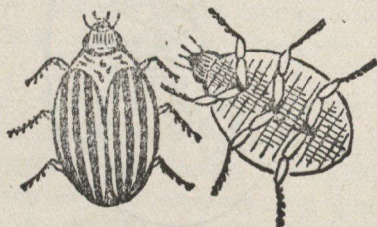


acquired it—before the lambs were put in their pens they could be seen gamballing o'er the lea.

In the vegetable exhibit there were no small potatoes. There was one feature which was almost enough to bring tears to the eyes of any potato, and this was the fact that no one had thought of bringing a few specimens of these shiny-backed gentry to stand guard athwart each exaggerated spud, in case anything should crop up. Think of a large, healthy-looking potato bug standing with a red card attached to his ear.

Yes! Just think!



A Dream.

I went to sleep, and dreamed that I
Had climbed the ladder fame,
And that the world was praising me
And honoring my name.

But when I woke I found the dream
Was happily untrue,
The world was still before me, and
The glorious things to do.

—Frank H. Sweet, in "Lippincott's."