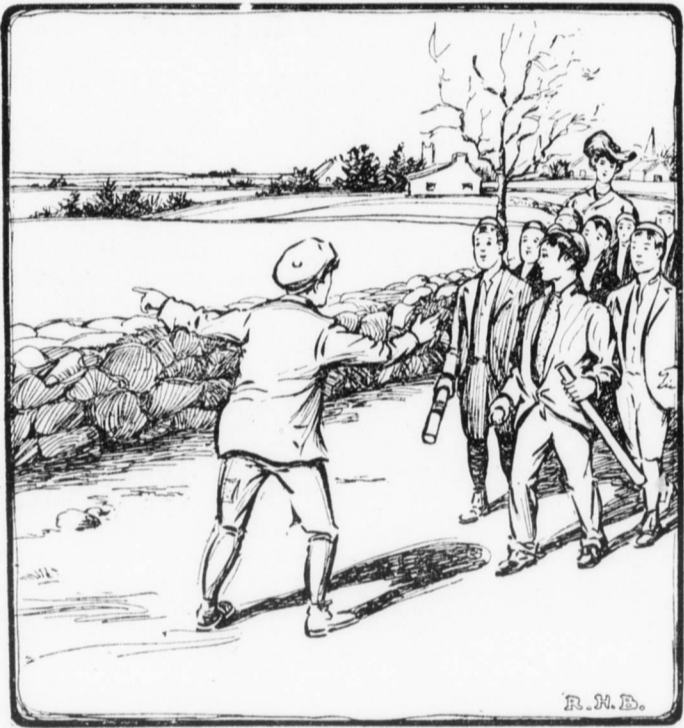


Miss Hunt's New Year's Picnic

By Hilda Richmond.

The weather certainly was queer for the last day of December. The sun shone brightly down on leafless trees and brown fields, and a fresh warm breeze blew from the south making it like a day in late September.



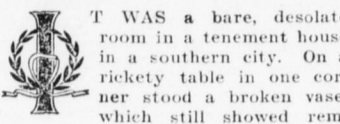
"Hully Gee! Aint That a Bully Place for a Game?"

the afternoon, and they return on the six o'clock train. Louise said all that was necessary was to feed them well, and I would have no trouble.

to Miss Hunt's big pasture field, and said, "Hully gee! Aint that a bully place for a game?"

was overcome with remorse to think she had neglected her guests, and several pies soon followed the crullers as atonement for her sin of omission.

A Borrowed Holiday



IT WAS a bare, desolate room in a tenement house in a southern city. On a rickety table in one corner stood a broken vase, which still showed remnants of its pristine beauty as the light of a stray sunbeam shone through its ruby depths.



Meanwhile Hugh Derwent Had Dragged His Weary Way Homeward.

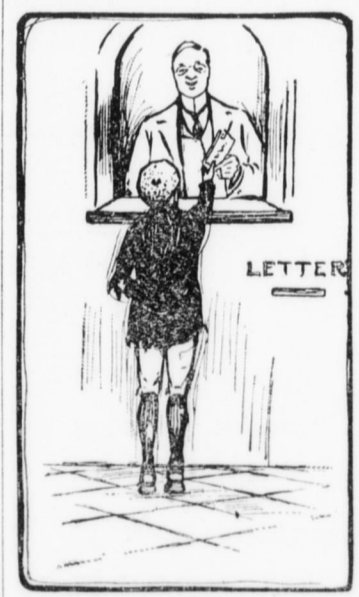
sure of the times, had failed. Unfortunately, he fell seriously ill of a fever, which completely prostrated him. By degrees their small savings were expended, then the best of the furniture was sold, for they were too proud to ask help, and so they went from bad to worse.

"Oh, thank you, sir," gasped Harry. "Ah, don't mention it, sonny; let me help you across," and he grasped the muddy, ragged sleeve in his daintily gloved hand, and nearly lifting the slight form, swung him over.

Where, meantime, was little Harry, and what was his object in visiting the great publishing house of Ford & Company? Looking at the huge, seven-story building, with all its windows ablaze with light, you would wonder what purpose the child had in mind.

"I don't care for thanks, but I would like to see the owner of the name—must be someone I have known."

"Mother!" called Harry. "Oh, mother, I bring good news. Here's money; your story won first prize, and here's a kind gentleman who saved me from being run over."



There Were Two Letters, One for His Father.

HAD NO USE FOR IT.



Mr. Wit—I heard that you received a beautiful pocketbook for a New Year's present.

Mr. Nit—That's right, but what use is a pocketbook to a fellow who went broke on presents a week ago?