THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: MARCH 22, 1908.



OME of the new Busy Bees have inquired how the kings and queens are elected. A new king and queen are elected every three months by the Busy Bees sending in their votes. Eleanor Mellor of Malvern, In., and Willie Cullen of Omaha were elected March 1. They will reign until the first of June when there will be another election. The king has the Red side and the queen the Blue side. Each tries to have his or her side win the most prizes for writing stories and of course they each try to have their friends join the side that they are on.

The prizes were won this week by Marjory Bodwell of Norfolk, Neb., and Hattle Cady of 2916 Erskine street, Omaha, and honorable mention given to Alta Wilken of Waco, Neb.

The correct answer for the illustrated rebus last week was "Ben put his coat and cap on and ran to the river to skate, but on the road he met a bear." Those having the correct answer were: Clarence Hopkins, 1614 Wood avenue, Kansas City; Fred Borghoff, 1317 Burt street, Omaha; Pauline Edwards, Fremont, Neb.; Elizabeth Rough, Nehawka, Neb.; Margaret L. Smith, Benson, Neb.; Mabel Prosser, 4731 North Forty-first street, Omaha.

All the Busy Bees who wish to send postal cards to other Busy Bees should send their name and address to the Busy Bee editor and they may exchange cards with any one whose name is on the list, which now includes: Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.; Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.; Ethel Mulholland, Malvern, Ia.; P. O. Box 71; Milton Selzer, Nebraska City; Harry Crawford, Nebraska City; Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.; Eleanor Melfor, Malvern, Ia.; Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Ardyce H. Cummings and Grace Cummings, postoffice box 225, Kearney, Neb.; Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.; Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.; Emma Carrathers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha; Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha; Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.; Emma Kostal, 1516 O street, South Omaha; Florence Pettijohn, Long Pine, Neb.; Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.; Madge L. Daniels, Ord. Neb.; Irene Reynolds, Little Sloux, Ia., Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reeds, 2609 North Nineteenth ayenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Edna Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha, Neb.; Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

## When the Flood Imprisoned Ralph By Melena Davis.



ALPH HAMMERSTEIN was a which spanned Wolf creek in its usual boy of adventurous spirit. His place, but the water beneath it almost home was on the broad prairies touched its under side. Ralph was sure of the far west, in the very of foot, however, and feit no hesitancy heart of the cattle district, in crossing on the foot-log, though he where one might travel for ten knew the water beneath him was fully miles together-or perhaps twice as far- two feet over his head, and that he without seeing a single habitation. Occa- rush with which it was coming through sionally one would see a lonely shack, oo- the gorge was so severe that, should he cupied by a cowboy or two. Again one lose his balance and fall into it, he would would turn round a long, sloping hill to have a pretty hard fight to swim ashore, come upon a comfortable ranch house of besides the danger of not being able to one story and surrounded by cattle sheds, climb the steep, slippery and rocky bank

cow pans and stables for horses. In a at any nearby point, dwelling of the latter kind Ralph lived with his parents, his father being a well-to-do Ralph, who was a boy of venturesome

Although Ralph had much to interest him walked across the raging stream as quietly about the big ranch-which contained about the big ranch-which contained as if he had been walking on level ground about 5,000 acres of land-he often found without a drop of water within a mile of the time heavy on his hands when not athim. tending the little school five miles distant

One of the Sure Signs of Returning Spring



GAME OF MARBLES ON THE SCHOOL GROUND.

he had eaten any cherries and he said, "Yes."

**RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS** 

she should

So. flowers know.

thing."

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the papes. S. Use pen and ink, not pencil S. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Bo not use over 255 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad dress at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Omaha Boo. (First Prize.)

**Two Fairies** 

(Second Prize.) Little Violet

By Hattie Cady, Aged 12 Years, 2916 Erskine Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue. Little Violet was alsoping in her home under-ground waiting for the coming of spring. Suddenly a rustling noise was It was spring. She had come at last. flowers what had happened.

before greeting Spring. The cloth was as a compass for they brought us back to mostly of blue, but there was one of a the trail." pale pink. Violet wished very much that she might have it and it was decided that

When the plants were ready they let the

As soon as she found out the plants

One day the leaves cracked under the

One said, "I shall pick only the loveli-

est flowers, one of each kind." But the

other said, "I will not pick any flowers,

and saw the pink violet, "Oh see the beau-

tiful pink violet," he said. So saying he

But, the other man said, "See what a

beautiful plant, I shall take the whole

Violet said, "I was too vain. I wanted to

(Honorable Mention.)

A Queer Compass

"Come, boys, get up," called mother,

dropped off her petals one by one.

feet of two men who were walking by.

were ready, Violet rushed up in her pink

gown followed by three sisters.

but will take the whole plant."

stooped and picked Violet.

By truged along the trall which led to the camp in the deep forest. After a good rest at the camp they started on their way home cautioned by their father to stick to the trail so they would not get lost, which the boys promised to do. Their baskets being empty they could walk so much get to the river. faster and on seeing some flowers they stopped to pick some, then they saw a squirrel hopping on a tree and they started to chase it when Tom said, "Oh, George, father said to stick to the trail, but now she wasn't there. where is it?" In chasing the squirrel they had not noticed which way they turned. she had fallen into the river? After they had hunted a long time, George said, "I am afraid we are lost." At this they began to cry, but George said. "We will eat our lunch now and then try again. He opened the little but of honey and thinking she had gone to the river and spread some on their bread. In a moment fallen in.

he noticed that about haif a dozen been had lit in the open box, "Here's honey bees," he cried, and he covered the box to keep them in. "Now make haste, and follow me." In a minute he let out one of the bees and started running in the direction it flew, but it went but a few feet of the frantic search going on for her. and then rose to the tree tops, they took the direction indicated for a few minutes heard overhead, and some of the plants the line of the bees and pretty soon they and then let out another. They followed came to smooth footing and there was the The plants then sent a message to the saw their mother coming towards them and trail. On coming out of the forest they George cried, "Oh, mother, I thank you for The flowers had to make their dresses that story you told us about using been

The Princess and the Giant

him tomorrow evening. The slave took told him Dorothy was here and ha said Helda back to her bedroom once more, and she could go to if she wanted to. She he went back to Olymetus.

The True Fishing Story

Red.

which was the best fish in the bunch.

Morene could be found.

she was found.

Word was sent to town that Morene

You may be sure that she was caught

Nature's Squirrels

Every evening just as the sun was sink-

The Best Writer

Where Baby Was Found

yelled out and said sure she wanted to go. The next morning the queen heard sobs So I 'phoned to her mother and she said coming from Helda's room and the king she night go, so we got out clothes ready went to see what she was crying about. and started.

"What art thou sobbing for, dear," said That night we helped Alf do the chorea the king. "Ohl father," cried Helda, "the But in the morning we did the chores alone That night we helped Alf do the chorea, giant Olymafus threatened me with death except milking the cow. After that we tomorrow night if I refuse to marry him." got on two horses and rode to the hills. "We shall see," said the king, and the next That night we went to bed early, because night the king's guards guarded the in the morning he was going to herd some princess. That night the princess' bed cattle and we wanted to go with him. So room window was raised and in came in the morning we got on the same horses Ofymefus himself. He had escaped through we rode before and started. We had a the secret window. He was at once seized fine day,

by the guards, and the next morning he We stayed all week and had fine times was beheaded. That was the last of every day. One day we took our dinner Olymefus, but Helds lived to marry an to the hills. But on Sunday morning we honest man of royal blood, and they will had to go home.

# The Omaha Newspaper Boy

By Huida Lundberg, Aged 14 Years, 348 I Street, Fremont, Neb. Blue, In the beautiful city of Omaha lived

Ralph Curtus. He was a sturdy little chap of about 13 years. He had a happy expression on his face and was always ready to help any one that met with a serious accident. His father was dead and his mother took in washing for a living. But one day his mother took down with a fever and had to remain in bed for a long time. So Ralph thought he would try and sell newspapers so he could get enough money to support his mother and little sister Ethel. So he bid them goodbye and went to the Tribune. Here he asked for a position. They gave it to him. But when he returned in the evening he had only sold four papers, so he tried another paper called St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He worked hard to sell the papers. but all in vain. He did not sell any more Leona H. Bays, Aged 13 Years, Monda- of these than the others, so he gave this min, Ia. Blue. up. Then for the third and last time he Morene Waye lived with her parents and tried another paper, called The Omaha grandparents at the mill, not more than Bee. In this he succeeded-everybody four rods from the river. She was only wanted to read the Omaha news-so he 2 years old, and so had to be watched sold every one. He received a high salary very carefully, in order that she would not and so continued this job for three years.

Ralph Curtus is now one of the greatest One day Morene was missing. Everybody of The Ree publishers in Omaha, just bewas terror-stricken. They began to hunt cause he thought The Omaha Bee was the along the river and they telephoned to her best in the west.

By Dorothy Bartholomew, Aged 11 Years.

tiful black horse named Nemo, He always

One day Neme came running into the yard without a ridar. They were all very frightened, but thought they had better At last, in looking through the mill again, Morene was found, She was lying find Harry. Mr. Vincent jumped on Nemo, on a pile of flour sacks, fast asleep. She and told him to take him to the place had wandered into the mill and, becom- Harry was. Nemo went to the woods. There, in a dangerous place near the ing tired, had climbed upon the flour sacks river, they found Harry. and was soon fast asleep, all unmindful

Mr. Vincent did not know what to do. He could not leave Harry there, nor could up and carried into the house as fast as he take him back on Nemo. At last he possible, and word was sent to "all that said, "Nemo, you will have to go back alone and get the wagon." He wrote on a small piece of paper: "Come to the oak near the river. Nemo will show you the way."

By Lawrence Johnson, Aged 11 Years, 416 South Seventeenth Street, Lincoln, Neb. Red. This he tied to Nemo's bridle. Nemo dashed off, and in half an hour the wagon came. Harry's arm was broken, but besides that, all was right. Harry always said Nemo was the best creature on earth.

ing little Tom comes to his door and throws nuts to two little squirrels.

aunt's to see if Morene was there. No, Nemo Her parents were nearly wild. What if Gothenburg, Neb. Red. The mill was thoroughly searched, but

Harry Vincent was the owner of a beau-Waye was lost. Everyone was frightened, rode him every day.

from his home. On Saturdays he usually chain. This gave a certain picturesqueness times graced its banks.

onous landscape.

abounded with rodents and prairie wolves, before had Ralph seen it of such outgrown said: and many a day did Ralph spend roaming proportion. Across from him on the oppothereabouts with his rifle; and often his site bank were several cattlemen, come for am Falsehood." Truth said "Little boy day's bag was guite well worth while, for the purpose of viewing their old friend- always tell the truth," and Falsehood said, the destruction of the wolves was to him the river-in all its glory of the spring a sense of duty, as well as show of his freahet. These men knew Ralph, and splendid markmanship.

One day toward the end of March, the ings. weather being very fine after the melting hills and filled the gorges of Wolf creek, voice across the broadened river. Ralph, with gun over shoulder and a small lunch and bottle of drinking water in his knapsack, started to the banks of Wolf Wolf creek, the pride of the ranchers living creak to hunt. The melting snows and near to it. heavy accompanying spring rains had filled

to overflowing every little hollow in the land, and the tiny streamlets-which during the summer months were as dry as a bone-had become swollen into rivers of the third magnitude.

Upon reaching Wolf creek Ralph was astonished to see it leaping between its On the foot-log, ch?" banks like a furious torrent, carrying loose brush and tufts of grass which it had washed from the banks far above water ine. Ralph had never seen the stream so to look upon.

"It's only five miles to the river-if I run looks," mused Ralph to himself. 'Guess my foot-log hasn't been carried long till I see you again." BWBY.

Then he went directly across the rollfrom his home. On saturdays he usually explored the country about his father's ing prairie toward the river, a stream By Marjory Bodwell. Age 10 Years, 215 4 ranch especially the lowiands, which isy without banks of any great depth, and, Eleventh Street, Norfolk, Neb. Red. between a pretty river and one of its trib- therefore, one that swept wide of its There was once a little boy whose name utary streams, the latter being of a deep bounds during high-water times. Some- was Robert, who told many falsehoods. He gorge nature. flowing between rude cliffs times Ralph had seen it spreading over was a good little boy nearly always, but

of rock. The source of the tributary the lowlands adjacent to its course like one day his mamma told him to weed the stream-by name Wolf creek-was in a a mighty inland sea, measuring at some garden and not to go near the orchard, rough, hilly part of the country, the bluffs points several miles in width. And with- for he would be tempted to get some and abrupt hills marking the country across in what appeared to be its center stood cherries and they were not ripe. He did which they ran like a small mountain the tall cottonwood trees which at normal not want to weed the garden, so he went

over by the orchard fence, and lay down to the rolling prairie land and the sparse And today Ralph beheld the river swollen on the grass. He saw a branch of the timber that bordered the river and Wolf to vast proportions, raging like mad as it cherry tree sticking over the fence, and he creek gave a welcome touch of freshness rushed wildly toward its outlet into a jumped up and picked two cherries. He and green to the dull aspect of the monot- greater river fifty miles away. It seemed bit one in half and inside of it instead of that the whole country side had poured a seed was a little fairy. He bit the other

The rocky, timbered banks of Wolf creek into this one stream all its melted snows one open and it, too, had a tiny fairy afforded pretty good hunting, as they and accumulated spring rains, for never in it. Both fairies jumped up and one "I am 'Truth," and the other said, "I

"Never tell the truth."

Robert thought truth was the prettiest wayed their arms to him, calling out greet- so he said:

"I dont like Falsehood, I will tell the By Alta Wilken, Aged 18 Years, Waco, "How's Wolf creek," asked one, using truth." The fairles disappeared and Robert of the heavy snows that had covered the his hands as a megaphone to carry his was alone. He wanted to see more fairies so he ate some cherries, but nothing was "for you must take provisions to the wood-"Second to none," cried back Ralph, inside of them but the seed. He went into cutters and must have an ealy start."

proudly boasting of his own dear little the house and his mother asked him if The boys had quite a load and carefully

"Well, don't you know you're running and after the first half mile was obliged veritable inland sea, covering a vast por- ing came a tall, grizzled man smoking a a risk to be on this side of your own native to slow down a bit. After about an hour swollen streams he was caught like a pipe. stream?" eried back the speaker. "Water's and a half of pretty hard briak walking tion of the valley that stretched along its without a sign of surprise, removed the pouring down from every hill, through he reached the place on the bank of Wolf banks. And there was no possible way of pipe from his lips and said, "Hello, stranevery gully into Wolf creck, and it will creck where he had crossed on the foot- crossing the river, either. Between these ger,-Whar'd you come from. The freshet Ethel Multholland, Aged 11 Years, Malvern, mouse in a trap. And there wasn't a fetch you?" probably be over its banks before you can log en route to the river.

get back there. How'd you get across? But upon decending the steep bank to single habitation in the fifteen-mile angle "Yep, on the foot-log," replied Ralph, alarm. Where was the foot-log? Burely, river. About fifteen miles up stream was-'Hut the water wasn't within a foot of the it could not have been carried away by or used to be-a cattleman's shack of logs log when I crossed it. I'm not fretting the rising water! But so must have been and sod roof. But Ralph hadn't been there

of a stream rising a foot inside of an banks many inches above the place where to do, anyway? The nights were cold and he didn't relish the idea of passing the long. cut across prairie-and I think it worth than it takes for you to cross your cow Ralph was in a dilemma. On the one dark hours under the sky without so much my while to go over and sos how the old pens. It's about five miles, and 1'm a side of him was Wolf creek, across which as a blanket to wrap himself in. And he

lesson, too, and he hoped he'd never be such an idiot as to forget it. But the lesson, while it was a good one, did not teach him the way out of his dilemma. He might go up Wolf creak for the dis- played the deuce with me, confessed tance of fifteen miles before he should find a safe place where he might gross it.

"Well, I feel like kicking myself clean across Wolf creek and all the way home for having been such a long-cared jackass," declared Ralph. "If ever a smart Aleo lived, I'm that Alec."

Then poor Ralph went back up the bank off from headquarters. and began to scan the country lying between him and the river. He half hoped to his friendly old host. "Let your part- book after awhile." They just began to as she keeps a large napkin or towel to to find some other trapped person to keep ner go to my home and explain that I am talk when the children cried for them to spread over it. There is a bowl, too, that him company. To his joy he beheld a curl a prisoner on this side and he on that come to dinner. After that Herbert tried of blue smoke rising over one of the ab- side, and that during high water we wish never to disobey his sunt. rupt bluffs about a quarter of a mile up to swap homes. Eh?"

stream. He hurried toward the spot the And so Ralph's suggestion was carried smoke rose from. "There must be some out, the "pal" going to Ralph's home, fire where there is smoke." he soliloquized. "And where there is fire there ustion. must be human beings-or a human be-

was enabled to reach his own home. As he rounded the point of rocky bluff But during his stay with the old trapper he came to a well-protected stretch of he had a royal good time, finding a most level land-perhaps half an acre-that entertaining host and plenty of camp nestlod at the very foot of the cliff. And food, and declared that so far as he was there he saw a comfortable wall tent, a concerned he was glad to be held by the wagon, two horses isthered out to grass floods and that he would never forget the and a camp fire with a steaming kottle pleasant visit with the old trapper on the placed over it. And from the tent's open- banks of Wolf creek.

By Nora A. Cullen, Aged 13 Years, 2211 enough to venture clear up onto the porch. Webster Street, Omaha. Blue,

Once, long, long ago, the king imprisoned his shoulder and I wondered what he was a huge stant, who was robbing and pester. going to do. Pretty soon he pointed his ing everyone. They put him in a castle gun toward the sky and I saw a timid with a German girl, Mary, were camping far out on a desert isle. This castle was little brown squirrel fall to the ground. in the mountains, supposed to have no doors or windows, they having been fixed with iron bars, so that not let them live to frolic among the taking a walk up the creak. he could not escape. But there was one tree's foliage and run on the soft, green We were walking along when Verdon

secret window that the giant knew of. grass. This giant's name was Olymefus and he had one slave, whose name was Aphus. The man who spoke first looked down

for his imprisonment, and the way he

the heautiful Princess Helds, the king's burn had many pupils. Few of them wrote can.p. daughter. No one was allowed to see this well because they did not try. One after- The bear was standing on its hind legs beautiful princess, because they would fall noon she told them she would give a silver cating berries and when it heard us it got in love with her at first sight, but Olymefus star at the end of the month to the one down and started after us. It was just

dress in pink gowns and this is what comes his castle. of it." So she drooped her head and One dark night Olymetus dispatched wrote the best. Mary Roberts wrote the she saw the old bear close behind her. But Aphus to the king's palace, giving him in- worst, but made up har mind to write the there happened to be a fire burning and

When he saw Ralph he nodded

laughed Ralph.

warn't gone-swept clean away.

bunk.

Ralph.

princess. Aphus gained entrance to the and hoped she would get it. At the close That fall some men were hunting close to princess' bedroom, and, taking her in his of the month the teacher said she would where we camped and they killed a bear arms, flew back as if on wings to his tell them who wrote the best. Then she and that must have been the one we saw. master's castle. Here he let down the asked them to guess who wrote the best. It is a good thing we didn't throw rocks sleeping Helda. The giant woke her and They all said "Emma Marek!" The teacher at the bear or this story wouldn't ever asked har if she would be his wife. She told them the worst writer had turned out have been writtn.

said that she would not, whereupon Olyme- to write the best and Mary had won the fus said he would kill her if she refused star. It was pinned on her dress and Mary Roberts went to her home with a happy face.

#### Aunt Margaret's Confessing Club

Ia., Blue,

"The freshet's got me all right, all right," Aunt Margaret was looking for her book "And I was never so and Alice came into the room. "What are tickled to death in all my life as I am to you looking for, Aunty?" said Alice. "My see that kettle boiling and that tent for book, dear," said aunty. They both began shelter. Gee, but I thought I was in for a looking for it.

night of it, when, lo and behold, there "Come and play, won't you. Alice?" said came a curl of blue smoke, and like the star Herbert, coming in. "As soon as I find in the east it led me to the place I was aunty's book. Do you know where it is?" looking for-namely, grub and a covered Herbert turned his face away and said gruffly, "No." Aunt Margaret noticed the "Ha! ha!" laughed the old man, who change, but she said to Alice, "Go and proved to be a trapper. "I like to hear a play, dear." She remembered that yesteryoung feller talk up in meetin', be-gosh! day Herbert asked her if he could take her Come right up an' git yer part of all

book and read it by the brook. She was that's doin' here. Me pal has gone to afraid he would get it wet, so said no. town, an', blast me, if he'll git back agin' The next day she invited five girls and fer I wuz jist down to see about that old five boys. At 3 c'clock the children came. foot-log, an' kill me fer a badger if it "Children," said Aunt Margaret, "I am going to have a confessing club. The girls "And the departure of that foot-log has will tell the boys if they have done anything naughty and the boys will do the

same with the girls." But at this minute they heard a loud The children did as they were told, laugh hallos coming from the opposite bank, and ing heartily. As Herbert went past his By Willie Reinschreiber, Aged 9 Years, and the said "I want you to confess to 1719 South Tenth St., Omaha. Blus. going hurriedly down to a spot where they could look across the creek they be- aunt abe said, "I want you to confess to held the old man's "pal" waving franticme." Herbert inid his head down in her ally and explaining in his own emphatic hap and said, "Yes, sunty, I will confess." way that the foot-log was gone and he cut Then he told her that he had taken her though his way of saying it is bow, wow, book. She kissed him and said. "That is "Ah, I'll settle the problem," said Raiph all right now, dear. You can give me my

### A Week in the Country

where he explained all about Ralph's sit-

One day last summer, when I lived in And many days passed before Ralph to see if I wanted to go home with him. I waits quietly and patiently till given him.

## A Narrow Escape

One day I saw a boy with a gun across By Clarence Leggett, Aged 13 Years, Buf-nis shoulder and I wondered what he was fulo, Wyo. Blue. Four or five years ago all of our family,

I think it is too bad to kill squirrels, and One day we children. Verdon and I were

cried out "O! see the funny cow," and he picked up a rock and was about to throw it at the funny cow when the German New. Olymetus tried to revenge the king By Elsie Stastney. Aged 11 Years, Wilber, siri came running up crying "A bear, a bear," and she grabbed me with one hand wanted to revenge him was by marrying Miss Brown a school teacher of Wood- and Verdon with the other and started for

had seen her through the secret window in who wrote the best. Emma Marek knew a little ways to camp and when the Geror rather was sure she would get it for she man girl reached there with us children structions not to come back without the best and get the star. She tried real hard when the bear saw that he turned away.

Lucy

By Eleanor Robbins, Aged 10 Years, Nobraska City, Neb. Bed.

Lucy was my Uncle John's dog. She was black, shargy and cross, and would not make friends with anyone.

She was very devoted to Uncle John and time after time she would go to his bedside for a teaspoonful of oream. After many months of sickness Uncle John passed away. Lucy wandered all over the house, keeping up a constant search all the time.

Finally they decided to let her see him. She smelled of his hands and with her paws tried to call his attention. Then she seemed to realize that her master was dead. and jumped down and with her head buried in her paws fainted away.

After she came to she ran down to the harn and jumped into the wagon and onto the seat, where she had been in the habit of riding with Uncle John, guarding that no one should harm him.

After the funeral they took her and showed her the grave. Since then she has been like a child, begging for sympathy and eager for anyone to put her. She now makes friends with everyone.

#### A Little Dog's Dinner

"My table is set, please give me my dinner." This is what the little dog means, wow. His mistress feeds him in the dining room, but she is careful of her carpet, is the little dog's especial property. His dinner is always put into it and the bowl and napkin are kept in a cupboard that he can reach. He has watched his mistress when she spread the cloth, and set the By Ruth Roberts, Aged 11 Years, Lexing-ton, Neb. Blue. bowl on it till he has learned to do it himself. At dinner time when he bears the plates and goblets jingling in the china Gothenburg, I was sitting in the sitting closet, he goes to his cupboard and opens room reading when the door bell rang. 1 the door with his paw. He takes his tableran to the door. It was Dorothy Barthelo- cloth in his mouth and paws. He brings mew, who had come to play with me. When the howl and sets it down in the middle we had just got started playing I heard of the cloth, then he barks, to say that the outside door open and ran to see who his table is ready. But he does not keep it was, and there was my brother-in-law barking, as if he meant to tease for his from the country. He said he had come dinner, but he sits down by the bowl and

WHEN HE SAW RALPH HE NODDED WITHOUT A SIGN OF SURPRISE

high and knew that the river into which about fetting back O. K." And Ralph the case, for no foot-log remained there for two years, and the owner of the place Wolf creek flowed must be something fine laughed good-naturedly. "Whoever heard now. And the water was tearing at the might have moved away. Well, what was he hour? And I'll be hack three in less time the ends of the foot-log had rested.

dondy on foot. Just you watch me. So he could not pass, for swimming through had no food save a light lunch which would long till I see you again." that turbulent water so filled with danger- suffice only to stay his hunger for a few

Then Ralph was off as a fleet as a dear. ous driftwood was out of the question. On hours. Ah, he had been a fool to cross Hut he could not keep up the rapid gait, the other side of him was the river, a that foot-log. He had been taught a good To this joy Raph found the foot-iog

the spot of crossing he stopped in utter which stretched between the creek and the