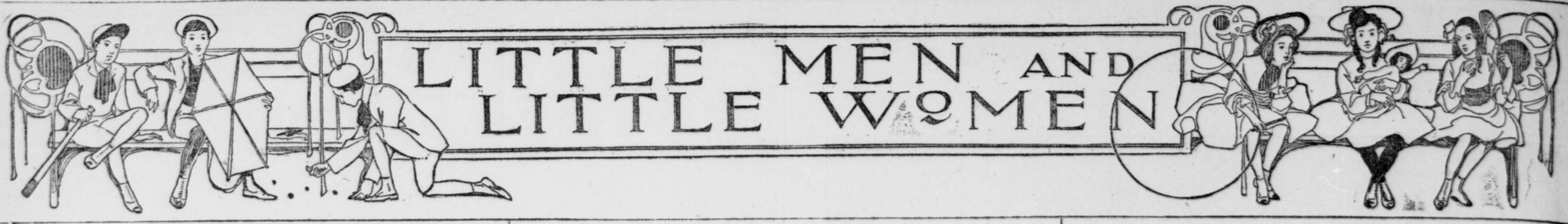


THEY WAVED THEIR HANDKERCHIEFS AND THE AMERICAN FLAG AT THE BIG STEAMER.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.

(Copyright, 1903, by the Saalfield Publishing Company, New-York and Chicago.)

CHAPTER X.

HAROLD AND IONE MAKE NEW FRIENDS.

While they were gliding over the surface Harold said: "Ione, I am going to open the little trapdoor and give the elephant a good airing. As the ocean is so smooth, there will be no danger of the waves dashing in and wetting everything."

"Do," said Ione; "that will be splendid!"

While singing and enjoying the cool breeze blowing on their foreheads, they saw approaching them a large ocean liner. As it came nearer they could distinguish the crowd of people on deck, and all were watching the elephant, many with their spyglasses. Harold by using his fieldglasses could read the name of the vessel in gold letters on her bow, "The Empress of India." They waved their handkerchiefs and the American flag at the big steamer, and she in answer blew her whistle and saluted the elephant as she would any ship she happened to meet, while Harold, not to be outdone, made the elephant trumpet three times. This pleased the people on the steamer greatly, for they could be seen clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs. The vessel slowed down, and an officer came to the side of the ship and spoke to them through the megaphone, asking them where they were going and what their cargo was, just as if the elephant had been an ordinary vessel. Harold got out his megaphone and answered:

"From Los Angeles; bound for India, on pleasure bent. Can you give us some milk and fresh meat? If you have any late newspapers they would be very acceptable. In exchange we can give you a handful of pearls or a string or two of good coral."

The captain of the steamer answered: "Come alongside, my lad, and let us see your pearls and things. As for the milk and meat, you are welcome to them."

Harold steered the elephant toward the steamer, and when he was alongside the captain invited him and Ione on board.

"Thank you, captain. I appreciate your kindness, but I will not be able to leave the elephant. I will let my companion come on board, however, for a short call, while I keep pace with you, and I will give myself the pleasure of calling on you when you cast anchor in the harbor of Honolulu."

"Very well, young man; but if you will not think me impertinent, I would like to know your name."

"My name is Harold Fredericks."

"And mine is Joseph Pottsmouth," said the captain.

"Captain Pottsmouth, allow me to introduce you to my only companion, Ione de Valley," said Harold.

"Miss de Valley, I am happy to make your acquaintance, and I am sure all of my lady passengers will be also. Will you step out of your queer looking ship and come aboard my old style one?"

"With pleasure, captain," replied Ione, and as she said this she touched the spring that dropped the little pair of stairs from the elephant's side, and going down them she stepped into the rowboat the steamer had lowered to take her to the vessel. When she was on board all the passengers crowded round and looked at her as if they had never seen a girl before in their lives, though they tried to be polite and not stare at her and show how curious they were. At last an old gentleman could stand it no longer and he said: "Excuse me, but would you mind, my dear, telling us a little about yourself, the young man with you, and the wonderful elephant you came in?"

"I will gladly tell you," replied Ione. And they all gathered round her in a semicircle, some sitting on chairs, while the young men sat cross legged on the deck at her feet, and all listened attentively to her recital of adventures—where the elephant was found, what it could do, and where they had been. You could have heard a mosquito breathe, the people were so still. The young girl looked like some beautiful, fair haired princess talking to her beloved subjects as she sat on a chair slightly raised above them all, for every face was lifted to hers so as not to miss a word. When she had finished, there was silence for a minute, then they all exclaimed, as if with one voice:

"It is too wonderful to be true! It sounds like an Arabian Nights' Tale." And then they all commenced to talk at once and ask questions by the dozen, not waiting for her to answer one before they asked two or three more in quick succession. At last the captain saw she looked tired and so he forbade any more questions, and took her below to give her some refreshments.

After she had some ice cream and cake, Ione thought she ought to be going back to the elephant, for she did not want to leave Harold there alone any longer. She said in her naïve way: "I am afraid he might be lonesome, as we have not been separated for ten minutes since he found me; besides something might happen to the elephant and make it sink, carrying him down with it. If anything like that is going to happen I want to be there to go down with him, for I never want to live a minute without him."

"Brave girl!" said the captain. "As your will is my pleasure, I will have the boat lowered and endeavor to return you safely to your hero."

After saying "goodby" to the passengers and thanking the captain for her pleasant call, she was soon in the rowboat, waving her handkerchief in farewell to her new friends. While on the steamer she had promised to show the inside of the elephant to all of them after they got to Honolulu.

Harold was as glad to get her back as if she had been gone a month, he had been so lonesome; he wondered how he had ever lived without her.

"Well, my dear, I am just as glad to get back as you are to have me here; and though they were all very kind, I was too afraid that something would happen to you to enjoy myself."

"My dear Ione, there is just this thing about it; we will have to get married when we get to Honolulu. No matter if we are so young. We can get the ship's chaplain to marry us and for a wedding tour we can go to Japan. You do love me and will marry me, won't you, Ione? Say 'Yes,' my dear, for I love you dearly."

Of course she answered "Yes" and gave him a big kiss to seal the bargain.

(To be continued.)

BROTHER DIXIE AND PAPA.

Two Homeless Cats Who Found a Friend and Are Now Happy.

These two youngsters are inmates of the Crystal Cat Refuge in Palmyra, N. Y. The big black cat on the left is Brother Dixie, from Maine. The kitten which crouches so appealingly at the right of the picture is Papa. Papa is a Quaker cat. He believes in brotherly love. He comes from Pittsburg, Penn.

There would be no Crystal Cat Refuge in Palmyra if it were not for C. H. Jones, who opened the home because his heart was full of pity for all the poor, sick, neglected, deserted cats and kittens, and called it after a pet cat of his own named Crystal. Mr. Jones is a true lover of the little furry animals. He will dictate a letter holding in his lap some mite that he has rescued from the streets, perhaps with a bad leg that has been cruelly mauled by a dog. He will soak the leg tenderly in warm water till it is clean, then bind it up with the right kind of liniment, and the kitten will have no fear of him, although he may have had to hurt her, because she can tell well enough that he did not mean to give her pain.

"It is a strange thing," Mr. Jones says, "that kittens are always grateful for kindness—it seems to me more than any other animal."

No cat that is without a home and friends is ever refused at Crystal Cat Refuge. Cats come from all over the Eastern part of the country. They arrive in boxes, crates and baskets, and some of them knew their first taste of happiness when the doors of the refuge close on them. It is expected that persons sending cats to the refuge will pay the express rates on them, as it is not thought right to take for this purpose the money that is contributed to feed the whole family.

As soon as they are recovered from their hardships a home is found for them, if possible, and this is not so difficult as it might deem to be in a country so apparently well stocked with cats as this country is, for Mr. Jones edits and publishes "The Cat Journal," in which the portraits and biographies of all his pets appear from time to time.

Suppose a family has just lost its dearly beloved kitten. In the columns of "The Cat Journal" it reads that there is a little black kitten at the refuge that stands in need of a home and its picture is given. Of course, the very next thing to do is to write off to Palmyra and apply for the aforesaid black kitten. If Mr. Jones is satisfied that the kitten is really wanted and that it will have a good home he lets it go; not otherwise. When people are fitted out with cats at the refuge it is supposed that they will give some trifle toward the support of the cats which are left.

The Crystal Cat Refuge was represented at the cat show of the Atlantic Cat Club, in Madison Square Garden, a week or two ago by Brother Dixie and Papa. Brother Dixie, being a grown cat, took things at the Garden calmly, but little Papa, who is only a baby, in spite of his name, cried and fussed and made himself very miserable, for all the world like a little child who is taken away from his mother for the first time in his life and locked up in a strange house. He wanted Mr. Jones all the time, and he wanted him badly. It was one of the sights of the show to see Papa and Mr. Jones taking a morning constitutional together in the concert hall, the former tethered by a stout twine to the person of his big friend, running up his trousers leg and perching on his shoulder whenever a good opportunity offered and frisking around him in the confidence of affection.

"Papa has never had a harsh word or a blow since he came to the refuge," said Mr. Jones. "He would be greatly perplexed and surprised if any one should shoo him about or seem not to want him. Papa was abandoned by his mother when he was only a few weeks old. I did not know whether I should be able to rear him, but with the aid of prepared milk and by taking the greatest pains I pulled him through. Now, the next thing is to find the little scamp a good home."

OF MORE CONSEQUENCE.

A wise old negro lately listened in silence to a discussion on the divers social claims to distinction of several educated men and women of his race. The members of one family boasted of descent from wealthy merchants in the West Indies; others claimed kinship with a well known negro politician; still others asserted that their ancestors never had been slaves, but always were free.

At last the old man spoke:

"Chillun," said he, with a rap of his cane, "I doan' know nethin' 'bout yoh ancestry, as yoh call it, but I do know that when I ust to spend weeks in de maple woods a-b'ilin' down de serrup, when master he come an' 'spect de row ob kettles, he neber say, 'Uncle Garge, how high was de tree dat dis come out ob?' or eben, 'Whah is de tree dat dis come out ob?' but just, 'What kine ob sugar is it?' "

—(Chums.

The Stolen Prince.

BY E. M. JAMESON. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SANDY.

(Copyright: 1903: By The Tribune Association.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Princess Nerissa and Otho had been accustomed all their lives to ease and luxury and beautiful surroundings, but never had they imagined such beauty as burst upon them when they entered the palace of the good fairy Stella. The entrance was one vast succession of halls, each archway supported by slender, fluted columns of marble, all carved in wonderful tracery of leaves and fruits and flowers, some so slender and tapering that it seemed as though they must snap at the base. The halls were not roofed in, but lay open to the sky, and this gave the effect of great loftiness and size.

In the centre was a fountain with an immense circular basin, and in this were seven great dragons spouting water instead of fire from their mouths. Daintily fashioned cherubs stood on the pedestal of the fountain, and blew trumpets so lustily that their cheeks were inflated to twice their size.

In the great basin blossomed water lilies, creamy and yellow, with a tiny fairy rocking upon each broad, green leaf.

A rosy light trembled over every object, tinting the marble pillars, spotless floor and rippling water a pale, clear pink. Indeed, all the atmosphere shimmered rosily, until it was a veritable palace of enchantment.

In and out between the pillars stole little elves dressed in every imaginable color. Some carried dishes, running along as if afraid of being late; others dragged garlands of leaves and flowers with which to decorate the tables and walls.

Everybody was busy, for the good fairy Stella knew well that nothing is more dangerous than an idle and objectless life, and she did not wish one of her subjects to grow discontented and quarrelsome. So each fairy had a little niche to fill in life, and filled it well. No one had too much to do; every one had plenty of play in between to sweeten his or her toil, and the elves were never heard to say that they did not want to play.

The Princess Nerissa and Otho were welcomed, and led away to the great dining hall. The Queen sat at the head of the table, with Nerissa on her right hand and Count Otho on her left; while down either side of the long table the elves were seated. Twelve waited at table, deftly and well. Each was dressed to represent a flower.

Nerissa found that she only had to think what she would like to eat of all the dainty viands spread before her, and hey, presto! there it was on her plate.

Along the table was a wreath of soft leaves and mosses, while here and there were sprays of starry jessamine, ferns, moss rosebuds, meadow sweet, and scarlet anemones.

When the meal was ended they all played hide and seek amid the marble pillars, and the palace echoed and re-echoed with peals of laughter. The elves were so quick and agile that Nerissa and Otho found it a difficult matter to catch them. Later in the evening the sky grew darker, until it looked like blue velvet, amid which the stars blossomed out one by one. They shone with respendent lustre over Stella's kingdom, for she was Queen of the Stars.

To Nerissa's dazzled eyes they had never appeared so large or so close at hand, and each star burned with surprising brightness, and seemed to take a new and wonderful shape. Some had three points, others five; then again there were seven pointed stars, and one even possessed thirteen.

The light from them was extraordinarily bright. Nerissa noticed that some burned steadily, like a clear fire on a frosty night, but others twinkled dazzlingly, never still for a moment, while the shooting stars slid backward and forward with a regular motion, as if executing a figure in a stately dance.

Stella smiled to see the children's wonder and delight.

"We sometimes take a journey into Starland," she said to the little princess. "Shall we go there to-night?"

"Oh, yes, let us go," exclaimed Nerissa, whose eyes sparkled almost as brightly as the stars. "But how can we? It is such a distance."

The fairy Stella smiled.

"I must summon my bodyguard," she said, clapping her hands lightly together; and even as she did so the most wonderful sight of all took place.

From every part of the sky, zigzagging between the stars, slid myriads of golden comets, their starry tails clearing a way for them as they rushed along. It was like a shower of the biggest rockets ever seen, only far, far more beautiful.

There had been no such firework display in the kingdom ruled over by Nerissa's father; no, not even on the night of the prince's birth, when thousands of pounds had been expended on fireworks, and every street urchin had as many squibs and Catherine wheels as he could carry.

The comets slid nearer and nearer, until the air was full of a wonderful golden light, and then, she never knew how it happened, the little princess found herself seated on a comet's tail clinging to it breathlessly. For they were up and away in a moment, racing through the sky at lightning speed.

Nerissa's comet excelled itself, and twirled and raced and jostled the stars out of its way so swiftly and so much in advance of the other comets that she could not help exclaiming aloud, "Oh, I wish it would not go quite so quickly!"

Greatly to her surprise the comet slackened speed and replied to her wish.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," he said in an aggrieved voice. "I thought you'd have been glad to be mounted on the champion. None of the others can touch me for speed! Why didn't you speak earlier?"

"I never thought you would understand," pleaded Nerissa, sorry to have offended him. "I did not know comets could talk."

She found that she had only made matters worse, for the comet's tail gave an angry quiver.

"Didn't know comets could talk?" exclaimed he in an amazed voice, "why, wherever were you brought up? In some savage country, I suppose, where they've never seen a comet."

"It is not a savage country," said Nerissa, losing her temper a little as she thought of the beautiful mountains and valleys of her own country, "it is the very lovellest place you ever saw."

And as she thought of the palace and her father and sisters a tear rolled down her cheek and splashed on to the comet's neck, where it fizzled for a moment and then disappeared.

The comet started violently.

"Come, I say, that hurts," he remarked remonstratively.

Nerissa loosened her hold with one hand, and was only just in time to stop the second tear. The comet turned his head and grew more polite.

"I didn't mean to offend you, I'm sure," he said, "would you rather go back? Perhaps you don't care for this kind of tobogganing through space? It may be a bit trying at first, but you get used to anything in time."

His tone was so conciliatory and kind that Nerissa hastened to explain.

"But, indeed, I like it," she exclaimed, "it is delightful now that we are going more slowly. I wonder how Otho likes it?"

"Sure to like it; boys always like adventures," said the comet, as if he had been brought up among boys all his life; "he's on the second quickest comet, and here he comes."

And Nerissa heard him mutter to himself:

"Overtaken for the first time in my life!"

Presently the queen arrived attended by innumerable elves on innumerable comets, and they formed a procession, each comet falling into place by right of speed, until they made one vast comet with one immense golden tail which trailed through the sky for miles.

In and out among the stars they threaded their way, and Nerissa began thoroughly to enjoy herself, especially as she found that, after all, she was in no danger of falling, however lightly she held on.

The comet, too, grew very pleasant and chatty, explaining which star was which, and the kind of people living in each. The procession halted beside the star with the thirteen points, and every one dismounted and entered Starland.

There were mountains and rivers shining clearly in the resplendent light, and the inhabitants hurried from all quarters to do homage to their queen.

They, too, looked very dazzling. They were tiny folk, no bigger than the elves, but very dainty, with golden hair that shone like spun glass. Their clothes, too, were dainty and seemed to Nerissa to be made of gold and silver filigree, but all so flexible that it was more like the delicate tracery made by the frost on a window pane than anything more solid.

When they had explored all the wonders of Starland, the chief inhabitant presented Nerissa and Otho each with a piece of crystal fashioned like a star, and this, he said, would light them on their way when overtaken by darkness.

After bidding the kind people farewell, they all mounted their comets for the return journey, and on the way Nerissa showed her steed the crystal star. He was unconcerned, and did not appear to be at all impressed with its beauty.

"Only a bit of moonshine, after all," he said, slightingly; "may be useful in a dark place. They cut moonbeams up into bits and throw them down from the stars; you must have seen them sometimes, even in the country you come from."

The little princess thought of the flecks of moonlight which used to lie upon her satin counterpane at home, and was glad to know where they came from, and she clasped her scrap of moonshine more closely in her hand, thinking her little sisters would like to see it if ever she reached home again.

She and Otho felt great regret when the time for their departure drew near. They slept peacefully that night, secure from danger, and they shrank from the thought of fresh dangers to be encountered when morning dawned.

The good fairy kissed Nerissa on the brow; but Count Otho bent on one knee to kiss Stella's hand, taking off his plumed cap as he did so.

They left the hammock, having no further use for it, but they took the little wallets containing the cakes and flower seeds.

The good fairy gave a note into their hands.

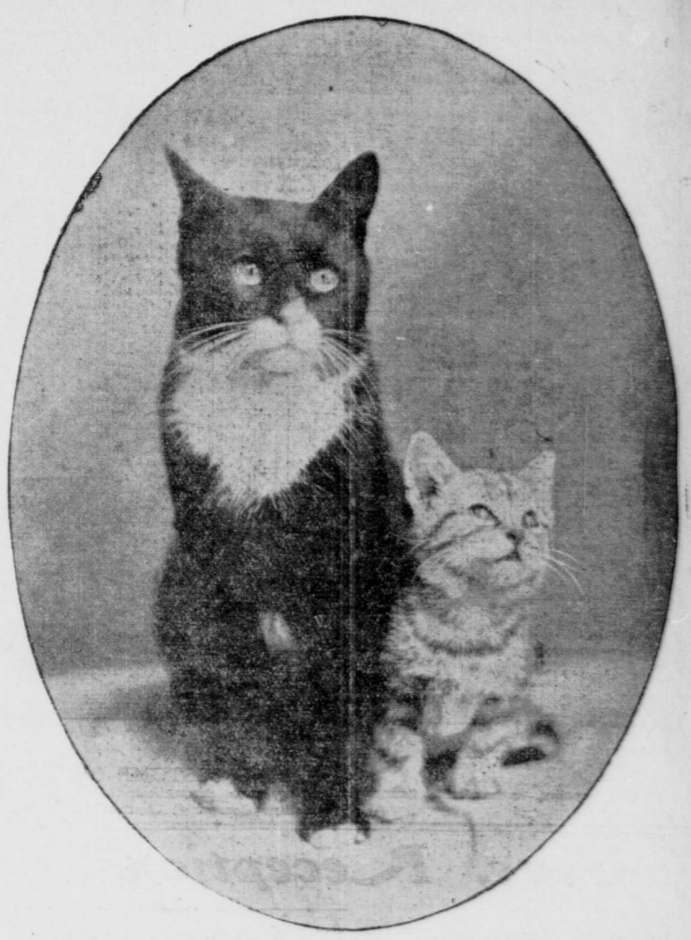
"For the King of the Gnomes," she said; "he is very well intentioned, if rather peculiar. You must not mind his odd ways, for he means well and does not like to be laughed at. He will help you on your way as much as lies in his power, for he dreads Golconda greatly and has suffered, like the rest of us. And now farewell, my children, set your faces steadily toward the shining mountain and turn aside for nothing. Golconda's power lies in luring people away from that path. Farewell, once more; may you succeed in your mission!"

And so, once more, the princess and Otho set forth to face danger and difficulty.

(To be continued.)

"If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you already know."—(Talleyrand.

IN AND OUT AMONG THE STARS THEY THREADED THEIR WAY.



BROTHER DIXIE AND PAPA.

(Copyright, 1903, C. H. Jones.)

Things to Think About.

Answers to the puzzles published last Sunday came pouring into the office last week. Were the puzzles easier than usual or did you all work harder? Whichever the reason, every paper was welcome, and from them all we have chosen Elsie Mueller's as prize winner. Elsie is nine years old and lives at No. 305 Washington-st., Newark, N. J.

Now about the book offered for the best answers to the puzzles published to-day. It is a modern fairy story, not the kind that you read to your baby brothers and sisters, but a very interesting tale that tells about Asadi, pretty little brown May-May-Gwan, and many other Indians who roamed through the forests. There are pictures, too, in the book, some colored and some black and white. All your answers must be at the office by Wednesday, January 27.

DIAMONDS.

1.—A half of he; a hostile contest at arms; a shady arbor; a boy or man who is related to another person by having the same parents; an American author who wrote many tales for children; a preposition denoting passage, agency or instrumentality; to break open suddenly; an insect noted for its industry; a half of he.

2.—A third of are; not young; a girl's name; frozen water; a third of are.

WORD SQUARES.

1.—Disabled; a country of Indo-China; to mutilate; a girl's name.

2.—Fashion; part of a store; lifeless; extremes.

3.—To repair; always; a Roman Emperor; to let fall.—(Sent by Florence R. T. Smith.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

A third of May; guided; gay; not wet; a third of May.—(Sent by Florence R. T. Smith, Newton, N. J.

DROPPED VOWEL PUZZLE.

Th- c-ndy m-n wh- w-s -n th- s-n,
-nd wh- n-v-r c- -ld w-lk, b-g-n t- r-n.
T-ll y- - c- -idn't h-v- t-ld, s- f-st h- r-n.
Th-t h- -v-r h-d b- -n - c-ndy m-n.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED JAN. 17.

```
        S                       Y
      S K Y                   Y A D
    S H A K E               S A C H E
  S K A T I N G .         Y A C H E T
    S L I D E               S H E
      A N D                   T
        G

        N                       J
      B E G                   F A N
    S E W E D               J A P A N
  N E W Y O R K             N A P
    S H O R E                 N
      I R E
        K
```

WORD SQUARES.

```
O V A L        S A F E
V A L E        A L O E
A L E S        F O I L
L E S S        E E L S
```

HIDDEN NAMES OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

1, Laura; 2, Adam; 3, Helen; 4, Mary; 6, George.

DROPPED VOWEL PUZZLE.

"Always do as people say you should. You never will be happy, child, unless you're good. I do as I am told. Am just as good as gold, and I know I shall be happy because I'm good."

THREE PRIZE OFFERS.

In order to encourage careful reading and original expressions of opinion we offer three prizes for letters written by our little men and women about the story of "The Stolen Prince." They are to read carefully each week the adventures of the little people who go in search of the prince, and are to tell the reasons why they like the story. From time to time the most interesting letters received will be published, and when the story is finished the prizes will be awarded.

The best letter in thought and construction will receive the first prize of $3. To the next letter in point of excellence will be awarded a prize of $2, and to the third a prize of $1.

The letters must not contain more than five hundred words, must be written on one side of the paper only and must be addressed to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

JACK IN THE BOX.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

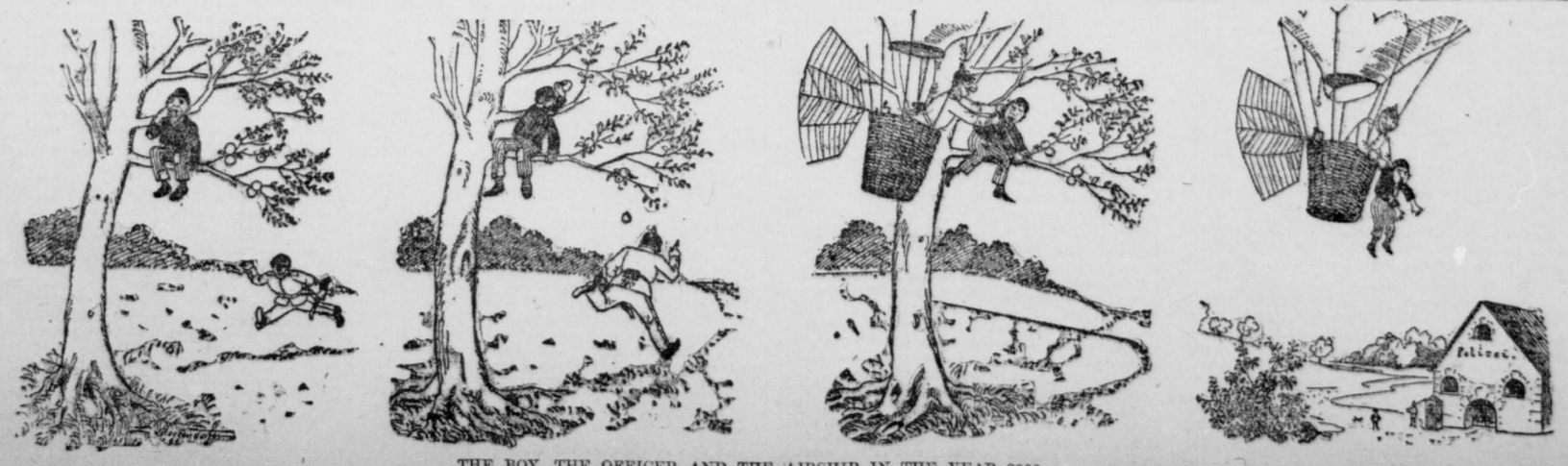
He smiles the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—(The Sunbeam.

BUTTERFLY RAISERS.

Butterfly farms, where cocoons are hatched on branches protected by gauze or tulle, may be frequently seen throughout France, where diligent efforts are being made to acclimate the species of the Bombycidæ, or silkworm family, that are indigenous to other countries. At Eastbourne also, in England, William Watkins, the English entomologist has established one of these butterfly farms, more particularly, however, for the purpose of obtaining rare genera and new varieties by crossing. Such farms are planted with oaks, ailantus trees, pines, plum trees, castor oil plants and others, the leaves of which serve as food for the caterpillars. To secure a uniform temperature, the insects are often kept in a room until after the first moulting, when they are placed on bushes in the open air and protected from birds by sheets of muslin or tulle.



THE BOY, THE OFFICER AND THE AIRSHIP IN THE YEAR 2000.

—(Meggendorfer Blätter.