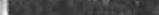


An Old Story Retold in the
Present Tense by a
Pupil.



Beard—How to Camp Out, in Thompson's Boys' Book of Sports, p. 283-40. How to Camp Out in Your Back Yard. Camp Cooking, in his New Ideas for Out-of-Doors, p. 171-185, p. 235-256. How to Camp Out Without a Tent, in his American Boy's Handy Book, p.



lascasse took. We went on a Sunday and took our dinners. My Cousin, aunt and uncle were visiting us then and we took them with us. The boat that took us was called the Bailey Gatzert. We got on it and my sister leaned her head up against a large post, as she thought it was. She was sit-



Early Formation of Coal and the Discovery of Its Uses.

Chester Farria, Creston, Seventh A. There was once a boy whose name was Jack Nelson. He lived at the foot of the Rockies and he always wanted to go hunting. He was only 14 years old. One day he ran off and took his father's gun and knife. When he had gone about a mile he came face to face with a big bear. He was a brave lad and he took aim and fired. The bear stumbled over dead and went on where the bear lay and from there he started a hollow tree. He did not know much about hunting, but he thought he would go in and get the bear. He went to the mouth of the big cave and he found the bear. He was just about to go to sleep when he heard a crackling behind him. He looked around, but he did not have any ammunition. He saw the bear's paw and he saw the bear's teeth. He was just about to spring upon him when he heard a report of a gun. It was Jack's father. The bear fell dead and Jack was saved. He never saw the bear again when they got home.

A Conversation.

Julia Harrison, Creston Sixth A. Tom Eaton and Jack Nelson were riding along on bicycles through a woods one day. Jack's nickname was Chub and

"Let's open it and see if there's anything valuable in it," said Jack, "I'll right then," said Chub, and he opened the box. "What do you think I'd give it up between us and each take half?" "No," said Chub, "Let's see if we can't get something out of it." "I'm sure, surs, say, it's half mine," "Tis foor yours, and so you can just savvy yours," "You give me half of it if you don't you'll be pretty sorry, I'll tell you that much, smarty," "You sure I'll be sorry. You'll find out whether I'll be sorry or not," "I'll give you half if you've got a right to it and I'll give it to you owner if I find any," "I guess I'm the owner," "I'll give you half if you make a grab for it when a tall man comes here they recognized as the professor who came from out of the woods," "I'd as I saw you coming through the woods I dropped the purse to see if you'd be honest and here, Chub is \$25, but Jack don't believe it's his," "I don't want it," said Chub, as he rode away happy, and Jack in the opposite direction mad.

Story of Gellert.

Ernest Steepy, Creston, Eighth A. As Prince Lewellyn was going hunting, he came to Gellert, his best dog, so went on.

As the prince walked into the gate on his return Gellert came bounding out

His lips were dripping with blood. The prince hurried to his child's room, as the dog often played with him; and there he found everything upside down and the child gone. The prince thought that Gellert had devoured the child, so he plunged his sword into the dog's side, and as the dog gave his dying yelp, the prince heard something under the bed. He looked and there was the child safe, and a large gray wolf torn to pieces. The prince was then much grieved over the death of his dog, and he afterward erected a monument for him.