## EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1917



NOSIR' POSTIVELY

NO! I WILL NOT

FORTY THOUSAND FOR THAT HEAD OF CABBAGE! ILL GIVE IT TO THE METROPOLITAN

MUSEUM FIRST.

ACCEPT LESS THAN

THE PADDED CELL

HEY

LESS HOISE IN THERE!

HAYWARD



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the doctainly like to do something for the poor soldlers over there in the trenches if it was nothing more than embroidering a few table covers for them. few nice dressing.

### **Clever Henry**

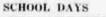
She (tearfully) - Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return to you everything you have ever given me.

You may begin at once with the kisses

Weekly.

He (cheerily) - Thanks, Blanche!

They are married now .-- Pearson's





## A Sequel to "Beyond"the Great Oblivion THEAFTERG By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND been thrown into the background of mind. She forgot the boy, herself, m thing save the crushing fact of some

### THE STORY THUS FAR

THE STORY THUS FAB These more on earth after their especi-faces in the abyes Beatrice and Allan start for their burnshow on the Hudsen. As they near Hope Villa they see that the building and grounds, and that the in-variable of beast savages has infested the building and grounds, and that the in-hearted Allan guides his according to beast they near the total the home. Broken, hearted Allan guides his according to beast where records of the tast pligrinings after there are allower and the tast pligrining after there are a the cathedral on Storm King there are merrice. There, in the de-ter the wedding service. There, in the de-ter the wedding service of the abyes and prepare a cave on Settlement the the there the order the data the settlement of the set of the settlement of the data the set of the settlement of the data the settlement of the data the settlement of the settlement of the data the set of the abyes the settlement of the

Clina While Allan teaches the men the rudi-ments of construction and civilization. Restrice instructs the whomen and children in concess and ins three "Rs." During the starting a con is burn to the two re-builders of the human race. After sev-eral months of work on earth, Allan de-side or inture to the store. Beatrice again trice to disauade him.

CHAPTER XX-(Continued)

YES, you know. Your idea of training three or four of the most intelligent A three or four of the most intelligent meet to fly, and perhaps building one or two more planes—that is, establishing a regu-lar service to and from the Abyss. That would be so much wiser, Allan' Think how dead'y imprudent it is for you, you personally, to take this risk every time! Why, if anything should happen—"""" "But it won't ! It can't !!

-What would become of the colony We haven't got anything like enough of a start to go ahead with. lacking you ' I speak now without sentiment or foolish, womanly fears, but just on a common-sense, prac-tical basis. Viewed at that angle, ough you to take the risk again?

You to take the risk again?" "There's no time now, darling, to build more planes! No time to teach flying! We ve got to recruit the colony as fast as possible, in case of emergencies. Why, 1 haven't made a trip since-since G knows when ' it's time I was off now.' God 'Alian Well?

Suppose you never went again? With the population we now have, and the nat-ural increase, wouldn't civilization re-ca-

ural increase, wouldn't civilization re-es-tablish itself in time?" "Undoubtedly. But think how long it would take? Every additional person im-ported puts us ahead tremendously. I may never be able to bring all the Folk, all the Lanskaarn, and those other mysterious yel-low-haired people they talk about from be-yond the Great Vortex. But I can do my share, anyhow. Our boy here may have to complete the process. It may take a life-time to accomplish the rescue, but it must he done So you're determined to go again?"

"I am! I must " She seized his hand imploringly. 'I am! "And leave us? Leave your boy? Leave

"Only to return soon, darling! Very

"But after this one trin, will you prom-ise to train somebody else to go in your place'

'l'll sed, dearest !

"No, no! Not that! Promise?" She had drawn his head down, and n her face close to his was trembling in her eagerness

"Promise ! Promise me, Allan! idenly moved by her entreaty, he

"I promise. Beta." he exclaimed. "Gad, "I promise. Beta," he exclaimed. "Gad, I didn't know you were so deadly afraid of my little expeditions! If Id understood I might have been arranging otherwise al-ready. But I certainly will change matters when I get back. Only let me go once more, darling-that'il be the last time, I swear it

you! She gave a great sigh of relief unspeak-de and kept silence. But in her eyes he able and kept silence. But in saw the shine of sudden tears.

Allan had been gone more than four days and a half before Beatrice allowed herself to realize or to acknowledge the sick terror that for some hours had been growing in

her soul. His usual time of return had hitherto heen just a little over three days. Some-times, with favorable winds to the brink of the Abyss, and unusually strong rising surrents of vapors from the sunken sea-from the Vortex, perhaps?-he had been able to make the round trip in sixty hours.

But now more than a hundred and eight hours had lagged by since Beatrice, carry-ing the boy, had accompanied him up the

pervading her made her akin with the sortill the nails pierced the delicata flesh, eyes staring, face wazen, only for the sake of the child suppressing the sobs and heart-torn cries that sough to burst from her overburdened soul. "Oh, Allan! Allan!" she would entreat. rowing wife "Go rest," she whispered. "I understand

"Oh, Allan! Allan!" she would entreat, as though he could know and hear. "Oh, come back to me! What has happened? Where are you? Come back, come back to your boy-to me!" Then, betimes, she would catch up the child and straig it to her breast, even though it awakened. Its cries would min-gle with her anguished weeping; and in the firelit gloom of the cave they two-she who knew and he who knew not-would in some measure comfort one an-other.

On the eighth day she sustained a ter-rible shock, a sudden joy followed by so poignant a despair that for a moment it eemed to her human nature could endure

position is despined to be human nature could endure no more and she must die. For, eagerly watching the cloud-patched sky with the telescope from the cliff-top-while on the terrace old Genafam tended the child-she thought suddenly to be-hold a distant vision of the aeroplane! A tiny spot in the heavens, truly, was moving across the field of vision! With a cry, a sudden flushing of her face, now so wan and coloriess, she seemed to throw all her senses into one sense, the power of sight. And though her hand began to shake so terribly that she could only with a great effort hold the glass, she steadled it against a fern-tree and thus steadled it against a fern-tree and thus managed to find again and hold the mov-The Pauillac! Was it indeed the Paull-

lac and Alian? heaven!" she stammered. "Merciful

"Merciful heaven: ane stammered. "Bring him back-to me!" Again she watched, her whole soul aflame with hope and cagerness and trem-ulous joy, ready to burst into a blaze of happiness—and then came disillusion and densate blacker than ours and more tes-

despair, blacker than ever and more rible. For suddenly the moving speck turned,

wheeled and route. One second the caught sight of wings. She knew how it was only some huge tropic bird after on the horizon-mome condor, vulture or other creature of the air.

Then, as with a quick swoop, the vul-ture sild away and vanished behind a blue hill-shoulder, the woman dropped her glass, sank to earth and—half fainting— burst into a terrible, dry, sobbing plaint. Her tears, long since exhausted, would not flow. (irief could pass no further limits. flow. Grief could pass no further loss and After a time she grew calmer, arose and thought of her child once more. Slowly she returned down the via dolorosa of the terrace path, the walk where she and Allan had no often and so gayly trodden; the path now so barren, so,hateful, so sol-

itary. To her little son she returned, and in her arms she cherished him-in her trem-bling arms-and the tears came at last,

welcome and heart-stilling. Old Gesafam, gazing compassionately with troubled eyes that blinked behind their tica shields, laid a comforting hand on

the girl's shoulder. "Do not weep. O Yulcia, mistress?" she exclaimed in her own tongue. ""Weep not, for there is still hope. See, all things are going on as before in the colony!" She restured toward the lower caves, whence the sounds of smithy work and other toil drifted upward. "All is yet well with us, Opty our Kromno is away. And he will yet come? He will come back to us to the the girl's shoulder. community

come! He will come back to us-to the child to you, to all who love and obey him!" Beatrice seized the old woman's band and kissed it in a burst of gratitude. "Oh-if I could only believe you !" she

"It will be so! What could happen to him, so strong, so brave? He must come back! He will!"

"What could happen? A hundred things, Gesafam? One tiny break in the flying boat and he might be hurled to earth or down the Abyss to death? Or, among your, Folk, he may have been defeated, for 

you have so often spoken, is now afar." "No, Gesafam. Even today I saw their signal frees on the horizon." The old woman drew an arm about the

girl. All barbarian that she was, the eternal, universal spirit of the feminine

Gasping, she sought to struggle up and stare about her; but the drugged draft was too potent, and she could not move. Yet still the visions came again—and now it seemed that Allan lay there, in the woods, somewhere afar, transfixed with an enven-omed spear, while in a crowding, hideous, jabbering swarm the distorted, beast-like 

drous beneficence of the ronyilu, she slept a deep and dreamless slumber. Even the child being laid on her breast by the old woman-who smiled, though in her eyes stood tears-even this did not arouse her. She slept. And for a few blessed hours she had respite from woe and pain unspeakable

seemed caught in a thunderstorm, an earth-quake. She heard the smashing of the lightning bolts, the roaring shock of the reverberation, then the crash of shattered

A sudden shock awoke her. She thought a falling block of stone had struck her arm. But it was only old Gesafam shaking her n terro

"Ob. Yulcia, noa!" the nurse was crying in terror. "Up! Waken! The cliff falls! Awake, awake!"

Beatrice sat up in bed, conscious through all the daze of dreams quick broken, that some calamity some vast and unknown peril-had smitten the colony at Settlement Cliffs.

CHAPTER XXII The Treason of H'Yemba

WHY do you suppose our book edge ent that book to me-because he is inte-sted in YOU-everybody is interested in NOT yet even fully awake, Beatrice was conscious of a sudden, vast responsi-bility this, on her shoulders. She felt the thrill of leadership and command, for in her hands alone now rested the fate of the YOU

strong arms

I carefully clipped an article out of a newspaper showing that the United Sums spent \$400,000 (or a like amount) in text-Out of bed she sprang, her grief for the moment crushed aside, aquiver now with the spirit of defense against all ills that

by the United States in telling mights her to bring up their children. Excuse me if the figures are wrong. I had made up my mind to write a the about this terrible article when this do curred to me: It may be that the motor do not need to be taught how to raise the children, while the farmers may need to be taught how to raise piec?

I think this is a much better way of pu ing it, don't you?

Can't you make people MORE interes

might menace the colony and her child. The cliff falls?" she cried, starting for the doorway. "Yea, mistress! Hark!"

Both women heard a grating, crushing sound. The whole fabric of the cavern trembled again, as though shuddering; then,

trembled again, as though shuddering; then, far below, a grinding crash re-echoed—and now rose shouts, cries, walls of pain. Already Beatrice was out of the door and running down the terrace. "Yulcia! Yulcia!" the old woman stood screaming after her, "You must not go!" She answered nothing, but ran the faster. Already the could see dust riging from

Let us thank the Government for t \$8000 and be thankful that mothers are d ing so nicely. When I was a boy and some one visits our school everybody had a chill, from the teacher down, while today we have that a cellent co-operation which is found h of Parent-Teacher Associations. Can't you make neonle MORE interest Already she could see dust rising from the river brink; and louder now the crics blended in an anguished chorus as she sped down the terrace. What could have happened? How great

was the catastrophe? What might the death roll be? Her terrors about Allan had at last

Invite more people to come-everybed interested in YOU-or ought to be Your loving editor, . FARMER SMITH

a your school?

THE GOATVILLE SCHOOL

By Farmer Smith

"Why is it that I don't hear the Geatrik school bell any more?" asked Billy Bunya of his good wife one morning, after the child Nannie had left for school. "School bells are out of fashion ben-days," answered Mrs. Bumpus. Then a added: "By the way, Nannie wants you ome down and help out the blues." "I haven't the blues," said Billy. "W does she mean?" "You see, the school is divided into the blues and the whites and our dear see Nannie is one of the blues. Every time parent of one of the blues comes down loes she mean? ounts ten for their side." "It will count twenty if I go. What w I learn if I do go?" asked Billy. "You will learn how wonderful our the dren are—the children of today. It will d dren are—the children of today. It will a you good." "Is there anything to cat?" asked Billy. "Come to think of it. Nannie is in the cooking class today, and I know they ca their own lunch, and if you go I know the will be only too glad to give you somethin to cat, and —and they may ask you to make a speech." Mrs. Bumpus looked at her he band with an amused eye. In a few minutes Billy was trotting a toward the Goatville school. He arms there just as the bell was ringing. "My." he said to himself. "How this have changed."

"Go rest," she whispered. "I undermand. I, too, have wept and mourned, though that was very long ago in the Abyss. My man, my Nausaak, a very brave and strong catcher of fish, fought with the Lanskaarn— and he died. I understand, Yulcia! You must think no more of this now. The child meads your strength. You must rest. Go?"

needs your strength. You must rest. Go! Gently, yet with firmness that was not to be disputed, she forced Beatrice into the cave, made her lie down and prepared a drink for her.

Though Beta knew it not, the wise old woman had steeped therein a few leaves of the ronyilu weed, brought from the Abyss, a powerful soporific. And presently a cer-tain calm and peace began to win posses-sion of her soul.

sion of her soul. For a time, however, distressing visions still continued to float before her disordered mind. Now she seemed to behold the Pauillac, flaming and shattered, whirling down, over and over, meteor-swift, into the purple mists and vapors of the Abyss. Now the scene changed; and she saw it, crushed and broken, lying on some far rock-ledge, amid impenetrable forests, while from beneath a formiess tangle of wreckage pro-truded a hand—his hand—and g thin, drip-ping stream of red. Gasping, she sought to struggle up and

jarged rent in the limestone, through with the sky peered down. An indescribable chaos of frames blocks, debris, detritus of all kinds is choked the river below; and the side of chafed with lathering fury through a chafed with lathering fury through a chafed with lathering fury through a shundred yards in front of her. As she stood there, dased and dat hearking the terrible cries that rose for those still not dead in the ruins, she pe evide some of the folk gathered along the transformer of the role and may hearking the terrible cries that rose for those still not dead in the ruins, she pe evide some of the folk gathered along the transformer of the role and may hearking the terrible cries that rose for those still not dead in the ruins, she pe evides down of the scant half of caves still left. And all, dazed and may have been to the folk gathered along the the hearking for the scant half of the folk, the burrowing and honeyous ing through the cliff, must have get broken down some vital rib of the structur broken down some vital rib of the structur and the realistible might it had torn he stild, crashed, leaped into the canyon, dan ing with it how many lives she knew in All she knew now was that reacues mu for soft self, she ran pnce more down the sta-turace, calling to her folk: "Men is de dead, must be recovered. So with fresh strength, utterly for state of self, she ran pnce more down the sta-turace, calling to her folk: "Men is depended to be anyon withly is ave the wounded if Go?" There was no sleep for any in the only swiftly! Save the wounded! Got" . There was no sleep for any in the clear that day, that night, or the next day T vast pile of debris rang with the slear blows, louder than ever anvil rang in the torches flared and sparkled over the jumble of broken rock, beneath which as lay burled many dead—none knew ho many—nevermore to be seen of man. Or iron bars bent double with the prying a strong arms.

At last her dreams grew troubled. She

My Dears-It seems to me that everybey is interested in children, and it is right the they should be. Our book editor has a sent in to me a book, entitled "The Mane Education of the Child."

aught how to raise pigs!

pendous calamity. All at once she stopped with

She had reached the turn

She had reached the turn in the whence now all the further reach of the was visible. But, where the crar towered, now appeared only a great jagged rent in the limestone, through the sky peered down.

ing farmers how to raise pigs. The article went on to say that only \$8000 was per by the United States in telling mighers her

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

Farmer Smith's

Column

CHILDREN

stage.<sup>A</sup>

off whenever you like on the phonograph."



-London Bystander Pessimistic Curate (to man who has lost his business through the war, has three sons at the front, has just been shown the housekeeping bill for the quarter and received his income tax assemament)-Believe me, things will be worse before we are done. We haven't suffered at all yet! I'm debating whether to go on a party after the game or not." "I bet you win."

The Sands of Time

-London Opinion

The Optimist-Cheer up. Bert! The war will soon be over, and we'll all be back in good old Bignity!

The Pensimist-Tis all very well for you to talk like that, Charlie-you're one of the lucky ones. But I'll never see Blighty no more. When you and the boys go home they'll put me on to emptyin' the blinkin' sandbags !

Handicapped "Ernest, were you looking through the keyhole last night at your sister au't. ale

No Escape lele.

Crawford -- You must have felt pleased when the family next door with the phonograph moved out. Crabshaw-1 was at first; but the people who moved in play the uku-





steep path to the hangar in the palisaded

clearing. How light-hearted, confident, strong he had been, filled with great dreams and hopes, and visions! No thought of peril, accident or possible failure had clouded his

She recalled his farewell kiss given to the shild and to herself, his careful inspection of the machine, his short and vigorous or-ders, and the supreme skill with which he had leaped aloft upon its back and gone whirring up the sky till distance far to the northwestward had swallowed him.

And since that hour no sign of return. No

And since that hour no sign of return. No speck against the blue. No welcome chatter of the engine far aloft, no hum of huge blades beating the summer air! Nothing! Nothing save ever-growing fear and an-guish, vain hopes, fruitless peerings toward the dim horizon, agonizing expectations always frustrated, a vast and swiftly grow-ing terror. ing terror.

Beatrice cringed from her own thoughts She dared not face the truth. that way, she felt instinctively, lay

nadness. CHAPTER XXI

# Allan Returns Not.

FIVE days dragged past, then six, then seven, and still no sign of Allan came to lighten the terrible and growing anguish woman.

of the woman. All day long she would watch for him— save at such times as the care and nursing of her child mercifully distracted her atten-tion a little while from the intolerable grief and woe consuming her. -She would stand for hours on the rock

She would stand for hours on the rock terrace, peering into the northwest; she would climb the steep path a dozen times a day, and in distraction pace the cliff-top inside the palisaded area, where now some few wild sheep and goats were penned in process of domestication. Here she would walk, calling in vain his name to the uncaring winds of heaven. With telescope she would untiringly sweep the far reaches of the horizon, hoping, ever hoping, that at each moment a vague and

the far reaches of the horizon, hoping, ever hoping, that at each moment a vague and distant speck might spring to view, wing its swift way southeastward, resolve itself into that one and only blessed sight her whole soul craved and burned for—the Pauliac and her husband! And so, till night fell and her strained eyes could no longer distinguish anything but swimming mists and vapors, she would watch, her every thought a prayer, her

but swimming mists and vapors, she-would watch, her every thought a prayer, her every hope a tormant--for each hope was destined only to end in disappointment bitterer far than death. And when the shrouding dark had robbed her of all possibility for further watching she would descend with slow and halting steps, grief-broken, dased, half-maddened, to the home cavern --empty now, in spite of her child's presence there--empty and ter-rible and drear! Then would begin the long night vigil.

nature anatched only a ten semiconsciousness. Even the sight of the boy, lying there sunk in his deep and healthy simmber, only kindled frash fires of woe. For he was Allan's child—he spoke to her by his mere presence of the absent, the lost, perhap the dead man. And at ibought that new she might be

NO ONE would have stigmatized Polly grasses, and Hawthorne swore softly under his breath. The chicken flew madly out of his slackened clutch and the pink-clad one mentally unbalanced she ce another couple of years might possibly see

her confortably ensconsed in a home for incurables. For the present she was hap-pily if whimsteally domiciled in a tiny cot-tage on Long Island. Miss Polly's mentol state was the cause of rude jests from village children and one of amused interest to older minds. Week-end guests were sure to older minds. Week-end guests were sure to be taken past the abode of Polly Perkins just as they were invariably regaled by the story of the haunted house on the old farm road.

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS

**Polly Perkins** 

"She's dippy on the subject of pi said Jimmy Rogers as he strolled past Miss Perkins's cottage with Bob Hawthorne after a swim in the sound.

'I wouldn't have believed it," laughed Hawthorne as he eyed with amused glanc the pink-painted cottage, the pink flower gardens, pink gate posts and outbuildings. "I suppose she has pink bows on all the live stock," he commented.

"She surely has," chuckled Jimmy, "every

living chicken in the barnyard has a pink bow on his neck." "You're joking!" exclaimed Hawthorne, but at that moment the cluck, cluck of the discussed birds announced their presence and both men laughed aloud. A most tidy little flock of chickens, each bird wear-

ing a pink bow on its neck, came pecking away over Miss Polly's front lawn. "I don't call that eccentric. I call it plain cracked." said Hawthorne. "What kind of a freak is this Polly Perkins?" he fished. "Not so much of a freak as you'd expect."

said Jimmy, as they moved along the street. "Of course, she dresses entirely in pink and looks not half had under the pink sunbon-net she wears about the garden. You know she writes stories and things for the mag azines.

"That accounts for it," said Hawthorne "they are nearly all dippy on some line, these writer people." After that the two men fell into a discussion of the yacht races being held at the club and grompliy forgot all about Polly Perkins and her chusters. chickens.

It was not until a few days later that It was not until a few days later that Hawthorne, lolling in Jimmy Rogers's ham-mock, looked up to see a love chicken cluck-ing away and pecking contentedly for vermin in Rogers's well-kept lawn. The chicken had a more or less bedräggied pink bow on its neck that sadly interfored at times with the capturing of dainties from the soft sod.

on its neck that sadly interfored at times with the capturing of dainties from the soft sod. "Hello!" exclaimed Hawthorne, draw-ing himself up from his most comfortable position the better to look at the hen; "If you haven't strayed from Miss Perkins's pink domain I'll eat my hat." "And because Bob Hawthorne was a triffs fored with his own society and more or less curious regarding the eccentrio-Miss Perkins he decided to make a martyr of himself and take the straying bird home. He had little difficulty in catching the chicken. Evidently Miss Perkins's hens were more in the nature of pats than table deli-cacles. He wondered if each and every bird had a name such as Florabelle or Sylvia or even Peter Perkins. He supposed they would have. After a few moments of reconnolitering he discovered much to his surprise that a wing of Miss Perkins is property virfaulty adjoined that of Jimmy Rogers. He climbed the jatter's feace and found himself facing the back of a pink chicken coop. Haw-thorns laughed shortly and would have con-tinued his progress toward the restoration of Miss Perkins's posity to the owner, nave that a progress toward the restoration

opened startled eyes that were smiling with recent dreams.

Hawthorne's conversational ability was lost somewhere in the blue depths of her eyes. He only stood and stared dowp at her. If all mentally unbalanced persons were so lovely to look upon as Polly Perkins, Hawthorne hoped he would meet many of that variety on his life's path. "You've no right to be snoring in that

wet grass." he said-that happened to be the only thought he seemed able to give voice to.

"I was not snoring, and the grass is as dry as a bone." the girl said with as-perity. She had arisen to a sitting posture and was endeavoring to coax back the frightened chicken. "I don't know whyfrightened chicken. "I don't know whyin the universe is continually wet anyway. Men creatures invariably think of sneez-ing and rheumatism instead of electricity and renewed life coming out of the grass." She had got the chicken back by coninsied coaxing the while she was address ing her remarks' to Hawthorne and was petting it with two charmingly white hands. Hawthorne found himself wishing himself the pet chicken of an eccentric writer per-

on whose mania was an overfo "Are you Miss Polly Perkins?" he asked,

when her wide-open eyes again roamed to-ward his face. He wanted to make sure of "Yes, I am," she said. "Is there any-

thing ene you would like to know. Rude Person" she inquired with a peculiarly dis-concerting frankness. Hawthorne stiffened perceptibly; then

Hawthorne stiffened perceptibly: then, remembering Miss Perkins's mental con-ditions smiled in what he supposed to be a most compassionate manuer. To Polly Perkins the smile was an odd mixture of damaged pride and a desire to hide the same by forced amusement. She in turn cast a quizzical look into Haw-in turn cast a quizzical look into Haw-

hide the same by forced amusement. She in turn cast a quissical look into Haw-thorne's glowering eyes and burst into a peal of laughter. "You know," she informed him, "I am not the Miss Polly Perkins you think I am. I am her niced". With that she turned swiftly on her heels and left Bob Hawthorne standing beside the pink chicken coop. He smiled as he went back toward Jimms Hogers's garden and realized that his holidays were going to be more interesting than he had expected. "You know," she confided to him two nights later when they left the clubhouse after a most delightful tango evening. "I have a dreadful confession to make." Since Bob's eyes were anything but fear inspiring, Polly continued: "I saw you that day in Mr. Rogers's garden and sneaked down to Aunt Polly's chicken coop and deliberately put that bird over the fence so that you might see it." "And?" questioned Hawthorne, beginning to see things as they really were and al ways would be where Polly was concerned "Well-I feit that you were a triffe bored jung in that hammock, and that anything in the way of diversion would sppeal to you."

"But what about yourself?" questioned Hawth

"But what about yourself" questioned Hawthorne cagerly. " "I had seen you through my opera glasses from Aunt Polly's attic window," confessed Polly unblushingly, "and I rather liked the form of diversion from my own ennul." "Are you engaged?" asked Bob bluntly. "No.-Rude Person," laughed Polly. "Then prepare for the worst soon." asid Bob, possessing himself of the slim fingers that he had whiched jesiously careasing the

have changed !"

have changed !" The teacher had told Billy to ring th bell once when he went to school, and after he had rung it he ate a piece off and had to stay after school. He thought of ma as he said to himself: "I guess that is with they don't have a big bell any more." An Billy Bumpus laughed softly to himself. As Billy entered the main had he was preseted by Miss Waffles Goal, the pro-cipal, who welcomed him with: "I'm with glad to see you. Mr. Bumpus. I had head that you were to come and talk about is wild ducks and I'm delighted to see you." "Wild ducks!" .exclaimed Billy.

"Wild ducks !" .exclaimed Billy. "Yes; you are to come every day a tell us stories about the birds and fin and animals we know so little about to see, our schools are different than the were when With

"I should say they are," said Billy. "You are looked upon as one of the was goats in Goatville, and we are delighted i think that you are to talk to us," said Min Goat

Goat. "So am I. So am I." replied Billy, not be outdone, "Do I have to talk about vi ducked."

ducks?" "No; but you see we are goats and "T know we are goats." interrupted his "but what has that to do with my takin "but what has that to do with my takin to you about something Billy check himself. He hated to tell how little he ken about wild ducks or anything else for th

himself. He hated to ten how ease for a about wild ducks or anything elas for a matter. "Come with me." said Miss Goat. The wint to see 'you very much." "I will want to see them," thought all but he kept his thought to himself. Miss Goat led Billy to the room was the cooking class was at work, and as door was open, he smelled the fragman. "What have you for today?" saked all "The afraid there's not very much blue-grass sailed, stovelid potrost brown gravy, creamed newspapers, poor man's rag pudding for dessert. "Good" exclaimed Billy. "Will something to eat every day I come" "Of course," said Miss Goat smiller. "Then," said Billy, "Til be have ever until you tell me to stop." "How delighted the children was promarized Miss Goats was