

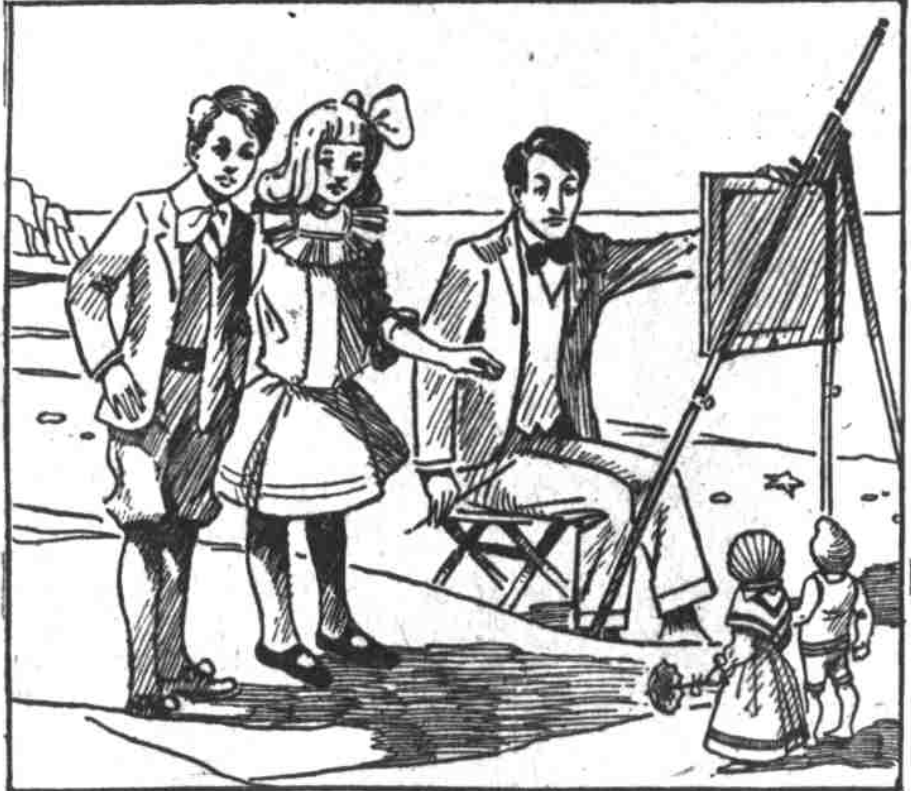
# Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls



## ADVENTURES OF THE SEA-SHELL FAMILY

## Under the Spell of a Mummy Sorcerer

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**FIRST ADVENTURE.**  
**M**R. ARTIST had placed his easel on the beach, where the receding tide had left a smooth stretch of sand—smooth, save where seashells or where pebbles dotted its surface like raisins in a pudding. All about him he had selected with the greatest of care, but now, somehow, he was loath to begin his task. Very slowly he squeezed the colors from tiny tubes and began mixing them upon his palette. A sudden thought occurred to him. "I am reminded," said he to himself, "that this is the first time I am to use my magic palette. It was a queer old fellow who told me its story when I bought it the other day in a curio shop.

He told me that whatever colors were mixed upon it acquired magic properties. A magic palette! What an odd conceit!  
 "In any event, I hope the palette brings good luck to my painting," and the artist laughed whimsically.  
 But all at once he paused in his laughter. He sat for a moment looking thoughtfully before him, then, very absent-mindedly, he picked up a scallop shell that lay beside his camp stool. Still without seeming to observe what he was doing, he placed the shell upon his canvas, to which, strange to say, it firmly adhered. Its regular convolutions made the faintest kind of a bonnet. With a pencil, he lightly sketched the figure of a woman below it. Then he carefully painted the figure in grey, adding a touch of bright color for the bow on the bonnet.  
 Again he paused, reached for another shell, and laid it upon his canvas. The

umbo, or crook of the shell, he turned upward; and, rapidly sketching, soon he had a jolly old man in a bathing suit. A dab of color transformed the bathing suit into a beautiful dark red.  
 "Oh, Mr. Artist," squeaked Mr. Sea-Shell, "we have had a terrible adventure. A horrid creature tried to seize us in his big claws, and it was only by running as fast as ever we could that we managed to escape."  
 "I suppose it was a lobster," commented the artist.  
 Here Mrs. Sea-Shell began to scream and weep anew at the recollection. "Mr. Artist," pleaded she, "if we poor Sea-Shells are to be exposed to such frightful dangers, there really should be more of us, so that we may band together for strength. Won't you add a few members to the Sea-Shell family?"  
 "I shall see what I can do," replied the painter, kindly.  
 (Second Adventure Next Sunday.)

ward, the painter saw Mr. and Mrs. Sea-Shell, both of whom seemed to be violently agitated.  
 "Oh, Mr. Artist," squeaked Mr. Sea-Shell, "we have had a terrible adventure. A horrid creature tried to seize us in his big claws, and it was only by running as fast as ever we could that we managed to escape."  
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### Synopsis of Previous Installments.

**R**AY AND RAYMOND, twins, visit a natural history museum to inspect the fossil collection. They are locked in. During the night a mummy high priest of the Egyptian empire, who they have since then back millions of years to live with the animals whose bones they have been examining. They attend a meeting of the toothed birds, but this gathering is dispersed by two great monsters. Finding the monsters and make the acquaintance of the witty Cuttlefish, Mrs. Hopper, the Tiger, but she leaps with them over a high cliff. The twins are rescued by the Mastodon of the Tertiary Age. A remnant of different families of animals is to be held in the forest. Raymond is dismissed by the Mastodon that there shall be a circus as soon as the other families arrive.

### Chapter VI

#### IN THE POWER OF THE MEGATHERIUM

**W**HILE Raymond and his sister were discussing with delightful anticipation the circus which was shortly to be given, another "family" approached tumultuously through the forest. Soon the Woolly Rhinoceros, with his ancestors, entered the open space which the Mastodon had cleared of trees and underbrush. He was a terrible looking fellow. His massive limbs were covered with hair like that of the Mastodon, although the shaggy mane of the Mastodon was lacking. Upon his nose were double horns and he possessed chambered nostrils.  
 But in spite of his terrifying appearance, the Woolly Rhinoceros proved himself a very agreeable companion.  
 "Would you not like to walk with me for a while?" asked he of the twins.  
 "It will be some time, you know, before arrangements for the circus can be completed," he added.  
 The Mastodon good-naturedly offered to lift them to their friend's back. Soon they were moving rapidly through the forest, the Rhinoceros beguiling the time with pleasing conversation.  
 Hardly had they emerged from the forest when the twins felt their blood curdle at the horrible snarl and shrieks that greeted them.

### Chapter VII

#### DISCOVERY OF THE MISSING LINK.

**L**ONG time the boy and girl journeyed through the forest, starting at every shadow that lay in their path, in fear lest the malignant Tony be disclosed lurking behind bush or tree.

Ray affrightedly clutched the arm of



THE LINK APPEARS

her brother. "I am sure I heard something following us," whispered she.  
 Both stopped and listened intently. Yes, that soft, rustling tread was unmistakable. Occasionally it would pause; then again they would hear it, coming directly toward them. When it would seem that their visitor must be almost upon them, the sound ceased altogether. Then the twins felt a creepy sensation, as though some one were watching them.  
 "It's no use to hide; because I'm pos-

ted across his countenance as he murmured his thanks.

"You are so different from the cave men," said he; "you seem to understand me as no one else does, and you are so nice and kind that I love you."

A troop of monkeys, which had been swinging their way from one tree to another, now chattered and jabbered nearby. But immediately they saw the Link they took a hurried departure, screaming in fright.

"Even the apes and the monkeys and the gorillas hold me their enemy," muttered the Link, sadly.

The twins were endeavoring to comfort their friend, when they heard a tearing of tree limbs in front of them and the ground began to shake under heavy footfalls.

"Get out of the way of Big-Tusk!" roared the Link. Suiting the action to the word, he fled without a single look behind him.

"Why, it's our acquaintance, the Mammoth!" exclaimed Ray, in great relief, as that member of the Mastodon's family came into view, shaking his black mane and trumpeting his joy at meeting the twins again.

"We've been scouring the country for you," said the Mammoth, after greetings had been exchanged. "Old Woolly Rhinoceros was hopping mad when he learned that the crabbed Tony had run away with you. I pity the wretch if Riney gets hold of him."

"But what about the circus?" eagerly asked Raymond.

"I'm sorry, indeed, to disappoint you, children; but, you see, we could make the different families stay together for only a short time to hold the reunion, and as nobody except you two knew anything about circuses, all the animals have separated by this time. In truth, a great many of them have been helping search for you."

The twins were sorry, of course, that there would be no circus, but

## THE REGIMENTAL DOG



ONE of the members of the Irish Guards—one of importance, mind you—is a great hound. His dogship is always found marching with the drums, as grave and dignified as any soldier in the regiment. Upon each St. Patrick's Day the queen presents shamrocks to the Guards. This picture was taken after Lord Roberts had distributed the shamrocks at Wellington Barracks on last March 17. You may know in what esteem the pet of the regiment is held when you see that he was by no means forgotten in the decoration. Doggy is, indeed, a favorite.

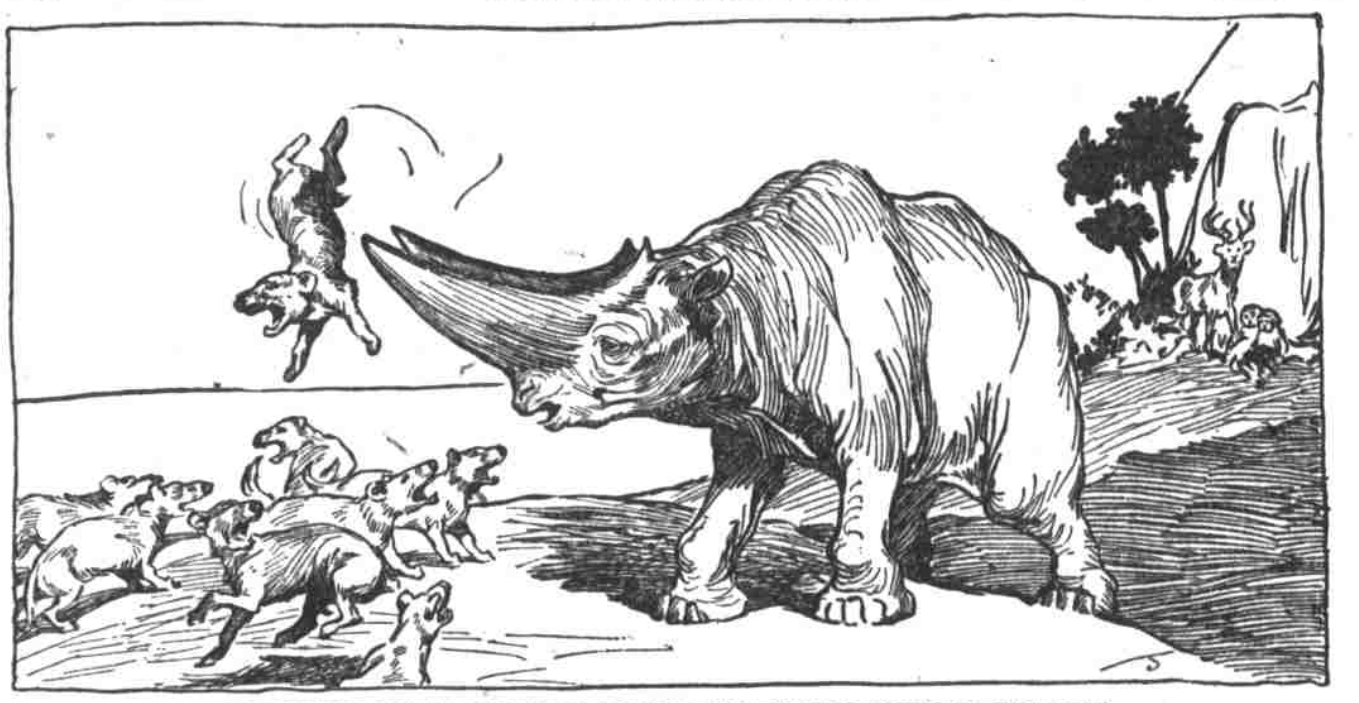
## MYSTERIOUS PELLETS

**A**GES ago there lived in Italy a young physician named Gallo. Among this doctor's treasures was a huge volume containing recipes for wonderful potions and medicines used by the Arabs.  
 One day he conceived the idea of making a pill after one of the Arabian formulas and of painting in prominent places this inscription:  
**THE PILLS OF DOCTOR GALLO RESTORE HEALTH**  
 Now, at this time, such signs—or, indeed, advertising of any sort—was entirely unknown. Therefore, no sooner had the notice appeared than the physician was besieged with patients. They came to him in flocks; fees poured in.  
 A poor, ignorant countryman passing, a sign, asked a bystander for the meaning of these words, for he himself could not read. He went on his way reflecting.  
 "If the pills of the doctor will bring back one's health, perhaps they will also restore to me the donkey which has strayed from my field," thought he.  
 So the peasant bought several of the pills. Returning home, he swallowed the pills. Then he lay under a tree in his pasture for a nap.  
 When he awoke, there stood the donkey beside him!  
 "Most wonderful doctor!" cried the delighted countryman; "your pills have brought back my donkey!"  
 The truth of the matter was, that the donkey had broken through a gap in the hedge and had started to explore the country; round about; but, growing tired of wandering, it had returned to its pasture.

## HELPING MOTHER SEW



**E**VER so much I'd like to do To help my mother dear; How BEST to aid her, to my mind Is not so very clear.  
 Numbers of tiny chances come— And a "little" counts, you know; Every needle that I thread Is helping mother sew.



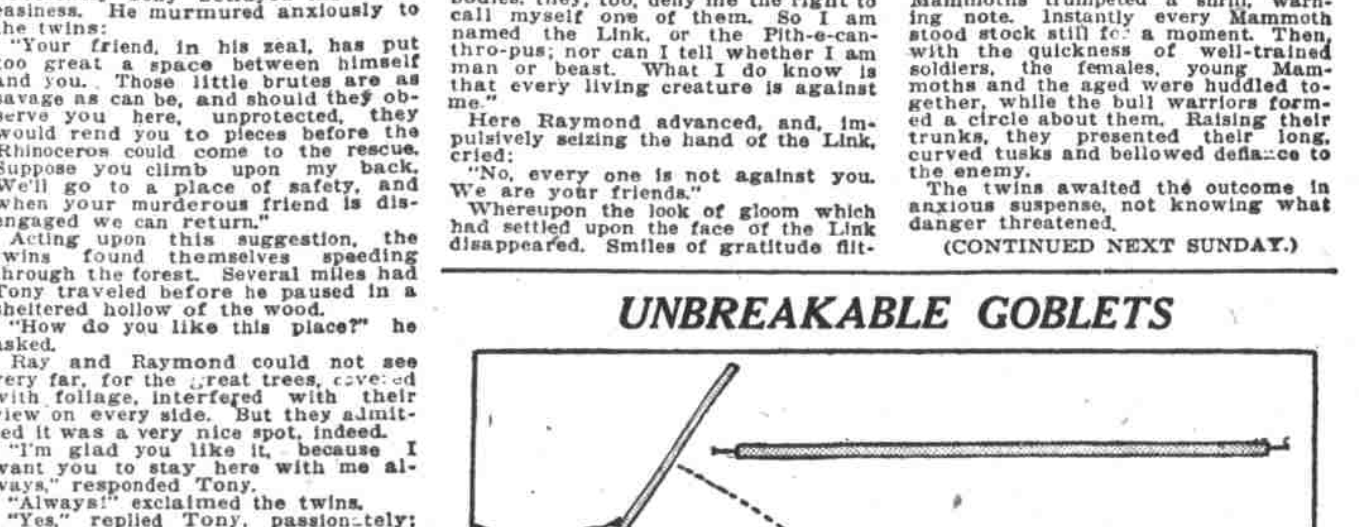
"CATCHING THEM UPON HIS HORNS AND TOSSING THEM IN THE AIR"

"The Hyenadonts!" angrily exclaimed the Rhinoceros.  
 "I'm inclined to give the pesky little brutes a lesson in minding their own business," continued he, "and if you children won't mind standing to one side, I'll attend very shortly to the whole pack."  
 Ray and Raymond hastily scrambled from the huge animal's back while he was in a kneeling position and ran quickly to the rocky wall behind them. Thereupon the Rhinoceros waded into the midst of the snapping Hyenadonts, catching them upon his horns and tossing them high in the air.  
 "Interesting, isn't it?" observed some one at the side of the twins.  
 They turned, in surprise, to see a creature with the head and body of a giant dog and the scaly tail of a reptile. Aiders like those of a deer sprang from his forehead.  
 "My name is Tony Megatherium," said the animal, "and I beg your pardon for having frightened you."  
 After the twins replied that they were only too glad to make his acquaintance, the three silently watched the Rhinoceros giving his "lesson" to the Hyenadonts.  
 Presently Tony betrayed much uneasiness. He murmured anxiously to the twins:  
 "Your friend, in his zeal, has put too great a strain between himself and you. Those little brutes are as savage as can be, and should they observe you here, unprotected, they would rend you to pieces before the Rhinoceros could come to the rescue. Suppose you climb upon my back. We'll go to a place of safety, and when your murderous friend is disengaged we can return."  
 Acting upon this suggestion, the twins found themselves speeding through the forest. Several miles had Tony traveled before he paused in a sheltered hollow of the woods.  
 "How do you like this place?" he asked.  
 Ray and Raymond could not see very far, for the great trees, covered with foliage, interposed with their view on every side. But they admitted it was a very nice spot, indeed.  
 "I'm glad you like it, because I want you to stay here with me always," responded Tony.  
 "Always?" exclaimed the twins.  
 "Yes," replied Tony, passionately; "won't you give me a little happiness? I haven't one friend among all the animals. They abuse me, and as though life miserable for me. And I'm so lonely! Won't you stay and play with me?"  
 Then he added, fiercely, with a wicked gleam in his eyes:  
 "You can't escape, anyhow. I have you in my power. So you'd better stay and make the best of it."  
 At first Ray and Raymond felt very sorry for poor Tony, who was so kind in his loneliness. But when his melancholy mood changed to that of ferocity, they became frightened. Certainly they desired to remain with him no longer than they could help. For many hours the Megatherium watched the two closely. Then he sank to the ground, and as though overcome by his own misery, sank his head upon the ground and sobbed, apparently unaware of the twins' presence.  
 Grasping his sister's arm, Raymond pulled her away. Together they tipped further into the forest, breaking into a run when they were out of the Megatherium's sight.

He saw us, whoever he is," gasped Ray.  
 For answer, Raymond pointed to a screening of vines and underbrush, from the midst of which a pair of fierce eyes glared balefully. Observing that he had been discovered, the owner of the eyes straightway made his appearance.  
 Ray and Raymond were almost overcome with astonishment, for the creature more nearly resembled a human being than a beast. It is true he was covered with hair, and had the long, overdeveloped arms of the ape; but the face itself bore no hair, and the skin, although bronzed to a dark brown, was of the texture of man's.  
 Very cautiously their visitor advanced. When he was within a few paces of them he came to a halt.  
 "Who are you?" he growled.  
 "We are two human beings on a visit here," replied Raymond. "May we ask whom we have the privilege of addressing?"  
 "I'm not quite sure that I myself know," was the response. "All the animals disown me, and either flee from me or slyly try to kill me. Not so very far from here, in caves, there live creatures who call themselves human beings; but, although they look very much like me, except they have not so much hair upon their bodies, they, too, deny me the right to call myself a human being. So I am named the Link, or the Pith-can-thro-pus; nor can I tell whether I am man or beast. What I do know is that every living creature is against me."  
 Here Raymond advanced, and, impulsively seizing the hand of the Link, cried:  
 "No, every one is not against you. We are your friends."  
 Whereupon the look of gloom which had settled upon the face of the Link disappeared. Smiles of gratitude fit-

they were pleased to find what favorites of the animals they had become. They assured the Mammoth that they appreciated this kindness more than words could express.  
 "Pshaw, don't mention it! We can't help being fond of you," said the Mammoth beamed in the jollies way imaginable. Without another word he picked them from the ground with his trunk and seated them upon his back. Marching through the forest, soon they came on a broad path, made, as the Mammoth explained, by the progress of the Mammoths to their drinking places. Trees had been uprooted and scattered by the way-side. The ground had been pounded hard and flat.  
 All at once a rumbling sound came from behind.  
 "Ah! here comes the herd now," said the Mammoth. He walked very slowly until the rumbling grew into a veritable thunderstorm, and the rest of the herd, amid clouds of dust, came bellowing and trumpeting up to them.  
 Ray and Raymond fairly tingled with excitement. They shouted and jested with the Mammoth as the herd continued its way toward the river. But they were not to reach that destination before another adventure overtook them. The leader of the Mammoths trumpeted a shrill, warning note. Instantly every Mammoth stood stock still for a moment. Then, with the quickness of well-trained soldiers, the females, young Mammoths and the aged were huddled together, while the bull warriors formed a circle about them. Raising their trunks, they presented their long, curved tusks and belovéd defence to the enemy.  
 The twins awaited the outcome in anxious suspense, not knowing what danger threatened.  
 (CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

## UNBREAKABLE GOBLET

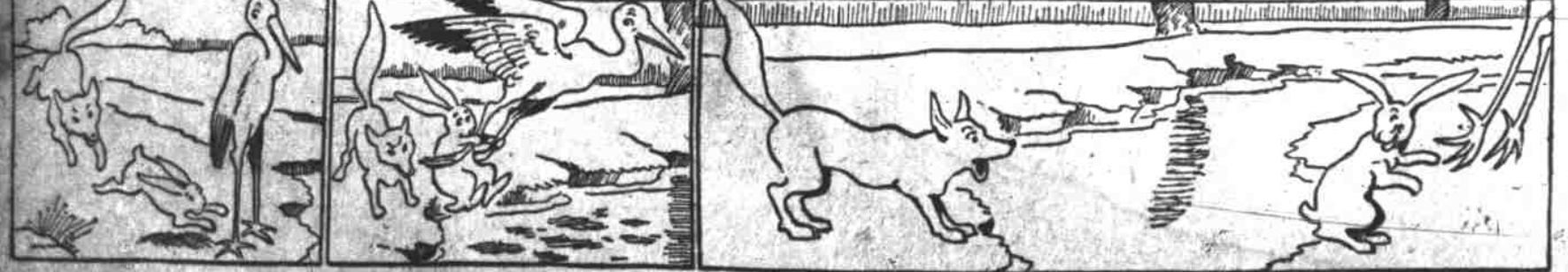


**S**TICK a needle into each end of a light wooden rod, and place the rod in the manner illustrated by the drawing. Strike the rod sharply. It will break without causing the goblets to change their position.  
 For practice it would be well, first, to try a very light piece of wood—a matchstick, for example.

## LUCY'S GIFT TO THE BIRDIES

**T**HEY were all such very nice birdies. Every afternoon Lucy and her chums among the little girls would go out into the park nearby and feed their feathered friends. And the birds became so tame that they would flock eagerly around the little misties, waiting for some tidbit.  
 A little girl suggested one afternoon that next day they have a feast for the birdies. So each agreed to make a contribution to the banquet.  
 Upon the following afternoon every little girl hastened to the park, until there were as many as ten. They stood in a big circle, and into this circle flew the tame birdies. Then every lass put her contribution into the ring. Never had birds such a dainty feast! How they chirped and twittered their enjoyment and their thanks to their kind providers!  
 While the little girls were enjoying this scene, the largest among them placed herself beside Lucy and whispered reproachfully into the tot's ear:  
 "Why didn't you bring something, Lucy, as you promised?"  
 "I did bring something," said Lucy in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "I wanted to bring something different from the rest, so I thought I would bring toothpicks for the birdies to use after their meal."  
 It was all so very funny that no one could help but laugh, though they wouldn't for the world hurt the feelings of their tiny chum. Seeing how disappointed Lucy was when it was explained to her that the birdies would have no use for her gifts, the bigger girl gave the toothpicks to the birds, anyway. And Lucy was overjoyed to see some of the birds take the toothpicks in their bills and fly away with them to their nests.  
 "I really do think birdies use toothpicks after all," said she; "only they're too polite to do it before us. I'm sure that's why they're going to their nests."

## Daddy Stork is Kind to Peter Rabbit



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