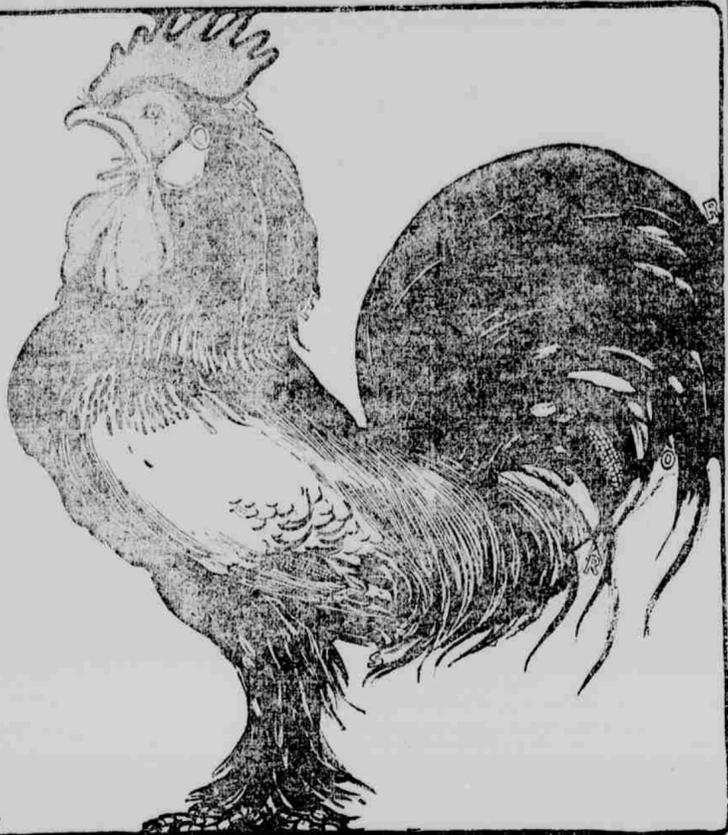


# ALL ABOUT OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## A Natural History Hunt.



WILF ARD  
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This noble bird is known to every barnyard. What do the letters hidden in the picture tell you about him? Can you find them and arranged them so that they will spell a word, look around again and you will discover some objects which will give you a very good idea as to this attractive bird's tastes.

The hidden objects in last week's Natural History Hunt were an arrow and a leaf—making the name of the Arrowhead. The hidden letters spelled the name August, in which month the flower blossoms.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RINGLET TAIL OF A CHINESE PIG.

BY RATHLEIGH GRAY NELSON.

It was a fat, haughty Chinese pig, for in all the Celestial Kingdom there was not another porker with such a wonderful tail. He hadn't received it as a reward of merit—oh, dear, no! He was simply born that way. But he always acted as he had in some way deserved this sign of honor. This was especially exasperating to the other Chinese pigs, who didn't exactly object to him having such a splendid appendage, but who did decidedly object to him thinking that he had it because he alone deserved it.

It wasn't a tail with just one or two ringlets in it. It hung in ringlets to the ground, for all the world like a long braided hair, and he switched it about with

to be expected to work. He was the ornament of the drove—so he thought. The other pigs didn't have time to say what they thought.

At last one morning when the sun peeped cautiously out of a bed of pink and gold clouds there came a tremendous rumble from the valley that shook the ground like an earthquake, and soon a mighty puff of smoke rose up and crept higher and higher, until it went to the top of the Never See Over Mountains.

"The Dragon! The Dragon!" shrieked all the pigs, and they started for the Hills-Me-House as fast as their four feet could carry them. The pig with a curly tail forgot that he had a tail and joined in the stampede. But when he reached the Hills-Me-House he found that every pig had made a tiny hole for himself, into which he now crawled, but there was no place left for him. He squealed and pleaded and begged and finally, at the brush heap, but it was carefully covered with briars and branches, and, try as he would, he could not get in.

"Why don't you build yourself a place?" grunted the other pigs. "You've got nobody to blame but yourself." But this was poor consolation to a pig with nowhere in him, and the Dragon every moment commencing to growl.

"What take me in some where?" he bellowed. "Just let me creep in one little corner!" And the swiftest wink of the dragon's tail could now be plainly heard.

"I'll try to help you," finally said a kind-hearted pig. "I'll push away some leaves and make a little more room in my hole. Now squeeze in quick."

With a right good will he did, but the place was so small that when he got inside he had to hang out. He didn't have room to move, so all he could do was to leave it outside. The Dragon came with a mighty roar and crash. Rocks rolled down the mountainsides, and he crawled along and he swept every bush and flower and blade of grass before him. He went close by the Hills-Me-House where the pig huddled, and as he passed one of his big red eyes he opened to see the ringlet tail of the Chinese pig.

"HEAR ME, WHAT A QUEEN WEIRD!" he cried, and he sneezed it off with his big white teeth and swallowed it when it was again under the sky.

When all was again quiet the pigs crept out and shook themselves. Then they laughed until they got so tired they had to sit down.

"The curly tail pig had sneezed down to envy. 'I belong to the aristocracy. It is a mark of blue blood' he was wont to say. But it was a lucky feeling to be the only aristocrat in a whole drove of pigs. Even when he found a new one, he would puff his chest out and say that he wasn't a pig, but a dragon wearing a kinky tail, because the dragon's help himself if he wanted to."

It is a well known fact that the dragon came in the fall to the province of Tsing Ting Wang—which means Never Go Farther—where the pigs lived. He was a frightful creature, with a tail that reached a mile and a quarter, which he dragged along in a snake-like fashion; a mouth as big as a snail's could fill it, and three great red, glaring eyes. When he sneezed, which was often—he could be heard on the other side of the mountains of Never See Over.

Long before it was time for him to make his yearly visit the pigs began to root up all the leaves in one big heap. When they had finished they hunted twigs and brush and bits of bark, and these they put on top of the bed of leaves until it looked like nothing on earth but an ugly brush heap. The pig with the curly tail didn't help in the building of the Hills-Me-House. He would stand around all day looking on or admiring his shadow, where he could see every crevice of his ringlet tail. A pig with a tail like that ought not

to sit down, but still they laughed until their ribs shook and cracked. For where, oh, where was the once proud pig with the curly tail? Before them stood a frightful creature, his head tucked down and his ears, too, and behind him hung no

tail at all, but just a funny stump that stuck straight out. When he saw that he was the laughing stock this poor little wretch shuddered and hid. Every time he came near his former comrades they began to laugh and cry "Stumpy! Stumpy!" at him, for they did not forget the airs he had once put on. He became the unappealing pig in all the Celestial Kingdom. And he was so lonely that he had to make friends with the spiders and the frogs, and even with the turtle that lived in the Close By River. Gradually the other pigs began to get sorry for the poor creature, and to grant kindly aid when they met, for which he was very grateful. And one day they decided to ask him to come back and live with them,

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## THE HERO AND THE DRAGON.

HERE was once a beautiful princess named Andromeda, daughter to the King and Queen of Ethiopia. Now you must not think that she was black because she was an Ethiopian, for in those days and across that country had fair skins. It was before the young god Phoebus made his reckless attempt to drive the sun chariot around the sky. You may remember that the mortal horses that unyoked the chariot and whirled the chariot so far out of its course that it set the world on fire. It was the flames from this great fire that turned the skins of the Ethiopians black, at least, that is what the old writers tell us, and surely they ought to have known.

This beautiful princess had the strangest adventure that ever befell a young woman. She and her mother, Queen Cassiopeia, were walking on the sand one day, when several sea nymphs came to the surface of the water and began talking to them. They were attracted by the exceeding beauty of Andromeda, but were jealous of it at the same time, and when Cassiopeia said that her daughter was fairer than any of the nymphs they went down under the sea in a rage and carried the story straight to Neptune and begged him to avenge the insult.

If Neptune were living now and such a tale were brought to him perhaps he would laugh at it and turn to the more serious duty of keeping his submarine kingdom in order. But things were different then, and the most trivial offenses brought on the offenders punishments of unspeakable cruelty. So because a mother had boasted of the superior beauty of her daughter, Neptune ordered his largest and most ferocious dragon to leave the sea and scour the land of Ethiopia, laying it waste and devouring its people.

At last the scourge became so terrible that the people in their despair appealed to Jupiter, the great god of Olympus, for relief, and Jupiter told them that the only way to stop the ravages of the dragon was to bind Andromeda to a great rock on the seashore and leave her there for the dragon to devour.

The poor girl had done no wrong, but she had to be offered as a sacrifice to save her people, and so they led her forth and bound her to the rock.

Meanwhile something of a quite different kind was happening away off in the country where dwelt Medusa the Gorgon.

One day a chinook wind on mischief bent whirled merrily through mountain canyons. In a clump of hazel brush the chinook found a chattering colony of little birds.

"Come, let's play," it said. But the birds, smoothing their feathers, which the wind had put awry, refused.

Seated near a rock, in the warm sunshine, the wind found a long eared bunny.

"Let's play!" cried the chinook; but the bunny which it blew into the rabbit's eyes made him sulky, and he declined.

At last the wind arrived at a big spruce fir tree. Observing a little seed cone, the chinook exclaimed—

"You lazy cone! Come with me and play!" as, with a rough shake the little burr was dislodged, falling to the ground, where the wind poked it up and scampered away over the mountain side. Over rocks and patches of sand and alkali the chinook danced on with the little spruce fir cone. At last, wearied of its sport, the chinook dropped its unwilling playmate.

So the fir cone lay sleeping in its bed until one day, at the invitation of a sunbeam, it peeped out upon the world.

"After all, the world is bright," thought the cone. "I would see more of it." It hastened to grow.

Birds came to perch in its branches. When the hot summer days arrived putting cattle came to stand in the grateful shade it afforded.

But as the seasons sped the little cone, now a forest giant, sighed for other things.

One look at whose visage turned the head into stone. In search of her had come a young Greek prince named Perseus, who had been ordered to cut off her head.

Now, Perseus had many friends among the gods, and the night before he started on his perilous mission Mercury sent him his winged sandals, with which he might pass the air like a bird, and Minerva sent him a small mirror made of polished steel, telling him that he must not look at Medusa's head itself, but at the reflection of it in the mirror, and thus he might succeed in his dangerous task.

The winged sandals carried the young hero quickly to Perseus, where he was fortunate enough to find Medusa asleep in her lair. Aided by the mirror, as Minerva had said, he cut off the gorgon's head by a swift stroke of his sword, and fastening it to his girdle, mounted into the air and set off for Greece.

Now, it happened that his course took him right over the spot where Andromeda was bound to the rock, and just at the time when she dragon was coming through the foaming water to devour her. Perseus did not know what it all meant, but he saw a beautiful young girl in imminent peril of her life, and he sped down to the rock to save her.

The dragon came on, its glittering scales throwing off the spray and the sunlight and shafts of green steel from its eyes. But Perseus stood firm, and just as the dragon reached the edge of the water he swung the gorgon's head before it, and it was turned instantly to stone.

It is said that a stone shaped somewhat like a dragon, may still be seen on the shore of the Red Sea where this strange adventure befell.

What became of Perseus and Andromeda? Why, they were married, of course.

## THE HORN OF A COW.

SCIENTISTS, those men who are fond of finding out all about things, tell us that a cow's horn is a combination of phosphate of lime, gelatine and albumen, with those three substances in the right proportion to make the horn not only serviceable to the animal but useful to man. The lime makes the horn hard, but there is just enough to make it hard without making it brittle, and there is just enough gelatine to make the horn easy to cut and shape.

Inside the horn is a core, which is bone. To get it out, the horn is soaked in water for several weeks, and when the core comes out it is ground up and made into crucibles, which are used for melting gold and silver in.

The outer end of the horn is hard and solid, and is used for making knife handles and other things. The hollow part of the horn is soaked for half an hour or so in boiling water, when it becomes soft, and may easily be split with a knife. It is then spread out flat and put between iron plates. There was a time, long ago, when these horn cases were made very thin by hard pressure and used in windows and lanterns as we now use glass. The "horn-books" of the olden time, from which children learned the alphabet, were made of the same.

When horn is heated it may be moulded

## In Jumbleland with the Dogs.



The changeable elf found his way to the kennel this morning, where the dogs were peacefully barking away to themselves. With a wave of his magical wand the elf wrought such a transformation that the dogs stopped barking at once and looked at each other in amazement. What did the changeable elf do to them to make them look so strange? Can you find out what is the matter with the dogs and make them look like they used to in the good old dog days?

"I wish I could travel," it thought, "I was at length taken into a great 'chink' told me I would be of some building, which shook continually with the nod to the world. If I could get my own vibration of mammilla machinery, and be on of the ground I believe I'd move to a town it could be made as big as any new location."

One day many men with wagons and people call pulp, passed through a block-axe came along. "Here's a good place to lay bath, then, after several other pre-ogin," said one of the newsmen. "This case, through immense rollers from old tree is just what we want!" And even which it emerged as what? "Eh?"

## THE SPRUCE TREE CONE.

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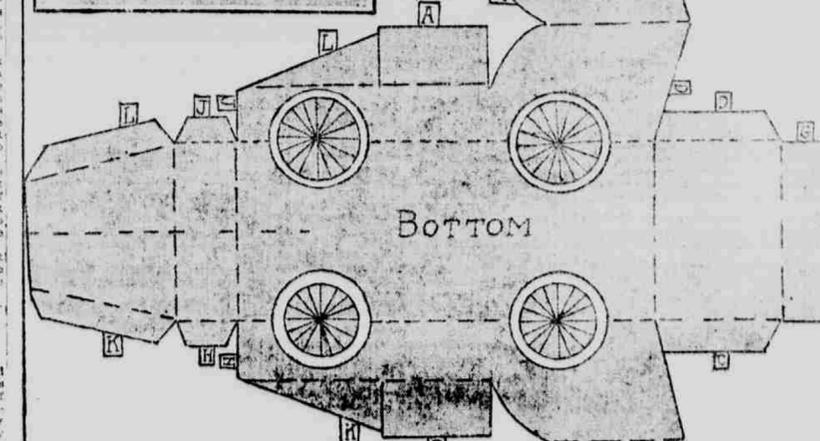


## A ZO-O-RIME.

PECULIAR is the EL-E-FANT—  
A dozen STEPS will make HIM part—  
Especially when on the RUN  
Beneath an equatorial SUN;  
But then, YOU see, his TRUNK, HE can  
Not send by CHECK like BASS MAN!

the chips were flying. Later the discus paper, hauled up on a spindle and entered by rollers on the ground, duly covered it was again put on the cars. Several hours afterward the naked trunk and transported to the premises of a great was hauled away to the railroad, where it newspaper somewhere. Nobody knows to the city far beyond the quiet mountainside. Nobody knows but that the story you are "Ah, me!" sighed the fire, "the chinook's new reading of the luckless fir tree is prophecy will never be fulfilled." After lying unheeded a long time the same grown up cone.

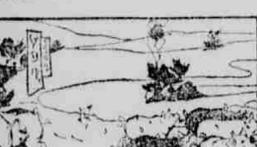
## BUSTER GOES FOR AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE.



**DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CUT-OUT.**

Cut around the outline. Cut solid lines and cut the four half circles of the wheels. Paste to the inside the two parts marked A and B. Bend up sides, front and back along dotted lines. Connect back with tape C and D, and paste in sides and back of seat, E, F, G, and paste the two parts of the van together. Connect the front with tape H to L. Cut off lettered tabs after making.

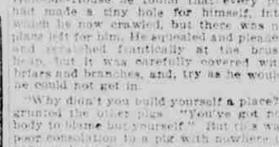
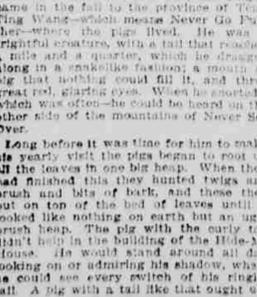
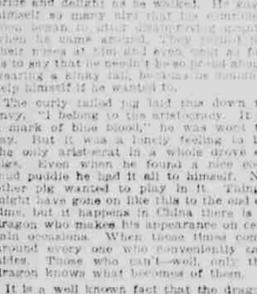
Into almost any desired form. That is the way that knife handles, buttons and other articles are made. A mould of the required shape is used, and when the heated horn substance is put into it and subjected to pressure the material takes the shape of the mould.



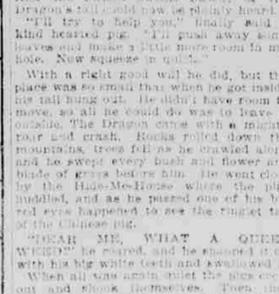
THE ONLY ARIBOQUAT IN THE WHOLE DRIVE.



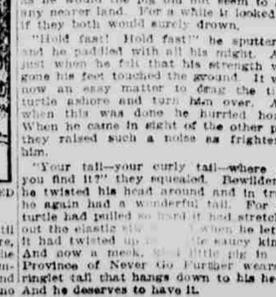
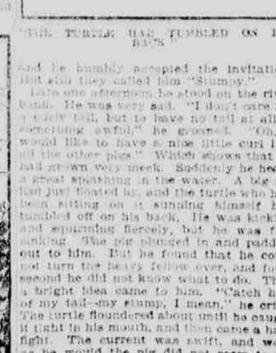
THE DRAGON, THE DRAGON! SHRIEKED ALL THE PIGS.



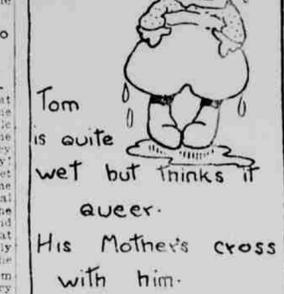
THE TURTLE HAD TUMBLED ON HIS BACK.



Tom is quite wet but thinks it queer.



His Mother's cross with him.



For he has often heard her boast. That she is in the swim!