tellin' about her many virtues. That's th' way things was done when I was young. An' if th' person was deservin', like Mrns. Enoch Weaver, they was always spoke of as lookin' down on us from heaven. I sh'd think sech a discourse would a' been more edifyin' an' soothin' to poor old Enoch than all that hifaiutin' talk. But th' minister was reel smart to get in as he did about th' bunnit, an' she, poor creetur! looked a pretty an' she, poor creetur! looked a pretty corpse in spite of havin' it on. However, it's a pity nobedy dared take it off before folks see her."
"It isn't either!" Angel flashed again, "Angelina!" But the flaternal warn-ing was given with an unusual degree of gentleness.

gentleness.

Mrs. Woodmansee spoke in her purring

voice.
"Sposin' we women go an' see th' new monyment Deacon Babbit has put up to th' lower end of th' cem'try. Angel, if

trickled on as if the tongue of the whisperer moved without consciousness from her brain.

"Enoch be said he'd married her in thet bunnit, an he'd bury her in thet bunnit, an he'd bury her in thet bunnit. He said she was jest as much hie bride now as she ever was."

"Do teli!" Mrs. Briggs gasped again.

"Yes. He's teched, of course—a little teched. Th' idea of bein' hald out in a bunnit! Whosver heard of such a thing? An' don't you think Enoch declares his wife ain't dead—only sleepin'? Says if th' minister calls her dead he won't never so inside a church again. I pity th' minisjer:"

Just then from the hall sounded the westering sun suddenly fell past her into the open grave. With a start she turned

and flew away toward the follage-denusted, haze-covered hills, warbling metodiously of Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring! the Spring which heat in the hearts of two who kissed beside an open grave, with Autumn and Age and Death forgotten. It was Angel who, remembering, said with a choke in her throat:
"I'm glad she was buried in her wed-

"What do you think of it, fellowa?" and Cliff Morton drew his face into a long and ings on the subject.

Ben drew a long breath. "Well, It's just this way," he said as hough there was but one solution to the problem. "we've got to cut her dead. That's the only way. The idea of a girl being tied to our heels all Summer. Why, it's-it's-wordless."

Cliff shook his head and glanced toward the sitting-room window. They had just come from an interview with their mother, and he did not wish her to hear their

"We can't do that, boys," he said, de-isively. "It wouldn't be fair to mother. claively. "It wouldn't be fair to mother.
She's turned the girl over to our care, you sides, the girl isn't to blame; she's an orphan and counts on us cheering her up."

Archie considered.

"Can't we let her into some of our plans?" he suggested. "Some of those that require plenty of spank and strength. I mean. She'll be glad enough to drop out pretty soon, and spend her time around the house with the chickens and cats.

The boys brightened. That evening the girl came, and the next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Morton smiled across at the boys and said: Now you may show Edna round and make it as pleasant for her as you can

Maybe she would like to go out on the "I'm very fond of rowing and sailing, or,

as she noticed the blank looks on the as she noticed the blank looks on the boys' faces, "we might try the horses, or -or hicycles."

"We—we thought of going out on our stillts," hesitated Cliff. "We've got some new ones, but they're pretty high."

The stilts were brought out to a high bank at the foot of the garden. Archie was rather awkward in mounting his and

was rather awkward in mounting his, and when he finally moved away from the bank Cliff was fully 29 yards distant, while several paces in front of him was Edna walking as composedly as if stilts

That evening the boys gathered in their favorite place for consultation, the ridge-pole of the barn. They were never interrupted there. "I tell you what it is, fellows." said

Archie emphatically, "that girl will be a chum worth having. Why, you ought to have seen her swing the Indian clubs after dinner. She's the best boy among And Cliff and Ben pounded their fists

Solution of Uncle Sam's Checker

Puzzle. The solution of last Sunday's checker puzzle was as follows: The first object at the top of the board to select was FROG. Thence the moves were to ROPE, ANCHOR, NOOSE, QLAW and EYE. The initials of these various objects spell FRANCE, which is the name

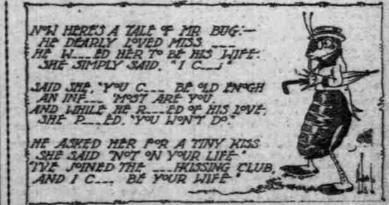
supposed to be playing this game. Solution of Last Sunday's Play-

Algebra Puzzle. The answer to the puzzle of what the boy in last Sunday's picture was carrying was LHLIES. Two times one-fifth of LIGHT made LHLI, as explained last Sunday. Then came a PLUS mark and then pne-third and then the picture of an ESKIMO. Now one-third of ESKI-MO would be ES. That would make the solution LILI plus ES, which is LILIES,

A Numerical Word Puzzle.

1 am a word of letters eight, My whole spells something simply great. My head's a letter rare of use, My tail you'll find in every none. My 5 wherever it is heard itself sounds like a perfect word. My 3, 4, 5 a beast will name That once was wild and now is tame, Now if my whole you would descry Just think what's coming in July

A Half Dozen Blddles (I) What times are the best? (2) What way is farthest away? (3) What tree has no leaves? (4) What comb is best? (5) What is the biggest ant?



THE PICTURE PUBLIC OF THE JILTED SUG. There is one single word that will fit all the blank spaces are correctly and make it read am cothly. What is



his frightened senses the craft was a hun-dred feet offshore.

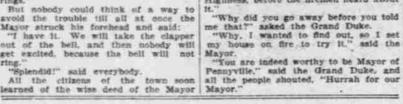
If the boys had shouted for help, all would have been well, for the boat was only drifting stern foremost, and it would

The Story of the Wise Firemen of Pennyville

avoid the trouble till all at once the Mayor struck his forehead and said: "I have it. We will take the clapper out of the bell, and then nobody will get excited, because the bell will not

to scream and carry things out of the houses. The women and men fell over each other, and the goats and cows and dogs and chickens and geese and pigs of Pennyville fell over the men and women, and everybody was so frightened that the apothecary had to work all the rest of the night making pills.

"This will never do?" said all the people next day. "It would be awful to have such excitement whenever the bell rings."



The Saucy Kitty's Fight A Tugboat Ballad

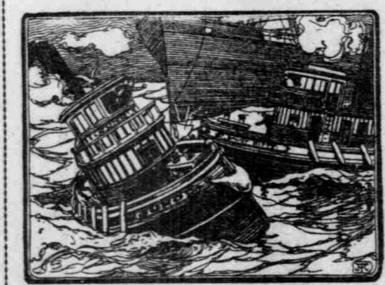
"A hig windjammer's off the coast, a beating for the bay And we have got to race for her. The Juno's got the tip: She's halfway to the Hook by now, a-giving us the slip." We swung the Saucy Kitty out and drove her down the stream.

Till the how wave that piled in front looked 'most like beaten cream.

We overhanied the June as she pounded down the Swash, And when we made the open sea, she labored in our wash. We laughed to see her drop astern. "Slow up," said Bill Me "To best that old ten kettle we don't need a roaring fire." For twenty miles we pitched and rolled, the sea was running high; Till we made out a woolly cloud low on the southern sky. 'Hang it,' 'said Bill, "there's fog shead. If we don't aight that ship Before the thing drifts down on us, I guess we'll lose our It apread as from a spouting stack, and even while he spoke white wet folds rolled over us and hid us in its smoke

But Bill Maguire drove straight on, till, sudden through the

'Oh hustle up you bully hoys." Maguire said one day,

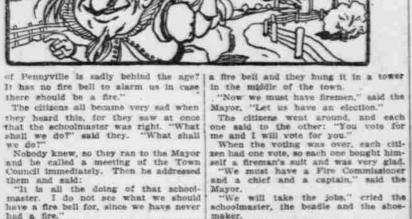


Then he we ewung around her stern to take her leaward side, With hooting horn the Jupo, lost, came blundering down the tid she heaved a line. They took it. In that fog all they could see Was just a phantom tug and so they thought that II was we. Then Bill Maguire hustled up, and shouted: "Say, let go! Don't tell me that you didn't know the Kitty had this tow! The Juno's captain rang his bell and laughed: "Maguire, eay, A tow is his who gets it when the Juno comes that way." 'Oh, say you so?' Maguire crief, and jingled sharp and shrill.
I turned in ev'zy pound of steam and drove her with a wi Straight at the Juno's quarter with a smash and roar we ripped The water broke clean over her, so deeply was she dipped. Then Bill swept off and turned again to ram her in the bow. if illted the old Juno up and rolled her like a scow, soon as the Klity backed away, the Juno's captain apoke:

"Oh, take your tow: I guess that you don't understand a joke:"

"You're wrong." and Bill. "I made a very elever joke just now, it had a good point to ti-the Saucy Kitty's bow."





"That is just like our Mayor," said the schoolmaster. "It is lucky for you that I am your schoolmaster. It is just because we have never had a fire that we need a fire bell, because there is so "What an excellent reason!" exclaimed we need a fire bell, because there is so much to burn. If we had ever had a fir, of course there would be no danger because there would be nothing left to be the flames. Anybody who is wise "We must do something to show that "We must do something to show that

a tower

"Now we must have firemen," said the

maker.

"What good reason have you to offer?"

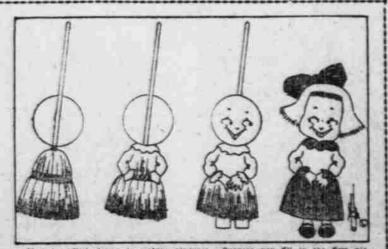
"We must do something to show that we have an official position," said they.

"We are all very wise," cried all the people and the Town Council, "for we can see it at once."

"Me must do something to show that we have an official position," said they.

"Let us ring the fire bell tonight to try it," said the beadle.

So they rang it after all the people had gone to bed. Hardly had the first sounds of the bell pealed 'out before everybody jumped out of bed and began



Here is a little lesson in making pictures. Suppose you fill in the first plo