

THE PRINCESS IN THE CITY.

He swank and think of quiet hills
And many woods and waters, all asleep,
All dreaming in the silver of the night;

A Happy Friendship
The Pretty Story of How "Alice in Wonderland" Came to Be Written.

Can you imagine a time when "Alice in Wonderland" had not been heard of?
When no one knew the story of the White Rabbit and the Cheshire Cat, of the March Hare and the Mad Tea party?

In the great quadrangle or court of Christ Church college, in Oxford, England, many a stirring event has taken place, and many a distinguished man has lived and died.

Nothing in the dignified appearance of the quadrangle suggests the grotesque creations and the merry fancies of these wonderful nonsense books.

A little Oxford girl—but she is now a lady, and you can see the roof of her beautiful home in the quadrangle—who was one of Lewis Carroll's best friends, and whom he called "Dear Bee," says: "If you went to see Mr. Dodgson in the morning you would find him, pen in hand, hard at work on neat packets carefully arranged around him on the table; but the pen would be instantly laid aside, and the most cheerful of smiles would welcome you in for a chat as long as you liked to stay."

I suppose that no children ever had a more delightful playfellow than did these little friends. A story is told of a famous general who went to call at a house in the Quad and was ushered into a room where no one seemed to be present, but a great commotion was going on under the table.

She was not the oldest, but the second daughter, and in the verses at the beginning of the Wonderland book she is called "Secunda" (Second); Lorina, the eldest, is called "Prima" (First),

and little Edith, the youngest, is called "Tertia" (Third). For these three dear children, Lewis Carroll had a never-ending fund of stories which he told them at all sorts of times—in his study, in the garden, while walking in the country or rowing on the river which runs at the foot of the college grounds.

"Alice in Wonderland," was one of these stories, begun as they rowed along the river on a Fourth of July and in the year 1862, when our country was in the midst of the great civil war. Lewis Carroll himself did not seem to think the story a wonderful one. In his diary for that day he wrote:

"I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the banks there and did not reach Christ church till half past eight." Later on, he added to this: "On which occasion I told them the fairy tale of 'Alice's Adventures Under-ground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice."

You can imagine how eagerly the children listened while the adventures of the White Rabbit, the story of the Mouse and the Lory, the Caucus-race and all the rest of the tale were told in the gentle, quiet fashion in which Mr. Dodgson always spoke, and rather slowly, perhaps, because of a tendency to stammering.

The entire story was not told on a single occasion, as you may well be sure, but on many occasions the adventures were resumed, and a chapter narrated, now on the river, now in the study, now in the garden, now after tea in the meadows or in the cozy drawing room facing the street.

By Which He Discovers That in Some Ways the Whole World is Kin. "You note," said the photographer, "that in pictures taken anywhere, in any part of the globe, the humans face the camera as if they wanted to be taken. It may be curiosity that prompts them or it may be vanity, but they all seem to like to get into the picture."

"Take a group picture made anywhere, say among our own tribe. Note the people in the rear with necks craned to get their heads out from behind blanketing people in front, so that their faces will show. Shyness or modesty may keep some who are in the background from doing this, but unless the photographer has personally posed every member of the group so that he will show you will always find in such pictures some figures of persons who would otherwise have been more or less obscured but who have so disposed themselves as to make sure that their faces show."

"So of any set group, and the same would be true of any sort of picture in which many persons were taken, as at a banquet or a wedding, and it would be true of some of the outlanders in a picture taken of a funeral. People like to get into the picture."

The Distinction. School Teacher—Johnny, what is a patriot? Johnny—A man that tries to benefit his country.

An Englishman has invented a bicycle for the blind. In reality, it is a motorcycle, carrying twelve riders, led by a seeing person, who does the steering.



THE FARMER'S HOME AND ACRES

Dodder in the Clover. A dodder infested stand of clover or alfalfa may safely be allowed to produce a crop of hay or be used for pasturage or for soiling provided the crop is removed before the dodder produces seed.

Feeding Salt. Salt that remains in the barrel of meat that is clean and wholesome is in no way infected with germ life that will injure stock to which it is fed.

Preparing Market Poultry. In preparing fowls for market, remember that they should not be allowed any food for at least twenty-four hours before killing, but give them all the water they will drink.

Care of the Horse. For kidney trouble give two ounces night and morning of tea made by steeping buchu leaves in soft water.

Advice on Eggs. I get more eggs in winter than any other season. As you are too late now to get the extreme high prices of late fall and winter eggs, get ready for next winter.

Nothing About It Suggests Fish—Except Its Size. Dick is the name this time not of a man nor of a dog but of a duck, a big drake mallard living on Mud Lake in Arkansas and there acting in the capacity of live decoy to his fellow web-footers and of friend to duck hunters.

Holding Drift Land. The drifting sands of the Cape Cod region in Massachusetts are a serious problem for the farm owners nearby.

His Sole Limitation. "Do you know what I'd like to be?" asked Rastus of the commercial traveler, who was stopping at the way-side hotel.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT. Unstable as water thou shalt not stay on the wagon. The most hopeless thing is to try to realize on hope.

MEMOIRS OF DAN RICE, THE CLOWN OF OUR DADDIES. At Last, There is on Sale a Book Brimful of American Humor.

At Last, There is on Sale a Book Brimful of American Humor. Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for "a book which will make me laugh."

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