

Miss Sadie Milman... admiring... going to make... first drawing room... season. Sadie we... It was a great... After two... New York society she... London.

"dear," said... with your face a... look at anybody... This allusion... successes are son... Now, Sadie stood... of the duchess, so... all the same she... accept that. broken... old earl who w... "As I've got to st... under the dual wing... all I want to... Little New Yorker... Just a bit of a girl... "It's no... child to choose... You leave it al... Sadie's father had... it was all right... to get back to W... left his little girl... the firm convict... his business head... should not come o... There was nobody... Sadie... and Sadie... count-at home... your energies to... tonight," said... old lady who h... washed half a dozen... of nieces or... and felt quite... a regiment of g... gowns.

Two hours before h... in the throne ro... duchess swept... gallery en... staircase. Alr... draped with dow... jewels flashing... myriads of... sparkling in c... The ambassadors... attire, the mag... of the Guards in p... costumes, the... of whom is a no... gentlemen-at-arms... the most loved... had ever seen... The duchess seat... among the be... of the famous sculpt... Birmingham palace... finished a little c... the duchess was... personage, but... debutante had... the palace. The... scarlet lit... "keeping... great was the c... American beaut... as a belle had b... glowed with... and success... the clouds, th... of Carston was... spot which... as best su... points of the g... socially respon... "Sadie love," she... most winning... Lord Carston c... to the throne r... Sadie was no... bewildered duch... through her forgot... the willful beauty... before had b... even shook... and peered... out in an alab... had vanished... of her asto... an event wa... her history as c... duchess lost h... drawing roo... charge re... hurried cour... to secure pr... with a bea... determination... old fortune... up the n... with the n... in half an... due in his plac... chair. She... habitude... To gain... she stopp

we won't, we won't!" and, climbing upon the bed, they got hold of what parts of their father and mother they could, and joined in the general lamentation.

The noise was deafening; alarmed, all the servants came running from all parts, but only to retire on learning the cause of the disturbance, to return in a few moments to lay their tails at the bedroom door, as a mark of their devotion.

The news soon spread beyond the precincts of the palace, and universal woe reigned throughout the kingdom. All that day and that night, and for more than a week afterwards crowds of bears might have been seen coming, bearing their tails in their arms and depositing them in heaps round the palace, and so testifying their love and respect for their beloved king and his wife; and, in course of time, the whole tribe of brown bears deposited their tributes of affection before the palace doors.

And now the whole family of bears were tail-less, and they continued so for many years, till, finding the trouble of getting their tails regularly cropped irksome, it was unanimously resolved to wear tails again; but they had been checked in their growth so long that they refused to grow, and nothing better could be reared than the stumps now in fashion.

Ochretta, however, did not seem to experience the same relief, but took him into the house, dressed his wound, and put him to bed at once, where she left him to think over the dangers of crab-fishing, and went out. After she had been away for a long time, Bruno heard a sound of footsteps, as if a procession were approaching his door; suddenly the door was thrown open, and Ochretta entered, bearing in her arms what looked amazingly like a baby Bruno, and she was followed by her seven children, each also bearing in its arms a similar burden. Bruno rubbed his eyes, and stared at the procession as it came slowly up to the bedside, and then Ochretta, laying down her tail, which she had had taken off, sobbed out, "Dear Bruno, do you think I could ever wear my tail now that yours is done. No; never, never, never!" and threw herself into his arms, sobbing loudly.

"Papa, papa!" cried all the little bears, laying down their tails in a cluster, "we will never wear any more tails if you don't; we won't, we won't!" and, climbing upon the bed, they got hold of what parts of their father and mother they could, and joined in the general lamentation.

The noise was deafening; alarmed, all the servants came running from all parts, but only to retire on learning the cause of the disturbance, to return in a few moments to lay their tails at the bedroom door, as a mark of their devotion.

The news soon spread beyond the precincts of the palace, and universal woe reigned throughout the kingdom. All that day and that night, and for more than a week afterwards crowds of bears might have been seen coming, bearing their tails in their arms and depositing them in heaps round the palace, and so testifying their love and respect for their beloved king and his wife; and, in course of time, the whole tribe of brown bears deposited their tributes of affection before the palace doors.

And now the whole family of bears were tail-less, and they continued so for many years, till, finding the trouble of getting their tails regularly cropped irksome, it was unanimously resolved to wear tails again; but they had been checked in their growth so long that they refused to grow, and nothing better could be reared than the stumps now in fashion.

Ochretta, however, did not seem to experience the same relief, but took him into the house, dressed his wound, and put him to bed at once, where she left him to think over the dangers of crab-fishing, and went out. After she had been away for a long time, Bruno heard a sound of footsteps, as if a procession were approaching his door; suddenly the door was thrown open, and Ochretta entered, bearing in her arms what looked amazingly like a baby Bruno, and she was followed by her seven children, each also bearing in its arms a similar burden. Bruno rubbed his eyes, and stared at the procession as it came slowly up to the bedside, and then Ochretta, laying down her tail, which she had had taken off, sobbed out, "Dear Bruno, do you think I could ever wear my tail now that yours is done. No; never, never, never!" and threw herself into his arms, sobbing loudly.

"Papa, papa!" cried all the little bears, laying down their tails in a cluster, "we will never wear any more tails if you don't; we won't, we won't!" and, climbing upon the bed, they got hold of what parts of their father and mother they could, and joined in the general lamentation.

The noise was deafening; alarmed, all the servants came running from all parts, but only to retire on learning the cause of the disturbance, to return in a few moments to lay their tails at the bedroom door, as a mark of their devotion.

Nigrina, "show our poverty to the company, do; you know we had an accident with the crockery, and have not plates enough, so that those used in the first course have to be washed for the third; I wonder at you, Niger."

This little conversation, carried on in a low tone, completely silenced the king, who, rather ashamed at the noise he had made, and the confusion he had caused, sat down again.

The banquet was now continued, but the king was no longer merry, but sat with his tail quite stiff and upright like a squirrel's, out of harm's way; and every one was glad when the dinner was ended, and the time for breaking up came, when the guests all hurried home as fast as they could. When they were gone Niger retired to his own room, and as soon as his tail had been examined and dressed, he went to bed.

Next morning, on removing the bandages that enveloped his tail, it was found that all the hair had come off the part that was burnt. Dr. Reynard was sent for at once, who, quickly arriving, said that the burn was of no consequence, he would send some ointment, and in a month the tail would be covered with hair as thick as ever. When the doctor had gone the queen came in to learn what he had said ought to be done.

"Oh," said Niger, "he will send some ointment and the hair will be all right again in a month."

"Yes, dear; but what color will it be?" asked Nigrina.

"Black, of course," hastily answered Niger, "won't it?"

"No, love," said the queen, mildly, "I am very much afraid that it will be white."

"White!" roared the king, "white, like a rascally, sneaking fox's tail! Pooh! you are joking—now don't."

"I very much fear it will," continued the queen, "but ask Reynard and Reynard was summoned immediately.

He soon came, and entering at the door, stood cautiously by it.

"Here, doctor," said Niger, "you told me the hair would be on my tail again in a month—what color will it be, eh?"

"May it please your majesty," rejoined Dr. Reynard, with a low bow, "the color will be a beautiful snowy white like my—" and here he slipped out of the door just in time to escape a chair that his pleased majesty had sent at his head.

Niger now went stamping up and down the room, till he worked himself up into a perfect rage; at last he exclaimed:

"I don't believe a single word of it, it is all a made-up tale; send for the owl, he knows more than a dozen Reynards," and accordingly the owl was immediately sent for, and quickly made his appearance with his spectacles on and a large book under his wing.

The king stated the case to him, and the owl, adjusting his spectacles opened his book and began slowly turning over the leaves, the king meanwhile quivering with impatience.

"Here we have it," at last cried the owl, and clearing his throat he began to read, "All hair growing on places wounded, hurt, burnt, or scalded—by the way, was your majesty's tail burnt or scalded?" asked he, looking up at the king.

"Both," gruffly answered Niger; "go on."

"Then we may presume it was hurt?" further inquired the owl.

"Certainly you may," growled the king, adding, to himself, "I wish it had been your tail, but I suppose one might boil that for a week and you never would feel it."

The owl looked down at his book again, and, after searching for the place for some time, began again—

"All hair growing on places wounded, hurt, burnt, or scalded will be of a pure virgin white—and a very pretty color too," said he, looking up with a satisfied air.

"I'm glad you like it," retorted Niger; "you may go; thank you for coming; put him out," and the unfortunate owl was hustled out by the attendants in such a hurry that he nearly lost both his spectacles and his book.

When he was gone the king drew a chair to the table, sat down, and, placing his head between his two fore-paws, leant his elbows on the table, and groaned aloud. The queen then went to him to comfort him.

"Dear Niger," said she, "do not give way so, cheer up. If the worst does come to the worst, you can always dye the tip of your tail; true, people will talk, and you may be called Niger of the dyed tip."

"Me called Niger of the dyed tip!" exclaimed the king, starting up in a fury, "never, I'll die myself first; but I do know what I will do," and he continued, "Hello, here! outside there! bring an axe, a saw, a cleaver, a knife, a pair of scissors, anything; and now," said he, as the

affrighted servants rushed into the room with the first implements they could lay their hands on, "cut off my tail altogether, and send for all the ministers."

His orders were obeyed, the tail was cut off, and the ministers were assembled. When the latter entered the room the king pointed to his tail which had been laid on the table.

"Do you see that?" inquired he. The ministers looked at the tail, then looked at the king, then looked at each other, then looked very serious, and, finally, very much alarmed, but they uttered not a word.

His majesty waited for a short time, then turning to the attendants around him he said:

"No tongues, no tails, take out these ministers and take off their tails, and bring them back again."

His orders were at once obeyed, and before long the black bear kingdom could boast of a tailless ministry, to whom, on their return, Niger in a stern voice issued his commands to publish the following proclamation as soon as possible:

"We, Niger the Sixth, do hereby command that tails be no more worn in the Black Bear Kingdom. Any of our subjects found wearing a tail in our dominions—one month from the present date will first have his or her tail cut off, to teach him or her the fashion, and then his or her head to teach him or her manners."

Given at our palace this fifth day of July, 103.

(Signed) Niger.

The result of the proclamation was that in a week a bear with a tail on could not be found in the country round.

III.

There were now only the brown bears left wearing tails. Their ruler was King Bruno the Eleventh, a fat, middle-aged, good-humored, easy-going bear, married to Ochretta, a bear the counterpart of himself. They did not care much about fashions, comfort being what they principally interested themselves about; but when they heard of the doings at the white and black bear courts, they naturally had a bit of a consultation.

"What do you think of the new fashion of wearing no tail?" said Ochretta.

"Great nonsense; whatever will they do in fly time? But perhaps they have no flies there," replied Bruno; and in this manner they dismissed the subject, agreeing to keep their own tails, and look after their family of seven fine little bears.

But Bruno had one little weakness—he was very fond of eating, and his favorite dish was boiled crabs, supplies of which he used to get from a fox that lived not very far from his kingdom, and who was a great friend of his in this way. Bruno had not long before received a hamper of crabs from his friend the fox, and whilst they had lasted, the royal family had breakfasted, lunched, dined and supped on crab; but now they were eaten, and he wanted more but he was ashamed to ask for a further supply so soon. At last the thought came into his head that he might perhaps catch some for himself, if he only knew how; and he consequently determined to send a messenger to the fox, to ask him how he caught the crabs. The messenger he sent was rather a stupid as well as a lazy sort of bear, but he arrived all safe at the fox's dwelling, and presented his letter.

"Want to know how to catch crabs?" said the fox. "Oh, certainly, come along, and I'll show you how."

And the pair went down to the seaside, where the fox went a little way into the water, then turning his head towards the shore, let his tail hang down in the tide; presently a crab, spying the tail, laid hold of it, when the fox sprang to the shore, whisking the crab on to dry land before he could let go of the tail; then, taking hold of the crab behind the claws, he popped him into a basket; then, going into the water again, he fished for another, and so on until the basket was filled. He then gave the basket to the messenger, and told him to present it to the king with his compliments, adding, at the same time, that the messenger had seen how the crabs had been caught, and could tell his majesty all about it. On his arrival at home, the messenger laid the basket of crabs before the king, who was delighted with the present, and asked how they had been caught.

"It is the easiest thing in the world, I assure your majesty," said the messenger; "I watched the whole proceeding myself. The fox simply went into the water" (he did not say the sea) "and let his tail hang down in it, and when the crabs bit he pulled them out; that was all."

"Well, that is not difficult; I believe I could do that myself," said Bruno, as he ordered some of the crabs to be prepared for supper, and that evening he quietly told three of

his favorite courtiers to be with him early next morning, when they would go and fish for crabs, cautioning them, at the same time, to keep the matter secret, as he wished to surprise the queen by the quantity of crabs that in his heart he fully believed he was going to bring home.

Early in the morning the courtiers were ready, and the four started for the banks of a neighboring river. On their reaching it, the king chose a place where the bank overhung the water, and sitting down, he allowed his tail to hang over in the water, and wave backwards and forwards in the current, whilst the courtiers went further down the river to seek places for themselves. The king sat very patiently by himself for some time, and at last was just beginning to wish that he had asked his messenger how long the fox usually sat before getting a bite, for he was getting rather chilly, and thoughts of rheumatism floated in his mind. But just at that moment a tolerably good sized alligator came swimming down stream, and seeing the tail waving in the current, swam up to it, and laid hold of it, giving a tug at the same time that nearly pulled Bruno into the river, but he luckily saved himself by throwing his fore-arms round a tree that was close in front of him, and to which he now held on with all his might.

"Good gracious!" said Bruno to himself, "what a splendid crab! Why, he will last us for a whole day—breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper, and all; I never thought they grew to this size. I do wish I had him out though; dear me, how he pulls!"

And so saying he tugged with all his strength to get his crab out of the water, whilst the alligator on his part, nothing loth to a bit of bear, pulled just as hard to get him in. The struggle was a fierce one but after a while, Bruno, beginning to feel faint, and that there were symptoms of the tail giving way at the root, thought it high time to summon his faithful courtiers to his aid, which he did by shouting "Thieves!" at the top of his voice. On hearing him, the courtiers at once rushed to the rescue, and were considerably astonished, on coming in view of their beloved lord, to see him holding on with all his might to a tree, and vociferating "Thieves!" vigorously. They ran towards him as fast as they could, and were still more

amazed at seeing him, just as they had got up to him, jerk violently forward against the tree; the alligator, tired of the contest, had bitten off the tail, and the strain giving way, Bruno had dashed his nose against the tree, causing it to send forth a torrent of blood.

"Oh, my crab, my beautiful crab! I've lost my splendid crab!" murmured Bruno, who never missed his real loss any more than his friends, who, terrified at his gory face, at once started for home with him, one bear on each side, supporting their wounded lord. On their reaching home Ochretta came rushing out to see what was the matter, but the courtiers could only tell her that they had been fishing for crabs, and as to Bruno, he only kept on moaning "I've lost my beautiful crab."

At last Ochretta made out that they had been to the river, and happening to go behind Bruno, she sharply called out, "Lost your beautiful crab, indeed! Where is your beautiful tail? I do declare it looks as if it had been bitten off by an alligator."

"Dear me!" cried Bruno, "perhaps it was not a crab after all; I quite forgot all about the alligators in the river," and he seemed quite relieved to find that his loss was not so great as he had thought.

Ochretta, however, did not seem to experience the same relief, but took him into the house, dressed his wound, and put him to bed at once, where she left him to think over the dangers of crab-fishing, and went out. After she had been away for a long time, Bruno heard a sound of footsteps, as if a procession were approaching his door; suddenly the door was thrown open, and Ochretta entered, bearing in her arms what looked amazingly like a baby Bruno, and she was followed by her seven children, each also bearing in its arms a similar burden. Bruno rubbed his eyes, and stared at the procession as it came slowly up to the bedside, and then Ochretta, laying down her tail, which she had had taken off, sobbed out, "Dear Bruno, do you think I could ever wear my tail now that yours is done. No; never, never, never!" and threw herself into his arms, sobbing loudly.

"Papa, papa!" cried all the little bears, laying down their tails in a cluster, "we will never wear any more tails if you don't; we won't, we won't!" and, climbing upon the bed, they got hold of what parts of their father and mother they could, and joined in the general lamentation.

The noise was deafening; alarmed, all the servants came running from all parts, but only to retire on learning the cause of the disturbance, to return in a few moments to lay their tails at the bedroom door, as a mark of their devotion.

The news soon spread beyond the precincts of the palace, and universal woe reigned throughout the kingdom. All that day and that night, and for more than a week afterwards crowds of bears might have been seen coming, bearing their tails in their arms and depositing them in heaps round the palace, and so testifying their love and respect for their beloved king and his wife; and, in course of time, the whole tribe of brown bears deposited their tributes of affection before the palace doors.

And now the whole family of bears were tail-less, and they continued so for many years, till, finding the trouble of getting their tails regularly cropped irksome, it was unanimously resolved to wear tails again; but they had been checked in their growth so long that they refused to grow, and nothing better could be reared than the stumps now in fashion.

Ochretta, however, did not seem to experience the same relief, but took him into the house, dressed his wound, and put him to bed at once, where she left him to think over the dangers of crab-fishing, and went out. After she had been away for a long time, Bruno heard a sound of footsteps, as if a procession were approaching his door; suddenly the door was thrown open, and Ochretta entered, bearing in her arms what looked amazingly like a baby Bruno, and she was followed by her seven children, each also bearing in its arms a similar burden. Bruno rubbed his eyes, and stared at the procession as it came slowly up to the bedside, and then Ochretta, laying down her tail, which she had had taken off, sobbed out, "Dear Bruno, do you think I could ever wear my tail now that yours is done. No; never, never, never!" and threw herself into his arms, sobbing loudly.

"Papa, papa!" cried all the little bears, laying down their tails in a cluster, "we will never wear any more tails if you don't; we won't, we won't!" and, climbing upon the bed, they got hold of what parts of their father and mother they could, and joined in the general lamentation.

The noise was deafening; alarmed, all the servants came running from all parts, but only to retire on learning the cause of the disturbance, to return in a few moments to lay their tails at the bedroom door, as a mark of their devotion.

The news soon spread beyond the precincts of the palace, and universal woe reigned throughout the kingdom. All that day and that night, and for more than a week afterwards crowds of bears might have been seen coming, bearing their tails in their arms and depositing them in heaps round the palace, and so testifying their love and respect for their beloved king and his wife; and, in course of time, the whole tribe of brown bears deposited their tributes of affection before the palace doors.

And now the whole family of bears were tail-less, and they continued so for many years, till, finding the trouble of getting their tails regularly cropped irksome, it was unanimously resolved to wear tails again; but they had been checked in their growth so long that they refused to grow, and nothing better could be reared than the stumps now in fashion.

Ochretta, however, did not seem to experience the same relief, but took him into the house, dressed his wound, and put him to bed at once, where she left him to think over the dangers of crab-fishing, and went out. After she had been away for a long time, Bruno heard a sound of footsteps, as if a procession were approaching his door; suddenly the door was thrown open, and Ochretta entered, bearing in her arms what looked amazingly like a baby Bruno, and she was followed by her seven children, each also bearing in its arms a similar burden. Bruno rubbed his eyes, and stared at the procession as it came slowly up to the bedside, and then Ochretta, laying down her tail, which she had had taken off, sobbed out, "Dear Bruno, do you think I could ever wear my tail now that yours is done. No; never, never, never!" and threw herself into his arms, sobbing loudly.

"Papa, papa!" cried all the little bears, laying down their tails in a cluster, "we will never wear any more tails if you don't; we won't, we won't!" and, climbing upon the bed, they got hold of what parts of their father and mother they could, and joined in the general lamentation.

The noise was deafening; alarmed, all the servants came running from all parts, but only to retire on learning the cause of the disturbance, to return in a few moments to lay their tails at the bedroom door, as a mark of their devotion.

The news soon spread beyond the precincts of the palace, and universal woe reigned throughout the kingdom. All that day and that night, and for more than a week afterwards crowds of bears might have been seen coming, bearing their tails in their arms and depositing them in heaps round the palace, and so testifying their love and respect for their beloved king and his wife; and, in course of time, the whole tribe of brown bears deposited their tributes of affection before the palace doors.

The Great Northern
"FLYER"
 LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY
 AT 8:00 P. M.
 A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.
 For further particulars and folders address the
 GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

INVEST! INVEST!

LONE STAR STOCK

IS THE BEST INVESTMENT EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

QUARTZ

THE MOTHER LODE
WE HAVE IT, AT THE HEAD OF THE TWO RICHEST CREEKS ON EARTH

BUY NOW STOCK WILL ADVANCE

Lone Star Mining and Milling Company

OFFICE, KING ST., OPP. N. C. CO.

LEW CRADEN,
ACTING MGR.

