

heart was faint as he thought of the sine struck the jam she lifted the old loss they had sustained and what would be said about it in Coopersville, when Ned came back from his stroll

"I have made a find in the channel down below, and I want you to come along and overhaul it with me." "What sort of a find?" asked Harry

as he sat up. "It's the wreck of a flatboat, I don't know how long ago she was wrecked. but I should say it was four or five years, I can't will what cargo she carbut we may make a valuable

'If she had been loaded with anything valuable it would have been plore the cabin. The boat was a much

ARRY was still lying on the | and out on the logs. While they stood ground and wondering what there their own wreck got loose from was to become of them, and his above and came floating down, and as wreck almost out of the water and pushed her ashore. It was something that half a dozen men pulling at a

rope could not have done.

"You see what the current has done for us, and-now let's get aboard," said Ned, as he led the way. "The cabin has been under water for two or three years, but it will soon drain all out and we will see what sort of people

"Her hold is full of barrels of flour," replied Harry. "One or more of them has burst open and you can see how pasty the water is. You may have all we can save."

Half an hour inter he was ready to recall that remark. When the water had quite run off they began to ex-



taken out of her," said the despondent | larger one than "The Boy Partners"

we were, none of her cargo could save clothing hanging up, but these things have been drowned when she went down. We have got no plan yet, and we might as well be overhauling the old wreck as to sit here lamenting."

Harry followed Ned down to the jam locked. To get into this one they had

dim outline of a mountain,

very dismal, sandy and barren, and ap-

parently there were no towns.

Later in the day they saw boats plying about, most of them sailing vessels, with triangular-shaped sails. The coast was "Isn't it just like a storybook?" mur-

Suddenly isobel's father called to her, for the vessel had seemed to make a turn in its course.

"Look," he cried. "there is Gibraltar!" Isobel and her mother hurried to the side of the vessel and, sure enough, the like the law there is gibraltar."

big rock lay there.

"What does it look like?" Mr. Strick-land asked.

Isobel thought a moment.

"See," some one cried, "there's Vesurius smoking his cternal cigarette!"

There he was, indeed, the great blue
mountain with the fiery insides looking

"Like a sleeping lion," she answered, so gentle today with the wreath of white smoke resting on his high crest.
"Pretty good!" replied her father, "and "it's lucky for us he's come down to a

mured Isobel.

have to go to bed."

like the

"That's one way of looking at it. If of a shanty at the stern. They found a had been wrecked as suddenly as a table, chairs, crockery and some

The sun went down in splendor and a

But she almost fell asleep while she was

"How I wish we didn't

The hinges of the box had been so weakened that they gave may and the cover came off in the boy's hands. The next moment they were looking at each other and growing pale. Lying amidst a pasty substance were many bright gold pieces, and it was two or three minutes before the box was upset on the deck and the money brought into

plain view.

The pleces had been tied up in buck-skin or leather bags, and the bags had rotted away in the water. The boys began counting without a word to each other. They were too surprised to

"Tve got \$750 here," anid Ned when he had finished his counting.

"And I've got exactly the same," replied Harry a moment later, "Oh, Ned, can it really be money?"

"It's money, sure enough. This boat went down so quick that nothing could be saved. The captain must have been drowned at the time or he would have hunted for and found the wreck."

"And is the money curs?"

"We'll talk about that by and by. Let's see about the cargo."

The cargo had been composed of barrels of flour, but when the boat was wrecked many barrels had been burst

wrecked many barrels had been burst open. The others had been under water so long that their contents were only

The gold was carried ashore in the boys' caps, and when they had re-turned to their fire Ned said:

"That boat belonged to some freighter or trader. There are no papers to tell who he was, and one migot look around for years and not be able to find his relatives, if he left any. The wreek surely occurred three or four years ago, and I believe the mosey belongs to us."

Harry agreed with him. They were honest boys, but had they gone about telling of their find some one would have managed to rob them of it in have managed to rob them of it in some way. The man who lost his life and his gold at the same time may have left a wife and children or he may not. But for their own wreck and landing on the island the old wreck would have finally gone to pieces and the gold found its way to the muddy

When it had been decided to keep When it had been decided to keep the gold Ned said: "Let's bury it at once. We shall be here until tomprow, anyhow, and we can't tell who will land here during

A hole was dug, and the coins flung A hole was dug, and the coins flung in and covered over, and it was hardly ten minutes later when a man came through the woods from the other channel, and seeing the fire and the boys he came up to them and said:

"Hello, now, but what are you boys doing here?" and at the same time he cast his even around him.

cast his eyes around him so sharply that had one of the gold pieces been in sight he must have seen it. He also looked like a man who would have pounced upon it and demanded more. (To be continued.)

and isobel and many others threw cop-pers into it. Mr. Strickland had remem-

Isobel, as she found that the vessel was slowly settling into its place and the anchor had been let down.

"No docks in Italy." Mr. Strickland laughed. "We have to go off in these small beats.

Sure enough, they walked down the gangway into a tub of a rowboat, their

bags were put in after them, and the curious, grinning, dark, little rowers pulled them across to the stone quay.

Then they passed through the custom-house hired a shabby, little open carriage

The streets were narrow and filled with people. Children half clothed rolled in the gutters. Everywhere was poverty and dirt, and yet men and women and

children all laughed and chattered as if they were the happlest people on the earth.

They came at last to the doorway of a

Isobel looked out, and then gave a quick cry of pleasure.

Her father and mother hurried to her. There lay the beautiful blue bay and, in full sight, the ship they had just quitted. Vesuvius was opposite to them, the gay boulevard ran below them and over all stretched the cloudless blue Italian sky.

"Oh, it's so much better than the books said." murmured landed. I'm as hance as

Nixon Waterman in the Woman's Home Companion.

When we lived down to Poseyville, before we moved up here
To this new house of our'n, that is all so fine and queer.

My pa'd eat in his shirtsleeves—didn't know it wasn't right.

and when me seen her with it on he acted kind of sore And said. "Id like it bester, essue to me, if you could chop about a yard right off the tail and sew it round the top.

"round the top."
And pa, he's got a dress sult, too! He tried
it oh hes night.
And said to ma. "Oh, 'Linabeth' ain't I am
awful sight?

mone mone is can't go havefoot on an anya it looks countrified; but pa anya, naya he.

the Princess in the fairy story!

murmured Isobel. I'm as happy as

small boats.

and rode away.

The Child With Copper Nails

The Child With Copper Nails

The captain kept his papers in this box. said Ned. "and we may find out nomething about the boat. It's powerful heavy, though, for only papers. It's a good lift for either one of us."

"Suppose it's gold!" whispered Harry as the red and rusty box was carried on deck.

"It's more likely to be brickbars," laughed Ned, as he wrenched at the brass padlock.

The hinges of the box had been so weakened that they gave way and the "It is a child," said the woman. Let

was no tree to climb and no rock to hide him.

"It is a child," said the woman, "Let us take it."

They found that the creature on the back of the whale was indeed a child, but unlike any that they had ever seen before. Its finger nails were of copper and it was remarkably strong. When they took it home and set it to play with their youngest and only surviving boy the strange child began to grow with such rapidity that in a week's time it had changed into a wicked-looking old woman with beady little red eyes and such strength that she could go out and take a bear



TAXET SLID DOWN THE MOONBEAM INCLINE.

from the bear trap and tear at pleces with her sharp copper nails.

The whole family was afraid of the strange creature, but they didn't like to send her away, for they were generate and her away, for they were generated to send her away. from the bear trap and tear it to ous people who had been born Food-Giving Town.

The passengers gradually crawled to the deck again and the places at table slowly filled up. Most of the people looked pretty white and tired, but the anticipation of seeing land cheered them.

Isobel was very glad to be able to get around without falling all over herself, and she spent a great deal of time looking eagerly out that she might be the first to see the line of the shore.

But land was discovered while they were going to get off the time they got to the deck it looked like the film outline of a mountain.

The sun went down in splendor and and lashed and many others there copiers like the film outline of a mountain.

The sun went down in splendor and and lashed had disappeared, and they were plowing through deep blue waters.

The sun went down in splendor and and lashed and many others there copiers look it. Mr. Strickland. "It wouldn't be pleasant if he were puffing out fire!" and sheepland each of excitement on board for signals were being floated from the mast and answering ones came from th One day the witch child brought in salmon. The boy, whose name was Taxet, ate the fish, for it was the custom among the people of Food-Giving Town for anybody who was hungry to help himself. When the witch-child with the copper finuger nails came in she declared in a rage that it was her salmon and that Town and the copy of th with the copper flunger nails came in she declared in a rage that it was her saimon and that Taxet had no right to eat it. The rest of the family were astonished. They had never heard of anybody acting that way before, and to this day the people who live on the shores of Skidegate Creek sing that the witch-child was the first person in this world who ever was stringy.

of Taxet's father and mother, but she watched for an opportunity to do the boy harm. One day when Taxet was out hunting he saw the witch-child running

"Oh, ho!" she cried. "Your father and mother have been drowned by the upset-ting of their canoe. It was the whale, the dead whale, from whose back they took me, that did it. He has come to life

The man in the moon received him very cordially, and gave him a house to live in. But Taxet found that every time he went into the house he went to sleep. So after a while he said to the man in the moon, "I would like to go back to Skidegate Creek. I don't want to waste all my time in sleep. Can you send me back?"

ever after and became a great chief.

The people along the shores of the creek speak of Taxet's house to this day—the house of aleep—and just above Skidegate village are two large rocks, almost covered at high water, which mark the place where Taxet came down on the moonbeam slide. The natives say that when the moon is full and the tide high any one who paddles his cance between these two rocks can look up and see the shining incline still extending down from the sky, and they call it "Taxet's trail". again and drowned them because they incline still extending down took me away from him. It was the spec- and they call it "Taxet's

JOHNNY AND THE-PUNISHED BY BULL

Johnny was visiting with his mother at a country farmhouse. Johnny had been told that, whatever he did, he must not go out in the road in front of the house alone, because a bad-tem-pered buil had broken out of his pas-ture and was wandering up and down, chasing everything in sight. Even the farmers were afraid to go out with big hotel. The polite manager greeted them and showed them to their rooms. The rooms were big and cool, with high cellings and coment floors. The porter threw open the heavy dark shutters and Isobel looked out, and then gave a quick

Johnny immediately wanted to go out into the road, just because he had been told not to. He loitered around the front fence all day, and often as he was called away returned again at the first chance. The road looked very inviting. There

was plenty of yellow mud out there, which would make perfectly elegant mud pies. Johnny could bear it no

He looked around, saw there was no one to call him back, marched out into the middle of the road, and began to make mud ples. The fact that the big

He fooked around, saw there was no one to call him back, marched out into the middle of the road, and began to make mud pies. The fact that the big buil might charge upon him at any moment made it delightfully dangerous work.

Johnny was wearing a red shirt-waist, which made a bright spot of color against the yellow road. He soon forgot all about the loose built till be heard a heavy bellow behind him. Johnny looked up.

An awfully short distance away was the built himself. Johnny sprang to his feet. The movement of the red shirt waist attracted the built's attention. He gave a snort and a hideous bellow, and with his tail up in the air and his head bent low came charging down. Johnny took to his heels with scream after scream. The bellows behind him seemed to get closer and closer. Johnny thought that he felt a hot breath upon his legs and increased his screams.

"Come here, Johnny, run this way, quick?" The hired man was coming across the field and had almost reached the fence. Johnny run up, weak with fright, and the hired man lifted him nafely, over the fence just as the built came charging by.

Johnny wept aloud as he was placed in his mother's arms. And now he stays where he is told to stay.

An Ideal Statute.

Hartford Times.

Hartford Times.

The Connecticut law which is the easiest to obey and the hardest to break is the statute which forbids a person to catch more than 20 brook trout in one

THEMSELVES "Waiter and Jennie!" called nurse. "You Walter and Jennie-e-e! Jennie and

ter-r-r!" There was no answer.

There was no answer. She walked around the yard, looked into the play-house, visited the sandpile and peered behind the evergreen hedges and the rose bushes—no Walter and Jehnie.

She walked around the house and came to the front again, calling loudly every few steps. She looked up and down the atreet, then walked slowly back to the house. At the top of the steps she turned and called once more: "Walter and Jennie-e-e."

and the clematis vines scraped on the side of the house, but there was no an-swering call for the two children. Walter and Jenhie were twins. They were playing in the yard when they heard

nurse coming out of the house, call

Jimmie thought his Uncle Tom was the most wonderful person in the world because he often came to the douse wearing a hunting cost, carry-ing a real double-barreled shotgun in ing a real double-barreled shotgun is one hand and a brace of birds-in th

The Bears and the Carpets



"My! My!" gasped Ajax to Jewel, his wife, These are the carpets for us, bet your life! They are soft to the touch like the new fallen snow, And our paws will sink in them two inches or so." "And the patterns," chimed Jewel, "are really divine; The roses, the leaves and the background so fine. How little Goo-Goo will roll and will roar When Powers has fitted them to our cave floor." When prices they asked their faces looked sunny, For POWERS is the store that saves you money.

"Want were the most birds you ever killed at one shot, Uncle Tom?" asked Jimmie one day.

Uncle Tom thought a minute, and then said: "Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven." exclaimed Jimmie, "Whoopee! How did you manage to do it, Uncle Tom? What kind of birds were they—real big birds?"

"Real big birds?"

"I should say so," replied Uncle Tom. "You see, I was coming home late one afternoon, after hunting all day without any luck at all. I happened to look up in a seven wild pigeons, all sitting in a row. I raised my gun to fire, but did not hope to get more than two, or maybe three, at the most.

"I biszed away, and what do you suppose happened." The shot split that limb, and the toes of every bird on it caught in the crack! It was the last caught in the crack! It was the last load I had, and so I climbed the tree, cut the limb off with my hunting knife, slung it across my shoulder and marched home with the limb, twenty-seven birds and all." were they—real big birds."

"Real big birds," Well, I should say load I had, and so I climbed the tree, so," replied Uncle Tom. "You see, I cut the limb off with my hunting was coming home late one afternoon, after hunting all day without any luck at all. I happened to look up in a seven birds and all."

Joy in the Little Wire Cage

His name was Joy, and that is what he was, indeed to the little lady who worked all day by the other window. She looked up now and then and smiled to see him teeter on his swing in the sunny open casement, and sing as if Heaven itself had opened for him.

He was truly an embodied Joy, this tiny yellow bird singing in his gay little brass prison. He did not know it was a prison, for he had been born in a cage, brought up and educated in a cage, and if the little lady was fast asleep mousey led them—all eight of them—up the wall and down the chain that held the cage, and soon they were busy with the seeds, making the shells fly.

Then Joy woke up. It was dark, and his cage was full of little gray furry ghosts, scattering seed shells far and wide. He did not understand, and a fear grew upon him. an unreasoning, terrible fear of something vague and awful, and he cried

him, an unreasoning, terrible fear of something vague and awful, and he cried and fluttered madly against the bars of his cage. He must get away from those So Joy lived in his cage and sang there, and the more he sang the harder the little lady worked, for there was money to be ed, and more than herself to care for,

gray somethings. Oh, little lady, why did you not waken and Joy helped her, as joy always helps in. But Taxet found that every time he went into the house he went to sleep. So after a while he said to the man in the moon. "I would like to go back to Skidegate Creek. I don't want to waste all my time in sleep. Can you send me back?"

The man in the moon said he guessed he could manage it, but what would he do with the house?

"Well," said Taxet, "let it be for all those who are killed in battle and all those who are tired and weary with work."

"All right," said the

"All right," said the man in the moon.

That night the man in the moon made a strong slide of meonbeams and let it down to earth. It struck between two rocks just off the beach of Skidegate Creek. Taxet slid down the incline and came to his home again, where he lived ever after and became a great chief.

The people along the shores of the structure of the struc

and butter.
Not that Joy did eat bread and butter Not that Joy did eat bread and butter.
No, he dined on the choicest of seeds and
the sweetest of loaf sugar and the clearest of water, and the most delicious of
green peppers; and besides all this, every
morning a leaf of crisp lettuce. Oh, he
was a well-kept bird, with his sanded
floors and his polished perches.
But Joy and the little lady were not

floors and his polished perches.

But Joy and the little lady were not the only ones who lived in the little sky parlor. There were other tenants, and out of these grew a sorrow for the little lady. There was a family of mice that lived in a tiny nest behind the partitioning. It was reached through a hole by the steam pipes. At night, when the little lady was asseep, they would come out and so to the kitchen-end of the room and help themselves to the crumbs that had fallen on the floor; and they wouldn't have stopped short at the crumbs if the little lady had not been very careful to keep her eatables under cover.

The father mouse grew so tame that he used to come out in the daylight and search in the waste basket, and after a while he would stop in the middle of the room and sit up and listen to Joy's singing as if he too, enjoyed it. He looked so pretty that the little lady could not bear to set a trap for him.

Perhape father mouse told mother mouse about the bird. Something surely gave her the iden. You see she had a fine, promising family of baby mice, just weaned, and food must be found for them, and the little lady was so very particu-

Naid Tommy Puss: "Ah! this is mi To find mays jam all full of mice Preserved in augar and in spice!" And so he ate and did not know That ms was standing just below Prepared to fill him full of woe. That night he thought: "Well, This morning ignorance was blis

when your Joy cried out to you? Why

when your Joy cried out to you? Why did not your dreams tell you of the gray furry ghosts, who were doing their wrong so isnocently?

It was too late when morning come. The little lady woke and wondered why Joy had not sung his dawn song. She looked in his cage, and found an empty seed cup, and a little bird who never would sing any more.

Her Joy had gone, and in his place there brooded a sorrow.

See Rogers About It.

Philadelphia North American.

"Fourteen cents a gallon is too much for oll," was Mr. Rockefeller's indignant

So mother mouse thought: "That bird nearly two feet in length.



AND THEY WOULD TALK BACK AND FORTH

Isabel looked out and then gave a quick cry