LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

MANY of the Busy Bees have been improving their minds by reading books of travel, history and mythology and have written some interesting stories about these.

Some other children who live in the country have also written some interesting stories about farming and animals.

Some of the Busy Bees forgot to write their age and address of their stories; without these the stories will not be awarded prizes.

Where are most of the readers of this page going to spend their vacations? If the children will write stories about what they are planning to do this summer, the other readers of the children's page will be interested to know, and perhaps it will give ideas to others for ways of spending a pleasant summer.

Prizes were awarded this week to Dorothy M. Patty of Fremont on the Red side and to Gladys Thompson of Wood River on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to Willie H. Thompson on the Blue side.

(First Prize.)

Robins.

By Dorothy M. Patty, Aged 8 Years. Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

When the robins came to town the first thing they did was to look for a good place to build their nest, so they chose a plum tree in our yard, quite near the house, and it was very interesting watching them work. Their nest was quite a curiosity, for they had found great bunches of twine and one side of the nest was made almost entirely of the twine. Finally the eggs hatched, and the mother and father bird were kept busy feeding the little ones, but it seemed they were afraid to leave the nest at the same time, for one of them would stay and watch the little ones until the other one would return. When they were old enough to fly they could not go very far or very fast at first, so a little boy going to school caught one, and that made the father and mother bird very angry and they flew around and made such a fuss that it frightened the boy so much that he put the bird down and ran away. I suppose the little ones have gotten strong enough to look out for themselves for I have not seen them for several days.

(Second Prize.)

The Debate.

By Gladys Thompson, Aged 14 Years, Wood River, Neb. Blue Side.

Mr. Jackson, a middle aged farmer, tired from his morning's work of plowing, placed himself in the shade of a pine tree to eat his lunch.

After spending half the noon reading his morning paper, a voice was heard over head. It was the tree speaking! "I am the better," it was heard to say, "because I shade the men from the hot sun." "Yes, but I help to get the ground ready for the next year's use," a voice was heard to respond. Listening closer Mr. Jackson came to the conclusion that it was his plow that was speaking. "Why not have a debate?" asked the pine. "Lets wait for five minutes and then decide who is the most useful to man." The plow agreed.

After the time asked for by the tree had elapsed, the debate began:

"I am the better," spoke the tree, "because I shade many tired people from the hot sun." "Yes, but why would men be tired if it were not for me to tire them?" "You would not be made if it were not for the pine trees of which you are made," spoke the tree. "Well," answered the plow, "I helped to get the ground ready on which you are planted and more than that I got the ground ready for the food eaten by those who planted you." "Yes, but I do more things than make plows," spoke the tree. "Just think of the things made from pine!" Much of the machinery and oh, so many other that it would be of no use to name. "You will at last die," said the plow. "But I'll live longer than you'll last," said the tree and I help people while you're in use and afterwards too." "Yes, but when I'm no longer used for a plow, I'll be made into paper or used to kindle a fire."

Just then Mr. Jackson awoke and found that he had over slept so the debate was never finished. His dream was told and retold, but as yet he has not decided which would have won.

(Honorable Mention.)

Our Goats and Sheep.

By Willie H. Thompson, Aged 11 Years. Wood River, Neb. Blue Side.

I live on a farm about two and a quarter miles from town. We farm about 400 acres.

We have about 350 old ewes with lambs. The first lamb we had was born one cold Saturday evening. We did not find it until the next morning and it was nearly frozen or chilled to death. We brought it to the house, gave it a warm bath and wrapped it in blankets and placed it on a chair by the fire until it was warm. When it was warm we fed it some milk from a bottle and then took it out to its mother. It is now real strong. We have fed a good many on bottles, but have not succeeded in keeping any of them. My, but the lambs are a sight when they get together and run up and down the slough. They are nearly as playful as kittens. We gave one to our uncle about two weeks ago. He has been feeding it on a bottle and it is still alive.

I have a goat named Snowball, and my brother has one which he calls Nanny. His goat will drive pretty well, but I am just training mine. He does not drive quite so well. They will jump a fence which is about ten feet high. We sheared them last spring and their wool is just coming on again. They will crowd like a mule. I had rather have mine because his horns spread as they go up and the horns on my brother's goat are straight.

In the Attic.

By Magdalena Conrad. Aged 13 Years. Wood River, Neb. Red Side.

One rainy day, Carrie, aged 10 years, was playing with her doll in the corner when Paul, her friend, called to her to go uptown with him. She jumped up so suddenly that she dropped her doll and broke it. When she found it was broken her eyes filled with tears. Paul said he would stay and play with her, as long as it was his fault it broke.

They tried to play many games, but soon got tired. So finally they went upstairs to look for a doll, but they couldn't find any and were about to give up when Paul found some steps leading to the attic.

"Let's go up in the attic and see if we can find any dolls up there," he said.

All they could find at first was an old broken gun, which they played with for nearly an hour, when all at once Carrie fell against a trunk and the lid flew open.

She and Paul began at once to unpack it and see what they could find. All they found, though, was a lot of old-fashioned clothes and a few papers—and at the very bottom a big doll.

Carrie was very delighted when she saw it and hurried right downstairs to show it to her mother. Mrs. McGoy, for that was Carrie's mother's name, came immediately upstairs to look at the trunk. She said it had belonged to her great-grandparents. The papers in it were found to be quite valuable. She said Carrie could play with the doll until she could get her another.

When Paul went home they declared they had had a very happy day and they had forgotten all about the rain.

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one 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 prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

Greece and the Greeks.

By Mildred Wohlford, Aged 9 Years. 2222 South Thirty-third Street, South Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

The ancient Greeks were a very wonderful people. They lived on a sunny peninsula in southern Europe.

Their land was interspersed with everything beautiful. Indeed, everything about them was so charming that the Greeks thought more of beauty than of all things else. Their minds were filled with poetry. They thought that everything was caused by some God. As we know from our geographies this world is a ball flying around the sun, but the Greeks thought it was round and flat like a plate, and in the center was Mt. Olympus where the gods lived. Across the middle of this plate ran "The Sea," as they called it, but we call it "The Mediterranean Sea." On the north of Mt. Olympus lived the Hyperboreans. These people were always happy and never got sick and on the south lived the Ethiopeans who were also always happy and were never sick. The gods were so fond of them that they used to go from Olympus to eat at their banquets. Away in the west was the Elysian Fields where the gods sent all the good people to live forever, and at the east, sun and moon came rising out of the ocean. Here are the gods' names in Greek and Roman:

Aronos,	Saturn.
Zeus,	Jupiter,
Hera,	Juno,
Phoebus,	Apollo,
Athene.	Minerva.
Hephaestus,	Vulcan,
Artemis,	Diana,
Ares,	Mars,
Aphrodite,	Venus,
Eros,	Cupid,
Hermes,	Mercury,
Hebe,	Juventas,
Pluto.	Dis,
Poseidon,	Neptune,
Demeter,	Ceres,
Heracles,	Hercules,
Persephone,	Proserpina,
Eos.	Aurora.

Due for a Licking

Willie—What is graft, pa?

His Dad—It is getting something when you are in a position to get it.

Willie—Then am I grafting when you place me over your knee in a position to get it?

Commodore Perry.

By Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

Commodore Oliver H. Perry was born August 23, 1785, at South Kingston, R. I. When 24 years old he joined the American navy and at the beginning of the war of 1812 he was transferred from the command of a division of gunboats on the Atlantic coast to serve under Chauncey on Lake Erie. This was done at his own request.

He built a fleet on the lake in a short time and drilled his new men well.

At the head of the flagship Lawrence he placed a blue flag with the words "Don't give up the ship" on it. These were the words of Lawrence, after whom his flagship was named.

He met the fleet of the British, which was about the same size of his own. The British fired mostly at the Lawrence, which was soon in a bad condition, with only a few men on board. Perry, however, taking his flag with him, went in a small boat to the Niagara, which went in among the enemy.

In fifteen minutes the British had surrendered, with 200 killed and wounded, while the Americans had 122 killed and wounded. This was the first time the whole British squadron had surrendered to an enemy.

Perry's dispatch announcing the victory was as follows: "We have met the enemy and they are ours; two brigs, two ships, one schooner, one sloop."

He was rewarded with the rank of captain. He stayed in the navy until his death, which occurred on the Island of Trinidad, August 23, 1819.

A Tramp in the Woods.

By Grace Sutter, Aged 12 Years, 2808 A Street, South Omaha. Blue Side.

One day in April a few girls and I decided to go to the woods, which were a mile away. We chose Saturday for the day of our tramp.

Saturday came with its beautiful warm sun and clear sky. We started in the morning and took our lunch. When we arrived at the woods we were very hungry and ate our lunch. After that we started to gather violets, Johnny-jump-ups, fern leaves and sweet Williams.

There were robins and bluejays. The robins seemed to be everywhere. There was one robin which came to our lunch and ate the crumbs which we fed it. He was building a nest in a tree nearby and we watched it for quite awhile. The bluejays flitted from tree to tree, making their peculiar noise.

We went down to the spring and watched the water run over the mossy rocks and into the lake. We arrived home very sleepy and tired.

A Dream.

By Margaret Folden. Aged 11 Years. 3012 Jackson Street. Blue Side.

A little boy had been told to go to the store, but he said he was too tired, so he lay in the hammock and fell asleep.

His mother went to the store.

He dreamed that his mother told him to go to the store and he didn't go and she went to the store and got some things he liked very much and she would not let him have any of the things, because he had not gone to the store for her.

Just then he woke up and saw his mother coming home from the store and his uncle with her.

She got lunch and he got everything he wanted.

The Thief.

By Clay Munch. Aged 12 Years, 2618 South Eleventh Street, South Omaha, Red Side.

One night some one stole a farmer's best horse out of his stable. The farmer rode fifteen miles to the horse market to buy another one. But as he looked around he saw his own horse. He grabbed it by the bridle and cried out, "The horse is mine; some one stole him three days ago." The fellow that stole the horse said: "You're mistaken. I had this horse for a year. It isn't your horse. It just looks like your horse." The farmer quickly held his hands over both the horse's eyes and cried out: "Well, if you have had the horse a year already, tell me in which eye is he blind." The man that stole the horse got afraid and he said in the left eye. The farmer cried out, "It is a lie." The man said then in the right eye. The farmer took his hands off and said, "Now we know that you are a thief. Now see here, the horse isn't blind; I only asked to show that he stole the horse." The people that stood around laughed and clapped their hands. They put the man in prison.

A Fishing Party.

By Pearle Davis, Aged 10 Years. Fullerton, Neb. Red Side.

One Saturday some other children and myself went into the country fishing.

As we were walking through an alfalfa patch one of the boys stepped on a little baby rabbit and hurt it so badly that he had to kill it.

We reached the place at last and we began to get our poles ready at once.

After we had fished for about an hour we girls got dinner ready and we ate. After we had finished eating we crossed to the other side of the pond. The fish would bite as soon as we threw our lines in. We caught fifty-two fish in all. On our way home we gathered flowers. When we got in town everybody admired our fine string of fish and asked us where we got them.

Advice.

By Merl Dahle, Aged 12 Years, Spanish Fork, Utah. Blue Side.

"Mamma," said Hilda, "can I go over to Leona's to play?"

"No dear," said mamma, "you have just been playing."

"I am going to go," said she to herself. "I'm going to play with Leona."

When her mamma went in the house she crept through the hedge and went to Leona's home. Leona was playing in the barn with her dog. Just the day before Hilda threw a stone at him. When he saw her getting in the loft he darted after her. She fell out of the barn door and cut her head. She went home to tell her mamma about it, but she only said:

"Well, my little girl, I am sorry you were hurt, but it was all your fault. If you would listen to me you would not get hurt."

Hilda always remembered what her mamma told her and never ran away again.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

June

This is the Day We Celebrate

JANE KENNEDY.
3014 Miami Street.

June 4, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Elmer Carter, 917 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1894
Elizabeth Colombo, 619 Pierce St.	Pacific	1904
Hymen Ferer, 2541 Chicago St.	Central	1901
Philip Grossman, 1423 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1895
Berthold Hanicke, 2320 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1901
Georgia Harbin, 1009 Grace St.	Lake	1896
Raymond Jacobsen, 2718 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Jane N. Kennedy, 3014 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Charles Kiskkish, 1227 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1896
Carl Luikart, 121 South Thirtieth Ave.	High	1892
Blanche Lawson, 3106 Dewey Ave.	High	1893
Dagman Lorentzen, 1412 Evans St.	Lothrop	1902
Mary Marston	High	1894
William McDermott, 4902 Pacific St.	Beals	1901
Lily Marks, 3319 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1895
Eddie Melvin, 4609 North Twenty-second St.	Saratoga	1902
Joe L. McCollister, 3041 Stone Ave.	Sacred Heart	1900
Edwin Millberg, 1415 South Fourth St.	Train	1904
Consonla Naegele, 2451 South Seventeenth St.	Castellar	1897
Bernice Nelson, 3021 Cass St.	High	1896
Lloyd E. Olson, 3182 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1903
Stella Patterson, 4212 Pierce St.	Columbian	1899
Lena Pasha, 1426 South Eleventh St.	St. Philomena	1897
Merl Pettie, 1315 Pacific St.	Pacific	1900
Oscar E. Peterson, Thirty-fourth St. and Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
June Robinson, 2710 Howard St.	Farnam	1904
Majorie Ratchford, 2521 Chicago St.	High	1895
Howard Robbins, 2621 Erskine St.	Long	1900
Lilly Robinson, 602 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1900
Teddy Sims, 4105 South Twelfth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Dean Swift, 1901 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1903
Mildred Stovel, 3112 Mason St.	Park	1902
Thomas Thanahan, 3351 South Seventeenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1905
Grace Trumble, 2309 Dewey Ave.	High	1896
William Turek, 2005 South Seventh St.	Train	1901
Francis Trouba, 3015 Spring St.	Windsor	1904
Marion Wilmoth, 3708 North Nineteenth St.	Lothrop	1902
Ruth H. Watson, 1513 Madison Ave.	Lake	1897
Fred E. W. Zuelro, 3447 Erskine St.	Franklin	1904

LIFE OF HARRIET BEECHER

How Her Father Inspired His Children and Helped Their Ambitions.

Never was a father more looked up to by his children than was Lyman Beecher, the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe mentions especially his power of exciting family enthusiasm. "Whenever he had a point to be carried or work to be done he would work the whole family up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each seemed quadrupled.

"For instance, the wood for the family used to be brought in winter on ox sleds and piled up in the yard exactly over the spot where father wished to plant his cucumbers and melons. Of course, as all this wood was to be cut and split and carried into the woodhouse before the garden could be started it required a miracle of generalship to get it done, considering the immense quantity of wood required to keep an old windy castle of a house comfortable in winter weather.

"The axes would ring and the chips fly, the jokes and stories would fly faster, till all was cut and split. Then came the great work of wheeling in and piling." Harriet would work like one possessed, sucked into the vortex of enthusiasm by her father's remarking!

"I wish Harriet were a boy! She would do more than any of them!"

Then she would throw away her book, or her needle and thread, and, donning a little black coat which she thought made her look like a boy, she would try to outdo all the rest till the wood was all in and the chips swept up. Frequently Mr. Beecher would raise a point of theology and start a discussion, taking the wrong or weakest side himself, to practise the youngsters in logic.

If the children did not make good their side of the case he would stop and explain to them the position, and say "The argument is thus and so! Now, if you take this position you will be able to trip me up!" Thus he taught them to reason as he would have taught them to box or wrestle, by actual face to face contest.

Their mother was tender, gentle and sympathizing, but all the discipline and government was with the father. With most of his children, when quite young, he had one, two or three seasons in which he taught them that obedience must be exact, prompt and cheerful, and by a discipline so severe that it was thoroughly remembeerd and feared. Ever after a decided word of command was all sufficient. The obedience was to be speedy and without fretting or frowns. "Mind your mother! Quick! No crying! Look pleasant!" These were words of command obeyed with almost military speed and precision.—McClure's Magazine.

The Shadow Fairy of Rock Gulch

SNUGLY hidden between two precipitous mountains was a deep gorge which was known as "Rock Gulch." At the foot of one of the mountains stood a little rock house. Behind the house were stables for horses and cows. Another pen—a little way from that surrounding the rough house—held a dozen or more swine. A well-tilled field ran up the mountain side, growing grapes and other fruit. A garden patch extended lower down, filled with growing vegetables.

Three persons lived in this rural habitation, a man and wife and an orphan child. The man and woman were dark-browed Italians, the child a sunny-haired, blue-eyed boy of 10 years. Where the black-browed Italians had picked up the fair-haired boy none could say. Of a sudden one day some of the far-off neighbors happened to be passing that way and saw the child at work in the garden, planting seeds. When they asked the Italian, whose name was Tony Hati, where the child came from, he shook his head, replying, "Only the curious ask questions." And he gave no information concerning the little chap whom they called Peppo.

But Peppo could remember something better than the harsh black-browed Italian and his wife. He could remember a sweet-faced mother and a mild, blue-eyed father. But both had died in that southern land, foreign to their own country. And Peppo had been taken care of by the aged woman in whose villa his parents had been staying when illness and death overtook them.

And so several years had gone by, when one day the black-browed Tony—who proved to be the old woman's son—came to pay his respects to his mother and demanded money of her. Seeing the orphan boy—whom his aged mother quite worshiped, for here was a kind heart—he said: "Ah, mamma mio, I'll take with me the boy. He'll grow up to be like my own son." In vain did the aged woman plead with her wicked son to spare the child to her, promising to give him all the gold she had if he would but honor this, her dearest wish. "I am an old woman," wailed she, "and the child is like an angel to me. He has no mother or father. I try to be both to him. I pray you, do not rob me of my ray of sunshine."

But the son Tony, who had never loved his good, old mother, and who had given her much trouble, carried away, not only all her gold, but the boy also. But Peppo has heard everything that passed between Tony and the good old woman, and his heart was heavy at parting. "I'll come back, grammy," he whispered in her ear as she kissed him. "And I'll bring back your gold, too."

And from that day, which had been two years before the time of this story, Peppo had kept a close watch over a great brass box which was kept under the flat rock-hearth in front of the fireplace in the house at the foot of the mountainside. In that brass box the child had watched, unobserved, Tony and his wife place the gold which the former had stolen from his aged mother.

Many days, as Peppo worked like a little slave in the garden, and ran with feed and water to the swine and cows, he kept thinking over and over: "I must get away from here. I must return to grammy. She is lonely without me. Next to mamma and papa, she is dearest to me. And she is poor now, since this wicked man has robbed her of her gold. And she is too old to work." And at night, as Peppo lay in his miserable pallet-bed in the kitchen, he planned and planned. "I shall have to get the brass box from under the hearth and run away. I shall ask questions along the roadside, and people will set me right, for all know where the villa of Roseti is."

But one night Peppo could not sleep. He was much worried, for that day Tony had opened the box of gold and taken out several coins, going off to the fair to buy another cow. And Peppo feared lest he would spend all old grammy's gold. So he lay awake, and worried till past midnight. Then he arose and slipped into his clothes and crept from the house going up the mountainside to the verge of Rock Gulch. Peppo always loved the gulch by day, and it was grander by night as the shadows deepened it. Long Peppo stood, looking down into the gulch. Then, as he was about to turn and retrace his steps to the house, he saw a deep shadow—a tiny one—moving along the border of the gully towards him. He did not feel afraid, but he was most curious, for there was nothing visible to make the moving shadow. A moon above shed a splendid light everywhere.

As the tiny shadow came near to Peppo it stopped. Then a voice spoke: "I am the Shadow Fairy, and know you are in trouble. What can I do for you little man?"

For a moment Peppo stood wondering. Then he said: "Please, dear Shadow Fairy, take me to dear old Grammy Nati's Villa Roseti. I wish very much to return to her, for she was kind to me and gave me a home after my father and mother died. And her son, the wicked man with whom I live at the foot of the gorge, robbed her of all her gold. I should like to take that gold back to Grammy Nati."

"It shall be so, my son, if you can cross the mountain safely. The villa of which you speak lies beyond the long range, far to the south. Grammy is watching and waiting for you. But I can only help you in getting away, for I belong to Rock Gulch, and may not wander away. But I can go to the house where Grammy Nati's gold is hidden and take it from beneath the stone hearth and put it in a safe place here in the gulch. Then, when you are ready to start, you will find it in the spot I designate."

"Oh, thank you, good Shadow Fairy. I shall start as soon as you can get the gold," cried Peppo eagerly, his face alight with happy anticipation.

"I'll go down the gulch towards morning—when sleep is heavy upon Madam Nati. You see, I know that her husband is from home, and that he took some of the stolen gold with him. But he shall put his fingers in the brass box no more. The gold will disappear before his return."

Then Peppo hastened back to the house and lay down to sleep. He was in deep slumber when the Shadow Fairy entered by the window, lifted the stone hearth by touching it with her wand, and disappeared as she had come, with the brass box under her arm. At daybreak, Peppo was aroused from his slumber by Madam Nati calling to him. He bounced from bed and ran to the spring for a pail of water. Then he bathed his face and hands in a great wooden trough outside the door. After breakfast, Madam Nati told him to work in the garden. As soon as he had gone from the house, the wicked woman went to the fireplace and lifted the edge of the stone hearth. She thrust one hand beneath to ascertain whether the brass box with its rich treasure was safe. To her astonishment, the hole which always held the box was empty. Madam Nati flew into a rage. She accused her husband of having taken the treasure away with him, and deceiving her. "He intends to leave me!" she roared in a frantic way. "He has taken all the gold and made off with it. But I'll follow him and have my share. He's a thief—a thief! I'll have him taken into custody."

PEPPO WENT TO THE GREAT BROWN ROCK AND FOUND THE BRASS BOX OF GOLD.

Thus raving like a mad woman, Madam Nati prepared herself to follow her husband to the fair which was being held in a village ten miles distant.

As soon as Madam Nati had disappeared round the rock point of a hill, Peppo ran to the sheds and turned the cows and horses into the pasture where they might feed upon the grass and drink from the spring-brook. Then he placed plenty of feed inside the pen for the swine, filled their troughs with water, and departed. He knew what had taken Madam Nati to the fair—she had missed the gold! And he knew her husband would hasten home with all possible speed, knowing that he had not carried away the treasure. Peppo knew the couple well enough to fear a great fight between them, for that Madam Nati would accuse her husband of foul play, he did not doubt. And that Tony would return to accuse his wife of having removed the gold during his absence, and of having hidden it elsewhere, so that he might not lay hands on it, Peppo fully realized. So he knew he must put as many miles between himself and the wicked Natis as possible. So he started up the mountainside, going to the place beside the gorge where he had talked with the fairy. On drawing near, the shadow advanced to meet him. "Go to the great brown rock, look beneath its edge and find the box covered with leaves and moss." So spoke the Shadow Fairy's voice. "And, my son, take this as a safe-guard against harm." And before Peppo there fell a tiny bit of wood—just resembling a whittled bit of stick. Peppo took it up, placed it inside his blouse, and turned to ask the Shadow Fairy how to use it when he saw she had faded from sight. "Ah," said Peppo. "She has departed. But she has done all that she could do. So from this minute I must think of myself." So saying, Peppo went to the great brown box and found the brass box of gold. He secreted it inside a little traveling bag he had put some clothing into, hung the bag over a stout stick and went up the mountainside. The day was fair, but before nightfall, clouds gathered. Once a wild animal came into his path, and remembering the tiny stick he carried inside his blouse, he quickly took it out and waved it round his head. Instantly flashes of lightning blinded his eyes. Then a heavy peal of thunder shook the earth. When the lightning and thunder had subsided, Peppo saw the wild animal—a dangerous one—lying dead in his path. "Ah, the good Shadow Fairy gave me a wand!" he cried. "And I must use it with caution." But he knew that he was now safe in the face of any danger. So he went on and on, coming to a hermit's hut at night. There he begged lodging and food. The hermit gave him both, asking no questions. In the morning, before the hermit was awake, Peppo arose to depart. But he bethought himself of leaving some trifle for the hermit in payment for his entertainment. So he was about to place a copper coin of small value in the table when he remembered once again the wand. Taking it out of his breast, he touched the copper coin, and it became a gold coin of great value. Then, feeling happy that the hermit—who was very poor—would find himself quite rich that day, Peppo went on his way. He met a wayfarer on the top of the long range, and asked for directions as to how he might find Villa Roseti. The aged man turned and pointed into a valley, far, far below. "A day's journey, son, right down that mountain," he replied. "At the foot you will come to a lane. That lane will lead you to good Mother Nati's villa. All the countryside loves the old lady—as they hate her wicked son." Then the aged traveler turned and pursued his way.

Peppo followed the directions the old man had indicated, and soon found himself far down the mountain.

That evening just as old Mother Nati was lighting a candle in the pretty living room of her villa a tap came at the door. She hastened to open the door, and lo! there stood her long-lost Peppo. "The gods be praised!" cried Grammy Nati, clasping the little traveler in her arms. "But, son," she cried, "there is something sharp and hard within thy breast, and it hurts my arms as I hug you tightly."

Then, laughing, Peppo drew forth the brass box containing the old lady's lost gold. "It is your gold, Grammy. I told you I would fetch it when I came back. And—"Peppo felt for the wand. It had shrunken to one-third its former size. He hastily drew it out, but as the light and air touched it, it vanished like a shadow. Then Peppo knew that he was to be trusted with a fairy's wand no longer. But he knew he had been favored above most persons, and fell on his knees to offer a prayer of thanks that he had come safely through the danger of the mountains, with the gold untouched. And that he and Grammy Nati were once more together, never to be separated again. For even before he had finished his strange story of the Shadow Fairy, Grammy had interrupted to say: "We'll sell the villa, son, for a goodly sum, and leave these parts, for my son might seek you here. And he must never lay hands on you again."

"Yes, Grammy, we'll go far away and buy a farm and I will tend the cows and the garden, and we'll be very, very happy."

"And we are quite rich, my boy," said Grammy, who had been counting the gold, "for the little wand, lying in your bosom, must have come in contact with the brass box, for the sum of gold has been increased many fold."

And Peppo laughed and laughed, saying: "The good Shadow Fairy of Rock Gulch."