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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

STRENUOUS JACK.

True Story of a Small Boy and Pet Riding Donkey.

TED was crying as if his heart would break, and Ted did not often cry. Usually he was a brave little boy, who tried to make the best of the things that had to be. But today he was really crying, and it was all on account of Jack.

Jack was only a donkey, with short legs and long ears, and a funny little nose that he used to thrust into Ted's hand when he wanted to tell him how much he loved him, and into his pocket if he thought there was a bit of apple there.

"But there are donkeys and donkeys," as Ted often said, "and Jack is the smartest that ever was." He could not exactly talk, but he had a lot of different brays, and each one meant something.

morning. He did his work as well as ever, though, and when the water was brought and the wood chopped he went out to hoe the garden. Presently he heard a most awful clatter, and down the road came Jack, trotting as fast as his short legs would go, while behind him, bumping and banging over stones and ruts, was a pretty little wagon. A boy and girl were in the wagon, and such a funny sight as they made. The boy had lost his hat, but he still held on to the reins, tugging at them with might and main, while his little sister clutched wildly at his coattails.

"He'll pull you out, Phil," she said, the words being fairly joggled out of her. "Oh, will he ever stop? He's just"—

But she got no further, for just then Jack reached the gate, and with a bray that seemed to say, "There, now, I've done it," came to a standstill so suddenly that Phil and Nell both tumbled over backward; but in a second they were on their feet again.



AT THE ZOO.

Joco—Polish 'em up, sir?

Hippo—Naw! I don't want any of your "Monkey Shines!"

Ted had owned Jack for two whole years, and he had taken care of him the best he knew how, and loved him, oh, so much! And now Jack had to be sold. There was no help for it, either, for Ted's father had died, and he and his mother were too poor to keep Jack. So Ted could only throw his arms about his little friend's shaggy neck and whisper in his wriggly ears:

"You know I wouldn't let you go if I could help it, Jackie. I'd share my last bit of bread with you. Only a bit of bread would never fill your stomach, Jackie."

And Jack gave the bray that meant "Yes, I understand," and rubbed his nose on Ted's sleeve.

But when they came to take Jack away Ted slipped off and cried all by himself. He tried to think how comfortable Jack would be in his fine new home, for a rich man had bought him to be a playmate for his little boy and girl.

"Maybe I'll soon get over caring so awfully much," he told himself. But he went to bed with a heavy heart, and it seemed no better when he got up next

"Gee, what a little beast!" said Phil, in disgusted tones, as he wiped his dirty face on a handkerchief. "Where are we at, anyhow?"

Nell could not tell him. She was too busy getting her breath. Besides, she had bumped her head so hard that she felt more like crying than anything else. Then she saw Ted hugging Jack just as hard as he could, for it had not taken him long to drop his hoe and run out.

"Why, do you know our donkey?" she asked.

"Know him!" repeated Ted, his eyes shining. "I guess I do. He was my donkey until yesterday."

"Well, I wish he'd been yours these last ten minutes," remarked the still disgusted Phil. "Gee! Didn't he go though?—just like hail Columbia!"

"But he knows how to stand, too," added Nell. "I wish you had seen him. We were only a little way from home and we wanted to go back again, but Jack just wouldn't do it. He was as stubborn as stubborn, and we had the awfulest time. We coaxed and pulled, and coaxed and

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