DOLLY EVANS'STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls &

HEN the earth seems full Thro' the room, of sunshine, Lights the desk where teacher's Wind and trees, And the squirrels are as busy- Gayly bloom!

'Most as bees: As is the rule, Leave my playmates all outside

And go to school!

To equal four, The bare boughs call and beckon Down the golden schoolhouse

Thro' the door. And the sunshine dances softly

I must turn my back on things, But I'm list'ning for our schoolroom

Clock to chime, And my figures dance and wriggle All the time!

Whilst I'm adding two and two By and by the day is ended, And I run

apples

pathway, In the sun.

KATHERINE FAITH.



obby's Chimney S



BBY and his uncle Ben were taking their evening stroll when Bobby suddenly ran aside to pick up a little soot-colored, grayish-brown bird.

"Oh, Uncle Ben, see the chimney swallow," cried he. "You mean, see the chimney ewift," answered Uncle Ben, taking

the bird gently in his hands. "I wonder why it is that even grownups, who should know better, persist in calling chimney swifts 'chimney

awallows." "What's the difference?" asked Bobby. "Why, they are not even distantly related to the swallow family. Their haunts and their anatomy are totally

"Come, Bobby, you are young and apry. Let's see if we can't restore this

youngster to its home. "See the chimney up yonder? We'l. there is a family of swifts there and

I shouldn't be surprised if this were one of the family. We'll lay it on the chimney and see what happens." Accordingly the two with much trouble clambered out of a trapdoor and, clinging to the slanting root, Bobby finally managed to reach the swift's

Carefully he set down the sooty little stranger. Lo! a moment and it was gone, wheeling and curving about in the air.

"Well, I'll be-" began Bobby. "Jiggered!" finished Uncle Ben.

"What do you suppose happened to the beggar?"

"No knowing," said Uncle Ben, "We've had our climb for nothing, I guess, Bob. Best thing we can do is to sit here and rost, I guess." "Tell me what you know of swifts.

Uncle Ben. Do they all nest in chim-

"Not the old-time kind of swifts. sonny. They nest in caves and sometimes in hollow trees. But the new sort of birds, the advanced thinkers, so to opeak, have hit upon chimneys as being much more convenient. The parents settle upon some unused chimney for a nesting place. As they fly to and fro they snap off little dead twigs with their feet, and cometimes their beaks, and these they carry into the chimney."

"How do they fasten them together?"

"Easily enough. During the nesting season certain glands in their mouths excrete a brownish liquid which hardens when exposed to the air. With this they

when exposed to the air. With this they glise the twigs to the side of the chim-ney until they have constructed a sort of lattice cradle which is almost flat.



After the nesting season is over the gland which flows this gluelike substance shrinks.

"There are generally from four to six eggs in the shelf-like cradle. When the little ones are old enough to climb out of the cradle they still cling about it for a couple of weeks perhaps, in order that their wings grow stronger.

"Their short, stiff-pointed tail feathers are a great help and must often keep them from falling by supporting them against the rough chimney lining, much in the same way as a woodpecker's tail feathers."

"How old are the swifts when they leave their nests. Uncle Ben?"

"Not until they are a month old at least, and then they mount almost immediately up to the great sky. They are very wonderful flyers, and you will understand that they would need to be when I tell you that they get their food just as a nighthawk does, by flying through the air with mouth agape. They are very useful in the sense that they consume thousands of mos-quitoes and other pests, which other-wise would make our lives miserable. See, there goes our little friend,

See, there goes our little friend, Bob!

"Notice the short wing beats and the peculiar method of flight for a minute and you can easily see the swift's is no kin to the graceful, easy flight of the swallow."

"Yes, there he goes sure enough," enswered Bobby, ruefully.
"Thanks, Uncle Ben, I've worked hard "Thanks. Uncle Ben. I've worked I for this lesson in swifts and I'm likely to forget it soon."



LITTLE ANGELOS DOMAN (ARNIVAL from Edinburgh Castle to Stirling)

Ercole had a hollday, and the sigsmiled

norina from America, who lived in the pallasso upstairs, had given him a whole 20 centessima to spend. Yes! He knew that it was to be spent in pleasure as his father had

when he saw her give it, and Ercole of old understood that smile. What would he buy? Confetti? No, that was not so great a novelty as the new kind of fine powder, like brown flour, that got into people's hair, eyes and ears, and made them savage! And then there were crackers; but the shops had so much to offer that Ercole was bewildered and almost ready to give up choosing in despair, when he saw his little brother Angelo running toward him, his eyes round with delight. "Only think, Ercole. I have 20 centimes

to spend on the carnival!" Ercole tried to look bored, but failed, and ended by saying: "I, too, have them."

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Angelo gleefully clapped his hands.

"Oh, the good signorina, the good signorina! May the Madonna bless her!

Come, Ercole, what shall we buy?"

Ercole put both hands in his pockets.

"It is very hard, Angelo, to tell, is it not?" he queried. "Let us dress and then go on the Corso."

Soon two little punchinellos came out where two little litalian boys had gone in. Each was masked and was very terrible to look at. Hand in hand, they ran toward the Corso, where already the street was lined on both sides with people, and the carriages were slowly making their way along in either direction. Now and then a cab filled with masks passed, and those from the balconies of the houses and others on foot peited them with confetti and threw paper ribbons, hitting or missing them as needs be. Every one was elbowing every other, and all were in the best of humor. Men with bags of colored sawdust and other stuff with which to bombard the unwary were wending their way through the crowd. One almost passed the little brothers unnoticed, when Ercole boldly pulled his sleeve.

"Hi, piccolo, what is it he wants?" asked the vender, stopping only half-way.

"If you please, sir," sald Angelo,

"If you please, sir," said Angelo, gathering courage, "my brother would The man stopped full now and took in the pair. "Now this is good for little boys." said he, holding up a paper bundle, contents unknown.

Ercole hesitated, not wanting to ask bundle, contents unknown.

Ercole hesitated, not wanting to ask what it was, fearing to belray such ignorance; but Angelo, incited by the contagion around him, poked one finger into the side of the bag.

"Now." said the man, "thou must buy it."

Ercole looked vexed and asked the

Ercole looked vexed and asked the price.

"Fifteen centimes," said the vender, "Oh; that is too much," said Ercole, drawing back.

"Impossible," said the man, "fifteen centessima is the lowest."

"Now, you know," said Ercole, "that cannot be. Say two for twenty." And quicker than a wink he grabbed two-packages and, forcing his coin into the astonished man's hand, disappeared among the laughing crowd.

"By Saint Anthony, that child is a

"By Saint Anthony, that child is a smart one." said the vender, and grimly pocketed the money, mentally noting that the next time he would be sharper; but who would expect such an ac-tion of one so small? Ercole and Angelo, now made richer

in amusement, but poorer in cash, walked rapidly on. Often one of them was tempted to waste his ammunition, but was wisely restrained from such a sh act by the other.
"Walt," said Ercole, "till the even-

ing,"
"Why not now?" asked Angelo, impa-

tiently. "Because then it will be more fun; "Because then it will be more fun; many, many more people will be out."

Just then a shower of sawdust nearly blinded the little brothers. It came from the third floor balcony, so that revenge was out of the question; but the impetus was all that was needed, and, before they had time to think twice, the already broken bag was half empty.

"Let us only use one," said Ercole, wisely; "this evening we will not feel so poor."

"But there is our twenty centimes untouched," said Angelo; "that will go as far as thirty for the rest of the day."
"And this evening," said Ercole, "the padre and madre will take us out."
Showing by this remark that coonomy in this case was waste.

They scattered and scattered in all

more besides, that twenty such bass usually contain, and that night at supper two tired but very happy little punchinellos sat down to their macaroni. They told glowingly of their afternoon experiences, and ate hurriedly, so as not to miss the fun, and to get back as

early as possible on the Corso.
"We have only spent half," said Angelo, triumphantly, to his parents, "and tonight-oh, tonight!" But the vision of his future recklessness wastoo much, and the sentence was never

Their parents were proud of their little

the air, Angelo and Ercole were wild with joy. Their father showed them everything and even let them join in a small torchlight procession. they forget this day and night? they asked each other over and over.

Soon they arrived at the Pallazzo Colonna. Angelo looked at the clock; it was half after eight. How he longed to stay till midnight! But the padre said: "No, you are too small to here."

"Will Ercole stay?" he asked almost tearfully.

"No. Ercole must go also," said his father, "and we must now hurry back."



sons, as all Italians are of their children, "Where, anywhere, are there two boys?" Francesco, their father, often asked, never expecting an answer to the question. Their mother, Katharina, agreed with him. Their father was concierge at a pallazzo, and in cold weather he looked like a Roman of old with his top cape draped togawise over his right shoulder. "Will the pa" v take us to-night?" asked Angelo coaxingly.
"Si si figlia mia." said Francesco.
"And what shall we buy?"
"There is our 20 centessima," said



Ercole, looking up. "It will buy more now than it would this afternoon." Francesco laughed at this piece of wisdom and displayed a handful of

coins.

The boys' eyes beamed and, soon eating their meal, they rapidly prepared for the evening's sport.

Such 'a good time as they had! The streets were so full one could hardly move. All was laughter and excitement.

What tempted Angelo he could never tell; but like a flash he broke loose and ran into the crowd and was immediately lost to sight by the rest of the party. On, on he sped. To stay and see more was his only thought. He knew how the padre would soold, but "carnival" came only once in twelve months, and he was so anxious to see it all. Just then a terrible blow knocked him flat, and had it not been for the aid of a man in the throng, his little life would have been

trampled out.

"Hi, little one, out alone, and at such a time?" said his rescuer. "Hast thou not a good father or mother or does the Madonna alone guard thee?" "Oh!" said Angelo, sobbing bitterly. "I have been so naughty. The good signorina gave me 20 centimes today, and I wanted to spend it all before night. Take me home, please, kind sir." And here Angelo broke down completely at the thought of home.

"Where dost thou live, piccolo?" said the stranger.

"In the pallazzo."
"Pallazzo Colonna?" said the man with a surprised look, and studied Angelo attentively.
"No. in the pallazzo near the Tiber,"

said Angelo: said Angelo:

"Ah!" said the man with a puzzled look, "there are so many there. Dost thou not know which one? I fear that thou wilt have to spend the night in

thou not know which one? I fear that thou wilt have to spend the night in the guardhouse."

At these words Angelo's heart mank. He a prisoner and his nice cot at home empty! Never, never again would he run away! But now.—

"Let me see him, please," said a familiar voice, "He may be my son. He got away ten minutes ago."

And just as Angelo had almost given up all hope, he saw his father, and springing forward, was caught in his arms and kissed over and over again.

"Padre mia!" sobbed Angelo, "forgive me. Never will I be so naughty again. And if the Madonna forgives me, I know that thou wilt, too."

His father hugged him tighter. "Figlia mia," he said soothingly, "thank this kind stranger and come with me. Thy mother and Ercole are waiting nearby, and nothing will make them so happy as to see thy tearstained face."

"We will all go home together, dear father," said Angelo repentantly, "and next year af carnival I will show thee how good I can be!"



Edinburgh Castle. little boy looked in lonely from a window, A handsome little fellow he was frank of face and well worthy to bear his title of James. king of Scotland. The little lad

seemed to be awaiting some started at every slightest sound and his hands played nervously with his rich garment. At last, with an impatient sigh, he seated himself with his head on his hands and gazed dreamily into the fire. His life for some two years had not been a pleasant one. He remembered how passing long the days had seemed since that one, long ago, when his father had been done to death in the dark old monastery far away in Perth. He remembered well the long, sad journey to Edinburgh Castle, the arrival, when Livingstone and Sir Crichton, who were to rule in his name, received him; and here he had stayed ever since, a prisoner in all but the name in the hands of his subjects.

For Crichton and Livingstone by no means pulled together. Each one was insanely jealous of his power and of the favor of the little king. He was in Crichton's rule at Edinburgh Castle, and Crichton, determined

that he should never get into Lavingstone's power, guarded him with an Iron All this did the little King James know and most fiercely resent. It made him hate Crichton-who, after all, was generally good to him-and spend

where Livingstone held sway. There his widowed mother dweit, and there, she had told him, was a beautiful park in which a little boy-king could run and play to his heart's con-

his days in dreaming of Stirling Castle,

Suddenly a step outside the door caused his face to brighten astonishingly. The door opened and his ladymother stood in the doorway, her arms outstretched invitingly.

Little King James flew to her and climbed on her knee, just as any ordinary longly little fellow would have done, and hid his face in her shoulder. And here he sobbed out the story of his loneliness and need of her, his rebellion



old. But the scene which met his gaze disarmed the very evident suspicihis keen eyes.

For the queen-mother was crooning a lullaby, her little son sitting on a low stool beside her, his head upon

"Pardon, your majesty," quoth the knight, "but there be two large boxes come from Stirling, which maketh thy departure seem but too near. Have my words and thy love for you fair boy, my noble liege, no weight with thee that thou insist upon returning to Stirling?" The queen rose. "I leave tomorrow night," she said quietly, albeit firmly.

"Night!" gasped Sir William. The queen raised her eyebrows. "Aye," quoth she, "at night. "Tis easier travel-

ing so. With a lift of her eyebrows she was

Little Prince James slept not at all that night, and all the following day was strangely quiet.

He was a sunny little lad, and his attendants marveled at the strange moodiness, but attributed it to the coming parting with his lady-mother.

Night approached at snall speed, or se it seemed to the boy-king. All the tiresome ceremony of being put to bed had he to submit to,

At last the guard Malcolm was stationed in the outer chamber. The door



at his lack of freedom. But she stopped the eager flow with a few words. "Hush, my little one; thy mother hath a planf"

In a hurried whisper she outlined the plan and the part the little fellow had to play in it in order to escape from Edinburgh Castle.

Crichton, who had formerly viewed her with suspicion, had gradually become disarmed by her studied sweetness and graciousness to him, to a point where she was not only allowed to come and go at will about the grim old castle, but was also allowed to have trunks and boxes sent as she pleased to and from the castle uninspected.

"Nay, but," quoth the little king, "what hath all this to do with me? Thou wilt leave tomorrow and I—I—"Thou, too, shall leave tomorrow," breathed the queen with shining eyes. "Nay, little one; hush thee! Our time is short and much is to be said. My faithfu! Seton hath ridden posthaste to Stirling Castle, thence to send two large boxes for raiment. In one of these, my James, there shall be many breathing holes!"

my James, there shall be many breathing holes!"

The queen clapped her soft hands, smiling on the excited child.

"Oh—' he began.

But she clapped a hand over the prattling mouth. "An thou lovest me, little son, not a word of this, Castles have many ears!" And she glanced fearfully at the aged gray walls.

"Hark thee, James! When thou art put to bed tonight, see that thou feign sleep quickly, so that thy guard may suspect nothing. When he hath gone, Seton shall come to thee."

Here her voice sank to a whisper.

"Do thy part, little son, and ere many hours thou shalt find thyself in Stirling Castle, Hist! There are voices, Nomore of this!"

The door opened and Sir William Crichten bowed low upon the thresh-

was locked securely, and with a sigh of relief Sir Crichton sought his own chamber.

Little King James lay absolutely motionless, scarce daring to breathe in the darkness. By and by he heard low laughter and smothered voices in the outer chamber. Presently Malcolm, his face flushed with wine, came in with a lighted taper and bent over the bed of the boy. The breathing was soft and regular, and with a chuckle of satisfaction he returned to the antercom. "All is well?" queried a well-known

"Seton!" cried the small prince. "He hath drugged the guard!" "Hush," quoth Seton, stealing softly into the royal chamber in the moonlight,

Dress quickly, my liege, and follow

"Dress quickly, my liege, and follow me."

By the gate of the grim old castie a motiey gathering assembled. The last farewells were waved and the two huge boxes carried carefully under the personal supervision of young Seton to where the great coach awaited its buruen of the queen's luggage.

Her majesty appeared presently, calm. collected. composed, bowing graciousig to right and left, turning at the very end to leave a message with Sir William for her dear son, stepped into the coach and away swept the cavalcade, the precious trunk bumping away over the uneven roads. When they had gone a safe distance, one of the trunks was onened. Out stepped the sunny-haired hoy, none the worse for his experience. Hostily was he bundled into a coach in which pranced the Instent horses in the length and breadth of all Scotland.

And here, childlike, worn out with his varied experiences, the wide him eyes grew heavy, the little head fell lower and lower and presently slumber claimed the boy king of Scotland.

So went the James of the flery face from Edinburgh Castle to Stirling.

Kings and Tobacco



HE late King Edward of England was a very devoted follower of My Lady Nicotine-he loved to-

however, is not nearly

many of them spend large sums yearly

The king of Servia, however, as well as the German kaiser, seems really to prefer such a smoke, while the czar of the Russias never smokes anything but cigarettes.

The king of Spain also smokes cigarettes almost to excess. The kings of Italy and Norway very

rarely smoke, and when they do it must be a rare cigar indeed.
The king of Greece has a special cigarette made for his own consumption.

which is barely a third the size of the common cigarette.

The illustration is of a giant smoking pipe, made in one piece and carved with stirring scenes of Austrian history, which took its designer two years to complete. It is the work of a wood-carver, and its value is placed at \$2000.

Interesting Facts

Tea in China costs from 5 to 16 cents a pound, according to quality. In the early ages of Greece and Rome piracy was considered an hon-orable profession.

The tea plant was not known in China until about the fourth century, and did not cor's into general use until the ninth. The practice of blessing people when they sneeze is more than two thou-sand years old. The attendants of the king of Uzina, in Africa, snap their fingers whenever he sneezes.

In some parts of Mexico 800 bushels of Indian corn can be grown from a bushel of seed. In New England the yield is less than 150 bushels to one of seed.

ANATUREFREAK



TOT very often does one run across such a curious nature freak as this one. The ears of corn pictured were grown on a farm in Hilinois.

They grew from one stem.

The ears are the same size, 8½ inches long, and each has fourteen rows of grain.