

LEGEND of the DAISY and the TOADSTOOL

Fairy Vivian was vexed—that is, as vexed as a good fairy possibly could be. But it was because Fairy Vivian was so very, very good that she was vexed. You see, she longed to be out in the great, wide world, doing good to people far and near; while her majesty, Queen of the Fairies, had decreed that Vivian must remain in the pretty forest. The wood was a pleasant dwelling place for any sprite, it is true, yet the animals and birds who were the sole inhabitants thereof thrived without having to depend upon her for protection, or care. Only upon rare occasions was her intervention necessary, and then only to gently chide some of the squirrels or birds who disturbed the peace of her forest kingdom by continuing to hold.

Bending sadly over a little brook that murmured and rippled on its way between mossy banks, the fairy gazed



THEY PLUCKED DAISIES AND TOADSTOOLS FOR UMBRELLAS

to her mournful thoughts, when a rustling of leaves caused her to turn her head. She started to behold an aged peasant woman confronting her.

"What do you here, granny?" demanded Vivian.

"I am tired and weary, gracious fairy," mumbled the old woman, "and I come to escape the noise and strife of the world beyond. I would spend the rest of my days in this quiet forest."

Vivian shook her head as she replied, "Nay, my good woman, the Queen of the Fairies commands that none but birds and beasts and trees and flowers live within these domains."

"Then change me into a bird or a beast or a flower!" tearfully pleaded the aged peasant.

So annoyed was Fairy Vivian at what she believed to be a most foolish re-

quest that she responded, somewhat tartly:

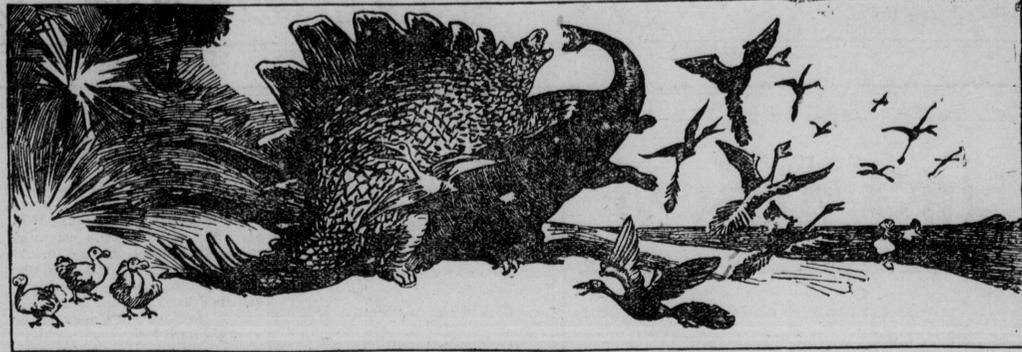
"Very well, granny; which shall it be—a rose or a cabbage?"

"I would like to be both a rosebush and a cabbage," said the woman, with deep gravity.

Nothing more than a wave of the fairy wand was necessary to change granny into a beautiful rosebush and a flourishing cabbage. But Fairy Vivian was not content with this. Now that the old woman had disappeared she felt lonely there before. So from the rosebush she made appear a troop of tiny girl sprites, and from the cabbage a like number of boy elves. Boys and girls joined hands and ran merrily away in the forest to play, while Vivian smiled after them.

Shortly, however, there came a violent rainstorm. The little folk ran in terror to hide themselves within the shelter

Under the Spell of a Mummy Sorcerer



THE TWINS, TO ESCAPE THE BATTLING MONSTERS, FLED TOWARD THE SEA

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE twins, Ray and Raymond, visit the natural history museum to inspect a fossil collection. They are locked in. During the night a mummy high priest of the Egyptians appears before them and in great anger sends them back thousands and thousands of years, to live with the animals whose bones they have been examining. "Ducky," the curious toothed bird, proves friendly. He promises to be their guide; invites them to climb upon his back, and flies away with them upon a tour of sightseeing.

Chapter III

BEFRIENDED BY "DACKY."

"THIS beats all the airships that ever happened, doesn't it?" shouted Raymond in his sister's ear, as he felt the wind rush past him.

Ray, however, was too busy holding on to make response. In truth, she was rather frightened at the way "Ducky" sped forward, cleaving the air with powerful strokes of his giant wings.

The huge bird directed his flight high above the earth. But, presently, he described a tiny speck below him; thereupon he began a descent so rapid that it almost took away the breath of the travelers upon his back. They alighted near a strange toothed bird, somewhat resembling "Ducky."

"This is my cousin, Sammy Archchoperty," said Ducky, politely introducing the remarkable bird.

"His last name's awful," muttered Raymond under his breath, "but I suppose it'll be all right to call him Sammy."

Sammy opened his mouth in a grin not quite so formidable as that of Ducky. "I was just going to attend a meeting you toothed birds are to hold yonder in the hollow, and if you care to be my guests for a time I shall be happy to escort you thither."

"We'd be delighted!" exclaimed the twins in chorus, while Ray added to himself:

"What extremely elegant manners Sammy! What's his name, ha!"

Picking their way over the marshy ground, avoiding ponds of stagnant water by circuitous routes, at length the council place of the toothed birds was reached. And what a gathering it was! The birds assembled were quite as funny as their names. You could imagine, then, how funny they must have been to the twins, when,

in proper order, they were introduced as Tommy Ichthyornis, Bob Rhamporphynchus, Teddy Hesperornis and by other names just as bad. Ducky told Raymond confidentially, however, that they were known as "Icky," "Rinky" and "Hesper." This relieved Raymond greatly, for he knew positively he couldn't pronounce the names Sammy told him. He would need as many teeth and as big a jaw as Ducky to do that.

"But why don't you make us acquainted with those birds over there?" whispered Ray to Sammy, pointing to a small group of birds who had no teeth and who were looking scornfully at those who had.

Sammy snapped his jaws together wickedly. "Huh! they aren't worth knowing, I assure you," said he; "it's only certain worthless members of the Dodo family, with Mike Aepyornis, Jim Natronis and Bill Doriornis."

Further conversation was interrupted by Icky strutting to the center of the circle that had been formed.

"Fellow-toothed birds," said he, "are assembled this day to discuss plans of revenge toward those who have insulted us."

Here he looked toward the disdainful group of "untoothed" birds, who stood aloof. All the other toothed birds followed their leader's example, uttering weird shrieks of defiance and hatred. At this the dodos and their comrades haughtily turned their backs upon the meeting and pretended to be looking away in the distant horizon.

"I say we've been insulted," screamed the now thoroughly enraged leader, "by those who are jealous of our superior attainments. These wretches, these know-nothings, have actually dared say that, inasmuch as we have teeth and finely shaped bills, we are neither beast nor reptile nor bird, but a mixture of both. Yes, 'mixture' is the exact word they used."

"And so you are," piped Rufus Dodo from afar, showing that the dodos were interested in spite of their assumed indifference.

So infuriated were the toothed birds at these words that they prepared to launch upon their insulters, when there came a sound of great floundering and splashing in the marsh, then a scrambling over ground, as two immense creatures came into view, bat-

tling one with the other. One of the animals had a head like a turtle, and he was covered with horny plates, an upright, bristling ridge running down his back. The other possessed a snake-like head, a long, serpentine neck and a huge body covered with thick hide.

Together these horrible creatures tussled, uttering short grunts and wheezes and rolling over and over with a force that shook the ground.

Already the birds—toothed and "untoothed"—were in flight. The twins sped toward the sea margin nearby. As they ran they heard Ducky screaming in their ears:

"Quick, for your lives! Ben Stego-

maner. But don't be afraid. Come with me, and I shall take the best of care of you. I am a nice, merry fellow—the 'jovial zeuglodon' they call me—but if the name's too hard for you, call me just 'Zoogy.' I think I like 'Zoogy' better, anyway."

It certainly was very, very kind of Zoogy. The twins appreciated his goodness ever so much. They already felt greatly comforted. And as Zoogy swam out into the ocean he was as careful as he could be to keep his back, where the twins were perched, high above the water.

Many wonders of the deep had Zoogy promised to show them. He was as good as his word, for not far had they progressed when the twins saw a mighty struggle between two monsters whom Zoogy called Tim Ichthyosaurus and Dick Plesiosaurus.

"There's going to be lots of trouble around here very shortly," observed Zoogy, "because Tim and Dick will soon have more to do than fight among themselves. Do you see that host swimming toward us?"

Ray and Raymond looked over the water as far as their eyes could reach. Before long they saw what appeared to be an army of monsters approaching through the sea.

Zoogy laughed in glee. "You're going to witness the greatest battle of your life!" said he.



THEY MEET SAMMY

saurs and Joe Brontosaurus are fighting again."

Truly, the beasts were even more terrible than their names. Ray and Raymond needed no warning to spur them on. But when they reached the sea they were filled with dismay. No further could they go in that direction, nor could they think which way to turn. Ducky was nowhere in sight. Just then an immense, crocodile-like snout poked itself above the surface of the water. At first the twins' impulse was to rush away as fast as possible from this frightful inhabitant of the sea, but the merry t-

inkle in the creature's eyes reassured them. Neither was the voice unpleasant that said to them:

"I peeped out of the water a saw Ducky run away from you, my children. He ought to be ashamed of himself for deserting you in such a

Animals in Harness

YOU who are accustomed to think of the horse as the only animal in harness, will be astonished if you study the subject further. Of course, you know that reindeer draw sledges in the Far North; and that dogs are employed for similar purposes in some countries; that elephants, bullocks and goats are frequently used as beasts of burden. But it may surprise you to learn that in the German settlement of Andheim, southern California, ostriches are trained to draw light vehicles.

One may now buy in British East Africa any number of zebras, which can readily be trained to the use of bit and bridle. The zebra is very strong, a fast trotter and less liable to disease than the horse.

Perhaps the oddest animal in harness is a wild boar, driven by a French peasant. This animal, now three years old, draws a little three-wheeled cart. No bit can be used, so the reins are attached to the teeth of the boar.

SKINNY'S DISCOVERY



"A PILE OF ROCKS, MOSSGROWN AID COVERED WITH FERNS"

"YOU can't tell me it's swimmin' 'scursions that's made them sogged," contested Captain Billy, stubbornly. "I say it's because they've got a new hidin' place, an' they've been keepin' close an' secret so's we won't find it out."

Lieutenant Skinny wiggled his ears thoughtfully. Skinny was a funny fellow; he could twist his scalp, his eyebrows and his ears "most any way he pleased; he could put his fingers in all sorts of positions, 'cause he was double-jointed, and he'd had his appendix cut out—all of which made him proud, and justly, too. When the wiggling had ceased, showing that Skinny had thoroughly weighed the matter, there came the words:

"I don't know but what you're right, Billy. Well, all we got to do is to hunt out their den. Just as we did at 'Pirates' Cove,' and every other place they've ever had."

"We'll find 'em all right," chorused back Warner and Joe Stanton. The other handits nodded their approval.

"Then see here, fellers," announced Captain Billy Mumford, brandishing his fist impressively in the air, "every 'Bloody Robber' must henceforth an' forevermore do his swiftest till we find where these skulkin' 'Pirates' is keepin' themselves. Let us to our work, men!"

Billy had borrowed "Let us to our work" from Bill Kane; but, although it sounded mighty fine, it didn't cause any of the "Robbers" to quicken their pace toward the schoolroom, where the "work" awaited them.

There was no "meeting or anything" after school; therefore, Skinny sought to forget his tribulations in school that day by taking a stroll in the woods. He sat down the like at a dogrot, skinned Pete Brownie's barn, cut across Rocky Lot, and in a jiffy had arrived at the fence that lay outside Noble's Woods.

Soon he was cooling himself beneath the lofty trees. Then, thing of inaction, he made his way through underbrush and the less frequented parts of the woods, where the boys rarely went,

except on "berryin'" expeditions. Skinny stooped to dislodge a piece of bark from a rotting stump nearby, in order that he might try his marksmanship on a noisy woodpecker, when a sound came to his ears that made him dodge quickly behind a tree. Captain Mike Finnigan, of the "Bloody Pirates," had a voice that could be recognized anywhere—and if that wasn't Mike talking Skinny decided that he would eat his new straw hat, brim and all.

Through careful investigation, Skinny discovered that the sound had come from an immense pile of rocks, moss-grown and covered with ferns and underbrush. He had learned enough. Carefully retracing his steps, he made his way out of the wood, and went flying down the road.

Billy Mumford was pitching horse shoes with Bill Brandt when Skinny arrived, winded and excited. You may know that the news was received with interest; in fact, with so much interest that the whole band of "Robbers" were quickly summoned to Warner's hayloft, where, after animated conversation, Captain Billy issued these final instructions:

"Tomorrow, when all them 'Pirates' is away at their baseball game, I want every 'Robber' to report at the stone-cruiser by the woods—and then there'll be somethin' doin'."

There really was "something doin'." In a body the "Robbers" proceeded to the stone pile in the woods. They found a vast cavern had been hollowed, where was every sign of their enemy's occupancy. It did not take long to completely demolish the den, after which the "Robbers" came away joyful, feeling that they had done a good day's work.

But the "Pirates" weren't so joyful when they learned of the destruction of their secret cave, nor did they appreciate the labor they had done. If one might judge by Mike Finnigan's remarks, as may be supposed, schemes for revenge were quickly hatched, but as Captain Billy defiantly remarked: "Let 'em come on; us 'Robbers' is ready for 'em, any of 'em."

Long and deeply Julian pondered over these words. Then he came to the conclusion:

"If I am to gain great wealth, or other honors are to fall upon me, I must be preparing for them."

Thereupon Julian, who had heretofore been somewhat of an idle fellow, diligently applied himself to labor that he had accumulated much wealth. His possessions were now greater than those of any man thereabouts. So well had he applied himself to study that he was the peer of any in knowledge. Thus it came about that honors were heaped upon him. He married the daughter of a nobleman, and with the powerful influence thus gained became Governor of the province.

The three years had passed. Daily the anticipation of Julian had grown, as he looked forward to the time when he could break his precious egg. The day had now arrived. Summoning all his friends, and with all possible ceremony, Julian broke the egg. It was empty!

In bitter disappointment the Governor had old Mother Gretchen brought before him.

"Did you not say," said he, reproachfully, "that my egg should gain for me a treasure?"

"And has it not brought you many treasures?" replied the old woman. "But for it you would not be rich now or powerful or learned. You would still be living on your little farm, poorer than ever, and perhaps just as ignorant. Do you not owe everything—even your beautiful wife—indeed, your every happiness, to this eggshell?"

Julian smiled understandingly. "Mother, you are right," said he; "and I thank you with all my heart for your gift—a gift more precious than mortal eyes have ever beheld."

"THERE'S GOING TO BE LOTS OF TROUBLE AROUND HERE VERY SHORTLY," OBSERVED ZOOGY.

TREASURE within an EGGSHELL

MOTHER GRETCHEN shrank back

he applied himself to labor that he had accumulated much wealth.

Extraordinary cases of starving gentlewomen have come to light in England,

Not only is it less work but it is more fun to watch your neighbor's garden fall than your own.

gently set about improving himself and his condition. By day he plowed his fields and worked elsewhere about the little farm with intense zeal; by night he pored over books and did his utmost to acquire learning.

He who hath a strenuous wife will never live the simple life.

STARVING GENTLEWOMEN

Daughter of a Baronet Who Sold Shoestrings on London Streets.

By gradual stages representatives of all these types have sunk lower and lower and sometimes, having sought refuge in drink, have come to the lowest grade before drifting into the shelter of the institution.

Here was, for instance, a wretched looking creature, but with unmistakable signs of having once been "a lady," whose only source of income lay in her handful of boot laces which she sold to mechanics in their midday rest. She proved to be the daughter of a baronet, whose marriage had displeased her family.

Estranged from her relatives by the quarrel of early life, she had too much pride to reveal to them the poverty by which she had of late been overtaken; but, absolutely miserable, she crept about the mean streets of our vast city as successfully hidden as if living in another hemisphere, far from the gorgeous mansion, the carriages and the servants which once were hers by right of birth.

ADVICE. Bring up a boy in the way he should grow, and when he gets older you won't have to pay for his broken windows.

SEE? Not only is it less work but it is more fun to watch your neighbor's garden fall than your own.

FOR LITTLE

Baby's Own Tablets children, from the life seems to have a sturdy boy who has the organs of his own Tablets pro and bowel trouble killing children is this medicine is a just that this hard, holding the used Baby's Tablets, stomach, and find the They have made thy, fat and rosy a box of Tablets by medicine dealer cents a box in Medicine Co., Br

EASY WAY TO

All you Require is to The following story, give an easy have the day of 1908— Just a mother's spell o'er Na represents the da in the particular responds; thus, "four letters, because January is the first representing Feb the first Saturday day of that mon at the twelve m Each word of the first "a," begins as the month it begins with "T" with "J"; "mother cause March begi all through, with for February. Having obtained Saturdays, the day in the month it is necessary day. For example which Christmas "dream," standing letters, so the first is the 5th of that urday is the 12th; £th, being six da six days on from

COBALT SILV

A. J. Pattison is the following are from Cobalt camp 1 to date:

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Conings
Cobalt Lake
Crown Reserve
Crown Central
City of Cobalt
Drummond
Foster
Kerr Lake
King Edward
La Ross
McKinley
Nipissing
Nova Scotia
Nancy Helen
O'Brien
Right of Way
Provincial
Standard
Silver Queen
Silver Cliff
Silver Leaf
Townsite
Temiskaming
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Trebewey
Watts
The total shipment of 895,230 pounds, of shipments from J. 204,448 pounds, or shipments for the 081,010 pounds, at \$100,000. In 1906, 158 tons, 156,744, tons v 1906, 5129 tons, v Crown Reserve, in Cobalt, has been basis by the decl of 4 per cent.

SPACE

"Laura," growled have you taken a the closet for?" "Now, there's no fuss about it, Georg a role of defiance had to have some hang my new hat."

Wedderley—"You man. What's the Silver (with this Wedderley—"We marry one of them I've had the same

Get acq Black the big chewing to tremendo everywhere its richness flavor.