My sea shell hugged close to

my ear.

The Succession of Billy

cave ran in the same direction as the

creek part of the creek flowed right

through the cavern, going in at one

mouth and out the other, to join the

The roof of the cavern was about

eight feet high, and along the wall

farthest away from the main part of

the creek there was a sort of shelf. It

was upon this shelf that the boys liked

to sit watching the water flowing over

the bed of the cave. In the roof of the

cave there was a little hole, opening

all the way upward. Whenever one

boy wished to know if another chap

above the mouth of the tunnel,

the roof would give him enough air.

above the entrance and the exit.

sheltered there until

before he knew it he had fallen asleept.

rightful downpour. Billy ran from

down this hole.

main body of the creek beyond.



SURPRISED TO SEE SKINNY'S CLOTHES

T HAD to come sooner or later. Skinny was a fine leader and all that-he could scheme like sixty and carry out his plans, too-but for impetuous daring and skill in battle he didn't hold a candle to Billy Mumford. The only reason Billy hadn't captured

the leadership in the beginning was because he had come to Homeville comparatively recently, when the "Bloody Robbers" were already well established. Besides, Skinny had lost his gun. With

it went a great deal of his influence. True, Skinny was quick to realize Billy's ability, and had made him his first lieutenant, but the job was becoming too small for him and he was looming up big as a future captain.

Naturally, Skinny did not like to step out of the position he had occupied so long and so ably. Bearing this in mind, one may well be surprised to learn that Skinny resigned of his own accord and opened the way for Billy to become captain. And "thereby hangs a tale."

"Let's take a whack at the Swimmin' Hole," urged Skinny, on this day of momentous happenings, as he and Billy were sitting, with legs dangling, on top of cracker boxes before Fowler's gro-

Billy, who was indulging in the gentle pastime of coaxing the grocery cat to him and then kicking it away, was not at first inclined to stir. But as Skinny insisted, he finally assented and dropped lasily to the ground.

Once at the Hole, the two took a dip

and then seated themselves on the broad flat rock. "Think I'll take a look in the tunnel,"

remarked Skinny.

Billy shook his head. "Don't you do it," said he: "water's high after yesterday's rain and the place must be about shooked out."

day's rain and the place must be about flooded out."

"Oh, it'll be all right after I get inside," returned Skinny. "I think I'll move along."

"Well, all right; I'm going up to the bend to see if I can't land a sunny," announced Billy, taking his lines and hooks from his pocket, and proceeding to look for a tree which would furnish him a fishing pole.

Bo they separated, going in opposite firections.

It is necessary to describe the tunnel

It is necessary to describe the tunnel rather carefully, since it had everything to do with the adventure that happened shortly afterward.

At the place where the tunnel was located the creek made a deep bend. Upon the river side of the bend there opened in the bank a cavern with a good-sized mouth. At the other end of the cavern was another mouth. As the

around in a dazed, bewildered way, and then they closed and the head dropped weakly back again.

"Got to get out of here some way!" Billy muttered, between clinched teeth. "Bo here goes for it!"

Grasping the insensible lad in his arms he dived madly back through the cavern's entrance. He was swept back by the swift water, but he fought desperately on, until, with the water ringing in his ears and his head whirling, he at last rose to the surface outside. He struggled to the bank, where, exhausted, he flung himself on the ground.

"Come, this won't do," he gasped, rousing himself and donning his clothes. Glancing at Skinny, Billy found that although the blood had ceased flowing. he was cold and white and showed no signs of "coming to."

Half dragging, half carrying him. Billy at last got over the quarter of a mile that lay between the creek and the pike. Not a step further could he go. Sobbing, he threw himself down beside Skinny. "I've done my best, Skinny, but I've

just got to rest," he moaned; "soon's I can I'll go for some one-some one to take you home! Do you hear me, Skinny?" Fortunately at this moment old Farm-

er Jones, the "Robbers" deadliest enemy, drove along the pike.

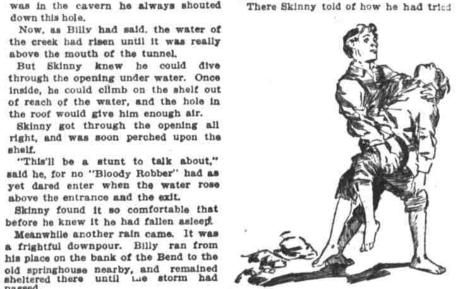
"Hello! What's this?" he exclaimed. "Why-why-" began Billy. Then he

Farmer Jones tenderly lifted the two into his spring wagon and drove with all speed to the office of Dr. Byers, thereby whaning the eternal gratitude and friendship of the entire band of "Bloody Robbers" when they heard of it after-

was a week before Skinny recovered from his wound and exposure. No sooner was he able to be out than he called a meeting of the "Bloody Rob-

Billy was on his feet in a day, but it

bers" at "Robbers' Cave." There Skinny told of how he had tried



Then he went in search of Skinny. HALF DRAGGING, HALF CARRYING Arriving at the cavern he was surprised to see Skinny's clothes, thoroughly soaked, off the bank alongside.
"That's mighty funny," said he to himself; "wonder if Skinny's there and

to dive out through the cavern, but had struck his head severely against the rocks. Almost stunned, he was just able to pull himself back on the shelf when he fainted. Then he knew no more, From Farmer Jones Skinny had been

himself; "wonder if Skinny's there and doesn't know it's been raining?"
"Hello, Skinny!" he shouted down the hole in the roof of the cavern.
"That's funny, too!" muttered Billy, beginning to grow uneasy.
"I'm goin' to see what's the matter," said he with decision.
Hastily stripping, he dived through the entrance of the cave, high above which the water now splashed. Once within, he rose to the surface, to find that the shelf was barely an inch above the water. From Farmer Jones Skinny had been able to gather the remaining information, and he proceeded to tell what a hero Billy had proved himself.

"Fellers," he said, in conclusion, "I don't want to be your captain any more. But I do want it to go to the fellow who earned it, and who sayed my life," and he selzed Billy's hand.

Billy then and there declared he wouldn't be captain, and wanted to know why "every one should make such know why "every one should make such a darn fuss over such a little thing, anyhow." but the "Robbers" insisted, and cast a unanimous vote for him.

And so Billy came into his own.

A Short Story of Jenny Lind

O ANY of you young people know of this famous singer? I do, and what a lovely, charming person she was! We read often of

the beautiful songs and melodies she

sang-not in concerts, but so often to

cheer a sick-bed. On one occasion a young man was ver ill, and while he was lying suffering he heard, as he thought, a bird singing a beautiful song in the house.

He begged his mother to get the bird, for he knew it would help him to get well.

In making inquiries, she was told there was no such bird in the house. She came back and tried to console him.



THE MAN'S SURPRISE WAS GREAT

Again, later on, the same beautiful song! She hurried to where the sound came from, and, knocking at the door, begged the lady to lend her the bird, as her boy was so ill.

Her astonishment was great when the lady said she had been practicing for a concert, adding, "If I can do him any good, I will come and sing the songs to

The young man's surprise was great when he found the beautiful songstress was Jenny Lind.

Such a gift as hers had never been known before, and in a concert one could hear a pin drop when those delicious, bird-like trills were sung, even sweeter than birds themselves! E. K. O.

He Ate All Five

THE wandering minstrel paused outside the house of the great nobleman, for the savory smell of roasted fowls was borne to him on the air and he was hungry-very hungry. indeed.

To rest himself he calmly sat upon the steps of the nobleman's house, where the robleman himself came across him a few moments later. "What do you here, caitiff!" roughly demanded the great man.

But resting, my lord and of the fowls I smell in yonder kitchen," boldly replied the ragged minstrel, whose harp hal already been sold to buy himsbread.

The nobleman reflected. "Knava" said he, at last, "thou shalt have thy dream realized; thou shalt eat fowl but unless thou makest way with the whole five of them I shall roast thee and have thee served for my dinner." The five pulle s were broug it in and placed before the minstrel.
"May I give each a name, sir?" ask-

"Thou me, est if thou dost so fancy." assented the nobleman.
"Then I christen the first Jonah's Stomach; the second, Jonah; the third, Whale's Stomach; the fourth, the Whale, and the fifth, the Sea." Whereupon the minstrel seized the fifth pullet, devoured it with the keenest relish, and calmly proceeded to walk

away.

"Hold! thou hast not eater the five pullets!" cried the nobleman.

The minstrel smiled. "Have I not swallowed the Sea," said he, "and the whale who hath swallowed Jonah and Jonah's Stomach bath in turn been swallowed, togother with its storach, by the Sea; therefore, in swallowing the Sea do I not swallow them all?"

The nobleman admitted that he had been outwitte, and presented the debeen outwitte, and presented the de-parting minstrel with a well-filled purse.

Confessing a Fault

N THE first place, Beatrice was forbidden to look into that particular bureau drawer. So that when she drew forth the pretty inkstand, perhaps it was the gullty thought that made her hand shake so that the ink-stand dropped to the floor and was shattered to pieces,

Beatrice was naturally very truthful, so she really was surprised at herself when she told her mother that Fluffy, the cat, had done the

damage.

Mother merely shook her head, as though to say that cats didn't open bureau drawers, but she uttered never After thinking it all over, however, Beatrice just had to confess, "Now that you've owned to your fault, I won't punish you further," said mother; "but you must wear the dress you have on when you go out to play."

Beatrica looked dress.

to play."

Beatrice looked down at her dress, and there she saw for the first time a big ink spot. You can't imagine how bad she felt when each friend she met asked her about the spot. It reminded her always of her untruthfulness.

Deer-Hunting

R. JONES never tells about the time he went out to hunt deer and was hunted himself.

ite nad an idea that if he wore a pair of antiers on his head, the deer would be unsuspecting, and he could readily be unsuspecting, and he could readily stalk his game.
He really got along finely for a time. Having approached quite near the deer, he was just about to take a shot, when bang! rang out a shot not far from him, and a portion of his antiers were shot away.

A party of hunters, who had also come out to hunt, had seen the antiers and mistaken him for a deer. Mr. Jones had the narrowest escape of his life. He still insists that antiers are the best thing to wear when hunting deer, but his friends all notice that he has never worn them again.

Just the Tail Moved

Elizabeth was asked to go into the next room to see if the clock there was going. Shortly she returned with this information: information: "Clock is standin' still, but the tail is waggin'!"

Song of the Sea Shell I sit beneath a tree,



It's told me of the horses That gallop through the sea, With merry nymphs astride their back All shouting, full of glee,

It's told me of the gardens Where dainty seafans grow, And plants of splendid colors Wave gently to and fro.

Just think of all the pleasure
My shell has brought to meA litt's country maiden,
Who never saw the sea!
MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

Won the Overcoat

OVERNOR JOHN A. JOHNSON, of Minnesota, was employed as clerk in a drug store in his youth. He became so valuable that at the age of 16 he received as wages \$75 a month. As he had his mother and eight brothers and sisters to support, however, he

denied himself everything except extreme necessities. He secured his first overcoat under rather peculiar circumstances. It was in the month of December and his employer noticed that the lad had no other protection against the cold than a thin alpaca coat. So the druggist offered him

a fine overcoat. The boy thanked him and said that he did not need it, and if he did need one he could buy it.

His employer looked at him rather curiously for a moment. "I see," said he. "Now you take this coat or I'll discharge you. I guess you won't be able to wander down the street and buy another job, eh?"

John took the coat and kept his job.

Ballooning Adventure

A R. WIMBLEDON was an enthuhe had taken his customary siastic bather. Upon this day morning dip and had returned to his bathhouse to dress. These little bathhouses along the English seacoast are just about big enough for one to turn around in. Along came a balloon, with anchor

dragging. Somehow, the anchor became fastened in the roof of the bathhouse, the house was lifted up and away went the balloon with the bathhouse at the end of the anchor. A good stiff wind had set in and the balloon was swept rapidly across the channel. Then the anchor became unloosened again, and the bathhouse was deposited gently on the shores of France.

Mr. Wimbledon, in the meantime, had been searching frantically on the floor of the bathhouse for a collar button. When finally dressed, he opened the door and stepped out. You can imagine his surprise when he found himself in an unfamiliar country, and how it increased when he learned that he had been transported from England to France in a few minutes.

Concealed Them.

Joe came to school for the first time. one hand he carried a cap and in the other a bunch of bananas. "You can't come in here with those bananas," warned the teacher. Joe went out. In a few minutes he came back, walking slowly and painfully.
"Where did you put the bananas?"
asked the teacher.
"Oh, I hid 'em all right," gasped
Joe; "they're safe inside of me." Blossoms



DROVE, THE WICKED LORI AWAY

THIS little story is told by an old Norway nurse-a story of fairles and blossoms.

Long ago, when this earth was ruled by fairles, a good and beautiful fairy named Iduna had charge of all the trees that bore blossoms. She watered and tended them every day, for the fairles made a delicious drink of blossoms steeped in dew, and those who drank of this never grew old nor lost their power of doing good. The apple blossom, especially, was considered the pest from which to make this

At this time there lived a very wicked fairy named Loki. He was always watching for an opportunity to de evil. One day he saw iduna walking in the forest alone. He caught her and bore her away to a cave in the deep, dark forest. The good fairles searched everywhere for her, but could not find her, and then the trees began to wither, the blossoms fade and fall in showers. Soon the good fairles missed their blossom wine and began to grow old and feeble. They walked about with

bowed heads and sad hearts, looking for Iduna. All the festivals held in shady bowers ended, and the queen of the fairles called a meeting, for the mortals, having no one to look after them, fell into grievous ways; everything went wrong. Mortals were even known to lose their tempers and to kill one another.

kill one another.

One day, when things were very bad, a little fairy, who attended the great oak trees, tood how she had seen Load sitting at the entrance of a cave in the pine forest beyond the mountains. The queen called her subjects together, and they started for the deep forest of pines. It took them a long while to find the cave. There sat Loki guarding the entrance. By their united strength they drove the wicked Loki away and liberated Iduna. She came back to her trees, which blossomed anew and bore fruit, the fairies drank their delicious blossom wine, and they held a festival and there was great rejoicing.

Then mortais are of the fresh fruits and dropped their evil ways, and for over 100 years things went smoothly.

VANETA R. HUYETTE

Toto, the Wicked Prince

And there on the shelf lay Skinny,

and there on the shelf lay Skinny, unconscious, a jagged cut in his head, from which blood was steadily flowing. Billy was horrified. He was quickly at the side of his comrade. Raising his head Billy shouted, "Skinny! Skinny! Wake up!"

naughtiest little prince there ever was. He kicked and scratched and bit most every one who came near him, and became a terror to his nurse

him, and became a terror to his nurse and others who waited upon him.

Of course, he was given nearly everything he wished. When he couldn't have what he desired, he became unusually victous and disagreeable. During bad weather he was at his very worst. Then he would go up to the roof of the castle, where was always stationed a royal astronomer, and command that official to have good weather sent immediately. When the dignified gentleman would explain that that was impossible, the naughty prince would pull possible, the naughty prince would pull the astronomer's beard or the waway

Things came to such a pass, however, that complaints began to reach the king himself. The king was very much shocked at these reports of the prince's misbehavior.

Ho at once issued a proclamation

offering a great reward to any one who would rid his son of such ev., traits. For a time no one appeared, but at last there came to the king a unbouth giant, with great long nails, tusks for teeth and long, pointe! ears. "I am a genie sent by the good fairy who watches ever your kingdom," he explained, in answer to the look of wonderment upon the kir 's face. "Have no fear; I shall take good care of your son and return him 13 you completely cired."

So the king finally permitted the giant to take the prince with him. The prince wasn't the least but willing to go, but whether he would or no, he was forced to seat himself upon the back of a great goose, the giant bestrode another, and in a second's time they were flying swiftly through the air. Toto hung on for dear life, fearair. Toto hung on for dear life, fear-ful every : oment that he would take

bad tu ...le. Don't feel so much like kicking and biting and scratching now, eh?" asked the genic.

After a while they landed near a great

lake. Strange to say, across this there stretched a very narrow plank.
Toto was made to waik across the lake, the genie waiking on the water beside him and pricking him with his sharp nails when he didn't move fast sneugh. To poor Toto that bridge sneugh. To poor Toto that bridge seemed like a mere thread, and the diswhen this feat was accomplished, the



giant announced: "Now we shall pay the old magician a visit. He'll cut off your head and put another one on." another one on."

Prince Toto pleaded and cried and promised, but all in vain.

When they reached the cave of the magician, the old man came out in response to the genie's call.

"Yes, indeed," said he, "I have lots of boys headt left; and this little poy is so naught, that he surely needs another one. I only give the very, very bad boys new heads, you know."

Down on his knees Toto begged to be

allowed to keep his own head, promis-

ing that never more would he be naughty.

At last the magician listened to his entreaties and let him go.

The genie led Toto back to his father's rate genie led Toto back to his father's castle. As they approached it he whispered into the prince's ear:
"Now, remember, if ever you should become bad again I shall call for you and take you to have your head cut off."
But Toto kept all his promises, and every one wondered at the delightful change which had taken place in the prince who was once so wicked." prince who was once so wicked.