

The old man's mouth curved into a tender, crooked smile.

"Hed a little shaver o' my own once. Guess he was the only ideel ever come to me that was worth anythin. Thought the sun and moon riz and set in that youngster. He died—seemed to clear the tree tops jes' ez easy. He was partic'lar fond of these here red ones. D'you know I kinda like to think he's som'eres up there in the blue bigness, a stretchin' out his little hands to grab the string. That's why I always send up red ones."

"Every one I set to driftin' seems to me like is a dream o' what that little shaver'd been, if he'd ever a growed up. Most of 'em bust, ez I was sayin'. Mebbe he gets a few that don't."

"You'll laugh—but some day I'm going to send up the whole bunch to once—all red ones, too."

"But how could you live—I began. "Live?" he replied with faintly scornful wonder. You can't live at all without dreams, can you? They an't nobody in this world can take away my dreams—the rest don't matter. He was the likeliest little shaver—good, red blood—good—red—blood—"

He had forgotten that I stood beside him, as for gotten the limp old cap he squinted up at the blue bigness of dreams. Quietly I turned and left him there.

#### Mounter and Taylor

Mounter and Taylor were two dogs who lived together on Mr. Bentley's farm. Mounter had made up his mind that Taylor should not cross a fence ahead of him, and when he did so there was certain to be a fight. One day Taylor not only jumped the fence of Mounter, but whipped him in the fight that followed. Mounter made up his mind to get even, and the next day he showed Taylor where Aunt Nancy, the cook, had left a jar of preserves.

Taylor was very fond of sweet things and Mounter thought he would eat the preserves and be punished for it, but Taylor did much worse than that. He kept pushing his head into the jar to get the very last slice of preserve, and the small neck of it slipped over his ears. When he tried to pull back he could not get his head out.

Aunt Nancy mistaking him for some wild beast, screamed till Mr. Bentley brought his gun. Taylor came very near being shot, but just in time his master saw that it was a dog with a brown preserve crock on his head instead of a wolf that had got into the smokehouse. When Mr. Bentley broke the crock he hit Taylor's head pretty hard, but that was part of his punishment. As the two dogs walked off together poor Taylor said, "I'll never eat preserves again as long as I live."

And Mounter said, "You'd better promise yourself not to jump over any more fences ahead of me."

#### Canton's Unique Streets

Reclining in a Chinese street chair, carried by "coolies," one may be quite comfortable while seeing the streets of Canton, if one's nose is not too perceptible to obnoxious odors and one's eyes too particular as to sights.

Travelers who have visited other cities of the Celestial Empire declare that Canton is the cleanest of them all. They

should have said that Canton is the least filthy of them all, for the word "cleanest" should never have been applied to Canton, with its reeking masses of filth, to be seen and smelt at every step, and its seething population of a no less objectionable character.

After visiting the suburbs of Canton, and seeing the shops of butcher and fishmonger, one's appetite for flesh food vanishes, and remains absent during its owner's sojourn in China. About these dirty shop doors the butchers display morsels of chicken and fish that would cause stomach revolt. Indeed meat must be in the last stages of putrefaction before it is rejected by the Chinese cook. And even after it has become too objectionable for the well-to-do's table his poorer neighbor buys it and relishes it as an appetizing dish. Thus is it true that all is fish that comes to the Chinaman's net.

The streets of Canton are of most unique appearance—if one could cease to smell, and could shut out the disgusting sights so frequently met with. So narrow are they that at places it is almost impossible for two persons to walk abreast, and overhead the roofs of opposite houses almost touch. In most of these narrow passways the light of day scarcely penetrates to the pavement and a sunbeam is a thing unknown.

But one may find amidst all the filth, the squalor, the darkness and vice, much that is exquisitely beautiful. The Chinese are masters in the art of wood and ivory carving, and in the manufacture of rare china and silk. And their embroidery is the most delicate and perfect I have ever seen.

#### Hidden Name Puzzle

By taking the initial letter of a one-syllable word from each of the following sentences, and writing them in the order in which they come, the name of a great poet will be spelled:

Obtain the worth of your money when you buy.

Turn over a new leaf on New Year.

Money alone does not make a man rich.

Always try to look on the bright side.

It is well to investigate all new thoughts.



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