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POOR DOCUMENT



THE MAGIC RING, OR HOW THE FAIRIES HELPED ARCHIE

BY ANNIE JAMES. Archie was the son of Archibald, a king of a small province in the sea. Long, long ago this province, an island of great beauty and wealth, disappeared beneath the water, and it remains in the mind of man only through legend handed down for thousands of years by the descendants of the few who ecaped from the sinking island on the day of its destruction by earthquake. These survivors in simple sailing craft were blown by frienddy winds to a great country where the peo-ple took compassion on them and gave the succor. In this wise has the story of Archie, son of Archibald, the king, been told to the children of the world for many centuries—more than we can count. Now, the name of the province was Min

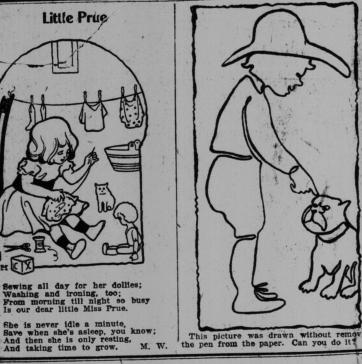
for many centuries—more than we can count. Now, the name of the province was Min-ina Isle, and there were two noble houses ever at war with each other over the rights to the throne. But Archibald, a brave prince and redoubtable knight of war succeeded after many years of strife in subduing the house of Pemm (one of the wrangling houses claiming the throne), and seated himself as head of the Arron family on the throne. He proved to be a good and wise ruler, man-ging well the kingdom and bringing about a condition of prosperity and hap-miness. During his reign there were no wars and no famine. He was solicitous for the welfare of his poorest subject, and was in return doved by all. It was the custom of his people to bring to him at each harvest time what they could well made no demands, he received more than had any previous king of Mina Isle. The people gave with free hands prompted by hearts. Thus Archibald, in build-ing strong and that they were from their wrongdoing and that they were now law-abiding subjects did not confiscate their wrongdoing and that they were now law-abiding subjects did not confiscate their wrongdoing and that they were now law-abiding subjects did not confiscate their wrongdoing and that they were now

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had any previous king of Mina Isle. The people gave with free hands prompted by loving hearts. Thus Archibald—in build-ing up his kingdom through love for his people—built up an immense fortune for himself and descendants. A magnificent castle was built for him with floors of pink, gray and white marble. Walls were of blue granite, and sculptured figures graced the entrance and wide stairs lead-ing to the throneroom. His coffers were filled with gold, which was held in re-serve for his realm in case of warfare form without or within. So the years of prosperity rolled by, and Archie, first-born son of King Arch-



How Jack and Marie Fought the Flood



He is happy on the water; Of the storms he feels no fear, If you would see the skipper Of this boat, you'll find him near.

The their own blood while slaving their fellow, in the rightful generating of Mina Isle." The there was not a participation of a participation of the start of t



best bedding. "We'll save all that it's possible to save," said Jack. "Of course the furnit ure cant be moved." "Yes, some of it can," declared Marie, "if we see there is need of doing so. But to be on the safe side we'll take this load to a safe place over in the big cornfield and leave it there; then come back for more." It was now about 8 o'clock and Marie called old Jane from her slumbers. "Come auntie, you must go and watch our valu-ables while we attend to other work." And she shook the old woman till she was fully poused to the matter in hand. "Foolish children," was all she commented But she dressed and wrapped in a warn shawl, taking care to carry her one best dress, a black silk gown that had been her pride for 15 years. She also took a small box containing relies of her dead children and husband, saying as she did so: "I'm afraid to leave these things in the house when I'm away. But I don't fear that the old Missoury will be the robber. It's them pesky tramps what bother the hod sess of honest folks that I'm afraid of." And so aunt Jane was stationed in the

