Nonsense and Wisdom. From Animal Land.



HE. I the animals went to see the show

The Elephant took his trunk,

Since a great entertainer was booked for

DOG ran after a Cow one day, And barked just fit to kill, And on he barked and snapped and growled-

The Cow, she just stood still. But the dog grew tired-and Mrs. Cow? Well, nothing worried her, So the Dog with tail between his legs, Sneaked home a beaten our.

This proves that when you are annoyed By naughty boy or girl, Your silence is the largest stone You possibly can hurl.

HE Elephant's chain was lost somehow, And he kicked up high old jinks, But the old man's fun was soon cu: short, For the Wolf had found the Lynx.

So here's a resson we can learn, 'Tis seldom ever matched: Your chickens you should never count Until completely hatched.



IBBY, Tabby and Toby Bear Went off for school one day, And just before the school was reached Young Toby ran away. He ran into a nest of bees Who, with their might and main,

The moral then: Go straight to school, And truant never play; For if you do you'll sting yourself, And that will never pay.

Stung Toby every place they could,

Then set him home again.

HE Monkey keeps the barber shop in Zootown nowadays, But Bre'r Fox shaves himself and spends money other ways.

He sharpens up his razor keen, And then begins the show; He ads the lather with his tailat is his brush, you know.

The : sor then we learn is this: Be . ifty in each casa; And en you cannot find a thing, Get one to take its place. -JESSE O. LIPPINCOTT.

Voyage of the "Mousetrap"

E 'N' Bill Brant'n and Pete Hamilton jus' made up our mind we'd travel some. "Where'll we go?" asked Pete.

that night

And while he was doing his funniest tricks The audience laughed and howled,

Except Grizzly Bear, who could never be pleased,

Don't spoil others' pleasure with growls and grunts,

The moral is this: If you don't feel yourself,

From a toothache or pain in the head,

In the person of Monsieur Monk.

So he sat in a corner and growled.

But instantly trot off to bed.

"Let's go all the way down the Vallev." I seg.

Pete hopped up and down like as if a wasp was under 'im. "Buily! bully!" he yells; "Bill can borrer his pap's spring wagon, an' we'll nail hoops from side to side an' stretch across our ol' canvas tent."

"An' you kin get ol' Zeke to pull us, Jack." went on Bill.

"An' we'll stow our things in the wagon and hang buckets underneath-jus' like gypsies," sez I, by way of finishin'. An' we did, too-only we had an awful time gettin' leave to go. 'What'll we call our movin' home?"

I asked, as we were lookin' her over the morning before we started. "Let's call her the 'Mousetrap,' "

Pete, as though thinkin' out loud. Bill was boilin' mad. Ye see, Bill's pa owns a cheese fact'ry, so when we got all our provisions together we found that Bill had brought along enough cheese to bait all the mousetraps in the hited States. Me 'n' Pete hate cheese. Spite o' Bill's kickin', we named the wagon the "Mousetrap." Bet yer life, though, Bill didn't call her by that name

once durin' the trip.

beans was spread over us and the neighborin' scenery. That idjit Pete had never opened the top o' the can for the air to get out.

Well, say, we wasn't mad! But it wasn't any use kickin', so Bill asked where was the can o' corn. Pete pretended he couldn't find it in the wagon. Bill moseyed 'round, 'n' after while came across the can-jus' one-quarter full! That greedy Pete had been eatin' it back there in the wagon. An' he even had the nerve to say I'd had some of it, too. The idea! But Pete ain't got no sense. We made out somebow with what we

had and then turned in for the night. No more had we got asleep when we heard an awful barkin' from Pretty, and some horrible bellowin'. Bill an' Pete thought it was a bear or something, but I knew it was only a cow that had wandered into our camp. They were so scared that somehow it made me uneasy. None of us slept any more. Skeeters were awful, too.

The next mornin' Bill took and went to the nearest farmhouse to get some milk. We went along, just to keep 'im company.

"You can have all ye want if ye'll do your own milkin', sonny," sez the farmer, as he led him into a stall where stood a mild-lookin' brindle cow. Bill sez, "Whoa, bossy," soothin'-like,



"That's where our chickens live," he explained; "our family roosts in that

chickens lived in a comfortable house The boy commenced to tell Hal about

many other things, but just then he turned, caught Hal's arm and whis-

"Run for your life, the fox is hunting us!" Hal thought he wouldn't be afraid

of a fox, but he changed his mind when he saw the giant creature, big as ten foxes in his land.

then-Hal awo' - to find himself at the bottom of the happile and the rain

"Glad it sin't Topsy-Turvy Land,

wasteful to put both butter and jam on your bread at the same time? Willie-No'm; one piece of bread does

Hardly Worth While.

Robbie-Naw, how could he, with only two worms?

one who would relieve the sufferings

A Visit to Honeybrook Homestead

THERE seemed to be no cause in the world for Freddie to be sick. But ill he undoubtedly was, and with a bad fever, too. Every known disease was "catching" to Freddie. This meant that Elsie must pay Aunt Jane a visit. She lived but a few miles away, you know, and when any one was in trouble it was always Aunt

Jane to whom they went for help. Funny thing about Aunt Jane's! Elsie never liked the idea of going there, because it was so lonesome and there was no one to play with, but once there she didn't like to leave. The fact is, although there were no people, everything about the homestead seem-

ed to be trying to keep you company. I shouldn't have said there were no people, because the Mulligans lived in the little house on Possum Hill, and that was only fifteen minutes' walk distant. But the Mulligans made their presence so (Isagreeable that it would have been much better had they stayed close by their home. They stole as much of Aunt Jane's fruit and vegetables as they possibly could, and tried their best to make life unbearable for her. Had Aunt Jane not been so mild and kind-hearted, her patience surely could not have endured.

Elsie, I'm sorry to say, wasn't nearly so mild and good-natured. The Mulligans were her sworn enemies. They saw the more they teased her the angrier she grew; therefore, they let not one chance go by to annoy her. Bearing these facts in mind, it's rather interesting to know just how Elsie and the Mulligans became friends. Elsie was met at the station by Hobbs.



"AUNT JANE GREETED HER IN THE USUAL CORDIAL WAY."

"HOBBS NEVER SMILED."

Hobbs was coachman and driver and gardener and man of all work. Hobbs never smiled; Hobbs would not be guilty of a laugh. There were several occasions, when she had said something that seemed to impress Hobbs greatly, that she imagined he was trying mighty

hard to bring a smile to the surface, but it didn't quite appear. Once she thought he had given a dry sort of chuckle. That was when she asked him what worms and bugs and Mulligans were good for. But she surely must have been mistaken. "Why, Hobbs, you've got a new

horse!" was Elsie's first exclamation. "Yes, miss, Dobbin's got so old that It was cruelty to take him out any more. Howsoever, Prince here is a very good horse, miss."

Elsie could talk of nothing but the new horse, and after she had arrived she went to the stable and soon made Prince her fast friend by presenting him with a carrot and chatting to him. She did feel a little sorry for poor old Dobbin, though,

Aunt Jane greeted her in the usual cordial way. The prim flower beds seemed to nod a welcome, everything seemed to extend a kindly greeting.

The next morning, Elsie was rambling through the garden before the homestead, when she happened to look toward the road, and there saw a little gire peering longingly through the palings. The frock of the little girl was very ragged, and her face wasn't exactly clean, but, for all that, she wasn't bad looking.

"Please, would you mind givin' me one posey?" she asked, when she saw that Elsie was observing her. "They're so pretty."

Elsie rather liked the pleading face, with its appealingly brown eyes and oval face, framed by clustering curis of chestnut.

"Certainly," she replied, "won't you come in?"

The little girl was rather shy, but after a while she was induced to come

juside the garden. She told Elsle that since she had no father or mother, she had come from far off, where she used to live, to stav with her uncle.

"But they ain't got any nice posles," she said sadly.

"By the way, little girl, what is your name?" asked Elsie, suddenly.
"Susie Mulligan," was the reply: "and I live on the hill now."

Elsie at first started. Then thought deeply for a moment. After all, the little girl couldn't help being a Mulligan. And she was so

'cept she was a little dirty. No. she guessed she wouldn't tell her that she never had anything to do with the Mulligans.

Frequently Susie Mulligan came to look through the garden palings, and always did Elsie invite her to come in. Soon the other Mulligans learned that Susie was friendly with the "stuck-up girl" at the homestead. Susie told them so many nice things. about Elsie that they began to stop stealing fruit and vegetables, and even began to nod to Elsie as they passed.

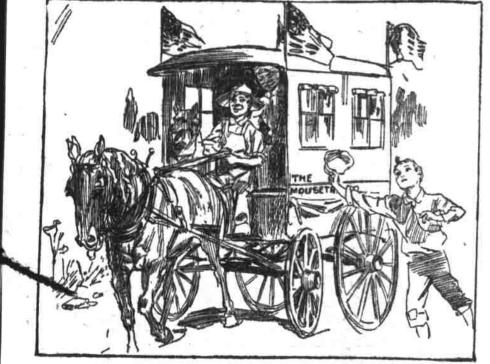
But what made them all good friends



"WON'T YOU COME INT"

happened on Elaie's birthday. She had decided to have a little party and invite Susie. All at once the idea came into her head to invito all the Mulligans. Susie had told her how poor they were and that they "never got nothin'." What a treat it would be for them!

Aunt Jane was a little doubtful first (she was only acquainted w the old Mulligans), but at last consented and- But that's a wi story by itself. It is enough to sal that Elsie found the Mulliguns Co so bad, after all. Nor was she at lonely when she visited if Homestead thereafter.



"WE START ON OUR 'VOYAGE.'"

That afternoon we started on our "voyage"-as I called it in the logbook I kept every day. I was selected to keep the diary 'cause I was the mos' truthful. All the folks in town, pretty near, came out to yell after us that we'd be back in a day. But me 'n' Pete 'n' Bill knew better.

More'n half the dogs in town follered us out, but only one stayed on. Pete named him "Pretty," because he was so ugly. One ear hung down and the other stuck straight up in the air. He had a sort of sorry look, as though he wished he wasn't livin', as he limped along on his three good legs. We kept goin' on 'n' on until it got a

little dark. "I'm gettin' hungry," ses Bill; "s'pose

we stop an' light a fire 'n' eat something." We'd no more'n got settled when a farmer came up and said he guessed we'd better move on, as he'd had enough of

gypsies and other tramps who'd been campin' on his land. So we "moved on" -an' we moved on a couple o' times, too. It seemed all the farmers in the neighborhood had the mean habit of comin out with shotguns and invitin' us to git, We "got" every time.

If bete an' Bill would uv only kep'
I could uv handled them farmers
right, but they'd always get mad 'n'
spoil it all.

At last, though, we got a place, an started in to get supper. Pete got a can o' baked beans and dumped them on the fire — course, without our seem 'lin. We'd all got around the fire, when there came an awful explosies, and baked

an' then set down.

We got a good distance from the door and watched. In about three seconds we saw Bill come smashin' through the roof and

flyin' through the air like a rocket. His

bucket follered close behind. Me 'n' Pete laughed so much we couldn't help ourselves, when Bill pitched into us. It took us more'n half an

hour to pacify him. Sorry I ain't got time to tell more about the trip. Maybe I can some time But them first twenty-four hours of

the "voyage" was dreadful.

Counting-Out Rhymes

OR determining the person who is to be "it," or the side which is to have the first inning of a game, a great many counting-out rhymes are used, some of which are as follows:

Ana, mana, mona, mike; Barcelona, bona, strike, Care, ware, frow, frack; Hallico, ballico, we, wo, wack! This, too, has many variations; "Bar-elona" becomes "tuscatona," etc. One form ends in:

Huldy, guldy, boo, out goes you. Ana, mana, dipery Dick; Delio, dollo, Dominick; Hitcha, pitcha, dominitcha, Hon, pon, tush,

and the others, "Hoteha, potcha," etc.
"Tush" may also become "tus" or

Among the Topsy-Turvies AL was asleep. There was no

doubt about that. But one may have a great many adventures while one is asleep, and certainly one couldn't have anything more strange occur than what happened to Hal while he was in Dreamland,

It was this way. Hal had dropped off into slumber too near the edge of the happile. The funny thing about it was that he didn't awake when he slid down to the bottom. The fact that his feet were where his head should have been may have been responsible for the adventures that followed. In any event, Hal suddenly found

himself in Topsy-Turvy Land. And a funny place it was, too. First of all, he was surrounded by a

group of boys, all of whom were standing on their heads. Hal looked at them a triffe enviously, for although he could turn handsprings and walk a little upon his hands, these chaps had him beaten by a mile. It looked as though they would never their feet.

"I say, why do you walk on your hands so much?" inquired Hal. One of the boys slowly came to his feet. "Because It's the proper way to walk. None of us can stand long on our feet without growing tired. Where do you come from?"

right way." he observed. "The right way!" retorted the other, hotly: "I'd have you know that our way is the right way!"

Hal grinned. "Where people walk the

"A fight! a fight!" cried all the others dropping to their feet. Hal and his opponent were placed back to back, and then told to run as fast

as they could, This was a new way of fighting, but Hal ran with all his might. After a while he was recalled and

told that he had been beaten, as the other fellow had run much faster. "Come on, fellows; let's go to school," said one lad.

"School! Why, it's vacation," gasped Hal. Some one replied: "Oh, here we have

school during vacation time, and don't go to school the rest of the year." That sounded pretty good. Hal began to thin': it wasn't such a bad

place, after al'. It impressed him further to find that the boys asked the teacher all the questions, and punished him whenever he didn't answer promptly. Sometimes one of the boys would ask to be punished; then he would be given an

appla. After school the lad with whom Hal had "fought" took him home with

"Oh, what a pretty little cottage!" Hal exclaimed, as they came in sight of an attractive frame building.
His companion snorted in disgust.

"STANDING ON THEIR HEADS."

nice tree yonder." Sure enough, the family roosted on the tree like chickens, while the

like people on the earth.

Closely following his leader, he ran for the stream nearby and plunged in headlong. Down, down he went, and

splashing on his face fro: hole in the barn roof.

anyway," he muttered.

More Economical. Mother-Don't you think it's rather

Robbie-How d'ye think Noah spent his time in the ark? Willie-Fishin', I guess.

Impertinent. Sunday School Teacher—What kind of little boys go to heaven? Little Boy—Dead ones.

Grains of Wheat

of his subjects.



A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY.

CADLY the king looked out of the casement. Beyond him stretched his kingdom-a kingdom that had formerly seemed fair to him, but which now, echoing as it was with the cries of all his people, appeared in his eyes to be worth nothing. He would gladly have given the vast lands to

For a severe plague had fallen upon the kingdom, and, to make matters worse, there had come a dreadful famine. Disease lurked everywhere, nor was there anything to eat. Again the king groaned. "Not one kind deed have I done for my people. Oh, if I could only help them!"
As he spoke there appeared before him a beautiful fairy. Touching the king on the arm she bade him follow her. She led him from the castle out into the fields. And lo! where the ground had lain waste without a growing thing there now rose vast fields of the golden stalks swaying in You have done many kind deeds, oh, king; and the care you have taken of every living thing has not been un-observed by us. For every grain which you so generously threw from your window to the hungry birds a grain has been sown for you by the fairles. It is now ripe for harvest, Go feed your people."

The king marveled, and was glad

for the sake of his subjects. And the famine disappeared, and the disease vanished, and all lived happily there after under their god king. "FOR EVERY GRAIN TO THE BIRDS." different from the other