MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN ARE RELEASED

Mr. Wind and Madam Rain

BY PAUL DE MUSSET

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(CONCLUDED FROM LAST SUNDAY)

Chapter XI.

A HAPPY ENDING

DUKE WILLIAM adored his wife, the Princess Matthilda, whom he had left at Caen. Every week he sent her a special message; but, as eight days elapsed before the return of the courier, he never had any news from her of very recent occurrence. Peter went to the Duke, and, throwing himself at his feet, said: 'My Lord, I have at my command a courier much more expeditious than any of those you employ, and if you will intrust your messages to me, they shall be conveyed to your palace at Caen, and answers brought to you daily."

The Duke was willing to make trial of Peter's services. On the morrow came Mr. Wind, at the same hour as on the preceding day, and Peter immediately dispatched him to Caen with a message for the Duchess. An instant had scarcely elapsed before Mr. Wind returned, and Peter was acquainted with all that had been done by the Duchess in the course of the morning. He conveyed the details to the Duke, who was perfectly astonished; and the more so when, a few days later, his own courier arrived, bringing him letters which confirmed all the information that he had received from Peter. The Duke now wished to engage permanently a messenger so skillful and expeditious in the transmission of messages. He therefore took Peter to his own residence to live, and made use of him every day, without suspecting the means which Peter had employed.

Other noblemen had recourse to him also to ascertain what their wives were doing; and some of them were by this means made acquainted with many facts which they would rather not have known; and so, not being such good husbands as the Duke William, they soon gave up this quick way of sending their messages, and returned to the ordinary mail. Peter, notwithstanding, made his fortune by his profession. He managed to save 100,000 crowns, and he sent this sum to his father and mother, requesting them to purchase the first chateau for sale in their neighborhood. And he wrote a very tender and loving letter to Marguerite, in which he told her that he had but one step more to take, and then he should become a knight, like Jessamine.

After a while, Duke William was crowned King of England. And when he was preparing to enjoy in peace the results of his conquests, he was apprised that the Danes and the Saxons were each sending a considerable fleet against him. Great preparations were instantly made for preventing an invasion of England by these enemies. At the same time Peter went to the King, and said, "Sire, do not waste your money nor fatigue your soldiers to no purpose. I will deliver you from the Danes and Saxons before their fleets arrive in sight of the English coast. You need not send out a single ship to meet them."

"Thou are a little sorcerer, then?" said the King, laughing.

OFF TO SCATTER SHIPS

"No, sire; I am a good Christian. Do you rely on me, and in four-and-twenty hours you will have no more enemies."

"Well, I will wait four-and-twenty hours before I give orders to prepare for war."

Next morning Peter was very early at his window, looking out in the distance for Mr. Wind, and he soon saw him coming with great speed.

"Do not lose time in resting yourself, Mr. Wind," said Peter; "but go and meet the Danes and the Saxons. Blow with all your might on their ships, and scatter them over the ocean. Prevent them from approaching England, but drown as few of the men as possible."

"A very agreeable commission," said Mr. Wind. "I will go and execute it properly." So off he darted, swift as an arrow. He distended his cheeks, and blew up waves as high as mountains; and in less than an hour the ships of both the fleets were dispersed and destroyed. A courier carried to court tidings of what had been done that very same evening, and the King was so overjoyed that he embraced Peter, and was going to bestow on him a magnificent reward, when another courier, covered with dust, entered the King's cabinet,and announced that the province of Cornwall had revolted, and that a countless host of armed men were approaching to surprise the city of London. The King now commanded the trumpets to be sounded; all the lords armed themselves, and took to horse. The soldiers marched out of the city and arranged themselves on the plain in battle array. The enemy had now arrived in sight.

The Cornish rebels were fierce; they uttered savage yells, and slaughtered with bloodthirsty eagerness all those who fell in their way. The great King William, though intrepid, began to feel somewhat concerned at his present position. Just as the two armies were about to give battle he saw near him a cavalier in black armor with the visor down.

"Who art thou?" said the King to the cavalier, "and why dost thou place thyself so near to me?"

"I am one of your Majesty's servants," replied the black cavalier; "I am watching over your person, and I am come to insure the victory."

"And what are those strange personages whom I see behind you? Who is that tall figure in a mantle, and that woman with a scarf of rainbow hue?"

"One is my equerry, and the other my servant," said the cavalier; "it is to them that we shall presently owe our safety."

The King gave the signal for combat; the enemy advanced with fearful yells; the black cavalier turned to the two figures behind him, and shouted: "Do your duty!" Instantly the two strange personages were seen to soar to a prodigious height in the air. Then a terrible wind blew in the faces of the enemy, mingled with a pelting rain, which drenched their very skins, and threw them into complete disorder without in the least inconveniencing the Norman army. At the first charge the rebels were driven back and beaten by the King's men. In the thickest part of the battle the King observed the black cavalier behaving right valiantly, and dealing terrible strokes with his sword on the enemy around him. Ten thousand rebels were slain on the spot, and the rest took to flight. The King ordered the cavalier to be called, and said to him, in the presence of his court:

HE WAS PETER

"Young stranger, it is to thee that I owe the success of this day. Have the goodness now to make thyself known to me, and, for the service thou hast rendered, ask of me some great favor. Whatever it be, I promise thee beforehand that it shall be granted."

The black cavalier then raised the visor of his helmet, and the King and all his court recognized Peter.

"Sire," said he, "I am Peter, your humble messenger; since you wish to recompense my feeble services, bestow on me letters of nobility and make me a knight." The King instantly embraced Peter, and dubbed him knight. On returning to his palace he wrote out letters of nobility, and Peter was called the Chevalier de la Pierre.

"And now, Sire," said he to the King, "if your Majesty wishes to make me the happiest of all men, your Majesty has only to ask the Baron, whose vassal I am no longer, to give me his daughter in marriage. I am rich enough to aspire to so noble an alliance."

William the Conqueror demanded Marguerite of the Baron, and gave Peter a hundred thousand francs to pay his wedding expenses. The Knight took leave of the King and returned to his own country with squires and a retinue corresponding to his new position and title. The Baron freely consented to bestow on him the hand of Marguerite, and the marriage was celebrated with great splendor at the chateau. The Chevalier de la Pierre retired soon after to an estate bought by John Peter with the money sent from London. Mr. Wind and Madam Rain wished to make the young couple a wedding present. The Chevalier received from the hands of Mr. Wind a magical ring, by virtue of which Peter, after the lapse of twenty years, found his wife still as beautiful as on the day of her marriage, and Madam Rain put on Marguerite's neck an enchanted necklace, which made her see her husband always young and amiable.

Having received these precious gifts, Peter could no longer,with a good grace, detain Mr. Wind and Madam Rain as prisoners; so the doors of the farm house and the lid of the cistern were opened, and they returned, the one to the South mountain, and the other to the Western grotto. They had, however, got so much into the habit of crossing the Channel that they have still a particular liking for England, though King William no longer needs their services. Hence it is that in London mackintoshes are worn, and that an Englishman never travels without taking his umbrella with him.

The newly married couple lived happily, and never quarreled but once, and then only because they had forgotten on that day to wear the magical ring and the enchanted necklace. Ever after Marguerite was good-tempered and the Chevalier enamored of his wife. They had a great number of children, and it is from them that the great and noble family of the Pierrots de la Pierre has descended, so celebrated to this day in Lower Britanny.

(THE END)

Synopsis

IN THE time of good King Robert there lived in Brittany a poor miller named John Peter with his wife, Claudine, and son, Peter.

The Baron, lord over John Peter, took away all their savings, and the poor miller was obliged to ask Mr. Wind to relieve the distress of his family. He was given a small silver cask and a magical wand, by means of which a sumptuous meal could be prepared by little elves who issued from the cask. The Baron, however, gains possession of the cask by trickery and poverty again threatens the family. Once more John Peter besought Mr. Wind to aid him, but Mr. Wind, in his anger, presented him with a golden cask, from which, when struck with a magic wand, there appeared amid dense smoke a terrible giant, who beat the miller severely. John Peter managed to sell the cask for a good price to the Baron. That worthy, in return for the beating he received from the giant, again revenged himself on the unfortunate miller by laying waste his lands and killing his stock.

John Peter then applied to Madam Rain for assistance on behalf of little Peter, in whom she had promised to interest herself, and the child was presented with a copper box, containing a puppet show, a gilt-edged book and a magic wand. With these twelve plays could be produced. Peter often visited the castle with his show, and he speedily became a favorite with the children of the Baron, to one of whom, Margaret, he took a great liking, and bestowed the show upon her. She, in turn, gave the show away, and Peter assisted her in contriving one themselves.

Shortly after Peter killed a snake which threatened Margaret, and by this act gained the favor of the Baroness, who thenceforth supervised his education.

Mr. Wind and Madam Rain paid a visit to the miller's house, and, through Peter, were held prisoners, not having been able to agree to the terms for their ransom.

The Baron accompanied Duke William of Normandy, and through the war Peter gained the good-will of the Baroness still further by giving her daily news of the Baron, Mr. Wind having been employed as messenger.

Years passed away and Peter became resolved to seek his fortune with Duke William in England. He was speeded on his journey by the fond farewells of his parents, the Baroness, Margaret and his other friends. He safely reached the city in which Duke William was staying.

THE ROUT OF THE CORNISH REBELS

Judge Bear's Experience With Honey

UNCLE WASHINGTON, were the Bear and the Rabbit always partners?" I inquired the next night.

"Dat they weren't, honey, dat they weren't. Why, honey, Br'er Rabbit weren't nobody's pardner 'less he was gettin' de best of it. It wasn't long before they had a fallin' out, an' I bound you Br'er Rabbit gets the best of de argument."

"What was the trouble?" I demanded.

"Well, one time Br'er Rabbit an' Judge Bear had done made 'em raid on Mr. Man's garden, an' old Judge Bear took an' copied old Mr. Hog in dividin' up de process. Br'er Rabbit ain't say nothin', but he done make up his mind dat he going to get even if it takes him a month of Sundays.

"One day whilse he out in de woods a-workin' up he limbersome, an' gettin' de stiffness outen his joints, it come across his membrunce dat he done make him a vow dat he goin' to ruinate old Judge Bear, or die a-tryin'. No sooner do he recomlect dis here den he jumps up in de air an' crack his heels together three times before he hit the earth, an' den he allow to himself, 'It's been a coon's age since I been to see Judge Bear, an' maybe it might be a good plan for to fetch round dat way an' inquire after his health.'

READY TO MAKE TROUBLE

"Now, den, Br'er Rabbit ain't one of dese here chaps what makes up their mind one day an' den tries an' puts it in projecution de next. No, sir! When old Br'er Rabbit got he mind made up, he goin' to do accordin' den an' dar. So 'tweren't long before he was standin' on Judge Bear's front porch. He'd just started to knock on de door, he had, when he hear Mis' Bear ask her old man when in de name of goodness he goin' to get some more honey for de family.

"'Hey'd dar,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he. 'It 'peers to me like dat old Judge Bear's gettin' one of dese here rakin's over de coals; I reckon I'd better not butt in to their domestic difficulties,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"Old Judge Bear he respond dat he done spied a mighty nice bee gum in Mr. Man's orchard down by de big spring, an' dat he 'spect he'd better go round an' see how Mr. Man's dorg sleeps.

"Br'er Rabbit wink his life side eye, an' allow, 'I bound Mr. Dorg ain't sleep very sound.'

"'When you goin', old man?' says old Mis' Bear, says she.

"'To-night when de moon done riz.'

"Dat all old Br'er Rabbit wanter know, an' he say he dorg he cats if he don't get Judge Bear in a peck of trouble.

"On his way home he drops round by Mr. Man's house, an' find him out a weedin' in his garden.

"'Howdy, Mr. Man, how you come on

dis evenin'?' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"Mr. Man surprised. He says: 'Why, heyo dar, if dis here ain't de very chap what tramps down all me peas an' lettuce. I bound I fix you now.'

"'I 'spect you'se done forget all about old Mr. Unicorn what I done catch for your Pa!' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he. 'I 'spect you done forget dat!'

"Mr. Man feel kind of sheepish like, an' hang his head.

"'An' more than dat,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he, 'I've done come all dis way to do you a favor. I reckon I'd better be shovin' home,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"When Mr. Man hear dis he mighty sorry. Den he pump hard an' fetch up a laugh, an' allow, 'Br'er Rabbit, I done been think you could take a joke. I just been foolin' with you, Br'er Rabbit; you more'n welcome to all de garden truck you want.'

"'De next time, Mr. Man, dat you been fool with me don't set no trap, kase I ain't goin' to walk into it no how,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"Dis make Mr. Man feel sheepish sure enough. He grin, an' den he say, 'Br'er Rabbit, let's you an' me be friends.'

"'I've always been willin', Mr. Man.'

"'Well, den, let's be friends some more.'

"'Just as you say, Mr. Man, only I don't want you to change your mind just as soon as I tells you dis here favor,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

"Mr. Man vow an' declare dat he won't treat nobody dat way. Den he allow, 'What de news, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'Mr. Man, has you got a bee gum down by de big spring?'

"Mr. Man respond dat he has.

"'Den you'd better watch out, kase it won't be there long.'

"'What makes you think dat, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'I don't think, Mr. Man, I knows.'

"'How you know dat, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'I done hear Judge Bear allow dat he wouldn't be surprised if he didn't find out whether your dorg's a light sleeper or not.'

"'Did he tell you dat, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'Never you mind about dat, Mr. Man, I done hear him say it, an' dat's enough.'

"Mr. Man get mad for true. He gnash his teeth. He vow he goin' to 'sterminate dis here old villyun no how.

"Brer Rabbit laugh. 'How you goin' to catch him, Mr. Man?'

"Mr. Man allow he dunno.

"Br'er Rabbit allow he dunno, neither.

"Den they study an' study, an' bye an' bye Brer Rabbit ask Mr. Man, 'You got a gun?'

"Mr. Man respond dat he did have, but he son done gone huntin' with it.

"'Got a trap, Mr. Man?'

"Mr. Man respond dat he has.

"'Is it good an' strong, Mr. Man?'

"Mr. Man grin an' respond dat it strong enough to catch bears.

"'You got an empty bee gum, Mr. Man?'

"Mr. Man nod his head, 'Yes.'

"'Well den, you'd better rustle round an' move dat bee gum away from there, an' put de empty one in its place. Den you wanter set dat trap right in there, an' I calculate dat old Judge Bear will get more honey den he's lookin' for,' says old Br'er Rabbit, says he.

JUDGE BEAR ARRIVES

"Mr. Man hug heself, he feel so good. Br'er Rabbit roll in de sparagrass, an' laugh an' laugh. Bye an' bye, he allow, 'I spect old Mis' Bear'll have to look for a new man, kase I bound old Judge Bear won't turn up for breakfast—not for his'n, no how. You does what I tells you, Mr. Man, an' I'll saunter on home an' store away a few vittles,' says old Lr'er Rabbit, says he.

"'Better stay an' take your supper wid me, Br'er Rabbit.'

"'Much obligded, Mr. Man, but I reckon I'd better shove on toward home. I 'spect my old woman lookin' for me already.'

"'Well, so long, Br'er Rabbit.'

"'Good-bye, I wouldn't be surprised if you'd find me in the neighborhoods of the big spring to-night. Judge Bear allowed as he was comin' in de rise of de moon.'

"Dat night old Judge Bear saunter out an' he daub heself up wid dis here pitch from de pine tree, so dat de bees can't sting him, an' den he goes on down to make him a raid on Mr. Man's bee gum.

"He creep up, he did, an' he ain't see nobody. He look all around, an' still ain't see nobody. Den he lift de top off. He stand up on his behind legs, an' look all around. He ain't see nuthin'. Den he stick his head in, an', genermans, he fetch a squall dat I bound you could have heard in de next settlement.

"An' I hear tell," concluded Uncle Washington, "An' I hear tell dat de next day old Mis' Bear was out a-huntin' for her old man." ELIOT K. STONE.

CUNNING SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF CHILDREN

Good Little Stories Sent in to Polly Evans by Her Friends, Big and Little

Clever Thomas.

One day as we were sitting at the table eating, Thomas (5 years old) was choking, and I, his mamma, said to him, "Thomas, what is the matter, are you choking?"

And he said as soon as he was able to answer: "I was not choking. I was only waiting for it to go down."

Mrs. W. D. DAVIS,
306 Centre street, Shenandoah, Pa.

Didn't Understand.

A small boy passing a certain building, which was draped for the death of a man, said: "What is that for?" His uncle replied, "Mourning for Mr. R." The boy answered: "What will they have in the afternoon?"

I think it is real good. I will close, hoping it is accepted. Yours very truly,

STANLEY G. BRENEISER,
1339 Perkiomen avenue, Reading, Pa.

Stories About John.

Fearing "scratching accidents," little 2-year-old "Jack's" mother had refused him a "kitty." While being dressed one morning, he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, last night I dreamt I had a kitty." "Did you, dear?" said his mother. "Why," replied Jack, "you were washing dishes at the sink, didn't you see it?"

John was just 6. His mother was ill, and obliged to have a reclining chair. Going into her room early one morning, and finding his mother in the rocker, he said: "Why are you in the rocker, mamma? I thought you would always rest in your 'repenting' chair, now."

K. R. POLIS,
Paulsboro Post Office, N. J.

GOOD STORIES ABOUT CATS

Generous Billy.

We had two cats in our family, Billy and Patsy. Patsy was hurt very badly by some timber which fell upon him. Billy seemed to know that Patsy suffered very much. The best places to lie upon, the dainties of their meals and even a mouse when it was given to Billy, he walked away leaving all for Patsy. WINIFRED THOMAS,
Bethlehem, Pa.

A Tent for Him.

My little kitten Del is very cute, so papa and I made a tent for him, and I called it Camp Delaware. Every morning Del comes up to my bed and waits for me to raise the covers, then he sleeps on my arm until mamma wakes me for school. Respectfully,

EDGAR T. DARLINGTON,
25 South Forty-fifth street, W. Phila.

Affectionate Cat.

One time I had twenty cats, and all were docile. Beauty was my favorite. When I fed her she always ate half, left the other half for a little dog we had. One day the dog strayed away, and Beauty would not eat a morsel until he returned three days later.

ELLA A. ILLICH,
Ottsville, Bucks county, Pa.

True Story of a Cat and Kitten.

One stormy evening in the month of March, about three years ago, as I was running through an alley I saw a tortoise-shell kitten lying on the bricks.

At first I thought it was dead. It was very stiff and cold. I put it under my coat and ran home. I wrapped it up and put it in a box near the stove. In about an hour it revived somewhat, and we gave it a little warm milk from a spoon.

We had a Maltese cat, and she sat watching us. In the morning the old cat went to the box and began washing the kitten. She nursed it, and finally she took it in her mouth and ran upstairs and placed it in a wardrobe and took care of it until it could eat. It lived until it was about a year old, when both cats took sick, and the kitten died.

The old cat for weeks afterward would go around from place to place and call as if she was hunting the kitten.

L. A. HODGSON,
532 E. Seventh st., Wilmington, Del.

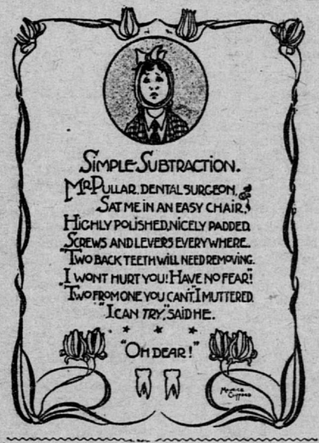
BEAUTIFUL ARION, THE GREAT GRECIAN MUSICIAN

A Story of Ancient Days Written for Young Folks by Elizabeth Kane Rein

IN A GREEK town, about the year 700 B. C., there lived a beautiful and good young man called Arion.

Arion was a poet and musician and was famous for his lovely verse and playing. He played on the cithara.

Now, the King Periander of Corinth (some called him the tyrant of Corinth) loved Arion, and used to have him at his court all day long, and sometimes late at night, and he would ask Arion to sing and play on his cithara, which was like a guitar, while he lay on a couch and dreamed of beautiful, happy things.



This King was cruel and bad, but to Arion he was never anything but good. It seemed that Arion's music charmed him, and when he heard those lovely strains of music from Arion's cithara he could not help being kind.

All the people of Corinth learned to love Arion, too.

Arion was very ambitious, and wanted to make himself the greatest musician the world ever knew, so when he learned that there was to be a musical contest in Sicily he longed with all his heart to compete for the prize. For a long while he thought about this, and finally made up his mind to beg Periander, the King, to help him, for, of course, if the King would not help him it would be almost impossible for him to leave the court of Corinth to go to Sicily.

One morning he had played all his most beautiful airs to Periander, and when he felt sure the King would be in a good humor he said: "Oh, King! I pray you help your poor minstrel to become a great musician. Permit me to go to the contest in Sicily."

The King at first was very angry, and said: "No, you ungrateful knave, are you not satisfied to please the great king of Corinth?"

But when he looked at Arion's face, so beautiful and sad, he felt sorry for his angry words and said: "Stay with me, Arion, and I will give you gold and fine clothes. Be content with our court and our love; while you may try to win some one else may be the victor."

WON THE GREAT PRIZE

Arion answered: "A life of travel would make me happy. The heart of the poet must wander and be free. God has given me great talent, and I feel in my soul that I must go among men of the wide beautiful world and let them all hear my music. And think, O King! if I win the prize, how proud you will be of your poor Arion and his wide-spread fame!"

At last the King, with tears in his eyes, gave Arion his consent and blessing, and Arion then set out on his travels to Sicily.

Often and often on the long journey poor Arion wished himself back safe in the court of Corinth. Many times he would say to himself, "Suppose I fail?" Then he would strike a chord on his lyre, and hope would return and joy filled his heart.

At last he arrived at Sicily. Arion thought all he had to do was to play one song on his lyre and the prize would be his, but this was not so.

He had to work hard for the prize, and he did. At the end of many days he composed a choral hymn, or circular chorus. The singers who were to sing it grouped themselves in a circle around an altar and the song was so divided that each singer acted a part while he sang.

It was so beautiful and original that without hesitation the judges awarded the prize to Arion, together with great wealth.

Kings sent from far and near to beg him to come to their courts.

"No," he said, "I love my home and my own dear King, and back I shall go to Corinth."

He feasted and made merry for a while, and then set sail for home on a Corinthian ship, with his prize and wealth, and best of all, a happy heart.

Pixed Mickles.

If you were I and little Gus
Were you and I were he
Instead of Gus and you and I,
We'd each the other be.
If every one were each, of course,
Then each and every one
Would be the other; otherwise
We'd be where we'd begun.
But he and she and I combine
To make each other we.

Paul's Pigeons.

CONNECTED with St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in the cathedral inclosure, St. Paul's School formerly stood.

One hundred and fifty-two poor boys were educated therein, that being the number of fishes taken by St. Peter in his miraculous draught.

The scholars were called Paul's pigeons. John Milton was for five years one of the pigeons.

This Week's Puzzles and Problems

Anagrams.

Can you make out the following anagrammed names of famous women:

1. A rusty tram.
2. Net a frill, going hence.
3. I never quit a Co.
4. Clatter, hoary cod.
5. An oar of J. C.
6. To hash capon.

Word Formations.

Here is a good puzzle.

1. To a title add a verb, then add to drink slowly, and finally add something we often have for dessert, and form the name of a river.
2. To evil add evil, then an insect, and finally yourself, and form the name of a city.

Words Within Words.

1. An occurrence in three score and ten.
2. Affection in a field flower.
3. "To pick out" in the humblest kitchen servant.
4. A common adverb in a day dream.
5. A personal pronoun in a savory breakfast dish, often served with bacon.
6. An exclamation in a small storage room.
7. What the "cock did in the morn" in a throng or multitude.
8. High spirits in kindred.

Printers' Puzzle.

A Texas editor has found a few unused sorts in the cap case. Here is the result: The ** ** of our girls are small, tapering and beautifully shaped; their ||||| are as brilliant as ****; they are without ‖ in this or any other §; their frowns are like ††, and their 12456 excite !!!! of pleasure. Read this closely; do not ? its readability, and try to em—— the situation.

Can you boys and girls send Polly Evans the correct answer?

What Pronouns?

In these pictures you will find five pronouns represented. Can you tell Polly Evans what they are?

George Canning's Riddle.

Polly Evans would like to know how many of you boys and girls are bright enough to discover the answer to the following riddle, which was made up by George Canning, the famous British statesman:

"There is a word of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.
Now, any word you chance to take,
By adding 's' you plural make;
But if you add an 's' to this,
How strange the metamorphosis;
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before."

Omitted Vowels—Winter Verse.

Here is a verse that describes this time of year. See if, by supplying all of the missing vowels, you can read it.

Th- m-l-nch-ly d-ys -r- c-m-, th- s-dd-st -f th- y- -r,
-f w- -l-ng w-nds -nd n-k-d w- -ds -nd m- -d-ws br-wn -nd s- -r;
H- -p-d -n th- h-ll-ws -f th- gr-v-, th- w-th-r-d l- -v-s l- - d- -d,
Th-y r-stl- t- th- -ddy-ng g-st -nd t- th- r-bb-t's tr- -d.

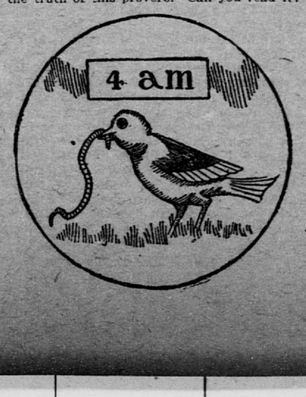
Cross Word Enigma.

See if you can work out the answer to this enigma. It is easy work.

My first is in mince pie, but not in cake;
My second is in destroy, but not in make;
My third is in love, but not in hate;
My fourth is in sailor, but not in mate;
My fifth is in you, but not in I;
My sixth is in therefore, but not in why;
My seventh is in evening, but not in morn;
My eighth is in shave, but not in shorn;
My ninth is in neatness, but not in dirt;
My tenth is in constant, but not in flirt;
My whole is a Philadelphia woman and editor,
And now, boys and girls, I can tell you no more.

A Well-Known Proverb.

If you have brothers and sisters at home, you have often had sad occasion to learn the truth of this proverb. Can you read it?



Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Two Enigmas.

1. March. 2. Telephone.

What Articles to Eat and Drink.

1. Milk. 2. Butter. 3. Jam. 4. Fruits. 5. Sugar.

Picture Puzzle.

1. Sparrow. 2. Honeymoon (H on ey+ moon).

Familiar Proverb.

"A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches."

Altering Additions.

1. Tea-l. 2. Cow-l. 3. Anna-l. 4. Pane-l. 5. Sea-l. 6. Bow-l. 7. Grave-l. 8. Pea'l.

What Signs Are These?

1. Interrogation sign. 2. Comma. 3. Exclamation. 4. Period. 5. Multiplication sign. 6. Quotation signs. 7. Sign of division. 8. Plus sign. 9. Parenthesis marks.

Distorted Animals.

1. Horse.
2. Mongoose.
3. Pussycat.
4. Bear.
5. Donkey.
6. Bison.
7. Muskrat.
8. Woodchuck.
9. Leopard.
10. Llama.