RYOUNG MOUNT OLASS

Places of Interest in Foreign Lands.

Of Edinburg, Scotland, Robert Louis Stevenson had this to say: "The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overfooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the bend city of the kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From bur tall precludes and terraced gardens ber tall precipice and terraced gardens broad champelgas. To the east you may catch a spark of the May Lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean. And away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi.

"But Edinburg pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilent climates.

high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beat-en upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and pow-dered with the snow as it comes fly-ing southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and bolsterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring.

But regardless of the unfriendly cli-mate, the traveler will find much to repay him for a lengthy visit to Edin-burg. There he will find narrow, windatreets which breathe of ages past forgotten; bear legends that have been handed down from generation to generation for centuries; see time-worn offer all, the castle which frowns above Old Town like some dark and gloomy

And not alone in the city will the tourist find much to interest him, for surrounding it are historical spots dear to the student. At Holyrood Castle one may spend a most enjoyable day-or longer if he has the time to spare. One of the outposts of the castle is the little "peak-roofed" lodge, whose rude stone walls hold a tragical story. It was through this lodge that Rizzio's murderers made their escape. And here it was, so gossip says, that Queen Mary came from the castle daily to bathe

A picture of the lodge, known as Queen Mary's Bath, is reproduced here.



Queen Mary's Bath.

NAUGHTY RUTH AND POLLY-A STORY FOR THE WEE ONES.

BY HELENA DAVIS.

It was a rainy April day and Ruth could not play in the front yard, as was her habit on bright, warm days. So she sat pouting in the corner, thinking all the world was against ber. In vain had her mamma explained to her that spring rains made summer flowers and gardens and that we would all soon die should the rains cease to fail. In valu did her big brother try telling her a story. Still she pouted and suiked, not feeling a bit grateful for the good mamus, the loving big brother and the comfortable home.

"Oh, you're a naughty girl today," said Big Brother, making ready to leave the naughty Miss to her own reflections, as their mother had done. "You don't want to be happy. So, stay alone and ruin your lips with pouting and your face with frowns.

And then Big Brother was gone, leaving Ruth sitting in the corner in an ugiy frame of mind. But scarcely 10 minutes had passed when the front door bell rang and Ruth heard Mr. Jackson's voice talking to her mother in a most genial tone. "Here's my little daughter, Mrs. Downs, whom I have brought to spend the day with Ruthle. Her maining declares that she can't do a thing with her on a rainy day, that the weather seems to affect her temper. Now, maybe she and Ruthle can forget the bad weather in their play. I'll call for l'oily on my way home this evening.

Now, at any other time than this particular morning Ruth would have run joyously to the hall to greet her little neigh or and playmate, Polly. But on this occasion she kept her place in the corner, pouting as hard as she could. And thus she was when a few minutes later her mother opened the door and ushered in Polly, all wrapped against the rain. "Here's Polly, dear," said Mrs. Downs, smiling pleasantly at her ill-humored little daughter. "She's come to spend the day with you. Now, won't you both have a most enjoyable time? You may have the library all to yourselves and a little luncheon whenever you wish it." But Ruth only sat pouting, not speaking a word of welcome to Polly, who, in turn, looked about as ill-humored as a little Miss can. Mrs. Downs, thinking it the best way to bring the little girls out of their rainy-day sulks, left them together, closing the door on them that they might feel sure no ear overheard them if they wished to mend their mauners and open a cheerful conversation to

Being left alone the two little girls stared at each other a few seconds. Then stared at each other a few seconds. Then Polly said: "If you act so ugly I'll go home, I will."

"I didn't ask you to come here," retorted Ruth, her lips pursed up angrily.

"You can go as soon as you like."

"You shan't come to see me any more,"

"Bush Big Brother said coolly: "The rain is clearing away and I came in to say that you might go with me in my trap to the country for a fine spin, but since seeing you fighting like cat and dog I have decided that you shall remain at home. I shall also tell mother of your conduct, Miss Ruth, and I have, no doubt.

declared Polly, making a wry face at her unfriendly hostess. "There!" "And you can't play any more with my

Teddy bear," snapped back Ruth, "I don't want to play with your old Teddy bear," declared Polly, stamping her foot. "I'm going to have one lots nicer than yours, I am."

"Boo-ugh!" And Ruth stuck out her tongue in the ugliest fashion one could imagine at her little caller. "You think you are awful smart."

Hereupon Polly set up a loud wall, de-claring that she'd go home in the rain and tell her mamma how mean that had old Ruth Downs was. "Go, go," cried Ruth, springing to her feet and rushing on Polly, shaking her elenched fist, "Don't you hit me!" screamed Polly.

but she will send word to Polly's mother of her behavior. Anyway, you shan't have the nice ride into the country with me. You must suffer for your naughti-

As Big Brother left the library the two little girls stood looking at each other. Then Polly said: "Wish we'd not been nanghty, don't you. Ruthle?" "Yes, for if we'd been good brother

would have tooked us riding in his trap and he would have told us a funny story.

I wish he'd take us anyway. I'm going to ask mamma to tell him

"No, no, Ruth, my child, you small not leave this room today." It was Ruth's mother who spoke, and who had just come into the room in time to hear the little girls' lament. "You have been very

house—not far away—sat Ruth, her lit-tle head bent over a book, the table of fours being the task set for her. And outside the snn was shining gloriously. and Big Brother's trap was at the gate ready for its owner to drive into the country. And in the trees the birds sang joyonsly, and the children ran shouting up and down the streets glad that the day had turned off so warm and bright after the rain.

"Ob, oh, why was I so naughty?" sighed Polly, pricking her fingers with the needle and having to draw out the puckered threads which had been put in too carelessly, for her mother's watchful eye was upon her work. "Oh, I'll never be so naughty again. Even though it does rain, and even though Ruth is pout-

I've been naughty and now. I'm suffering for it. It's very, very hard, indeed. I wonder what Polly's mamma is doing to her? Maybe she is studying what a noun is. Oh, anything is easier than these old fours. I can't; I can't learn them. them. And this is Saturday, and I must stay in the house—in this room—all day. I'll never, never be so wicked again. What did I pout and fuss and fight for, anyway? Mamma, nor Brother, nor Polly couldn't help its raining. I was a very naughty little girl. Oh, these foural I could have them as a callege. I could learn them so enally tenight if only I might go out today

tenight if only I might go out today with Big Brother."

Then, hearing Big Brother's voice calling out Ruth ran to the window in time to see him mount his sent and lift the borne's lines, saying: "Off, Dandy; we're for the country roads. Gee, but this air and sunshine are great!" Then, seeing his naughty, but repentant, little sister looking at him from the window he called to her: "If you behave yourself very nicely the remainder of today, and perform the task Mamman has set you to do I shall take you for a spin through the park tomorrow morning before Sunday school. But, you've got to be mighty good teday, and obey Mamma without a frown or pout. One pout—and, presto, pass—no ride behind Dandy for a whole week."

"I'll be good, Brother, honest I will."

and, presto, pass—no ride behind Dandy for a whole week."

"I'll be good, Brother, houest I will," cried Buth in a tremulous voice. "I'll get the fours, too, I will." And the tears streamed down her cheeks as she returned to the table of fours. I'll a swful to have to be punished when one's naughty," she said aloud.

"Yes, but it's much worse to be naughty," said her mamma's voice. "My little girl will learn that all through life we are rewarded for our good deeds and punished for our bad ones. And now, she is paying the penalty of having been very unughty all morning. I am very sorry that it must be so; but such is the law, my child. Now, get at your task. Your luncheos will be served here in the library, for you are to remain in here alone all day. And remember that you are being punished remember that you are being punished for wilful naughtiness which had not the shadow of a reason."

And all that day did Ruth pay the penalty of her naughtiness, and the lesson was never forgotten by her, in the same way did Polly suffer for her wrongdoing, sitting over her darning with a heavy beart. And, like Ruth, she never, never forgot the lesson. And from that day both little girls became sweeter-tempered; and though the heavens tempered; and though the heavens frowned and the rain poured no pout was ever seen upon their ilps, for they learned that to smile and be happy made sunshine in the house, though there might be the heaviest of clouds obscuring the sun out of doors.

"I'll never forget how to darn my stockings," declared Polly to Ruth the following day.

"And I'll never forget the table of fours," confided Ruth, "I can say them forwards and backwards and skip about to them and never miss." lo them and never miss."

www.www

Strange Stories.

They say that a cow Jumped over the moon! But that was a long time ago: And the fact is, today There're more who can any Whether she did so or no.



They say that a dish
Ran away with a spoon;
But that's as far fetched as t'other; And the dish and the spoot and the cow and the moon



They say a dog laughed
To see the gay sport:
But we all know a dog cannot grin.
So there's something quite wrong
With that Mother Goose song.
For telling big squibs is a sin.

MAUD WALKER TURNING THE TABLES.

A young man had a little rat terrier for sale. Hearing of a farmer whose grain bins were over-run by rats be repaired to his place and offered the dog for sale. "Is the dog a good ratter?" asked the

farmer.
"Excellent." replied the young man.
"Excellent." replied the young man.
"Well, we'll just try him," suggested
the farmer. Accordingly the ratter was
lowered into a pit and a huge rat brought
and dropped in beside him. Instantly the
dog and rat rushed upon one another. The
rat bit his opponent on the nose, causing
him to how! with pain and give up the
field.

"Well," said the farmer, with a sly smile, "your dog is no good. But would you like to buy a rat?"

HARRY'S NOBLE ACT.

It was just noonday and the sun shone down pretty hot on the wide, sandy plains that stretched about the little railroad station which was called Lone Set-tler. The station-house was a one-story frame building of 10 by 20 feet in size, and contained the station agent's office and telegraph room, both being together and separated by a board partition from the waiting-room, where folled one pas-senger, who had dropped off the train which had pulled in from the East half an hour before, and which had pulled out again Immediately, leaving the few stragglers about the platform to watch it as it swept like a cyclone across the prairie.

Among those about the station platform, looking after the departing train, was Harry Root, a boy 12 years of age. of Lone Settler, and whose long, low

utes later I'd bin gone, an' wouldn't a got it till I come down to open the sta-tion fer the evenin' train. But do any of you fellers know if any of the Per-kinses are in today? If they're not, it's not my lookout. You know we don't de-liver telegrams outside the city limits." "Naw," drawled one or two of the lolterers. "It'd take more'n you git if you hed to hire the livery rig to drive to

all the ranches in the country. But likely there's some of the Perkinses in town today. Ef not, there may be some of their neighbors handy who'll undertake to carry it to 'em. Who'd you say is dyin'?" The st tion agent, who was also the telegraph operator, stood in the open winand read the telegram aloud. Missus H. O. Perkins, Lone Settler, Okla.: Harry worked for a rancher whose land Come at once if you would see mother extended on three sides of the little town alive. Saily." After reading the message the agent carefully folded it and put it



"Say, Mr. Babeock, mayn't I take that telegram up to the office?"

ranch-house was just half a mile from | in an envelope, addressing it. "It'll have the station. Harry was sent over to Lope Settler every day to get the mail for his employer, mall which was never in any form save a weekly newspaper from the rancher's boyhood home. As it took the postmuster half an hour or so to distribthe mall for the townsmen's and ranchers' boxes, Harry found time each day to run down to the station-the "dee po," no the stationhouse was called - and watch the incoming and outgoing -nod watch the incoming and outgoing train. A rural delivery service had been offered the country people whose mail was received through the Lone Settler postoffice, but they refused it, declaring that the only break in the monotony of their lives was the daily pleasure of riding into Lone Settler for their mail, or the mail which they hoped some day to beceive. (Many were the old farmery and ranchers who never got so much as a postcard, but they were just as regular their calls at the postoffice as were the two merchants and the blacksmith of the town, the latter usually receiving a few letters during the week.)

Eny," came the station agent's voice at the window of his office, "say, what you fellers think? Here's a telegram jost come to Miss Perkins, sayin' that her nother's drin'. Now, if it'd his five mis-

to go to the postoffice," he said. "If none of 'em are in town they'll have to wait till they do come."
"Them Perkinses are awful stuck-up

"Them Perkinses are awful stuck-up folks," asserted one of the men on the platform. "If they wus like other common mortals I might be persuaded to take the telegram to 'em myself, for they're busy with the spring plowin' an' mayn't come to town fer quite a spell. They don't seem to care all-fired much about their mail, Sometimes I don't see neither the ole man nor the boys in town for a week at a time."

"The old lady could be dead an' buried 'fore they'd know it." laughed a tall rancher, unfolding his lank legs and mounting his horse to ride away. "Well, tain't my funeral," be called out at parting.

"Say, Mister Behoock." and Harry.

tain't my Juperal," be called out at parting.

"Say. Mister Babcock." said Harry, looking in through the window of the office and speaking to the agent who was putting away his papers preparatory to closing the office till 5 o'clock "mayn't I take that telegram up to the office and see if any of them folks are in today? I've got to go there anyway, you know."

"Well, Hank," answered the agent, handing Harry the telegram, "if you'll do that for me I'll be your grandmother

for a week. It'll save me goln' to the postoffice. It's dinner time, an' I'm about starred. But, say, Hank, if you happen to see any of the Perkinses, or any of their neighbors in town, just you give the message to them, an' don't leave it at the office. Old Snaps might forget to put it in their box till after they'd gone from town. If Miss Perkins can get the telegram in time to catch the 5 o'clock train this P. M. she may get to see the old lauy before she passes

doubling up her own fists. Then they

both fell to inflicting blows upon each

other as fast as they could, and there is

no telling how serious the battle might

have been had not Ruth's big brother

come into the library at this instant,

He saw the fight at its flercest moment

and ran to separate the combatants. "Oh,

shame upon you loth!" he cried. "And you, Ruth, should feel like hiding your

bend for a whole week treating a guest

in this fashion. Fie upon you!" Then, as

the two little girls stood, heads drooping

with the shame which caused them to

blush, Big Brother said coolly: "The rain

"Yes, sir," called out Harry, quickly taking the message and starting towards the one business street, which was formed half a dozen houses on either side. Direct to the postoffice he went and inquired of "old Sanps" whether or not he had seen any of the Perkinses fu town that day. "Nope, not a mother's son of 'em in the office today," Suaps drawled. "But here's a letter fer Miss Perkins," and he held up to view a let-

rerkins," and he held up to view a let-ter bearing an Eastern postmark.
"I'm going out to their ranch," said Harry, talking very rapidly, "and I'll carry along their mail. I've got a tele-gram for 'em, and maybe the letter's important, too. Please give it to me, Mr. Snaps." The postmaster knew Harry-or Hank, na be was commonly called—to be a re-liable boy, and without a question handed over the letter which was addressed to Mrs. Perkins. "A telegram?" he said, his curiosity roused, "Wall, I wonder what's up!"

But Harry did not wait to explain to the postmaster about the telegram. As soon as he got the letter he ran down the street, letter and telegram in his breast, held in place by his dirty little hand. He pepped into the two stores, the blacksmith's shop, and in at the hardware store as he passed along, hoping to see some of the Perkinses in one of the places. But he was disappointed in this, and made up his mind that he must carry that lefter and telegram to the Perkius' ranch, five miles distant. And he must reach there in time for Mrs. Perkips to receive the sad news and make ready to go East on the 5 o'clock train that very afternoon. It was just 1 o'clock as linrry passed the school house, for the bell was ringing to call

house, for the bell was ringing to call the pupils to books.

A week ago Harry's employer, who was also his master, for the child was an orphan in his care, had taken Harry out of school to assist with the spring work

on the ranch, and Harry looked longingly at his former school comrades as they filed in through the door of the little frame schoolhouse. "Gee," he whispered to himself, as he ran along the dusty road, "wish I could keep goin' to school till the term is out. If mother had lived I could have done it, too."

Hard wonce did he pages on route to

SCREAMED POLLY.

naughty, both of you, and I shall send

Polly home with an explanation to her

mamma. And you, Ruth, must get your

tasks. I'll set a lesson for you to learn

before supper time. And if you do not

have it then you shall remain indoors to-

morrow-no matter how fine the day is-

till you do have it. I shall not allow such

naughtiness as yours to go annunished."

tested Ruth. "Please let Polly stay here

But her mamma only looked at her in

a way that told her there was no use in trying to coax for leniency. And Polly,

with tears of disappointment in her eyes, was taken to her home by none

other than Mrs. Downs. who held a whispered conference with Mrs. Jackson

darn her stockings while in another

before returning to her own home.

and play with me."

"But, mamma, the sun is shining," pro-

Hardly once did he pause en route to the Perkins ranch. As he neared the house he began to feel a bit uncertain as to how he should act. He had always heard the Perkinses spoken of as "them stuck-ups from back East," and he knew he'd make a bad appearance in their mighty presence. But remembering the contents of the telegram he forced himself to go to the front door, where he knocked gently. The door was open but for a screen shutter, and Harry could see a very pretty woman at work room, She turned on hearing Harry's knock, and, seeing the overheated, perspiring little fellow there, she smiled and said: "Come in, little boy. And who are you, my dear? Here—have a chair; you seem very much exhausted. This is the worst heat for the end of April 1 have ever—"

"A letter fer you, Missus Perkins," gasped Harry, handing the letter first. It had just occurred to him that the letter might warn her of the blow con-

"Ah, and you were passing by and fetched it from town," smiled the lady as she opened the letter. Then her syes clouded and she put her hand to her face in a distressed way as she road. face in a distressed way as she read.

"It's from my sister," she explained to
Harry. "And my dear old mother is
very iii. But she may be very much
better now, for my sister promises that should she grow worse she would wire me at once. Well, I must have Mr. Per-kins, or one of the boys, go to the sta-tion at once and wire concerning—"
"I've got a telegram, too," half whispered Harry. "An', mam, don't feel too bad. It's awful to have your mother so sick—I lost my mother, I did. An' that's why I brought this to you—so you can go see her before—"

see her before—"

He handed her the telegram, and she quickly read its contents. The news deeply grieved her, and she was obliged to call to her servant in the kitchen to fetch her some water. Then all was confusion, for the servant began to weep and bemoan her duistrees' sad news. "I'll go call Mr. Perkins an' the boys," cried the excited girl. "Yes, do so, Maggie,"

me bow you came to bring this letter and telegram to me, my dear little lad. for you are not of our neighbors. And as you explain this great kindness to me I shall begin to make ready for my journey. I must catch the 5 o'clock train today if possible,'

ing and cross, I'll never, never be so bad

again. Oh, how I wish I might run

And in the other house little Ruth was

saying under her breath: "Three times

four are - are - Oh, I can't learn

this old table today! I wish I hadn't

started pouting this morning, just because

it rained. If I'd been mamma's good, little

girl I would have got to go with big

brother in his trap. And at's so jolly to go riding with him, for he tells so

many funny stores about glants and

dwarfs. And Polly could have gone, too, if we'd both been good. Ob, it's so

hard to remain indoors all day-and in one old, stuffy room, too. Oh, oh, oh, I'll

never, never be naughty again! If it should rain pitch-forks I'd run about the

house and laugh and sing and be jolly like big brother. He's always in a good humor. So are papa and mamma. But

about in the sunshine and play!"

"You can do it, missus," exclaimed Harry, "I run the whole way on purpose so as you'd have time to get off to-day. I knowed what was in the teleso as you'd have time to get off to-That's how I came to fetch it to Then, after being questioned Harry told the whole story, and was told by Mrs. Perkins that she could never repay him for the great kindness he had that day done her, and she insisted upon his remaining till she was ready to go town-which would be within a very short time, since she must not fall to make the 5 o'clock train. "And now, make the 5 o'clock train. "And now, while I pack my trunk and my sons hitch the horses to the buggy, you must have some dinner." And she led Harry into the big kitchen, where the dinner table still set with plenty of good food upon it. In vain did Harry say he was not hungry; he was obliged to partake

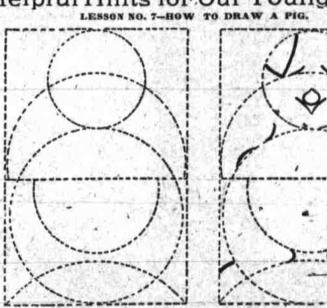
of a good meal, and he admitted to him-seif that he felt much refreshed after having obeyed his good hostess.

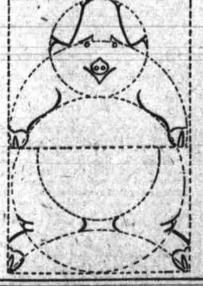
As they rode to town Mrs. Perkins, her son Frank and Harry, the latter was drawn out to speak about himself.

When he told of how he had lost hiswn dear mother two years ago and was away at the time of her death, returning from school an hour after her dear soul had taken flight, he bowed his little, unkept head against the shoulder of his new-found friend and wept silently. "That's why I burried with all my might to you with that letter and telegrain," he murmured between his sobs, "fer I recollected how it broke my heart not to get to see my mother and say good-by. And mother was all I had, too. After she was taken away I had to work my way, An' it's pretty hard sometimes. But I'm not complainin', Missus Perkins," he quickly explained. "The only thing is I can't go to school when there's work to do."

"You dear, good-hearted little man!"
And sohs shook the form of Mrs. Perkins, while Frank had to but his eyes to keep back tears. Well, I shall take you to my own home upon my return and adopt you as one of my own sons," declared the loving woman. "Today I have found

with Harry, she said: "You must tell | Helpful Hints for Our Young Artists LESSON NO. 7-HOW TO DRAW A PIG.







a most noble soul, and it shall not waste its sweetness on desert air. You shall have another mother, dear little man, who will do all in her power to replace the one you so sadly mourn. Will you come to live with us?"

"I'd be mighty glad, mam." said Harry, smiling in spite of his tears. "And I can work good, too. In that way I'd earn my board, you see."

"We'll talk it all over on my return." promised Mrs. Perkins. "But you will not be working for your board, my child. You'll be one of us, and the necessaries of life will be so gladly furnished you with only a wish that you be happy and love us as we shall all love you. Today's act has proven that you have within your breast a heart of gold."

Then the three rode on in silence, toe much overcome by emotion to talk. And Mrs. Perkins reached the station in time for her train, and arrived at her old home in time to see her aged mother alive.

PUZZLE CORNER. BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAIL INC.

1. Triply behead and curtail straps which are worn over the shoulders and leave a annall writing deak instrument.

2. Triply behead and double curtail a word which means to extend in duration and leave a very cheap metal.

3. Triply behead and cartail that which is expressive of the structural character of a thing and leave the contents of a book.

ity in the side of a mountain. LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in basket, but not in eggs; My second is in arms, but not in legs; My third is in simple, but not in crude; My fourth is in chickens, but not in My fifth is the same as my first, you

know;
My sixth is in arrow, but not in bow;
My seventh is in love, but not in hate;
My seventh is repeated again in my
eighth.
My whole is a game
To boys most dear.
And they love to play it
At this time of year.

PROVERB PUZZLE. A well-known proverb is hidden in the following six sentences, each sentence containing one word of the proverb and the words appearing in their rightful order: Every day fluds its work but half ac-

Let not vain regrets cloud your life.
Live for the future.
He has a full life who performs well his task.
A guilty man accuses bimself at every turn.

A guilty man accuses bimself at every turn.

The silver tongue belongs to the fist-terer.

A ragged coat often has a silken lining.
Answers to Last Week's Passies.

Beheddings:—1. Block—lock. 2. Blome—lame. 3. Blast—last.
Ourtailings:—4. Carnet—corn. 5. Daisy—dais. 6. Drume—dram.

Hidden Provers:—Virtue is its own reward.

Letter Enigma:—Buster.

MODEL PUPILS.



Little pupils in a row, Sitting upright, all just so: Learning lessons from their books; And all wearing learned looks.

Teacher stern, with book in hand Out in front the class does stand. With studious pupils she is blessed, For each one tries to do his best.