THAT'S DOBSON.

Synopsis.—Dr. John Michelson, just beginning his career, becomes resident physician and companion of Homer Sidney at Hartley house. Mr. Sidney is an American, a semi-invalid, old and rich and very desirous to live. Mrs. Sidney is a Spanish woman, dignified and reticent. Jed, the butler, acts like a privileged member of the family. Hartley house is a fine old isolated country place, with a murder story, a "haunted pool," and many watch-dogs, and an atmosphere of mystery. The "haunted pool" is where Richard Dobson, son of a former owner of Hartley house, had killed his brother, Arthur Dobson. Jed begins operations by locking the doctor in his room the very first night. Doctor John fixes his door so he can't be locked in. He meets Isobel, daughter of the house and falls in love at first sight. In the night he finds the butler drunk and holding Mrs. Sidney by the wrist. He interferes. Mrs. Sidney makes light of it. John buys a revolver. John overhears Jed telling Mrs. Sidney he will have his way. In reply she says she will not hesitate to kill him. Mrs. Sidney asks John to consent to the announcement of his engagement to Isobel. The young people consent to the make-believe engagement. Later they find it is to head off Jed, who would marry Isobel. Jed tries to kill John, but the matter is smoothed over. John, though "engaged" to Isobel, conceals his love.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

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Our charming old gentleman could not go through the entire institution, and the warden led him to the most accessible parts of the interesting place. We saw the rattan-chair works and the honor men in the gardens. We also took one glance at a tier of cell-houses and peeped into the dining-hall and into the chapel.

The warden would have had us stay to dinner.

I had to forbid this. It would have been too much of a physical strain upon Mr. Sidney. I knew that the little diversion was interesting him, and I was glad to have him interested, but I did not want to tax his strength.

"I'm the doctor's servant," he said. "I'll look into the library if you don't mind, warden, and then we'll obey the physician."

Warden Williams led us to the library, which contained a large collection of books. An elderly convict was engaged in cataloguing some new volumes which had just been taken out of boxes. He was interested and paid no attention to us.

Mr. Sidney looked at him for a few minutes.

"What did you say was his crime?" he asked of the warden.

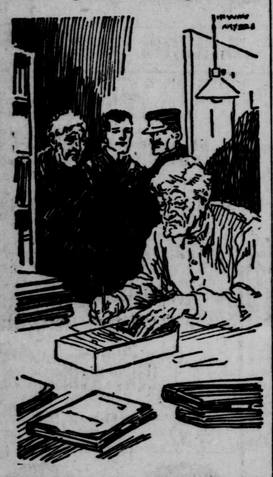
"That's Dobson," said Mr. Williams. "You must know his story. He is the man who killed his brother. You are living in the Dobson house."

I looked at the frail, white-haired man with a sudden shock of interest. This was the man who had created the ghost story at Hartley house. He was fumbling registry cards and writing on them. He was frail and insignificant. He had been once, by legend, a sturdy, muscular, cruel brute. He was now feeble and interested in cataloguing.

Mr. Sidney looked about the room.

"This does not seem to be so well protected as the other parts of the prison," he said.

"It is not thought necessary," said the warden. "Escape from here might not be impossible for an agile man. It



"He Is the Man Who Killed His Brother."

is not impossible from any part of the prison. It can only be made improbable. It would be easier from here, but still difficult. But this old man would be in a harder prison of deprivation and friendlessness outside than he is inside."

"Do you mean that he is the man who made the ghost story I bought with my house?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"That's all there is human of your ghost story," said the warden.

"It is more than most ghost stories have," said Mr. Sidney.

CHAPTER V.

I could not believe the slightest particle in the ghost story. I am rationalistic. But as the legend of the pond took shape, my imagination began to give substance to its shadows.

Yet the place was genial and cordial. Mr. Sidney's joviality was the dominant note in the house. An aging sick man might naturally have been testy. He might have been impatient, have had whims and crochets. He might have been irascible in his demands upon and acceptance of service. But Mr. Sidney was always cordial and considerate. A great deal of the time he spent in bed. When he was not in bed, he sat in a great chair, and very often a yellow Persian cat rested on his knees. It was a difficult if not dangerous matter for any one else than Mr. Sidney to touch the cat, named Algol.

"The Winking Demon," said Mr. Sidney, fingering the cat's ruff as it lay on his lap, and purred. I knew just enough of the star Algol and its variability to understand the whimsicality of an old man's naming a cat for the winking sun. Algol in Mr. Sidney's lap blinked at me, and the old man's genius for understanding and classification seemed uncanny.

Mr. Sidney's room was of great size. It had two fireplaces and a large cove of windows bulging toward the west. At the smaller of the two fireplaces he had his breakfast. Either at the large fireplace or in the outward bulge of windows, he had his dinner.

In spite of the Persian cat, Mr. Sidney had three canaries in the room. Algol respected them after a fashion that I thought uncertain. I have seen a canary sitting on the cat's head, but I thought it was a decided case of misplaced confidence. Algol wanted that canary and would continue to want it. He was deterred from natural action in the matter by his affection for the strange but kindly master who wanted cats and canaries to live together in amity.

I know I never fully grasped Mr. Sidney's scheme of life, but I thought that he found existence ironic. His graciousness and his cheerfulness, I thought, represented the garlands of his conquest of morbidity. His personal charm was extraordinary. Every one in the house felt it. But an astonishing thing about Mr. Sidney was an occasional emotion which, as it manifested itself in his expressions—and that was the only fashion I saw it for a long time—was one of savage hate.

It was only by coming on him when he was not expecting me that I saw this. I remember that the first time I saw the expression on his face I was dumfounded. That I was not expected in his room was entirely without intention on my part. People who were accustomed to being with him walked into the room without ceremony. His bedroom and bath were to one side. His living-room he insisted should be open without formality.

On the occasion I speak of I had come in quietly, but it was without intention to surprise my patient. He was sitting in his large chair with Algol on his knees. His eyes were closed, and on his face was an expression of malevolence that was almost demoniac. It was so startling that the sight of it stopped me in my step and made me feel more than uneasy, almost afraid. Mr. Sidney was quiet, except that with one hand he stroked Algol about the head and ears. The caress was almost imperceptible in motion, but Algol was purring so loudly that the sound filled the otherwise quiet room.

The malevolence—the malignancy, hatred, concentrated essence of ferocity—in Mr. Sidney's face would have stopped anyone. To one who had affection for him as I had, it was abhorrent to see him so. It was a confession of something I did not want to know.

I was in fear that he might hear me and, opening his eyes, find that I had discovered him. I was embarrassed and uncertain what to do. It was a silly predicament, as I saw afterward. My part was quite simple. I should have paid no attention to any such phenomenon as the expression on a man's face and have acted perfectly naturally.

The common-sense thing—and I consider myself fairly sensible—was apparent afterward. It indicates the astonishing shock of the thing that I was unable to act sensibly. What was the expression in an amiable, charming man's face, to knock a sensible person out of all his senses? Here was a dozing man merely toying with a cat's ears, and the very sight of what was expressed in his face, made me numb.

I cannot understand it now, the terrifying sensation being one which disappeared as the recollection of the emotions faded. What I did was to back toward the door, open it as quietly as I could, back out, and then reenter the room noisily.

Mr. Sidney was looking at me smilingly. His charm of manner never seemed more positive and active.

"Hello, doctor!" he said. "I needed company and just your company. If you would only drink wine!"

* * * * * * *

A broken pipe in the laundry made it necessary to call a plumber from Hartley, and to get quick service, it was agreed that we should send a car for the man and his helper.

The day was pleasant, and for the sake of the drive I went with the driver. The plumber was a fat man of the comic type. I thought he must be the embodiment of all the plumbers' jokes. They seemed to have created him; he was the product of the comics.

I even asked him if he were sure he had all his tools. I thought he would be sure to send us back for a wrench. He was amiable, laughed at anything or nothing and was saved from being a nuisance only by an abounding animal optimism which was infectious.

Driving through the Hartley house grounds, we came to the pool, and the plumber—named Harkins—chuckled. Thus far, whenever he or something else amused him, he had laughed. Now he chuckled as if in recollection of an experience richer or deeper than any he had been talking of.

"That place is going to be remembered by me," he said. "I have been out here only once since the night I made a bet I was not afraid to sit on the bank here for an hour. They've got a good many stories of this place in town. I had been drinking a little. I don't do it steady, but once in a while I get out. You've got to do it to keep the house going happy. Give the wife something to talk about. My wife would rather scold me than eat, and she loves her food.

"We were at the White Pigeon, having a good time but thinking of going home, when some one started on this Hartley house story. Everybody had something to say, and I said that there was no ghost that could scare me, at least no ghost that ever was within a hundred miles of Hartley. That's where I made a fool of myself. I've got to admit that's where I made a fool of myself.

"I bet five dollars I would sit an hour on the bank at this place. I forgot all about the dogs, or I'd not have made the bet. Anyway, they didn't bother me. We got an automobile and drove out here. The fellows left me at the pool and went a mile back. They were going to take my word for it. I was to stay an hour and then start walking back. At the end of an hour they would start toward me and pick me up. They had beer and sandwiches. I had a couple of bottles and some cheese and crackers.

"I wasn't afraid of that place. I'm not afraid of any place unless I get to thinking about this one. It was along in October. A hoot-owl was somewhere back of me, and there was a whippoorwill up toward the house.

"I'm used to hoot-owls and whippoorwills, but I hadn't drunk more than half a bottle of beer before even these things began to sound different.

"The current of the river kept knocking at the big rock at the up end of the pool, and you began to think that things were reaching for you out of the dark. I'd have given ten dollars to quit, but I got so that I didn't want to move. I felt safer sitting still.

"Then I began to hear things that I don't suppose were making a noise at all. It may be it was rabbits in the bush. I nearly died when I heard a cry about fifty feet back of me. I did hear that. I guess a ferret had got a rabbit. You know how a rabbit cries—like a baby.

"I was sitting in the open, and I thought I'd feel better if I got my back up against something. So I crawled over to some bushes and sat down behind them.

"Maybe I had been there a half an hour, feeling scary and uncomfortable, when I heard a regular yell. There wasn't any fooling about that. It sounded like some one being hurt but yelling not so much because of the hurt as because he was mad.

"You've heard fellows talking about their hair standing on end. I never knew what it really meant before, but my hair just stood right up. I felt like some one was trying to scalp me, and I was gooseflesh all over.

"It had been dark on account of clouds, but just then the moon came out and lighted up the place. There was a man standing on the edge of the pool, just about where I had been sitting. He was leaning with both hands on a cane and standing perfectly still. He didn't seem like a man. He looked like one, but you had a feeling that he wasn't one.

"I don't want ever to be so scared again. I didn't know who had yelled, but I thought this man had, and I didn't think he was a man. I thought he was a ghost. I'm not saying what I think now, but if I had to, I'd say that I saw the ghost of this place—and anybody that wants to laugh can laugh. He can come down here at night and get cured of laughing.

"I couldn't move for a while. The man stood still, leaning on his cane. I watched him until I began to feel that I could use my legs again. I don't know why I was so scared, but I was. I crawled away through the brush for a hundred feet or so. Then I got up and ran.

"I heard that yell behind me again. I'll bet nobody around here ever ran a mile as fast as I did. I scared the fellows who were waiting for me. They didn't poke any fun at me. They looked at me and got that automobile started. I paid the bet, but they didn't have any laugh on me. There isn't one of them would come down here at night now."

"When was this?" I asked.

"Four or five years ago," said the plumber. "Some time in October."

We came to the house, and he went into the laundry to fix the pipes.

"It doesn't look haunted around here," he said as he perceived the tangible joviality of the place, "but you've got to get me out before dark."

That was virtually the complete substance of the Hartley house ghost—the picture of a man leaning on a cane by the edge of the river. Romance had to be content with it.

* * * * * * *

One evening in late October, which had turned chill and brought up a high wind, Mr. Sidney produced a new phenomenon. He had a strange flash of strength. When I went to his room after dinner I found him walking about without help. Ordinarily, if he walked at all, Jed was his strength.

"Occasionally I can do it, doctor," he said. "The strength comes. I usually pay for it next day, however."

"I'd be very careful, then," I suggested.

"Yes, but you do not know how grateful it is to feel vigor once in a while," he said, continuing to walk forth and back in the room.

I sat down and watched him without remonstrating. It was astonishing to see him so agile and strong but I had learned that timid prudence was very ineffective. I had confessed my inability to understand him.

He did not seem to want to continue life for the purpose of preserving its sensations but for the purpose of some accomplishment. His conditions were so pleasant that it might be reasonable to desire a prolonging of them. Evidently he was not set upon that. He was not trying to accomplish anything. He did nothing. He had no unfinished work. And yet his will to live, I knew, was a will to see the fruit of something. He seemed to have a spiritual incentive; something that had other than a physical impulse controlled him and gave him resolution.

I was marveling at his strange activity when Isobel and Mrs. Sidney came in. Mr. Sidney proposed whist, and we began a game. The wind increased in violence, and the log fire grew in comfort. We had a pleasant game, disturbed for me only by speculations as to the cause of Mr. Sidney's strange animation and strength.

Shortly after ten o'clock the ladies said good night, and Jed came in with a fresh log for the fire. The wind had been increasing in volume, sound and power. I was thinking of bed.

"Sit a while longer, doctor," Mr. Sidney urged. "Jed and I shall be the better for some other company. This is the sort of night we like to sit up to enjoy. Esthetically one ought to make the most of such a night."

Jed went out and presently came in again with two bottles of wine.

"What are we drinking tonight, Jed?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"I thought the evening suggested a warm sherry," said Jed.

"I think it does," said Mr. Sidney. "There is body and a live soul in sherry."

"But certainly," I suggested in alarm, "you will not drink sherry."

"Indeed not," said Mr. Sidney. "Jed drinks it for me, and I watch him. You must have a glass with him—just one. He'll have a dozen—I don't ask you to follow him—but just one."

Jed opened a bottle, and when he offered me a glass I yielded. I wanted to increase the sense of protective comforts against that shrill wind outside.

Jed drew a comfortable chair close to the fire and took his wine in large

"What Are We Drinking Tonight, Jed?"

but appreciative gulps. I took mine in small but appreciative sips. The fire roared, and the wind howled.

Jed, drinking by gulps, soon was exhilarated. Mr. Sidney and I had been rational. We had been talking, I recall, of the substitution of a Syrian idea of immortality, concerned chiefly with precious metals and stones, for the north European idea of Valhalla, when Jed began to sing, and with gusto and affection opened another bottle of wine. The wind grew in violence.

"It is a night for any of the living dead about a place," I said.

"I like a wind that has many voices," said Mr. Sidney. "It produces certain sensations or emotions that are primitive. It suggests a threat and increases the sense of shelter and comfort. We sit like peasants about the fireplace and are inclined to legends."

Story of the Dobson Murder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORY REVEALED BY NAMES

By Them It Is Possible to Ascertain What Races Have Inhabited Different Districts.

In the earliest days of the human family, all known persons, places and groups of human beings must have had names by which they were recognized.

The study of these names and their survival in civilization enables us often to ascertain what races inhabited districts now peopled by those of entirely different speech.

The names of mountains and rivers in many parts of England, for instance, are Celtic.

Ancient local names are, as a rule, purely descriptive. A river is called by some word which merely signifies "the water," a mountain may have a name which means "the peak," "the castle," "the point."

English place names generally state some simple fact, and often denote no more than property; the name of a town or hamlet being formed by adding "ton" or "ham" to the name of some early landholder.

Quite often a bit of even half-humorous description will survive in such a name, as when a stony, starved and weedy district is called Starvacre.

Happiness Not Found in Crowds.

Contact with great crowds is no guarantee of happiness. Almost every man at some time or another gets the fever for the great city. If he could only mingle with the crowds that throng the streets and rub shoulders with multitudes striving for success or unlimited pleasures he would be sure to revel in happiness. How rude the awakening must be when he tries it. The great city doesn't know you have entered it. You may be the oracle of your own town but you may stand on the street of the city and watch the passers-by for hours at a time and no one will say a word to you. There is no more lonesome feeling in the world than that of feeling yourself alone in the midst of people. It's as bad as being thirsty in the middle of the ocean. Crowds do not give happiness.—Exchange.

Sometime we may have an ideal legislature—one that will repeal more laws than it passes.

THE MODE IN SPORTS CLOTHES

"IN SILK attire my lady goes," sang a poet of days gone by of his dainty sweetheart. Today he would change it. "In sports attire my lady goes," would be more accurate. Whether of silk or whatever else, sports clothes have almost eclipsed other wear for summer days. Since women look for this cheerful apparel with so much avidity, creators of it are making excursions in all directions in search of original ideas. It seems that sports clothes fit in almost anywhere, and the task of designers lies in making them suited to all personalities. For young women they have an easy task; for older ones, they must add a flavor of dignity to sportive garments.

A sports coat of some sort goes without saying in every complete summer outfit. This season finds black ones of flannel, of silk or velvet, or any other material that the designer may choose so long as he knows how to give it the chic touches that make it smart. But there are legions of coats that are in colors, some of them going so far as to flaunt red in large open plaids. What makes sports clothes enticing is their general jauntiness, but color plays a less important part this season than in the early history of sports attire; designers arrive at their results by more subtle means.

There is plenty of color, however, for those who find it becoming and it is used with delightful artistry in some of this season's sports sets—a set being a skirt and overgarment of some sort. In the picture above there is a skirt and smock of coarse natural linen. The skirt is short and full and plain. The long blouse has convenient three-quarter length sleeves and comfortable round neck. What puts this smock on the map of the fashion world is the vivid embroidery about the bottom of the smock which might of course be an applique of linen in bright colors outlined with yarn in black. Figures of birds and geometrical forms take the place of floral motifs occasionally. Unbleached domestic will make a successful set of this kind. The small, soft hat is made of narrow ribbon and has a little cluster of yarn flowers applied to the upper edge of the brim. Flat-heeled canvas shoes and lisle stockings finish this sports dress correctly.

GETTING OUTSIDE THE WALLS

OUTDOOR life has come into its own, especially in the lands of brief summers. Everyone appreciates the benefits and the charm of life out in the open air and modern homes are built to allow much time to be spent outside of walls. Even city dwellers, with no bit of garden or scrap of ground with a single tree, have learned to make the most of such porches as they may be blessed with and are migrating to the roofs and converting them into a semblance of gardens.

The family that has a porch at its disposal can almost live in the open air. Everyone gravitates toward it as toward an open fire in the winter time. It is a good idea to furnish it for comfort and as attractively as possible, including a table for serving breakfast, lunch, or refreshments when one has guests. The porch furniture may be of wicker or equally fashionable painted wood. Colors should be quiet and cool and a coat of enamel used as a finish. The housewife will find this use of the porch for meals a great labor saving and an exhilarating change from the dining room. Instead of linen for the porch table there is a vogue for plain oil cloths, white or colored, cut into center pieces and doilies and painted or stenciled in colors. They do away with the laundering of linen, saving the precious fabric, now so scarce as well as saving labor. With vines and flowering plants a porch becomes a lovely place and guests enjoy it. For serving refreshments, colored linen, the embroidered, unbleached sets, take the place of oil cloth sets, or pretty center pieces and doilies of cretonne with edges finished with crochet.

If one is lucky enough to have a lawn, a terrace, a grape arbor or even so much as a single tree on a bit of grass covered ground, outdoor meals are more than a treat served thereon and a luncheon allows one to entertain a considerable number of guests with little service. Since the "cafeteria" idea has become a fad the duties of the hostess are limited. She decks out her table, provides it with food, sees that there are plenty of comfortable seats scattered about and leaves it to the guests to do much of their own serving.

Those who are building homes now are providing for dining out of doors with an out-of-doors room of some sort or a porch, ample enough to allow a part of it to be used for this purpose.

Every porch that is large enough—and it need not be very large—should have a swinging couch. For solid comfort nothing equals it. Some member of the family is sure to be benefited by sleeping on it at night. It will attract everyone, for the daytime nap, for the pleasant twilight and evening hours. In fact it fulfills the mission of the porch, which is to provide comfort.

Julia Bottomly

Watch Your Steps.

The importance of graceful walking never has been more evident than now. All the styles in fashion are intensely feminine, and it is no exaggeration to say their success depends almost entirely on the way they are worn and carried. Draperies floating from the waist demand spring in the step and light feet that do not lag. Short sleeves are lamentable, unless the arms and hands are well formed and well kept, and there is no charm in the display of silk stockings unless the ankles be slim. In the choice of clothes women must first be honest with themselves and then choose according to nature's endowment.

The Need of Matrons' Hats.

That the matronly woman needs as much attention in supplying her with becoming and suitable hats as does the stout woman in regard to suits and dresses is the opinion of one of the most experienced salesmen in a wholesale millinery house. He deplores the lack of attention that is given to hats for elderly women. They are harder to suit than anyone else, it is true, he said, but the reason is that no special effort has hitherto been made to meet their need. The matron's hat he considered one of the possibilities of the millinery trade in the future.

Hat, Bag and Vest Sets.

Summer accessories produced by an American designer consist of hat, bag and vest or hat and bag. Wide ribbon and hand embroidery play an important part in the making of these sets.

Rough on the Old Lady.

San Diego Tribune—The bandit was pointing the revolver at him, when Davis speeded up his mother and knocked the robber down—Boston Transcript.

Novel Bag Handle.

A chain which will be very fetching on a black bag is one which is easily and cheaply made. Get a number of the smallest white bone rings and connect them with loops of black silk braid. These loops should be about an inch in length. A black taffeta bag with this sort of chain fastened to the top will give an effect which is chic to a black and white costume. A bag of navy blue or gray would lend itself to this sort of handle treatment also.

Dance Gowns Black.

Black is strongly emphasized in dinner dance gowns. Laces are chosen, often tulle, chiffons, robe patterns in sequins, and beading. Some have high transparent backs, shoulder draperies of tulle, paneling and tunic puffings, but no trains. A number of the smartest have touches of color showing under the transparent bodice or in the belt finish. Sashes are used on many frocks, including the blacks. One having a bodice of sequins had a gold sash, arranged flatly with long flat loops.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner © by the Author.

MR. DOWNY WOODPECKER.

"Gossip," said Mr. Downy Woodpecker, "is wrong. Yes, Mrs. Downy, it is wrong. More than that, it is unfair. More than that, it is untrue. More than that, it is unkind."

Offering Them.

"Gracious," said Mrs. Downy, "it is a great deal to be more than all those things you've mentioned. But," she said, with a sweet smile upon her beak, "I understand what you mean. Our family has been gossiped about. Alas! how often I've heard people say that we're like our cousins, the Sapsuckers, because we bore into the tree, so folks think, for sap. If they'd only come and look at our tongues they'd see how wrong this is. They'd see that our barbed tongues would never do for that.

"But do you suppose they bother? Not a bit of it. They cling to the old, old story. And they don't care about being set right. Why, it's a surprise to me that folks don't come around and say, 'Hey, there, Mrs. Downy, let's have a look at your tongue to see if all this talk is gossip or not.'

"That is what I should think they would say, so they would make sure whether their stories were true or not.

"I've known so many people and creatures who have repeated what they've heard without bothering to find out in the first place whether it was true or not.

"That's such a mistake.

"So much trouble can be caused that way.

"But I must tell you how much I think of the lady who lives in that white house yonder. She doesn't gossip. She doesn't complain. But she does say how nice things are.

"You know there are some people who like to say how nice things are, and others who really hate to admit that everything is all right. They would rather complain and wish they had something else or that things were different.

"That I cannot understand.

"Now the lady in the white house is getting ready for some visitors. She is picking flowers so as to make their rooms look bright and gay, for she says they come from the city, where there are no flowers, or rather I should say, gardens with flowers.

"And I've heard her say, 'Look at the little woodpeckers, having such a good time.' She has put out bread crumbs and suet and a little pan of water and is offering them to any bird visitors who may come to call on her.

"But, oh, I do wish folks would see that our tongues are different from the way they must think them to be in order to tell the gossipy story which some of them do tell."

"To be sure we don't stick out our tongues rudely, but we would show by the way we bore into trees which have live wood for the delicious milky drinks to be found inside, or in dead wood for little delicious bugs, that we aren't harmful sapsuckers. They'd see if only they'd look."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Downy, "just as I say, gossip is wrong." He was perched on the side of a tree, making a great deal of racket, and Mrs. Downy was on the other side of the tree. He wore a handsome suit, so Mrs. Downy thought, of black and white, with a very dashing red patch of feathers at the back of his head. Mrs. Downy's dress was much the same in color, but she didn't wear the red feathers, because she wanted her Downy mate to be the more stylish of the two.

Beating Their Drums.

"I love people," said Mr. Downy. "I like a sociable life. I enjoy making a noise, drumming for food, and drumming for love," he added softly. Mrs. Downy put her head on one side, shyly.

"We're not like the quarrelsome sparrows," said Mrs. Downy. "Let's sing a song and give a band concert or a drum concert to tell folks we like company."

So Mr. and Mrs. Downy began beating their drums on the bark of the tree and many of their family joined them. Mr. Downy led the band, singing gaily:

I beat a drum, and so do we all,
My drum is the bark of a tree,
And if you come around some day
I'll rub-a-dub-dub for thee.

Why Snakes Were Made.

Little Nettie—Mamma, I know why God made snakes.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Little Nettie—When he got through making the world it was full of holes, so he made the snakes to fill up the holes.

Living Jewels.

The women of Mexico use fireflies as jewels. They tie them in little gauze bags and put them in their hair or clothing. Then, until they require them again, they keep them in little wire cages and feed them on scraps of sugar cane.

Birthday Present.

First Boy—What are you going to give your brother for his birthday, this year?

Second Boy—Don't know. I gave him measles last year.