# Overthrow of Jack Crow

N THE feathered world, primrose Lane was looked upon as one of the finest lanes in the land. It was also the most aristocratic. Mr. and Mrs. Missel Thrush lived there; Mr. Redstart had also built his house in its broad hedgerows. The gay Tomits, the grave Blackcaps, the Whitethroats, the Builfinches, and their cousins, the Greenfinches, and their cousins, the Greenfinches, all answered to the same address.

grave Blackcaps, the Whitethroats, the Bullfinches, and their cousins, the Streenfinches, all answered to the same adoress.

Beautiful Mrs. Golden-crested Wren lived there also, and further down the lived there also, and further down the lived their control of the control of the control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived their control of the lived the li

smillest.
"Jack Crow has stolen all my eggs!"
chirped Mrs. Redbreast.
No sooner were these words out of her beak than Mr. Redstart started up at once and few straight home. Mrs. Biackbird, who was a very timid creature, rose up with a loud, frightened cry and followed, in company with Mrs. Missel Thrush and several others, leaving only the smellest and bravest birds with the control of the con When did it happen?" asked Mr.

Tomit.

'I was coming here to bathe," said Mrs. Redbreast, looking timidly around. "No sooner did I leave my nest than the great black monster came flopping down from an old eim nearby and carried away my eggs. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

do?"

"That comes of building a flat, open neat," said Mrs. Wren. sagely, whose own nest was as rough and on the company of th

flood, we, the entire village from the flood. The summer passed away and the rains began to descend, and Quantock, the dwarf, began to despair of ever finding the rock, when one day, as he was seeking shelter from a very hard, downpour of rain, he missed his footen and the second of the rock was and rolled down the mountains are until he fell them. "If I were you," said Mr. Blackcap, "I hould-"
"Caw! caw! caw!" came a loud cry overhead, and, looking up, they saw that terrible rogue, Mr. Jack Crow.
They watted to hear no more, but flew swiftly home to guard their nests from this freebooter.

#### CHAPTER II

CHAPTER II

Mr. Jack Crow was the craftiest scamp in Bird Land. He was said to be as old as the hills. Certainly he must have been very very old, for there was not a bird in Frimrose Lane who could remember the year when Jack Crow had falled to build his nest in the tail oak tree that reared its great branches to the sky on the top of Mushwoom Hill.

Jack Crow had not lived all those years for nothing. Oh. dear, no! He knew the nesting place of every bird for miles around. He also knew that it was good to nourish young Jack Crows on eggs. It was a diet they grew strong til took a good number of eggs, to feed.

good to nourish young Jack Crows on eggs. It was a diet they grew strong upon.

It took a good number of eggs to feed Mr. Crow's hungry family; and many a nest had to go bare every year to replenish the old robber's larder. What were the birds of Primrose Lane to do? How could they help themselves?

One morning in the height of the nest-took of the country of the same head a great deal to do that day. The three young crows were fine, fat fiedgelings by this time, ready to spread their wings and fly out into the world.

"V hat would you like for breakfast, my dears?" he asked, winking slyly across to his wife. As if he didn't know!
"Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!" I am not sure there are any left," the old rogue answerd with a chuckle. Too have such appetites, you see, come in during the night."

With a long-drawn icaw-w," the thief swooped down between the high hedge-rows of Primrose Lane. Neither did he return empty-footed. In his talons he carried a large blue thrush's egg—a new-laid egg.

Leaving this with Mrs. Crow to be equally divided among the family, he set forth again, and yet again, each time returning with some fresh plunder. "Can't make it out." he said to his wife, after returning from his third trip. "Can't understand it at all."

"Why, all the birds of Primrose Lane have flow away. But down by the

Crow. "Why, all the birds of Primrose Lane have flown away. But down by the brook I met our old friend, Mr. Butcher Bird—"

E Noze

Bird—""
"Well?"
"He told me that if we wished to save our feathers we'd better leave home and fly at least fifty miles away."
"But why?" asked Mrs. Crow.
"That I don't know." said Jack Crow, sravely. "You see, Mr, Butcher Bird was in too much of a hurry to tell me more family are ten miles away."
"We are much too old to be scared by such idle gossip as that," said Mrs. Crow.

## CHAPTER III

So. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crow were "at home" all that morning. And Mr. Crow improved the shining hours by burgling at least half a dozen nests. By midday he was in the very best of humors, and he'd quite forgot the Butcher Bird's warning. But he had good reason to remember it before the day was over. For, when the sun was going down, he saw in the west a little black cloud, which broadened out as it drove forward, till it was like a black sheet thrown across a part of the sky. And Mr. Crow and Mrs. Crow and all the little was quaked with fear, for they had to be a sun to be a sun and the burd of reckoning had arrived.

They knew that the birds of Primrose Lane, had told the swallows of their wrongs. And the swallows of their wrongs, And the swallows of their wrongs. And the swallows of their wrongs, and the hour of reckoning had arrived. Even the Jack Crows, young and old, the punishment they had long deserved. Even the hawk is straid of the swallows, for they can outfly him. And when they attack him, as they will do at times, they will dart in and peok him yound.

"The swallows are coming!" wailed "5. Crow."

They will pook every feather off our backs if we stay here!" cried Mr. Crow.

"We can't leave the nest behind!"

our backs if we stay here!" oried Mr. Crow.
"We can't leave the nest behind!"
moaned Mrs. Crow.



him that here was the rock which he had so long been seeking.

He saw at once that if a flood reached this point it would diverge and overwheim the village. But if the stream would rush down the chamel, which was now and had for centuries been blocked by this enormous rock.

He hurried down to the village, and, seeking out Elvina, begged her to go and see the rock, and she went. Then the Mayor and chief villagers went and were convinced, and only Stordward to was sngry because the dother young man had sought for in vain, and because Elvina was ever a warm champion of the dwarf, laughed at the idea, and, walking away, called them all a "pack of fools and guils."

The season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the state of the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had predicted, was the wettest in the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had grand as the warm of the dwarf's proposition, and as he was and the season, as Quantock's great-grand-mother had grand as he was

was the only plan to save them all, it should be tried.

Already the lake was trickling over; and if the earthwork should give way the rush would come. Just as Quantock had suggested, the rock was chained round and the horses harnessed thereto, and none too soon, for the waters, and one too soon, for the waters, and the waters with the same was an experimental to the waters are the same was an experimental to the same was allowed to t

the waters came nearer and nearer, and Stormont finally began to take an interest in the work, but his offers of help were too late to do him any good. However, the state of the was really action of the state of the was really action order to see it was really entiting from its position. "A long pull, and a strong pull and a pull all together," you know, usually brings about successful results. So the rock, with a sound as of thunder, rolled from the ledge, crushing reckless Stormont beneath its enormous weight, just as the lake burst, and, with the fury of a thousand seas, roared down the mountain side, into the open channel—and, thanks to Quantock, the dwarf, the vil-

Seashore Friends

his body again when not required.

LL the boys and girls who play on the sands have seen starfish. They are very common. But I

lage was saved.

All along Quantock had loved Elvina, but now Elvina for the first time made an open declaration of her love for him, and her intention to marry the Dwarf Hero of Dellydale.

Her father tried to dissuade her from her purpose, promising to make Quantock as rich as he could desire to be, if only she would reconsider her declaration.

Kindness to a Horse

THE other day a one-horse wagon, loaded with iron pipe for a new house on the hillside, came along. The horse did his very best, but it was with the greatest effort that he could drag his heavy load over the level space at the foot of the hill. The driver was determined that the horse should do the work, and urged and lashed him unmercifully.

mercifully.

Very quickly a lady, followed by two beautiful dogs, appeared upon the scene and remonstrated with the driver upon his treatment of the horse, pointing out the fact that the faithful animal could not, instead of

They are very common. But I don't suppose you know that the starfish has legs, do you? He does not want to use them as he sits on the sand, but if you lift him carefully and put him in a clean pool with stones at the bottom, you will see him gilde over the stones, up one side of a rock and down the other.

Now, pick him up quickly and look at his underside, and you will see feeby

his underside, and you will see fleshy white legs, which will be drawn up into

Starfish's mouth is in the middle of the underside of his body, and he can eat shellfish. He puts them in, sucks out the fish, and turns the shell out of his mouth just as you would a grapskin. The larger kinds of starfish are very fond of eating oysters, and, knowing this, the fishermen used to try to get rid of the oysters' enemies by tearing in two any that lay on the shore, and throwing the bits into the sea. But Mr. Starfish didn't care at all. He can always grow a new "ray" if one is broken off, so where there had only been one starfish before there would now be two. Isn't this wonderful?

Sometimes on the seashors you see a lemon-shaped thing about four or five inches long, with a bristly coat all

semon-shaped thing about four or five inches long, with a bristly coat all choked with mud and sand—a very dull-looking thing.



ston.

But no! "My heart," said Elvina, "is with the true heart of one who has suffered—with one who has proved himself a hero."

So it ended by the prettiest girl in Deliydale becoming the bride of Quantock, the dwarf.

S. J. F.

norse, pointing out the fact that the faithful animal could not, instead of would not, draw the load. She suggested that a part of the iron be removed. The driver was determined not to remove any of the load, because he did not care to work in the broiling sun, and the horse was probably not his, any way.

The woman was in no wise discouraged in her human effort. She told the driver to let his horse rest and she would see that the load reached its destination. There was another team with two horses down the street, and thither went the woman, and my friend, who happened to be a spectator of this scene, saw that the woman talked a few minutes and then the woman that the woman talked a few minutes and then the minutes the heavy load was landed at its destination.

The lady's face fairly beamed with joy. One would have thought that the men had done her some great personal favor.

"Now what can I do for you?" she asked.

'Ch. nothing. We have to do little.

ten minutes the heavy load was landed at its destration of the dath its des

## An Arithmetical Stunt

An Arithmetical Stunt

A PLEASING way to arrive at an arithmetical sum, without the use of pencil or paper, is to ask a person to think of a fig. arre, the person to the whatever figure you suggest, then halve the whole sum, and finally to subtract from that the figure first thought of. It will then be "up to" you tell him what the remainder is.

The key to this lock of figures is, that half of whatever sum you request to be added is sure to be the remainder half of ten, which is the number requested to be added.

Better request only some even number, as odd numbers will involve fractions and possibly cause a sup on your part.

Example-

Then halved ......2)24 Original number thought of now sub-

Remainder .....

Football Originated With Chinese.

Football Originated With Chinese.

To Orball originated with the Chinese, according to Stewart Culin, the expert on games.

Frofessor Culin has for years studied games as Edison has studied electricity, and wonderful are the inany discoveries he has made.

A curious and ancient Chinese dra wing uncarthed by this investigator shows a prime minister paying football wing and the company of the control of the co China as an exercise executor; for solders, in the sighth century football was introduced from China into Japan, an sold was introduced recently from Engine to America, and the former same became as popular in the Appan of 50 do as golf is popular in the America of bodds.

From China and Japan football spread gradually all over the world.—St. Louis Blobs-Desmocrat.

#### Shoes in Constantinople

Shoes in Constantinople

TURKISH shoes, like Japaness shoes, are purposely made so sellipped and off as to be easily. For every time a Turkish boy or girlenters a house or shop, a mosque of the school building, he must doff his street shoes and don a sort of toe slipper made of wood or leather. Isn't it a queer custom? But they think us quite as queer to take off our hats and keep on our shoes. They never think of removing their hats.

The shoe shops of Constantinople consist of a sort of platform two of three feet high and not much over the feet wide, covered with carpet of a mat, with cushions to sit on, and ittle cubbyhole behind—that is all the shopkeeper sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits cross-legged of his cushion, and his cushion, smoking his cushion, soldier boots, wooden pattens for the shoes for Greeks, blackur, silk, veluyers, gold and gem spangled shoes when he has made his choice his shopkeeper leisurely reaches for them He is in no hurry to sell.

# Robinson Crusoe

Robinson Crusoe

THE success of "Robinson Crusoe"
was doubtless the reason why, is
"The Swiss Family Robinson,
Johann Rudoif von Wyss, a Swiss profeesor, early in the last century, sel
forth the experiences of a family cas
away on an island untrodden by the
foot of man. It is the only survivor of
many imitations of "Robinson Crusoe."
In a story entitled "Crusoe in New
York," the Rev. Dr. Edward Evereti
Hale tells in amusing fashion how s
man lived alone in a vacant lot surrounded by a high board fence in the
heart of the great city.

The story is told of the owner of a
noisy rooster who named the gaillinace
of the great city.
"It is the cause he can
live and the reas shocklyn especial
"I did it because he gled by the story of
the hen and the former pastor of
Plymouth Church:

The aben. said the great Brooklyn preachers

To a hen, said the great Brooklyn preachers
"My dear, you're a beautiful creature."
And the hen, just for that, laid two eggs is
his hat.
And thus did the hen reward Beecher. Harry's Question.

Little Harry (at dinner)—Mamma may I ask you a question? Mamma—Oratinly, dear. What is if Little Harry—Why do they eat sou first, and then fish? Is it so the fish can go in swimming?

# Bogey Nursery Rhyme

Crosspatch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
And call the bogies in.



## The Little Jap



Young Japan ceases to be interesting when he dons a flat cap. Bure pean shoes and blue spectacles, in babyhood he is irresistible; an one's heart goes out to these desittle shaven-pated pickaninnies, pied and plump, locking out on life from the folds of their mother's kimone with tiny twinkling aimond eyes and funny little snub noses.

Not Her Kind of Garden. Not Her Kind of Garden.

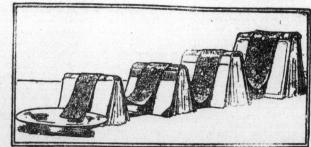
POOR, little neglected-looking chilicaturacted the attention of a certain charitably in c i in ed lady which chanced to be going through the market.

Thinking to learn something of the child's life and perhaps do something for her, the lady asked!

"Little girl, do you so to the kinder garten?"

Turning a pair of wondering eyes of her, the child replied:
"No, I don't know anything about that kind of a garden. Our garden is a tater garden, and pap put some bean and onlons in it."

# "Or take it with us!" groaned Mr. Crow. So thay sharpened their strong beaks against the bark of the old beaks against the bark of the old beaks against the bark of the old old their feathers as dearly as possible. The very next moment, with a rush of wings, the swallows were on them. They numbered many hundreds. Like a swarm of bees they swept round and round the Crown' nest, and each one that passed pecked away at Mr. At first the two old birds fought fieredly, pecking and parrying with their bills like the tough old warriors they were. But bit by bit they were driven from their nest; and at last, forgetting all about their young brood in their eagerness to save their own lives, they flew with all their could be dimly seen against the horizon. Could they reach that they were safe, for their friends, the Rooks, lived there in great numbers, and even the Swallows would not dare to attack a Rookery. For a long way the smaller but for robber Crows; but at last, thinking that they had sufficiently punished them for their crimes, they drew off home, for dusk was high time Tom Tit's Experiments



downpour of rain, he missed his footwing and rolled down the mountain side until he fell into a sort of cavern, where, although half stunned, he managed to creep into a dry corner. In the morning, when the sun was up, he examined his hiding place, and gigantic rock that rested on two ledges of black stone. Instinct told

"Or take it with us!" groaned Mr. Crow.

HAVE an unusually interesting experiment for you to try today, boys and girls.

Take a number of books, ranging in the fashion just described. Can small one, and set them upright on the supplied of the today and procure a lamp, and set them upright on the today and procure a lamp, that it smokes. Then pass the paper back and forth over the lamp entimney until the entire surface on one side is black with the lamp smoke.

Now lay the sheet carefully down over the books, allowing it to sink down low between books, and lay the lower end in a plate.

Then take a glass of water and a dropper and drop water one drop at a time, slowly on top of the largest book. It will immediately do an extraordinary thing—bowling down the blackened will lame to the top of the state of paper, then up to the top of the other put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a little gunpowder, fastened on with isinglass; at the mouth of one put a litt

# Visiting Card Match Case

T IS perfectly wonderful what an ingenious boy or girl can make out of ordinary everyday visiting cards.
Get your mother to give you a handful of old cards from her card tray, and try your hand at making things out of them.
For instance, this clever little match receptacle, which is simple enough, after

receptacle, which is simple enough, after when you come to examine it. There is no mucilage used at all. First cut slits in the various parts as indicated in the picture and the whole thing

they all went to work.

More disconsolate old Crows were never seen outside a cage than the two that flew sadily back to the oak on Mushroom Hill next morning, long before the sun was in the sky or other birds abroad.

More dejected fledgelings never lived than those young Jack Crows, who, or the sun street of the tree. They were so still they seemed to be growing there, like some new kind of oak apple.

Their nest had been pulled to pieces by the birds of Primrose Lane, and they had spent the night in the open.

All daying Mr oross the country (from tree to tree) towards the Rookery that lay over the hills and far away. The sun had gone to bed in a great bank of cloud when at last they reached it; and as they made themselves cosy in an old, forsaken Rooksnest, Mr. Crow said:

"My dears, I don't think we had better eat any more eggs, do you?"

And Mrs. Crow and the three young Jack Crows all answered back: "Caw, caw, caw," very sadly indeed. By which they meant, "No, no, no."

will put itself together beautifully. Cut three solid circles, two to hold the handle and base of the receptacle together, one to serve as bottom of the receptacle, so that the matches will not slip through. Cut out four hollow circles to serve merely as supporters to the upper parts of the receptacle.

Your first effort will not be very successful or handsome. But with practice you will get so you can produce a very pretty article indeed. Try it.

Egg Gatherers Use Hair Ropes.

Egg Gatherers Use Hair Ropes.

THE egg-gatherers of St. Kilda consider themselves rich if their prospective brides are able to furnish them with a rope of human hair.

To ropes vary in length, a really good one of forty or fifty feet being especially prized. The usual kind is a stout hempen cord wrapped round and round with sheep's wool; over this is a lining of horsehair; finally brands of human hair.

To manufacture such a rope is the work of years, but the St. Kildan girl work of years, but the St. Kildan girl and the second of him and the offer was refused.

The cord in question was veneered with auburn hair—the thirty years' collection from heads of parents, aunts, and cousins.

A Unique Pet. THE wife of the Governor of North Borneo has a pat that few people will envy her. The Governor's house is near a jungic, and out of this there strayed one morning a baby the necess. Capture, as a curiosity, the control of the strayed one morning a baby the control of the strayed one morning a baby the control of the strayed one unrisity. The control of the strayed one unitary the control of the strayed one tunns to the wilds.

Sixteen quarts of milk a day is what this pet requires, and on it he thrives and grows fat. He does not look much like the full-grown rhinoceros, and might be mistaken for a ourfous sort of hog, were it not for his single horn. He is devoted to his mistress and follows her about like her dog.

This is a season; and if you rinse it in clean water—salt water, of course— you will find that when the mud has some it "ill look very different. Those bristles or spines will now appear tinted with beautiqui colors—pink and blue and yellow, so that it is quite a lovely object to look at. Somebody once said it looked as if it had been dipped in a rain-