

'can run faster than he, that he can climb trees, and that there are more who are afraid of him than that he is afraid of. The fact that nobody likes him didn't enter his head, but if it had it wouldn't have troubled him The truth is, Mr. Blacksnake is a good deal of a bully. He delights in scaring people. There is nothing he likes better than to see them afraid of him. He is the most impudent of all the little people who live on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest. He runs his tongue out at every one he meets, even Farmer Brown's boy. But really he is a great coward.

what he wanted for dinner. This was the time of year when he could pick and choose. Later in the season he would have to take whatever he could catch, but just now it was an easy matter to catch what he pleased,

few

"Let me see," said he. "I might Granny Fox and Whitetail the Marsh- dent way. hawk have been Mouse hunting all the morning and probably have frightened all the Mice so that I would have to hunt a long time, and I don't feel like it. I believe what I want is a nice,

tender, young bird; perhaps two or three, if they are not too big, They are very good eating, and they are so easy to get. All I have to do is to find a nest and then help myself. I believe I'll go up to the Old Orchard and see what I can find there." Mr. Blacksnake yawned once of

twice, and then lazily uncoiled and started for the Old Orchard. There was no need to hurry, so he took his When he reached the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard he curled up on a big, flat stone to rest a bit and at the same time watch what was going on. He did not try to keep out of sight. In fact, he chose a stone where he would be in plain sight of any one who happened that way. He wanted to be seen. Yes, sir, he wanted to be seen. He knew that whoever haw him first would make a great fuss, and then everybody in the Old Orchard would hurry over to scream at him and call him bad names. Thos who had helpless babies in their homes would be the most anxlous and frightened, and so he could tell without the trouble of a lot of climbing which nests had young in them and which had not.

had not been curled up on the flat running along. If Chatterer had been tying contest for cowgirls, open to as heedless as Peter Rabbit often is the world, with a purse of about \$500 Mr. Blacksnake would have had a and trophies.

Mr. Blacksnake would have had a squirrei dinner, but Chatterer's bright eyes saw him in time and he stopped made entry to insure a keen and thrill, Hammerstein's son, Lieutenant Harry Hammerstein, U. S. N., died of diajust out of reach. Then how Chat- ign fight for the purse and honor.



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Hammerstein's Son Dies.

betes yesterday.

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