

he pointed down the road over which he had come at such speed. By now Jenny had come up all out of breath, and she, too, clung to her father for protection. She was crying and could not speak.

"A what?" asked their father, looking in vain to see something.

Then Fred looked about them, and seeing no rhinoceros in sight, he explained: "Well, it's down in the woods there. We saw it as plain as day—running through that hedge brush by the road."

And then their father began to laugh, and he laughed and laughed till the children wondered whether he had not suddenly lost his mind on hearing that so terrible a beast was running loose in the woods near their home. And the hired man laughed, too, pointing towards a thicket and saying: "There he is—your rhinoceros. Look lively, now, or he'll catch us."

Upon this Fred and Jenny looked behind them in the direction the hired man pointed, and there they saw—not a rhinoceros at all, but a—great, big, black—hog!

"We are after your rhinoceros," explained the children's papa, stopping his laughter as best he could. (Poor man, he really couldn't refrain from laughing, the little ones looked so comical in their fright. But he felt sorry for them just the same.) "You see, that old black animal is one I bought from neighbor Jones this morning, and as the pen I put him in was not quite strong enough to hold him against his will, he broke out and went wandering in the woods. You shavers run along home and tell your mamma of your narrow escape from danger while Sam and I tackle the beast in his lair." And patting each child on the head, the good man laughed again, and, with the hired man, went in the direction of the thicket, where the old black "rhinoceros" was rooting for roots.

"Ain't you ashamed, Jenny?" began Fred, as he and Jenny went homeward.

"Don't you say a word to me," cried Jenny, flashing, "or I'll tell all about how you were bragging about not being afraid—"

But Fred interrupted her. "Say, sister," he said in a friendly tone, "I'll let you coast on my new sled all evening if you want to. And you may have my new long slate pencil, too."

"And will you go back and get my book that I dropped in the road?" asked Jenny, just remembering it.

"Sure," replied Fred. "Anything else you want?" And he smiled kindly on his little sister.

"Oh, there's heaps and heaps of things I want," she said, grinning knowingly. "Yes; you may wait on me all the rest of the winter—or I'll tell you know," and there was a sly twinkle in her eyes.

Letter Enigma.

My first is in grace, but not in ease;
My second is in dirt, but not in grease.
My third is in grape, but not in vine,
My fourth is in vinegar, but not in wine;
My fifth is in arrow, but not in shoot,
My sixth is in organ, but not in flute;
My seventh is in wash, but not in rub,
My eighth is in wringer, but not in tub,
My ninth is in new, but not in old,

My tenth is in Klondike, but not in cold;

My eleventh is in lung, but not in heart,
My twelfth is in cake, but not in tart.
Put my whole well together and there appears

The full name of a person who slept many years.

Answer—Rip Van Winkle.

Conundrums to Crack.

When are soldiers and stars alike?
When shooting.

When do your eyes resemble nuts?
When they are hazel.

What men are like musical instruments?
Drummers.

Why are ladies like lawyers?
They take great interest in new suits.

When is the bad boy at school like the Brooklyn Bridge?
When suspended.

What sort of sticks are musical?
Fiddle-sticks.

When is a horse like a city street?
When curbed.

The Hobby Horse.

Bert is big and tall and strong,
And such a rider—mercy, me!
He can gallop all day long,
And his horse—you should just see!

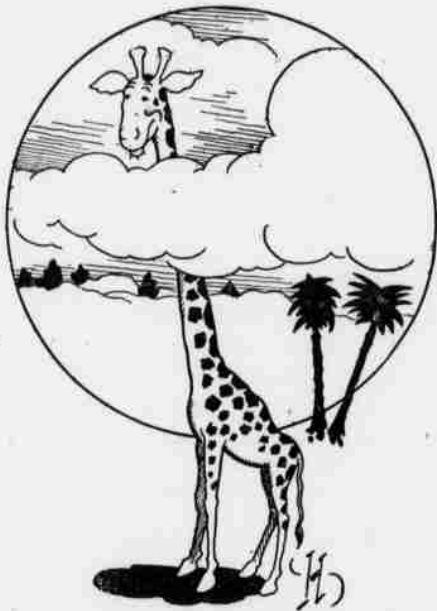
He's the greatest one to race
Over hills and mountains high;
He can gallop, trot and pace,
Yet he never seems to try.

All Bert has to do is jump
In the saddle and say, "Go!"
And the horse begins to run—
For this horse is never slow.

O'er the earth with mighty speed,
Never stops he night or day,
Never thinks of drink or feed,
Never even stops to neigh.

"Hobby" is his name you know,
And Bert fears him not at all,
For he never did Bert throw,
Nor behave ill in his stall.

He's a dear old horsey, good,
And all children love him, too,
If he is made out of wood,
For his heart is grand and true.



THE GIRAFFE.

The giraffe is surely a curious beast,
Dark clouds do not annoy him in the least;
He stretches his neck high in the sky;
Puts his head way above them; doesn't half try.



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