among all the beautiful women,

in their diamonds

and pearls and

silks and satins,

was sweet Lizzie

brightest of them

"I'm a strange

"Mayhap

he contest, but the \$1,000 erage for five steers. Veir. of Monument, N ardiner, the swift rope Sierra Blanco, Texas, little steeldust sorre nce of former years, the southern champion stood out as a master st average time for five 1-5 seconds, and that of k second money, 50 2-5 fardiner, third man, had 54 3-5 seconds. champion was knighte annie Sperry, of Mitefeated Miss Goldie S mac, Okla., in the cowucking contest Miss St hoenix, Ariz, capturin erry rode with hobble contest, but is a "slick" of the plains.

Andrew's Society

ONTHLY MEETING e Society will be eld within the BUILDING, 9th Aven UESDAY FIRST, ROOMFIELD, Hon. Secretary

electric light, goo XI DOOK

RGET

UISE

Coast IEALS AND BERTH

PRINCE RUPERT" ice Rupert, Massett days-Midnight Passenger Agent.



ding lamps in upper ers. Smooth roadbed,

ULL, Ltd.

Calgary, Alta.

FROEST, THE BURNS ENGLAND, TO RETIRE

Has Been Connected With the London Police Force for Thirty-Four Years

Brought About Change of Policy in Scotland Yard in Its Attitude Towards Press

ONDON, Sept. 8 .- The William Burns of England is to retire and Scotland Yard, world famed for its tives, is wondering how it will fill one of the most famous ce of one of the most lamber actors of crime it has ever pro-for thirty-four years Frank has been a detective and neariy time has been connected with minal investigation department metropolitan police force. Nine ago his retirement was due, but d not be spared, and it is prob-ewould not now be leaving his ere it not for trouble he has having with his eyesight re-

est differs as widely from the traditional detective of fiction as do his American co-laborers, the Pinkertons and Burnses. He is of Scandinavian ex-Burnses. He is of scandard at action, and one of his most attractive titles is his unfailing gentality the no worry can break through. He big man physically, with a build suggests the tenacity of the bullsts the tenacity of the addition to being a born

was he who brought about one of It was he who brought about the call it greatest reforms at "The Yard" by the eaking down the rule of maintaining lence toward the press. He showed the this policy was all wrong and, at the time of the Crippen case, was amy vindicated by the accuracy which ply vindicated by the newspaper stories. The first day the story of the crime was published he wrote for the press a complete summary of the details so far

had made several business dips to the United States. The visit remembers with the most satisfactor was in 1892, when he was here five ths and was given the thanks months and was given the thanks of the American government for his work in convicting William Lord Moore for using the United States malls for fraud-ulent purposes. Moore's method was to write to credulcus people in England and on the continent offering to help them get their shares of unclaimed them get their shares of unclaimed millions lying in banks. He was tried n Jackson, Tenn., and the jury dis-agreed twice, but the third time found him guilty, and he was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary.

Restored \$100,000 Worth of Jewels Restored \$100,000 Worth of Jewels
Froest also came to America to unravel the mystery of the Townsend
Burden jewel robbery in 1896. The
jewels, worth \$100,000, were stolen from
the wealthy American by two English
servants who, it developed, tried to
cloak their crime by showing the gems
were taken by burglars. Froest discovered this in time to be able to return the jewels before they had been
separated and lost.

Altogether Froest has either directly or indirectly been concerned in the

ly or indirectly been concerned in the arrest of more than a hundred Ameri-can criminals. A correspondent asked him which he remembered with the reatest satisfaction.

greatest satisfaction.

"My arrest of Cowboy Kuhn at Queenstown is the one I think which gives me the greatest satisfaction," was his reply. "Kuhn came from Primrose Dity, Wis. He had murdered five or ix of his comrades and had dropped heir bodies into a creek. The critacy was brought to light by a how who brought to light by a boy who, if fishing, brought up a body on the

Kicked a Prisoner on the Chin. "I went on board at Queenstown and arrested him before he knew he was found. As we were in the train on our way to London I was reading a newspaper, while he was sitting opposite th his hands manacled together. Sud-I noticed him quietly reaching deniy I noticed him quietly reaching down for the foot warmer. I knew what he was about, but there was no time for me to throw myself upon him, so I hocught my foot up under his chin, and that made him sit up straight and that made all sit up straight again. He was extradited to the states, where he got a life sentence."

Of course, by the end of thirty-four years constant detective work the re-tiring superintendent of the "C.I.D." has many wrinkles to impart for the successful elucidation of crimes and mysteries. But they have to be coaxed out of him, for modesty is one of Froest's main characteristics. herlock Holmes Interesting Rending

"What is the narrowest shave you have ever had for your life?" was the question which brought this prompt reply, uttered with a good natured. Oh! it would take a Yankee to an wer that question. Probably one that I never knew anything about." On a former occasion, however, he pressed the interesting opinion that e would always prefer a man who was ne would always prefer a man who was attacking him to be armed with a pis-tol rather than a knife. His reason for this was, "because the man with the pistol may miss you, but the man with the knife never does."

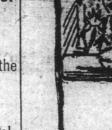
STAMPEDE MEANT MUCH TO MERCHANTS OF CALGARY

(Continued from Page 1).

towboy life in Texas and said that he had been at roping all his life, although he had never taken many prizes, but he had learned to ap-Preciate a good rider.
"And I don't mean by that," went

on the speaker, "that I just like to bee a man thrown off, but I like to ee a good man ride a good horse. I want to see him ride the horse and want to see the horse buck-get right up in the air. Another thing I like to see in the boys is how they disregard danger and go right through with what they have to do whether they are hurt or not. When a fellow is half killed, I want to see him get right up and go through with what he has ted to do. That's what the life of a cowboy teaches was thrown off and hurt. They on going to do what you want to do whether it hurts or not. Just like that fellow out there this afternoon was brown off and hurt. They ght the ambulance around but he said he wouldn't get in that 'deadbut climbed on his horse again. Do you know that half our boys out there get hurts and bruises that uld have made the average man all his time hunting liniments poultices But these boys are

nping around out there just like are used to it." Other Short Talks Made. ort speeches on behalf of the buke and Duchess of Connaught, to the manager of the Stompede, Majorer Fred R. Stone of the King Derge grill had spread himself or served at the hotel. The huse, and the banqueters stood and the b ho declared the show was the





BUBBLES



W ATCH my bubbles one and two All the little moving things

swing rope And the door. Higher, higher they mount slowly
To their doom,
And they burst against the roses
All abloom.

Oh, the world is full of bubbles, Songs and bees, And the little winds sing shrilly

That run and play, Bounce about the hanging Pay not the slightest heed to them Nor run away.

> With my scapsuds close beside me, Here I blow; See the pretty colors shining High and low; Now my "bubble hour" is ended, So they say, And my pleasant sport is over For the day. KATHERINE FAITH

SHIPWRECK ON BASS RIPS



cially about the island of Nantucket, are obliged to keep far out to sea, if they would avoid the dangers of the sandy shoals savers of Coskata for a long, hard aboard One gusty winter's day, when the thermometer registered 12 degrees above sero, and an icy north wind was sweep-ing the sea, Chase,

keeper of the life-saving station, was summoned to the lighthouse tolephone by a hasty, long-continued ringing. The keeper at Sankaty Head was on the line informing Chase that during the night preceding, rockets and been appearing off the coast. As soon as daylight had come, the masts of a schooner on Bass Rips had been aighted. ef a schooner on Bass Rips had been sighted.

"Is she still in sight?" asked Chase.
"She's indistinct, but she's there, all sight," was the answer.

"Right-o! We'll set off for her at cace. By the way, ask the keeper to cond any tug that may be in port toward Bass Rips. The vessel herself may want a tug, and at all events, we who have launched to her assistance will need a tug to pull us back."

In the course of a few moments the fessavers had run out the lifeboat and

vere ready for the perilous journey. Dach one of them knew what the dangers of a trip before the raging wind whistling across Nantucket shoals forsboded, but not a man of them retused or even held back. Arms and anuscles were strained to the utmest as mile after mile they rowed to Bass alies ten miles out. There was not a vessel in sight, and for a time it was feared that she had sunk or had drifted beyond to the Rose and Crown—the most dangerous should of all those about Nantucket.

The Ressavers struggled on, however, and at last the tips of the masts were

the coast of New England, espe-So low had the schooner sunk that the railing was nearly even with the water, and every icy wave that rolled up from the sea passed over her and over the seven half-dead men hanging desperate-ly to the rigging. All was methodical action aboard the lifeboat. Carefully they anchored, letting out a long hawser; and steadying themselves with the out and cause our toward the wreck. The eyes of many shipwrecks.
Very often a vessel runs aground, obeyed. A single false stroke would oars, drifted down with the fast-moving have sent them all to instant death. .When the current had drifted the lifesavers near enough, a heavy stick with

a line attached was thrown aboard. To the end of the line was attached a heavy rope, which the crew eagerly hauled in and made fast to the rigging. Slowly, carefully, hand-over-hand, the lifesavers drew nearer, but their rate of speed was maddening to the half-crazed men aboard the wreck. The poor wretches seized upon the rope and began to draw

the line in so rapidly that there was every danger of swamping the lifeboat.

"Make fast that line!" commanded the keeper. The men on the wreck paid not the slightest heed.

Keeper Chase drew out a knife, opened it and stepped to the place of bow oarsman. "Another haul on that line," he cried, "and that rope will be cut! I command here!"

Keeper Chase had "followed the sea" all his life from boyhood, and one does not live within everlasting sound of the breakers without developing a voice with the carrying power of a foghorn; now his mighty voice sounded clearly even above the rear of the angry waves, and the shivering wretches caught a glimpse of the gleaming knife in his hand. The lifeboat dancing there like a frail feather on the waves was their only hope of escape from the death they had been expecting every moment for more than afteen hours, and in a moment they had made the rope fast. When they had done this the rescurs came as close as they could without being dashed to pieces. Then, one by one, over the line in the life car, the crew slid down to the lifeboat, where their limp forms were stowed away, apparently almost lifeless. When the last man had been taken shoard the line was cut, the anchor taken up and the lifeboat turned about, facing the wind. No trace of land was visible; they were at least fifteen miles out on the sait waste. For three endless hours the lifeguards labored without making headway; then it was decided to anchor and wait until the turn of the tide. Even when the tide set in so slow was the headway that rix hours' work won them but one mile of the fifteen.

Night settled down, but the crew toliced on. They became dead weights on their oars, and at last one man said to the keeper, "Captain, if I may have ten milnuies" sleep, I'll be able to do more." So all through the endless wearisome night the, crew took turns sleeping, but each was only allowed to sleep a few moments at a time. Every hour found them hopeful that the lighthouse on Sankaty Head. When at length they had reached sho off yet!" he cried furiously, and rubbed his back against the tree trunks; but all his efforts only seemed to make the little pests bite harder.

At last he came to a small log hut in the forest, and he was so weary that he walked in and sat down by the fireside.

"What do you want?" asked the old woman who owned the hut; and the Coon made answer:

"I am greatly annoyed, A number of fleas are biting my back and I cannot get them off. If you will remove them for me, I will give you my warm fur mittens."

Now, the old woman who lived in the poor little log hut was very poor indeed and she had a great number of children. The eldest was just able to help her a little, while the youngest was still toddling about. So she thought:

"If I relieve the Coon, I will be able to trade his mittens for good food and my children will not be so hungry," And she struck the bargain with the Coon.

Now the Coon was as big as a good-

ly lucky man," the house? Our maids are not clad in said Donald Mosilk, and they have never seen pearls such as she wears." "Faugh!" said Donald; "and the fine gown is but her wedding robe. Before long she will have learnt how to spin and weave her own lands and highland castles she is

Donald McDonald's Bride

An old shepherd sat by the doorway.

marrying, and not yourself?" wife, coming forward, "and know you "That is not true," said young Mc-Donald, with an anxious frown, "for we are to be married on the morrow, and up to now never has she asked of me whether we are to live in a castle or a peasant's hut." False Gregory laughed sneeringly.
"Try her for but a day in a peasant's

" he cried, "and I'll warrant you she'll in a few hours wish herself back After the wedding next day under the blue sky a fine carriage drove up, and Donald and his beautiful bride drove away from the merry crowd far over the

"Should you care for me just as much if we were to live in a cettage, Lizzie?" asked young Donald.
"If I had wanted only stately halls, I would have stayed in my father's house," answered Lizzle Lindsay. "Would you love me well enough to be willing to sweep the floor of my house and milk my kine, Lizzie?" persisted

"Truly I would," answered Lizzie. "I do not like to be idle, and it would not have bothered me at all." Soon the carriage stopped, and the



bridegroom sprang out and opened the door.

"Why, there's never a house at all here!" cried Lizzie. "See you, Donaid, there's only the wild moorland," and looked wildly after the carriage, which had rolled away.

"Look not after the carriage, Lizzie," said Donaid, gently. "It's not mine, and I have none like it. I hired it for a little way, but the remainder of the distance we'll have to go on foot."

Lizzie said never a word, but smiled sweetly and tucked up her shimmering gown, and away over the moorland walked beside her husband, Donaid. The way was rough, the hills high, the forests gloomy and dark; and at length she stone be at home?"

"We're not come halfway," said Donaid, and they trudged on until at length Donaid cried, "We are home at length Donaid cried, "We are home at least, my dear bride!" and, putting his arm around her shoulders, led her into a humble cottage. It was a very poor little place; the windows were small and the light scarcely came through them.

very much an-

noyed by the fleas that kept

biting his back,

where he could

"You will come

off yet!" he cried

"I've come back at last, father," said Donald, and the old man rose slowly and laid his hand on the young man's head. "You are welcome, very welcome, my boy," he said. "You've been gone a long time."
"But I've come back at last, father,"

said Donald, "and I've brought with me "Had you rather be in Edinboro town, the fairest maid in all Edinboro town." "She is fair," said the old shepherd, where the fine ladies neither spin nor "but will she help the goodwife about weave?" asked the goodwife.

"She will help the goodwife," laughed "She is welcome, then," cried the good-

that Donald is the best son ever a woman had, and I wist has picked out a bonny wife who will be a daughter to his old mother. The hut is small, but for that we'll all the better agree, since there are only three rooms.' "Are you grieved that you have come to dwell in the three tiny rooms?" asked Donald, tenderly. Then Lizzie

"My father's house hath many wide rooms, and had I wanted nothing but stately rooms. I had not left my father's house, to fare forth to the highlands with my Donald." Then the goodwife brought out ourds and whey and poured it into wooden

bowls and gave each of the family a little wooden spoon.
"Oh, but Donald was the bonny lad when he used to come in from the castle to see me," cried the goodwife, looking with tear-dimmed eyes at Donald, "Ahem! You mean when I came in

from feeding the kine, mother," said Soon the velvety darkness came down upon the land, and as there were no candles in the little cottage, they began to think about bed. The goodman and his wife always went to bed with the

"Mother shall make you a bed of sweet hay and rushes, and I'll warrant you'll sleep sounder on it than on any fine linen in Edinboro town," said Don-

Early next morning the goodwife "Lizzie, Lizzie, come get up, the day is far spent. The sun is looking over the hilltop. There's the milking to do

and the floors to sweep and all the house is full of work to be done by strong So Lizzie rose and went out to tho milking shed. "I do not know how to milk," said Lizzle to the goodman. "The ladies I know never milk." So the goodman showed her how to

milk; but the cows were not used to her unskilled hands and grew so restless inder her touch that he soon had to milk them himself. "There's all the milk to skim," said the goodwife, "and go you into the cellar, Lizzie, with the skimmer and the bowl and bring up the cream to make

bowl and bring up the cream to make the butter."

So Lizzie went into the cellar and contrived to get some cream into her wooden bowl.

"Where is Donaid?" she asked of the goodwife when she had come upstars again.

"Off on the hills," answered the goodwife, carelessly.

"And when will he come home?" asked Lizzie.

"Mayhap not till night," said the goodwife. "The goodman is old, and there's much to be done before the shearing. Now do you sweep the floor."

"But the ladies in Edinboro do not sweep, said Lizzie. "Will you show me how to do it?"

"Do you wish you were back in Edinboro town?" asked the goodwife sharply.

"Do you wish you were back in Edinboro town?" asked the goodwife
sharply.

But the little brids threw back her
head and spoke up right bravely. "I'd
rather sweep all the days of my life
than be back in my father's fine house
without Donald!" So she swept the
floor as best she could and fed the pig
and churned the cream and worked and
salted the little pats of butter that were HOW MR. COON LOST HIS MITTENS

"It is too cold to go without my mit-

back for them."
"Why, your mittens have been traded

for good food for my children," cried

the old woman.

You can imagine how cross the Coon was when he heard this, but he slunk

away, saying to himselt:

tens," said the Coon, "so I have come is, save the youngest, who crept under

When late afternoon had come the goodwife tried to show her how to spin. She struggled and struggled, but the thread tangled and the wheel persisted in going the wrong way. Now, Lizzie Lindsay had never in all her life done so much work before as she had done on this day.

"Nay, I had rather be where Donald is," said the drooping little bride a trifle wearily. "Why does he not come?" Strange to say, there was a rustle behind her, and there was Donald, looking not at all as though he had done a

hard day's work.
"Lizzie," he said, "let us go and take a little stroll. Here's a bundle of your nicest clothes. Put on the finest gown you have, and look your very best, and we'll go for a walk." So Lizzie put on her pretty little satin shoes and her finest, richest gown, and she and her Donald walked out into the

glow of the afternoon sun. "The cottage is not like the halls of



your father's house, my Lizzie," said Donald; "do you wish you were back in Edinboro town?" "I had rather stay in the cottage all my life long," said Lizzie clearly, "than

be back in Edinboro town away from you, Donald."
Then they walked down the lane all bordered with wild roses. When they had come to the end, there stood a carriage more beautiful than the one in which they had begun their journey. They rode a little way, and finally came to a majestic castle that rose in all its expected guests. From the doorway

a wooden bowl and was stient. The Coon looked in every

place for his mittens, and he couldn't

was decerated as though in honor of expected guests. From the doorway came sounds of the sweetest music that was ever heard. A silver chime of bells floated on the sir.

"What can it be?" cried Lissie Landsay, breathlessly.

"Let us to the porter's lodge and see," said Donald. But when they had come to the gates of the lordly castle the porter threw them open wide, crying:

"Welcome home, Lady Liszie! Welcome, Lord Donald!"

Pretty children deluged their carriage with flowers. And when they had come to the hall of the castle a fine lady wearing velvet and many jewels came to Lizzie and gave her the keys of the castle, saying:

"My daughter, you are the lady of the castle now. All that you see is yours."

It was late that night when Lizzie Lindsay went sto gales of laughter and said to her husband:

"Donald, if you wait for me to learn to spin yarn for your stockings, you'll go barefoot for a year. And Donald, have you forgotten that you once told me all about that dear old nurse of yours who married a shepberd? And, Donald, my little sister heard every word False Gregory said to you the night before the wedding!"

A BRAVE LITTLE LAD OF

THE CRUSADES



ten thousand by the sons of Ortok. All the cities of the plain pillage and prey. They were mad with the fever of their vow to. wrest from the Franks their grip on the land and plant the hated walls of the Holy

City. Their black tents dotted the gentle slope of Olivet of sacred mem-

"Allah !! Allah!" was the never-ceasing cry. "Death to the ranks of the Christians! Let knights and priests sat-Within the gates of the Holy City all was terror and dismay. Small wonder, for the knights therein were few, the walls weak, their leader and king far away. Baldwin had taken his armed and gallant fighting men to conquer Ascalon. There was small hope of help

coming to the beleaguered city, with every approach guarded by a Moslem spear. The low wailing of women minded with the prayer of priest as the first gleam of Easter dawn broke darkly over Hebron.
Within the Norman towers, the dwell-

ing place of the Latin kings, the boy prince Almeric brooded and fretted with bowed head. His ears caught the sound of the footsteps of armed men hastening to man the city wall, he heard the warlike call of the tocsin, and he almost envied the little boys who were small enough to weep. He stepped to the window and drew away the rich and heavy hangings so that he had an and heavy hangings so that he had an unobstructed view of Olivet. Plainly in his ears sounded the measure of the strange Moslem music. Everywhere awarmed the turbaned foemen. "Full soon," said the little prince, "full soon will the strife rage round St. Stephen's gate. Full soon Jerusalem will learn the depth of Moslem hatred!" He turned sadly away, his hand dropping heavily from the curtain. Five minutes later he was speeding across the palace yard, brushing against the walling women going to pray before the Sepulchre. His lips were pressed togsther with the intensity of his purpose; but they parted as he sped to let out a little throbbing prayer. "Mother Mary! Thou whose Son this day conquered the grave of old, send us aid; help us to overthrow the infide! So shall thy name be glorified. I vow to thee my cloak—nay, my falcon and its bell—if thou wilt but spoil the plans of the infide by my means!"

He stopped short, for there at his feet shone a crimson flower—surely a pleage. He stooped and looked into its faming heart; then reverently he set the gleaming blossom in his doublet as an amulet. Fleetly he sped down the tower stairs and sought the lowest postern, which he knew gave access to a secret passage.

Stooping low and stumbling at evers. unobstructed view of Olivet, Plainly in

which he knew gave scoess to a secret passage.

Stooping low and stumbling at every step, he found his way into its gloomy windings. He paused, groping and listening to his own labored breathing, the only sound in that deathlike silent place. Anxiously he pressed on with the return of his breath supply, each moment an eternity in the eerie darkness, until he saw the welcome daylight shine ahead, and knew that he had come to Olivet.

Without all the Easter air was heavy with the sound of the infidel warcry, as it was wafted from the fray that naged about St. Stephen's gate.

Cautiously the boy ventured out. His was too great a mission to needlessly risk his life. He must not die until he had played his part as a little war-

rior of the king. Then up the mount by the winding paths he had so of a climbed in blay. Softly, with a catille tread, he reals past rock and brake

NINE

past tent : ter tent. There! He has found it at last the war torch he Moslems had sent by swift runner; from tribe to tribe () raise up the rost of spears now leve 4 against the Christians by the gall Swiftly Almer's caught it up and fann 2 its smoldering end until it had age a burst into flar e. Then with an exulte ant cry, the it the Norman prince set the Moslems' ints ablaze, with the fleetness of a de r darting from tent to tent, marking his path with flame and fire until, his m. sion accomplished, he dashed back to the secret entrance of the passageway he fast as his weary

He had gained the posternway despite his weariness ere the startled cry of the Moslems, seeing their camp ablazo,

"What traitor's hand hath done this dastardly deed? Back, back!" they cried, and stricken with panic; and fear swayed up the slope of Olivet in a liv-ing stream. Then every knight who could wield a lance streamed through St. Stephen's gate. All the Easter air was filled with well and battle cry.
"Beauseant!" rang out the Temple Knights. "Christus! Christus!" St. John's r



stroyed, the swartly moseins scattered wide—never more to rice in the holy wars.

And Almeric was happy, for his boy-ish hand, by the help of Our Lady, had routed the Moslem hordes. Ara while still oldtime chivalry in knightly bosoms burned, long after the last orusader had sheathed his sword and turned his face to the west, after the last mass was sung in Syrian lands and knights and yeomen, prince and serf, gave up the fight of the Cross, this brave deed of little Norman Almeric found remembrance as each new Easter dawsed, and with the Easter lily in far-off lands people twined Our Lady's pledge to Almeric—the flower with heart of flame.

HOW LITTLE BOY BLUE CAME HOME

said to him: "You're going away to visit, Little Boy Blue! What do you think of that? You're going to visit your Aunt Miranda, who lives in a village. You've never been in a village,

and you're grown old enough and big enough now to see one for the first time."

"No," said Mother; "they haven't any cowe."

"No," said Mother; "they haven't any cowe."

"Nor any horses, nor any guinea pigs, nor sheeps, nor—anything?" finished Boy Blue, with despair in his eyes and a quivering lip.

"Why, yes; they have—er—chickens, I believe," said Mother, hastily. "And, oh, eyer so many things that you will want to see, Boy Blue."

Now, Boy Blue remembered dimiy all the things of which Aunt Miranda had told him stories when she had stayed with them for a visit a few years before, and he knew that she lived quite near his home; and so he made up his mind to go and have a good time in the village. So his mother packed all his little blue things carefully in a little bag, and she and Lattle Boy Blue set out to visit Aunt Miranda, who lived in the village. Little Boy Blue felt quite badly at leaving his sheep, of course, and said "Goodby" to them a great many times. But they were so uninterested that at last he gave up trying to make them understand that he would not see them for perhaps a whole week, and took mother's hand quite contentedly and walked off with her.

Little Boy Blue's mother left him next day, for she had to return to her farm; but Little Boy Blue was to stay two weeks all alone in the village, so he winked back his tears as well as he could and watched her off for home, waving his little blue handkerchief bravely.

Now, Aunt Miranda knew that Little Boy Blue would he bossome, and so she did her best to fill his day with work and play so that he would not have so much time to think. There were no little boys in the village that Little Boy Blue innew to play with, and so he wandered what his dog and his beby

WERYTHING that Little Boy Blue: pigs and his dear flock of sheep were owned, with the exception of his disposition, which was sun color, was as his estable could be. His eyes were no nice ripe apples to eat, no were the exact shade of cornflowers, beautiful roses to pull. He did not like

were the state shall be the sand his little leaket was blue, and his shally hat was blue as blue could be.

One day Little Boy Blue's mother said to him: "You're going away to bed and shining on his little blue rompers. He sat up and hugged his knees and thought of home.

By and by he jumped out of bed, dressed quickly and went downstairs to breakfast. He chattered away happily quickly. Then he went up and put his

enough now to see one for the first time."

"Do they have cows in villages?" asked Little Boy Blue, looking out over the meadows.

"No," said Mother; "they haven't any cows."

"Nor any horses, nor any guinea pigs, nor sheeps, nor-anything?" finished Boy Blue, with despair in his eyes and a quivering lip.

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Now, Boy Blue semembered dimly all the things of which Aunt Miranda had told him stories when she had say of the hem for a visit a few lived quite fore, and he kneed he made up his related to and have a good time in the village. So his mother packed all his little blue things carefully in a little bag, and she and Little Boy Blue set out to visit Aunt Miranda, who lived in the village. It has a little bady at leaving his sheep, of course, and said "Goodby" to them a great many times. But they were so uninterested that at last he gave up trying to make them understand that he would not see them for perhaps a whole week, and took mother's hand quite contentedly and walked off with her.

Little Boy Blue's mother left him next day, for she had to return to her farm; but Little Boy Blue comeratedly and walked off with her.

Little Boy Blue was to stay two weeks all alone in the village, so he winked back his tears as well as he could and watched her off for hoos, waving his little blue linndserchief been and back of the heart to the little boys in the village, so he winked back his tears as well as he could and watched her of for hoos, waving his little blue linndserchief been little boys in the village, so he winked back his tears as well as he could and watched her of for hoos, waving his little blue linndserchief been little boys in the village, as he will be longerone, and so she walked boys in the village that Little Boy Blue knew to play with, and so he wandered shout a good deal and wondered what his dog and his baby

"I shall watch my chance, and when she goes out I will enter the hut and find my mittens!" And he crouched low and hid in the forest. Next day the old woman thought the Coon would be far away so she left the house to find food for her little ones. As she disappeared among the trees, the Coon crept up to the door and went in. The children were very much fright

place for his mittens, and he couldn't find them. This put him into a temper, and at jast he came upon the baby hiding under the bow!

"Where are my mittens?" he cried; but the baby could not answer, for he was too young to talk. "Tell me at once where the mittens are," he cried and bit the baby's check.

Of course, the baby cried loudly, and the Coon ran sway in 'a hurry when he heard the yells, for he suspected that the mother would hear the baby's noise and come hurrying home. He knew that she would know at once who had bitten her baby's check.

True enough, as soon as the mother heard her baby cry, she came running and at once saw the bite on his check.

"Who has hurt my baby?" she cried; and the child told her as well as he could by making signs.

"I will punish the Coon," cried the mother, and ras off eagerly into the forest and cut some long switches. After she had traveled a long, long way, she found the Coon asleep. At once she started to beat him; and so hard were her strokes that she raised great welts—blue-and-black stripes; and with every stroke the Coon grew smaller and smaller until he was very small indeed. Then the old woman oried:

"You will always carry the marks of this beating, and none of your family shall ever grow larger than you are at this minute!"

And the Coon has been small and has borne the marks of that beating to this very day.

Now all the builfrogs down in the swampy lake heard the noise and peered out to see what was the matter, and all the animals in the wood joined them and looked on.

After the old woman had gone, the Coon ran furlously at the frogs, but they only laughed in their croaking, aggravating fashion and splashed down into the swamp, far out of reach. All the bears and the forces rushed snarling and how ling at him, and the Coon, who had never run from them before, had to retreat, because they were big and he was little; and he has had to run from them ever since that day.