## Tom, the Giant and the Fairy.

BY HELENA DAVIS.

Tom was a poor orphan boy who lived with his nucle and sout and cousin. The encie's name was Andrew, the aunt's name was Jane, and the cousin's name was August. The uncle was a cross. domineering man without affection for any save his wife and sou. The aunt was a lazy, selbsh, envious woman, hating the little orphan boy who was left to her charge by a dying sister. The cousin was a boy after his doting mother's own heart, an egotistical, hold-faced lad some two years the senior of his cousin Tous.

These folks lived in the country at the hase of a great mountain, and the time of their existence was a very, very long

base of a great mountain, and the of their existence was a very, tery long time ago. They lived during the age of

With many misgivings he went to ble gunt, who was napping like a great cat on the porch, and roused her by saying: "Come, listen to me, Aunt Jane."

His neat awoke, giared at him in wonder, for she had forbidden Tom's coming on the porch when she was taking her sieep. "How dare you, you miserable, thankiess one, to disture me during my morning map? Haven't I told you I am not well, and that I must line my rest after meals? Now, what's the matter that you stand there looking as though you had stolen a sheep and been caught in the act? Speak up."

"Why, Aunt Jane, I washed the plates and cups and put them to drain on the tray while I ran to the spring for water. When I returned to the kitchen all the

the heavy leather strap that was kept merely to be used on his back. Then he drew from his quivering little/body his cotton jacket and old east-off shirt of August's, which had fullen to his tot.

When the hard-hearted, lazy aunt had tired herself out she dropped the strap and returned to daish her map on the porch in the sun. And poor Tom, worn out by the terrible flogging he had received, and suffering the acutest agony of both body and mind, fell upon the floor in a limp mass. As he lay there he heard a heavy tread upon the path outside the kitchen door, and glancing up beheld a giant approaching: Being in that state of mind where fear cannot enter Tom lay quite still, watching through team the approaching glant. When he reached the door he stood looking at Tom, pity in his big, dull ayes. "Poor lad," he said, "I're beard about you and I braved the danger of coming here to tell you how you may escape this place and these wicked people. Go into the mountain—away up the southern side, and walk straight towards the clouds till you come to a turn in the path. Then you must stop and put your fingers in your mouth and give three long whistles, after which you must say: "Hail, Fairy Queen. I am come to you for succor." And then your fortunes will change."

"But good giant," said Tom, struggling

for succor.' And then your fortunes will change."

"But, good giant," said Tom, struggling to his knees, "how am I to get permission to leave this house? My aunt will never consent for me to go away from here.' And Tom, in guarded whispers, lest his aunt might be awakened by the sound of voices, related the incident of the disappearance of the dishes and his aubsequent punishment, ending by solemnly declaring that he was innocent of the charge that his aunt had made against him and that he had no idea of where the dishes were.

"Ah, I think I smell the mystery," said the giant. "The other day as I lay hid behind a long-fallen tree I overheard your good-for-nothing cousin bargaining with a shepherd for a flute that he coveted. The shepherd told him that he was going to be married and wanted more than anything else some dishes and kitchen utensils. I fancy the young son of this house is the guilty person."

At this instant Tom heard a rustie on the froat porch and held up a finger of warning to the ginnt, whilepering quickly: "Hide behind the hedge there; my adust is walking and will be here to give me orders for dinner."

"And after sine has returned to her lazy passime Fil come hach and we'll flush our conversation." whispered the ringt. Then he betook himself quickly behind a high, thick hedge which grew round the garden. Ne sooner had he disappeared than Tom's aunt came stalking heavyly into the klitchen, kicking Tom, who still use upon the floor, the weakness from his besting not yet having passed of. "Come, you beggar, and start the disappeared than Tom's aunt came stalking heavyly into the klitchen, kicking Tom, who still use upon the floor, the weakness from his besting not yet having passed of. "Come, you beggar, and start the disper." Commanded the aust. "Go two the 'garden and gather some garlie and besies. Make a nice pet of soup for your uncle and coasin. And dan't forget to put my name to the pot. And I want a nice piece of mutton, broiled to a turn before a brink fire. See that the drippings are not wasted. And put the freshest loaf so the table and keep the stale one for yourself. It ought to keep you ampalled for a week if you are not giuttonous."

Tom dragged himself to the garden where the giant so Tom. "You look ill, and should not have to work as you do."

"Say, look through the hedge," whispered Tom, polating in the direction of the house. The giant did as bidden and aw August, the adored son of the house, creep-stealthly toward the kitchen, keeping an erre turned towards the garden where he adoubt knew Tom would be at this time of day. He entered the kitchen had came forth again, carrying in his arms a great pot (the soup pot in which Tom was to make the dinner broth), a pewier pitcher and a dough bowl. He made off towards the mountain side with all possible speed, looking cantiously behind him at every few steps. "Ab, ha, didn't I smell right?" asked the giant, who had stretched himself ful

# Biographical Sketch of Elizabeth Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, poeters, was born at Country Hall, Durham, England, in the year 1808.

Little but the merest facts of her childhood can be obtained save from her own letters to friends and to Mr. Browning, who became her adored and adoring hushand and with wifem she spent the happlest years of her life. Her father was a stern—silmost despoile—man, insisting upon the strictest obedience from all in his household, and even after his several children were grown to manhood and womanbood they felt the restraining hand of the too-domineering father, whose word remained in all things. If one of the children dared to assect the least independence of action a strained festing at once existed between the offender and Mr. Barrett, who would not talerate opposition in one of his own. Owing to this trait of character on the part of the head of the Barrett household, the members of the family must have spent many and many an unhappy and discontented hene, and it has been said by an autobiographer of Elizabeth Browning that her mother, cooking utensils."

"And get a harder beating for your news." said the great ginst. "An lad, don't you know that the eyes of most parents are blinded to the faults of their own, but sharper than the sun's rays in seeing the shortcomings of others? An, it is seifshness, my lad. Your aunt knows you are a superior lad to her own son: that's why she hates you so dearly. And never will she consent to listen to a word of complaint against her own adored and good-for-nothing son. He is the upple of her eye—just because he belongs to her. Do you understand, lad?"

"But the pot—the pitcher, the bewill" cried Tom. "How can I get the dimper without them? And when I tell her they are missing from the kitchen she'll beat me had swear I threw them away that I might not be able to get the meals. No, I must go and tell her."

Then, promising the giant to see him on the morrow Tom ran to the house, going straight to the porch, where he for a second time that mersing roused



both—so alse tells us in her letters—be gan writing rigmes. When about 18 als bad "scribbled some things not at all bad." to quote another biographer of her indeed, she was a most precodous child and heard the whisperings of the Music Beard the whisperings of the Music Beard the whisperings of the Music Beard the while perings of the Music Beard the while perings of the Music Beard the still in tender years. She was always of frall body, spending much of her time is the sick chamber, but always busy with her brilliant and active mind. Several times her life was despaired her before she had reached her twenty-fifth year, and few of her friedds expected to see her reach the age she did. She was in her fifty-eighth year at the time of her death. Most of her married life was spent in Italy, where her devoted husband took her for the benefit of her besith.

One son was born to the Brownings, and he is now a famous painter in Italy, making the country of his parents' adoption and his own birth his bosse.

Hobert Browning died in 1880, having survived his wife 28 years.

MARY GRAHAM.

his annt from a catnap. "Aunt Jane, the pot, the pitcher and the dough bowl have been stolen from the kitchen," he cried in her enr. The angered woman ant up and stared at him, saying: "What's all this staff you're saying, you fool? And how dared you to wake me before the dinner is ready?"

Then Tom, stammering and trembling with fear, related what he had seen from the garden, declaring that it was Angast who had taken the dishes in the morning also, and that he was trading them off to a shepherd in the mountain.

"Tou dare to accuse my darling child of this thetip cried the aunt, leaping from her chair, her eyes ablaze with rage, "Why, the beating I gave you awhile ago was only a scratch to what I'll give you for this its, you young beggar!" And then she raised her arm to give Tom a blow in the face, when of a sudden a huge form appeared at the corner, a long and mighty arm reached out and gathered Tom up before her very nose. With a cry of horror had fright the wicked woman sank helpless into her chair, for she had heard of this giant, but had not believed that he calated. Before ahe could open her mouth to say a word the giant had gone off up the mountain-aide with Tom sitting on his arm. He covered about 10 rods at every step, and at such a rate was soon lost to the fright-ened woman's fare.

And Tom was happy in the protecting embrace of the good giant who carried him to the spot where the fairies were to be called from their wood. Giving the signal the giant put Tom down and said: "Now, lad, you'll be cared for without my services; the fairies will be here soon. I shall go back to my home in the mountains—beyond this mountain on which we stand—and confisue to hunt for the unhappy boys and girls whom I may succor. I found you through a little dwarf's help. He goes about like a bird and peeps into all, the homes. Then he comes to me and I rescue the unhappy one, turning him or her over to my friends, the fairies took Tom late a becautiful land, where they have him a pice thome and alsert to live

HURRAH!



The fish are billing, too, they say;
Hurrsh, hurrah!
And there is fun the live-long day;
Hurrah, hurrah!

Ob. it is grand to be a boy:
Harrah, hurrah!
There couldn't be a greater joy:
Hurrah, burrah!

Hurrah, hurrah! From morn till night we'll comp Hurrab, burrab!



learning many, many things. And he became a learned man and a good one, always remembering his own wretched childhood from which the good giant and the fairles had rescued film. And he was always good to the poor, especially to the poor children.



"But, Good Giant," said Tom, struggling to his knees.

were many strange happenings then.
Every morning Tom's Uncle Andrew went into the fields to work; his Aunt Jane went out on the great vine-covered porch to sit in idieness, while Tom was put to perform the household duties. porch to sit in idleness, while Tom was put to perform the household duties. And August passed the hours between breakfast and dinner lying on his back on the mountainside singing songs or talking to himself, or perchance visiting some abepherd on the mountainside, but always idle.

The morning on which this story opens was a giorious May day, the sun shining with a genial smile on garden and field. Tom was busy in the kitchen washing the breakfast dishes. He had placed the plates and cups on a tray to drip while be ran to the spring pear by for some water. On his return he found to his smarement that every dish had disappeared from the tray. At wirst he supposed his sunt had come in and wiped them dry and put them in the cupboard. But when he went to the cupboard to see if such were the case he was dumbfounded to see no plates nor cups there.

giants, dwarfs end fairles, and there | plates and cups were missing; nor can I

find them anywhere."

The aunt was on her feet in a moment. and striding with a very healthy stride into the kitchen. "If you've broken a single dish, young beggar, I'll give you 30 lashes with the strap for each dish," she said. "Ab, the dishes could take unto themselves legs and walk away, could they? Well, we'll see about that." And the irate woman began searching everywhere for the missing plates and cups, but all in valo. During her search Tom stood trembling in every limb, for he knew what punishment at his aunt's hands meant. Her arm seemed to hold the strength of a giant when she wielded the lash.

"Ab, ha, just as I thought," cried the aunt, turning on Tom. "You've breken the dishes that you may not have them

ahem, on the money question. I've got to

"Never mind what you've got to get for Mister Fred Brown," said Flossie coolly. "Now, you know how much has been

done these last few years for open-air excursions for the poor children of our town. You and I both strained every

nerve and nearly broke our banks last

summer to raise money for the children

of the Cripple's dospital that they might

have a week extra in the country. Well,

I've been thinking of some other poor-children that need a little outing oc-casionally, and they seem to have been overlooked entirely by those interested in such matters. I want you to help me

and and ask no questions. Will you,

"Sure, Sis." And Fred put out his hand and chasped that of his little friend in a solemn promise, "And I'll chain my curiosity—I'll ask never a question till the time for questions arrives."

Then Flossie unfolded a part of her plan, giving Fred instructions as to what he was to do. At the end of half an hour Fred bade her adieu and hurried off, declaring that since he had to manage somehow to raise money enough to pay for the use of four large picnic wagous for a whole day, and drivers to boot, it behooved him to be getting a move on himself."

The Flossie went into the house and

telephoned to several of her young friends asking them to call that evening

after supper as she wanted to talk over a plan for a picnic.

a plan for a picnic.

That evening Florate explained to her girl friends who had assembled that she was arranging for a picnic in the hig grove near the lake two miles from

town, and that if everything went through as planned they would have the outing one week from that day. The girls applicated her plan, thinking it was to be a picule for young folks, with a few of the mothers as chaper-ons.

And each girl promised a big basket of luncheon, becoming excited and talk-ing over the many dainty visuals that

would be most appetiating in the woods.

The week passed very quickly for Flousie and Fred, for both had so much to attend to in completing their plenic

arrangements. "Well, Sis," said Bert the evening be

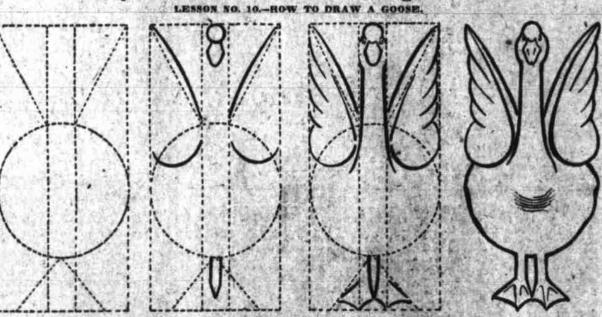
"Well, Sis," said Bert the evening before the day set for the picnic. "I've
got the money together to hire the picnic wagons. And I had enough left to
get a dozen fings to adorn the wagons.
Gee, wa'll swing through town as gay as
you please with colors flying and—Listen! a band playing. Yep, (to Flonaie's
look of surprise) a real live band of six
pleces!"

"Why, Fred, how did you manage to
do all that? You are a hustler when
it comes to raising please funds!" And
Flossis looked pleased, "Well, Bis, it's
this way: I went to Dad first and
told him you had some sort of a picnic
scheme afrost—something for some poor
children who had been forgotten by
verybody clue—and hinted that I'd
like for him to give us a little contribulion as a starter. Well, Dad lines you
immensely, Sis, and he just pulled out
a ten-spot and gard me, saylog I, was
te fall you that it was for you be had
been so liberal. Now, wasn't be all O.

"That was just spiendid, Fred." de-

"Sure, Sis." And Fred put out his

Helpful Hints for Our Young Artists.



### Flossie's Unique Picnic.

Sis, let me warn you to use cantion on-

Plossie Wade sat on the porch in a deep study, her brows knitted and her lips pursed up into a severe pucker. "I'm going to do it," she said emphatically, speaking to herself. "I'm going to do it." "Who are you talking to, Sis?" asked a jolly boyish voice, and Flossie looked to see Fred Brown standing beside her.

"Are you chatting to the porch post?" Fred continued jokingly, "No, I'm talking to good company," laughed Flossle, her brow smoothing out and her lips losing their pucker. "But how did you creep in here without my

seeing you, Mister?" -"I came as thin air and then materialized," said Fred in a light vein. "Don't you believe in materialization?" "Oh, Fred, stop joking and be serious.

I'm thinking."
"Don't do anything so rash," protested
Fred with assumed gravity. "Don't you
know that thinking is a dangerous experiment in hot weather?"

ment in hot weather?"

"Come, stop fooling," commanded Flossie, rising and standing on the porch steps close to Fred. "Now, if you'll be serious for once in your life, Mister Frederick, I'll let you into a little secret I have found it impossible to keep without sharing with someone else."

"A thousand thanks for the promised confidence," said Fred with a low bow, "And I'll promise you that you will not

"And I'll promise you that you will not regret having chosen me as the happy fel-low to own the half of your secret. Is it about a party—or a new frock?"
"Then you think me so silly as all that?" And Flossie's brown drew into a

that?" And Flossie's brows drew into a straight line and a suggestion of a pucker came on her lips again.
"No, no," protested Fred. "I was merely guessing. But, come, I'll be serious and listen with all my ears."
"well, I want you to promise to help me out in a scheme," said Flossie. "Don't mean well much

look frightened, it won't mean very much work on your part; but it will mean

clared Flossie. "And now how about the rest of the moneys?

"Well, you see, I didn't want your little plan to fall through, Sis, so I—I—Well, I put what I had in bunk into the fund. No, no, not a word! I won't hear a word about it. It's half my picnic; so I have a right to put in what I please. It was only—Well, it was only seven dollars, you see. Hardly enough to count. The wagous each with a driver—are five dollars spaces for the day. You see Dad and I put for three wagons and a triffs srev. So I hustled enough from the other boys for the fourth wagon and got that old skindlint, my uncle Powers, to contribute a five. Of course, I'm not paying the band full for their services. I asked them if they wanted to enjoy a nice day in the woods, and have a fine luncheon handed in for a little muste. I explained that it was to be some sort of a charity plenic. Well, they were giad enough to go for the outing; and I hope their hearts dictated a little toward the charity end of it. But anyway I've got them, which is sufficient. Well, you see, I had a little cash to spare for the flags and the dealer—Mr. Jakes, gave me a great bargain & them, seeing that some of them were a bit solled. But that'll never show on the wagons."

"Fred, you're a brick!" declared Flossie. "If I had an own brother be couldn't do more for me than you do."

"I hope he wouldn't do so much," stammered Fred, his fine, manly face reddening a bit. He was very fond of Flossie Wade, and wanted to prove himself har very best friend in every way possible.

The next morning at 9 o'clock a strange-looking procession was to be seen going through the wade gate, and Flossie stood on the porch to welcome those who comprised it. First came two old men, stooped and feeble, supporting themselves on their heavy walking sticks. Next were an old white-haired woman and a pale-faced younget one, the latter very frail and ill in appearance. Then came an old crippie, the rest of the money?" "Well, you see, I didn't want your

JINGLE-JANGLE.

JACK JUGLETS.

following him the shoe-cobbler and his wife, a nice, jolly-faced old German couple who lived in a meager shanty down by the railroad tracks. And ending the prothe railroad tracks. And ending the pro-cession were six poor stragglers, seemingly-not one of them acquainted with the other. Two of the six were women, one a poor semustress who had just been released from the hospital, where she had suffered quite a severe linesss, and the other a dear old woman who lived in a tenement with her grandsons whose small earnings could hardly keep the wolf from the door. The other four were men of poverty, age and sil health, three out of the four being pass 60.

Flomsie's mother, who was to go with the party as chaperon, looked on the

gathering crowd with some surprise, of sympathy in her eyes. She had not questioned her daughter regarding the in-vited, knowing that whatever Flossie did

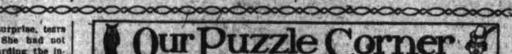
vited, knowing that whatever Floshie did would be perfectly right. But some of Floshie's girl comrades, were a bit displessed when they beheld the old, the crippled, the sick and poor, for they had had no notion of anything of the sort, "Say, Stella," whispered Grace Evans, two of the girls whom Flossie had invited to be of the party, "what do you think of going on a pienic with this job-lot of humanity? I think it anything but agreeable. Now, I fully appreve of charity-but not of mixing, you know."

But before Stella could answer her companion's question a merry sound of music came floating on the air; then the toot, toot, toot, of a horn, and in another minute the fact pienic wagons dashed up before the gate, flags flying and the bandboys with faces as bright as the moonday's sun.

before the gate, flags flying and the bandboys with faces as bright as the noonday's sun.

"Now, where's Fred?" asked, Flossic.
wondering why her sesistant and rightband man had delayed his coming. But
at the moment he came dashing through
the gate, carrying a box half as large as
himselt. "Am I late?" he cried in his
enthusiasm, wiping the perspiration from
his flushed face. "See here, Six, this box
is full of explosives! I've brought some
fireworks. No use having a dull day, I
say. Now, everybody in the wagons and
let's he off. Where're the baskets? Oh,
there they are. Here, boys (to the other
boys of his own age), fust load in the
grab—not into your faces, understand,
but lote the wagons. Gee, we're going
to have a great day!"

Then all was merry hustle, and the old
organgrander laughed so heartily over the
proceeding of being "loaded" into the
wagon that Stella and Grace caught the
spirit of fun and laughed, too, feeling
giad after all that they were to assist in
making so many poor old folk happy for
a fay.



for his kindness the great fellow had stalked far away. And the fairles took Tom into a beautiful land, where they gave him a nice home and pleaty to live on till he should be old enough to work and earn money for binself. And there was a fine school there where Tom went to live, and he attended it regularly.

A well known adage is bidden in the following five sentences, one, word of the adage being contained in each sentence and all appearing in their rightful order:

A pretty girl wastes much time before the mirror.

All is well that ends will.

To be known as a good man does not always signify goodness.

It's a pretty kettle of fish when two faar friends fall out and quarrel.

There are many days of darkness, though the sun does ablue.

RETTER ENIGHA. fret is in bread, but not in dough; second is in mendow, but not in moon; third is in sen, but not in moon; fearth is in badger, but not is coos; fifth is the same as my first, you

know:
My sixth appears in my second also;
My seventh is in lily, but not in grew;
My eighth is the same as my seventh,
too;
My whole is the name
Of a game most dear
To the hearts of schoolboys
At this time of year.

Behendings and Curtailings.
(I) Behend that which a cruel driver

and leave a verb applied to a disagreeing jury.

(I) Doubly curtail a sum of money and leave a toy much enjoyed by little girls.

CONUNDRUMS.

When are thoughts like valuables?

When both are expressed.

What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a rainy day most affect?

The sen and your shoes, for it takes the shine usery from both.

Why is the city milkman like the 4sh that swallowed Jonah?

Because he finds a profit (prophet) in the water.

in often seen doing to his horse and leave an act much enjoyed by people three times a day.

(2) Behend a racecourse and leave a small plece of furniture that is times upon the wall.

(3) Behend a verb meaning to pull, and leave the state of ungooked food.

(4) Behend a hot vapor and leave a pair of horses that go hitched together.

(5) Doubly curtail a pretty bird and leave a busy market place.

(6) Doubly curtail a longing for food and leave a verb applied to a disagreeing jury.



# "At your service," said Fred, jingling some small coins to his pocket. "But, LIMERICK.