A TRULY STORY

BY RALPH WILBUR.

Uncle Rob sat in the old Plymouth rocker with Ned roosting on one arm and Nan on the other.

It was about the time when the sun didn't want to go to sleep, and the moon was too sleepy to get up.

Overhead the honeysuckles swung on the trellis, and a humming bird that was late getting home took turns with a humming bird moth in sipping sweets from the fragrant cups.

"Now, Uncle Bob," said Nell, "tell us a truly story; please do." And Nan said: "Yes, a truly ooly-ooly story."

Uncle Bob laughed gently and said: "I suppose you don't want anything about giants or fairies or things like that, do you?"

"If they're good big strong giants, I like them," said Ned. And Nan answered: "If they're truly fairies with wings and only do nice things, I like them; but are there any fairies?"

"Surely," answered Uncle Bob. "When a little voice says, 'Don't do that; it's wrong,' it's our good fairy, and when another says, 'Never mind; who cares,' it's our bad fairy, and so——"

"Please, Uncle Bob, just tell us a story," said both children, almost together.

So he told them this little story, which really happened—only there were no fairies or giants in it.

"Down on the eastern shore of Maryland, where they raise peanuts and pickaninnies and watermelons, there lived a little boy.

"He was not much different from other little boys, except that folks liked him. And so it happened that one day a neighbor said:

"'Here, sonny, take this home with you,' and he handed him a nice gosling, all covered with a greenery yellow down.

"It was the first gosling he had ever seen, so he was very much interested and carried it under his arm for awhile down the hot, sandy road. Until, becoming tired, he put it down and was much surprised to see it waddle after him as contentedly as a little dog. So the queer pair reached the house, where, after he had been feasted, he was named 'Jim,' and for want of a better place was put in the chicken house to sleep.

"From that day on until he grew to be a fine gray gander he made it a rule to refuse to associate with the chickens, and never if he could help it would he let the little boy out of his sight, fighting valiantly if any one attempted to drive him away. So that Aunt Dinah used to exclaim:

"'Bress yo souls, chillun; der's de two of 'em, an' ain't needer one of 'em a goose, either.'

"But one fine day a tragedy happened which changed Jim's affections.

"A hen having hatched a brood of little chicks looked them all over and became so angry because none of them looked like her, or for some other reason, that she first flapped her wings at the whole brood and flew away.

"This would have been a sad plight for the poor little orphans had it not been that Jim saw the trouble at once and took charge of them.

"All day long he led them round the place and at night nestled them under his wings beneath the porch. This he did, no doubt, because he knew he was somewhat awkward as a hen, and didn't want to be laughed at by the other fowls in the coop. At least, I suppose that must have been the reason, for he did all in his power to teach those chickens that they ought to be geese. No; I don't mean that, exactly, but that they should not associate with other chickens. In fact, when other chickens tried to associate with them they soon gave up the idea, for, next to a gander's hiss, a stroke of his wing or peck of his beak are his best weapons.

"Alas for poor Jim! In spite of his broad wings, which he stretched to the utmost to cover his growing family, the time came when they felt they had to roost. So they went to the chicken house.

"Now what could a loving gander do? He couldn't roost! So there was nothing left except that he should waddle in the despised chicken house after them every night and squat on the floor to await the morning, when he could proudly lead them forth and have them all to himself and the boy, when he would join them for a whole day.

"One evening in the fall there was a great commotion in the chicken house. Evidently something terrible had happened, for the fluttering of wings, squaking of chickens and Jim's hisses all proclaimed it.

"No one ever knew just what the trouble was; perhaps some of the other chickens insulted some of Jim's family; perhaps a rooster thought that Jim should either roost or get out of the coop, and tried to explain it to him. At any rate, when the boy's uncle rushed in to find out about it he was met by Jim with beating wings and defiant squawks. And when he turned to escape Jim tried to pull him back, and would have done so, only the seat of the young man's trousers gave away.

"Jim dawled up to the house with the piece of cloth in his beak after the young man had rushed in and up to his room.

"No doubt Jim was willing to explain matters, but the shouts of laughter with which he was greeted prevented, and Aunt Dinah held up her hands and said:

"'Bress yo souls, chillun! Dat Jim gander got sense 'nough ter be governor er dis yere state.'

"I'm sorry to say that after that Jim's temper got worse and worse, so that it was hardly safe to be within his reach. And one night when Aunt Dinah put him on the table she said:

"'He sure was a great goose when libin', and I hope he'll taste good!'"

The Bombus Family.

(Bumblebees.)

BY BERTHA LUISE COLBURN.

The Bombus family, like so many others in the pond country, were cave dwellers. The entrance to their abode was a little round hole which led straight down into the ground for about a foot, and then followed the abandoned tunnel of old Mrs. Mole to her deserted house. This tunnel was fully five feet long, and the room at the end was as large as a man's head.

Early in April, when Mrs. Bombus awoke from her winter nap in the big grass russock, she discovered this retreat, and straightway took possession.

Her first work was to gather pollen, and the pussy willows who lived over the way were ready to give her all she wished. How swiftly she collected it with her mandibles, passing it along from forelegs to middle legs, and putting it into the baskets on her hind legs! These baskets were only long, thick bristles, but they carried the pollen as safely as our snugly woven willow baskets carry fruit. She emptied the pollen in the cave, but she had to visit the pussy willows many times before she had as much as she needed.

Then she called on the Arbutus sisters and sipped the nectar from their little pink cups until her honey bag was full. Away she flew to her home, and when she poured the nectar from her "honey bag," lo! it had been changed in some mysterious way into honey. Whenever Mrs. Bombus felt hungry she opened a little valve between her honey bag, which is a kind of stomach, and her real stomach, and swallowed a drop of honey. As she is a busy worker, one would imagine that she would often feel hungry.

After she had collected a little mass of pollen and honey she laid a dozen eggs in it and hurried away to collect more pollen. A second lot of eggs was laid, and soon after out from the first ones crawled yellow-white grubs called larvae. They commenced to eat at once, pushing their way through the pollen mass; as they ate enormously, they increased rapidly in size and made large cavities in the pollen. By and by they were full grown, and spun themselves little silk cells, which Mrs. Bombus covered with wax.

She did not get this wax from the flowers as she did pollen; it was secreted beneath six little flaps on the under side of her body. She drew out a scale with the pincers on her hind legs, carried it to her mouth and then worked it over with her mandibles and tongue until it was just right to use.

The larvae had different names now that they were living in their dark cells—they were pupae, and they were getting ready to become real bumblebees. Before long they opened their cell doors and stepped out. The damp hair clung to their bodies, and they wore white jackets instead of yellow; but their hair soon dried and their white spots turned golden. They were workers, and relieved Mamma Bombus of her task of gathering pollen and covering the new cells with wax.

One day something dreadful happened. When all the bees were away from home, that mischievous fellow, Frolic Fieldmouse, pushed his adventurous way into the cave. His eyes shone with delight when he saw the little balls of cells, for he dearly loved honey. He eagerly helped himself, destroying the brood cells as he did so. Just as he was licking his paws a worker Bombus came home and flew at him in great anger. Frolic tried to run out of the cave, but before he could escape worker Bombus stung him on the nose. Frolic squealed with pain and ran home, resolving never again to rob a Bombus cave.

When all the bees returned and saw the destruction caused by Frolic there was a buzz of angry comments. They went to work to repair the cells; but it took them several days, and as all the larvae were destroyed it was some time before they had any more helpers.

At last more bees were full grown, and now Mamma Bombus did not do anything but lay eggs.

There were also some guest bees in the Bombus cave, for a visitor had laid eggs in the nest, and the workers had cared for the larvae. Now that they were grown they might easily have been mistaken for members of the Bombus family. They were not like them in disposition, however, for they showed no inclination to work. Perhaps they could not; they certainly would not gather pollen, for they had no baskets. The Bombus workers cheerfully provided them with food, and the guests never thought of finding another home.

After a while Mrs. Bombus began to wonder why her family did not increase more rapidly. She soon found that the children of her old enemy, Mrs. Blister-beetle, had stolen into her home.

Mrs. Beetle herself lived in a buttercup plant and fed upon its foliage. She laid her eggs in the ground and the active little larvae that hatched from them crawled out and climbed up the stem of some fragrant red clover.

When a bumblebee came buzzing along and alighted on the clover blossom to sip its nectar a little larva-bettle softly dropped down upon the back of the unsuspecting bee. As soon as the bee reached home larva-beetle crawled into a cell and was shut up with the Bombus egg.

That was just what he wanted, for the cell made a nice little home for him while he was growing, and, of course, he ate the egg. He changed his skin several times, and emerged a clumsy creature, who lived upon honey a long time. He passed through several changes before he became a blister-beetle and was ready to leave the Bombus cave.

Now Mrs. Bombus found several beetle larvae had stolen rides into her nest and destroyed her children. The Bombus larvae had also been devoured by the larvae of the Volucella fly, a plump, hairy insect, which also looks like a worker bee, except that it has only two wings.

Mrs. Bombus never brooded over misfortune; she kept on laying eggs and the workers toiled harder than ever. Sometimes they went so far to search for nectar or pollen that they had to spend the night curled up in some flower.

They dearly loved the honey made from the thistles and sunflowers, and sometimes instead of carrying it to their cells they ate so much of it that they became intoxicated and dropped to the ground with a buzz. Mrs. Bombus gave them a lecture one day on the evils of gluttony and laziness, and after that they restrained their appetites and were more industrious than ever.

By the end of August the Bombus cave was a bustling place. The cluster of brood and honey cells had increased in size until it was three inches in diameter and was covered with chopped grass. The Bombus family, in spite of their misfortues, had grown large. Besides the big workers and the small workers there were some lazy male bees called drones, which had lately been hatched. These with the guests bees were uncomplainingly fed by the workers. "Work and sing" was their motto, and all day long they cheerfully buzzed about their work.

One morning, however, their cheer was turned to lamentation, for Mamma Bombus was found lying stiff and still. She had reached her allotted age and during the night had quietly died.

That was only the beginning. Before many weeks had passed the drones had ended their lazy lives. One after another the numbers of the family passed out of existence. Cold weather found only a few strong females, who crawled away and slept during the long winter, as their mother had done the year before.

At the Big House.

The 'Possum and the Grub-Worm.

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Janey was a veritable little woman in tact and shrewdness, and when she heard Ned accused of incivilities to Snip and Snap, she hastened to turn attention from him by saying the first thing that came into her head. "Oh, Aunt 'Phrony," she cried, "you haven't told us anything about the 'Possum for a long time. Don't you know any more stories about him?"

If 'Phrony saw through the simple device by which Janey meant to kill two birds with one stone, she made no sign, but obligingly racked her brains for more news of the 'Possum's doings. At length she was able to remember a story about "Mis' 'Possum" and "Mistah Grub-wu'm."

"Dey wuz bofe un 'em mighty fat folks, an' lak lots er fat folks, dey wuz right lazy an' nuver go nowhars dey ain' hatter go, jes' mosey roun' a li'l ter git der vittles an' stay still at home de res' er de time, w'ile tu'rr creetures all time traipsin' an' trollopin' up an' down de kyountry ter see w'at dey kin see an' year w'at dey kin year an' do w'at dey kin do. Mis' 'Possum she stay in a holler tree an' snooge de time away, an' Mistah Grub-wu'm he snuggle down jes' beneaf de top er de groun' an' dream 'bout de time he gwine turn inter a beetle an' live on top de groun'."

"Do grubs turn into beetles?" asked Ned, rather incredulously.

"Yas, suh, dat dey does! dish yer one

Mis' 'Possum She Stan' in Her Do'.

w'at I tell 'bout, he lays low un-need de yearf 'twel May er June an' den comes out an' turns inter one'r dese yer pooty green an' brown beetles whar dey calls 'June beetles'; de kin' chillen ketches an' sets ter junin'."

Of course the little folks wanted to know what "junin'" was.

"Laws-amussy!" said 'Phrony, "I thought all chillen knowed how ter june a bug. W'y, you jes' tecks de beetle an' ties a string to 'im an' hol's on ter one een' er de string an' lets him fly ter de urr een' er de string, an' den he hums an' buzzes an' fusses an' cusses, an' dat's w'at dey calls 'junin'.'

"Now, den, lemme start ag'in. I done tol' you dat Mistah Grub-wu'm an' Mis' 'Possum wuz bofe un 'em fat an' lazy an' lak ter stay home. But dey mighty fond er knowin' w'at gwine on in de worl', an' w'en tu'rr creeturs go ter de kyouncil ter 'tend ter de 'fairs er de kyountry, dese yer stay-at-homes ain' gin 'em no peace, w'en dey git back, pesterin' 'em wid queschins 'bout w'at went on at de kyouncil. One time some er de creeturs wuz gwine by f'um de meetin', an' Mis' 'Possum she stan' in her do' an' hail 'em an' ax 'em fer ter come in an' set a w'ile.

"Dey ses, ''Scuse we-all, ma'am, we 'bleeged fer ter be gittin' on,' [illegible] 'Land! land! le's mek has'e an' git [illegible] ooman'll nab us an' nail us ter de cheers all night.'

"Mis' 'Possum she say, sez she: 'Gemmen, I ain' gwine teck no fer a arnser. You-all mus' be plumb frazzle out wid yo' walk. You mus' come in an' teck off yo' shoes an' res' yo' hufs, an' den lemme gin you a plate er 'simmons an' a glass er buttermilk. Now, you year me, I ain' gwine let you off.'

"De vittles fetched 'em, lak hit alluz does wid de men-folks, an' in dey camed. Mis' 'Possum she ax 'em queschins 'bout who wuz dar an' w'at dey wo' an' w'at dey have ter eat, an' w'at laws bin pass', ontwel dey wuz fair' wil'. Dey git so wo' out an' aggervex dat w'en she go outer de room ter fetch de 'simmons an' de buttermilk, dey git ter collogin' toge'rr an' fix up a li'l joke on her. W'en she come back she putt down de plate an' de glasses, an' putt her han's on her hips an' stood watchin' 'em eat, talkin' at 'em all de time.

"'Dellaws!' she say, 'y'all ain' gin me no news wuf talkin' 'bout. Is dat all you kin 'member er de doin's?'

"Den one un 'em he wink at de res' an' he say, he do, 'Law, bless yo' soul, Mis' 'Possum, I nigh mos' fergit ter tell you de kyouncil done pass a law dat all de anermuels mus' pervide deyse'fs wid a pouch so's't dey kin kyar' der chillen round' wid 'em.'

"'Fer de lan's sake!' sez she, 'how I gwine git me any pouch ter kyar' roun' wid me?'

"'Nemmine,' dey sez; 'we bring you de hide; all you gotter do be ter mek de pouch.'

"So dat w'at dey do, an' Mis' 'Possum she strukken wid de notion dat she save husse'f de trouble er kyar'yin' de bag on 'er arm ef she jes' sew hit to 'er body instid, so, sho'z yo' bawn, she jes' sew hit on her own hide, right in front, an' dar whar she bin kyar'yin' her chillen uver sence. Tu'rr creeturs raise a big hoot w'en dey see 'er gwine round' lak dat, de onles' one 'mongs' 'em all whar kyar' der young 'uns dat-away.

"Mis' 'Possum ain' kyare. She say, 'Gemmen, de joke's on me dis time. But sho! 'tain' bodder me. You done me a mighty good turn; dis heap better dan gwine roun' totin' my chillen wid my mouf, de way some er you hatter do w'en you wanster tote yo'n.' An' so ter dis day she teck her chillen ev'ywhar she go, even w'en she go out ter rob a hen-roos'. Sometimes she lays down on de groun' in de sun, an' dey walks outer de pouch an' climbs all over her an' squats down an' hangs on by curlin' de een's er der long tails roun' her hya'r. I done seed a dozen uv 'em at onct, jes' settin' all over der mammy an' hangin' on by der tails.

"Atter de creeturs lef' Mis' 'Possum dey g'long li'l ways an' met up wid Mistah Grub-wu'm, an' he turnt to an' 'gun ter pussecoot 'em lak she bin doin'. Dey got jes' natchelly wo' out wid 'im, so dey went off a li'l piece ter confabulate toge'rr. 'Now ain' dis jes' too much!' dey ses. 'Why n't dis man go ter de kyouncil an' use his own eyes an' years? Mis'able lazybones! So fat he kain't 'ambulate, broad 'z he is long.'

"One un 'em say ter tu'rrs, 'Jes' lef' dis man ter me; I gwine show him huccome!' Den he go back an' he say ter Mistah Grub-wu'm, 'Mistah Grub, we-all done fergit ter tell you de kyouncil done pass a law dat all anermuels mus' crawl on der backs. Dey say we bin gwine roun' wid ow' eyes on de groun' long 'nuff, an' now we mus' turn over an' look up in de worl'.'

"'Umph!' sez de Grub-wu'm, sezee, 'dat suit me to a gnat's bristle, 'kase I don' reckon folks gwine 'spec' me ter git roun' so fas' ef I hatter trabel on my back. I kin teck hit easy den, sho' 'nuff. Stan' outer de way, you-all, yer goes!' Wid dat he roll over on his back an' try ter crawl. Mighty hard wu'k. He wrassel an' he tussel an' he tug, but he ain' mek no headways. 'Whew! dis mek me tired, sho' 'nuff. I gwine turn me over an' do de ol' way,' sezee; 'mighty easy fer folks ter set up in de high seats an' gin der orders. I wish all dem dat gin orders hatter try 'em on derse'fs befo' dey kin pass inter laws.'

"He try ter turn back on his stummick, but, bless yo' soul, dar wan't no turn to him. He huff an' he puff, but 'twan't no use. De creeturs dey stood by an' snickered an' aiged him on an' let on ter try an' he'p him. Las' dey cu'dden stan' hit no longer, an' dey bus' out laughin' an' sez, 'Heyo, Mistah Grub, we done got you fix' dis time. Reckon you won't go pesterin' we-all no mo' wid you' queschins 'bout de kyouncil. You hatter trabel all de way dar on you' back atter dis ef you wanter know w't gwine on. You kain't 'pend on we-all no mo'. So-long, ol' man.'

"Sence den ol' Grub-wu'm bin doin' all his walkin' on his back, an' he bin at hit so long now dat he done got right spry. Sometimes atter a haivy rain he come up ter de top er de groun', an' you kin see him jes' mo'n scootin' roun' on his back.

"Now dat's all de tales you gwine git outen me dis day. I is plumb wo' out, same 'z de creeturs wuz wo' out wid queschins," and the old woman folded her hands and closed her eyes and pretended to be fast asleep, seeing which her little auditors stole softly away on tiptoe for fear of waking her.

At the Zoo.

The other day at the zoo a crowd had collected in front of a certain cage in the house devoted to reptiles, or snakes, as we best know them. An attendant called the attention to a beautifully marked cobra who was in the act of shedding its skin. Until now it was thought that the snake simply cast off the old skin and donned the new one, very much as boys and girls do their soiled clothing. The cobra, however, had a much more serious proposition to cope with. His head and neck protruded from the gray, leathery-looking skin which he had evidently just outgrown. He wriggled and writhed, with great effort drawing his body from the covering. The new skin was a gorgeous black and orange one of indescribable beauty and fineness. The old skin was gray and like a washboard in its roughness as it lay revealed after it was discarded. It uncoiled itself as the cobra writhed out of it, laying as a ribbon might behind. The cobra struggled and worked, an inch at a time of new skin being the result. Other cobras lay in the cage—one in the garb of the unshed snake, two others in their black and orange covering. As the shedding cobra struggled, one of the others, as if seeing the need for help, crawled to it and lay its body on the old skin, holding it firmer, that the cobra might better succeed in what he was attempting. Still another friend in need came to his rescue, and thanks to the efforts of these, who lay firmly on the resisting old skin, the cobra was every few minutes showing more and more of his vivid black and orange. There was a stone structure in the cage looking like a bit of ornamentation. The cobra crawled toward that and, drawing its resisting old skin to it, rubbed itself upon the roughness of the stone. Aided by this and the weight of the other two corbas, the old skin was finally shed and the cobra was a thing of beauty in its new attire. The process took at least half an hour, and was accomplished only after a great deal of effort. It was an interesting sight, and, as a schoolboy said who watched it, "I wish we could learn our zoology that way. I have studied all about reptiles," he said, "but I never before knew that skins were shed that way or with any difficulty on the part of the creature itself."

Slot Machines as Newsboys.

You have grown accustomed to seeing slot machines for the sale of chocolate, chewing gum and candy, but no doubt would be surprised if your father bought his paper from one instead of a newsboy. In Berlin, away over in Germany, the people are doing just that thing, and like the method very much. Newspapers are sold at such low rates that there is almost no profit for the ones selling them. This was a serious problem for the purchasers, who struggled to think of some scheme for overcoming this difficulty. They have at last solved the problem. Slot machines have been brought to such a state of perfection that they have been adopted by several Berlin companies. Many hundreds of them are scattered throughout the city, and they are universally used.

A Garden Coronation.

Have you noticed in the garden
 Whom the flowers bend to greet?
Have you seen the gallant tulips
 Spread their cloaks before her feet?
Have you seen the modest lilies
 Turn, still paler as they pass?
They're preparing for her coming,
 Sprinkling perfume through the grass.
See, the butterflies are poising
 Daintily above her throne,
With their fairy wings to fan her
 When she comes to rule her own.
Hear! The joyous bees are humming,
 "She is coming, she is coming!"
She is crowned with sunshine golden,
 And her heart is golden, too.
To her garden kingdom coming,
 Is the royal queen and true.
Ring out, hare bells! Ring out, blue bells!
 Set the garden all a-tune,
For Queen Rose is crowned in sunshine
 In the royal month of June.

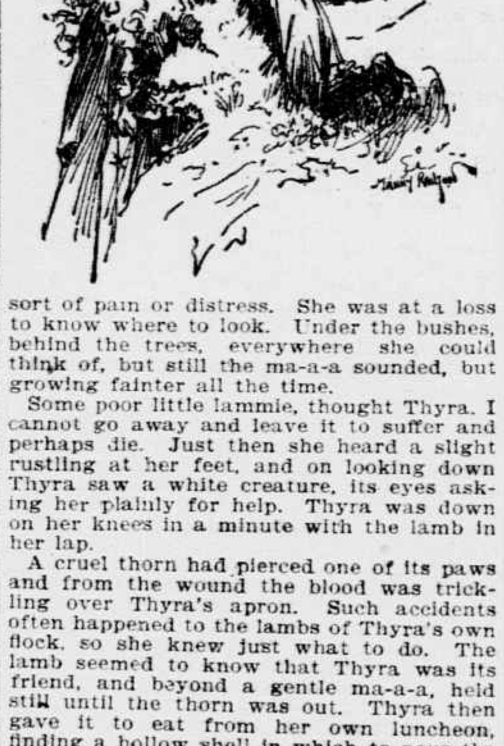
The Princess Merryheart.

It was more than a hundred years ago. Behind the wood, by a great lake, stood the castle. A boy, the son of the king, lived there and not a wish had been ungranted from the time of his birth. In the beautiful grounds with all the lavish profusion of flowers and rare fruits this boy Alceste was allowed to romp and to do whatever his fancy indicated. Attendants, hired for the purpose of keeping him amused, were always near at hand, and toys and games were so numerous that a large part of the village was employed in making them.

It is unpleasant to tell that in spite of all this indulgence Alceste was as unhappy as any boy in the kingdom. How he wished that he was a simple peasant, free to roam as he would over the hills, away from the grandeur that surrounded him. Although he was a handsome lad, the discontent in his heart left its traces on his face, and any one seeing him and not knowing that he was the son of the king would have exclaimed, "What a sorry-looking boy that is!"

Outside the castle, peering through the spaces between the massive iron fence, a little girl was feasting her eyes upon the beauty and gorgeousness of the scene. She noticed the richness of Alceste's dress, the number of his attendants attired in royal livery, the quality of his toys and amusements, and wondered why the boy looked so unhappy. The little girl was Thyra, and she was the child of a shepherd who dwelt at the foot of the mountain in the poorest and meanest kind of a cottage. Ever since Thyra had been a wee bit of a baby she had accompanied her father up the mountain as he drove the flocks and herds of the king for pasture. Thyra was big enough now to go alone, and as her father was lying ill with a fever, glad indeed was he that Thyra was able to do his work for him.

As Thyra was straining her eyes to see all she could inside the king's garden she heard a faint ma-a-a. Thyra knew in a minute that the cry came from a tiny lamb and that the little animal was in some



sort of pain or distress. She was at a loss to know where to look. Under the bushes, behind the trees, everywhere she could think of, but still the ma-a-a sounded, but growing fainter all the time.

Some poor little lammie, thought Thyra. I cannot go away and leave it to suffer and perhaps die. Just then she heard a slight rustling at her feet, and on looking down Thyra saw a white creature, its eyes asking her plainly for help. Thyra was down on her knees in a minute with the lamb in her lap.

A cruel thorn had pierced one of its paws and from the wound the blood was trickling over Thyra's apron. Such accidents often happened to the lambs of Thyra's own flock, so she knew just what to do. The lamb seemed to know that Thyra was its friend, and beyond a gentle ma-a-a, held still until the thorn was out. Thyra then gave it to eat from her own luncheon, finding a hollow shell in which to pour the goat's milk. The lamb was very hungry and Thyra soon saw that there would be little left for her.

"No matter," she said, "I had my breakfast, and I don't believe you have had anything to eat for a long time, you dear little lammie."

Thus talking to the lamb Thyra rested until the afternoon sun began to wane. She carried the lamb with her as she went hither and thither, seeing to the wants of her flock, and peace and contentment fell upon the heart of the little shepherdess.

People who are alone a great deal fall easily into the habit of talking to themselves. Thyra was no exception, and when she was not singing aloud she carried on the most animated conversations with—nobody knows whom. Perhaps the bees and butterflies! The conversations were very merry ones, and Thyra's laugh was often loud and mirthful in consequence. On this afternoon Thyra could not run about as much as usual, because lammie was heavy to carry and it hurt him to walk. Thyra was thinking of the glimpse she had into the castle grounds, and first thing she knew a wish escaped her lips.

"I wish—oh! how I wish that I had been born a princess instead of a shepherdess! I

would wear a white satin gown, a pink hat and sash and high-heeled pink slippers instead of this brown print gown and coarse white pinafore. Oh! must not that prince be happy!"

"Well, he isn't," replied a voice. "He is about the most unhappy lad in the world. He would give up all he possesses to be out here on the mountains, free to play and run as you peasant children do."

Thyra looked down to see where the voice came from. At first she thought that she had been talking aloud, but on looking into the lamb's face she saw that the voice came from it. Thyra could scarcely credit her senses, but went on questioning the lamb.

"Why is he not happy, lammie? He has everything to make him so."

"That is true, indeed," returned the lamb. "Things do not make people happy. It is the use one makes of them and the trying to make others happy that reward oneself. So you think you would like to be a princess, Thyra?"

"Beyond all else," said Thyra.

"What would you do were you one?" asked the lamb, questioning now, instead of answering Thyra's questions.

"First of all I would give father and mother everything in the world they wanted. Then I would give each peasant his cottage and the bit of ground about it, instead of charging him as much rent for it as he can get out of it. Then I would give to the good padre the money he needs to repair the old church and buy a grand new organ. Then I would give the peasants a holiday every Saturday and allow them to come up to my castle and see all the beautiful flowers and birds and pictures that are stored there. I would feed them sweet cakes and give them nectar to drink; and when all these things were done, if there was any money left in the treasury, I would buy a white satin dress for myself, a pink sash, a pink hat and wear pink satin shoes with high heels on them. All princesses wear such things, and unless I did the people would not be pleased."

The lamb laughed merrily, and its laugh was so infectious (which means catching) that Thyra joined in, and together they enjoyed the picture of what Thyra would do if she were a princess.

After the laugh was over the lamb grew very serious. "What would you think, my Thyra, if I were to tell you that some day you will be a princess, and a princess of this very kingdom where you now are only permitted to peep through gates? You and you alone have been chosen by the fairies to save that unhappy young prince from his unhappiness. I have been searching far and near throughout the kingdom, interviewing all the little girls, trying to find out what they would do if they were princesses. Until today I never met one who had the slightest idea of what happiness meant or how it could be obtained. Knowing that you were a shepherdess, I came in the guise of a lamb, and I was bidden to tell you that your wish—more for others than yourself—will be granted."

"How, oh, how, must I prepare myself for the great honor? What must I do?" asked Thyra.

"Nothing at all. Princes and princesses are little different from other folks. They need to be wiser, perhaps, but all that will be attended to by the fairies. Having accomplished my mission, I must be going. Thank you for the care you have taken of me. Good day, Princess Thyra. I shall be the first to bow before you."

In another instant he was gone, leaving not the slightest trace that he had been there. Yes, there was one. The thorn lay by her side, and had it not been for it Thyra would have persuaded herself that the lamb and its promise had been a dream.

The years rolled on. Thyra was a woman grown and taught the children of the peasants, instead of caring for the sheep. The padre had taught the girl, because he saw that she was clever. The organist had given her music, because her voice was so sweet. She was known everywhere as "Merryheart." No one could remain sorrowful when she came. Into every cottage where sorrow dwelt Merryheart was summoned, and the doctor and padre himself said her cheer and smiles did more good than all their medicines or prayers. Returning one night from a visit of comfort, Thyra had to pass through the forest and over the very path where so many years ago she had tended the lamb in its distress. She was singing as she walked, but as she drew near to the spot her music ceased, and she saw a young man dressed as a shepherd where she had seen the lamb. He rose and saluted her and asked if he might accompany her through the thickest part of the forest. The youth was handsome and his speech was so gentle that Thyra gave her consent. Reaching her home, he came in and shared the simple supper of Thyra's parents, telling them that he was in the employ of the king in the humble capacity of shepherd. The acquaintance grew, and by and by Merryheart knew that she was happiest when by the side of this youth. Peasants marry very simply. There is little fuss or ceremony; just a visit to the good father and his blessing. After these had been obtained there was the parish register to sign. Thyra signed her name and her husband signed his. Thyra was surprised to see how many ordinary names he had finished by "Alceste, Prince of Paradis."

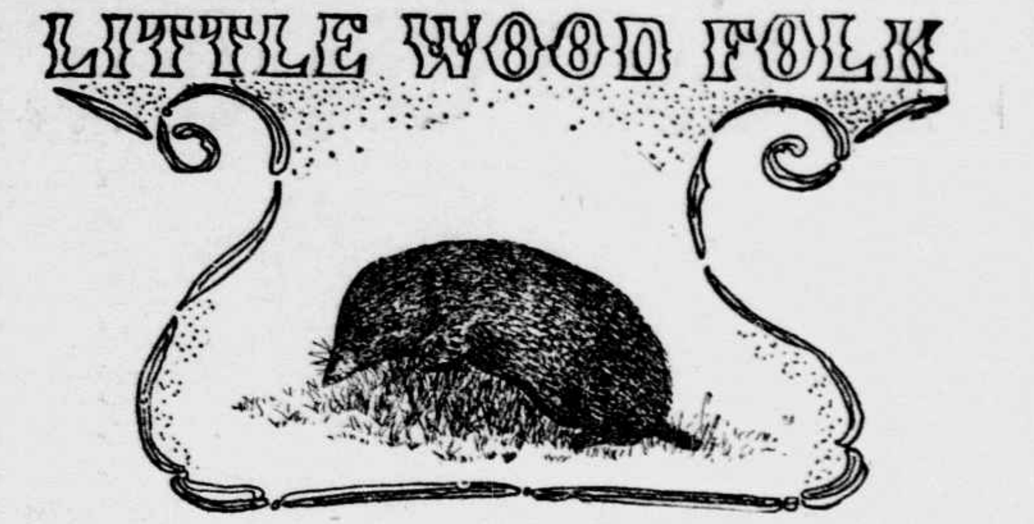
Thyra could not believe her eyes! She could not understand how the simple shepherd could be the son of the king! The good father knew, and, what is more, he knew that in all the world there was not another maid who would make Alceste such a wife.

As they left the church there was a great fanfare of trumpets and clatter of hoofs. Alceste and his bride were placed in the gold coach which had carried all the bridal couples of Paradis for hundreds of years. With the greatest pomp and ceremony they were driven to the castle, where all the nobles in the land were assembled to do them homage. Thyra was led to her sumptuous apartments, where her maids-in-waiting gowned her in her royal garments. She could scarce believe her eyes, but when she noted that her bridal robe consisted of a white satin gown, a pink sash of gossamer fineness, a pink hat topped with nodding pink plumes and pink satin slippers with heels so high as to almost trip her, her memory went back to the wish she had made to the lamb—the wish that she might have just such things. The fairies, who no doubt had their hands in the matter, had thought of her wish as being first instead of last. Thyra thought so until later. Then her handsome husband, wearing the expression of perfect happiness for the first time in his life, announced that many reforms would from this time on take place in the kingdom. His parents-in-law should be honored with titles and receive first places in the royal household. Each peasant who had been faithful to him should receive his cottage and bit of ground about it as a wedding gift from his bride. The good father who had married Thyra and himself should have a new church and an organ so splendid as to be the wonder of all. Every Saturday thereafter should be devoted to merrymaking on the grounds of the castle, and its greenhouses and art galleries would then be thrown open that all might enjoy them.

As the prince made these promises his face, ever a handsome one, was lighted up with a happiness so great that those who knew him were assured that the remedy had been found. From this time forth he was beloved by all his subjects, being only second to Thyra, his wife, the Merryheart of the kingdom.

The Union Jack.

Of course, you know that England's flag is called the "Union Jack." Do you know why? Two hundred and ninety-five years ago Great Britain's flag made its first appearance. James I added the Scottish cross of St. Andrew, in consequence of differences having arisen between English and Scottish ships at sea. Thus the "union" idea is accounted for. James signed his name "Jacques," and it is thought that this originated the term "Jack." Others contend that it is from the Spanish word for coat, "jaco." Knights wore a little coat or jacket over their armor, which bore the distinguishing marks of the flag upon it.



Talpa, a Little Subway Builder.

BY MARGARET V. LEIGHTON.

"Dear, dear!" cried Talpa, the mole, as he viewed the ruins of his home and his subway. "What a cruel flood this has been! Now I must find a new location on higher ground," and away he scurried. Having found a hillock that suited him, he set to work with his powerful hands to build a new home, which was nothing less than a round chamber hollowed out of the solid earth with passageways leading from it in all directions.

Think what a labor for one little mole with only his hands and teeth for tools, to build a whole system of subways with a grand central station—his home—in the midst of it. How he did work with tooth and claw, now and then stopping to lunch on a juicy angle worm!

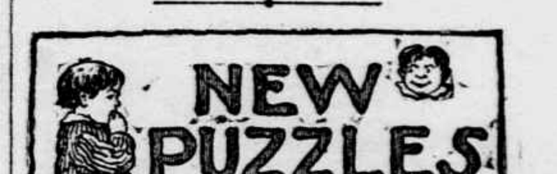
Some people think Talpa is blind because they never saw his eyes. To tell the truth, they are rather small and hidden deep in his fur, to protect them as he makes his way through the earth.

Let us remember, as we go whirling through our great city subways, that it was this humble little engineer, the mole, who built the first subway. He also had rapid transit in mind, for it is to escape quickly from his enemies that he makes so many tunnels leading in different directions.

Such a remarkable pirate gentleman you have never before seen. There are a great many things wrong about his costume, if he has set out to be a rover of the seas. What are these errors, and how many are there?

Being a Man.

Some days ago I took a car, which as usual was crowded, and a little fellow, twelve years old perhaps, offered me his seat with a charming bow and smile. He soon found a seat, but when another lady entered he bobbed up, lifted his cap which was fringed with rags, and with a bright, broad smile gave up his seat again. And it was not simply his doing this, but the cheerful, sunshiny manner in which it was done. Five times during my journey he yielded his seat in favor of women who might otherwise have had to stand. Everyone in the car caught the good humor. The boy's well-worn clothes showed that he came from a very humble home. And yet a stylishly dressed woman said to her companion, "I wish my boys were as gentlemanly as he is;" and a fine-looking man remarked, "That's the sort of manliness that makes Presidents."



DIAMOND.

1. A consonant in "summer." 2. A male descendant. 3. Bottoms of the feet or shoes. 4. One engaged in military service. 5. Sound. 6. To behold. 7. A consonant in "summer."

WORD SQUARE.

1. Hearty. 2. Related. 3. Deceived. 4. Finishes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell peril and my finals a language. 1. A number. 2. To affirm. 3. A number. 4. A smile. 5. A boy's name. 6. Opulent.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead:
1. Peril and leave wrath.
2. To long for and leave to gain.
3. A small animal and leave a frame.
4. To teach and leave to extend; again and leave every.
5. To implore and leave a beam of light.
6. Deceit and leave to empty.

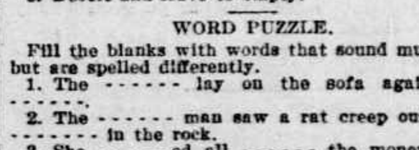
WORD PUZZLE.

Fill the blanks with words that sound much alike but are spelled differently.
1. The ------ lay on the sofa against the -----.
2. The ------ man saw a rat creep out of the ------ in the rock.
3. She ------ all the ------ the money.
4. It will depend on the ------ ------ I shall go or not.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. Hear the old woman pant, her breath is so short.
2. At first Agnes refused to go.
3. Her boa really is beautiful.
4. Mabel, keep the baby out of mischief.

Make six two-syllable words by getting a hint from the pictures. The pictures suggest the last syllable in each and all are commonplace words. When they are guessed correctly and placed in their numbered order the initials will spell the best time to eat nuts.



HISTORY PUZZLE.

Greene. Hobkirk's Hill, Guilford Court House, 1781.

WORD SQUARE.

1. UNIT
2. NICE
3. ICES
4. TEST

DIAMOND.

1. A
2. AGE
3. AGNES
4. EEL
5. S

CONCEALED TRADESMEN.

1. Plumber. 2. Painter. 3. Merchant.

POSTMAN'S BAG.

1. Horse—hose. 2. Crave—cave. 3. Bald—bad. 4. Rocker—rock.

WORD PUZZLE.

1. Carpet. 2. Car, pets. 3. Scar, pet.

DIAGONAL.

1. E
2. eXtra
3. exCeed
4. minUte
5. labeR
6. [illegible]
7. precIpice
8. staterOom
9. fraudulenN
EXCURSION.

These animals have had a fight. Their horns are all mixed up. Fit the right pair to the right animal. See if you can do it?