BSY LITTLE BEES THE BROWN PA

OME of the Busy Bees have forgotten our limit of 250 words and, in consequence, some of the very best stories that have come in this month can not win prizes because they were too long. And please be careful and mark your stories so that the editor may know on which side they are to be counted.

Several of the boys have written the editor this week explaining why they ave not written stories. Some of them have been very good reasons, but in he meantime, while the games and other things are proving so attractive, the irls are winning the prizes. Three of our boys write that they are away for he whole summer, and another writes that he has moved to California and is amping on the seashore. He has promised to write us a letter soon telling bout the sport he has.

The prize winners for the best stories this week were: "The Lost Ribbon," by Hazel Maase, aged 12, Kearney, Neb.; "The Evergreen Tree," by Alice. Frassmeyer, aged 12, Riverdale, Neb. Honorable mention was given to "The Jolden Purse," by Hulda Lundgren, aged 13, of Fremont, Neb.

Those succeeding in giving the correct answer for the illustrated rebus this week were: Ethel Girard, Fremont, Neb.; Howard Riffer, aged 11, Glenville, Neb.; Ethel M. Ingram, aged 12, Valley, Neb.

Little Pat's Birthday Present By Maud Walker.

Little Pat O'Hara was, as his name sig- "That's like my boy," smiled the mother, ified, an Irish laddle, and as bright a little who was always a comrade to her behap as could be found in this country, loved son. "So while you're gone I'll bewhich was Pat's own by his parents' adop- gin tidyin' up the parlor for tomorrow. on. Pat was red of hair, freckled of face, Til be that busy in the mornin' that I'll ad blue of eyes, to say nothing of his have little time for fixin' the rooms. We'll which was brighter than his hair, all be so excited. Patsey, that we'll not eckles or eyes. And Pat's heart was the know whether we're standin' on our heads ignest part of his body, for in it he held or our feet."

tor.

bridle rein.

the hoss away."

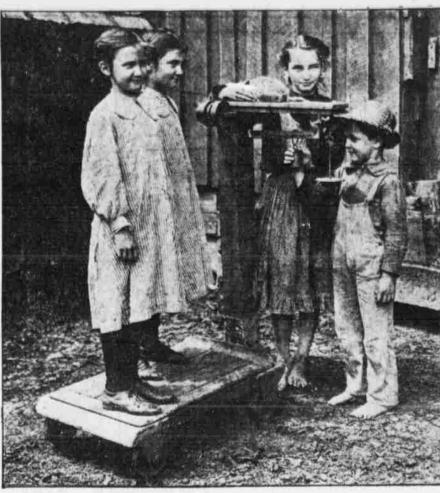
ove for all of mankind, childkind and ani- Pat brushed back his stubborn red hair, al and bird kind. Although Pat's parents wiped the dust and perspiration from his ere in very moderate circumstances Pat freckled face, and taking his straw hat ound the means to do many little acts of sauntered off down the village street in hairty in a quiet way. Whenever he carned quest of a choice of a birthday gift. As few nickels or dimes (and this happened he went along the one business street his ften, for he was a most industrious little attention was attracted by a conversahap) he did not forget to give some of it tion between two men who stood at a alms to the old and poor. corner. One was saying:

"Do unto thim as is poorer than yorself, is you would be done by in like circumtances," was Pat's own version of that randest of maxima.

fer two years now; the drouth killed Pat's birthday came in the last week of everything last year an' the ball cut my fuly, and as it was nearing that date Pat's wheat down this year jest as it was ready other began making preparations to celeto harvest. So I've got to sell this ole rate the occasion by giving her little son a hoss-an' he's a good one yet fer two year-so's to git money to have the doc-

"Patsey," said the good mother one orning, "I'm that worrit about what to tive you for a birthday prisent. I want o give you something what will be of some count, yo know. I don't believe in vastin' money on useless things. Now, an you give me a hint as to what I give ye-something what you'll bluo dt use of an' enjoy at the same time?" Pat sat meditating a few minutes; then e said: "Mither, le's wait about the prisent till I think it over. I'm not guite vertain just what I want yet. But I've tot a few days to look about and to think." "All right, son," smiled Pat's proud other, who always gave her Pat the privlege of helping to select his own presents. 'In that way the chile is never disapinted." she would explain if anyone com-

a poor man, very poor, perhaps. And the old horse-how Pat's sympathy was aroused ented on such a strange procedure. "An' in his behalf! All this aged animal's life f I go an' git anything without consulting had been spent in hard labor, working for likely to bring the very artile he doesn't want. So I give him a voice in the matter of his own prisents." So the days rolled by without Pat deteraining just what he wanted for a birthday gift. At last the "day of grace" arrived and still no present was selected. ithough Pat's mother often hinted to him that valuable time was slipping by and it would soon be too late to select a present unless Pat and she got their heads together and decided upon something right awas. "Tomorrow is your birthday, son," said the good woman, "and there's nothing to cheer you up and make you remember it. Your father is that worrit he don't know what to do. This mornin' he says to me, says he, What have we got for Patsey?' And I had to say, 'Nothin'. 'What, nothin' for the foincat lad on top the earth?' says he. Then I explained that the money was snug in me pocket-book for the gift, but that Pat hadn't made any selection yet. 'Woman,' says yer father, 'go an' git the boy somethin' an' surprise him, Don't let him know what you're afther gittin' fer his birthday.' 'Well,' says I, 'it's Pat's birthday, an' not yours ner mine, an' I'll git nothin' but somethin' that the darlin' boy wants," says L" "Right you are, mither mine," said Pat, holding his red head close for a pat from his mother's hand and a kiss from her lips. "I'll look out today sure an' find just what I want." "The party comes off fine tomorrow at 2 o'clock," explained Pat's mother. "I've cakes all baked an' in the cellar coolin' The ice cream man is to freeze the cream fer an hour before they'd go to eatin' an' enjoyin' thimselves. So I want the loo ing to both temper and body as ice cream you a fiver for every bone you can see got five in my bank an' my mother has on a hot day." After talking over the anticipated event an' see if my eyes fall on anything that to do with, ain't you Mister?" takes my fancy for a gift. Then I'll run back an' give you the hint."



GIVING THE TWINS A WEIGH.

ittleFolks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

first speaker, who held the animal by a 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil

"But, lorsey, man, I'm offerin' you the hoss fer \$10," declared the first speaker. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 word? "An' he'll do more than \$50 worth of work this fall, an' no mistake. I'm almost givin' 4. Original stories or letters only rill be used.

will 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 ORILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Omaha Bec.

and its branches were bare; its beauty called into dinner just as Jude came out was gone. Then the snow came and in all from Margaret's yard with a bone in his the park there was but one cheerful spot, mouth. Margaret was soing home with There the larch stood bravely, his leaves Spot at her heels. She stooped down and as green as when they came out. And pulled the hone out of Jude's mouth. Poor It cheered the people all through the win- Jude did not move nor growl. ter. It pleased them so they named it Margaret said as she took the bone from evergreen, and it remains so up to this Jude's mouth and put it-into Spot's: "You day. And it finds its way into many homes thie?, you. Mr. Jude, you always take my

(Honorary Mention.) The Golden Purse

time.

By Hulda Lundberg, Aged 11 Years, Fre-mont, Neb. Blue.

Once there was a boy named Theodore and a girl named Theodora. They lived with their father in a neat little cottage. Before their mother's death their father had a wonderful purse made of gold Every time he wanted money he would held it up in his hand and let it fail on the floor: when he picked it up R was filled with gold. This purse was stolen by an old witch that fived in the woods. The children were afraid to go near this wood for fear they would be caught.

One day they were out in the garden picking flowers. They looked a little way farther and saw flowers more beautiful than the ones they had, so they ran to get them. When they had all they could carry they started for home, but they found they were lost. "Oh, I wish I were home. said Theodora. Theodore tried to comfort

her by saying they would get home safely They walked through the woods all day until it was getting dark. They were tired and skeeny, so they lay down by a tree Frances' birthday was coming tomorrow. and sleepy, so they lay down by a tree and were soon asleep. When they awoke the next morning they came to a little house made of fruit. The children were very hungry and ate all they could. Then they heard some one coming. They looked up and in front of them was a pale old lady. She smiled and led them into the heuse. This lady was the old witch who had their father's purse. When the chiland thought they would never see their father again. One night Theodore and Theodora awoke and tried to get out, but every door was locked but one. This one their father's purse. They took it and wandered through the woods a long time. When they finally got home they gave their father his purse. They were now rich once more and moved to a beautiful palace. Here they lived happily together.

My Doll's Wedding

By Norine Schulhof, Aged 9 Years, Plattsmouth, Neb.

out among the strings and straws, just where Mrs. Robin had put it to make a Cousin Carl came to spend a week with Johnnnie. I thought while he was here we Mr. Hobbs. They had but one son, who she noticed it and had forgotten what to would have a doll's wedding. My next door was about three years old. His name was say to have it stop. Soon it was running neighbor, Alice, has such a sweet boy Pat. He was about four years old when doll; Eleanor and Zora have girl dolls, so his mother died. Mr. Hobbs went to work By Alice Grassmeyer, age 12 years, River- has little sister Carrie. Grandpa gave me early in the morning and stayed until late a wax doll on my birthday; it came from at night. Fat was very lonely after the Once there grew a most beautiful maple France. She was so lovely I named her death of his mother. One day he was tried many things, but all in vain, it kept

mean to do it, he is so kind, but somehow

boys' hands are very slippery when they

tell of it. When Victory was high in the

tree in the center of a handsome park All summer it had stood there covered good humor and baked me a small frosted dren at play. He wanted to play with with green leaves. Many people had rested cake and some small, cute cakes cut out, them very much, but was fimid and did beneath its shade. But when autumn came with a thimble. Then she made some not go down at first, but finally went out beneath its shade. But when autumn came with a thimble. Then she made some dot go down at first, but maily went out a change took place. The leaves began to lemonade, so we expected to have a feast, with them. Every evening he would go By Alys Martin, Aged 14 Years, Fair-mont, Neb. turn red and yellow. Then the people said, of course. I wanted the dolls to be married to meet his father, and tell him of all "How beautiful the maple is! In all the like real people, so I asked friend Clara, the good times he had had during the park there is not a tree with leaves so whom I expect will be married some day day. One day when Mr. Hobbs came home

and gladdens many hearts at Christmas poor dog's bones." But all Jude could do or think was to

lie still and say to himself: "Oh! Miss Margaret, I would bite you if I dared."

The Lost Key

By Frances Titus, Aged 12 Years, Holdrege, Neb. Red.

from school she found a tiny key. She took it home and showed it to her mother. The next day she was playing in her room when a little man came to her and said. "I heard that you found a key that belongs to me." "Yes sir. Would you like to see it "' "Yes, if you bring it to me I will take you to the place that it opens. Then he said, "Follow me." In a few minutes they came to a little glass door in the side of a mountain. He took out the key and opened the door. They walked through a long dark room, and pretty soon Dorothy saw a hundred little fairles dancing around a large fountain. The next

ing her to breakfast. Frances' Piano

thing Dorothy knew was her mother call-

She was asked to stay all night at her By Agnes Lundwerg, Aged 9 Years, Freconsin's. She was delighted to stay. In the morning she saw a piano wagon with it until it was out of sight. (The plano, of course, was going to her house). When it was placed in the house her mother telephoned for Frances to come home. Frances was very happy today, for she was dien knew this they were very frightened & years old. She ran in the door, but stopped short to see the same plano that she had seen in the wagon. It was now in her own parlor. On it was a large paper saying: "For mamma's little girl." Frances they opened and in this room they found read it, very much surprised. "Is it mine, mamma?" she said, running up and kissopened a window and climbed out. They ing her mother. "I can hardly thank you for it, mamma, it is just lovely." Frances loved music very much. She wanted to take music lessons right away. She took lessons and did very well. Frances is now a young lady and is a great musician.

Worn Out

By Melen Holliway, age 11 years. Ne-braska City, Neb. Blue. In the garret of an old house lived a

Victory Angeline. Mamma was in a very sitting by the window watching the chil-

about it. But she was busy and he found Pat in bed very sick. Pat was going north. You will at once be attracted

Why Mousie Moved



A dear little mouste lived in a shoe, hole in the toe served him as a door; an ugiv old cat frightened mousie Rut away. dear little fellow lived there no And

One night as Dorothy was going home year fell on top of me and we laid there hundreds of years.

We changed into hard things, as sand was over us, and laid there many years. A man was digging a deep well and he struck something hard. It hurt us and he got a piece of us, and we was coal. He went home and showed us to the people and they dug a mine, as we had turned to coal. They loaded the coal into a little cart and took it up through the mine and into the open air again. Oh! how glad I was when I saw the earth again. They loaded us into cars and hauled us."

The boy said, "You must be wonderful in the Fairyland of Science."

"To be sure 1 am," the coal replied. "After that I came to you folks." The boy listened againn, but the coal said

no more. He then woke up and found he had gone to sleep and had been dreaming.

The Magic Pan

mont, Neb. Red.

Once there was an old woman who had a plano in it go past the house. She won- nothing left to cat. She did not know what dered where it was going. She watched to do, so she went down by the brook and sat down to weep. As she was weeping a beautiful fairy dressed in white appeared before her and said, "My dear, what are you weeping for?" And she answered, "I have nothing to live on and do not know what to do." And the fairy handed her a pan which was made of gold and said. "When you want anything to eat put the pan on the stove and say, 'Cook, pan, cook.' And when you want it to stop you must say, 'Stop, pan, stop.' If you do not say this it will never stop."

Then the fairy disappeared and the lady went on her way home. As she came home she put the pan on the stove and said, "Cook, pan, cook," and then it started, and after she had all she wanted to eat she said, "Stop, pan, stop." She did this every day,

One day a neighbor came in and she showed her the pan. She then put it on the stove and said. "Cook, pan. cook." As they were standing talking together the poor man and his wife, whose name was pan began to run over on the stove. Then on the floor and in every room and even poured out of the windows and into the yard. Now the woman ran back and forth. for she did not know what to say. She on flowing.

A Bear Story

Imagine yourself near the wheel of a

brig off the coast of Salvador and still

men. And now, that he was broken down and about ready to die he was put up to sell for what he would bring. And the remaining time he had to live would be By Hazel Haase, aged 12 years, Kearney, spent in labor, for whoever bought a horse Neb.-Blue. spent in labor, for whoever bought a horse like him meant to drive him in the harness till he died.

Pat stepped up to the man who owned the old horse, saying: "Maybe I can strike a bargain with you, Mister, I heard you discovered for some time, and when they say you want to sell this horse."

"I wouldn't want to sell my ole hoss if

"No, this horse won't be workin' this

time nex' year," asserted the second man.

looking at the decayed teeth of an old

horse that stood, head drooping, beside the

"Can't see it that way," said the second

speaker, whom Pat knew to be a well-to-do

farmer from down the river valley. The

first speaker was a stranger to Pat, but

from his appearance he judged him to be

it wasn't that my little gurl is awful sick

an' needs a doctor. I hain't had no crops

The first speaker looked Pat over and le's see yer cash."

away, nodding to Pat to follow him. When bon she thought, "This is just what I want he got Pat a safe distance from the man for my children's bed." with the horse, he said: "You're Tim O'Hara's youngster, ain't you? Well, if it away with her, you've \$10 in your pocket, keep it there. That old horse is fit for the bone yard only. He'll never do a good day's work again." in the maple tree. "But ain't the man very poor-an' ain't his little girl sick an' in need of a doctor?" asked Pat innocently,

"Nope, he's just working that scheme and when business drags he draws on his the money? imagination for a sick family. I've seen that old fellow about the streets many

times, but never heard about his crop failure nor his family before." I do. Have you got fourteen?" Then the well-to-do farmer went on down the street and Pat turned about and went back to the horse dealer. "Ab, ha." said ago." said Pat, candor and contempt shinthat old man, "so you want to buy a good ing from his eyes, "You asked him \$10.

hoss, do you? Well, here he is. Of course You also told about a sick child that he's a bit the worse for wear just now, for needed a doctor. But, I'm not carin' about my harvestin' has been heavy this sum. Your stories. I'm sorry for this old horse mer an' I've had to put him through the and I'll buy him if you'll take what money in the mornin' an' deliver it at 3 o'clock. mill, so to speak. But give him a few 1 have for him." figered out that the party would go on weeks' rest an, presto, pass -you've got "How much have you got to give?" "a new hoss, an' a limber one what can asked the sly old trader, who did not travel some. He's a bit poor, but pasture seem to mind Pat's catching him in a cream to come in fine an' stiff an' cold as him a week an' then look at his ribs if yars. ice can freeze it. There's nothin' no cool- you can. After a week on grass I'll give "I can raise about \$5," said Pat. "I've

> through his hide." about three to buy a birthday present for Pat looked the old horse over and said; me."

of the morrow Pat said to his mother: "I suppose you are selling him because After a few moments more of "dicker-"Well, I'll take a turn down the street you have more horses than you know what ing" for another dollar or two the horse trader agreed to accompany Pat to his

"Shore, sir," assented the horse trader, home where the deal would be completed, "I've got a pasture full of 'em, an' as They led the old horse along, he, poor

The Lost Ribbon (First Prize.)

One beautiful spring day Bessie Brown gave a party. While the children were playing games upon the lawn Hattle Mason lost her hair-ribbon. The loss was not

came to look for it, it was nowhere to be found e's see yer cash." busy clearing the lawn of strings and larch sigh. She stopped and said. "Why do he would jump them over the broomstick and Cousin Carl promised to blow his horn. The well-to-do farmer walked slowly straws, and when she espied Hattid's rib. you sigh, little larch? Are you unhappy?" for the music. I'm music to blow his horn Meanwhile Mrs. Robin had been very The larch replied, "I only sighed because for the music. I'm sure Johnnie did not

So she took it in her bill and carried

When autumn came and the leaves fell. the children found an empty robin's nest Donald climbed up and brought it down.

rustled his leaves contentedly. In a few Imagine the children's surprise when days the maple's leaves fell to the ground Marie. My eyes were red from crying. But

to get rid of that horse." laughed the well- food stuff is high I'm sellin'-or rather I'm fellow, hardly able to walk, so stiff he horn so loud we had to put our hands over to-do farmer. "He's an old horsetrader givin' my animals away. Now, have you was in his crippled legs,

Pat's mother was told about the mat-"How much?" asked Pat.

ter, Pat, with a dimness in his usual table, so she could see the feast that was "Well, I've bin askin \$15 for him; but merry blue eyes, saying: "I want this old made for her. Grandpa says the next time seein' as you are a youngster I'll throw horse for a birthday present because he he goes to Omaha he will take Victory off a dollar. I like to treat youngsters well. has only a few years-or maybe months- Angeline to the doll's hospital and she will our ride." They started off and after a squad of himself. He had a reason for

The trader, with a chuckle, pocketed

the money and hurried away, muttering

and he had plenty of good oats and choice feed besides. And how he did rest and take on flesh! Then he pricked up his

ears, lifted his feet lively and showed

signs of complete renovation, as Pat put it. And as he grew strong, fat and active he looked fully ten years younger than when Pat bought him. And one day Pat's

father bought a little second-hand buggy to hitch the old "hoss" to so that Pat and the "mither" could ride in the cool of the evening. And if ever a horse was proud

it was that old birthday gift. He had never been a buggy horse, and the exalted position conferred upon him made

him so frisky at times that Pat had some

trouble in holding him down to the speed

"Not such a strange birthday gift after all, is he?" asked Pat of his mother one

evening as they rode along a country lane behind the happy old horse. "No, but when my boy bought him he never thought that he would be able to trot. not speaking of trofting in the shafts of

a buggy. He bought him just because he felt sorry for him, bless my boy."

allowed in the town.

was a good one after all. Ha, ha!"

the maple is so much more beautiful than

sorry for the larch, for he did look plain

beside the maple, so she touched him with

I, and pleases everyone." The fairy felt

they found Hattie's ribbon woven in and

(Second Prize.)

The Evergreen Tree

dale, Neb.-Red.

The maple was so soon.

nice soft bed for her children.

bright?"

ty and

"I heard your price to that man a while restin'. I do. It's awful to be old an' sick other wedding soon. an' poor-especially if you are a horse. Don't you think so, mither?"

me darlin' boy.'

Capers But "Mither" said never a word. She By Mae Girard, age 11 years, Fremont, went into the house, wiping a tear from her eye as she did so, and got from her When one wee kitten's in the house,

purse the three dollars. Then she opened It's all as quiet as a mouse: Pat's bank, took out the five dollars-all When there are two, it's not so quiet in nickles and dimes-and with this fund But not enough to call a riot. went again to the yard where the wary When three are there they make a noise old trader stood holding the horse's bridle Most like a schoolroom full of boys.

rein. Within a few minutes the money and Those kittens three kick up such capers. horse were exchanged. Pat's mother hand- Papa can't read his daily papers! ing the bridle rein to him, saying: "It's I think the best thing he can do, a strange birthday present, sonny, but- Is send all three to school, don't you?

to himself: "The old plug wan't worth leadin' home. He's all in, he is. I never expected to git five for him, so the deal Margaret and Leo were neighbors. They looking at some coal. He said, "Where always played together from early morn did you come from and when "" But had the trader seen the old "hoss" till late at night. They both had dogs. three months later he would have looked The dogs were white, with brown spots, story. The coal said, "Many ages ago I amazed. Pat had nursed the poor old ani- The name of Margaret's dog was Spot was a plant. I grew fast and got to be killed, and many were their praises.

sick for some time. His father watched pleazed at being praised that she began said, "Don't bother me; just jump them over him carefully every night for about to flutter her leaves in a boastful and over the broomstick." When everybody two weeks. Friday of the second week proud way. She spread out her boughs so had left the room but papa, I asked him Mr. Hobbs came home late, tired and far as to hide from view a little larch. if he carried a broomstick to church when hungry'. He brought home with him some But the maple said, "It does not matter he married mamma. I wish you could bread and milk for Pat. He gave Pat his if I do hide the larch, so I'll not let any- have heard him laugh. He almost fell off supper and ate some bread himself, and one see it; he is such a plain tree any- his chair. I did not say anything more, he then he sat down near Pat's hed to read. way. His leaves do not turn to gold like cause I do not like people to make fun of mine." The little larch heard these un-kind words, but he only rustled his stiff splendid, and so did George Washington. He went to sleep in the chair with his glasses in his hand." He was so tired he little leaves and sighed. The kind park the doll she was to marry. Johnny said could stay awake no longer. He had fairy passed by just then and heard the he would jump them over the broomstick watched Pat until he had gone to sleep. In two or three days Pat was well enough to play with the children again.

The Donkey

hold dolls. Oh, dear; I hate even now to One day a couple of years ago, two

her wand and said: "That tree should be air she fell and broke all to pieces. I sat little girls were coming home from school, green forever." The larch smiled and right down and cried. Some one had to be married, so I took my next best doll, Helen gate and said, "Bessle come on in till Alice said it did not matter, as folks always cried at weddings. Carl blew the our ears. We ate up the good things and I put Victory Angeline's head close by the

be fun to tease the donkey, so they did.

the girls thought, so it quite unexpectedly began to run. Irene was not prepared for this and dropped the lines, she was so surprised. Of course Topsy had her own way then, so he threw poor helpless Hessie off onto the pavement. She was noticed by some ladies, who were going to take her home, but they had only gone a block when they saw a lady that knew

The Coal's Story

By Cecil Schaack, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. No. 2. Walnut, In. Blue.

He had no idea that coal could tell its mal like a parent nurses an ailing child and Leo's dog was Jude. Jude had a old. Then I died and was washed under- Strange to say his back was sore for a

Johnny's Big Game

Little Johnny went a-hunting With his hig pop-gun: Out to shoot the twigs and branches And have lots of fun.

Now, behind a trunk, napping, Weary Willie sat. Little Johnny accident'ly Shot the Weary's hat!

Pop! the wad of chewed-up paper Hit with all its might. Weary Willie, waked so sudden, Was a funny sight.

Up he leaped, his wild eyes staring, Hand pressed to his head: "Sure as I'm a living sinner A ball hit here," he said.

"And that bullet, cold and leaden, Lodged right in me brain. Handouts and the freight-train rattle Shall be mine ne'er again!"

Then, with sublime realgnation, Dropped he in a heap; Thinking that his wound was fatal: Thus he fell asleep.

on between a grizzled old man and a boy of about 15 years of age The man is say-"As I wus sayin', Jack." huga:

"Oh, Philips! Look out there! An iceberg.

And there in truth was an iceberg scintilating in the Arctic sunlight. The peaks and summits which in strong contrast with the hollows, were bathed in numberlass rainbows together with the green water, which was churned into grand foam-topped waves made a very beautiful scene. One indeed to make one open his eyes in amazement. But stay, the conversation is again

renewed. "Philips, is it standing still? Can we go By Helen Sanford, Aged 11 Years, 4820 hunting on it? Dad said we could, on the Florence Boulevard, Omaha, Blue. very first one, and this is the first." very first one, and this is the first.'

"Yas, me boy, to both on 'em. "Oh, good! I'll go tell 'em. We can Irene and Bessie. Irene stopped at her go today, can't we? It's only 10." "All right, sir. We'll do'er. Go aft and

I get Topsy (the donkey) saddled, then if tell them fellers to get ready." your mamma will let you. I'll take you Preparations were at once begun, and in for a ride." Bessie said, "All right," So half an hour they started. It was only after they got Topsy saddled they rods about a ten-minute row and soon they down to see if she could go. After a little landed. Philips divided the ten men into teasing her mamma said she could, but squads of three, thus leaving Jack alone. she must take a book back to the library "Oh, I forgot the kid. He kin go with for her and get another one. "Well," enny of the bunches he wants to."

Irene said. "that's where we will go for He carried this command out by making to live. An' I want him to pass the time come home cured. So there may be an- they had gone about five blocks away this. He had seen something which he they saw some boys who thought it would did not want to tell the men about. Some 500 feet away, and in the shadow, was a The girls got up to the library without large white object which was moving an accident, but Irene thought she had slowly away, and he had conceived tha better lead Topsy and let Bessie ride home, idea of that bear being alone, so he The donkey had gotten rather worked up slipped away unobserved and was soon when the boys had teased it, more than close to the bear, which had, by this time, scented and turned to meet him. Instantly his gun went to his shoulder and he fired,

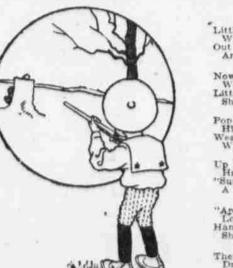
but the shot was not a true one and hit the bear on the shoulder. This enraged it and it started toward Jack, who was trying to reload his gun but the cartridge refused to be dislocated in spite of his continued efforts. By this time the bear was almost upon him, and it was evident that his only recourse was his pistol, which he at once drew. This time his aim was more deliherate and the bear fell, as he supposed, dead; but he was

just starting to go to it when it started to A boy was sitting silently on a chair rise and another shot dispatched it. The shots startled the men, who had not gone far, and they came running up to the place where he was and were very

surprised when they saw what he had Into a big pasture the old horse went, double nose. One noon Leo had been neath the ground. Many others after each week afterward. Can you guess why?



WELL IVE BIN ASKIN' FIFTEEN DOLLARS FOR HIM."



it's your choice. You have a heart of gold. Their noise and capers then will cease Jude

And he can read the news in peace. By Edith Gespert, age 13 years, Pierce, Neb. Blue.