MARBURG'S BIG HAND.

(By E. MacPherson.)

The most remarkable thing that I know of Julian Marburg's personality is his hands. They are exceptionally strong hands. And then there are differences in muscular development between the right and the left hands of most people which are not to be seen in Marburg's; that is to say, the right hand usually has bumps and knots at the knuckles, and in certain parts of the palms, which are not to be found in the left. From which it is to be inferred, of course, that Marburg has exercised his left hand as much as his right, and the inference is in accordance with the facts, for the man has been practicing on pipe organs since he was 12 years old.

This man with the remarkable hands was with me one day, in [illegible], walking along the sunny side of Broadway, talking of nothing in particular and little of that, when he suddenly seemed to notice some one out of the scores of men and women walking ahead of us.

"By Jove," said Marburg, "there's an old friend of mine." And he chuckled. "I wonder if he would be glad to see me again. It's that tall man with the military back, going on ahead of us, with the young woman beside him. Notice the strictly military style of the parting at the back of the head! That's German."

"Is he German?" I asked.

"Sure. You don't see that style of split-and-type effect anywhere but in Germany. No little tin gods for Germany; thousands of little well-oiled wooden gods in their order. Shall I tell you what kind of a face looks out on the front side of that plug hat, between it and the front of that stand-up collar?"

"Can you?"

"Can I? It's an important face, with an important moustache that it takes money to keep in order and curl. It's a rosy, well-nourished, high-well-born face. You shall have a look at it presently, and see. I'm not right. And, say, Tommy, as we pass, just see how I can make him jump and forget his dignity with just three words."

I have not said, remember, that Marburg's hands were the only remarkable thing about him. He is a man who is always surprising me. And yet, I was not looking out for a surprise at this time. I expected only that he would startle the German officer with some familiar name that should have associations of long ago and far away, for, of course, I knew that my musical friend had spent many years studying and roaming on the continent of Europe.

"Sitz ditch, schweinhund," were the three words that Marburg spoke just as we passed that extremely well "set-up" foreigner and his fair companion.

It is no exaggeration to say that the German sprang from the pavement as if a needle had suddenly run into the sole of his foot. His hat fell off, and for one moment he was so utterly discomposed as to forget to pick it up—all in the serious embarrassment of the lady with whom he was walking.

Marburg just glanced over his shoulder at the "high-well-born" as he passed. I too looked and recognized a face that Marburg's description fitted very well. We passed on, and—I suppose—the foreigner made his explanation to the lady he was with.

"Aren't you ashamed to place a lady in such an embarrassing position?" I said.

"Not a bit," said Marburg, unperturbed. "He doesn't mind placing ladies in embarrassing positions." And he laughed to himself.

"Who? The foreign gentleman?"

"The foreign cad. The 'high-well-born.' I'll tell you about it.

"Do you know what I said as I passed him? Oh, you don't understand German. That means 'Sit, thou, pig-dog.' It reminded him of something that happened five years ago. I was in a compartment of a train where I had slept all night, coming from Bayreuth. I was tired out with three whole days of Wagner, and there was no sleeper on the train. When I awoke, I saw a very pretty girl sitting in the opposite corner of my compartment. She was dressed in black. She had got in at some station we had passed while I had been asleep.

"Now, I could see that this girl was not German nor French. From her independent manner, and at the same time traveling alone, it was plain that she must be American, or at least, English.

"She didn't seem to notice me at all worth mentioning. There was nothing of me that she could see, except my nose and eyes, for I was wrapped in a traveling rug and had a smoking cap pulled over my forehead. And as she took no notice of me, I took no notice of her, and dozed off again.

"Then came the gallant officer, in uniform, with his spurs and his sword. He got in at the next station. I don't know what the name of it was. He went and sat directly opposite this girl, and I made up my mind that I had slept long enough.

"The gallant officer began by pulling and tormenting his mustache, and all the time his eyes were fixed on the girl. In two minutes I could see that she was getting nervous. In two minutes more she was seriously frightened. Then the officer grinned and spoke to her in an undertone. Then, when she did not answer him, he put out his hand to take hold of hers. Impudent? I wish I could make you comprehend the impudence of that gallant officer! He did all this, mind you, quite as if he had a perfect right to do it, on the strength of his uniform. Oh, you don't know those fellows.

"It's a pity you don't understand German. I shall have to translate such a lot for you. You must know that it is very disrespectful to call a German officer 'thou,' unless you are his brother or his most intimate friend. Common people ever there never dare say 'Thou' to an officer or a 'high-wellborn' nobleman. I'm glad my father shook Germany and came to America.

"Well, as soon as I saw him put out his hand, and the girl shrink back from him, I sat up and dropped my traveling rug. Then I called out to her: 'Do you speak English?' She said, 'Yes. Are you English, sir?' I said, 'No, American.' She said, 'So am I.'

"'All right,' I said. 'I'm going to fix this thing.' Then I began to thunder to the officer—he was staring at me—'Hi, pig-dog, dost thou understand English?'

"I really believe that affected the fellow's heart-action. He couldn't speak, and his eyes began to bulge out. He thought I was an escaped lunatic. As he didn't answer me, I began again, 'Then, pig-dog, art thou deaf?' If you want to make a German nobleman lose his head with sheer blind rage, call him 'thou' and 'pig-dog.' He jumped up and held on to the hanging strap by the window of the compartment. You know how the cars are over there? Then he tried to swear, but he could only foam at the mouth.

"So I got up, too, and went and sat right in front of him, next to the American girl. That astonished him. He thought I was coming to attack him, and he laid his left hand on his sword. But I just sat down next the girl and

MAKING EXPLANATIONS TO HER.

kept my eye on him, just as you do with a savage dog, you know. She was saying, 'Don't make a fuss. It isn't worth while. Just sit by me,' I said. 'It is worth while. Just you watch me and keep cool.'

"Of course, I knew the fellow couldn't hurt me with his big sword in that little compartment.

"While I was talking to the American girl, he spoke the first words that came from him. 'My card, English ass.' Then he fumbled in a little pocket of his tunic and brought out a cardcase and gave me a grand card, and that's how I know his name. He is the Court Count Leopold von Heldenburg."

Here I interrupted Marburg for the first time in his long story. "Heldenberg?" I said. "I've seen that name in the papers lately."

"Have you? Well, let me get through with this first. I took his card and put it in my pocket, and then I began to preach to him. Of course, I knew the card meant that I was to go and fight one of those duels with him. I told him, first, my opinion of Court Counts, who go about insulting girls whom they think defenceless. As he still stood staring, I went on, 'Sit, thou, pig-dog. I have to explain to thee many things. I am American, not English. This lady, she is American also. Sit, thee, pig-dog.' What do you think he did then?"

"Why, he was so mad that he forgot all his dignity and actually flew at me. Then I got in my big hand. Ever see that big hand?"

I reminded Marburg that I had often expressed wonder at his big hands.

"Well," he said, "that was when I played them on a man for once. I caught him by the wrist and jumped up quickly, and I heard his wrist crack. I said, 'Sit, thee, pig-dog,' and he sat. But he jumped up again immediately and tried to grab my throat.

"It was rather a big handful, even for me, because, you see, the 'high-wellborn' is thick-necked. But I was so angered at the way he had insulted that American girl, that I took a good hold, and goodness only knows what might have happened, if it had not been for one thing. No, I didn't mind the girl's begging me to quit and saying I was killing the man. What stopped me was the queer little noise, like a leaky bellows squeaking, that came from his throat. Then his eyes looked as if they were commencing to hang out of his head. I tell you, that was a narrow escape."

Marburg seemed to think his story ended here, as I asked him, as we turned into the street where both he and I live, "Well, what became of him?"

"Oh, we put him down on the seat. She said he ought to be boxed up in the corner, so we used him that way."

"Well?"

"Well, the girl was going to Stuttgart, and so was I. I don't know where the Court Count wanted to go to, but he lay back gasping in the corner until the train reached Stuttgart. Oh, by the way, it was the American girl who really saved his life. She bathed his face with cologne and water, which I thought wonderfully Christian-like of her."

"Did the police get hold of you?"

"Oh, no. She and I picked up our things and got out as fast as we could when the train stopped."

"Ever see the girl again?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "I remember where I have seen that man's name in the paper. He is the man they say is going to marry Miss Vanbrook."

"The heiress?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if that was Miss Vanbrook he was with?" said Marburg.

"Very likely," I said. "Do you want to put in your hand again?"

I went with Marburg into his lodgings, and there he got out a card on which was engraved, "Julius Marburg, Organist." Under his name and over his address he wrote, "Will be happy to tell Miss Vanbrook anything he knows about the Court Count Leopold von Heldenberg." He put the card in an envelope; I took it, found Miss Vanbrook's address, and mailed the package to her.

Soon after that, Marburg came and showed me an announcement in the paper that the report of the Count's engagement to Miss Vanbrook was authoritatively contradicted, also that the Count had sailed for Europe.

"I expect that was Miss Vanbrook we saw with him when you scared him on Broadway," I said.

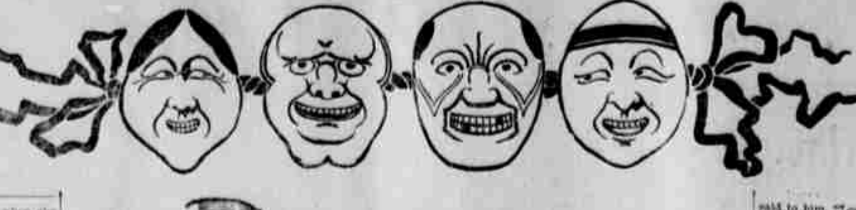
"And maybe he had trouble making explanations to her."

"Very likely," said Marburg.

"She didn't answer your card?"

"No."

"But you got in your hand on him once more."



ROMANCE

A DUEL OF SABRES.

(By Flora Pratt.)

As everybody in these days knows, the crossed sabres form the badge of the cavalry. They wear that badge on the fronts of their campaign hats. When they come home from the war, they take the crossed sabres from their hats and give them to their best girls.

Now, in our village—which is rather a suburb of a large city—there was but one soldier boy came home from the war who was a cavalryman, and he was named Norcliffe Sutton. He looked both sunburned and yellow the first day he made his appearance in the corner drug store, where most of the gentry of our village buy cigars and toilet soap and do their informal loafing, but after that, he very soon lost the yellow and kept only the sunburn. The girls admired the sunburn on Norcliffe's face; that is what must be inferred, for, before the war, they saw absolutely nothing about his face to admire, and after the war they—several of them—said he was handsome, and the sunburn was all the difference between the before and the after. Two girls admired this sunburn effect most conspicuously, but it must be said that they had always been admirers of Sutton in a general way—not of his face, of course. These two were Norah Castle and Eleanor Grannis. They both admired Norcliffe Sutton, and so must have admired each other's taste, but, at that point, their mutual admiration stopped dead short.

It was getting on into the fall of the year when, at a church festival preliminary meeting, Norah and Eleanor, commonly called Nell, met each other, the former wearing a sailor hat with the badge of the crossed sabres decorating its band.

Nell went up to Norah at the door of the schoolroom, where the meeting was just going to begin, and said, "Why, Norah, isn't it rather late in the season to be coming out in a sailor hat?"

"What? This?" said Norah. "Why, I've had this hat since last spring, Nell. Funny you never noticed it before."

Others noticed that a little exchange of courtesies between the two beauties was beginning and paused to watch.

"Oh, I noticed it long ago," said Nell. "Isn't it the same hat you had last year? Only I thought it was just sailor-hat time. Pumpkin pies are in season, you know."

And Nell laughed a laugh which was meant to show that all these things were said in a spirit of friendly badinage.

"Yes, but I've trimmed it over, don't you see?"

That last shot of Norah's was a good one, and, with one turn of her head, which made the crossed sabres flash in the afternoon sun, she tripped through the door of the schoolroom. And the bystanders agreed that that round was in Norah's favor.

Nell went wondering for the rest of that afternoon whether Norcliffe Sutton really had taken the badge off his hat and given it to Norah. As has already been said, Norcliffe was the only boy in the place who had brought back such a badge from the war; the others had gone and sob wreaths, but not sabres. As to the fact itself, she did not make up her mind, or she would not allow herself to believe that she had made up her mind. As to the practical issue, she was quite determined that she would see nothing further to admire in Norcliffe Sutton. After all, sunburn is only skin deep; kind hearts are more than crossed sabres, and simple faith than warlike renown. This Sutton was, she told herself, unkind and perfidious.

"I hardly expected to see you again," she said to Sutton that very evening, when he called. "I thought you would be busy in another quarter."

"I haven't quite settled down to business in the daytime yet," said the young man, "let alone working at night."

"I didn't mean at the office. I meant at Norah Castle's."

"Why?"

"Oh, I understand you were to be congratulated. It's a good idea that; saves giving engagement rings."

"But I'm not engaged to Miss Castle."

"Aren't you?" said Nell, with a very powerful sneer in her voice, and a lump in her throat. "Then it would be in better taste if she didn't go about with pieces of your uniform sewed on her clothes."

"She can't do that. Mother's got my uniform put away."

"Not what you wore in Cuba."

"Oh, if you call that a uniform. That was all torn."

"Well, then, Miss Castle must be a story-teller. And you couldn't turn this. It's made of brass."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Sutton, beginning to be mystified as well as bored.

He had come there for he knew not what—for a pleasant evening's talk with some tenderness in it, perhaps—certainly not to hear Nell Grannis accuse her friend, Norah Castle, of perverting the truth.

"What I meant just now," said Nell, after an uncomfortable pause, "was that Norah had the crossed swords you gave her pinned on the band of her hat this afternoon. Of course, every single soul she saw knew what that meant."

This brought a new light into Sutton's mind, and a distinctly pleasant one, too. The light came in a flash, and with the flash came an inspiration. He resolved to do some bush fighting, as it were.

"Oh," he said, "of course. Did she show you those crossed swords? Did she tell you—"

"Well, she didn't exactly tell me in so many words, but I came to think of it, but—"

"H'm. She had no right to tell you that."

"She might just as well," said Nell. "She had the thing right in front of her hat, where everybody could see it. And nobody but you in this place had those crossed swords."

"I didn't know you wanted them," Sutton ventured.

Nell stamped him up. "I didn't say I wanted them, did I?"

"No, that's so," said Sutton.

"The only thing is, if you're not engaged to the girl, it's such a brazen thing for her to be going about with a label on her like that."

"Yes, I see."

When Sutton got up to leave, Nell said to him, "Look here, Mr. Sutton, I don't want you to run away with the idea that I wanted that thing or—or anything like it."

"No," said Sutton. "I wouldn't get any idea of the kind into my head. You needn't be afraid."

He could not repeat his visit to Nell next evening, because he happened to be out of the suburb, making a little visit to the city. But he came before the week was out.

Pulling a little tissue-paper package out of his pocket, he said, "Nell, I have been thinking over what you said the other evening. I thought it would be better to bring this to you." And he laid an artful emphasis on the personal pronoun.

In the paper wrappings lay the crossed-sabre badge. It was a pale, worn-looking brass affair that looked as if it had seen service.

Nell flushed up, in spite of a strong effort to take the matter coolly.

"Oh, Mr. Sutton," she said, "I didn't mean that. You know I didn't."

"Mean what? Won't you have it?"

"But what will your little Norah do? I ought not to have said what I did."

"Why not? I expect you were quite right. And if you wear it, it will be quite different."

At this, Nell looked down bashfully. Then she took the ornament timidly and said:

"Do you want me to wear it?"

"Yes," said Sutton. "Will you?"

It was a very pretty, tender little scene altogether. And Eleanor Grannis knew the joy of victory.

Next Sunday, although it was late in the season to be wearing a sailor hat, Nell appeared in a brand new headgear of that fashion, and the crossed swords were on the front of the band. And the best of it was that Nell Grannis was a member of the choir, and Norah Castle was not, so that Nell could stand well forward and let Norah, in the body of the congregation, get a good view of her with her trophy of sabres. Incidentally, the rest of the congregation would see. The rest of the congregation must be generally aware by this time of the little passage of arms at the school house door, wherein Nell had come off second best. It would be sweet. The crossed sabres gleamed in anticipation of a public triumph.

Having these thoughts with her, Nell Grannis, with an expression of countenance that spoke whole hymn-books full of piety, stood in the front rank of the choir. And as she sweetly sang the alto part in the first verse of the first hymn, she looked down at the upturned faces below. One of the upturned faces was Norah Castle's, and it had a look of utterly horrified surprise.

But one other thing that Norah were besides the expression of horrified surprise was the original sailor hat with the cavalry badge in front. This, and not Norah's expression, Nell saw at a glance, and the consequence was a sudden breakdown in the alto part of the first verse.

As the report of the duel of sabres at the school house had spread among the ladies of the congregation, many were on the alert for some such interesting tableau as this, so it was not lost. Even Norcliffe Sutton was watching it from a secluded position near the door.

He kept out of Nell's way after the service, but managed, by taking a circuitous route, to catch up with Norah.

"Did you see what Nell Grannis had on at church?" Norah asked him in a confidential voice, but with a slight [illegible] "I wonder she isn't ashamed to follow my lead in such a hurry. 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery,' they say."

"That's so," said Norcliffe Sutton.

"Papa says, in another week's time, half the girls in the place will have those swords on their hats. If they do, I'm going to take mine off and keep them."

"How will half the girls get them?"

"Papa told me, when we came out of church, that you can buy all the badges you want in New York for a nickel apiece. They're selling them on the sidewalks. I think it's a shame. The Government ought to stop it."

"That's so," said Sutton. "So they sell them for a nickel apiece, do they?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? How's anybody to know that mine is the genuine one?"

"I think the Government ought to interfere."

"Mine is the genuine one, isn't it, Norcliffe?" said Norah, caressingly.

"Well, there are—others," Sutton answered.

"Yes, but you gave me this one yourself, off your own hat. Didn't you?"

"Yes, I gave it to you."

"And then that girl must send and buy one just like it. Never mind. She was'n the battle."

"No, it wasn't," said Sutton.

"What?" Norah exclaimed, stopping short in the middle of the road. "Didn't you tell me—"

"I didn't tell you anything about any battle," said Sutton. "And, by the way, Miss Grannis didn't buy that one she has. I gave it to her."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I gave you one off my hat, you know, because you seemed to admire it, and I had no use for it—"

"Did you have a dozen of them inside your hat, then? Or did you come back from the war with a dozen hats?"

"Not exactly that," said Sutton, in his coolest manner and his quietest tones. "The fact is, I came back without any hat at all. Left my hat and the badge on it in Cuba."

"Then where did you get that hat that this badge came off of?"

"Bought it in New York."

"And the badge?"

"Yes. It didn't cost a nickel, though. It cost a quarter. I got the hat and the badge for the parade."

Norah's heart was too full for words. She only bowed and went into her father's house, without even inviting Sutton to come in.

When she had thought the matter over a little, she resolved that common interests demanded an alliance between Nell Grannis and her. Though it proved difficult of approach at first, a treaty was finally arranged, and in the terms of that treaty, a bold attack on Mr. Sutton was carried out.

Sutton, in accordance with the plan, was invited to call on Eleanor Grannis, and there he met Miss Castle.

"Mr. Sutton," said the hostess, speaking for herself and ally, "will you tell us one thing? We might ask you a great many other things, you know, but we have agreed to let bygones be bygones."

"That's right," said Sutton.

"Well, what became of your other hat?"

"I left it in Cuba."

"Did you lose it?"

"No," said Sutton. "A young lady of the country is taking care of it for me."

"And you're going back for it?"

"Correct," said Sutton.

"ONE SOLDIER BOY CAME HOME FROM THE WAR."

The Youngest Member of the Family.

HAROLD'S PICNIC.

(By Augusta Prescott.)

"You said we might go nutting today, mamma," called out Harold Heywood, one Saturday morning, as he woke and jumped out of bed, suddenly realizing that it was his play-day.

"But it looks like rain, my dear," objected Mrs. Heywood, "and I am sure Mrs. Whiting would not let Tom and Gertrude go in the rain. Why not have a party in-doors?"

"No, oh, no!" coaxed Harold, "please let us go, mamma. It isn't going to rain."

"Please—please let us go, mamma," came pleadingly from the next room, where Harold's sisters, Bessie and Florence, were busy dressing, and had overheard their precious nutting party overthrown.

"Please!" "Please!" "Please!" came in plaintive chorus from three disappointed children. And Mrs. Heywood, who never liked to deny her children anything that she could reasonably let them have, half relented.

"Very well, children," said she, "if it does not look too cloudy by the time you have finished breakfast, you may go. But you must not go far. The little house in the clearing is only half a mile away. You may go as far as that. But you must not go any deeper into the woods."

When the children had finished breakfast, the sun was shining nicely, though steadily, and Mrs. Heywood, who had been busying herself putting up an ample lunch for the youthful picnickers, began to hope for a clear day.

"Be sure to have your picnic lunch near the old house," she called after the departing children. "And if it rains, run in there till the shower is over."

"Yes, mamma, we will. We will," came back in happy chorus, as the three children, Harold, Bessie and Florence, started gaily out with their lunch baskets on their arms for a day's nutting frolic in the woods, followed by Harold's dog Tray.

Tom and Gertrude Whiting were also ready with their baskets, and it was a merry party of five that waved "good-bye" to Mrs. Whiting and started out on the road, which led out from the little village.

The "little house in the clearing" was, as Mrs. Heywood had said, only half a mile away and, to reach it, the children had to go through a big chestnut grove.

"Let us set our baskets down here," said Harold, who, by virtue of his fifteen years, acted as leader, "and when we have gathered enough nuts, we can go to the little house and have lunch."

Lunch baskets were quickly piled up at the foot of a tree, and all hands fell to work gathering the nuts from their prickly burrs. The trees had borne well, so it was no trouble to find the nuts. And it was great fun picking up the thorny burrs and shaking out the beautiful brown kernels.

The morning wore quickly away and, suddenly, before any of the children had noticed it, a great black cloud appeared in the sky and the rain seemed only a little way off.

"Run, girls, run for the little house!" shouted Harold. "Never mind the baskets. Tom and I will bring them." And, even as he spoke, great drops began to fall and a terrific peal of thunder shook the air.

"Hurry, girls, hurry!" urged Tom. "I promised mother that I would not let Gertrude get wet. And now, oh, dear, oh dear, it is pouring!"

A few minutes' scamper brought the children to the door of the little house, where they sank breathlessly for a moment upon the doorstep.

"Tom and I will go in first," said Harold, "and see if there is any wood for a fire. And if there is, we will build one and then call you girls in to get a hot lunch for us. I don't believe any one has been here since we had our picnic here a month ago."

In a minute the boys came excitedly out to the door of the little shanty. "Oh, come in, quick! Come in, quick!" they shouted. "There is a fire in the stove, and somebody has been living here. There are ashes on the floor and there is an old knife on the table and on the floor is a bed of pine needles!"

Sure enough, some one had evidently been camping-out in the little house and, from all appearances, it might have been a whole family.

There was a very large pine needle bed and, also, a couple of rough seats and a long board shelf, which might have answered for a table.

After the children had examined all these things curiously, they gave up exploring and began to prepare for dinner.

"HAROLD'S DOG TRAY."

Bessie and Florence set the table, while Gertrude heated water in a tin pail for "camping" tea; while, in the rickety old oven, which lacked a door, there were stacked up piles of home ginger bread and biscuit, put there to get warm, so that the dinner should seem "like a home dinner," Gertrude said.

Just as they were about to seat themselves at the table, Tom, who had been standing by the open door, exclaimed, "I think I heard a cry! It sounded like some one calling. Did you hear it, Harold? Listen! There it is again."

All ran to the door and listened. Sure enough, the sound was repeated. And a cry it unmistakably was, coming, again and again, as though a baby were calling.

"It's a baby! It's a baby!" shouted Harold. "And I see it right in the hollow of that big tree." And away he dashed to the rescue.

In a minute the children had the child—for a baby it surely was—before the fire and were drying its wet clothes.

"It must have been out there in all the rain," said motherly Gertrude, who was acting as head nurse. "And I know it has caught a terrible cold. Oh, girls, suppose this dear little baby should get a sore throat, or croup, or anything, and die, before we could get it home to warm some milk. Florence, and Bessie, please heat my jacket to put around it, for it is shivering with the cold."

The baby, meanwhile, had stopped crying and was lying contentedly in Florence's arms.

"It's a gypsy baby," I guess, whispered Bessie, half frightened at the strangeness of finding their little charge. "And when the gypsies went away, they left it here. It would have been drowned, soon, for the water was filling the tree trunk."

"I think they must have forgotten it," said Florence. "And, maybe, they will come back after it."

Sure enough, even while Florence was speaking, there came steps outside the door, and in there rushed a gypsy woman, followed closely by a man.

"Ach, mine baabee! Mine baabee!" shrieked the woman. "I thought mine man had him. And he thought me have him. Ach, mine bootle baabee. Is it dead? Is he dead?"

The baby, hearing its mother's voice, began to crow with delight, while the poor gypsy woman nearly cried with joy. When she had thanked the children over and over again in her broken English, she departed in the big wagon by which she had come, and the little picnic party found itself alone once more.

"It seems just like a story out of a book," said Florence. "And when we tell mamma about it, I am sure she will be glad we came, even though we were caught in the rain."

Tears stood in Mrs. Heywood's eyes that night, when the children told her how they had saved the poor little baby from a watery death. And she gathered her own little brood more closely around her.

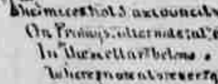
"I'll say you are glad we went, mamma," urged Harold. And Mrs. Heywood said that she was glad.

PUZZLE.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead the first word to make the second, and the second to make the third.

1. Harry said "——!" and the black —— which was —— the milk, ran away.
2. I will be there in a —— and take the —— off of the ——.
3. I saw the man —— the sheep and I —— that he cut its ——.
4. In the —— is a big ——, which you are not —— to lift.



The mice hold a council of state,
On Friday's [illegible] night,
In the cellar below,
Where [illegible],
Till [illegible] there by kind fate.
Now [illegible] the secret to show,
If you told, [illegible] would go
[illegible] them all up
While [illegible]
[illegible] perhaps [illegible], don't you know.