

SYNOPSIS.

Pedro and the dancing bear, Mr. Jones, prevent a tramp from stealing a young lady's purse.

CHAPTER III.

A Loss and a Find.

"I am sure that there must be color in our souls," said Iris Vanderpool. "At this moment," replied Mr. Samuel Hill, "my soul is the exact hue of tea with lemon in it, shading off to the color of a jam sandwich."

The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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word to success. It is a bitter fact, perhaps, but one we all have to learn. "That is a theory which I do not intend to live by," she said rather breathlessly.

ning than any gaiety could be, and his rare smile was a thing to be remembered. Of her mother Iris had no recollection, but from her earliest childhood she had seen her father as an individual, instead of merely as a father.

crouched a shapeless mass, which grunted softly. "It's only Mr. Jones," said the voice that had spoken before. "He's just woken up. It's only my bear!"

I should like to see them! Would they receive me well? "Without a doubt," said Pedro; "they recognize a friend at once, even as a dog or a bear does!"



"Oh, Sam!" She Wailed ALOUD, and Cast Herself Across the Deskboard.



"Then Give Him Up!" Cried Hill.

Temperance advertisement with various articles: SALOON IS MEANEST THING, SAVING IN CRIMINAL COST, JOHN BARLEYCORN DESTROYS, JAWS MUST HAVE EXERCISE, TRANSFORMATION, BAD BUSINESS, GAIN DESIRABLE SUBJECTS.