

with hoops of pure gold, golden canopies hang above their quarters in the stable-palace, while costly ornaments decorate the walls and rooms as if the king himself lived there. In one stable a white monkey—of almost equal importance with the elephant—is kept. This monkey is supposed to keep away the evil spirits which might otherwise molest his highness, the elephant.

When the white elephant is captured there is great rejoicing. The king and court go out to meet him as he is brought to the capital. A great procession follows with banners and music. The house is prepared to receive him and members from the noblest families in Siam appointed to wait upon him. When he goes to the river to bathe he is escorted by other elephants who are supposed to be highly honored by this distinction.

When a white elephant dies the nation mourns. Funeral services of the most elaborate character are held and the loss of the king himself is as nothing in comparison.

"We can easily get another king," the Siamese say, "but where can we get another white elephant!"

Fortunately, these highly honored beasts are of long life, so the Siamese are saved much unnecessary mourning.



The Painted Village.

In Switzerland, near the border of Lake Geneva, is a village which would surprise some of the girls and boys in America, if they should happen to walk into it. Nearly all of the white stucco houses are decorated on the outside with drawings—pictures of milkmaids, cows, battles, soldiers, people running for a train and anything else that occurred to the young artist. He was a boy of the place, but subsequently went to Paris and studied art. The name of the village is St. Leger, but it is sometimes called the Painted Village.

These little places on the mountain side are very pretty, with their pink and blue houses hung with strings of beans and yellow corn, and their large fountains, where all the washing is done. Sometimes imitation windows are painted on the outside of the houses, usually representing closed green shutters, but sometimes displaying curtains or drapery.

The children clatter up and down the steep cobblestone roads, sometimes with long baskets strapped on their backs, for if things are to be carried up hill it is much easier to have the arms free. If you look into the baskets you will often find them filled with bread, for there are no ovens in the villages, and the people have to get a week's supply of bread from the towns below them. But one modern luxury shines through all this quaintness. The villages are lighted with electric lights, just like any large city. You see there are many lively streams pouring swiftly down the mountains and their force is turned into electric power, so that electricity is easy to get and very cheap.



Conundrums.

Who was the tallest poet?—Longfellow.

Why is a beggar's purse like electricity?—Both are light.

When is a chair not a chair?—When it is a rocker.

When is a towel like a mailed letter?—When stamped.

Why does a shrewish woman scold from morning till night?—Because she sleeps from night till morning.

Why is a man walking against the wind like a dressmaker finishing a skirt?

Both are "facing it."

When is a lady's jacket like a Chinaman's cue?

When braided.

When is a door like little girls' hair?

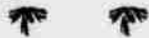
When banged.

When is a dollar like the holy days?

When lent.

When are navy beans like drunkards?

When soaked.



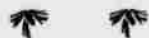
Riddles.

Marble halls as white as milk lined with cotton as soft as silk, within a fountain crystal clear a golden apple doth appear. No doors are here in this strange thing but thieves break in and steal the gold—An egg.

What is the last thing you do before you go to bed?—Take your feet up off of the floor.

What would you do if you got hungry in bed?—Take two rolls and a turn over and go down to the spring for a drink.

What time is it when the clock strikes 13?—Time for the clock to be fixed.



The Pirate's Cave.

Under the table, when dinner's through,

There is my fav'rite cave.

My sister she is a pirate crew

And I am a captain brave.

With treasure out of the cookie-jar,

And plunder from other lands,

To the pirate lair that's hidden there

We creep on our knees and hands.

Before the people get up to go,

Then is the time to hide;

I whisper, "Ho, my lads! lie low;

There are foes on every side!"

And then I thump on the table top,

And Papa says: "Hey! What's that?"

And another thump makes Mother jump

And guess that it's just the cat.

But Papa says, when I thump again,

"P'raps it's a pirate bold!"

And his legs an' feet come huntin' then,

A-tryin' to catch ahold.

He keeps me hurryin' back an' forth

Till his hands come huntin' too,—

Then I sink the ship when I feel his grip,

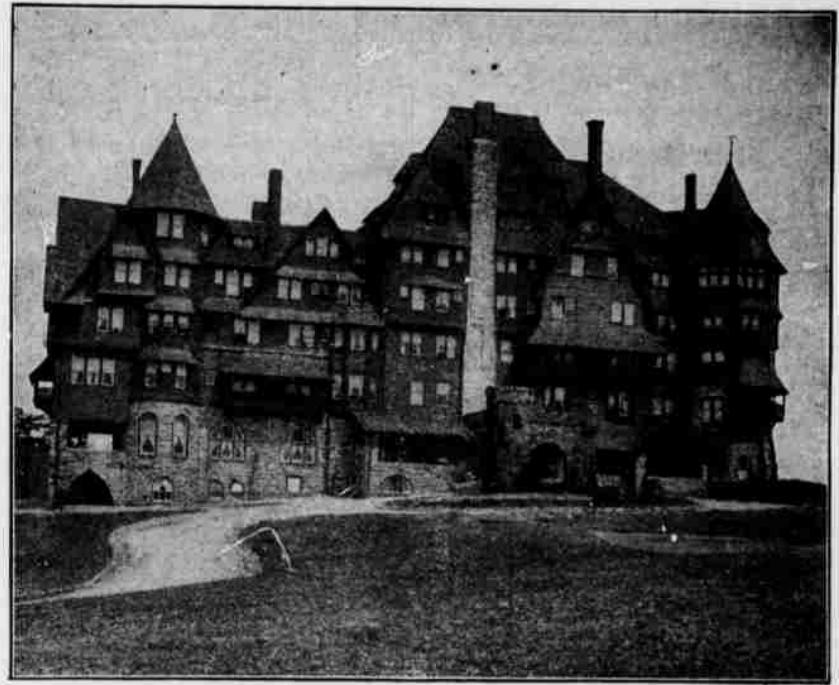
And Mother she ge's the crew!

—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Bazar.



REJOICE 'TIS SPRING!

The birds are twittering everywhere,
And there is fragrance in the air.
All nature smiles, so let us sing—
"Rejoice ye now the time is Spring!"



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