

AFTER VACATION.

The children are all coming back to town from the fields and hills and the seaside beaches. They are strong and merry and plump and brown. And their cheeks are as rosy and round as peaches.

CHAMPION.

When eleven-year-old Daniel Ripley fished little Claude Scott out of the river, Mr. Scott gave him a handsome white-faced bull terrier as a sort of reward.

Mrs. Ripley turned white and she put her hand on Daniel's shoulder, as she watched Champion shaking the last spark of life out of a huge snake. "One step more, and I should have stepped on that creature!" she shrieked.

certain, but I'll ask my mother. Won't you go in?" The stranger followed the boy and Champion into Mrs. Ripley's shining kitchen. In her excitement Mrs. Ripley dropped a towel as she looked up at the stranger. He was a very pleasant man, with a quick, authoritative manner of speaking.

OUR TROUBLESOME SOUTHERN BORDER. "Shake hands." This was the instruction I gave to a couple of friends as they stood one on either side of the international border between the United States and Mexico.

revolutionists have had. Mountain ranges are ever in one's range of vision. At a distance, in the clear atmosphere, their rough features rise like a camp of giants, and are the most fantastic mountains that earth-

on the Sonora River, in the midst of an agricultural district and surrounded by rugged mountains, where there are many mines of gold and silver. It is a city of perhaps ten or twelve thousand people, and is the largest city in the State.