

airs to her engines, She Liverpool or any other

generally believed that from Tacoma, carrying. t for Queenstown. Folon the departure came a reckage was found, and. unated that the ship red to pieces on Cape hardly had this report en a coasting schooner seen the ship off Coos but apparently well able le seas.

generally believed that she had weathered the ng about somewhere eks passed and she was from. Ships were asklookout for her, and sly awaited. time after this that the

temis sighted a derelict steering about wildly, head winds and yet resignals of any kind. unknown threw her and executed a series res. It looked for the the ship was manned who were trying to

of the Artemis was steered nearer the with the aid of his ut the name Lamorna. pping records, he diswas outward bound But that hardly ac-

eer actions. few hundred yards o ain considered it dany near) he set signais. response. For several bark remained within r siren nor rocket pro-

ept the decks of the see a living soul. It a ship without a crew, own free will. The it in its wild course as but suddenly the hulk. straight for the open straight course as some important misded until lost to view ne of the crew? Were

me of them left on under the strain ey knew not where? know. Certain it is then was ever heard ship itself ever been

according to reports e sixty ships, with out from sight



Whole George is a capital sport With all his big farm-ing, he manages to find time for a lot of sport too. In the spring he hardly ever fails to take ten days or so for fishing up state, and in the summer and fail he sets in more hunting than all the other men of the family taken to-

other men of the family taken to-gether. My cousin, Charlie Crane, and I (my nearly of an age-15 now, but, at the time I am telling about, 10 years-ran together all the time, and Uncle George was the man we mostly ran after, for we were daffy on the sub-ject of guns and gunning. But Uncle had an idea guns were dangerous for kids, and, too. I guess he thought kids were a nuisance on a hunt, so he gave us the cold shoulder most of the time during hunting sea-son.

One day, tho', Sniff—his best point-er—got his teg cut. No one knows how he did it, but it was an awful cut, and Uncle, was away for a week. So Charlie and I took Sniff in hand and nursed him. We bathed the cut every a lot of healing salve on it and band-aged it, and after it began to heal we massaged the feg so as to keep it from getting stiff. When Uncle came back he seemed. awfully pleased. "Tou youngsters are trumps," said hoss to me of \$50. Isn't there any-thing I can do for your?

tanding on its butt it was al-tall as I and taller that ut we lugged it along down the

All digged it and Briggs' woods, tun-Briggs' woods, tun-at it was and how it cut dist of the woods was Crow famous meeting place for we approached it the we approached it the hundred throats hetted our

"Geel but this gun is heavy, I must say," admitted Ch. rile, at last (he was carrying it just then). So we took hold

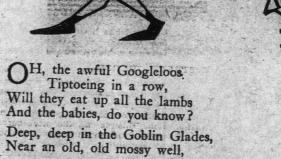
together and carried it until we got to an opening which commanded a splen-did view of a lot of crows cawing and flying about in the tree tops like a pack of species.

of gossips. We laid

gossips. We laid the gun down on a tree imp and since Charlie had done most the loading, I claimed the first ot. He didn't like it very well, but reed finally.

"Horning, so it was very hard to keep the sight exactly on them.""Hurry up!" muttered Charlie; "they'll be gone if you don't shoot!" "Shut up!" I exclaimed, impatiently; "can't you see I'm doing the best a fellow can. Now!" I gave the trigger a nervous clutch and both my eyes winked tight shut. Then, crack! boom! went the gun, and, lickety split! backward, upside down, keeled I. "O cracky, Mort; you got 'em!" squaaled Charlie, rushing into the centle to inspice the wounded birds. "Here, you!"

ur eager ears and whetted ou





ET us ask this old, old bird, Who's as kindly as he's wi There they gobble all the lambs And the babies, so they tell. How can little boys and girls Keep from being eaten? How make sure the Googleloos In their quest are beaten?

"Say over your multiplication,"

ICE upon a time there was a mil-ler who was very, very poor, but he considered himself rich in one possession-he had a very beau-

gold." terrogated the King. "I shall daughter to the proof, then. to my castle this very day, hall have a chance to show her

"So?" Interrogated the King. "I shall put your daughter to the proof, then. Bring her to my castle this very day, and she shall have a chance to show her marvelous skill." When the miller's daughter arrived at the castle, the King took her into a room that was filled with straw, and there he left her with a spinning wheel, saying: "If, indeed, you can do as your father claims, I shall expect to find all this straw spun into gold by dawn tomor-row. Do it, or die."

than the richest princess on the face

than the richest princess on the face of the earth. "Woe is me! Will the little old man come to my rescue now?" sighed the unhappy maiden. "Here I am," replied the little old man, suddenly appearing. "But what shall be my reward if I do this heav-iest task of all for you?" "Alas! What can I offer you?" "Will you, when you have become queen, make me a present of your first-born?"

hesitation, since she had no idea the King would really fulfill his promise and make her his wife. But when at dawn the King found that every straw in the huge room had been spun into spools and spools of pure gold, he did not go back on his promise, but ordered the court to prepare for his wedding, and in a few days made the miller's daughter his queen.



poor miller's daughter, locked in lone for the night, wept in de-Why had her father made such e boast? How could she ever sat-he King's demand? Alasi she could The next year a hands

Why weeping, all this straw must be spun tomorrow," sighed

