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and playmate, and he used to come and see Joan whenever she was left alone, but he told her she must never tell anyone about his visits, or he would never come again. They had long talks together when tired of play, and one day Joan told him how her father had gone away and never come back. 'I wonder if he is still alive,' she said, 'and if we shall ever find him.'

"'I might be able to help you,' said Mr. Nobody. 'You see I can go to places where nobody goes.

"This remark so puzzled Joan that she was silent for a long while till her little friend remarked. 'I think I will go and see the Man in the Moon and ask him if he knows anything about your father. You know he is very wise and is quite used to having Nobody go and see him and

ask his advice? "The next time Mr. Nobody came he was smiling all over his funny little face, and brought good news. 'The Man in the Moon tells me,' said he, 'that one evening about six months ago he was looking down on this forest near your cottage, and he saw a band of armed men riding through it. They came at last upon an open space where a man was busy cutting down trees. The officer in command of the soldiers said in a loud voice, "That is just the man we want, seize him." The man was taken and bound and carried away with the armed men. They took him to a large castle miles away, where he is kept as a slave and made to work at cutting down the trees in a dark wood close by. At night he is taken to a dungeon under a small tower near the castle, where, said my friend the Man in the Moon, nobody goes.' So remarked Mr. Nobody, 'If nobody goes there Nobody will go there and see what he can Joan begged hard to go with him, but Mr. Nobody said she would be Somebody and couldn't possibly go with him. So he set off by himself to visit the dungeon. It took him several days to reach it as he could only travel at night base of which was a grating which nobody could squeeze through, so through he went, and letting himself drop down he found himself in a dark dungeon, on the floor of which a man lay asleep on a bed of dirty straw. Mr. Nobody touched him on the shoulder, and Joan's father, for it was he, awoke with a start exclaiming, 'Is anybody here?' 'Nobody's here,' answered Mr. Nobody chuckling, and lighting the tiny lamp he had brought with him. It did not take long for him to through the iron grating, making an fish are strongly attracted by musical opening large enough for Joan's father sounds. to squeeze through. Mr. Nobody then left him to make his way home to his wife and little daughter. You can imagine the delight of the father and mother and little Joan when they were all together again in the little cottage. Joan had to tell her father over and over again of her friendship with queer little

Mr. Nobody, and of the rhyme she used to sing. Her father said she must alter it now and sing,
"'Here am I, little jumping Joan,
Now daddy's come back I shan't be alone.' "But she never forgot the first little

rhyme, and when she grew up she told it to her own little girls and boys, and afterwards to her grandchildren, and that is how the rhyme has been remembered so long.

"What a lovely story," said Chrissie, as Bear finished his tale. "Have all the nursery rhymes stories belonging to them." "Yes," replied Bear, "and some of them

are very exciting. "Go on and tell us another," said Geof.

"No," said the Bears, rising as they spoke. "We must be off now, but we will come again every afternoon that you have colds and cannot go out, and tell you another one. You can be thinking of one you want," he went on, turning to Geof, "it will be your turn to choose you

see you, but this is the first time you know. Come on, Forbear, we must not have seen me, isn't it? Now we can stay any longer now. Good-bye, chilstay any longer now. Good-bye, children," and off they went. At that play and have some fun together.' dren," and off they went. At that "Mr. Nobody proved a jolly companion moment nurse arrived with tea, and the children could hardly believe that the long afternoon had passed so quickly.

The Animal's Ear For Music

Snakes have always enjoyed the reputation of being music lovers, but the appreciation of rhythm and harmony is by no means peculiar to them. According to experiments, declares a writer in the New York Tribune, nearly all animals have a perfect sense of pitch, and in some the sensibility to discord is more highly developed than in some human beings.

Of all animals, dogs evince the keenest musical susceptibility. Indeed, it might almost be said that the dog that displays no liking for music is a vicious character. Some interesting experiments performed by Dr. Otto Kalische of Berlin prove that dogs are able not only to recognize melodies, but to identify each individual note of the diatonic scale. The celebrated tenor, Morelli, had a sagacious little dog, which would follow its master's Perched on the top of the piano, it would throw back its head and in its own way follow its master's voice up and down the scale.

The musical acuteness of horses is shown by the rapidity with which cavalry horses learn the significance of trumpet

The elephant is a most exacting critic. He has little liking for the brass section of the orchestra, but he will listen for hours to the deep-toned bassoon. Observation has shown that the elephant is most pleased with an andante movement. Circus men have learned that elephants will not walk peaceably into the arena unless a stately march is played for them, and that they will not be on their good behavior if music of a frivolous character is played during their act.

Tigers are not very susceptible to music, but they will sit quietly when a pleasing melody is played softly. Leopards will caper with delight to a lively tune, and when nobody travels. At last he arrived snarl to slow music. Lions are great there and found the small tower at the music lovers; they will sit motionless and listen with every evidence of pleasure to smoothly-flowing melody. But rapid or broken rhythms make them pace their cage impatiently, and a discord evokes growls of angry protest.

The fondness of reptiles for music is so well known that it hardly needs mention. The spider is quite as fond of it. The story of Gretry, the composer, and the pet spider that came out every day and sat for hours on his harpischord, while Gretry was composing, is a musical explain why he had come, and with a classic. Mice are similarly affected, and file he had brought with him, he cut recent experiments have shown that even

Naturally, the bird world is full of music lovers. The nightingale, the sweetest of all singers, can be so ravished by the music of a flute that it will fall to the ground in a swoon.

His Early Reputation

When Mr. Lloyd-George was a young country solicitor in Wales, he was riding home in his dogcart one day and came upon a little Welsh girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a ride. She accepted silently, but all the way along the future statesman, although he tried hard to engage her in conversation, could not get her to say anything more than a timid "Yes" or "No.

Some days afterward the little girl's mother happened to meet Mr. Lloyd-George, and said to him smilingly, "Do you remember that my little girl rode home with you the other day? Well-when she got home she said, 'Mamma I rode from school with Mr. Lloyd-George the lawyer, and he kept talking to me and I didn't know whatever to do, for you know Mr. Lloyd-George charges you whenever you talk with him, and I hadn't

"Mamma," said little John, "I just made a bet." "You naughty boy, John-Could Hardly Live for Asthma.—Writes one man who after years of suffering has found complete relief through Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Now he knows how needless has been his suffering. This matchless remedy gives sure help to all afflicted with asthma. Inhaled as smoke or vapor it brings the help so long needed. Every dealer has it or can get it for you from his wholesaler. What made you do it?" she asked. "I bet Billy Roberts my cap against two buttons that you'd give a penny to me to buy some apples with. You don't want me to lose my cap, do you?" He

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