YOT at all was Pajub prospering. And Pajub railed at the evil fate which prevented him from having good crops and from growing rich.

Surely there must be some wicked spirit

pursuing him. He therefore sought the hermit priest who dwelt nearby, and to this sage did he unfold the tale of woe. A moment the sage reflected, and then made re-

"Seek ye the place where the doves rest; there shalt thou find the cause of afl that is unfortunate in thy life." Deeply pondering, Pajub went upon his way. "Wherever the doves rest!" repeated he. "Doves rest in countless number of places throughout India; how am I to know wher Lifind the right o this, indeed, be true? It must be; for

'Ganga! Ganga!' atone for the sins committed during three previous

Then, as he again looked into the water, whilst praying to Ganga to rid him of his burden, it seemed that his reflection there had a new meaning. It seemed that his image spoke, and these were the words the mouth

framed: "No evil spirit pursues thee other than thyself. Thou hast been idle, shiftless, worthless. This alone has been the cause of thy ill fortune. Be industrious at thy work as thou hast been in thy prayers and all will go well with thee."

Pajub started back, aghast. Could the gcl had spoken. Slowly he re-



PAJUB GAZED UPON THE SACRED WATERS

seeking a solution to this problem. He bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges; he made pligrimages to the sacred cities of Gangotri, Hardwar, Allahabad, Benares and Sager island; and he attended the kumbh, that notable gathering of those devoted to right living, held every twelve years. "Here," thought he, "I should find the truth I seek." But he found it not.

#### RESTING DOVES

'At last his travels brought him to. Ulwar, which lay thirty leagues to the south of Delhi. He tolled up the steep hill whereon the city was built, until he reached the fortress on its very sum-. mit. After an inspection of the magnificent palace of the maharajah, he made his way to the sacred tank of Ulwar, where was stored holy water, taken from the Ganges.

Pajub's heart beat quicker upon his arrival at the sacred tank. For there, covering the roof of a little pavilion overlooking the sacred water, was a flock of doves. But so had he been inspired with hope on many similar occasions; and always had he been disappointed. Hastening his steps, howhe made adoration to the great god.

#### THE SECRET, REVEALED

. Gazing into the holy water, he thought of the legend in the Sacred Book of Ramayana. He thought of the story, told him while yet a child. of how Bhagirathi, after 30,000 years of pleading from his father and grandfather, besought Vishnu to create the Himalayas. Ganga was the daughter of the Himalayas, and with her waters could the dust of Bhagirathi's ancestors be baptized, in order that they might ascend to happiness in the company of the gods. There was much virtue in the Ganges, or Ganga, which had its source in a mountainous ice "cavera, said to be the matted hair of Siva. And as the water before him was of the Ganges, Pajub muttered the words taught him

"This sacred stream, heard of, desired, seen, touched, bathed in, or hymned day by day, sanctifies; all heings; and those who, even at a distance of a hundred leagues, exclaim:

For many weary days, Pajuh wandered, traced his steps to the bank, resolving to plan for himself a better course of living. Turning, for an instant, watch the dove he murmured:

"The sage spake truly. My secret did I learn where the doves restedand what a simple secret it was!"

#### Saved by a Spider

N the ceiling of one of the rooms in Sans Souci, the world-renowned palace of Frederick the Great, is painted a great spider with its. web. The origin of this strange decoration is as follows:

This apartment was the great king's breakfast room, and adjoined his bedchamber. Every morning wher his majesty entered the room he was accustomed to find a cup of chocolate, but on one occasion just as he was about to drink, he bethought himself cf something he had forgotten, and re-

turned to his bedroom. When he again entered the breakfast room his majesty discovered that a great spider had dropped from the ceiling into the cup, and he naturally cried out for fresh chocolate to be prepared. The next instant the king was startled by the report of a pistol. No sooner ever, he soon gained the pavillon. Here , had the cook received the order than he blew out his brains. Not because the king had refused the chocolate did he do this, but because he had poisoned the cup and had thought himself dis-

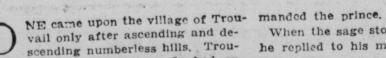
> It was in remembrance of this narrow escape that his majesty ordered the spider with its web to be painted on the

#### A Willing Martyr

OHNNY'S mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of pies, baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?" "Yes," he replied, "I ate it. But I had

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?" "The teacher asked yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole nie, could I? There's just 142.'



vail itself lay in a hollow, flanked on

both sides by mounts. There was noth-

ing extraordinary in its appearance.

Its streets seemingly had lost all idea

of direction, for they wandered hither

and thither in an aimless fashion. And,

although the houses were built in the

self-same style-squat and compact,

with red brick walls and overhanging

eaves-some of them, out of sheer ob-

stinacy, turned their backs upon the

Indeed, there was nothing to redeem

Trouvail from the commonplace save

its wonderful lake. So close to its crys-

talline waters did many of the houses

lay that their outlines were reflected

upon its surface-clear and distinct, as though in a mirror. Yet true as was this reflection, when a human being

stood upon its bank the result was dif-

ferent. The body of the person was al-

ways mirrored with the utmost fidelity,

but instead of the face there appeared

distorted and horribly ugly features.

This lake, with its strange peculiarity,

might have brought fame to the little town of Trouvall had the village not

been situated far out of the beaten path

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE

By the merest chance it was that

Prince Aziel happened that way. Not

long before this time his father, the

king, had announced his intention of

abdicating the throne in favor of the

pience. But before he gave up his

power he resolved to choose a wife for

throne might be assured. The prince

himself was too deeply interested in his

studies to think of marrying, nor did he

care a jot about being king. To escape

being reproached for his neglect, he de-

cided to travel a little while in out-of-

the-way places, with but a few attend-

"'Tis more than passing strange!"

murmured Prince. Aziel, as he stood

upon the bank of the lake, scarcely re-

pressing a shudder at the forbidding

image reflected where his face should

have been. Beside him were grouped

his retainers, and a little way beyond

stood a crowd of gaping townsfolk.

But the prince saw none of them, so

busy was he thinking of this weird mys-

thing?" he demanded loudly.

yes, much older."

"Who is there to explain this strange

No one answered. The villagers had

become so used to the possession of

their lake that they had long ceased to

regard it as wonderful, and with their

ancestors had died the secret of its mir-

At last one old man spake in a quaver-

ing voice, "Perchance Father Veillard

may know. He is a very wise old man

who dwells in a hut upon the mountain-

side, and he is even older than we-

"Bring him to me!" impatiently com-

ants. Thus he came upon Trouvail.

street and presented to it their rear en-

trance instead of the front door.

When the sage stood before the prince he replied to his majesty's question in

"About the lake I myself know nothing; but among my forefathers there was a legend which declared that a powerful gerie created the lake. An ally of the Evil One was he. For his amusement he filled this depression in the hills with the tears shed by those in agony, so that the lake might always stand as an enduring symbol of pain. And so long as the lake remains will the souls of these sorrowful ones continue to haunt its waters. When one stands beside its banks the tortured spirits rise to the surface and hide the features of the person, according to the legend."

Here was an opportunity for the prince

the house nearest the lake, where he resolved to stay until he had solved the

One day, as he reclined upon the mossy bank, sweet strains of music came faintly to his ears. From the lake itself the sound came, as though a spirit band of musicians were concealed in its watery depths. While the prince listened, fascinated, there slowly appeared not far from shore the form of a beautiful nymph. She rose gracefully from the water and floated through the air toward where the prince rested. Immediately the prince beheld the nymph, love entered the heart of him

who never before had loved. And Aziel sprang to his feet, crying: "Oh, beauteous spirit! Thee I shall

wed, or none!"



egend of the Enchanted, Lake

SO BUSY WAS HE THINKING OF THIS WEIRD MYSTERY.

"ROSE GRACEFULLY FROM THE WATER"

to apply the great knowledge he had gained through arduous study. He cismissed his courtiers, bidding them find to them his intention of dwelling in

"Too great a price must one pay for my love, good prince," sweetly said the nymph, as she gazed with pitying lodgings in the town. He made known eyes upon the young man. "I was appointed ages ago by a good genie to aid

#### Legend of a Faithful Hound

DRINCE LLEWELLYN once went out hunting, leaving his infant child in charge of Gelert. He was horrifled to see upon his return an empty cradle and the floor bespattered with blood. Gelert sat on his haunches, looking joyously into his master's face, but the impetuous prince read the evidence wrongly, and slew the hound on the spot. In the next room he presently saw the child, alive and well, and in a dark corner a dead wolf. Overcome with grief at his mistake, the savage warrior mourned the loss of his only friend, and buried the dog near by with all honor. To this day the place is called "Beddgelert"-the Grave of Gelert-now a pleasant little village in North Wales.

## To Imitate the Song of the Nightingale

AKE a pear-tree leaf an inch long and half an inch thick. With the thumb-nail dig a semi-circular piece out of the middle, so as to leave only the white inside extremely thin, covered on the uncut side by the outer skin. This opening should be in the shape of a half threepenny piece; if you have not cut it clean out you will only be able to draw out the croaking of a raven. Double up the leaf and apply it to the palate, the bared part of the swell at the back of and above the roof of the tongue, not toward the hollow, and try to pronounce the following sylables, to imitate the nightingale: Eu-oo, eu-oo, eu-oo, eu, eu, eu, eu, tshee, tshoo, tshee, tshoo, tshee, roo, roo, eu, eu, eu, roo, shee.

in the liberation of these souls from pain. To secure their release I must wed a mortal; but no sooner de I receive his promise than he must perish. Knowing this, do you renew your re-

"Yes, I do insist!" cried the prince, extending his arms toward the nymph. With arms clasped about each other out above the lake they floated. An instant, and prince and nymph had disappeared below the waves. Nor was

there ever found a trace of Aziel. For a few days Trouvail woke from its sleepy indifference, as courtiers dashed here and there in unavailing search. But soon it lapsed into its state of former quiet. And few even noticed that no more did there appear in the lake the distorted image of any person who stood and looked into it.

### Contest in Grimaces

T Champigny, an exceedingly preity place on the Marne, French chil-I dren a few seasons ago took part in a grimacing competition. The prizes, of course, went to those who succeeded in pulling the most horrible faces, the contest taking place during a whole aft-

The boys and girls were only too ready to engage in this exhibition, and for hours could be seen, tongues lolling out or crammed into a small cheek; a rosebud of a mouth, screwed up, gaping or twisted as ludicrously as its tiny owner knew how; dainty little noses drawn up or pulled down out of all shape, and eyes squinting in a desperate effort to look round the corner.

Onlookers began to wonder whether the juvenile competitors would ever stop grimacing, while others, who ought really to have known hetter, assisted the ures. One venerable, white-haired old man showed himself quite skilful at this. He must have been a professional contortionist, or, at any rate, was well suited to the calling. He would make a face, and, to the best of their ability, the children copied it.

#### Turtles as Race Horses

OU doubtless know of zoos where girls and boys are permitted to ride, for a small fee, on some of the animals confined there. But, although camels and elephants are so employed, tortoises are rarely used for this purpose. Indeed, the only zoo where children may ride on the backs of turtles is Hagenback's famous zoo in Ham-

These tortoises are immense fellows, weighing several hundred pounds. They have been taken captive on islands of the Pacific, where they have no enemies among the animals.

Most turtles are very timid, and draw in their heads upon the approach of human begins. These, however, have grown quite used to the presence of girls and boys.

When the young rider mounts a turtle he holds before the animal a head of lettuce attached to a rod. And the tortoise runs and runs after this lettuce. Of course, he never gets it, but he doesn't know a trick is being played upon him. Sometimes girls and boys run races upon the tortoises. This is great

#### A Distorted Figure

RITE or draw on thin white cardboard any letters on you fancy, prick the outline all round, hold it at an angle to another piece of white cardboard or paper, placed horizontally, and let a light shine through the pricked outline, which will give distorted forms. This done,

# I therefore must work busily

OU ASK me why I like to go. To school day after day; I'll tell you, if you wish to know,"

Said Johnny's sister, May. "It's all because I want to do My best to please mama, And also try my hardest to Make glad my dear papa."

Among the girls in class;

I'd simply hate to miss one face Or lose a single lass. "I always have a splendid chum

For company; you see. At home it would be most humdrum," John's sister, Kate, told me.

"Such interesting things you learn" Replied John's sister, Prue; And I am striving now to earn Bright fame and giory, too.

"If possible, I'd like to be As wise as father, and

So I can 'understand.' "

Of Johnny, then I made request For him to tell the reason-Since he did not appear depressed-Why he should like this season.

"I like school 'cause it always leads To bully, fine vacation; The faster," said he, "school term speeds,
The greater my elation!" put aside the light and the perforated cardboard, and by placing your eye where the light had been, you will see the second drawing take a regular form.

Proper mercia

at once to the classrooms.". gracious smiles! Meantime, al- situation was, in all respects, sat- tle party took its leave. How a Teacher Successfully Hand- who had evidently been chosen as hide my amusement, I began to One of the gentlemen made a morning the school room was crowd- house a week, and I'm sure you.

How a Teacher Successfully Hand who had evidently been chosen as hide my amusement, I began to the effect that ed. The dux of the school made a can't even guess who I am." Tom-leader, "we have something to say fild up maps, tidy cupbeards; and graceful speech to the effect that formal apology, in what was intend-my "I'll bet you one thing." I was the father and mother of them all—he was a patriarch and I had ed for poetry, after which I was Visitor—"What?" Tommy—"I'll duly garlanded and presented with bet you're no relation of father's."

When the room was cleared I not numbered thirty summers. I duly garlanded and presented with bet you're no relation of father's."

Not all strikes are founded on "Say it quickly; we must not were an every-day occurrence. When the room was cleared I not numbered thirty summers." I duly garlanded and presented with bet you're no relation of father's."

Visitor-"How do you do, Tom-When I went to school the next my? I've come to stay at your

when the room was cleared I and I had concerned the followed the follo