A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Answers To Letters

GENVIEVE M.—Thank you for the very pretty Easter card expressing your kind wishes to me on this occasion, it was very thoughtful of you and I greatly appreciate the same.

ISABEL—Don't be sorry that you did not join the Corner before, as the old saying is "Better late than never." I welcome you as do all the other members to the Corner and trust that I will receive letters from you when ever you have the chance to write. You make my mouth water when you tell me about the nice maple sugar you received from the lady.

AVERIL—You are certainly a welcome member to the Children's Corner. I trust that you you will continue to enjoy reading the stories in the Corner and that the next time you write you will make your letter a little longer for I am always pleased to receive letters from the members. Like all other members you enjoy going to school, its a good habit so keep it up.

MARGARET E.—Your letter received and I am happy to welcome you as a member and I'm also pleased to learn that you enjoy reading the stories in the Children's Corner. For a girl of your age you write very nicely and it is pleasing for me to learn that you received a prize for regular attendance at Sunday School. I am also glad that you like attending school, keep on learning your lessons and you will prove a very bright scholar.

RUTH—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I welcome you as a member of the Children Corner. I'm sorry to learn that you don't like taking music lessons, perhaps you wish to learn too quickly, but you must remember that it means hard study at music just like like at school, and after a while you will be able to play nicely, and then how proud you will be when you can entertain. Keep learning no matter how hard it is and don't give up. After a while I will ask the members of ten years old to correspond with you, and if I forget just ask me again.

"BABS"—Glad to hear from you once more, you certainly are a faithful member of the Corner as you seldom forget to write a letter to your uncle. Thank you for enquiring about my health, I have almost recovered. It is nice to learn that your teacher will soon be with you to finish the term, not only am I pleased at her recovery, but it means a great deal to her scholars to give you all a chance to receive an education.

I only wish I had your chance during the summer to fish trout. I love them but am sorry to say it is very seldom I have a chance to receive any.

Cheery, Buttercup and Daisy, are certainly pretty names for your cows, and I believe you when you say that the names you have given the hens are too numerous to mention. You tell me that you have erected a play house of an entirely different material than wood, but you fail to tell me what it is constructed of.

CARMEL—What a fine letter you write, and then your story for this issue is very pleasing. I am almost better of a very severe cold and am glad to hear that you are well again. Spring has certainly arrived and I know that you and the other members of the Corner greet this season with pleasure. I trust the weather for Easter will be fine, but don't eat too many eggs. Thank you for your kind wishes regarding the Children's Corner, it is certainly growing and I have received the names of a number of new members this week. Keep after your girl friends to join and then I will receive letters from them along with the others. It is pleasing for me to receive the letters and answer them. It is indeed with sorrow to learn that Helen is very ill and I hope that she will soon recover. I will ask the members to write to her as you request. I suppose by this time you have learned all about Farmer Brown's Boy and the guessing contest is over. It's too bad that your cat strayed away, but then you have the bird and it must be quite a pet.

EIMA N.—In answer to your letter I might say that at times it is quite a task to answer so many letters, but I deem it a pleasure as I am at all times delighted to receive letters from members of the Corner and when a person receives a letter it is nice to answer the same. I'm sorry to learn that you are without the privilege of attending school, and extremely sorry that your teacher is ill, and I join with you in hoping that he will soon be well and with you again.

The spring weather is beginning to make its appearance and in some places the green grass is showing. You ask me what season I like the best, and in answer I say the Summer. Perhaps you will tell me in your next letter why you like the summer season the best. It must have been interesting for you to look at the men working at the wood cutter, it certainly is a great advantage over the old way of cutting the wood with the axe.

Your brother must be smart to be able to repair cars, it takes a clever man these days to be able to repair cars in a proper manner.

Marion—It does not seem so long since you wrote me a letter, and believe me I had not forgotten you. I'm glad you are able to attend school again, and I am in hopes that your entertainment will be successful. I suppose you and your chums are happy that the snow has all cleared away and you are able to play ball, and as for basketball, that season has finished and perhaps you girls and boys will have a place by next winter to play this good game. The invitation to members to visit The Standard should they come to St. John is always open and I trust that you will have the chance some time. Thank you for inquiring about my health. It is now quite good.

W. W. Weston—Glad you like being a member of the Children's Corner. You are certainly getting along well in school. Your papa will be pleased to have a visit from you during the summer and you must be proud to have a Papa who was a soldier in the great war. I suppose you have plenty of fun looking after the hens.

Cora—I'm happy to have you a member of the Corner and was very much pleased to receive your first letter. I hope that you will write quite frequently, as I like to receive letters and answer them.

Elena—I wish to welcome you as a member of the Corner and happy to learn that you go to school regularly. You must be proud of your big brother who fought in the great war. I suppose you have a great time on the farm, also enjoy driving about in the big automobile during the summer. As you would like to correspond with other members I will give your address in the Chat so they will know where to write. Send me another letter when you get the chance.

Matilda—Your first letter to the Corner is a good one, and I hope that now you being a full member that you will write frequently. I'm glad you are a friend of Peggy, as she writes nice letters. It is too bad that you are not attending school regularly, but then it is nice that you are able to help your mother at home.

Gertie—It is with pleasure that I inform you that you are now a member of the Children's Corner, and I was glad to receive a letter from you. I'm sorry to learn that your teacher has been ill, and hope the illness will not be long. Write again.

Lawrence, Mass, April 14—Moral and financial support to the striking textile workers here who are members of the United Textile Workers of America was voted today by the Central Labor Union and the Building Trades Council. Both are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Boston, April 14—Mrs. Ethel Clark, who brought suit recently against Herbert Rawlinson, motion picture actor for $200,000 alleging seduction of her daughter Dorothy, swallowed poison early today and was in a critical condition at a hospital here tonight.

Weekly Chat

Dear Chums:

Before starting out on my weekly chat to you I wish to introduce to you a few new members to the Children's Corner as follows:

Miss Ruth Stults, of Hampstead, Queens County, N. B.; Averil Tompkins, of East Florenceville, N. B.; Miss Isabel Conard, Lower St., Sussex, Kings County, N. B.; Miss Margaret E. Russel, of Woodward's Cove, Grand Manan, N. B. I'm sure you will join with me in welcoming these new members to the Corner.

It seems that the Corner is growing more popular every week with the boys and girls all over the province and even in Maine, Nova Scotia and other places.

In the many letters I receive they tell me that they enjoy the stories on Saturday and that pleases me very much for I work hard for the sake of the pleasure that it gives my nieces nephews.

It is with pleasure that I inform you all that I have almost recovered from my illness, and at the same time I am indeed sorry to learn that some of my chums are ill, it is my sincere wish that they will soon recover and be able to enjoy themselves like other members of the Corner who are well.

Carmel writes me to the effect that Helen Siddal, of Sackville, N. B., is ill with diphtheria and I think it would be nice if some of the members would write Helen a letter as she would be glad to hear from other members of the Corner for it would certainly cheer her during the time that she is ill. Just try and write a letter to Helen and tell her how sorry you are and give her some news about what is going on as she can't enjoy the out of door life like you who are well.

Ruth Stults of Hampstead, N. B., has joined the Corner, she is ten years old and would like to correspond with members of the Corner who are the same age.

The good spring weather is beginning to show itself, and one of my nieces informs me that she has seen a butterfly as well as plenty of birds, also that the green grass is beginning to peep out from the earth. It will not be very long before we will have plenty of green grass, and then comes the good old summer time when we will all enjoy the warm weather and everything that goes with summer to make life well worth while living for. When I read from a letter that one of my nieces enjoys trout fishing it makes me feel that I was residing in the country where I could enjoy such sport. I love trout but during the season have little or no chance of obtaining them, for I have not the opportunity of fishing, so you boy and girls who reside in the country and have this chance of fishing the lakes or brooks have a privilege that is not for me. Carmel Wry of Sackville sends me a short story this week entitled "The Easter Rabbit," it is short but a pretty little story which I am sure you will all enjoy.

There is indeed very little of interest for me to talk about this week as everything is so quiet, I don't wish to keep telling you every week to keep on attending school for I am sure from the letters I receive that all of my nieces and nephews enjoy attending school and love their teacher.

I was very much pleased this week to receive a number of lovely Easter cards and wish to extend my thanks to the following: Marion, Merwyn, "Babbs," Doris, Genevieve, Emnie, and Reta M.

During the last day I received applications from a number of new members whom I know you will welcome to the Corner. They are as follows: Watson Wilbur, New Horton, Albert county, N. B.; Gertie E. Tipping, New Horton, Albert county, N. B., who would like members to correspond with her; Matilda Ellis, Salmon Beach, Bathurst, R. M. D. Box 41, who also wishes to correspond with other members; Elena N. Jensen, Salmonhurst, Victoria county, N. B., who also wants to correspond with other members; Cora Copp, West River, N. B.

Plenty of love.

UNCLE DICK.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE STRANGE LITTLE SEA MAN

My goodness! But Blinky Barnacle was a queer little chap. One bright, beautiful, glorious day he hatched out of an egg and began swimming right away, as if some one really had taught him how, and eat—my goodness! but he could eat, much to the disgust of old Mamma Water Spider, who had a hard time keeping away from the greedy creature's mouth.

"I certainly will be glad when he turns into a frog or toad, and goes away where he belongs," she told Mr. Crab.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" chuckled Mr. Wise Crab, backing up and sitting down on a flat stone. "Who ever heard of a barnacle turning into a toad or a frog? I never did! A barnacle is a barnacle from start to finish."

"So that's what he is, a barnacle!" snapped Mamma Water Spider. "Well, if one of my eggs hatched into such a restless little fellow as that I would be terribly worried myself. But I don't suppose his mother cares."

"She hasn't time," laughed Mr. Wise Crab. "She's too busy making new shell, you know."

"How should I know?" snapped Mamma Water Spider, diving to keep out of the greedy creature's way. "I've never seen a barnacle before in all my life. How should I know? But say, Mr. Wise Crab, tell me something about the barnacles—I'm at a loss as to what to think of these funny restless creatures."

"Well, sighed Mr. Wise Crab, they are a queer set, to be sure. Now, Blinky Barnacle's mamma lived on a stone quite a good way from here. I met her, because I backed into her by accident one day. She was no larger than that small pebble at your feet. She was packing her eggs into the shape of a small leaf. When it just suited her she tucked the leaf of eggs into a fold of the thin skin that lines her thick shell. I watched her until the eggs were ready to hatch. All this time, mind you, Mamma Barnacle had been building new shell. One day, when it was time to enlarge her outside shell, the inside skin cracked apart and fell off, and out tumbled her eggs, and this little Blinky Barnacle hatched out of one of the eggs.

"I've followed this little fellow up just to see what he was going to do next," Mr. Wise Crab went on. "And, believe me, he changes his shape every day he lives. He is a funny-looking creature with his one eye, one mouth, two feeler that look more like horns than feelers, and his six creepy legs. Now comes something, Mamma Water Spider, that's hard to believe, but it's true. The day is not far off when that restless little wanderer will grow tired of travelling and then what do you suppose he'll do?"

"Die, I suppose," laughed Mamma Water Spider. "He'll run himself to death."

"Don't you believe it," laughed Mr. Wise Crab. "He'll find the proper place on a stone or the side of a log or maybe the side of some ship, and there he will cling by his head, and his body will turn into tubes to make cement to glue him fast. His feet, no longer needed to walk with, he'll use as fishing lines to gather in his food. His mouth will go down near his feet. His eyes will go down near his stomach. Part of his head will float away with his feelers to make more cement and shell somewhere else."

"Well, of all queer creatures!" exclaimed Mamma Water Spider, and with a quick jerk she plunged out of the greedy little barnacle's way, and swam up to a lily pad, and the sunshine. When she returned home Blinky Barnacle and Mr. Wise Crab were nowhere in sight, and Mamma Water Spider was glad.

Doris Meets The Sun Princess

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Doris one morning as she opened here eyes and found her room flooded with golden light. What a wonderful day it's going to be," and she hopped out of her little white bed and ran to the window and peeked out.

Even the meadows seemed tinged a golden hue, and the little brooklet that flowed down the hill sparkled like a golden ribbon in the sunlight.

"I'd certainly like to know if it's a real-for-sure princess who throws that wonderful glow over the world," Doris mused.

"Of course it is!" laughed a merry voice, and Happy Giggles, the elfin from Makebelieve Land, hopped upon the window-sill and nodded gayly to little Doris. "I'm so glad you knew she was a princess," he laughed, "because it always pleases our princess to have children believe in her. But you've never visited her have you?"

"Visited whom?" asked Doris. "You're always saying such queer things, Happy Giggles." Doris laughed. "Who is this wonderful princess, anyway? I've never seen her."

"I knew it!" laughed the elfin. "If you had, you'd never again wonder what makes the golden glow over the meadows every morning and evening. But hurry, or we'll miss the very thing I want you to see," and before Doris had time to blink she found herself sailing through the window over the meadow beside the elfin.

They soon reached a beautiful land and stopped before a great big golden gate.

Happy Giggles rapped, and the prettiest little maiden Doris and ever seen opened the great gates and welcomed them in.

"The Princess of the Sun is busy just now combing her hair," said the first fairy, but when Happy Giggles explained their errand he and Doris were led before the beautiful princess.

"You'll have to excuse me, my friends," laughed the beautiful princess, "for once I start combing my golden tresses I must not stop or old Thunder Cloud will come in before I have a chance to finish."

"Then you're not going to let him in today" laughed the elfin. "I'm rather glad, for my little friend Doris, has planned a trip to the woods, and I'm sure if old Thunder Cloud came in she couldn't go."

The beautiful princess laughed merrily and combed all the harder, so that all the mirrors took on the golden glow from her wonderful hair and reflected it down upon the earth below, so that the meadows and the brooklet shone like gold beneath them.

"That's why you'll find me combing my golden hair every morning early and every night before I fall asleep," laughed the princess. "I know that you earth folks love the reflection it cast upon the world below," and she combed her golden tresses so fast and hard that Doris had to close her eyes, and when she opened them again she was lying on her own little bed, the golden sunlight streaming in the window.

With a happy cry she bounded out of bed and hurried and dressed. Then when her little companions came for her to go to the woods Doris told them about the beautiful princess who combs her hair every morning and every evening, so the world can see the sunrise and sunset reflections and be happy.

The Mice agreed it would be well
Upon the Cat to hang a bell
So that when Tabby came around
The bell would give a warning sound.

An old mouse thereupon arose
And said, "The stunt that you propose
Is great—there's no denying that,
But—who is gonna bell the cat?"

Moral—Big talk's a total loss,
Unless with deeds you come across!

Æsop, Jr.

Some person whose identity is wholly unknown, broke into the Wild Onion school house last Saturday and after drinking up all the red ink, drew a picture of the Wild Onion school teacher on the blackboard.

Jean's Visit To The Fairies

By GRACE DAVENPORT.
Member of Children's Corner.

(Continued from last Saturday.)

Jean started and looked around her. She could not imagine where the voice had come from, but she was sure it came from somewhere. Ho! Ho! "Am I so small as that?" asked the same little voice. "Just look over your head."

Jean looked closely at the maple branches over her head and at last though she saw something. She was sure of it, when that little personage hopped down from the tree and stood at her feet.

It was surely a fairy! thought Jean. After all her wishing it had come true. The little speaker was six inches high and had the prettiest pair of white wings, it was dressed in a tiny white gown and carried a tiny wand at the end of which was a small silver star.

"So you are Jean," the fairy said; "the little girl who has been trying ever so hard to get a peep at the fairies. Well, well perhaps your wish will be granted." It was on the tip of Jean's tongue to ask the fairy why she had not been invited before. But she stopped herself in time for she thought this might make the fairy angry with her and refuse to take her after all.

While the fairy continued "If you really wish to come to a fairy banquet, meet me here at twilight this evening." With this she had vanished. Jean ran home delighted. At last her long look for the fairy had come true and this very evening she would spend with the fairies.

When she reached home her aunt said "Jean my dear, I am going to spend the evening at a neighbors, and will have to leave you in charge of Katie, your nurse. Be a good girl and I will soon be home.

Jean kissed her aunt and hurried into the house. After supper, when her aunt had gone, and Katie was sitting half asleep in the nursery thinking Jean was safe in bed. She crept out of her bed on the other side, grabbed her clothes, and hurried into the day nursery where she quickly dressed. Jean was highly excited and soon found herself under the familar old maple. The fairy soon appeared and said, "Give me your hand." Jean looked at her hands and found they were no bigger than the fairy's. Her feet were also the same size. The fairy observed her surprised look and said, "were you to retain your natural size you would frighten the fairies so I changed your size to my own. Half incredulously she followed the fairy and soon found herself in the fairy meadow. About 50 fairies were assembled here, all differently dressed. Then came the pied frogs orchestra who kept the fairies well supplied in music, and the crickets and grasshoppers who supplied them with songs, and finally the elfin who danced with the fairies. After a long dance, one of the fairies proposed a game of hide and seek, and what a time they had hiding among the cool grasses, and sweet clover blossoms. After this came the supper composed of the choicest of dainties with bluebells for tea cups. By this time Jean was very tired and thanking the fairies for the good time she had had and promising to be more careful of her actions in the future, she resumed her proper shape and hurried home. She found that Katie had gone to bed, so she crept into her own bed feeling very tired but very well satisfied.

End.

Willy Bee's Foolish Wish

Willy Bee settled on a leaf and buzzed wearily. He didn't mind searching for his own food, but he never cared much about going home with his pockets loaded with honey for his brothers and sisters.

"I don't see why we have to do it," he buzzed crossly to himself. "Now, there's Golden Butterfly—all she has to do is to fly around eat all the honey she wants, settle under any old leaf she happens to be near when night comes, and stay there until morning. But we silly bees have to go back to the beehive loaded with honey and pollen. Sometimes it's not so bad, because we're not far from home, but sometimes it's—"

"Say, who in the world are you talking to?" asked a merry voice, and Tilly Tumble-bug and her sister, Lottie Tumble-bug, stepped under the rose bush and leaned against the mud ball they were rolling. "What's wrong with you now?"

"That's it!" buzzed Willy Bee, flying down on a blade of grass beside the two sisters. "Things are all wrong, to my notion. It's too bad I was ever hatched out of a bee egg."

"Oh, dear me, what's wrong now?" laughed Lottie Tumble-bug. "Want to change places with us?"

"I should say not," replied Willy Bee. "You may have seen me go home with my pockets filled with honey and pollen, but you've never yet seen me shoving an old mud ball over the ground for exercise. No, ma'am, I wouldn't be a tumble-bug for anything in the world!"

"Oh, I don't know," giggled Tilly Tumble-bug. "I'm pretty well satisfied, aren't you, sister?"

Her sister nodded her head and gave the mud ball a pat with her front feet

"Well, as long as we're rolling mud balls," she smiled, "we're not sitting around complaining, and I guess that helps some."

"Say, see here now," buzzed Willy Bee. "No offense, but I'll just tell you the truth. I'm tired of wearing this same old dull suit with its pockets always bulging out to their fullest extent. I would rather be a beautiful butterfly with nice gauzy wings, so I could attract attention by my beautiful colors. If it wasn't for my buzzing, folks would never know I was around, while Golden Butterfly can be seen a long way off because of her golden suit and beautiful golden wings."

"Too bad that we can't all see alike," mocked Tilly Tumble-bug, and the two started their mud ball rolling and away they scampered, leaving Willy Bee alone.

Willy Bee sighed, but when he started to fly back to the rose bush he found his whole make-up had been changed. He was no longer a buzzing bee, but a great golden butterfly with gauzy golden wings.

My, but wasn't he proud! And spreading his wings, he sailed back toward home, but a blackbird, seeing him, swooped down and soon gobbled him up, golden wings and all, and that was the last of Willy Bee.

A Good Substitute.

Several years ago a small boy was given money with which to purchase a new primer. The storekeeper told him that they were out of stock just then, but that they would have them the next day; whereupon the youngster said:

"Oh, I can't wait. I will take a trumpet."

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Smile, Kiddies, Smile

NOAH IDENTIFIED.

"Why do you sign your name Norah?" asked a teacher of one of the Chinese boys in the class. "Don't you know that Norah is a girl's name?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "Norah is the name of the famous American who built the ark."—Youth's Companion.

The Broken Arm.

Henry broke his arm and when he was on the road to recovery, we asked him how he did it and he said:

"Oh, I just doubled it up and sat on it."

Professor's Wife—The war started the 1st of August, 1914, didn't it?

Prof. (absent-mindedly)—No, my dear, we were really married in 1912.

Charles Scott, safety expert, delivered an address in Baltimore recently, when, by a coincidence, the entertainment feature which preceded his talk was an "impalement act" by a couple of vaudeville performers. In the connection Scott recalled the following story: 'An impalement act expert of the early days used as his assistant a beautiful young woman, who posed fearlessly against a wooden background while the 'artist' outlined her figure with knives, spears and battleaxes. At the finish of the act the girl would step smilingly from her framework of cutlery and bow to the audience. On one occasion, however, when the girl became ill, the man had to scour the town for some one to take her place, and the only one he could find with nerve enough was a girl who was homely enough to curdle milk by looking at it. When the man poised the first knife, took careful aim and sent it hurtling toward the board, a gruff voice in the gallery was heard to exclaim: 'Gosh! if he ain't missed her.'

THE CAT IN LEGEND.

Medieval superstition held that satan's favorite form for earthly appearance was a black cat.

The ancient Egyptians revered the cat, and Aelurus, one of their deities, was represented in the form of a human with a cat's head.

No animal is so great an enemy of constraint as the cat. The cat at the feet of the Roman goddess of liberty signified Roman freedom from constraint.

Egyptologists have established the cat as the ancient Egyptian symbol of the moon, not only because it is more active after sunset, but from the dilation and contraction of its orb, symbolical of the waxing and waning of the night goddess.

The Kilkennycats fought so ferociously that when the fight ended only the tail of each remained.

The expression, "a cat has nine lives," owes its origin to the fact that the padded feet and toes break the cat's fall, and it is said always to light on its feet.

"Grins like a Cheshire cat" comes from the fact that Cheshire cheeses were made in the form of a grinning cat.

Henry III. of France, and Napoleon I showed morbid horror at the sight of a cat.

"Cat's paw is one who is the evil tool of another, and springs from the tale of the monkey that induced the cat to pull chestnuts from the fire.

Cat's sleep is feigned slumber, like that of a cat watching a mouse.

Washington Hocks gives it as his opinion that a lot of wives would leave their husbands if they had anywhere else to go.

The Easter Rabbit

By CARMEL WRY, Sackville.
Member of Children's Corner.

Peggy, cried Aunt Emma, next Sunday is Easter and mother has no nice plant, don't you think you can help me buy her one.

But Aunt Emma I have not got any money.

Why, Peggy! If you want to buy mother a plant, you will have to earn the money.

How Can I do it, cried Peggy.

Well, said Aunt Emma I will give you 10 cents a day, if you will help me knit one of Daddy's stockings.

But, Aunt Emma, I cannot knit.

Peggy dear, I will teach you how. We can start this afternoon, at 3 o'clock; Aunt Emma called Peggy, and told her if she would bring her some yarn she would start to teach her.

At 5 o'clock Peggy was through with her first two hours lesson, of knitting, and she had already knit two rows on Daddy's stockings.

Every day until Friday, Peggy was busy knitting on the stocking and when she counted her money Friday night, she had 50 cents. Now Aunt Emma had said, it would only cost her 30 cents, and she could have the rest of the money for some other use.

On Saturday Aunt Emma and Peggy started for the city, and bought mother a lovely plant, with two big white blossoms.

Now Peggy what do you want to buy with the rest? said Aunt Emma.

I would love to have the rabbit in Mr. Fawcett's window

But when Aunt Emma told her she had not enough money they started for home.

In the morning Peggy gave the plant to her mother, and after many thanks, she gave Peggy a parcel back inside was a chocolate rabbit and three little ones.

So Peggy got what she wanted and more too.

OUR BLUEBIRDS.

There's a hole way up high in our
old apple-tree,
That nobody knows, except bluebirds
and me.
I always can tell when April is here,
For I see two blue streaks in the hole
disappear.

One night Mister Wind came prowling
around,
And blew their snug home crashing
down to the ground.
With care I soon rescued and fixed
up the nest,
Where their fluffy babies may cuddle
and rest.

In here they'll be safe as safe can be,
'Till their wings are full grown and
they fly out to me.

(Dumb Animals)

ONE SENTENCE FOR SIX.

School teachers declare that children have no intelligent comprehension of grammatical rules till they are at least 12 years old. The conversation of Hetty, who is eight, reported in the Lutheran, tends to confirm the statement.

Hetty's Uncle, who is a schoolteacher met her on the street one beautiful May-day, and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going."

"O, my dear," said her uncle, "your grammar: "You are not going. You must say, I am not going," and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: "You are not going, he is not going. We are not going, you are not going. Now can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Of course I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't anybody going."

The Deputy Constable had quite a lively and exciting chase after a Hog thief on Musket Ridge Wednesday afternoon. The man escaped, however, as the Deputy was disguised as a blind man.

Mr. Fox Talks Himself Out of A Dinner!

Mr. Fox was asked to do the carving because he really had had more experience with birds than the others, although he was a guest.

He had talked so much about bad carving and how it hurt his feelings to see a beautiful big turkey, brown and handsome, spoiled by one who did not know the art of handling the carving knife and fork, that poor Mr. Possum, who was the host, did not dare attempt it himself.

Mr. Coon had no wish to show off and anyway he knew nothing about carving and Jack Rabbit only came to the dinner because he was promised a dish of salad.

He did not care for turkey and he did not care what happened to it so he kept quiet, and Mr. Squirrel, who had his mind on the nut soup and pie, wished something would happen to the turkey soon as he finished his soup so the pie could sooner be brought to the table.

So when Mr. Possum asked Mr. Fox to do the carving he smiled sweetly and said he would be glad to do the best he could though, if he did say it, there were few who knew as much about the points in birds as he did.

But all the time he was thinking very hard for he did not care for anything that was to be served but that big brown turkey and he knew he could eat the whole of it without the least trouble. But how to get it That was the question.

"Where did you get this fine bird?" Mr. Fox asked Mr. Possum.

Mr. Possum told him that this big turkey was easily caught because it didn't seem to know where to go so he chased it into his yard and there he had it.

Mr. Fax thought of something right then and there. "Are you sure this bird was quite well?" he asked, sharpening the carving knife with long strokes. "It sounds rather suspicious to me, my dear Possum, that so large a bird should have been so easily captured and I am wondering if it had not been poisoned by some cruel farmer hoping some of us wood folks would eat it and be sick; perhaps die."

Mr. Fox sharpened the knife faster as he looked around the table to see how Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon took this suggestion, and he was pleased to see they looked uncomfortable.

"I have known farmers to do such things to rid the neighborhood of some of our friends, and I have seen great suffering caused by eating a bird that was not quite well. Are you sure, friend Possum, that this fine looking bird was enjoying good health when you captured it?"

Mr. Possum did not reply. He was looking at the turkey with anxious eyes and, by the time Mr. Fox had carved it, shaking his head all the time, as if in doubt as to its being good. Mr. Possum said he wasn't feeling a bit well and asked his guests to excuse him.

Mr. Fox heaped a plate with turkey and passed it to Mr. Coon. "Are you willing to risk eating some of this bird? he asked. But Mr. Coon did not take the plate. He held his head and ran out, saying he was quite ill.

"Well, well, that is too bad," said Mr. Fox to the remaining guests who did not eat turkey. "We must do justice to Mr. Possum's fine dinner by eating his share, and Mr. Coon's as well as our own."

Mr. Fox heaped his plated but he did not eat for he had talked so much about bad turkeys and poisoned birds that he had quite lost his appetite, and in a few minutes he told Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Rabbit he felt a pain in his back and would have to leave them.

"That shows that the kind of food we eat is the only safe food," said Mr. Rabbit. "I have eaten all the salad and I feel as well as I did when I sat down."

"So do I," said Mr. Squirrel, and I have finished the soup and pie. Meat eaters are always worrying. I can't understand why every one isn't a vegetarian."

"Neither can I," answered Mr. Rabbit as they ran off home.