

THE COLLECTORS.

I wasn't but a little boy
When I collected butterflies;
And next I took to postage stamps,
And then cigar boxes were the prize.

The New Boarder at Carville.

A Pretty School Teacher and Learned Professor.

By EDITH FULLERTON SCOTT.

"Now sit right down, my dear, do! You're all tucked out with the walk up that hill. I always did say that hills weren't meant for human beings to climb; it's hard enough work for horses and other dumb critters with four legs to help them. Not but that I'm fond of hills, in a way. They're most refreshing to look at from a distance—and I wouldn't be hired to live in town where there's nothing to be seen but dusty streets and brick houses, but they certainly are dreadful hard on your back and for taking the breath clean out of you there's nothing equal to them. Here, drink this glass of milk—it's nice and cool and will set you up a bit."

ing to meet him. "Why, Ted-dy! She threw her arms around his neck and stood thus for a few moments utterly oblivious of everything save that her boy had come. But then, recalling herself, she released him from her embrace, saying: "Oh, how rude I'm a-gettin' in my old age! Teddy, this is Miss Thom—"

PIGEON RACES.

More Than 2000 Birds in One Event —Sixty Miles an Hour. To find pigeon flights classed under aeronautics is a surprise to the uninitiated, but that is the way it is done by the American Magazine of Aeronautics, which ought to know.

State of Pennsylvania

HUGGER ELUDES CROWD. Efforts to Capture the Man Who Is Annoying Women. Lansdale (Special).—Lansdale's "Jack, the Hugger," who has in the last two weeks thoroughly frightened at least a dozen women, completely puzzled the borough policeman and who has been chased on two occasions by an angry crowd of men, has eluded all efforts at capture.