NLY a few more days before we elect the king and queen for the next three months, or for the spring. Any of the Busy Bees who have not sent in their votes, please send them in by next Tuesday. The winter contest between the Blue side and the Red side has been the closest that we have ever had, and the stories have been sent in splendid form, for not a story has found the waste paper basket for several weeks. There are a large number of stories which we have received and which will be printed as soon as there is room on The Busy Bees' Own Page.

The prizes this week were awarded to Nellie Wood of Omaha, on the Red side, and to Fred Borghoff of Omaha, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Beulah Keithley of Superior, Neb., on the Blue side.

The illustrated rebus, "It is time for the birds to come in the trees and the flowers to grow in the field," was answered by Catherine Conrad, 1112 North Fortieth street, Omaha, Neb.

Several new names have been added to the Postoard Exchange this week. Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes: Mary Brown, 1822 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4662 Dodge street, Omaha.
Junnita Innes, 2768 Fort street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4588 Cass street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4588 Cass street, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 1822 Boulevard, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtie Jensen, 2909 Lard street, Omaha.
Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1628 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Helen Houck, 1628 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust St., Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol Ave., Omaha

Postcard Exchange, which now include Jean De Leng, Alnaworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barpston, Neb. Lillan Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Marie Gallagher, Benson, Neb. (box 12), Ida May, Central City, Neb. Vers Cheney, Creighton, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Marjon Capps, Gibson, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb. Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb. Wilma Howard, 1722 Capitol Ave., Omaha. Hilah Fisher, 1316 South Elsventh, Omaha. Mildred Jensen, 1797 Leavenworth, Omaha. Mabel Sheifelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth etreet, Omaha.

Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth street, Omaha.

Edna Heden, 1010 North Twenty-ninth street, Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fift)

Ella Voss. 607 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Elghth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 405 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, 415 West Pourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 928 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alloe Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Bdythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
Hughle Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughle Disher, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenus, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenus, Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omahs.
Oscar Erickson, 2709 Howard street, Omahs.
Louis Raabe, 2600 North Ninsteenth avenue, Omaha. Hene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb. Jessie Crawford, 465 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Pauline Schulte, 413 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Marth Murphy, 228 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb. Macker E. Rutt, Leeshars, Neb. Macker E. Rutt, Leeshars, Neb. Macker E. Rutt, Leeshars, Neb. Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. Alice Grassmeyer, 1645 C St., Lincoln, Neb. Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb. Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb. Clara Miller, Utica, Neb. Macker E. Statle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Macker E. Statle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Estalle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Macker Grand, Neb. Estalle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Macker Grand, Neb. Estalle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Macker Grand, Neb. Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb. Earl Perkins, Redding

One of the Brightest Busy Bees





## Girlie, the Witch and the Fairy

By Relena Davis.

so I have been told-I merely call her till I am on my feet again. Oh, this pain Girlie, and let it go at that, for the story in my back is very trying ... ' And the poor will fit one little maid's name as well as old lady groaned in her agony,

another.

Girlie was an orphan living with a a mountain village. The dear old grandmother was a weaver of cloth, supplying the richest families of the village with their linens. In this way the old lady earned a meager living for Girlie and herself, but they had never a luxury. Only the barest necessities were theirs. As there were no schools in the those

days for girls (and few for boys, except for the sons of the rich) Girlie had nothing to take her from home, save to go to the chapel on Sunday morning, and to the neighbors on errands through the week, or down to the market place in the village to buy food for their table. So she and the grandmother were very close companions, Girlle sometimes assisting at the great loom which almost filled the small weaving room. Only one other room had the cottage, and the loom room was the living room and kitchen and bed room also. The second room served as kitchen, dining room and store room.

too ill to get out of bed, and as there was an order for a piece of linen from one of dark, especially when alone, and in a deep have seen this year. I am sure it will bring the rich ladies of the village the old lady was very loath to lie idle.

her cot. But from sheer weakness she fell more than from the other. So, finding back on her pillow, groaning with the pain herself in the wood, she sat down on a flat

grandmother, felt a heavy heart and begged coming out. her to He still, saying that she-Girliewould do what she could at the loom that

IRLIE was not the right name weave well enough to work on the piece of the little maid of whom this of linen that is ordered by Dame Golden. story is written; but as some of She pays well and expects the finest work you might know her, should I You so often get little knots in the thread. write her correct name-for she dear, and that makes a rough place in the figures in very ancient history, cloth. No, my lass, the cloth must wait

Girlie sat beside her, rubbing the af-Girlie lived in the long, long long ago, flicted part till at last the old Grandin a country whose name I shall not give mother slept. Then, stealing tiptoe to the for the same reason that I do not give door, the little maid looked out at the the name of our little heroine. Indeed, setting sun. All day long she had waited it is quite necessary to keep the where- at the bedside of old Grandmother, and abouts of the little maiden a secret. Other- she was surprised to see that the day was wise the story would not be so interesting. already gone. As she stood looking afar off toward the great mountains that dear old grandmother in the outskirts of loomed like a wall about the village her fancies set to work. "I wonder if the fairles are about in the mountains now." she whispered to herself. "It is said that in the early springtime the fairles come from the clouds to the trees, where they stay during the summer. Ah, I wish I

> illness and she would heal her and make Then, seeing that old Grandmother slept soundly, Girlie decided to walk a little way down the street leading to the village, for she felt the need of some exercise in the open, having been housed so closely all day. But as she walked along her mind became so busy with thoughts of fairles that involuntarily her steps turned towards the mountain, instead of following the village street, and within a few minutes she had passed the last hut on the border

night visit the mountains and see a fairy.

for I would tell her of poor old Granny's

One day poor old grandmother was ill, deep and beautiful wood. Now, some children are afraid of the wood, but Girlie was not afraid of any- me good luck!" thing, for she knew the night was made "I must get out of bed, granddaughter," by the Great God as well as the day, and

## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

 Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not pencil 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

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

(First Prize.)

Kathleen's Lesson

y Nellie Wood, Aged 14 Years, 2511 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omana. Red Side. Kathleen O'Callahan lived in a remote corner of Ireland, nevertheless a very beautiful corner. She was of true Irish character; hot-tempered, but at the same time, kind-hearted and jolly. In her red hair, which gleamed almost golden in the sunlight and her large, blue eyes, you would scarcely believe she was anything but sunny-tempered.

Kathleen was very fond of walking By Fred Borghoff, Aged 13 Years, 3417 Burt agent a good deal of her time with Street, Omaha. Red Side. and spent a good deal of her time with her brother, who was taking botany. It was a lovely, spring day in March.

The grass was just beginning to come up and the brown earth was being covered with a blanket of soft, bright green. Dennis and Kathleen were out walking as usual, pay. of the town and was in the midst of a All at once Kathleen stopped and then bending down cried.

"Oh, here is a shamrick, the first I

She took out her shamrock and looked at it again. Some way it didn't seem quite nore transparent. In small letters on noe leaflet she read these words, "Three wishes." Kathleen hardly believed she was awake. She called, "Dennie!" but he was too far away to hear so she decided to make her wishes alone. "Well, first," Kathleen began, "I want a new dress for the celebration of St. Patrick's day. There now, how selfish I am," she thought. So she said, "Wish mother did not have to work so hard making lace." She paused to think of a last wish and a beautiful fairy stood before her and said. "I am the fairy queen, now choose which flower you like best, it shall be your last wish," and when Kathleen turned around there was a bower of every different flower imaginable in the Emerald Isle from the stateliest to the lowliest. She saw a tiny, wee, yellow-hearted daisy hid in the leaves of a finer flower. "I take this." "Well chosen," said the queen, "for that will give

you purity and humbleness." All at once someone called "Kathleen! Kathleen! 'tis time for our walk, come!' and then she realized that she had dreamed it, but she never forgot the flower's lesson.

> (Second Prize.) What Robbie Did

One bright morning Robbie Dale sat quietly on the doorstep. He was planning

"Oh, dear! I wish I could do something," sighed Robbie. He sat thinking a while longer. Suddenlly

a bright idea came to him. "I'll ask but she said she was going to give it to her, and would come for her as it was on with an expression on her face that boded mamma!" he exclaimed. His mother was So saying she thrust it into the bosom froning in the kitchen. She looked greatly noticed that all of them began to whisper go, and when they arrived in Boston she All that night Jocko was tied up and of her dress. Dennis had wandered off into surprised when Robbie told her about his to each other about something, all but had a grand time. They visited all the was not allowed any nuts for dessert at

and sandwiches for him.

fair grounds. Everybody in the village last night," thought Rose, and I think you who knew Robbie liked him very much. The fair was to last only one day, Rob- was, ble could hardly wait for the time. But the day came at last, a bright sunshiny morning. Robbie was at the fair grounds at an early hour. He carefully arranged his stand, doughnuts and sandwiches on one side and candy, glasses and lemonade on the other. Bobble prided himselef on the lemonade. It must have been good, for his little stand was soon quite surrounded.

around Robbie's stand was old Jacob Green, who kept the village store. He had known Robble's father and was a great friend of the family. He saw how busy the little boy was and he decided to help him. Robbie was glad of his assistance. Before night everything was sold. Robbie counted his money, finding he had made nearly \$10. With a joyful heart he By John Barron, Aged 11 Years. Monarch, burried home to his mother. Wyo. Red Side. hurried home to his mother.

"Will this help you, mamma, dear?" he cried, passing her the money.

"Yes, very much," answered mamma; him to her heart, kissing him and Robbie was quite contented.

and useful man.

(Honorable Mention.) Ned's Boat Ride

father had often taken him boat riding. Franklin was 7 years old. Franklin was Ned's father did not allow him to go the man who discovered electricity.

for a ride himself and so after asking his father several times that day to take him and had been refused he decided he would sneak away to the lake and try his luck with the boat. After unlocking it he jumped in and pushing it from the stake felt sure he

would have a nice ride by himself. Then reaching down for the oars the found he had forgotten to put them in and so the boat gradually kept floating and floating down the lake.

Ned had begun to feel frightened and thinking all the time how he had disobeyed his father, wished he had stayed at home. At last he drifted up against some shrubbery and lodged.

rowed to him, bringing him safely to the in a sliken blanket. Ned ran home and told his father all about his boat ride and said he would

The Wise Old Mouse

never, never try it again.

By Howard Ohman, Aged 9 Years. 1942 Bouth Twenty-eighth Street, Omaha. Red

A wise old mouse went on tiptoe into the kitchen to see if Jane the cook had swept un all the crumbs. There to his surpri he met Buzz the cat. "Oho!" cried the cat. "this is lucky. Now I shall have a fine dinner." The mouse saw that he was caught, so he said. "Thank you, Mr. Buzz, but if I am to dine with you I should like first to put on my red Sunday coat. My old gray jacket is not nice enough."

This amused the cat. He had never seen the mouse with his red Sunday coat. "Perhaps he would taste better," thought he. "Very well, Mr. Mouse," he said, "do not be long, for I am hungry. I will wait for By Elsie Hamilton, Aged 14 Years, 2029 L you here."

The mouse lost no time, but at once day, softly singing to himself, but the wise old mouse did not come back again. Since then there is a new proverb in cat-

land. It is this: "A mouse in a gray jacket is sweeter than a mouse in a red Sunday coat."

Two Unselfish Girls

By Helen Cross, Age 11 Years, 212 Front Street, North Platte, Nob. Red Side. Rose Barclay was 10 years old. Her father was a banker, so Rose had everything she only twelve more days. As it was, not mother." very long before her birthday, and as she was to have a party, she began to send in- be good and be contented." how to help his mother, who was poor and It happened that Mary was the last one ceived one from her Aunt Irene. When she head chopped off a leg instead. needed money very much. Baby Ruth had to get there the night of the party and had read it for a little ways she turned and been sick and there were many bills to all the girls snickered when she came into said to her mother with a crey of delight, legged chicken on the ground. The chicken nice clothes as they did. Each one was to thing so delightful?"

at the fair which was to be opened next gave it to Mary. The rest of them didn't week. He thought he could sell lemonade say anything, but they were very mad. and candy. Perhaps, too, his sister Alice The next morning Rose found another would make some of her nice doughnuts necklace like the one she had given Mary to the night before lying on her dresser, and After a while Robbie obtained his moth- a note with it which said: "From your er's consent to try this plan. He easily ob- father for your unselfishness." "I don't tained permission to have a stand on the think I was the only one that was unselfish

My Pet

can guess who the other unselfish girl

By Ruth Konigmacher, Age 11 Years, R. F. D. No. 2, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side. My pets are two dogs; one of them has five pupples, but one of the pupples froze to death. They play with their mother all day. When they hear anyone coming they run and hide, but it is not hard to get It kept him very busy. Among the group them. They like to play with me. I dress them in my dolls' clothes and play school with them.

I have two bantam chickens that will come to me when I call them. My bantam tell her friends and was enabled to enterhen lays eggs.

A Story of Benjamin Franklin

There was once a little poy whose name By Harry Brodkey, Age 10 Years, Omaha. was Benjamin Franklin. One day it was his birthday and his father gave him some "but it helps me more to know that I have pennies. As he was walking along the such a good, thoughtful son. She clasped street he saw a boy with a whistle. He One day little George went out to play, asked the boy where he got his whistle. The boy said right over there across the fast and he saw that his mother had fallen Many times after that he found ways of street. Franklin went over to the store. helping his mother. He grew to be a good The man asked him what he wanted. He told the farmers who were near the house, and useful man, said, "I want a whistle," The man said. The farmers came and took his mother out "How much money have you got?" Franklin put all of his pennies on the counter. The man took the pennies and gave him a whistle. When he got home his mother When George's father came home he said; By Beulah Keithley, Aged 10 Years, Su-asked him how much money he paid for perior, Neb. Blue Side. asked him how much money he paid for the whistle. He said, "All of my pennies." Ned was a boy of about 12 years of age His mother said that was too much. He called him "the little hero." and lived in a large farm house, only a said he wanted the whistle, and his mother short distance from a lake, on which Ned's said he could keep it. This happened when

The Wonderful Cradle

By Alice Viola Porterfield, age 12 years, 1120 South Thirty-second street, Omaha,

Neb. Blue Side. As I was walking in the garden one morning I saw a caterpiliar slowly creeping over the leaves of our grape-vine.

The next morning I found that he had eaten a great many leaves during the night. He kept on eating leaves until I thought there would be none left. One day after a big dinner I saw him

fasten a silken thread (which seemed to come from his mouth) to the grape-vine. Then he slowly twisted his head around A fisherman not far away saw him and and around until he had wrapped himself Summer dwindled into fall, and then

came winter with its snow and icy winds. The Old Year went and the New Year came; but the silken cradle in which my caterpillar was was hidden did not open, but simply swayed in the wind.

At last the warm spring sunshine came and one day in May I heard rustling like the house and garden. You may be sure that of leaves, and turning I saw the cradle slowly open. I waited to see the caterpillar come out, but in its place there appeared a beautiful butterfly that slowly crept out and unfolded its velvety wings

"Oh! Oh!" criced all the children, as the butterfly soared out into the beautiful May sunshine. And I did not regret the leaves he had eaten.

(This is simply a story we had to reproweek ago and I thought I would send it

A Visit to Boston

Helen Sumners, a girl of 14 years, was popped into his hole The cat waited all sitting at her pleasant home in Long Island, when her uncle brought in the mail. They always ate breakfast before they opened the bag, and today they were making plans for a summer vacation. Helen had been studying United States history in school that term and was greatly interested

> "I know where I would like to go," said she. "I would like to visit some of the places of historical interest such as Boston and Philadelphia."

"Yes," agreed Helen, "and I will try to

the room because she did not have on as "Oh. mother, did you ever hear of any- set up a terrible squawking and cackling.

best got a necklace. Rose got the necklace, a visit to Boston and invited her to go with head and took it in the house to pick it someone that was at her party. Rose the way. Of course, Helen was allowed to ill for Jocko. declared the old lady, trying to rise from that there was nothing to fear from one another path and Kathleen was left alone. Plan was to have a small stand Mary. She didn't, but she guessed. So she historical scenes and Helen was particu-

## Dance of the Nymphs

Under the big oak tree,
The little fairles go,
To dance and to sing,
Till the stars their light do show.

They dance and they play,
And gally sing,
They hold on the branches
And gently swing.

the places she had seen.

They come there each eve, When the moon shines bright, To dance and to play Till the sun gives light. -Aleda Bennett.

larly delighted with the Bunker Hill visit. When she returned home she had much to tain them many afternoons in history time at school with an account of her visit and

The Little Hero

Little George was 6 years old. He lived with his mother and father on the farm. Suddenly he heard a scream. He ran very down into the well. He ran quickly and The farmers came and took his mother out of the well. When his mother was out she threw her arms around George, for she thought she would never see George again. "You are a hero, my son, for running so

Better Than a Bit of Bread

fast for help." After that all his playmates

By Marie Flinge, age 13 years, 1021 West Third street, Grand Island, Neb. Red

There was a little girl about the age of 9 years by the name of Sally Groves. Sally's father bought her a pair of red shoes with red strings in them, but she thought it would look nice to have yellow

strings. She put the yellow strings in them and thought they looked real nice.

Sally had been taught to obey, and her mother thought they looked too gay, so she took them out. Just then the doorbell rang and an old man was there and said, "My dear little

miss, will you please give me a piece of bread? I have walked a long way this morning and have had no breakfast," "Oh! I'm so sorry for you." she said, and she gave the yellow shoe strings to him. The man took them and went off. He met a lady on the street and her rub-

ber was coming off. He got on his knees and tied it on with the yellow shoe strings. and for his kindness he received a hearty breakfast.

The lady gave him constant work about he didn't forget to call and tell Sally

Groves of his good fortune,

Ned and May

By Emma Petersen, Aged 12 Years, 2211 Locust Street, East Omaha, Neb. Red

Ned and May were twins and Ned was stronger than May was, but May was duce. My teacher read it to us about a brighter than Ned. One day they were playing in the hall and Ned was sliding down the banister, when May told him to be careful not to fall. Ned did not listen, but he got tired of sliding down the banister, so he started to jump the steps. He said when I was 4 years old I jumped four steps, and new I am five years old I will jump five steps. He started to jump, but he did not jump on his feet, but on his nose. May helped him up and his nose started to bleed. His mother washed his nose, which was as red as a strawberry, but it taught him a lesson.

"Live not to brag, live not to boast, grief comes to those who brag the most."

The Mischievous Monkey

By Ethel Cressey, Aged 12 Years. 826 North Twentieth Street, South Omana. Red Side. "That would be very nice," agreed her Mr. Hagan had a very mischievous moncould wish for. But she was a good child mother, "and it would help you in your key. They called him Jocko, which is a and helped everybody that was poor all lessons, but I fear it is impossible, as I very good name for him. One day Jocko she could. It would soon be her birthday- must stay here with your sick grand- sat watching the cook kill a chicken. After dinner be went out in the storeroom and got a pan of wheat and then went out and threw it in the pen and the chickens were vitations. There was one poor girl that After breakfast the mail was distributed. not very long coming. But Jocko caught Rose invited. Her name was Mary Larsen. There were several letters and Helen re- one and while attempting to chop off its

He soon got disgusted and threw the one-The cook came running out to find out the have a game, and the one that was the It turned out that her aunt was making trouble. She soon chopped off the chicken's

the exertion had caused her. rock to rest a bit and to look up through sleep and will wake, after many hours, re- should be so happy. Let me see-what was Girlie, a feeling of fear coming over her. dried grass, after which a piece of rotten After a few years of confinement in this Girlie, seeing the feeble condition of her the treetops at the stars that were just freshed. So I am in no hurry to return "Granny will sleep a long time," she said to herself, "for all last night she was side and enjoy the cool breeze and the wakeful, and all this day she has not fragrance of the pine trees. And-and-I no, granddaughter, you cannot closed her eyes till now, so she'll get a good wonder if a fairy will chance this way. I



to the cottage, for the night is lovely and I will wander about here on the mountain I'll try to repeat it."

bring the fairles? Oh, yes, I remember. Then upon her knees little Girlie

dropped, and holding her hands clasped high over her head, her eyes bent on the ground, she repeated in a solemn voice: "Fairles rich and fairles poor, won't you hear me, I implore? Come this night and visit me and listen to my entreaty." Then, after a moment's pause, Girlie repeated the rhyme, and, sitting very still, raised her eyes to the sky, hoping to see a band of fairies coming, full wing, toward her, But nothing intervened between her and the stars above. Just as she was about to repeat for the third time her little plea to the fairies she heard a slight stir in the bushes behind her, and turning about beheld a white-clad figure approaching her. Girlle immediately thought the form that of a fairy, and, bowing low, said: "Ah, good fairy, you have responded to my call. I am in sore trouble. My dear old Granny is very ill, and I beg of you to come up to our cottage and make her well. you do this for a poor little girl, good fairy?" she was now too much ofraid to refuse to "Let me go to my dear old granny, who is cave," explained the good fairy and I foland go with you. But where do yo live?" had been, "Fellow me, my child."

Thus replied the figure in white. but from my cave there is a shorter route. Will you accompany me to my place, where to your grandmother's home."

it my old Aunt Susan used to say would She had heard that only wizards and wood was ignited and smouldered gloomily, cave you will be glad of the chance to and mountain tops only.

from the other fairles of my band." Girlie, half afraid, decided to follow the

have her grandmother restored to health. climb up some rude stone steps toward the trap you nicely, my child?" black hole, which Girlie knew to be the "But-but-but you will not keep

Once inside the cave Girlie could see Girlie gave the information asked for, and nothing, for total darkness reigned. "Be grinning terribly. "I have waited long for last witch in this country, and now the the white-clad figure said: "Well, it is not afraid," said the voice that had been a young companion. I must keep you now human beings as well as the fairles may quite a walk from this spot to the village, conversing with her, but it had suddenly that I have you safe and sound. I'll teach sleep without fear," grown barsh and grated on Girile's ears. you all my tricks and you'll soon be a fine Then there flashed a dim light in the fur- young witch. Ah, the mischief we two "You speak of living in a cave," said piece of flint, catching it in some bits of stacy. "Ah, you are a pretty little one! Girlle became a great and good princess.

witches lived in caves and that fairies never Then to Girlie's horror she beheld for the practice the black art, if for no other readwelt in such places, inhabiting the clouds first time the white-clad figure's face. It son than to get out into the fresh air." "Ah, yes, my child," replied the white- sank into a corner of the cave, hiding her Girlie. "I cannot-I will not-become a robed figure," keeping her face covered by face in her hands. She was in the cave of wicked witch! Let me go, I implore you!" a white veil. "Sometimes we fairles go a wicked old witch. She realized her And, running to the cave's entrance, Girlie into caves for a little secret study. Even danger and trembled with fear, not daring attempted to pass out, but she came against fairles must have privacy at times. I am to take a second look at the horrible face a selld stone cover to the opening. The studying the stars and must steal away which was turned toward her, and which witch had rolled a huge flat stone there was plainly visible in the firelight.

white-robed figure to the cave and thence lamb?" asked the now harsh and cracking with all her might: "Fairies rich and to her own cottage, where she hoped to voice of the witch. "I have a nice home fairles poor; won't you hear me, I imhere in this cave, my dear. All I needed plore?" They walked rapidly up the mountain- was a young companion, and you shall be She got no further, for the witch had side and after going a considerable dis- that desired person. You will grow up to her by the throat and was choking the tance the white-clad figure-still keeping be a fine witch and while you are young very breath out of her body, when of a her face veiled-turned suddenly into a your power will be unlimited. It is only sudden the great stone rolled from the engreat shadowy clump of trees. Then above after one has grown old and ugly like I trance and a beautiful fairy stood in the Girlle's head appeared a huge ledge of rock, am that one has to keep one's face cov- cave. With a wave of her wand the fairy in the side of which yawned a small black ered by a vell when going about in the cried out: "Perish, wicked witch!" And hole. The white-draped figure started to disguise of a fairy. Ah, ha, ha! Didn't I

entrance to a cave. Girlie followed, for here?" pleaded Girlie in trembling tones.

"No, no, no!" declared the old witch,

was aged, wrinkled, hideous, cruel! Girlie "But I must go to my granny!" cried and barred the exit. Beating her hands "Ha, ha, ha! Do you know me, little against the stone, Girlie began to cry out

before Girlie could understand what was taking place the old witch lay dead at her

feet. "I saw that old witch lead you to this "Ah, yes, my child, I shall get my wand obey her strange leader, and the command ill and needs me. Please let me go at lowed as fast as I could. I have been watching for her for years and tonight is the first time I have found her. She is the

And the good fairy went home with Girlie and by her magic made old grand-I shall get my wand? Then we will go on ther corner of the cave, and Girlle saw can do in the world!" And the old witch mother well and strong, and also made that her companion had struck fire from a smacked her thin lips and gurgled in ec- her and Girlie rich, and soon thereafter

"YOU WILL GROW UP TO BE A PINE WITCH, AND WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG YOUR POWER WILL BE UNLIMITED."