

'O!' wailed a small voice in the rear. But there was nothing to do but follow. He didn't dare go alone; so poor Bobby sat down with the tears trickling off the end of his nose. York Beach usually sounded attractive to the little man, but to-day he had other plans; and he felt very much imposed upon.

The big car whizzed on through fragrant woods, over marshy meadows, now swinging around a corner, now roaring across a bridge, until the houses of old York village came in sight; past the village church, the old cemetery, by shops and cottages, until the fashionable summer resort of the harbor was reached.

In spite of everything, Bobby began to enjoy it; and when a pony cart filled with children passed, and the driver, a boy about his own age, waved his white hat in friendly greeting, Bobby responded cheerfully.

Past the lovely summer homes and the big hotels, the car swung recklessly on towards the long beach. What a noise it made, to be sure! Bobby said to himself.

'How I would like to be under it and see the sparks flashing there like fireworks! Hi! one snapped and crackled then,' and he leaned away over the side in his efforts to catch a glimpse of it.

Alas! Just then the car rounded a sharp curve, and poor little Bobby was swung off into space. No one saw it. His scream was drowned in the noise the car made, and no one was the wiser that one small passenger had left it. There were two fortunate things about this accident. One, that he was thrown far enough out to escape injury from the car; the other, that he dropped into a pile of soft sand. But he cried as if every bone in his little body were broken, a dismal, frightened wail that would have touched the hardest heart.

'Chug! Chug! Chug!' An automobile was coming. That touched another sore spot; and Bobby wailed the louder. It was a great touring car, with four people in it. At sight of the forlorn small boy in the sand, it stopped, and the gentleman sitting beside the chauffeur alighted and came towards Bobby.

'My little man'—he began then—

'Why, it's Bobby! It's my sister's youngest boy,' he called back to the ladies in the car; 'he lives in Dover. Why he should be sitting in the sands o' York, instead of under his own apple trees passes my ken. How was it, Bobby? Are you lost?'

'Lost?' groaned Bobby, 'I'm dropped; I tumbled out of the 'lectric car, and Jack and Harold don't know, and I guess they wouldn't care if they did.'

'The poor dear!' said the young lady who had jumped down from the car and joined them, 'how was it they didn't take better care of you, Bobby boy?'

'They were going to Newcastle to see Uncle Roger; and then Jack got mad 'cause I tagged on, and—and they changed and said they'd go to York instead; and I wouldn't sit on the front seat and then 'I dropped off, and no one knew.'

'No matter, Bobby,' said Uncle Roger, cheerfully, as he picked him up. 'You come along with us, and after we've left these ladies at the Marshall House, we'll take you home. Will that be all right?'

Right? You should have seen Bobby's shining face as they tucked him in between Uncle Roger and the chauffeur.

But let us go back to those naughty boys on the way to York Beach. Not long after Bobby's tumble the conductor came to the front and said with an anxious face:

'Say, was that youngster on the back seat with you? 'Cause he's gone!'

'Gone?' echoed Jack, 'gone where?'

'Don't know, but he isn't there.'

'Here comes a return car; we must take it,' cried Harold; and the two frightened boys began the homeward trip looking anxiously all along the road.

The electrics of that line have never been accused of going slowly, but it seemed to Jack that afternoon that they crept, and yet he dreaded the home coming.

'Cheer up,' said Harold as they neared the Sewan house, 'he may be all right. P'raps he's—Hold on! look at that!'

'That' was a piazza hammock in active motion. All that could be seen of the occupant was two tan-colored legs ending in shabby 'sneakers,' pointing skywards; but there was a dear familiar look to them that made Jack

gasp, and then sit weakly down on the steps.

The owner of these sneakers, having righted himself, came triumphantly forwards.

'Huh! You thought you'd cheated me out of my auto ride, didn't you? And I went with Uncle Roger after all, if I did tumble out of the 'lectric.'

'Bobby,' said the older brother, looking him over apprehensively, 'when you fell out, did you strike your head?'

'Nuthin' the matter with my head,' said Master Bobby, scornfully. 'I know what I'm talking about. Uncle Rogers picked me up and brought me home. I wasn't hurt a bit—no thanks to you.'

For once Jack had no retort. He was so subdued and thoughtful all the evening that his mother had not the heart to reprimand him.

'Well,' said Bobby, 'if you're not letting him off easy, Mamma! He said I was a brother with only one r!'

'I think he has been sufficiently punished,' said his mother, looking into Jack's face, which seemed to have grown older since morning. 'When I want some one to take special care of you in the future, Bobby dear, I shall put Jack in charge.'

Getting Acquainted at Home.

A young fellow who had got into the habit of spending his evenings from home was brought to his senses in the following way:

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had an engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

'Well, I'd like to have you go somewhere with me.'

The young man himself tells what happened.

'All right,' I said. 'Where shall I meet you?'

'He suggested the Windsor Hotel at half-past seven; and I was there. When he appeared, he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. "One I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

'We went out and started straight for home.

'She is staying at our house," he said.

'I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Windsor under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

'Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

'The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. Mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

'It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired, I was invited to call again. I went up-stairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking.'

'And then?' asked his companion.

'Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman, and my sister a bright girl.

'I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company and intend to cultivate their acquaintances.'—Selected.

What a Boy Can Do.

Emmons Blaine, fourteen-year-old grandson of the late James G. Blaine, a pupil at the Francis W. Parker School, 550 Webster Ave., has made his advent into the business world with the following advertisement in the school paper:

EMMONS BLAINE AND CO.,

Elmhurst, Ill.,

DEALERS IN STRICTLY FRESH EGGS.

Every egg guaranteed.

Orders must be sent in advance.

'Phone Elmhurst 6.

When Emmons started for home yesterday, as he does every Friday to remain over Sunday with his mother, his mind was not on skating or books. He remarked to a friend:

'I wonder if those chickens have laid enough eggs this week to fill these orders. I told

mamma to feed them extra well, because since I have advertised our business I have more orders.'

'Who is "we?" was asked. 'Who is your business partner?'

The boy smiled blandly. 'Why, I've got a good partner, all right. It's my mother. She furnishes the capital and I the experience. You see, I have raised chickens for some time. I started with a pair of bantams, but now we have about forty hens of larger kind that lay big eggs. People don't want bantam eggs.'

At twenty-five cents a dozen for eggs that 'are guarantee,' young Blaine expects to do a thriving business. The public announcement of his business has spread a wave of industry over the school. The other boys have taken up the idea. While few of them can go into the poultry business, many are fondling dimes and quarters that they have earned in the last few days in various ways. The thought that James G. Blaine's grandson is any more ambitious than they would not be entertained by the other boys a minute.

The poultry farm is a part of the Elmhurst home of the boy's mother, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who takes a great pride in her son's hobby.—Chicago Tribune.

Things to Forget.

(R. T. Stanton, in the 'Standard.')

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling
aloud

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be
bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the
day,

In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong
dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the
joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way
anjoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to coy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

A Lancashire Cat.

Officials of the Blackburn Corporation Electricity Works tells the following story:

A cat living at the power-house was asleep in the rim of a fly-wheel, when the engines were started, and for five hours pussy was whirled around at the rate of sixty miles per hour. When at length the engines stopped, the cat jumped down from the wheel, staggered about confusedly for a few seconds, and then walked quietly to its corner, none the worse for its extraordinary experience!

The Tallest Princess.

The Crown Princess of Denmark has the distinction of being the tallest and the wealthiest Princess in Europe. She inherited something like three millions from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, as well as the bulk of the fortune of her father, King Charles of Sweden and Norway. She stands over 6ft. in height, and is an imposing figure.—Selected.

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