

vers. Now she pitches headlong from the wire! Thank Providence! She falls upon the back of an ele-phant fortunately passing beneath and then slides safely to the

ground. "But the huge beast, frightened at the unwonted shouts and dis-turbance, has broken from its keeper, and now lumbers madly down the street.

"Beyond the outskirts of Phantom Town lies a rabbit warren. Right among the burrows flees the elephant. We leave him for a while and follow the course of a rabbit that, scared by the ele-phant's intrusion, hurriedly scam-

pers away. "Not far has the rabbit gone when a wolf pursues it. The bunny There are many of your own ideas which can be easily worked out.

"were made simply by my hands, and the motions I gave them were caused by slight movements of my wrists and fingers. Sometimes I do employ other apparatus, howdo employ other apparatus, now-ever In fact, while casting the elephant's shadow I suspended a handkerchief from my arms. Should I make a preacher in his pulpit, as I often have done, I would require two little pieces of unstable of and to be hung around pasteboard, one to be hung around the wrist; while the shadow of a jockey racing would need a piece of paper for the jockey's hat and dou-ble cords for the reins." With such complete instructions for a shadow entertainment, you boys and girls will surely have one.

parted and that the ship was rapidly

Ho watched it in dismay. There was

absolutely no way by which he could

recover it. Long time he looked upon

it, as the boat danced coquettishly over

making for the center of the lake.

that evening.

questioned.

replied the other, bitterly.

likely never find her again."

blacksmith, used to act as nursemaid to his baby brother. The baby often cried,

and its tears were generally caused by pin-pricks. Noticing this, the boy tried

to bend pins in such a way that they

would do their work without puncturing

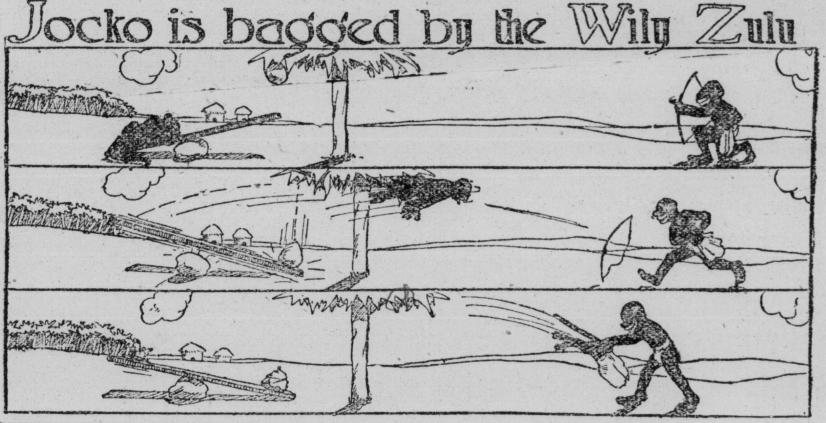
the baby. He failed, but his father, see-

ing the utility of the idea the lad had

been at work on, set to work on his

own account, and eventually turned out

was the rep





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mers scattenie EXTREME END OF THE CORD" e provin,

Lola-"I finally got him to make A coward manages to dodge a am inder the a start for home, and let it go at lot of things that are headed his "Pray do. in

way.

place."

that !"

sisted the other.

Grace-"And what did you say?", mouse.



When the Locusts came upon the Lar. trudged until she reached the

bush in the rear of the lass. Fearing was about to call one of the men to investigate, when he saw the native tinuing on their way together.

"Who is the child yonder?" asked the ped through the doorway. After one look through the glass Mr.

Marten replied, laughingly: Colony about a year ago. The scamp is sneaking away from work to go off on a walk with Wilma. He worships the little miss ever since she did him a serv- gled desperately to climb up the sides to level ground. ice soon after he came to us. Would you of the pit. They were too steep, like to hear the story?"

The traveler was more than willing to listen to the tale. So, finding a shaded the story was begun.

It seemed that when Ugaba arrived at Wilhelmsfest, German Southwest Africa, where Mr. Marten had his farm, there also arrived the locusts. But while the bushman traveled from the south, the locusts swarmed from the north. In great clouds they appeared, clouds which sometimes rose upward as high as 13,600 feet over the mountains. Swept by the winds and following the air currents. they spread themselves over the land, and the sound they made was like that of the rushing of waters. One such insect, when he rubs his rough hind legs against his wing-covers, is as noisy as a watchman's rattle; perhaps you may

imagine the sound created by millions the wind-ruffled surface of the lake. Then he sadly trudged toward home. The farmers made every effort to fight this pest. Although birds and insects, like the hairworm, destroy-ed immense numbers of the locusts "Have you named it?" eagerly asked Adolphe, when he called upon his chum and eggs laid on the ground, still the swarm did not appear to grow less. Nor even when the farmers distributed about their fields poison-ous mashes of bran and arsenic, and cultivated poisonous fungi, did the locusts vanish. Because locusts can-not climb a smeath surface canvas "Yes, I've named it the 'Misfortune,' " Adolphe opened his eyes to their full extent. "And why 'Misfortune'?" he not climb a smooth surface, canvas screens were set up across the paths Raoul frowned glocmily as he ex-

of the locusts and pits were dug be-

plained: "Only because I've had the misfortune to lose her, and shall very How Safety Pins Were Invented. A little boy, the son of an English

S THE traveler strode to and fro neath these screens, in order that the of acacia trees. on the piazza, a figure out in the insects would fall from the screens Wilma rested scrub, beyond the corral, arrested into the pits, and then be crushed by come several miles. Seeking to to Utah

Now, Ugaba was quite fond of eatthat the fellow might mean harm, he ing locusts. Many other people possess a taste for the insects, you know. In China they are candled and throw caution to the winds and run fer- esteemed a delicacy; the poor classes ward to join the girl. They appeared to of the Filipinos depend upon them in talk together in a friendly manner, con- large measure for food; while locusts, traveler as his host, Mr. Marten, step- in the markets of Arabia, Syria, A big appetite had Ugaba when he

stole out one day to lay in a supply "That's my daughter, Wilma, whom of choice locusts. The sun was alyou will meet within the next few hours. most hidden by the clouds of insects, bushman, who wandered here from Caps where he was going. But it was carelessness that permitted him to fall however, and the pit was too deep, fore Wilma. Thanks simply gushed

spot on the porch, the two sat down and do to keep his face and head above together. the heap of insects, which, with wing

covers folded like fans, lay heaped done for him. He at once appointed It came sundown, when the locusts paused in their flight, settling on the ground. Wilma had never 'scen such a strange occurrence before, in-asmuch as the Martens had arrived in the country but a short time pre-viously. She made up her mind to take a stroll beyond the corral. We shall see that this was a most fortunate that this was a most fortunate decision.

The little girl went farther than she had at first intended. She pass-ed through the scrub outside the corral, bending her way toward the hills in the distance. Around the hills in the distance. Around the heath and the flowering plants with their gorgeous colors she found lo-custs spread as a carpet. Even though she wore thick boots, Wilma shuddered every scrunching step she

granite and sandstone and slate she

FRIENDLY, very friendly, was

Fido. And he liked

boys; only he

couldn't tell the

very mischievous

boys from the

his attention. He raised a glass to his the weight of others upon them, the her route, she started to return b. eye, and through it made out the figure pits when almost full being covered different path. Therefore she struct and of a little girl. A moment later he saw with earth. Yet the damage to crops off to the right in order to pass to the the side of the rocky cleft. Thus it was

that she found herself crossing a little plateau where crops were cultivated. Suddenly she heard a cry. It sounded .ccn so human that she stopped for an in- air stant. But as it was not repeated immediately, she began to think her imagination had played her false. There ada roasted, fried in butter, preserved in it was again! Wilma hastened forward. exbrine or dried in the sun, are found in the markets of Arabia, Syria, poor Ugaba was still struggling, though .skanow feebly.

"Wait! I'll be back in a minute!", Mr. cried Wilma. She ran as fleetly as shor the could, back to the grove. Here she shor the And the black with her is Ugaba, a and Ugaba found difficulty in seeing from a tree. With this she has renewing ceeded in finding a stout branch fiding in back to the pit.

· At last, after many vain atte into one of the pits dug for the cap- Ugaba was able, by means of hen Ass reture of locusts. The bushman strug- couragement and help, to draw hielday last.

The first thing he did was to kneel beso that Ugaba found himself in a from him, until the girl insisted that bad way. Soon he had all he could they go home before the light faded al-

Ugaba never forgot what Wilma had about him. The terrified black yell- himself her bodyguard, watching over ed with all his might, but there her upon every possible occasion. Nothseemed to be no one near to aid him. ing could be greater than his love for, her

"And that," said Mr. Marten, "is the only reason I haven't dismissed the regue long ago. He's one of the most idle fellows I've ever employed, but his attachment to Wilma is so strong that it soes sgainst my conscience to good goes against my conscience to send, him away."

him away." Just then the little girl and her escort reappeared. And as the traveler saw the faithful, dog-like gaze of the bush-man as it rested from time to time on Wilma's face, he could not but acree with what Mr. Marten had just said.

SOUL HIS OWN SECRET.

Makes Real Character.

Every human being is a conundrum to every other human being. No matter how transparent the individual seems, cr how open and above board, as we may say, his life, depend upon it, his soul is his own secret. He knows how much of a humbug he is, how fac short he really comes of being what people think him. He knows whether he is genuine or not, and it is this deeper something within us that makes the real character. that is dimly perceived or seduous ly concealed until some sudden temptation or emergency brings it

Presently she stood upon a rock to Deeper Something Within Us Which watch an antelope in the distance. Aft-erward, she was about to return home, when she thought she would explore a little rift valley leading to a grove of trees before her. Through walls of granite and sandstone and slate abo



manifestations of unsuspected heights or depths, we are not to believe those things are born of a moment; they are really deepseated. Those qualities are part of the secret itself-the self that makes us what we are, that will one day reveal itself, that is bound to be disclosed as age wears on." "My mind to me a kingdom is," said the poet. He meant something nearer the heart of things. This secret, hidden self, whose weaknesses and faults we try to hide, whose life is lived beyond the eyes of men, is our real kingdom. It is the dwelling of the kingdom of heaven, or of the other place.

The fat man who says that he would not let any woman order him about becomes the most docile in double harness when a little hundred pound wife takes him in hand.