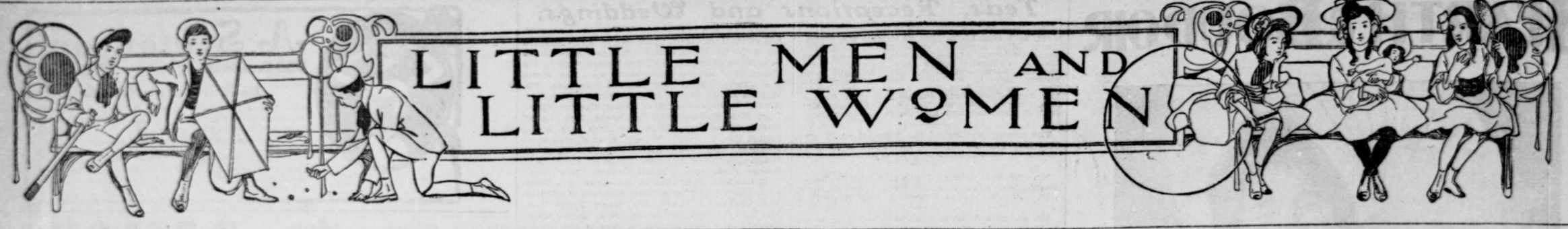
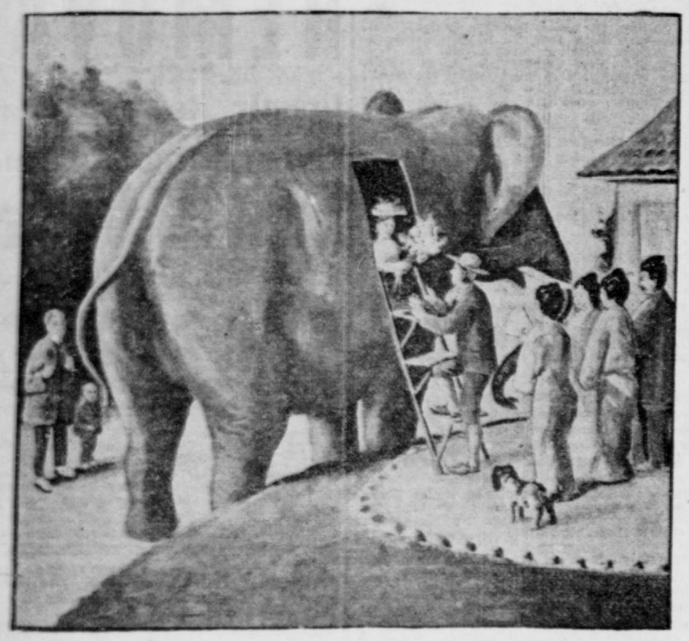




HAROLD AND IONE LEAVE THEIR KIND FRIENDS AND RESUME THEIR JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

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 XIV.
IONE'S DIARY.

We will take a peep into Ione's diary and see what she has found time to write during these busy days.

Entry Number One.—It seemed strange to me to call a one-story frame building a palace, yet such are the emperor's palaces, with sliding screens and panels instead of doors, so that all the rooms can be thrown into one. The panels and ceilings of some of the rooms are covered with tapestry woven with wold; on others hang the most beautiful and costly brocade, while the panels are handsomely inlaid with many kinds of colored wood in imitation of flowers. Here and there beautiful choice rugs made of matting and as soft as any carpet are spread.

Entry Number Two.—I was delighted to find that the empress had not shaved off her eyebrows or blackened her teeth, as was the ancient custom in Japan. The wives used to make themselves so hideously ugly that no man but their husbands would look at them. By this method they sought to show their devotion to their husbands.

Entry Number Three.—I could not eat the raw fish, bird's-nest soup, or chrysanthemum salad that was placed before me at the emperor's dinner. Neither could I eat the wild locusts that are considered such a delicacy. They seemed too much like grasshoppers. Harold tasted all the food, even something that looked like stewed rats, but we found out afterward that it was squirrel meat.

Entry Number Four.—Cherry Blossom gave me such a dead little tortoise shell jinrikisha inlaid with gold. She is such a sweet girl I shall hate to leave her; and Pink Cheeks is sweet enough to eat. How I wish she could speak English or we Japanese. She gave me a pair of her queer-looking little slippers all embroidered in gold and colored silks.

Entry Number Five.—I am sure I don't know what we are going to do with all the beautiful bric-à-brac that we have had given to us, and that we have purchased. One piece is a bronze pagoda with brass doors that open and disclose a shrine with a statute of Buddha sitting inside; another, an elephant's tusk exquisitely carved with two or three layers of figures and trees like three tusks, one inside the other, yet it is all one. And the carved sandalwood boxes and the parrots I have collected would start a museum.

Entry Number Six.—We leave Tokio and sweet Cherry Blossom to-morrow and continue our journey to India by way of China. Will we ever see this fair island, Cherry Blossom, or Pink Cheeks again? I am going to think so, for if I don't it makes me feel sad.

"What are you doing, Ione?" inquired Harold, as he walked into the room and found her sitting cross-legged on the floor trying to write in her lap, as there were no writing desks, tables or chairs in the room.

"Oh, I am just jotting down a few things in my diary before I forget them. Look here, Harold, what I have in my pocket," taking from it two beautiful and very expensive rings, one a ruby and the other an emerald. "These I am going to give Cherry Blossom and Pink Cheeks to remember me by, and also those strings of pink coral, which will be so becoming to their dark beauty. And I want you to give Cherry Blossom's father this handsome watch that strikes the hour and half-hour. Here it is. I bought it when I got the rings."

"I am so glad you did, Ione, for I was wondering what I should give him as a souvenir, and that will be just the thing," said Harold. "I am very sorry to leave them all, and when we return from our trip around the world, they must surely come to America and visit us and bring Pink Cheeks with them. See," he added, "I have a pocketful of gold coin. I am going to give these to the servants and each a little present, besides, as they have been so very kind and obliging to us."

The next morning at sunrise Harold and Ione left their kind friends and resumed their journey around the world. As they left the sleeping city of Tokio behind them Ione said, "Would you ever think, to look at it, Harold, that that city of low-roofed houses, with no sidewalks, was one of the largest cities in the world?"

In less than one hour they were at Yokohama, as Tokio, the capital, is only a short distance from Yokohama, the largest seaport. They stayed here ony a short time, as there was nothing particularly new to be seen of Japanese life after their long tsay in Tokio. The only thing they did visit was the beautiful harbor of Yokohama in the bay of Yeddo, to see all the queer boats that enter; for of all the harbors of the world none can equal Yeddo in the variety and style of ships that anchor there. There are heavy ironclad vessels from Russia, ocean steamers from England, sailboats from America, Chinese junks and Japanese war vessels, to say nothing of the queer shaped little skiffs and rowboats that ply hither and thither, in and out among the larger ones that look big enough to crush them.

From Yokohama they took a swift run to Kamakura on purpose to see the largest statue of Buddha in the world. This statue is taller than some four story houses, and is built in the shape of a human figure sitting cross-legged with hands folded in his lap. The eyes are of gold, and each one is three feet long. The whole statue is made of bronze plates and so nicely fitted together that one cannot see where they are joined. While Harold and Ione were looking at it, two men climbed up and sat on one of the thumbs, and there was plenty of room left for another.

They crossed the mountains and the rest of Japan, and came out on the western coast without any accidents. After crossing the Sea of Japan, the peninsula of Corea and the Yellow Sea, they reached the coast of China opposite Tientsin, the largest seaport in that empire.

The roads between Tientsin and Peking, to which they made their way as rapidly as possible, were so crowded with all kinds of queer looking people, animals and conveyances that they never tired of watching them. For instance, where we would see in America cabs for people to ride in, here in China wheelbarrows were used, and such queer wheelbarrows they were, too! The one large wheel came up through the centre, and the people clung to the frame work covering it, letting their legs hang over the side. If bundles were to be carried, they were tied on to this rack. One wheelbarrow they saw had on one side a pretty Chinese girl with painted cheeks and lips, and on the other a coop of geese.

(To be continued.)

The Little Emperor of Corea.

The little Emperor of Corea is neither so powerful as the Czar, on one side of him, nor so wise as the Mikado of Japan, on the other side. His country is little, so when his big and powerful neighbors on either side begin to fight each other, as they are doing now, he is like a grain of wheat between two millstones.

A look at the map will show how easy it is for the soldiers of his neighbors to tramp acros his small country. And this is what they are doing, without feeling badly about doing it. Surely the little Emperor is in a peck of trouble. He might as well be a plain, everyday American as an emperor, because as an emperor he is no more able to stop them than if he were an American. When we think of an empire we think of a great, powerful nation like Germany, and not a little, weak land like Corea, but Li Hi, Li Hsi, Li Houi, Yi Hieung, Ti Houi, or whatever the Emperor's real name is, likes to think of his little country as an empire. No one needs to bother about learning to pronounce any of these names, because so little is known about his true name in this country that all of them might be wrong.

There are many queer things about this ruler, who is said by those who have seen him to be short and stout and to look as if he were not well. They say he always looks good natured, but does not look as if he knew a great deal. When persons are allowed to see him they always see him alone, in the midst of a big room, and that makes him seem smaller still.

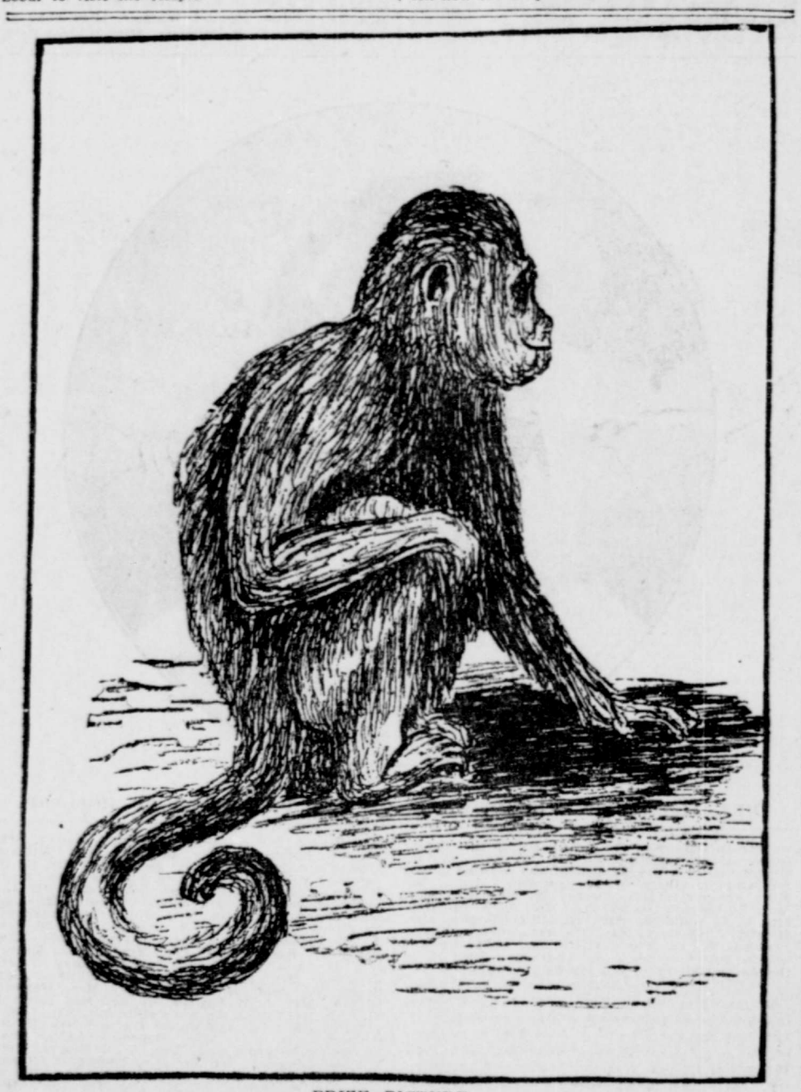
Like the Mikado, he asks many questions and knows a great deal for a man who has never been further than fifteen miles beyond the walls of his capital, Seoul. In those Eastern countries, like China and Corea, to be ruler means to be shut up in a palace, seldom leaving it, and when a ruler does go outside it is only on some great and important journey, when all the business in the streets must stop and everybody get out of the way. Only once has the Emperor of Corea travelled beyond the walls of Seoul. That time he visited the graves of some ancestors fifteen miles away. One would think that a ruler could leave his palace whenever he wished to, but it is not always so, as we have seen. Only five times a year does the ruler of Corea go outside his palace prison. Then he goes through the main street of Seoul to visit the temple.

The Emperor does not even know the streets of his capital. He thinks he does. On the days he goes through the main street it looks like a nice wide street. That is because is has been cleaned up for his coming. On other days it is crowded on either side with street pedlers and their goods. He does not know that all the other streets are narrow and dirty.

These trips of the Emperor are very gay indeed. But, though the clothes are bright colored, they are shabby. There are soldiers walking and dragging rusty old guns behind them; flags of yellow and blue and green and red; men on shaggy ponies wearing queer looking things four hundred years old on their heads; men running along the ground with wooden paddles with which to spank the crowds of onlookers to keep them back; drummers beating as if to smash in the heads of their drums. Then comes the Emperor's flag, that is of yellow silk, on which is a tiger with wings, followed by his servants, dressed in yellow and wearing straw hats. Now there is a great shouting, for the Emperor himself is coming. A number of strong men in red are seen running fast and carrying on their shoulders a magnificent chair with a shade over it. In this chair sits the little Emperor, looking like a peacock in his fine clothes. Behind him is his son, and many, many of his officers, all looking very queer in their black winged hats, or the gilt pasteboard headdress which some of them wear in place of the hats. In the evening this funny procession comes back, the soldiers carrying lanterns of red and blue silk.

As one would think, being Emperor of Corea is not all fun. He became ruler when he was twelve years old. Then, however, he became only a king, for that was what the rulers of Corea were called at that time, which was 1864. He was not the son of the king who had died and whose place he was taking. The old king had no sons, so they took this boy, who was his nephew. Now, boys, of course, are not able to rule countries themselves, so they did just as they did in Spain when the present King was a small boy—chose some one to rule for him until he should be old enough to do it for himself. In Spain, it will be remembered, the boy's mother was what is called the Regent. In Corea it was the boy's father. Tai Wen Kin was his name. He was said to be a wicked old regent. He tried to drive the foreigners out of the country, and would not stop until some other nations made him. Little can be told about the King as a boy because little is known about him.

In course of time he became really King, but he had to pay money to China now and then, as China claimed to have charge of Corea. Afraid that bad men might want to hunt him as they did his wife, whom they killed, he sleeps in the daytime and is awake at night. Once he was obliged to run away from the palace and hide for safety. It was partly about Corea that Japan went to war with China in 1895, and beat her. Then the little King would no longer pay money to China, and he told the other countries of the world that his country was an empire and he an Emperor. It is clear that the proverb "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" would tell how the Emperor of Corea feels.



PRIZE PICTURE.
Drawn by Abigail Tallman, No. 53 Third-ave., Nyack, N. Y. Age ten years.

HE BEGAN TO EXECUTE THE MOST DAZZLING REVOLUTIONS.

The Stolen Prince.

(Copyright, 1904: By The Tribune Association.)

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

CHAPTER XII.

For the greater part of the evening Fantastica, in her beautiful, gleaming gown, led the revels.

The fête was given in her honor, and consequently all the courtiers had to surrender their own wishes, and join in games which they very much disliked. Fantastica, like all spoiled children, was exceedingly selfish.

The poor king had to run about in a manner which completely took his breath away, but this only amused his unruly child. He and the Lord Chancellor were blindfolded, and both groped about so helplessly that at last even the heiress-apparent took pity on them, and ordered one of the equerries to remove the bandages from their eyes.

The supper tables were set out in the great saloon of the ruby mine. It was a vast apartment, hollowed out of one immense rock of ruby, and the roof and fretted arches resembled the aisle of a cathedral.

Innumerable crystal globes, through which the light shone like liquid gold, were slung from pillar to pillar, illuminating the clear ruby of the columns, and sending a crimson glow shimmering over the white napery and silver laden tables, until it seemed as though the sun were setting amid clouds of roseate glory.

When the feast began, Fantastica, as the most important personage present, occupied the place of honor at the head of the table, while the king and queen sat on either side. Nerissa sat next to the king, Otho on the queen's left hand, and then came the courtiers in the order of rank.

The tables were laden with the most delicate viands, and the attendants poured into the golden goblets a delicious beverage peculiar to Gnomeland.

It appeared to be a mixture of cowslip wine and sherbet, and it frothed continually in the goblet of its own accord, greatly to Nerissa's astonishment. There was absolutely no need to stir it, or to add anything to it; it would remain quite still for a moment or two, and then would suddenly begin to fizz gently, until it almost frothed above the rim of the goblet.

During the feasting and laughter and drinking of healths Nerissa noticed that Otho did not look as if he were enjoying himself in the least. He merely made a pretence at eating, and though not at all greedy, Otho was as fond of good things as are most boys of his age.

He looked quite perplexed and unhappy, and after a time Nerissa began to feel that something dreadful must be going to happen, and she, too, lost all interest in her surroundings.

Whenever Fantastica raised her goblet to her lips she would look at Nerissa with such a curious expression in her small eyes that the little princess felt her heart beating quickly, and she longed to jump up and run away from all the noise and grandeur, hand in hand with Otho.

And yet she knew she had no real cause for fear. Otho's eyes, too, looked terrified as they met hers across the table, and she wondered what ailed him.

Presently the long, long meal came to an end, and Fantastica suggested a game of hide-and-seek.

"The Princess Nerissa and I will hide," she said, "and all the rest can seek for us."

She gave no one time to raise any objection, for she took Nerissa by the hand without further ado, and, though Nerissa did not want to go, Fantastica's hold was so firm that she could not break away from her.

So the two princesses ran, and ran, and ran, until Nerissa was panting and out of breath; but still the cruel Fantastica dragged her on, down one winding passage, up another, through a perfect maze of ruby sidings, on, and on, and on, until the light glimmered more faintly, and then seemed to go out altogether, leaving them in total darkness.

"Oh, we shall never find our way back," said Nerissa, breathlessly.

"You will not," replied Fantastica, in a voice of triumph, "but I shall," and only then did she release Nerissa's hand.

Nerissa groped in the darkness and caught hold of an end of Fantastica's silvery gauze; but the wicked gnome princess drew back roughly, and a portion of the scarf was left in Nerissa's grasp, while Fantastica's voice came from the distance mockingly:

"Goodby, your royal highness, goodby!"

The ruby walls echoed the words back again, and then the poor little princess felt herself alone in the impenetrable darkness, out of sight and sound of everybody.

She did not cry, her fear was too great; she just sat down on the cold ruby pavement, and looked with wide eyes into the darkness.

Presently a tiny glimmer of light shone in the far distance. She rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be dreaming; but there it shone clearly, moving slowly toward her. Sometimes it seemed to go out, and then her newly awakened hopes died out again; but the next moment it reappeared—the little twinkling star of light—and she saw that it was borne by somebody, and that the somebody was Otho. Oh, what joy they felt at their meeting! The light disclosed two very pale and frightened faces. It was some moments before Otho could explain matters.

"I overheard Fantastica saying she would do you harm, princess," he said then, "and during supper she looked so very wicked that I could enjoy nothing. When she took your hand and led you away to hide, I slipped forth silently, unseen by any, and followed. Once I lost you, and it grew very dark, but I remembered my little bit of moonshine, and it led me to you, princess."

"I forgot all about mine," said Nerissa, "I was too frightened."

She opened her little wallet and took it out, and then they had quite a grand illumination.

"I wonder which is the right way out of the mine?" said Otho. "We had better go on, princess, or Fantastica may again do you harm."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Nerissa, with a shudder, "she is very wicked; let us go. But the king and queen were kind."

"Yes," assented Otho, "but they, too, are in the power of Fantastica. You see, princess, in Gnomeland the women always rule—so different from our own land!—and the king, they say, only became king because he married the queen, and the real power is all in the hands of Fantastica. We had better go."

Otho seemed to have taken years of responsibility upon him since arriving in the land of the gnomes, and he felt great anxiety for the welfare of his king's daughter.

They rose, and walked steadily onward for a great distance, through one echoing passage after another, until they almost began to lose heart again.

But after a time they felt a current of fresh air blowing upon their cheeks, and at the end of the passage a friendly little moon showed itself through an opening in the mine. They ran at full speed toward it, and found themselves once more in the open air.

The sky was brilliant with stars, and underneath their feet the turf was like velvet, but they did not know in which direction to go. The mountain was no longer visible in the distance, and they feared that they might wander back to the gnome kingdom. There was no one to consult, or at least so they thought until Nerissa looked up into the sky and uttered an exclamation.

It was their old friend the comet, executing graceful gyrations, winding in and out among the stars, whisking his long golden tail in great sweeps through the sky and coming nearer to them every moment. He looked much surprised to see them, but very pleased, nevertheless, and his round face broke into a welcoming smile.

"Hallo!" he called out; "who'd a-thought of meeting you here? Well, I declare! I am surprised!"

Many more exclamations did he give utterance to, and the children could not get in a word to explain matters until his first raptures had subsided. And they felt that it was just enough to look at him, to feel that here was a friend to offer them good advice. So they only stood looking up at him and admiring his graceful gestures, for after he had expressed his delight in words he executed some surprising new figures, which caused the stars to keep respectfully at a distance.

"I am pleased to see you," he said, when he paused for a moment. "I'd just come out for a bit of a practice; my joints seem to have got a bit stiff—nothing to speak of, you know, and you mustn't mention it on any account, but a champion comet has to shoot regularly or he's nowhere at the next autumn show, and—you mustn't mention this either—I'm not as young as I was!"

He uttered the last remark in a loud whisper, looking around him anxiously to see if any of his rivals were in sight, but he proved to be the only comet exercising that night.

Then the children explained matters, and told him of their adventures in the land of the gnomes.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, with a horrified whisk of his tail. "Dear, dear, to think of such wickedness as that in the world! I'm glad I'm up here!"

"We want you to tell us the way," said Nerissa, whose neck was beginning to feel rather stiff from craning up to look at him, "but can't you come down and speak to us? You seem so far away."

"I daren't come a bit closer," replied the comet. "I'm in a most dangerous position as it is. If my tail touches the ground the part that touches turns into stone at once, and if I'm heavily weighted like that, of course it's all over with the championship, my dear. I'm truly sorry, but a comet has to think of his living, and I don't want to give up until my second son is ready to fill the post. He's a rare shooter, and, though he's so young he can do thirty shoots in five seconds. I taught him myself."

His round face was beaming with pride, and, of course, they felt bound to express great surprise at this feat of strength, though they had not the least idea of what a comet's shooting powers out to be.

"I'd take you part of the way with me," their friend said, presently, "only I don't see how you're to get up to me any more than I'm to get down to you. You haven't wings, and I've this uncompromising tail."

He looked perplexed and worried for a moment, and then whisked his tail over his shoulder.

"You see, over there in Stella's kingdom," he said, "we can go as low down as we like, because she's the Queen of the Stars, but, really, it's uncommonly awkward here, you know. I'm half inclined to risk it." And he zigzagged a little nearer.

"No, no," cried Nerissa, "you must not. Just think if you lost the championship!"

Otho had been thinking deeply.

"How would it be if we climbed that hill over there?" he asked. "Do you think we could reach you any better then?"

At a little distance a hill rose up darkly against the sky. The comet's face brightened for a moment; then he gloomily shook his head.

"You'd have to jump ever so far," he said, "and if you jumped short you'd hurt yourselves—no, that's no good."

He remained buried in thought for an instant, and then, to their surprise, he began to execute the most dazzling evolutions. He turned, and twisted, and twirled, and whirled, until they hardly knew which was his head and which was his tail. It was his way of expressing great delight, however, and he stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

"I've thought of a splendid place," he said; "it was the suggestion about the hill that brought it to my mind. We'll go and get the spiders to help us."

He looked radiant with triumph, but they did not understand.

"How can spiders help us?" asked Otho, "little tiny things like those."

The comet waggled his head.

"You just wait a bit," he said, "and you'll see that there are few things cleverer than spiders, young Count Otho. We live and learn, you know, and the people and things we least expect it of are the cleverest in the end. You go toward that hill, and at the foot of it, near the dwarf tree, you will see the opening to a cave. Wait there for me."

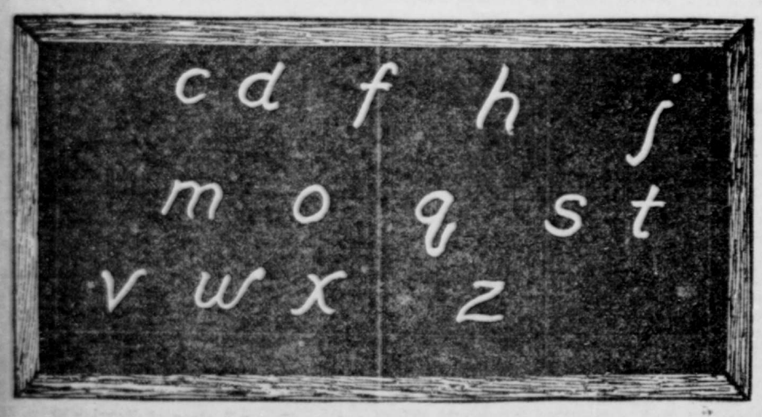
He shot away, and the princess and Otho went toward the hill and found the opening to the cave. It was a wide mouthed, gloomy aperture, from which at any other time they would have shrunk, but they placed great faith in the comet. He shot toward them and faced the gloomy entrance.

"Ho, there, friend Tantalus!" he called out.

And the next moment they saw a great spider cope to the entrance of the cave and look out.

(To be continued.)

Things to Think About.



PRIZE PUZZLE WINNER.

Katharine Holmes, of No. 35 Greene-ave., Norwich, Conn., sent in the neatest and most correct solution of last Sunday's puzzles, and therefore wins the prize.

The book to be given to the prize winner of the following puzzle tells of the thrilling experiences of a girl and her well loved dog.

Solutions must reach the office by Thursday, March 10.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

The letters needed on the blackboard given above to complete the alphabet will be found to spell three common colors or shades. The words are all of the same length, and should be easily guessed.

DIAMONDS.

First—A fourth of mass; a marsh; King of Judea when Christ was born; notions; hardhearted; bubbling through heat; back part of a ship; a hooded serpent of Egypt; a fourth of mass.

Second—A third of ice; a long stick; a book of two leaves to a sheet; a place of learning; not ripe; mature years; a third of ice.

Third—A third of fen; the whole; a grain product; gleaming on apparel; a girl's name beginning with N; a unit on cards; a third of fen.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

First—My primals spell the surname of a famous English poet who was blind.

Cross words: (4 letters), a girl's name; (5 letters), to bury; (4 letters) the king of beasts; (5 letters) the terror of the jungle animals; (5 letters), a wind instrument of music; (6 letters) the fabled drink of the gods.

Second—My primals spell the surname of a loved poet of Scotland.

Cross-words: (6 letters) a head covering; (5 letters) beneath; (5 letters) a perch; (4 letters) a prominent part of the face; (5 letters) a person held in bondage.

CHARADES.

1.—If my first you wish to see,
Look at the foot of some forest tree.
My second, as in days of yore,
Turns the lock in many a door.
My third, now guess it if you can;
Every person has just ten.
When you a little rest would take,
My whole a constant noise doth make.

2.—My first means company;
My second shuns company;
My third calls company together;
My whole is a kind of riddle.

These charades were sent by Bessie Ellen Smith, New-Haven, Conn.

DROPPED WORD PUZZLE.

1. —— an —— wind that —— nobody good.
2. Still —— —— deep.
3. —— is as —— does.
4. —— and —— wait for no ——.

Answers to Puzzles Published Feb. 28.

DIAMONDS.

(1.)
J
FEN
SAFER
WILFRED
JEFFERSON
FLARING
LASSO
HOT
N

(2.)
W
AYE
SHOOT
WYOMING
SHINE
UNA
G

(3.)
Q
HUT
QUAIL
TIP
L

(4.)
B
ART
BRAIN
TIM
N

A SPOOL.

MAIDEN
IRENE
CLUB
HAIR
IOWA
GUNS
ALACK
NEVADA

ZIGZAGS.

(Grant.)
GUN
ORE
ERA
ONE
TAN

(Hawthorne.)
HAVEN
LANCE
ROWEN
WRITE
MOUTH
BARON
CARVE
ANVIL
EARTH

DROPPED WORD PROVERBS.

1. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
2. Every cloud has a silver lining.
3. Don't kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

FROM RIO JANEIRO TO ST. PETERSBURG.

Fred T. Boyer, of Norwalk, Conn., wins the book offered as a prize for the most accurate and neatest description of the course a ship would take in going from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, to St. Petersburg, Russia.

"Why do they always call sailors tars?"
"Because they are so accustomed to the pitching of the ship."

FREE BED FOR SICK CATS.

Ruth Darling, a servant who died in Philadelphia some years ago, was so fond of animals, and especially cats, that when she died she left all her savings to endow a free bed for such ill and unfortunate feline creatures as should be brought to the animal hospital in the City of Brotherly Love. "I have a little money saved, sir," she said to her employer during her last illness, "and I should like to do something with it for cats. Cats have a cruel, hard life. I'd like to found a bed in a hospital for them, so that when the miserable creatures are sick they can be taken care of."

"Well, Ruth, the idea is a good one," said the woman's employer, "but such a bed would cost money."

"I know it, sir, and I've got the money," she returned. "Look, sir!" and the dying woman took from under her pillow a bankbook.

The book showed to her credit a sum more than sufficient for the establishment of the bed. And accordingly there is now in the Maher Animal Hospital a commodious iron cage with the inscription "The Ruth Darling Bed" on it in gold letters.

Like a popular club, this bed has always a waiting list, a long line of wretched and suffering cats waiting to be treated without charge. Last year fifty-six cats were cared for.

JACK'S NOTION.

"O Johnny, O Johnny, why late for school?
Was the walk too long, or the hill too steep?
You can't have forgotten the golden rule
That boys should keep?"
"Oh, the hill was steep and the walk was far;
I hurried along with my books and slate,
But if I'd a bike or a motor-car
I'd never be late."

"Johnny, O Johnny, how quickly home!
The dinner bell scarcely has ceased to ring.
Was it the wind that helped you come
With magical wing?"
"I've rather a fancy, you know," said Jack,
Fanning his features to make them cool,
"It isn't so far on the roadway back
As it is to school!"

—(John Lea, in Little Folks.

QUEER CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

A feature in the life of the Celestial when at home, says the author of "Society in China," is the number of itinerant craftsmen who earn their livelihood on the street. Almost anything, from the mending of a broken ricebowl to the most elaborate queue dressing, may be obtained of one or another of these street travellers. Blacksmiths carry the implements of their trade about with them, the bellows so constructed as to serve also the purpose of a toolbox, and a seat when "off duty." If a man's jacket or shoes need repairing he may hail a passing tailor or cobbler, and possibly employ the time while waiting with the services of an itinerant barber.

TRULY ANSWERED.

Boats trading in the Medway in former years rejoiced in rather curious names, and the following was only one of the many amusing incidents resulting from this:

A boat named What's That to You? passing a dockyard at nighttime was hailed, as usual, by the coast guardsman.

"Boat ahoy! Your captain's name?"
"Captain X— ."
"And what are you laden with?"
"Coals."
"Where bound for?"
"Chatham."
"Ship's name?"
"What's That to You?"
"I asked you the name of the ship?"
"What's That to You?"
"You shall be reported for your insolence!" roared the coast guardsman. Again he put the question, and, receiving the same reply, the boat was commanded to remain where she was.

In the morning two boats were seen keeping guard. The officials, as they boarded the vessel with full authority to seize the offenders, observed for the first time the name painted in large letters. Amid the laughter and jeers of the crew of the What's That to You? they pulled moodily away.