

WHAT was the matter with Fritz? Evidently something ailed him, but no one seems to be able to state just what it was.

There was a dull, sluggish look in his eyes, his face looked pallid, and nearly all the time he complained of headache. His shoulders were rounded, his muscles were not firm and active, as they should be; he slept poorly, and as for his appetite, why, it had to be coaxed and coddled like an old man's.

Above all things that disconcerted Fritz, work was the worst. And so mother watched closely to prevent his ever doing any work.

And never were there kinder neighbors. Each and every one took an interest in poor Fritz, sending in every kind of herb tea that they had ever heard of, every drop of which Fritz gratefully gulped down, but to no avail, for he grew no better.

"Poor fellow!" sighed the neighbors. "What on earth can be the trouble with him? Why cannot some one find out?"

"Deary me! What will ever become of my poor boy when a chance comes that he should get well? He thought his distressed mother, who felt her life of grinding toil and trouble was soon to end.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S VISIT

And, sure enough, she presently died, leaving Fritz nothing but her humble but snug little cottage and her garden and orchard. The latter were strangely and poorly kept, and now that the mother was gone, they seemed fated to die from neglect.

"Oh, dear! What is to become of poor me!" thought Fritz one evening, as he sat at his cottage door. Just then he heard a voice addressing him from the gate.

"Good evening, Master Fritz." It was the old village schoolmaster who had come to call on his old pupil.

Fritz said he "my friendship for your father and grandfather gives me an interest in you, and I am going to tell you a secret which I believe you have never heard. There is a purse of gold buried somewhere in this garden of yours."

"What a purse of gold?" cried Fritz, excitedly. "Point out the spot, if you please, sir, and I shall dig it up."

"But I don't know the spot," said the old man. "It is somewhere here, however, and faithful digging will discover it sooner or later."

"Dear me!" sighed Fritz. "If only I were strong, so that I could dig as long as is necessary!"

"Poor fellow," I forgot that," sympathized the schoolmaster. "But never mind, Fritz. You can comfort yourself with the reflection that whoever lives here after you have gone away will be lucky enough to find and enjoy the gold. Be sure to tell him—or maybe I had better do it—that there is a sort of charm about this purse of gold, for no slack worker will ever find it. The charm consists in taking beautiful care of the garden and orchard. The tree is to be injured or allowed to die,

of the purse of gold will remain undiscovered." He dug deep and carefully, and crumbled up every spadeful of soil so that the purse of gold might not escape his eye. And, mindful of the charm which the old man had related, he got out his mother's seed bags and planted a variety of seeds in carefully laid out beds.

"Lk! my back does ache and my legs are stiff and sore," he groaned as he stopped work to prepare breakfast. "But even if I die from overwork, I shall keep on. No one else is going to get that purse of gold if I can prevent it!"

How good his breakfast tasted. The black bread and the water? Why, it was the best loaf the baker had ever baked, thought he. Then he went out and resumed his work, and gradually, as the stiffness wore off, and he became so interested in planning that at times he actually forgot that his original and only interest had been in the purse of gold.

As the days went by his delight in washing the tender, green shoots grow into wonderful, productive plants became unbounded. All he had done was to dig and plant, water and tend. Then Fritz begins his search.

THE MORE he thought about it, however, the more he longed for the purse of gold, and the less he wanted some one else who could and would dig to find it. Suppose there were others who already knew of its existence. Suppose they were greedily waiting for him to do so that they might begin to dig!

Fully of wrath and jealousy, he could scarcely wait for daybreak, and when it dawned, he sprang, found an old spade, mended it and picking out a re-



The Garden Grew Fast

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sun, wind and rain had done their share in helping him. And now, behold the wondrous result! The garden grew so fast, that almost before his back was turned on the latest dug and planted bed, the little leaves peeped up out of the ground, and seemed to say, "Good morning, good Fritz, we have come up from those little brown seeds you hid in the soil!"

Pretty soon the neighbors began to gather in groups and discuss the latest wonder-Fritz, once so weak and helpless, was carrying baskets full of garden stuff to market!

"Why, he's as rosy and healthy as any one now!" exclaimed one. "Evidently he has recovered from that mysterious disease that he had. I wonder what it was?"

The schoolmaster came and hung over the fence one day, and looked carefully at Fritz's garden and orchard.

"A fine crop of cabbages, Fritz," he remarked, "found the purse, eh?"

AFTER TWO YEARS

"No," answered Fritz, who was busy with his boots. "No, not yet, sir. Fact is, I've been too busy to look for it lately. I've worked the garden from one end to the other, so I suppose it is in the orchard. But I shall not have time to hunt for it there until next spring at the earliest."

"Oh, well, it will keep," said the old man. "How are you feeling these days, Fritz?"

"Feeling? Oh! fine, thank you. Really, I haven't had time to think of my health."

No one, indeed, by this time, boasted of a better appetite or sounder sleep than Fritz enjoyed. Every day was busier and happier than the day before, the crops outdid themselves in bountifulness and quality, and Fritz found himself possessed of more money than he needed to spend, so he put it in bank and kept his bank book in a corner of the old family desk.

Time slipped by until it was the end of the second summer, and one day the old schoolmaster came for another visit to his old pupil. He noted the beautiful appearance of the garden and orchard, the finely cultivated vines over the porch and the borders of bright flowers, and he thought:

"Aha! Fritz is doing so well that he is getting ready for a bride."

THE SCHOOLMASTER AGAIN

He entered the house without knocking, and found Fritz seated at his desk, containing money he had just received from a sale of fruit.

"Aha! you have found it!" exclaimed the old man. "Found what?"

"Why, the purse of gold?" "So—oh!" and then Fritz smiled. "Why, sure enough—the purse of gold. I had forgotten it. Oh, how long ago quit looking for it, sir, I have already earned more gold than the purse contains. I am sure. So I'll let the next fellow hunt for it, if he wants to. I'm too busy now."

Looking at his bright eyes, glowing cheeks, straight, strong back and "clean," powerful legs, the old man laughed aloud, and Fritz, from pure sympathy, joined in with his own loud laughter.

"What's it all about, sir?" he asked. "Well," returned the old man, "I promised you one purse of gold, but I see I should have promised a hundred. For see what you have accomplished!"

Fritz stared, light dawned upon his mind, and he shook his finger at the old man, half-angrily. "Then you were 'jolly jesting'?" "The old man's face sobered. "No, Fritz, what I said was true. You have made it true. If you had not, some one coming after you would have."

Fritz understood, and took the schoolmaster's hand in his own warm one, with a look of great gratitude and affection. He, at least, now knew what the old, mysterious disease had been from which the schoolmaster had helped him to recover.

THE BLIND MAN'S WAND

This is another way of playing Blind Man's Buff, and is thought by many to be an improvement on that game.

The player who is blindfolded stands in the center of the room with a long paper wand, which can be made of a newspaper folded up lengthwise, and tied at each end with string. The other players then join hands and stand around him in a circle.

Some one then plays a merry tune on the piano, and the players dance round and round the blind man, until suddenly the music stops; the blind man then takes the opportunity of lowering his wand upon one of the circle, and the player upon whom it has fallen has to take hold of it.

A Play Powwow

ONE of the most delightful of "dress-up" parties is a jolly play powwow.

You can have friends of all ages participate, and it will be sure to be very informal.

Issue your invitations on sheets of birch bark, using Indian characters as decorations. You can even word the entire invitation in Indian characters and send each guest a "key" on a separate slip of paper, so that they may have all the fun of deciphering the invitation.

For instance, the date is indicated by the proper quarter of the moon (for which you may consult an almanac); the hour by symbols of that time of day; a wigwag represents the meeting place; a pipe of peace indicates the character of the meeting (for peace, not war); and a picture of a cornucopia will give a clue to the character of the refreshments.

Make it clear to all that they are expected to come in Indian costume. The costume is easily devised. Take heavy brown linen, some turkey-red cotton, bright beads and several bright quills and secure from somewhere a very gay blanket.

With these materials you will have no difficulty preparing a make-up that will be both very effective and a good disguise. Take your choice of the characters of an old squaw or young Pocahontas, an old chief or a young brave.

The hostess has wigwags, tripods and kettles to set up. And for refreshments she should try to have Indian foods—cornmeal cakes, Indian pudding and other dishes made of corn (maize).

It will add to the interest of your powwow if you allow it to be known at the time invitations are issued that prizes will be given the guests whose costumes are voted to be the best.

HIDDEN CITIES

Who can find a hidden city in each of the following? 1. The amber liniment cured her trouble. 2. No age, no action, was betrayed. 3. Mr. McCawber, gently rocking, related his story. 4. Did you see Fred in Burgomaster costume?

CONUNDRUMS

1. How many foreigners make a man uncivil? 2. How many weeks belong to the year? 3. Why is a watchdog bigger by night than by day? 4. What confection did they have in the ark?

CHARADES

If you a journey ever take No matter when or where, My first you'll surely have to pay. Before you can get there, My second you would scarcely see. In London though you go, But still its what I hope you are; Few better things I know. I see my whole with secret pain, Though hoping soon to meet again.

BEHINDINGS

WHAT IS pretty and useful in many ways? Though tempting weak mortals to run their days? Take one letter away and then will appear What youngsters admire every day in the year? Take two letters away and then, without doubt, You will be what it is, if you don't find it out.

WHAT GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES?

Real Cinderella

Who loved the old story of Cinderella will be interested to know that she was a real person, but not, as many suppose, a German or English girl of a few centuries ago. She lived in Egypt at least 2000 years ago, and her real name was Rhodome. She was bathing in the Nile, an eagle carried off one of her shoes, which she had left on the river bank. The eagle dropped the shoe, which was of fur—not of glass, as the legend has it—right in the foot of the King, who was staying at Memphis. He was so surprised at the small size of the shoe thus literally flung at his feet that he sent a messenger to discover the owner of such tiny feet.

Truthful Tommy

"Tommy" said a father to his son, "have you been at those six peaches I put in the cupboard?" "Yes," said Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have not touched one."

Fish That Can Walk

The mud-skipper is one of the queerest fishes alive. It really is a fish and lives in the water, but it can climb out on to the shore and crawl. It likes to clamber up on to roots of trees and perch there. Another funny thing about it is that it breathes with its tail. The skin there is very thin, and the fish breathes through it quite easily.



WHAT DISTINGUISHED POET?

HERE you see a curious creature. He is not the ordinary size, you will notice. He is meant to represent the name of a certain great poet. Can you give the name?

Mayor and Canaries

SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR, the new Lord Mayor of London, in the Royal Agricultural Hall, opened the annual two days' show of the London Cage Bird Association, the proceeds of which are devoted to the Crippled Children's Christmas Hamper Fund, of which he is founder and treasurer.

The association, said Sir William, did a great deal of good in teaching people how to keep their birds properly, and how to keep them in captivity better than they would be out of doors.

On looking around the hall he saw a lizard canary which, he was told, has its beautiful plumage for only twelve months, and never has it again. It struck him that the bird was very much like a Lord Mayor, because he understood that he should have a very beautiful plumage, but only for the twelve months that he was elected to that office.

A bird which he had at home six times as much as his other birds, and his wife called it an alderman, because it was so greedy.

Fishing for Sheep

When sheep were introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock of them ran into the sea and were floated by their wool. Some fishermen saw them, and thinking them to be a new species of fish, made haste to try to catch them with hooks and nets. Next morning they brought home a catch whose value was greater than any load their boats had ever carried.

Speaking of Stamps

"Consider the postage stamp, my son; its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to the envelope until it gets there."—Josh Billings.

Never tell business lies. Pay your debts promptly. Make no useless acquaintances.—Alphonse de Rothschild.

Beautiful Things

Beautiful faces are those that wear. It matters little if dark or fair. White-robed honestly written there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show. Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow. Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words leap from the heart like songs of birds. Yet whose utterance prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do work that is earnest, brave and true. Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go on kindly errands to and fro. Down humblest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear the burdens of homely care. With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless. Silent rivers of happiness. Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.



AS EASY TO TRAIN AS DOGS

KANGAROOS as Pets

FOR some time past there has been a great desire to be original in one's pets. Dogs and cats are as popular as ever, of course, but people have taken a fancy to other animals as well, lizards, prairie dogs, and even rarer animals, such as emus and young alligators.

And now the kangaroo craze has taken hold, ever since the beautiful Countess of Warwick started it. She has a very fine specimen at Warwick Castle. Any one who has a little pasture

land available can keep a kangaroo, and it will be found both gentle and a good deal about the "box" kangaroo, and people thought the kangaroo was difficult to train, but it really is as easy to train as a dog after it gets over its shyness.

Thread and Eggshell

Some interesting and effective little tricks may be performed with the aid of thread that has been previously been soaked in salt and water. This renders the ash of the thread, when burnt, sufficiently strong to support a light weight, such as an empty eggshell, provided there is no vibration in the thread to which the thread is attached.

Wanted for Ornament

My little brother, aged 4 years, who was visiting his grandparents, was fond of sugar. One morning at breakfast he repeatedly asked for more sugar to put on his oatmeal. One of his aunts said, "You don't need any more sugar." Willie replied, "Oh, I only want it for an ornament."

May and canaries

Mayor and canaries

Mouse stops train

Mouse stops train