T IS NEARLY time for the Busy Bees who have been having playtime all during vacation to get ready to start in with their school work. It would probably interest the other little renders if some of the Busy Bees who have had an especially good time would write about how they have spent

It is a long time since any of the writers have sent in a story about historical events, about things which might have happened to the early settlers of this country. Some very good fairy stories have been sent in and most of the little girls who read the Busy Bee page write that they prefer fairy stories, but we want the boys to be interested, too, and they like to have Indian stories or something exciting. A variety of stories will make the page more interesting than ever.

Prizes were awarded this week to Sadie Finch on the Blue side and to Phyllis Corbett on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Myrtle Jensen, ex-queen of the Busy Bees, on the Blue side,

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo. Irene Losteild, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Je Ord, 66 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pa Ord, 67 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pa Ord, 68 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 525 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Martha Murphy, 525 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Marloffe Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Hughe Disher, 302 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughe Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Heien Johnson, 324 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Heien Johnson, 324 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
Heien Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Eartlie McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Harvy Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvy Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Orin Fisher, 120 S. Eleventh St., Omaha, Mildred Erickson, 270 Howard St., Omaha, Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth

Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.

Juan De Long, Amsworth, Neb.

Itom Sh.Coy, Barriston, Neb.

Linian metron, Desver Chy, Neb.

Manus with Bennington, Neb.

Anina tothics, Bennington, Neb.

Martir Gantaguer, Bennington, Neb.

Ina May, Central Chy, Neb.

Louis Hahn, David Chy, Neb.

Evra Chency, Creighton, Neb.

Kinde Freidell, Morchester, Neb.

Evince Bode, Falls Chy, Neb.

Manion Capps, Gibson, Neb.

Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

Lydia Roth, 86 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.

Line Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.

Je Ord, 496 West Charles street, Grand Je Grand Island, Neb.

Je Grand Island, Neb.

Grand Island, Neb.

Grand Island, Neb.

Jack Coad, 3718 Farnam street, Omaha.

Lillian Wirt, 4188 Cass street, Omaha.

Myrtle Jensen, 2908 Issard street, Omaha.

Myrtle Jensen, 2908 Issar

Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.

Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.

Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Orrin Fisher, 1210 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Gear Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Louise Raabe, 2600 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 233 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas St., Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4462 Dodge street, Omaha.

Eva Hendee, 4462 Dodge street, Omaha.

Busy Bees at Play



MAKING BELIEVE THEY ARE GROWNUPS

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on ove side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

Omaha Bee.

(First Prize.) The Green Worm

By Sadie B. Finch, Aged 11 Years, Twentyfirst street and Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb., Blue Side. One afternoon a little green worm went where they would secrete stolen goods and allowed to come along to take care of the crawling past a bid of marigoids. When By Phyllis Corbett, Aged 13 Years, Sidney, captive children, After the children had child. You can teach him to love you the marigoids saw him, they bent their Neb. Red Side. captive children. After the children had child. You can teach him to love you the marigolds saw him, they bent their forgotten their own tongue, even their and, as he grows up, he will steal for bright orange and gold heads and said to

they cried, "Good afternoon, old worm! Then the man, with an oath, said to and what are you going to do?" was camped upon the banks of a beauti- the kid while the princess and I go in worm. Then all the markedds laughed. ful river, in the vicinity of a large town, quest of some berries. I saw some grow- "The stupid thing," they whispered, "he which she made her home. Her guests When night fell two of the gipsy men ing farther up the mountain side, and the thinks he can climb a tree! What a joke," were to be there at 2 o'clock and down the went out to prowl about and see what princess would relish some for her break- "Well, but worm," said they, "why do garden path they came talking about what

they might steal. They heard a child fast. You may prepare the food-the cold you want to climb a tree?" singing in a pretty yard that was filled mution and wheaten cake-while we are "To make a warm little house to sleep

in a most wonderful way. They caught here his body, until at last it was hidden away most beautiful pearl she had ever seen. in the snuggest little house you ever saw. golds, "that worm knew more than we the pearls, just as it now is." tree nodded goodbye.

(Second Prize.) Miss Butterfly's Party

On a warm day in July Miss Butterfly was up very early preparing for a big party. It was the first party she had ever had and she wanted it to be a great success. She lived in a large garden which "I'm going to climb that tree," said the was filled with many beautiful flowers. Among these was a honeysuckle vine, in a good time they would have.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Yellow Jacket, in next winter," said the worm; and on and the Yellow Jacket twins, who felt fully. very proud in their new dresses of black and Mrs. Bumblebee, soon followed lookbaby Tiptop, who had just learned to fly.

but they were mistaken. Slowly and care- hour of games and other amusements folfully he crept upward, looking about for lowed and then they were called to

(Honorable Mention.) A Dearly-Bought Lesson

By Myrtie Jensen, Aged 12 Years, 2303 Izard Street, Omsha. Blue Side.

Jessie's uncle, Max, had been in Europe home on Tuesday, and Rollin and Mr. Camden (Jessie and Rollin's father) had gone to the station to meet him. "Here they come! Here they come!" exclaimed Jessle excitedly.

"When you grow older. I will tell you In the morning the marigolds looked for something about the pearl," said her uncle,

the worm, but could see nothing but a "but first I want to see how well you can queer looking brownpish lump on the tree, keep it. I will give you a present equally "I declare," said one of the orange mari- riche if, in five years, you will show me

thought he did. He really has made a One day Jessie's friend, Dalsy Powers, house, and is asleep inside I suppose. I sent her an invitation to a dancing party. wonder what it is made of." "Silk from Jessie was elated and the party was all think," said a third, "that the worm chewed almost the last moment the thought sug- child had been lying in bed for many free to all visitors. up bits of paper for it." "All wrong," gested itself, "Wouldn't my gem look beau- months, being a victim of a lingering sickcalled the tree, 'you laughed at the worm tiful tenight?" She thought of it so much ness. As Christmas was approaching he In Search for an African Tiger because he was so ugly; but he was wiser that she could not resist the temptation, laid his thin hand on the spread, saying: than you all. Dear marigolds, remember, Somehow, she managed to twist a piece of "Please, mother, if I'm not here Christmas he who laughs last laughs best" and the gold which had once belonged to a stick- tell Santa to give my toys to the orphan pin around it,

the pearl. The great drawing room was dear little boy, how can I part with you?" thoroughly searched, but the pearl could She perceived that she must be at his not be found.

was that. When, four years later, Uncle Max asked dren.

Jessie's story broken with sobs. crown.

well, you know." And he showed her a They wasted no time in beginning, for still as death, beautiful necklace. "But, but I think it as soon as nurse turned the corner they The tiger sniffed at him, and scratched shall be cousin Mabel's."

How Jessie wept after that interview. be comforted by the words.

Well, I learned an everlasting lesson." oh, so dearly to learn it.

asking if it would be convenient for her splendidly," Charles, himself, was almost

skirts with trains on them so Mildred, my out of his hands and, splash, splotch, down sister, and I dressed up, too. We then had it fell on the coat (which was an old heira show called Sleeping Beauty. Then my loom) and on the new velvet carpet. The little sister and brother and the other girls three stood motionless, half frightened to all went up town in long skirts. When we death, but decided not to tell about the reached town many were the eyes that calamity, but instead leave the ruined were on us. They looked so hard and long things in plain sight for mother. Suddenly that we felt like sinking through the and very unexpectedly she entered the walk and down in the ground, but we room. She lost the power of speech, but didn't. So we finally reached the photo- I might mention that soon the three chilgraph gailery. We had our pictures taken dren went through a certain series of perand then we went home to rest from our formances which I choose to omit, but posjeyous day. I am sending you the picture sibly some of the Busy Bees have a faint

The Dolls' Party

"Mamma, may we have a dolls' party?" asked Janet and Louise. "Yes, you may," Charles were to strew flowers in the aisle. said their mamma.

Then the two little girls went into the from 2 to 4 o'clock.

they went down town and mailed them. cream.

Lilia's Accident

By Mildred Hosford, Aged 9 Years, Ogden, Ia. Red Side.

Once there was a little girl named Lilia Max.

Then mamma called Dora and said, "Lilia late at night.

After all the greetings had been exhanged, he announced that he had a present for each.

"Here Jessie," he said, handing her a boy handed her a note. This is what the enthusiastic member of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma went to the door and a possible of the sect. The mamma called Dora and said, "Lilia late at night.

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busy worm moved his head from side. Jessie gave an exclamation when she and was getting on a street car to have a some of the buildings men make large to side, the beautiful threads fell all over opened the box. There lay the largest and the sound of the buildings men make large currant loaves in others, butchers proposed the street car started and the little girl the meat required. There is a shoemaker's quickly. 'MR. BLACK.'

How the Osborne Children Played Pranks

North Tw Blue Side. children." Mrs. Darlow granted her chad's At the party, everyone praised the jewel, wish by nodding her head, while her glist-But alas! late in the evening she missed ening eyees seemed pisinly to say: "My bedside constantly, so she secured permis-How Jessie cried! But to what avail sion to engage Magnolia, her sister's nurse-

girl, to take care of the other two chil-

mon pearl. Listen! It was one of the joy when they found out that watchful and turned the chase upon them. same. It cost a fortune to get it for you, the splendid opportunity of playing "hunt- was left, and the tiger seeing this, at once And, to think," here he stopped pain- ing," a game of their own origin. They made for him and ran him down.

motion, scrambled down on all fours. But tiger. uncle told about." The brother made no back toward the mountains, reply, but tiptoed into mamma's wardrobe, One day Va Lora telephoned over to me, the very thing," and it answers the purpose bottle and put on a few touches on your The next day came and Va Lora and paws." He managed to reach the bottle,

Mildred, her sister, were dressed in long but, most mysteriously the bottle slipped gitmmer of what I refer to. They were next put to bed, but had not been there ten minutes before a messenger came to the door and brought the sad, sad news . By Helen E. Morris, Aged 9 Years, Mc- that the angel of death had just now Cool Junction, York County, Neb. Blue touched little Arthur with her magic wand. Alas! Sad news it was!

In the funeral procession, Geraldine and

They were all ready to go now, dressed in pure white. Now, you must know they library and were busy all morning writing were famous for blocks around as the most the invitations to their little friends. The disobedient children in town. At present invitations read thus: "You are cordially they certainly did really deserve this invited to attend the doll party at the name, for, all primped up as they were, home of Janet and Louise Brown. Come they sneaked out to the tar barrel and, and bring your doll, Thursday afternoon, after many zealous efforts, managed to procure a wad of the sticky tar with which After showing them to their mamma to clean their teeth-they regarded this part of their toilet as one of the finishing This was Tuesday, and the next day was touches. They both got so near the barrel very long to them, as all days are when and they bedaubed themselves so generyou are waiting for anything. But the ously with the sticky substance that connext morning after breakfast, after the sequently they were punished by staying dishes were done, their mamma heiped home. But that day's mischief was not them to make a cake and a freezer of ice yet ended, and the mischief that they performed while the rest of the family went At 3 o'clock all their little friends were to the funeral would certainly have been there. They played a lot of games and awarded first prize, provided there'd been then the girls took their dolls and sat a "mischief contest," and as this story down at the table, and all enjoyed ice happened recently perhaps in the future cream and cake. Then they played a few there'll be such a contest. For fear there'll games and went home, all reporting a good be I'll take heed not to mention their pranks and interfere with their winning the prize-wouldn't you?

The Cooneyites

By Clinton Jones, Station F. Memphis, Tenp., Red Side.

Brown who was 6 years' old. She had a Ireland is not the home of freak religious sister older than herself named Dora. Dora as a rule, but it possesses one of the was 12. Lilia wanted to go for a ride on strangest in the Cooneyites, who are now the street car. She said, "Mamma, may I holding their convention at Ballinamalgo for a ride on the street car?" Mamma lard, County Fermanagh. Nearly 2,000 memsaid, "No, dear; I'm agraid you are too bers of the sect are in attendance, and little to go alone." "Oh, mamma, Dora thousands of the country people flock will go with me." "Oh, no; Dora has to to the camp every day to see the strange for two years. They were expecting him help me this morning." "Then I'm going visitors and some of them to take part alone." "No, dearle, you stay home this in the exercises. It is one of the tenets of morning and play with your dollies while the Cooneylte creed to expect the millen-Dora helps me." Then Lifta sat down on nium at any moment and to be prepared the floor and began to play with her dolls, for it. The preaching goes on all day. while Dora and mamma were making a Some of the sermons occupying five hours. How glad they all were to see Uncle Mamma went and saw that Lilia was gone. They begin at daybreak and continue until

little silk-lined velvet box. "Keep it carenote said:

"Mrs. Brown—Dear Madam: Your little are more in the outbuildings and the rest
fully. I don't wish you to wear it until

"Mrs. Brown—Dear Madam: Your little are more in the outbuildings and the rest
girl, Lilla, came down town this morning are sheltered in tents on the lawn. In penter shop. Women sew and darn in the tents and make butter in the dairy. Practically every trade is represented. There is a temporary postoffice and a public office for the use of visitors. All the sur-Frances Johnson, Aged 16 Years, 223 roundings give the impression of perfect orth Twenty-Fifth Avenue, Omaha organization and sincerity of purpose. The lue Side. men are unshaven and wear celluloid colthe corn, I guess," said one. "It looks like she could think of that week. On the day Little 6-year-old Arthur was the son of a lars. The women are very plainly clad "More like cobweb," said another. "I of the party Jessie was in a flutter. At wealthy Brookhaven lawyer. The poor and wear sailor hats. Dinner and tea are

By Clinton Jones, Station F. Memphis, ton, Neb. Red Side.

A party of men in Africa went in search of a tiger which had carried off a number of cattle and sheep from their neighborhood.

They searched for him for two weeks and at last one Saturday morning they found him in a jungle or thicket as we would call it, and at once began to pepper him with bullets,

Regardless of the bullets, the tiger alto see the gem, he listened with gravity to The names of Mrs. Darlow's sister's chil- though he could not see the men bounded dren, her nieces, were Geraldine, Charlotte forward in the direction the bullets came, "Oh Jessie," he said, "that was no com- and Charles. They could not contain their and in an instant discovered the eight men

most famous jewels in Marie Antoinette's and precautious Magnolia was to take care All took to their horses or heels at once of Cousin Arthur's sisters, for now the trying to make their escape, but one small "The - peari?" inquired Jessie. "The three would certainly take advantage of man not nimble enough to mount in time

had eagerly looked forward to it, but didn't. He had presence of mind enough to "Here is the present I promised you if- dare, of course, to do it in nurse's presence. throw himself flat on the ground and lie

ran to the nursery. "Now," said Charles, him with a paw, then sat down upon his "I'm to be a hunter, like Uncle George; prey. His companions looked about to see When she thought of it afterwards, she Geraldine a tiger and Charlotte a lion." So if the tiger was coming, but seeing him always felt a pang of regret. She tried to Geraldine procured a new quilt, put it over on the body of their comrade, and thinking herself and, after much tumbling and com- he had been killed started to revenge the

But it was poor comfort for she paid, Charlotte poutingly said: "Oh, Charlle, I But after a while the tiger, of his own tant find nofing to look like a lion that accord left his seat of triumph and went

The party on reaching the spot where Venice Churchill. Aged 13 Years, where, to his greatest delight, he beheld their comrade lay, found him unharmed, Villisca, Ia. Red Side. a sable fur coat. "Ah!" thought he, "that's except from what he had suffered from except from what he had suffered from the large tiger sitting upon him for so long a time.

How a Problem Was Solved

By Charlotte Boggs, Aged 13 Years, 277 Fifteenth Street, Lincoln, Neb., Red Side.

Betty and her father were going to the city to spend the day. They were driven to the station by old Sam, the hired man. After riding on the train for some time Betty grew tired of the flying trees and little villages, and went to sleep, A little fairy came to her and said:

"Betty, dear, what are you going to take home to your mother?" "Well," replied Betty, "I don't know, Perhaps you could suggest something," she

added, politely. "I don't believe I can," said Fanchen, for that was the fairy's name, "but wait a minute, please."

Fanchen produced a little bell, and after tinkling it lightly they saw coming right through the window a carriage-the fairy queen's carriage-drawn by swans. Immediately Betty and her companion dropped on one knee, while F uchen stated

the question. The queen, smilling brightly, said: " think your mother would love to have a gold handled parasol, don't you?" "Oh, yes," cried Betty, clapping her

hands, "that's just the thing." Just then the chug-chug of the engine awoke Betty and she realized it was all a dream.

As they entered the train that evening Betty declared herself to be the happiest girl alive. A long, slender bundle was under her arm.

Where the Squirrel Led the Captive By Maud Walker.

children and carry them off, rearing them other woman.

when very young); they would be per- his own mother. Bah, how little do you worm, Let's see what he has to say," So mitted to join the gipsy men in their noc- know when you have a soft snap!" turnal raids on villagers and farmers.

with trees and flowers. The child was a away." in the arms, smothered his cries by a white she was in such an unhappy frame "He won't get half way up," said another; and were thoroughly enjoying the fun. An heavy hand and hurried out of the garden. of mind he might make his escape.

the intrusion of the kidnapers. taking turns in carrying the little boy, woman. "He'll not wake for hours, for glad to see you, worm. Here is a twig I picked up in the garden. by the dark-visaged men's threats to and see whether or not they are going for moment to rest, then began spinning small goodbye and said they had a that ended the conversation. make loud outcries. When they reached berries or to sit idly beside some spring, whitish threads, and throwing them about better time. their camp on the river's bank two of the billing and cooing, while 1 do the work. the mountains, carrying with them the too much." town's officers search among them for the cave. searchers that some of the hand had Denny rose, wrapped the shawl about him, pice which he could not cross. He turned To his amazement the squirrel came to other direction." "Yes, let's go southhurried away, taking the child with them

to some secret place. After a long way up the mountain the three gipsles entered a close-grown thicket of brush and vine, wending their way very carefully through it to the entrance of a cave. Here they put the little captive child on the floor and bade him, in rough tones, to go to sleep, after which they would give him some breakfast, for it was now morning and the sun was peeping through the mountain crevices. The child, whose name was Denny, closed his weary eyes and from sheer exhaustion, caused from fear, fell aslep. When he awoke an hour later he overheard one of the women and the man quarreling. "You always put the worst part of the job of kid stealin' on me," the woman was saying. "And what do I ever git out of it but kicks and blows? Why cannot your ladylove, the princess there, be put in charge of the child, for I cared for the last two-till they sickened and died?"

N the long, long ago there was a The "princess," the woman referred to country where the bards of was the second woman who had gone up strolling gipsies were a menace the mountain with Denny. And at the to the people of village, town moment she was lying on a soft bed of and city, for they would not leaves, undoubtedly arranged by the man, only steal cattle, sheep and for he was paying her many little attenhousehold goods, but would kidnap little tions even while he quarreled with the

as their own and teaching them to live "Ah, it's because he is to marry me very wicked lives. Only occasionally did and has given you the go-by," sneered the the parents of the kidnaped children re- "princess," speaking to the quarrelsome cover them, for usually the gipsies lived woman. "You are only jealous. Bah, in the hidden fastnesses of the mountains, you ought to be thankful that you were own people (for they were usually taken you and walt on you as though you were one another, 'Here comes an ugly old

One of these roving bands of gipsies the woman: "Til leave you in charge of

little bdy about five years of age and the Then Denny found himself alone with the he crawled. gipsies could see that his nurse had woman who seemed in such a bad temper. This was more of a joke than the other, and yellow. The parson and his wife, Mr. failen asleep on a bench that stood by a And young as he was the child understood and how the marigolds did laugh. s lashing fountain. They stole into the what the gipsies had said about him and, "Make your house here in the grass;" ing very dignified. Next came Robin Redyard, creeping close to where the child lying there very still, he began to frame they said to the worm. We want to see breast and his family from big Dicky to sat, singing to himself some old nursery a plan to run away. As he watched the You do it." rhyme he bad heard his nurse sing. When woman, who was fixing a cloth on a flat "A blade of grass couldn't hold my Next came Mr. Bobolink, Jenny Wren, they had gotten close enough to the little rock, to be used as a table, and putting house," and away he went toward the tree, Mrs. Lady Bug and Miss Kaytdid. unsuspecting one they threw a thick cloth thereon some coarse, black crusted bread and began to climb the trunk. "He'll fall Miss Butterfly proved a charming over his head, one of them grabbed him and cold meat, Denny said to himself that in a moment," said one of the marigolds, hostess and her guests were soon at home

And all the time the nurse slept on, the The woman turned towards him, looking splashing of the fountain making such a into his fate to see whether he were a good place for his house. The tree was luncheon, which was served upon a toadnoise that she had not been awakened by awake. But Denny lay with his eyes acquainted with all the worms, and kept stool with a cobweb for a table cloth. he intrusion of the kidnapers. tightly closed, pretending to be aslesp, a great many twigs for them to build on. They had sweet honey from the honeyOut of the town the gipsy men hurried, "The kid sieeps like the dead," said the When it saw the green worm it said. "I'm suckle, and a few crumbs of cake they had solubed softly, too much frightened he's worn out. So I'll just slip after them have been keeping for you." He stopped a It was getting late and they all said day. I told her it would be convenient and pect it made, and said: "I'll get the ink women and a man packed some provisions, Ah. jealous am I, my princess? Well,

took a pack horse and started while it jealous enough to put a cold point of steel for he thought it might be of use to him to retrace his steps when he beheld a them, which the little fellow did. Then was still night for some hidden haunt in against your throat if you ever bother me in making good his escape, and went tiny squirrel perched on the limb of a they again set out down the mountain softly from the cave. He looked all about nearby tree. "Oh, little squirrel," he side. the mountains, carrying with them the Then, taking an old shawl from a corner him to be sure that the woman was out said, 'how I wish I could run and leap About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Denny, remained in camp on the river, thus of the cave the woman carefully put it of sight of the cave. Then he started from limb to limb as you can. Then I footsore and weary, was about to fall throwing off any suspicion should the over Denny and then departed from the down the mountain side as fast as his would leap across this deep revine. I exhausted to the ground, when he heard stolen child. It would never occur to the A few minutes after she had gone ne had gone very far he came to a preci- get away from those bad gipries."



the bank of the precipice, and Denny, on unconscious. the opposite bank, followed. Pretty soon. An hour latter he opened his eyes to he found the ravine growing less wide find himself in his own dear mother's

ing only at intervals, and when the night . I have often heard that tairies come in he seemed to invite Denny to partake of the genalty for their crimes,"

little feet would carry him. But before dare not retrace my steps, for I want to a human voice calling out: "No signs of the ground, looked at him for a moment ward," came a reply, called out by some and seemed to say. "Follow me, poor one nearer by. Then Denny raised up his little lost child." Anyway the little little voice and cried: "Here I am! Here animal started to run southward, along I am!" And then he fell to the ground

and deep, and then It suddenly became arms, and in his own beautiful home, his a part of the even surface of the steep father sitting beside him. And then he mountain side. Then Denny ran on down told of how the gipsies had stolen him the mountain, the little equirrel keeping from the yard while the nurse slept, and Bark! Bark! Bark! a few feet in advance, apparently leading how he had been led safely down the mountain side by a dear little squirrel. And so they traveled all that day, rest- And when his mother heard this she said: Up in the morning early,

came Denny lay on the ground, wrapped the form of squirrels and birds, and I in his shawl, to sleep, and the little believe the squirrel that led our Denny squirret slept on a limb near to him. In to us was a real little mountain fairy. the morning they again set out down And now, my dear," she added to Denny, the mountain side, the tiny squirrel still "you must have some dinner, and then leading. Toward noon Denny became a nap for you have had a very exciting very hungry, and he saw the squirrel stop experience. And the gipties shall all be and go hunting for nuts. Finding some, taken into custody and be made to pay

Just Barking.



BARK! Bark! Bark!
Old Rover and little Pat. What are they barking at?

They bark the livelong day; They bark when they are fighting; They bark when they're at play.

You think a tramp is coming; You listen and say "Hark!" But little Pat and Rover Just merely love to bark.