

Mrs. Meade's Medor's Grand Holiday

"M EDOR'S loose, mother! Medor's loose!"

"Dear, dear! He'll be in all sorts of mischief," said Mrs. Meade. "Run, Deane! See if you can't catch him."

Down the road went Deane's fat legs, but not so fast as Medor's four slim ones. Was there ever a setter puppy, 10 months old, who liked being chained to the side of a doghouse? For many a weary day and week Medor had sat and barked for aid to the sun all day, and howled to the moon and stars at night, till the neighbors wearied of the sound. When his bark was tired he said to himself:

"Why am I chained? Why am I chained? I am a good dog, and if I should run away a little bit, I'd come back again. I know my home, and I love Deane and he loves me. I know that, because one hot night, when I was very small and cried because I was afraid of the dark, he came out in his nightgown and stayed with me in my house. We cuddled down together and slept till morning."

But Mrs. Meade did not know about this, and Medor was chained. Tony, as he pulled, the chain came loose.

Down the road went Medor and Deane after him; but Deane fell by the way, and sat down to rest. Medor did not sit down. He was aching to stretch himself in a run. With great swift leaps he disappeared around a bend, his chain making figure eights in the air.

Then he realized that Deane was not following. He roared back around the bend, a streak of golden brown.

Yes, Deane was there. With a dash Medor was on him, and together they rolled over in a bed of buttercups. The chain caught in Deane's shoe and tore it a little, but Deane only laughed. He reached for the chain, but Medor flashed away through a gap in the fence into a clover meadow.

Ah, but it was delicious, that clover meadow! At first Medor did not look for anything in particular. He simply chased himself around the meadow, and over the little brook without knowing that it was a brook; he leaped like a deer over the higher clumps. New strength seemed to come to him with every bound.

From the far corner of the meadow he stopped to look and see if Deane was coming. No, Deane had climbed up and was sitting on the top of the fence, laughing at Medor's capers. With a whirl the dog was back at the boy's feet.

"Oh, Deane, Deane," he tried to say: "come, too. It is such fun!"

Deane could not run like that, but this time he did not try to catch the swirling chain; and Medor, too, again, he was twinking. Once more around the field, and then his eye began to take in details. First there was the brook, and he stopped, panting, with his tongue out, and drank the water. It was good and cool, and he put his feet in. Deeper, deeper he waded, till the soft ripples lapped over his back. Oh, it was flying! The water in the running water! No more tub and dry towels for him! Up the bank he climbed, and with a shake sent showers of water over the laughing grass and bushes. Medor raced through the hedge and



"OH DEANE, DEANE! COME TOO. IT IS SUCH FUN!"

into a thicket of trees and underbrush. It was strange and sweet and dark in there. The trees on the Meade's lawn were trimmed up neat and high and ugly; here the branches drooped down and caressed him.

"What was that gray shadow that flitted past him and up a maple tree? Medor's first thought was a cynical one, as he said "Kitten" to himself. Then he looked up the tree, and felt silly. That gray thing with the bushy tail and round ears and shiny eyes was no kitten.

He was punished at home if he barked at the kitten. But this—a squirrel!

Medor barked and barked, but little gray squirrel knew that dogs cannot climb trees, and he just laughed and threw chips down in a fine scorn.

Then with a chatter of derision he was gone into another tree, and out of sight. A bird sang somewhere; but Medor could not see the bird; a partridge drummed on a log near by, but as Medor stole up softly, a whirring of wings told that he was too late.

It grew still under the trees, and he trotted on and came to the high road. There was a house near, and a little girl stood in the front yard. Medor knew her. It was Helen, who sometimes played with Deane.

"Mother, mother!" cried Helen; "here's Medor!"

Medor dashed up with delight, and Helen caught his chain. He must have broken loose, and they'll be looking for him."

So Helen tied him to a tree.

What did this mean? Had a friend betrayed him? "Oh, Helen, Helen!" wailed Medor in dog language. "Oh, cruel, cruel!" he howled.

Helen could not bear his pitiful pleadings.

"I can't do it! I got to let you go," she said, with a little sob, and Medor was free again.

One more mad circle through the meadow, one more drink at the brook, and then he thought of Deane, and looked for him on the fence.

He was not there, but he was under it, fast asleep.

Medor came up to him, tired, happy, wriggling all over from his dripping red tongue to the tip of his shaggy brown snout.

But Deane did not see him. So Medor crawled up and laid his panting length close to the little boy, and kissed him on the tip of his chin, as if he would say: "It was fun, fun, fun! But I'm tired now, and we'll go home. And, oh, Deane, let's do it again—every day."

that we made in the boat, so we had to get it smaller, and it was awful hard to make that glass break straight. But after a while we got it so it would fit kind of and then we plastered the edges all over with putty and things. We found a can of white lead in the toolhouse and Dave said that a book that told boys how to make things that he had read once said that white lead was just right for making boats water-tight, so we took a stick and put the stuff all over the edges where the glass was on the bottom of the boat.

It was awful hard getting the boat back in the water without breaking the glass bottom, but we did it. It was lucky that we had a lot of musc, I guess.

Well, anyway, the water came in all around the edges, and Dave had to keep



SO WE PLASTERED A LITTLE SOAP

on the rocks till we got good and dry, and then went in and had our supper.

After supper the people that owned the boat went down for a moonlight row, and when they couldn't find their old boat they boated right away that somebody stole it, and before we knew it Dave and I got blamed for it.

So then we up and told them how they were wrong, and that we not only didn't steal their boat, but that we had put in a hard day's work making it better than it ever was, and that they could see for themselves when she was fished up from the beach.

And yet, even after I told them that they could even put in a new pane of glass where my foot went through and that they would have the best boat that ever was on that lake, they got so mad that me and Dave soon saw there was no use in talking to them, and so we walked away.

We didn't feel after that like asking them to let us use the boat again to try dipping it out pretty quick, so he couldn't get much of a chance to look down through the glass, and he wasn't satisfied, even though I told him there wasn't much to see. So we had a kind of a little trap, and my foot went through the glass and the next minute the boat was sunk. The water came in awful quick.

Dave wasn't far from shore, and me and Dave swam in all right and sat around



THE PEOPLE THAT BOAT THE BOAT MADE IT UP REALITY

it, and they never were decent enough to offer it after all our work. And we went away so in a hurry like that we don't even know what wonderful things they saw with it.

P. S.—Dave's uncle just said that he had to pay the people for that boat. Me and Dave wonder why he didn't take it along.

"The window sash that we took out of the boat, and the hotel people said that all the eating stuff got spoiled on account of it, and there wasn't anything to eat next day."

P. S. Dave got drowned today, but they woke him up again after about an hour.

The Goldie Cat's Revenge.

Goldie, the yellow cat, hated books. Books were the one thing his master loved better than he did him.

There were many books in the library, and the master loved and read them all. Sometimes he would even forget when meal times came, and Goldie would have to remind him by rattling his check with a soft paw, or walking across the pages of the book.

Goldie thought the library a fine place for the books. The rugs were soft and there was an unfulfilling saucer of cream for him under the table.

One day, seeking a dark place to nap in, the cat leaped on a shelf where there were books between two books. In this recess he curled up and went to sleep behind the books.

When he awoke, the hole where he had been for the books was with a great book. In vain he searched for a way out. The books were too heavy for him, and he began to be frightened.

"Master, master," he mewed. But the library was deserted, and no one answered. Poor Goldie did not know that his master, after putting the heavy book back on the shelf, had missed Goldie, and even then was searching for him, walking up and down the street, and asking everybody if they had seen his pet.

It was two days before he entered the library again, very sad because Goldie was lost. The very first sound he heard was a faint "mew." The next moment he had found his pet. Goldie, fed and warm, soon recovered, but he never forgave the book that had been his jailer.

One day the master, having drawn the table close to the fire, for the day was cold, was called from the room for a few minutes. On the table, perilously near the edge, he left the great book that Goldie hated.

With claws and teeth, he flew at his enemy, and in a moment had pushed it from its precarious position. Off the table it fell and into the glowing grate. The old paper and leather burned furiously, and when the master returned Goldie was sitting innocently on the hearth rug, and all that was left of the book was a few fragments that floated up the chimney and a terrible smell of burnt leather.

"Ain't it?"

I'm dot a little pimple
What drowed up on my nose.
An' Mams says it's redder
An' En' lobster er a woe—
An' des because I stretched it
Her spanked me till I how'd
An' I stretched it no—an' me—
An' you'd—an' you'd—an' you'd—
It made me do so awful mad
—Tuss ev'ry body knows—
I'm dot er right ter stretch it—
It drow'd on my own nose—
KATE THYSON MAER.

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest



BY GOOD LUCK WILL SANK HIS AX INTO THE HEAD OF ONE.

CHAPTER II.

It had been a warm and rainy day early in the month of March, and Will and Sadie had just got fairly settled at the sugar-bush. When night came down it was a black one, with a steady pour of rain. Wood enough to run the fire through the night had been made ready, and it was but a few steps from where the sweet sap boiled in the big kettle to the shanty with its tight roof and warm blankets.

At about 8 o'clock Sadie fell asleep as she listened to the patter of the rain, but Will remained very wide awake. He was still awake at 10, and was about to put more fuel on the fire when a strange thing happened. An owl that was roosting in a tree near by, but had not called out, was attacked by another owl. The fight was a fierce one, and the birds made so much noise that the sleeping girl was awakened. She had scarcely been told by her brother what was going on

when one of the owls came flopping down into the kettle boiling sap. It uttered a screech and hopped out, but in so doing it fell into the fire and was dead in a moment. The burning flesh and feathers made a great stench for a time, and it was no doubt this smell that reached the nose of a wolf prowling around. Will was fixing the fire when he heard the wolf howl, and next instant Sadie cried out that she saw the beast.

That there were wolves in the forest the children knew, but they had been told that the wolves dared not attack human beings. Now and then they had been known to kill a calf or to have a fight with dogs, but hunters said they would run away at sight of human beings. Will was not at all alarmed when he knew that a single wolf was near by. He stirred up the fire until he made a great blaze, and also threw a club in the direction of the wolf, but the howl the animal uttered was answered from three or four directions, and a few minutes later there were five wolves about the camp. The

boy seized a blazing brand and ran at them, and though they gave way before him for a few yards, they were not driven off. On the contrary, they seemed to grow more savage all the time, and to be encouraging one another to attack.

Had Will been a man and a hunter he would have realized that there was danger, but he could not have done anything better than he did to meet it. He chided Sadie for becoming frightened and whimpering, and picking up the light ax with which he cut the wood he backed into the shanty and prepared to fight if attacked. A stout club lay at the door, and this he put into his sister's hands and told her to make strike hard and fast if the wolves came.

You must understand that what I have called a shanty was a rude house made of rough boards. There was but one room, and neither doors nor windows. The front of the shanty was perfectly open. Had there been only one wolf he would have run away when the first firebrand was flung at him. Had there been only two they would not have dared to attack, no matter how hungry they were. Being five of them, they grew bolder and bolder, and crowded up nearer and nearer, and the children finally saw that they would be attacked.

"We will get clear back to the far end," said Will, "and when they rush at us we must fight for our lives. If we can kill or wound two of them the others may go away. Don't cry now. You must fight as hard as I do."

Two minutes later two of the wolves entered the open shanty and sprang at the children. They and their weapons raised, and by good luck Will sank the ax into the head of one and stretched him dead at a single blow. The other wolf attacked Sadie, and he had got a mouthful of her dress and was trying to drag her to the ground when she gave him such a blow across the paws that he ran howling away. Others were ready to come on, however. As two more jumped in, Will washed one in the heat, and Sadie poked the end of her club into the other's open mouth and sent him retreating away. That ended the fight. The wolves realized that they had got the worst of it and withdrew. One lay dead and another of his voice, and the four became frightened and ran off, and they were not heard from again that night. Something else was, however. The scent of the roasting owl had brought the wolves, and the dead wolf was to get them into trouble with a human being. How it came about I will tell you next week.

(To be continued.)

The Story of the Runaway Caterpillar Sofa

MRS. BLUE BOTTLE looked enviously at the young Misses Lady Bug, who were gossiping together, and fanning themselves with large, proud waves of their new imported fish-scale fans. They never once looked in the direction of Mrs. Blue Bottle.

But it was not the fish-scale fans, nor yet the haughty deportment of the Misses Lady Bug that excited Mrs. Blue Bottle's envy. It was the new brown and black velvet couch on which they were seated. It certainly was a beauty.

"The way them Lady Bugs is spending their money is a shame and a disgrace," remarked Mrs. Blue Bottle to Mrs. Darning Needle, who had dropped in for an afternoon chat, and had brought her mending. Mrs. Blue Bottle's grammar was a little off color, but then she did not belong to the Bon Ton.

"Their pride will have a fall. Mark my words," said Mrs. Darning Needle. "That there new sofa they're sitting on is fine," said Mrs. Blue Bottle; "and soft—no end. I can see that by the way they sink in. I never seen it before. And the cost! Why, I guess I could keep my whole family a year on the price of the velvet."

"Do they speak to you?" whispered Mrs. Darning Needle.

"They're too proud to even look my way. Just because all their family have red covers to their wings, and I have only just plain wings. Why, they're that exclusive! I never get a chance to even peep into their kitchens, and kitchens is my strong point, you know."

"Of course," said Mrs. Darning Needle, "you know how much they paid for their fancy couch."

"No, I ain't found out rit, but it must have took at least two beebags full of good butterfly goldstuck."

"I wonder if they'd speak to me?" said Mrs. Darning Needle.

"Try 'em and see."

"I believe I will, if you'll look after my mending and my apron."

So Mrs. Darning Needle put on her sweetest smile, and, whirring her wings in her most stylish way, she poised above the Lady Bugs.

"Good morning, ladies."

No answer.

"Good morning (ahem), ladies. Will you allow me to sit on your sofa?"

"My dear," said the youngest Miss Lady Bug, "do you not hear distant thunder? I fear there is going to be a storm. I also perceive a curious cloud that is obscuring our sunlight."

That was all that Mrs. Darning Needle could get out of them. So she went back to Mrs. Blue Bottle, discouraged. But she had made a discovery.

"That new sofa don't belong to 'em. They never bought it and they never rented it; and they won't have it long. You wait and see."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Just you keep your eye on it, Mrs. Blue Bottle. It is Moving Day for the Lady Bugs."

Mrs. Blue Bottle stared with all her



might. Suddenly the sofa began to move. It stretched itself out, then it contracted, and then it began to walk off in a dignified manner.

The Misses Lady Bug looked around in a helpless way, and tried to clutch on, but in vain.

Over they went, head first, onto the ground, and lay on their backs, kicking and screaming in a very undignified and unladylike pligh.

"Please help us to turn over," they called.

So Mrs. Blue Bottle and Mrs. Darning Needle poked them over onto their feet, and the humbled Lady Bugs asked them to call over for tea next afternoon.

"Well, come," said Mrs. Blue Bottle, as she and Mrs. Darning Needle resumed their sewing, "when you git your old Caterpillar sofa back"

uncle was so proud that he got red all over and couldn't say a word, so he shouted "Tiger."

We are on the seashore now, where there ain't a thing excepting sand and water, and Dave's uncle says that he wants to see the way we can do with that.

Dave's uncle says queer things sometimes.

In my last I wrote you how me and Dave made a dam and run the water fall around. Well, after that the hotel people acted to us kind of I don't know how, so we didn't hang around there much. But me and Dave went down to the lake a good deal, and it was there that we got the great idea of making a glass-bottomed boat like those that we read about in the book on Bermuda, where the people look through the glass into the water.

So there was a lot of bully boats hanging around the landing, and Dave and me picked out the best one. She was a dandy, all shiny with varnish and brass cockles, and giddy cushions and things. And then we went up to the hotel and borrowed a saw and other tools and we measured out a good square place in the bottom of the boat and hauled her up on shore and hewed it out.

First off, without thinking, I said to Dave that maybe we'd better find out who owned the boat and tell them what we were going to do, but Dave said that it would be much nicer if it came as a surprise to them, and so then I saw, of course, that they would be tickled half to death to find what a great improvement we had made for them.

It wasn't so easy to saw it out, and me and Dave was half sorry we tackled the job before we got the tools and we, but at last we got it done; only the people that built the boat made it of pretty bum stuff, and when we sawed good and hard the wood split all around every few minutes.

When we got it cut out as good as we could with such bum wood, we had to go back to the hotel and find some glass, and we had a job looking for it, because there wasn't a bit that was loose any where; and so at last we had to take down a whole window sash. But it was 'way round the back end of the place, where it didn't do anybody any good anyhow.

Besides, Dave said that they could have it back again when we got through with it.

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so we had to get it smaller, and it was awful hard to make that glass break straight. But after a while we got it so it would fit kind of and then we plastered the edges all over with putty and things. We found a can of white lead in the toolhouse and Dave said that a book that told boys how to make things that he had read once said that white lead was just right for making boats water-tight, so we took a stick and put the stuff all over the edges where the glass was on the bottom of the boat.

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THAT NEW SOFA DON'T BELONG TO 'EM.'

Patsy Finds Somebody's Uncle

ONE afternoon Patsy took a chisel and a hammer and went down the road to the big gray rock to dig out garnets.

It was warm but very interesting work. The stones came out quite easily; only at times it was difficult to catch them before they fell into the long grass at the base of the rock. However, Patsy managed to get a small handful. Some were very small, some were large but imperfect, and a few were really quite pretty.

The perspiration was rolling down her face and her hair was pasted around her face in small, tight curls when she decided to rest. She went up the path to the spot where she had started to build her rock house, and there was her mother, and Patsy's father, and a man who looked like a peddler's pack. She decided to let him have the place to himself; so she went back to the rock.

While she was hammering away at the rock again, the little old man came down the path. He smiled when he saw Patsy. "Garnets, eh?" he said. "I used ter dig 'em when I lived in these parts. Are there any more houses below here?"

"One," said Patsy, "the other's vacant. We call it the haunted house. It really ain't, you know."

"Like a drink o' water fust rate," said the old man, "even if you folks don't want ter buy nothin'. I've got hair ribbons and lace and shoe strings—"

"Oh shoestrings!" exclaimed Patsy. "good! Mine'r busted in three places. I'll go with you to Mamma."

The old man chuckled pleasantly and talked a bit as they went toward the house. Patsy gave him a seat in the outer kitchen and a drink from the spring that trickled through the wooden spout into the wooden trough. Then she went to call her mother and Josie and Mrs. Feabody, while the old man opened his pack and spread out his wares.

He really had some pretty things and Mrs. Newton bought some lace to trim a cotton dress and plenty of shoestrings and pins and needles and thread. And Patsy bought a beautiful pink celluloid comb to keep her hair out of her eyes in front. Everybody laughed at Patsy for taking a pink one, but Patsy said that was what she had always wanted.

The old man didn't laugh. He said it looked very beautiful in Patsy's brown hair.

He talked a good deal. He told them that he had peddled for 29 years and that he thought all his folks were dead. He didn't have any home, but whenever he got tired of traveling he'd just stay a while in a town or a farmhouse. He could always find some one to take him to board, he said. All he cared was just to have enough to bury him and not be a burden on anybody. Otherwise he was happy the whole year 'round and nothing bothered him.

"I had an uncle, my mother's brother, who used ter peddle hat, we heard of him," said Mrs. Peabody. "He liked to wander just that way. Mebbe you've met him."

"Meet lots o' folks," said the old man. "What might his name hev bin?"

"John Morrill," replied Mrs. Peabody. "We ain't heard of him for years."

The old man looked up suddenly and then his eyes filled with tears.

"That's my name," he said. "You're my little niece Rosy."

It all seemed like a storybook, but it was really true. The old man was so happy he couldn't speak for a long time.

"I'm so grateful fer my own folks," he'd say over and over again, and then he would give Patsy a little pat on the head because she brought him in.

He stayed with Mrs. Peabody for several days, helping with the work and telling funny stories of where he had been and what he had seen, through the country.

At the end of the week, however, he grew restless and packing up his pack started off on the road.

"I'll be back by'n bye," he said, wav-

ing his hand. "I'll be back to board fer the winter time, if you'll take me, but I'm off now—business is business."

Mrs. Peabody shook her head gently.

"Mebbe he will," she said, "but he was always like that. He couldn't stay put."

Patsy watched the old man disappear

down the dusty road and wondered how it would feel to be peddling without a home or school or friends or relatives, but just wandering on and on and on.

She decided it would be fun to play peddler, but she thought it would be enough for her just to pretend.

Who Was I his Great Traveler?

A LITTLE more than 300 years before Christopher Columbus discovered America, two brothers were traveling round the Northern shore of the Black Sea to the Crimea and the Sea of Azov and so on into Western Asia.

This, in itself, was a wonderful voyage for those days. But it was only the beginning of a more wonderful one—a voyage that would be considered remarkable even today. They heard about the great ruler of the Mongolian world, Kubla Khan, and they traveled clear across unknown Asia to Pekin to see his court.

Now they were wise and learned men, and when the great Sovereign, who was called "Lord of the Earth" by his subjects, had talked with them for many months, he became so desirous of giving his people the advantage of European learning that he asked the two travelers if they would return to Europe as his Ambassadors and ask the Pope to send teachers who might tell his people about the Christian religion and the Seven Arts of Europe.

The Seven Arts were rhetoric, logic, grammar, arithmetic, astronomy, music and geometry.

The two travelers accepted the commission and returned to Europe. When, finally, they set out to go back to the Khan, they took with them their nephew, a boy of 15.

This boy became a great favorite at the Mongolian court. The ruler, who was called "Lord of the Earth" by his subjects, soon found that the young man could tell him more about what he had seen than any of his Ambassadors and soldiers, so he got into the habit of sending him on missions that took him into distant places.

Thus the young man traveled to countries of which Europeans of that century had not even heard. He continued his voyages for the great Khan for 17 years, until he had knowledge of a greater number of countries than any other man in the world.

Some of the countries that he visited (and have not been visited by any civilized man since then) even to this day. The recent voyages of Sven Hedin took him into some parts of Asia, for instance, but had not been seen by any European soldier, so he got into the habit of sending him on missions that took him into distant places.

So wonderful seemed the tales told and written by him when he returned to Europe that men would not believe half of them. Indeed, his narrative was looked on as more fiction than truth for many

years after his death. But time and exploration proved him correct.

Who was he?

Ruth's Wineglasses.

Polly and Ruth stood on the broad piazza, trying to think of some new game. On the lawn Will and Charlie were playing croquet; but it was in a listless, dispirited sort of way. Overhead an August sun was beating down.

Suddenly Ruth's face brightened.

"Suppose we have a tea party," she suggested, "and invite the boys?"

The two little girls hurried preparations. Soon Polly was established at one end of the piazza behind a small table, which was to be served in little blue cups, and a plate of big, red apples.

Ruth was at the other end of the piazza, with a similar brew and pitcher of water, but in place of the blue cups she had pink glasses, and these were flanked by two lines of wineapps.

When all was ready, the boys were summoned.

"When, but it's hot!" cried Harold, as they went to Polly's table and accepted the cups of water. "This tastes good when a fellow is thirsty. Thank you," as she gave each of them an apple.

"Then they went to Ruth's table