

GREEDY BOY.

There was a water-melon
A growin' on a vine
And a little Pickaninnie
A watching all the time.

This Pickaninnie watched it
And toted it away
And ate that water melon
All in a single day.

He ate the rind and pieces,
And finished it with vim,
And then that water-melon
Just went—and finished him.

—Mrs. L. V. Mallinson

Page 7

THE FLOWERS' TALE.

As Viola was walking in the garden, very roughly indeed was she walking on the flowers. Suddenly she heard a voice saying, "If only the elves had not been driven out, these rough people would be severely punished for stepping so heavily on our sisters." You may well imagine Viola's surprise at hearing two roses talking to each other.

She walked over in the direction of the roses and she heard a lily say, "Roses, my dears, look out, here comes the girl who has trodden so heavily on crowslip, be ready to protect your rosebuds." Then she heard a morning glory say to its bud, "Keep close to mama, darlings."

Viola went over to the roses and said, "Oh, dear roses, will you please forgive me, dear flowers? I have always been careless and rude to you." The roses were very wise flowers and when they saw that she had turned a "New Leaf," said, "Dear child, we now see you are a good deal better and gladly will we forgive you." Viola was very happy to think that the flowers had forgiven her (for you see Viola did not know that flowers could talk and feel) Viola said, "Dear lily, will you forgive me," "Gladly," replied lily. But even then Viola was not satisfied, she wanted to do something for the flowers, so she said, "Dear flowers, I want to do something for you, I will end the Brownies' power and bring back the happy band of fairies that were nice here."

Page 8

There was no end to the flowers delight. Viola started for the dark forest and took two roses (the roses that were first talking had given there lives to get the kind band back, one for the King and the other for the Queen). When she reached the Brownie court she went up to the throne, she said in a very stern voice, "What right have you to take a happy band of fairies from their sunny home and put them in your darkest dell." The King answered, "Not until you find me a home of leaves that her royal highness, the Queen, and I shall dine in, will the fairies be free."

Then the Queen said, "Give me those flowers," "Oh, no, dear Queen," said Viola as she started for her task. And in less than a week did Viola, having the leaf house done, take the roses (who by the fairies' magic power had not wilted) to the Queen and took the King to the leaf house. Viola, with a light heart, led the army of Brownies to the cells and out came the happy fairies who went back to the happy garden, their old home.

—Winifred O. Rogers.

A mother with her seven children started away on a journey. After entering the car the largest child was laid out flat on the seat and the remaining six sat upon him in a row. When the Conductor came around to collect the fares, the mother counted her money. She handed it over, smiled and suavely said: "Sir, the oldest is under six."

Page 9

THE CASTAWAY.

(Adapted from the French of Maurice Leblanc)

Chapter II.

Suddenly there was a movement among the crowd—a young man, followed by two or three of the bolder sailors, was pushing his way through towards the beach. Having selected the staunchest boat they could find, the brave men said a few cheerful words of farewell, and deaf to the warnings of their friends, embarked on their perilous voyage.

The little craft rose and fell, now pointing nearly straight up toward the sky, now down, as it were, into a bottomless abyss. Sometimes it seemed to be climbing the slope of a long hill. Such a tiny plaything of the elements it looked and yet in spite of it all, it kept its course toward the black speck where the figure was waving. The spectators watched, some standing up, others on their knees, praying, while every now and then some of the old people would cross themselves when an especially terrible blast of the gale burst on them.

The wind roared, the driving spray stung the faces of the awe-struck group on the pier. And suddenly—a silence. Yes, it was in the minds of all, and in spite of wind, tempest and raging waves there fell, as it were, a great silence, in which all sounds ceased—a silence of death, of eternity. The boat—where was it? Seconds passed, minutes passed, but still it did not rise

Page 10

into view. The watchers on shore, peering with straining eyes into the gloom, knew that this was the end.

But the occupant of the raft was still gesticulating.

(To be concluded)

—P. L. Lightbourn.

An old Kansas citizen who had been henpecked all his life was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said, "John you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Martha," said the old man weakly, "but so far as I am concerned you needn't be in any blamed hurry about it."

THE SHEEP

Sheep wand'ring on the plain,
In heavy falling rain.
No sun nor stars in sight,
They cry out for the light.

—Anonymous

At The Lexington.

Mrs. T. L. Kennedy of Camden, Maine, is spending several week here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Aydelotte, of Washington, D. C., come for the season.

A Party of tourists including Miss Estelle Corrie of Decatur, Ill., Miss Cooper of Winona, Mr. E. A. Martin of Indianapolis, Ind., and Miss Jessie Upfield, Madison, Wis., are making a ten days visit.

Mr. John Earey and Miss Mary Earey of Newton Centre, come for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Bixby and children of Boston, will remain several weeks.

Mrs. S. J. Lullie and daughter, Miss Christine Lullie, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. John Datscheg, of Ocean City, N. J., will remain indefinitely.

Mr. Arthur C. Lord and Mr. Charles T. Bright of Chicago, will remain until spring.

Mrs. Harriett Winslow Trutt, of Boston, comes for January.

Miss Mabel Bliss, of Clemmons Academy, Clemmons, N. C., is spending the Holidays with her mother, Mrs. E. C. Bliss.

Easy to Promote.

"A 'promoter' my son," remarked a fond father, "is a man who furnishes the ocean and expects somebody else to provide the ships."

At the Plymouth Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter and family of Noroton Heights, Ct., are at the Plymouth cottage for the season.

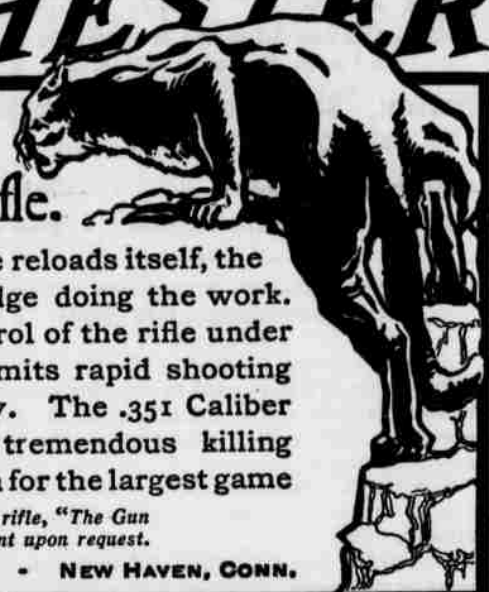
WINCHESTER

.351 CALIBER
Self-Loading Rifle.

As its name indicates, this rifle reloads itself, the recoil of the exploded cartridge doing the work. This places the complete control of the rifle under the trigger finger, which permits rapid shooting with great ease and accuracy. The .351 Caliber High-Power cartridge, has tremendous killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game

Catalogue fully describing this rifle, "The Gun that shoots Through Steel," sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Winchester Shells and Cartridges for Sale at the Pinehurst Store, Traps and Ranges, Look for the Big Red "W" on Every Box.

Eternal Sunshine Alone
Cannot Engender Health.

The soft breezes and warm, bright sunshine of the South have a soothing and beneficent effect on the tired system.

But the internal needs of the body must not be forgotten in the quest of health.

Good, wholesome nutrients must be employed in the building up of the body-structure.

The House of Health that is built on

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

is like the proverbial house built upon the rocks of *Strength* and *Permanence*.

When the stomach is in delicate condition, it will take up and easily assimilate Shredded Whole Wheat which contains the whole wheat grain, cleaned with scrupulous care, drawn into slender, porous shreds by delicate machinery, and baked in hygienic ovens to just the degree consistent to perfect digestion.

Shredded Whole Wheat
is
Concentrated Life

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work at a cost of five or six cents. Try it for ten mornings and you will feel brighter, stronger and happier. Your GROCER sells it.



"There's Health and Strength in Every Shred"

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS
A Modern Village 1600 Feet Above Sea Level is
BETHLEHEM, N. H.

No better place for rest and recreation. Every amusement and sport common to resorts is found here, while the natural advantages and scenic beauties are unsurpassed.

is one of the best of the many home-like hotels at a moderate price. Splendid location—excellent cuisine—modern in all its appointments. Fine golf links, tennis, orchestra. Long distance telephone. Furnished Cottages for rent, \$250 to \$700.

F. C. ABBE, PROPRIETOR.

THE KIRKWOOD Camden,
South Carolina
NOW OPEN Best Saddle Horses and Livery
T. Edmund Krumbholz