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Current Issue of School Girls Magazine the "Best Yet"

HERE is certainly a delightful half hour in store for every one who reads the current issue of the school girls magazine, *The Pinecone*, for it is unquestionably the "best yet", somewhat larger in size than usual and sparkling throughout with humor. The demand exhausted the limited edition almost simultaneously with its appearance and the contents of the magazine are printed below in response to requests from the many who desire copies.

THE PINECONE

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HOTSPUR.

THE STORY OF A HORSE'S LIFE.

Chapter I.

The first thing I remember quite distinctly is a large airy box stall, and by my side a beautiful mare, my mother. Her neck was beautifully arched, and her head was well held and extremely small and of a beautiful shape, she was a chestnut and people say that I look just like her.

My mother and I were great friends and she and I often talked together. When I got a little older a man came to our door and petted her saying, "So, girllie, so". What surprised me was that Mother tossed her head up and down angrily and the coachman, Jack, said: "So girllie, does your neck ache? Oh, it's a cruel thing to put such things on a horse's neck as tight as that!"

Then my mother was led away and when she came back she was very hot. However, Jack rubbed her down and put her in my stall. "Mother" said I, "what is that thing Jack said was put on your neck?" "Oh," she cried angrily, "a martingale. Its all right if its just loosely there for show, it makes you look pretty, or if one tosses ones head way up and knocks the rider, but to have it so tight I can't move my head is cruel, and my neck aches so, they've got just the same instrument of torture for driving horses, called a check rein, but I am a saddle horse and you are, too."

Then I understood why Mother tossed her head.

(To be continued)

There was a young lady
Who took a ride on a Ferris wheel,
On the forty-first round
She looked to the ground
And it cost her an eighty cent meal.

—Anonymous.

There was a young lady from Lynn
Who grew so exceedingly thin
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

ERNEST IN THE FOREST.

Chapter IV, Concluded.

For three days more they rode on without any unusual experience. They camped at last by a stream where they were to stay for good. The next morning they went out to see their traps. Ernest rode on for a mile and came to a stream where he set a trap. Then he rode back to camp and found his friend had not yet returned, so he went to look for him. He found him by a spring with his head all bloody, and there was a big gash across his forehead. Ernest picked him up and rode home with him. He worked over him all the rest of the day, then he went to the store-room and ate his supper.

After a week had passed he found his friend was well. The next day Ernest was absent, so his friend (who's name was Dan) went off to hunt for him. Ernest rode along the path he had made, singing merrily, for it was a bright morning and the birds were chirping in the trees. He slung the beaver skins over his shoulder and got onto his horse, when a shot rang out. Ernest fell forward on his horse, and then off. Up came an Indian and took the beaver skins and the horse. He was about to lead him away when there was another shot, the Indian jumped up in the air and with a wild scream he fell to the ground.

"Ernest! Ernest! are you dead?"

It was the voice of Dan that rang out. "No," said Ernest, raising his head, but it fell again. "I will take him home," said Dan.

Ernest sat up in bed. "Mother," said he "is it true you married Bill?" "Yes, dear," said his mother, "that is true."

The End.

Once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens, and he did not know what to name them, and he thought he would name them "Tom" and "Jerry". But one of his friends arrived and asked him why he didn't name them Cook and Peary. He replied: "They ain't no pole cats!"

What goes up to a house but never goes in?
A path.

There was an owl that sat on an oak,
The more it saw the less it spoke.
The less it spoke the more it heard.
Why can't we all be like that wise bird?

A VOYAGE TO AFRICA.

Bill, Pete and I went to Africa hunting for a brown elephant. First thing we saw were some lions. We went to where John described the brown elephant was, no elephant did we see. We hunted there for a day or so. We went back to see if we couldn't see some flying elephants at the place that John said they would be. We didn't see any flying elephants just then, but we saw a lot of lion dens. Bill said, "There's a lion in that den." We took up our rifles but Bill took up his whip and whipped the lion out. The lion came straight for us. I fired. The bullet landed on the lion's nose, which made him have the nose bleed. He turned around and ran away. We trailed him easily by the blood. Bill said, "we ought to have blood hounds." But Pete said, "They'd eat up all the blood so the hyenas couldn't have any."

We kept trailing him until we saw him sitting on a red rock. Pete said, "Gosh! that's the first time I've ever seen a red rock!" Bill said, "If you stay here much longer and Skissors shoots many more lions in the nose, you won't see anything but red rocks."

By this time the lion was quite blind and dead from my bullets, so that Bill and Pete didn't have any chance to shoot. We left the lion on the red rock, and then we walked until all of a sudden Pete said, "There's a flying elephant." Pretty soon he said, "There's another." Pretty soon they all alighted. They were out of rifle range. I shot my bullet onto a rock which made a lot of noise, and then they flew away. They flew into a tree and pretty soon came down again and flew right into their nest. Then