BY ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD. O NCE there was a 5-year-old girl called Mabel, who had a doll named Grizel that she had possessed for a long, long time, as far back as She lifted Grizel out of her cradie for a long, long time, as far back as

There was no other of her dolls that she loved so much, though Grizel was only a rag doll and had not beautiful golden curls like the waxen Emily, nor the pink and white china complexion of Sarah Jane.

Mabel loved Grizel a great deal more than either of these, and lugged the shabby old thing about with her wherever she went-although Grizel had become terribly dirty!

Every year she had grown dirtier and dirtier, and every month she got blacker and blacker. Once she had had black hair and blue eyes and red lips. Nowadays, you could hardly tell her hair from her eyes, and when you wanted to kiss her on the mouth, you had to guess at the place! Being soft, she was not the sort of doll you could wash. Mabel had tried it, but it only

made her look worse than ever.

Mabel's aunt, who wore spectacles, used to look severely at Grizel and say something unkind every time she saw her, "What, Mabel! Are you still playing with that disreputable rag doll of yours? I wonder your mother allows it!" and then sie, would add something about "kerms."

Mabel only hugged Grizel tighter, and tried to keep her out of her aunt's way, in case something sise might be said to hurt Grizel's feelings.

But her aunt was not Mabel's only

said to hurt Grizel's feelings.

But her aunt was not Mabel's only trist; there was Lang, her little brother, who took up the cry about Grizel being so dirty, and always wanted to hurn her up! He thought it would be such fun to make a bonfire of Grizel (just think of it!), and he was al-That frightened her dreadfully, and she was very careful not to let Grizel

One day Lang fell all and became very sick. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were heavy, and he did not show the least interest when Mabel tried to amuse him and show him picture books. The doctor came to see him and ordered medicine, and mother and nurse talked gravely about him, and Mabel could see that they were must be came running to a

One day her gunt bought candy for the children, and Lang actually would not touch it, and turned his head away impatiently when Mabel held a chocoite peppermint out to him. Then Mabet knew that he must be very ill in-

There was all the more left for her There was all the more left for her to eat, but somehow she did not enjoy it so much as usual. The truth was. Mabel was getting anxious about Lang, too. Perhaps he was never going to get well? This suspicion made her very unhappy, for she was very fond of her brother—yes, even fonder of Lang than Grizel, if you can believe it.

Side him, while Mabel wanted to run and show her to mother.

Then Mabel knew that Lang was getting better, for nurse had told her that when sick people get cross it is a sure sign that they are going to get well.

Of course she was very glad of that lieve in the more because she did not need to hurn grizel. It amused Lang

So she began to think and think what she could do to make Lang better. She wanted so much to hear him laugh again. All at once she remembered how Lang had always been so eager to make a bonfire of Grizel.

And do you know what she made up her mind to do, at last?

Grizel change could have happened? So she began to think and think

her mind to do, at last?

Actually, to let Lang burn up Grizel if he wanted to. Of course it was a terrible sacrifice for her to make, and she cried when she thought of it; but she loved Laug so much that she never would tell!

would rather lose Grizel forever than have him look so queer and quiet. She would try not to mind very

She Lifted Grizel Out of Her Cradle-And

glossy black! Her eyes were bright blue! Just as they had been when

began to quarrel with Mabel, because he wanted to keep Grizel in bed be-side him, while Mabel wanted to run

need to burn Grizel. It amused Lang

Three shots aplece were the limit

Then Nearly Dropped Her in Surprise.

Whang! Twang! There were two dis-tinct thumps. All gathered around the target. Yes, there was the tiny mark of the president's pea, farther in than the others; but square in the very middlest middle of the center of the buil's-eye was a larger mark, and a small stone lay very gently-and then nearly dropped her in surprise! For what do you on the board beneath.

on the board beneath.

The treasurer laughed so hard that she nearly dropped the stakes.

"That's my stone," she said. "The president wasn't doing much, and I turned fround to fire that stone at a pear, and slipped out of my hand and went backwards. "The stakes are hers." said the presi-

first shot wild; nobody ever know where it landed.

Bing! The second hit the edge of the Bang! The third thumped on the car-

riage cushion somewhere, but left no mark on the white paint.

The secretary saw his red crayon pencil passing from his possession, and he sighed as he stepped back out of the eye of the

Second the same!" called the preside

dent manfully. "She hit the middle."
The treasurer smiled joyfully and then laughed again.
"I don't want 'em." she said. "The

knife's too mortal dull to cut anything; I can't play the jewsharp, and I couldn't draw a harn door with the pencil; so you can all have 'em back." "Well," said the president, "if that isn't just like a girl!"

## Can I Have It?

ITTLE JACK NACHETT had a habit of saying: "Can I have it?" every time he saw something that he thought he might like; and he liked nearly every-thing that he saw. For a while folks thought it was funny, and they used to laugh at him; but after he had begun to grow his relatives and friends became very tired of it, and they tried hard, but without avail, to break him of the bad habit. At last he was broken of it, as you shall hear.

His mother took him into a big store one day and at the counter among a lot

of other customers stood a man with only one arm. Jack looked at him in amaze, ment for a time. Then, unable to control his curiosity any longer, he asked:
"Please, mister, where is your other arm?"

The man smiled and said: "It was cut off in a sawmilt."
"Can I have it?" asked Jack imme

distely Then there was a roar of laughter for the day in a dark room. If it was one hroughout the store, you may be sure; and before Jack's mother left the place ome of the other customers had spread.

The beds were of straw, the rooms alglossy black! Her eyes were bright blue! Just as they had been when Grizel was entirely new! A make a second with delight, and nurse came running to see what was the matter. Nurse was extremely surprised, too. She said she couldn't get over it! Then Makel ran to show the miracle to Lang. He was as excited and delighted as herself, and wondered how it could have happened. He even had so that he broke himself of the bad hable siter that a roar of langiter for the day in a dark room. If it was one of the children, they were whipped by the superintendent or his wife.

The beds were of straw, the rooms almost without furniture, and the house was not kept clear unless a visiting committee was expected.

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For the day in a dark room. miracle to Lang. He was as excited and delighted as herself, and wondered how it could have happened. He even habit after that.



Boom! A tiny spot appeared in the bull's-eye just far enough in to make the besides himself. There were two boys secretary emit a groan of despair. Bam! Still nearer the center, and the vice-president retired with the fire of hope burning in his right eye—he had shut the other so tight when he sighted the mark that it hadn't popped open again as yet.

as yet.

"Last the best of all the game!" It was now the president's turn. He took his place haughtly. He measured the distance and calculated.

"Ping! The poa flew far, but there was no thud on the target. The president frowned and placed another pea in the frowned and placed another pea in the same as Jee.

The provisions furnished to the inmates were of the plainest, and they did not have enough of any one thing to eat. No

both legs in an accident, and having neith-er money nor friends, the county had sent

er money nor friends, the county had sent him to the poorhouse.

He could not get outdoors to work, but they provided him with straw and he made hats for the men and boys who worked outside. He could also knit and sew as well as a woman. He had to be wheeled about from room to room, and Joe got a bed in the room with him. There was another boy, but he was a half-idjot and paid no attention to what

was going on.

Joe felt sorry for the cripple, though h was a rough-spoken man, and rendered him many little services. It was two weeks before the man would talk to him-with any freedom. During these two weeks Joe was assisting one of the hired men to plant corn and potatoes. Some of the other boys had girls who aided them

in their work.

One would have thought the hired man, who was married and had children of his



tea or coffee was allowed, and though own, would have treated these poor or-plenty of vegetables were raised on the plans in a kindly way and not over-farm it was only the poorest of them worked them, but the contrary was the

that the paupers got.

The main article of diet was porridge. and it was cooked and served out in most any sort of way. If anyone refused to eat or complained he or she was shut up

was a man named Philling

case. He kept them on the jump all the time, and whenever any one of them grew tired, he called out in his harsh voice: "Here, you little pauper, hurry up or I'll report you to the superintendent and have you licked!"

Joe worked as hard as he could from the start. He was naturally industrious, and he wanted to gain the good will of the man he was under. He did more work than any two of the others, but he received no praise. On the contrary, the man found as much fault with him as he did with any of the others and one he did with any of the others, and one day, though Joe was working his hardest, he shouted at him:

"Why don't you get around faster, you

lany, good-for-nothing pauper? If I had such a boy as you I'd thrash him every day of his life."

"I am hurrying as fast as I dan," replied Joe, as he wiped the sweat off his forchead.

"There when I first saw you that you were a boy to make trouble."

Joe begged and pleaded, but the man caught him by the collar and gave him a cruel whipping. When he was through the said:

"There when any improduced are a second to be a said."

"Don't give me no impudence," roared

the man.

"No, sir!"

"I have had my eye on you since the first day. You think you are too good for this place. You want pie and sweet-cake and honey, and you like to swing under the trees in a hammock. I'll report to the superintendent and we'll see you to the superintendent, and we'll see

what'll happen."
"Please don't!" begged Joe.

"Shut up, you pauper."

This happened in the afternoon. When they went up to supper at 6 o'clock the hired man saw the superintendent. He reported that Joe was lazy and saucy, and in so doing he told deliberate lies. After the wretched meal Joe was called

You are not only lazy, but impudent as legs." well, and I am going to freshen you up.

"Now go to bed, and if you don't do better in future I'll take the hide off your back.'

your back."

Joe went to him room weeping. He didn't care for the pain so much, though the lash had drawn blood, but he knew that he had been unjustly punished. Both his body and his feelings had been burt. The half-idiot boy looked at him in wonder, but said nothing. The legiess man was there, and as he saw Joe's tears he asked: "Well, has the boss been putting on the

As soon as Joe could control his veice he told all about it. The man listened till the story was finished and then said: After the wretched meal Joe was called into a room upstairs, where he found the officer with a whip in hand.

"Please, sir, but I work as hard as I can," replied Joe.

"Don't tell me that, for I know hetter.
Tou are not only lary, but impedent as I friend here, even if he hasn't got any large.

## Uncle John Makes Wise Decision He Gives a New Sled Away and Generous Bob Gets It.

UNCLE JOHN was a funny man.

When you saw his blue eyes twinkling you knew something was going to
happen, but you could never guess what.
One January day he came from the city
and chuckled as Henry flew over the with such a sled as had never been seen snow like a bird. in the vicinity, and his nephews, Tom, Will, Sam, Henry and Bob, caught their breath and wondered who would get it.

Next morning Uncle John said they chanically, as if he hardly understood might take the sled out on the hill, only what he was saying.

with glowing face that the sied was out-of-sight. Will went down and returned

Then the sled was brought up and de

Tim and said: "You can have my turn. Tim. I'll have Uncle John tooked mysterious and said they must wait; the sted belonged to the boy who deserved it most.

"Me?" Tim blurted out the word me-

livered to Bob, and Bob went straight to

tage the sted out on the fill, only they must be generous and let each have his turn.

Tom went down first and he declared did go farther than any of the boys by at

least 20 feet. That night Uncle John's eyes had an.

with a similar report.

By that time there were a dosen envious village boys on the hill, and among them was ragged Tim Jones, who had to never owned anything better than a baryou occasionally."



Great Back-Yard Shooting Match
By Sarah Noble Ives, Illustrated by the Author.

THERE was a target practice on at the Back-Yard Shooting Club. It was to be a match between the president, the vice-president and the secretary. The treasurer did not shoot, and they let her hold the stakes because she was always fair; the treasurer was only a girl, anyway; she liked all the members and showed no partiality. She was also umpire for the same reason.

The guns used were Bricky Smith's best improved, unpatented Goll, ath pea-shooters, and the target was an old leather carriage cushion, on one end of which the secretary had painted a great spatial that could be clothes horse, and was all that could be desired as a target.

Because, you see, if you hit it," explained the president "the test will make

hold the stakes because she was always fair, the treasurer was only a girl, anyway; she liked all the members and showed no partiality. She was also umpire for the same reason.

"She's just as good as a boy," said the president, "only she can't pitch. But I ain't blamin' her for that neither. Girls is built different in their bones, so'st they can't throw good."

The treasurer was good to look upon, with her round, red cheeks, hig brown eyes and tousled hair. Not a boy in the land of the more distincted as a target.

"Because, you see, if you hit it." explained the president, "the pea will make a knot on the paint, and we'll know who gets nearest the middle."

It was bound to be an exciting affair, for the stakes were high—the president's second-best jack-knife, the vice-president whose work deserves closest attention. A new novel from his pea is promised by I. C. Page & crayon pencil were in the hands of the more dangerous, and "Prom Aisska to Cape Horn," heing the story of the Pan-American railroad system, are two strong features in gets nearest the middle."

Since the publication of his "Rachel Marr," Moriey Roberts has been counted among the number of novelists whose work deserves closest attention. A new novel from his pea is promised by I. C. Page & Cayon pencil were in the hands of the counted over to the treasurer, all to be turned over to the

The Architectural Record for January delights both eye and mind with articles and lilustrations. Some of the subjects introduced are: "Japanese Houses." The House of United States Schater Clark, New York City" and "The Proper Use of Terra Cotta.".

"A Day in a Premier's Life." describing the treadmill existence of a British government chief: "How Kig Brady Won the Champiouship." and "The Power of the Press." the latter an interesting resume of newspaper revelations, are chief features in the January Pearson's.

the January Pearson's.

"A Tonderfoot in Texas" and "The Story of Houston, Texas," are two of the principal features of this resents. Sunset Magazine. Dane Coolings's "Passing of the Cowboy" will interest all those who love a horse-and who does not? The pretty cover design is a study in San Francisco's Chinatown, by Blanche Letcher.

Fox. Duffield & Co. will seen publish a new novel by Neith Royce (Mrs. Hutchins Hapgood), called "The Eternal Spring." Mrs. Happood's first novel, "The Forerunner," was decidedly one of the notable books of the year in which it appeared. Her second book was "The Folly of Others," a volume of short stories.

Early issue is announced of two new volumes.

PENING THE BOOK YEAR of '06

Dr. Otto Nordenskjold, the famous explorer of the Antarctic regions, will soon begin a lecture tour of this country. His book, "Antarctica, or Two Years Amongsi the Ice of the South Pole," is one of the most stirring narratives of its kind in literature, while at the same time its author was practically the pioneer in exploring the South Polar regions.

Peter Rosegger, the Styrian peasant writer, whose story of the Christ "I. N. R. I." has recently been published in America by McClure-Phillips, is the national poet of his native country. His first productions, written in his early youth, when he had little or no education, were folk poems characterized by some naive simplicity that is the most attractive quality in his Christ story. The quality of his genius as a post is well indicated by a little poem taken from his very first volume, "Zither and Cymbel."

Busy people have heard more or less of Esperanto, the proposed universal language, and this month's Atlantic Monthly has a well-reasoned article on the subject, written by A. Sching. John W. Foster explains the Chinese boycott, and Maurice Mactrinek discusses 'Our Anxious Morality.' L. H. B. Knox's article. 'Impressions from Chicago Faces,' gives food for thought.

What would you say if told that the moon originally dropped from the round space now occupied by the Pacific Ocean between the two Americas and from Behring Straits to Australis? An article, 'How the Moon Was Created,' and written by A. F. Colling. In this month's Smith's magazine discusses the weighty problem. The remainder of the magazine is flied with readable stories.

"Salve Venetta." Marion Crawford's book on Venice, went out of print immediately on place in the story; and the ingenuity of place in the place in the story; and the ingenuity of place in the story; and the ingenuity of the fact that the propagation of the fact that the population of the fact that the propagation of the fact that the propagati

A sheet of paper blown by the wind and a mysterious disappearance, in the beginning of E. Phillips Copenhaim's new novel, "A Maker of History," load to one of the most complicated and remarkable plots which this author has ever constructed. Important personages in the diplomatic and official life of England, France, Germany and Ruesia have a place in the story, and the ingenuity of the secret police of three countries is involved in the mane of incident, plot and counter-plot through which the reader is carried. Little, Brown & Co., of Rosson, announce "A Maker of History" for publication Saturday.

The new volume of Uncie Remus stories, "Told by Uncie Remus" by Joed Chandler Harris, is now in its third edition.

At the outset of the publishing season of 1906 a perceptible led locure as what may be called sale centers, although it is reported that at the publishing houses work is brisk in the preparation of books for the market.

There's a good newspaper story in the January Reader, smittled "The Hestility of the City," by Henry Oyen. A decided novelty and well worth reading is secret ballous and the fine of the City," by Henry Oyen. A decided novelty and well worth reading is "As You Find It," a monologue in one act, written by Richard Mansfield.

"Brownie Primer" is in press. It is intended for the very littles readers, and will be issued by The Century Company in the late with the season of the late with the state of the promise of the first chronicle of her doings was published by The Century Company's Educational Series is S. E. Forman's "Advanced Citys," which treats in addition to more familiar topics, of the care of the primer's a good newspaper story in the January was appendix.

There's a good newspaper story in the January in the January of the Mansfield.

There's a good newspaper story in the January was been repaired in the proposed primer of the first of the care of the proposed primer of the story in the proposed primer of the first of fact, "Rebecca Mary" appeared to the first chronicle of her doings was published by The new published by The Century Company's the simple, and "Rebecca of Sumpbrook Relieves, as the first chronicle of her doings was published. The New Jews and The Primer's a good newspaper story in the January World's Work, takes precedence. People of the Fall of the Huese of Quay," in the January World's Work, takes precedence. People of the Pennsylvania tale of graft shift that of the best first of

Judging by the amount of what he has visibly accomplished. Winston Spencer Churchili must be a young man of unusual attainments, and of unusual industry. His service in the English army and in Parliment would have quits absorbed the time of almost anyone during recent years; and the first announcement of his forthcoming higgraphy in two volumes of his father, Lord Randolph Churchili, was greeted by the amazed exclamation, Those did he ever find time to write it?" He is one of the rising young men in English political life, and a typical instance of hew English men in public life combine political interests and literature. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley are other examples of the same practice.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation a manuscript edition of "The Complete
Writings of Henry David Thoreau," handsomely illustrated with 100 photogravures
from nature. The edition will consist of 20
volumes, limited to 600 signed and numbered
sets, each containing a page of original
manuscript. The last it volumes will contain Thoreau's fournal, edited by Bradford
Torrey, the larger proportion of which is
material that has never before been published. The lilustrations are from photographs by Herbert W. Glesson, who has
made a careful study of Thoreau's writings
and has explored with equal thoroughness
the woods and fields about Thoreau's home.
The edition is printed in the best style of
the Riverside Press. A few sets will be
bound in handsome leather with water color
frontispieces.

"The Conquest of Canaan," Booth Tark-Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in prepara-

E. V. Lucas' "A Wanderer in Holland"; the second of "Rational Living," by Dr. Henry C. King, president of Oberlin; the third of "The Fair Maid of Graystones," by Beulah Marie Dix, and the fourth of Marion Crawford's new novel, "Fair Margaret."

Once a year, at New Year's, the United States Navai Observatory at Washington, D. allows itself a little diversion that requires a good deal of trouble to arrange. At midnight on New Year's eve the scientists of the institution send a telegraphic greeting around the world. The sending of the measure is interestingly described in the current Harper's Weekly. The misone is prearranged with the telegraph, cable and telephone companies, and the progress of the measure from point to point is indicated on a large map of the world, 21x42 feet, by the flashing of little electric lamps. The speed with which the measure can be transmitted in various points has been observed and recorded. For example, the Lick observatory in California is reached in no time at all—five-hundredths of a second; the Tacabayar observatory in Mexico in eleven-hundredths of a second; Greenwich, England, in 1.3 seconds, the Const Survey station, Alaska, in 1.7 seconds.

Jostus Miles Forman, whose Taland of England of England.

Justus Miles Forman, whose "Island of Enchantment" is one of the meast successful boliday books of the season, is the author of the new serial, "Buchanan's Wife," which begins in the current issue of Harper's Weekly. The opening scenes of "Ruchanan's Wife" introduce the reader to Revbert Buchanan, a man of seiflah and repetlent nature, and his beautiful wife. Heatrix, who has been forced into a mistaken marriage with him because of his money. Beatrix has had, previous to her marriage, a love affair with a young explorer. Harry Faring. Her husband, realizing that she is unbappy with him, and actuated by a malicious impulse, insists upon her inviting Faring to loin a house party at their country place. Buchanan Lodge. Faring arrives before dinner and, during a brief moment together, he and Beatrix discover that, in spite of her marriage, they are still deeply in love with such other. Thence onward. Mr. Forman leads his readers through the maxes of a narrative as engrossing and dramatic as anything in recent fiction. "Buchanan's Wife" promises to be one of the most namorable serials of the year.

Few writers can boast so many books to their credit as a certain author of Portland. Me., well-known to juvenile readers as "James Otia." Mr. Kaier-nis full name is Me, well-known to juvenile readers as "James Otis" Mr. Kaier—bis full name is James Otis Kaler—went into newspaper work at the age of 14, and later strayed into political. It was during a lull in a political campaign that, having a few idle days on his hands, he wrote his famous story for boys, "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks With a Circus," which was first published serially in Hasper's Young People, and has now become a classic. The great auccess of this story led Mr. Kaier to give up his newspaper work, and since 1880 he has devoted all his time to writing for young people. He has now 194 books on the market, "which would seem to be all that an indulgant public could swallow," he recently observed, "although the publishers and little boys appear to have a different idea on the subject." Mr. Kaier receives many letters from his youthful readers; it is seldom that the week's end finds him with less than 30 to be answered, but he makes it his rule to reply to every one, and somehow finds time in which to do it.

Tunderfoot in Trans's and The Story Teatures of this spentity Sumpt Magazine. Story Teatures of this spentity Sumpt Magazine. The Coolings: Thanks of the Carbon Coolings: The Story Teatures of this spentity Sumpt Magazine. The Coolings: The Story Teatures of the Carbon Coolings: The Story Teatures of the Carbon Coolings of the Carbon Coolings



can't throw good."

The treasurer was good to look upon, with her round, red cheeks, big brown eyes and tousled hair. Not a boy in the cyes and tousled hair. Not a boy in the treasurer, all to be turned over to the

club could beat her running, and as for climbing trees, she was like a squirrel. The shooting began promptly at half-She could climb higher than any of them, past three of a bright Saturday after-

because, as the president explained, "She's noon. Three light, and she dast go out on little limbs for the trial.