FOR YOUNG READERS

Asking Mother.

"Mother, say, now can't I go
Hunting by the woods with Joe?
Only mischief stays at home;
Take care; I'm most a man.
Please, mother, let me go
Hunting in the woods with Joe?"

Fred begs; and would you think
The very self-same time
The house across the street—
Ogle rings the self-same chime:

"Mother, say now, can't I go
Hunting in the woods with Joe?
Sadie's mother said he might.
Say, we'll be home long fore night
Please, mother, let me go
Hunting in the woods with Joe?"

Joe stands waiting in the street,
Second half and second feet,
Light he holds his battered gun,
Ready for shooting of each one;
Sadie and Hattie anxiously,
Thinking, thinking soberly.

Guess their mothers think I'm rough,
Wild and reckless, like enough;
Plainly trust their boys to me.
Else they would, said then they'd see!
Don't have to ask my mother,
She's dead. Please-m-none to bother
If any or if I am
Sadden it be company, though,
Near mother; tell me!
Just how careful I could be."
Then Joe's gun's hunting, too.
—Ruth Pfeiffer, in Washington Star.

The First Forks.

ORKS were really known to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers throughout the middle ages. This we know because a workman who was digging a drain in England not so very many years ago came upon a box containing some old Saxon coins of the time of Ethelstan (878-890), A. D., and also the first fork, shown in our cut. It is an old Saxon mound another fork, with a bone handle was found, such as are sometimes used for common ones yet. The second fork is a German make of four hundred years ago. The fanny looking old knight on the end is jointed like a little girl's doll and tumbles about when the fork is used, while the saw slips up and down the handle. I am afraid if you boys and girls had such amusing forks nowadays, you might forget to eat. Polly Evans doesn't think it would be very pleasant to run the risk of having a jagged saw fall down and cut her mouth each time she took a bite. Don't you agree with her?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Majesty and Magician.

Jugglers, sword swallowers and magicians travel all the way around the world, stopping at the big cities and usually paying their respects to the rulers of the regions visited. Thus it was that a magician, well known in London and New York, found himself, one time in the presence of the King of the Maoris. Turn to a map of the great South seas, put a finger on New Zealand, and you will have India amid the country of the Maoris. Well, after some parleying it was decided that his dusky highness himself should conceal an article which the magician should discover. The latter was left the room, and after a while was brought back, blindfolded. He meditated for a moment, and then exclaimed that the hidden article was in the King's mouth. The "professor" insisted that the article was there, and finally demanded that the royal mouth should be opened wide. The King refused. The "professor", was firm. Great was the excitement among the Maoris who crowded around. By and by the King's mouth was slowly and reluctantly opened. The lost article—a button—was not there! The next instant, however, the King began to cough. He tried to hold in, but couldn't. He coughed up the button, which he had tried to swallow. They didn't know which to admire the more the wisdom of the magician or the heroism of the King.

Germany's Dog Policemeh.

For some time they have been using dogs to act as policemen in many of the larger cities of Germany.—Of course the dogs were not supposed to act alone, but were introduced in order to help the human policemen; but they have done so well that many of them are practically allowed to patrol on their own book now.

One of the best of these dogs is a shepherd dog named Harras. Recently a well-known woman disappeared from her house, and Harras was taken to the room in which she had last, and left there till he marched at the door.

As soon as he was released he hurried up the back door with his nose close to the ground, and so on through the town till he reached a tree by the river. He leaped up at this, trying to climb it, and when the police examined the tree they found a piece of the old lady's skirt hanging to a lower limb.

When they brought this down and showed it to Harras, he was satisfied, and immediately continued on to the river. There he waded into the water and howled, and soon the woman's body was found there.

It was plain that she had held to a lower limb of the tree in order to save herself from falling, but that her hold had weakened and she had tumbled in and been drowned.

Another dog named Caesar is used to police the parks and he has been taught to catch people who break the shrubbery or commit other disorderly acts. If he does not bite his prisoners, but seizes them firmly by the arm or leg and holds on till the human policeman comes to make the arrest. In one week Caesar thus caught seventeen persons.

The police dog Peter found a drunken man who was lying asleep on the rails of the railroad, and pulled him off just in time to escape a train. The same night he found a burglar breaking into a store and leaped on him, barking till help came.

Caesar's most recent deed was to warn the prison keeper in the town of Brunswick that a dangerous prisoner was breaking jail. He bigaed and pulled the warden's clothes till the latter followed and reached the cell just in time to spoil the escape.

Contradictions.

In this game let the first player give a proverb. The next player must try to contradict it with another proverb. For instance, the first one quotes, "Out of sight, out of mind." But the second one immediately remembers to quote, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

If you want to you can make a written game of this instead, giving each player a piece of paper with a proverb written on it for him to answer with a contradictory proverb. Here are examples:

"A stitch in time saves nine." "A tear is the accident of a day, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." "One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion."

"Many a haste and repent at leisure." "Happy the wooing that's not long adoing."

"Discretion is the better part of valor." "Nothing venture, nothing have."

"All's well that ends well." "A thing well begun is half done."

"There is honor among thieves." "When thieves fall out, honest men get their dues."

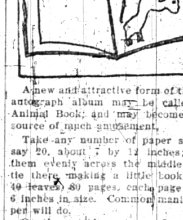
"Fine feathers make fine birds." "Handsome is that handsome does."

"A penny saved is a penny earned." "A penny wise, pound foolish."

"A man of 40 is either a fool or a physician." "He who doctors himself has a fool for a physician."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Eskimo Dainty.

The greatest treat known to the Eskimo boy or girl is a lump of sugar. Perhaps you think there is nothing very strange in that. The strange part is the very funny way they have of eating the sugar. They roll the sweet morsel in a piece of tobacco leaf. Then they place it in their cheek and smacking their lips delightedly, hold it there until it is dissolved. This dainty is called "kiolop," and is the choicest morsel known to the little Eskimo stomach.



A new and attractive form of the old autograph album may be called an Animal Book, and may become the source of much amusement.

Take any number of paper sheets say 20, about 7 by 12 inches, fold them evenly across the middle and tie them, making a little booklet of 40 leaves, 80 pages, each page 7 by 6 inches in size. Common manilla paper will do.

On the outside cover or first page write and draw the following: "The Donkey Book, specimens of Art by My Talented Friends."

You may prefer any other animal bird, and call it accordingly your Pig Book, or Dog Book, or Owl Book. The easier and simpler the animal is to draw the more readily will every one attempt it.

Your friends first write their names at top or bottom of the page. Then, with eyes absolutely blindfolded, the donkey or other animal is drawn.

Here is where the fun comes. The proportion of the head, body and legs is almost certain to be ridiculous, while tail and eyes are hardly ever in the right places. The line where the drawing starts and that where it stops never meet as they should.

If such a book has a pretty cover put on it, and is tied with a bit of ribbon, it becomes a pretty souvenir.

THRILLING GAME OF PIONEER WARFARE

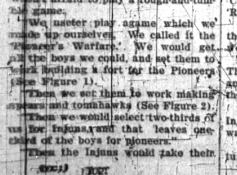
"Well," began Uncle Joe, as he settled himself for a long talk, "in the days when I was a boy, the boys weren't afraid to play a rough-and-tumble game.

"We master plan, game which we made up ourselves. We called it the 'Pioneer's Warfare.' We would get all the boys we could, and set them to work building a fort for the Pioneers (see Figure 1).

"Then we set them to work making spears and tomahawks (See Figure 2).

"Then we would select two-thirds of us for Indians and that leaves one-third of the boys for pioneers."

"Then the Injuns would take their



The Fort of the Pioneers.

tomahawks and draw off to plan an attack.

"We had signals so that we could talk unknown the Pioneers.

"The Indians' signals were: Ki-yi-yi-yi! means 'Attack!' Co-ee-ee! 'Retreat!' Pioneers' signals were 'Charge!' means run after Indians. 'Retreat!' run into fort.

"Suddenly our Chief or leader gave the warcry, 'Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi!' and down we rushed upon the fort.

"But the Pioneers were not asleep. They jumped up, grabbed their spears and punched us right lustily with them.

"Then managed to drag one of the Injuns into their fort, upon which he was their prisoner.

"But we in the meantime had captured three of the Pioneers.

"Well, to make a long story short, there was pulling, punching, wrestling and making prisoners, until one or the other had won.

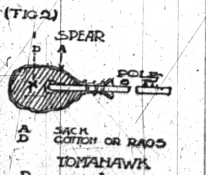
"But," said Ned's mother, who had been a silent listener all this time, "didn't some of you get hurt?"

"No; you see the spears and tomahawks were padded, and only served to jolt a person up a bit."

"What if a fellow got mad?" questioned John.

"We tied him to a tree and let him stay there during the next battle."

"We'll try that," said John.



The Spear and Tomahawk.

The game is just as good now as it ever was. Why not try it, boys?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WAS PLANNING TO SAVE TIME.

Stuttering Journalist Knew Minutes Were Precious.

Henry Guy Carleton, wit, journalist and playwright, had an impediment in his speech about which he is not the least sensitive. Everybody's Magazine tells this story about him:

"Several years ago, when the Fifth Avenue theatre burned, Mr. Carleton appeared in the Park Row Sun office, where he was then employed, and the usual Saturday night confusion was increased by the late fire. The late Ballard Smith, then managing editor of the newspaper, was belaboring his orders with all his wonderful vigor in the effort to get to press on time.

"M-m-mister Smith," began Carleton, "I've a g-g-great s-s-story about the F-f-fifth Avenue theatre f-f-fire."

"Great Heavens, man," roared Mr. Smith, "don't stop to talk to me about it! Don't you know this is Saturday night, and we go to press in fifteen minutes? Get to work and write it, and write it as fast as you know how. I want copy, not conversation. Don't you know that every minute is precious."

"Yy-yes, sir," said the journalist with an insistent effort to hold the editor's attention, "I w-w-want to k-k-know if you w-w-would kind m-m-me four s-s-stenographer."

THE BRIDEGROOM WAS RATTLED

Probably His First Experience at Matrimonial Altar.

He was embarrassed, ill at ease; she was calm, self-possessed.

"If I were only over," he whispered excitedly; "I know I'll do it wrong."

"It won't take long, John," she answered consolingly. "You haven't much to say."

The minister was speaking. "Kindly change places with the bride."

John attempted to do so, stepped on the toe of her shoe, and raising his arm caught his cuff button in her veil.

"Do be careful," she implored.

"Oh," he groaned, "before all these spring people too."

"Sh-h-h——"

The minister began the ceremony. John grew more embarrassed, and fumbled with the roses of her bouquet. Then he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his handkerchief, excitedly mopped his brow.

The church was quiet save for the voice of the minister.

"If any person knows any just reason," he was saying, "why these two should not be joined together, let him now speak or forever——"

"I will!" shouted John.—Baltimore Sun.

Name Made All Complete.

As is generally known, the charming town of Waldoboro, Me., included among its first settlers a successful colony of Dutch. The names of Ulmer, Helmerhausen, Winchenbaum, Sidenspanker, and many others of Dutch or German origin are now borne by the most respected families of Knox and Lincoln counties, and the old Dutch Lutheran churches of Waldoboro and Bristol, both erected in the eighteenth century, are visited by all tourists to that section.

One winter evening the solons of the village were gathered in the general store, and, after having lived over the discussion of the latest "hoss trade" and other local events, were amusing themselves with constructing a sleer from the names of those present.

Mr. Hoof thought his name answered very well for a starter; Joe Sleer thought he was worthy of place in the animal; John Horn considered he would be ornamental as well as useful. Still the "critter" did not seem complete when, by good luck, "Old Jim Onbehind" came in, and by unanimous consent it was voted that he would do very well for a tail.

Lost Faqs of Fiction.

Where's the lackadaisical lady
Who had pearls strung around her neck?
Who was the blood and thunder hero
And the wars he used to wage?
Where's the specter ever present,
And the signs and the seers?
Where oh, where the dashing soldier
And the sword-browed buccaneer?

Where's the villain dark and daring
And the maiden pure and fair?
Where's the helpless, hopeless, hapless
Victim of an ancient curse?
Where's the gray-haired sleuth detective
Of the big and brawny arm
Who, with muscle and with shrewdness
Dealt a host of foemen harm?

Where's the guide and where's the redskin,
And the trapper of the trail,
Whose impossible adventures
Filled us with delight and thrills?
Where's the mining camp contingent
And the claim they came to seize?
And the cruel overseer
Of the ante-bellum days?

Where are gone the silken players
Who have had their day and change
Them for a newer type arisen
From the realms of fancy free?
We have turned to realism
Hoping to receive instruction
Who the dickens to show us
Life and how as they exist.
—American Illustrated Magazine.

Warm Language.

Mr. Eadoogus has gone to the base ment to see what he can do with the furnace to make it warm before dark, and he finds the fire nearly out. He jokes his head into the furnace to inspect the condition of affairs, and when he sees the blackening coals his angry passions rise and he makes powerful remarks which are remarkable only for the fluidity of their adjectival components (which we trust is a phrase that may be verified by some dictionary or other). Then he rebuilds the fire and comes upstairs.

"It was all right, wasn't it?" asks his wife.

"No. The fire was out."

"How odd! Just after you went down a perfect flood of heat came through the registers."

Anecdotes of Sir Henry Keppel.

Many stories are told of Sir Henry Keppel, the late British admiral. Not long after the present style of uniform had been introduced into the navy he met Queen Victoria and the fair consort of the Isle of Wight. The queen asked him how he liked the change of uniform. He replied: "I like it very much, your majesty, but this morning I was taken for a railway official." When he accidentally fell from a ship's side on to the quay below and was badly stunned somebody called for water. He thought it time to pull himself together and muttered: "Put some whisky in it."

Beats The Music Cure.

"To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette, Ponchkeepsie, N. Y., "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Guaranteed by Whitehead & Mitchell and Cobb & Cobb, druggists. 25c.

Graduates of Oxford.

Granta, the Cambridge undergraduate organ, urges reform in English university education. It says: "Rendered unfit for business, the only places open for the graduate are schoolmastering and the church, and in the uttermost parts of the earth are to be found graduates of Oxford and Cambridge now become laborers, beggars and outcasts."

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STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKland, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of said Probate Court for the County of Oakland, made on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1906, four months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Lena Blakeslee, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, for examination and allowance, on or before the 8th day of May next, said 8th day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court on Tuesday, the 8th day of May next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.—Dated January 8th, A. D. 1906.

JOSEPH S. STOCKWELL,
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.
ROSS STOCKWELL, Probate Clerk. 1m12-feb9

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MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the payment of money due on a certain mortgage made and executed by Frank W. Gordon and Ida Gordon, his wife, of the Township of Bloomfield, County of Oakland and State of Michigan, to Edward Parker, of the city of Detroit, which mortgage bears date the first day of December, 1903, and was recorded the 9th day of December, 1903, in liber 852 of mortgages, on page 248 and 249 of the Register's office for Oakland county, State of Michigan, and was assigned by Edward Parker to Rebecca Scribner, of Windsor, Canada, on the 16th day of January, 1904, and was recorded November 23, 1904, in liber 1 of assignments of mortgages, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of three thousand two hundred and four dollars and fifty cents, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt now due, now therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and of the statute, it will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described and mentioned in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the principal and interest, and all legal costs, and attorney fee, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the east door of the building where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held, that being the place where the Circuit Court is held for Oakland county, on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1906, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day. The premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit: The southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section eleven; also all the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section eleven; also all the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section fourteen, lying north of the highway that crosses the west twenty acres of the land first above described, all in Township 3 North, Range 9 East, containing in all seventy-three acres of land, more or less, and all being in the Township of Waterford, in the County of Oakland and State of Michigan.—Dated November 24, A. D. 1905.

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DAVIS & BROMLEY, 306 Davis Block, Pontiac, Mich., Attorneys for Mortgagee. 12dec-6m

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Captain's Peril	Southworth	John Halifax	Mulock
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Children of the Abbey	Roche	Kidnapped in Mexico	Reynolds
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Clementina	Haggard	Lady Baltimore	Van Dusen
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Cranford	Gaskell	Last Days of Pompeii, The	Bulwer
Cricket on the Hearth, The	Dickens	Last of the Mohicans, The	Cooper
Crown of Wild Olive, The	Ruskin	Lena Rivers	Holmes
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Dark Days	Conway	Light that Failed	Kipling
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Elsie Venner	Holmes	Maid of Athens	Braddon
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Evangeline	Longfellow	Master of Mellyn	Braddon
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Gladiators, The	Whyte	Monastery, The	Scott
Golden Fetich	Conway	Mysteries and Masqueraders	Braddon
Golden Shaft	Braddon	Mose-Side	Hyland
Gulliver's Travels	Swift	Mr. Ward Widow	Collins
Guy Mannering	Scott	My Lady's Money	Collins
Handy Horseman, A	Lyall	My Sweetheart	Maitland
Heart of Midlothian	Scott	Nature Poems	Scott
Her Mother's Sin	Clay	Nicholas Nickleby	Dickens
Her Only Sin	Braddon	Nick of the Woods	Bird
Her Shattered Idol	Longfellow	Nobody's Darling	Clay
Hiawatha	Longfellow	Norman Leslie	Ainsworth
Old Curiosity Shop	Dickens	Old Mam'selle's Secret	Marlitt
Old Mortality	Scott	Old Myddelton's Money	Ivy
Oliver Twist	Dickens	Only the Governess	Carey
Only a Woman	Braddon	Orley Farm	Trollope
Paradise Lost	Milton	Pathfinder, The	Cooper
Paul and Virginia	Saint-Pierre	Pearl Fisher, The	Braddon
Peak's Rose Book	Martyn	Pendennis	Thackeray
Phantom Rickshaw	Kipling	Phantom Regiment	Ewing
Pickwick Papers	Dickens	Pilgrim's Progress	Bunyan
Pioneers, The	Cooper	Poe's Poems	Poe
Prairie, The	Cooper	Prince of the Hills	Braddon
Prue's Weird Tales	Ewing	Quentin Durward	Scott
Queen and Friends	Kipling	Rab and His Friends	Brown
Rachel Ray	Trollope	Red Cotton Night Cap	Braddon
Red Eve Wedded	Braddon	Red Rose and the Briar	Braddon
Red Rover	Cooper	Reuben Sachs	Sachs
Rhoda Fleming	Meredith	Richard Feverel	Meredith
Romance of Two Worlds	Corelli	Romola	Eliot
Rosamond	Holmes	Rosamond	Holmes
Rose Douglas	Holmes	Rose Mather	Braddon
Rose of Sharon	Holt	Ruby Gray's Strategy	Holt
Rudder Grange	Stockton	Sartor Resartus	Carlyle
Scarlet Letter	Hawthorne	Scarlet Poppy	Braddon
Scott's Poems	Scott	Scottish Chiefs	Porter
Self-Raised	Southworth	Shakespeare's Sonnets	Shakespeare
Sentimental Journey	Sterne	Shadow of a Sin	Braddon
Shadow of a Slap	Clay	Shirley	Bronte
She	Haggard	She's all the World to Me	Cullen
Ship that Found Her	Braddon	Ship that Past in Night	Harraden
Sidney Lyle Guilford	Braddon	Silas Marner	Eliot
Silence of Dean Maitland	Clay	Sir Roger de Coverley	Addison
Sketch Book	Irving	Sketch Book, Part 2	Irving
Soldiers of Fortune	Davis	Soldiers Three	Kipling
Spy	Cooper	Squire's Daughter	Clay
Squire's Darling	Clay	Squire's Legacy	Clay
Stanley Brereton	Braddon	Story of Ida	Braddon
Story of Ida	Braddon	Story of Waterloo	Dickens
Sweet Cyclamen	Braddon	Tale of Two Cities	Dickens
Tales of Mystery	Poe	Talisman	Scott
Talisman	Scott	Tempest and Sunshine	Holmes
Tempest and Sunshine	Holmes	Tempest and Sunshine	Holmes
Tennyson's Poems	Tennyson	Tennyson's Poems	Tennyson
Thelma	Corelli	Thelma	Corelli
Three Men in a Boat	Jerome	Three Men in a Boat	Jerome
Three Men in a Boat	Jerome	Three Men in a Boat	Jerome
Tom Brown at Oxford	Hughes	Tom Brown at Oxford	Hughes
Treasure Island	Stevenson	Treasure Island	Stevenson
Twice Told Tales	Hawthorne	Twice Told Tales	Hawthorne
Two Years Before the Mast	Dana	Two Years Before the Mast	Dana
Under Two Flags	Ouida	Under Two Flags	Ouida
Vanity Fair	Thackeray	Vanity Fair	Thackeray
Water Babies	Kingsley	Water Babies	Kingsley
Wedded and Parted	Clay	Wedded and Parted	Clay
Westward Ho	Kingsley	Westward Ho	Kingsley
What Could She Do	Braddon	What Could She Do	Braddon
What Will the World Say	Braddon	What Will the World Say	Braddon
White Company, The	Doyle	White Company, The	Doyle
White Fang	London	White Fang	London
Wicked Girl, A	Hay	Wicked Girl, A	Hay
Wide, Wide World	Wetherell	Wide, Wide World	Wetherell
Wife in Name Only	Braddon	Wife in Name Only	Braddon
Wild Animals I Have Known	Seton	Wild Animals I Have Known	Seton
Wonder Book	Hawthorne	Wonder Book	Hawthorne
Woodstock	Scott	Woodstock	Scott
Wuthering Heights	Bronte	Wuthering Heights	Bronte
Young Lochinvar	Braddon	Young Lochinvar	Braddon

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