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The Feats Of Muchslash.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

MOURNFUL MERTON WAS POISING HIMSELF ON A HORIZONTAL BAR.

king, who lived far away beyond the Forest | marked "Magic Cutlery." Just as he picked

Miserable," Muchslash chuckled and said

that he would not waste good cloth in adorn-

As he sat Turk-like on the bench in his

little shop and saw the cheerless throng pass

by his door, the more cheerful did the old

tallor become. He sang merry songs about

the chasing away of troubles and the folly of

crossing bridges which had not been reached.

He was looked upon as such a curiosity that

the citizens went to see him as he plied his

needle and sang all day, and some of them

even came in and had him make clothes just

to hear him talk. One man, whose life had

been all blue Mondays, laughed at a joke of

Muchsinsh, and was thereby cured of indi-

gestion. He told others of his good fortune,

and the fame of Muchsiash, not only as a

tallor, but also as a great physician, spread

throughout the kingdom. The people of

Plaint ordered more clothes, and the town

was a happier place in which to live than it

had been since the accession of the young

Muchslash one day was sitting on his

benca watching a stew next the goose on the

stove when the Wistful Witch entered. "I

am glad," said the Witch, "that there is one

cheerful person in this Kingdom of Woe, and

I shall do myself the honor of eating your

ing walking misery.

of Sorrow.

the gizzard."

stash," she said.

pince, remarked:

tered three men.

The witch waved her hand, and in place

of the great smoothing iron there appeared

dressing. A bowl of fried apples floated in over the open transom. The witch and Muchsinsh sat down to this repast, and the

tailor carved with such skill that the old

"Great things are in store for you, Much

The witch rose to her feet, and after scat-

tering a spell or two carelessly about the

climes star beyond the blue Youth and riches await for you with these shears, you thus shall do With snip and snap out through and through.

She then disappeared in a vapor of sage

and thyme. Muchslash, who was old and

had a beard which sometimes tangled with

his feet, climbed back to his bench. In

place of his pasty shears he found a new pair

of great size and brightness. They were

them up there came a loud knock at the

door, and, without an invitation, there en-

Their faces were drawn and furrowed, as

though by great suffering. Although they

were clothed in silks and satins, and were

jeweled swords by their sides, the three

woman opened her eyes in surprise.

fowl done to a turn and fragrant with sage

CHAPTER I. It seemed as though the Kingdom of Woe had never been more cheerless than it was in the summer in which Muchslash, the tailor, moved to that country. As he walked through the Forest of Sorrow which surrounded the little town of Pinint the weeping willows brushed his brouzed cheeks and the dew like tears lingered on the petals of

the woodland flowers. Muchsiash rented a store in a quiet part of the town of Plaint and hung out his sign: "A goese," said the witch, gravely, "is the "Cheerful Clothes for the Woebegone." Customers were few, however, and when the landlord hinted that business would be better | two. As, however, I have just dined fairly if the sign were "Garbs of Grief for the Truly

The old woman took the savory food from the stove and ate it with every sign of appreciation. Muchslash looked at her silently and then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"I see no cause for merriment," mumbled the old weman. "I do," replied Muchslash. "I was just

thinking how lucky I am that my goose is made of Iron. "A goese," said the witch, gravely, "is the

too latge for one and hardly enough for well on your stew, you may give me only

handkerchiefs adorned with black initials, they began to shed tears both bitter and "Our names," said the spokesman of the party, who was very tall and thin. "are IL.

E. Morse, A. Sorrow and Great Grief, Councillors of State to His Most Sorrowful Majesty Megrim III., King of Woe. 1 am Great Grief, Barren of Joy. Great Grief indicated the other two with

wave of his hand, and they bowed, with a politeness as profuse as their tears. "I count it an honor, merry gentlemen, ald Muchslash, "that our sovereign bas ent his Councillors of State to visit the humlest of his subjects. Let us all be thankful that we have arms and legs and a good

ligestion to wait on them." "It is a sad world," sighed Lord Morse. "Very," replied the honest Muchslash, "1

have just eaten my last sadiron." "Then you have, so to speak, eaten the goose which has brought to you golden store. Why, I surprise myself by making a most cheerful sally of wit," said the Barren of

"I wot not." said R. E. Morse, "to find a great physician who would also be a cheerful wight. We may, I think, brothers in woe, acquaint Dr. Muchslash with the na-

ture of our business." "I did not know," replied Muchslash, with a rare smile, "that I was a great physician. I've been busy doctoring baggy knees and padding shoulders for a good many years. You may call me a physician if you like. From what particular brand of misery do you suffer? Have you stitches in your

"The need of our king," replied the tallest of the sorrowful men, "is greater than ours. Since his birth he has never smiled, and we fear that unless he does so he will die in sorrow. We heard of you and have come to ask your mighty aid."

"Has he, then, no jester?" asked Much-"Who ever heard of a king without a dwarf in cap and belis?" "Alas!" replied the Chief Councillor, "he

has a clown named Mournful Merton, who is the saddest subject in all his realm." "I opine, then, merry gentlemen," replied Muchslash, "that it were well I should first minister to the jester. Come, let us hie as quickly as need be. I also think that I am talking as becomes a person who has been

called to interfere in affairs of state." Whereupon the venerable Muchslash rose from his bench, and, wrapping himself in his blue chinchilla cloak and donning his shining beaver hat, took his magic shears and went with the three Councillors of the august monarch. Megrim III., ruler of the

Kingdom of Woe. He stopped at taverns for food and drink, and teld stories which brought tears of laughter to the cheeks of all who heard him. He danced with milkmaids and played hopcotch with boys and girls, and when at last be arrived at the gates of the Castle Bine, where dwelt the King of Woe, both he and his followers were in hilarious mood. The tailor was shown into the throne room of the castle, where sat the youthful King. At the feet of the ruler was a dachshand with watery eyes, and on the back of his chair sat a parrot, which incessantly repeated the words: "Rattle his bones over the stones; he's only a pauper whom noody owns." On a carpet a few yards from he royal presence stod a sad-faced clown

ho was poising himself on a horizontal bat. Majesty," said Mournful Merton, the sour-faced acrobat, "before you let this tailor entertain you I wish to have you see my most side-splitting feat." Whereupon Mournful Merton looked at the

no'ding which ran along the frieze of the chilly room and slowly balanced himself. "Out upon you!" cried the King, in a rage, "How dare you make so pitiful a spectacle? To the gibbet with you! No! Wait! You may as well have a companion. This tallor shall go with you unless he makes you grin from chin to ear."

"I am fond of sorrow more than life." repiled the mournful Merton, "and I do not feel at all cut up over the prospect of going to the headsman's block. If ever I had cause to weep I have it now." Merton buried his face in his trembling

hands and great salt tears welled between his fingers and fell upon his black raiment. Muchslash waved the new shears about his head and smiled.

'Woe," he said, "Is not my specialty, and as far as being put to death is concerned. I have never given the matter serious thought

about his past with a smile, and as a maker | of mirth I have no equal, for I have made | the pockets of their slashed doublets lace the motley garb of a thousand clowns." "Tell him a story," said the councillors of

> Muchslash related them the marvelous adventures of which he said as a tailor he could vouch to be made out of whole cloth, but as the merry tale proceeded the sadder became the face of the King and the more wicked the gleam of hate in the baleful eyes of the mournful and acrobatic clown. Even the cheerful story of how Robinson Crusoe found a little cove running into the land and a great swell coming in from sea when he went to his desert island did in no

The chief executioner came in with snickersnee and poised that great sword, waiting for the word of command to sever the head of Muchsiash from his body. "It seems to me," said the tailor, with a laugh, "that it is time for our friend Merton

way tend to make Megrim a merrier mon-

to show some sign of cheerfulness on this merry occasion. Muchslash waved his magic shears through the air and told Merton to mount the bori zontal bar. The jolly tallor passed the shears along the bar on which Merton rested He made a half circle with the shining shears around the clasped hands of the lown and then flashed the blades along the

molding and through the neck of the sour-

faced acrobat "Wonderful!" exclaimed the court. "I rather think," said Muchslash, "that I have made Merton smile." How he did so will be told in the next hapter, and if there is anybody who would

like to know before that he must study it out for himself. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

spring water," says the toad, "even if all the dear little flies are out of season now," and, indeed, if he omits his drink, from choice or necessity, many times he becomes parched, then his throat ratties a bit, and he dries up like a leaf or a rose petal in a bot sun. So you may be sure he selects damp corner to pass the winter in, and of al the winter apartments that a toad may fire to choose from, the deep underground cellat is the finest. These are usually overcrowded. and, of course, rents go up in consequence. The only trouble is, it is hard to get to sleep in such a crowded place, and if you don't sleep, you freeze, unless the cellar has ;

furnace in it or is near another that has. Those unfortunate hoptonds that are some distance from protecting rocks and cellars have a way of getting under a deep pile of leaves or sticks and then digging out a hole in the soft mould beneath. Thus they form a comfortable bed, with sheets made of dead ferns and a coverlid of leaves and sticks. The frogs, who are well represented in our

woods and marshes and vary in size from the tiny tree frog one inch long to bullfrogs eight times as large, have been the innocent cause of much mystery and superstition. Did you ever see a summer shower of frogs? Well, there are persons who stoutly assert that they have seen frogs fall from a cloud by thousands! I will explain how that happens later. Then there are numerous story tellers who assure you they have found frogs inside of hard pebbles which are certainly 2,000 years old. One man even tried putting frogs into stone, but of course that did not succeed. No, the truth is a frog must eat, drink and breath like any other creature, and while I shall not deny the stories, you must not think for a moment they are possible. There are always expla-

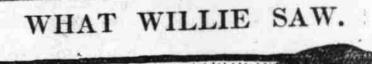
nations of such things, and they all depend

on the habits frogs have of creeping into

The little white-throated tree frog. who,

when he sits on a tree, flattened against

holes at the approach of cold weather.





The buntrog, the adecidan of the pond,

WITH his stone disposition, mige, indinerent

eyes and deep voice, is fortunate in one way.

ne is generally much too large for anything

to make a mear of, thress it be an anigator or a hungry country boy. There are not

many amgators who around New 10th, how-

ever, and a quick dive defeats the enorts of

the boys. As the grasses bocome dry and

the leaves fall from the trees, the builtrog

prepares for winter. This consists in eating

as much as he possibly can, and becoming

int, neavy and screpy. Before the mad has

become too hard to dig in the bulifrogs-and,

following their example, all the other water

he bottom or the ponds or along the edges,

where the lack of air does not seem to

trouble them. Perhaps the oldest frog hyp-

notizes the others, and then tells them they

are hi a warm bed of softest mud and are

all asleep. Perhaps he sings them to sleep

The wood frog, which you meet in the

damp, swampy woods and recognize by his

copper-colored band on each check, is a very

wise frog. He does not like deep water, nor

does he like dry land. So he "splits the dif-

ference" by living in a marsh. Now he is

not so foolbardy a fellow as his aquatic rela-

tives of the poud, and when winter comes he

does not run the risk of drowning or of hav-

ing to wait in the spring time for the ice to

thaw away. No, he "takes a header" only

sock" of grasses, and very often creeps into

a snake hole, which is a very bold and risky

proceeding. However, the average wood

joy of living again returns, when he is usu-

ally first out, peeping away long before the

damp weather hastens their growth, they usually appear on cloudy days, and the first

bit of sunlight calls out an army of tiny

into the nearest soft spot, beneath a "tus-

with his meledious "honk-onk-onk."

frogs-bury themselves in the soft mud at

How To Make A Doll Dress.

Only the blouse part of this dress if in the patterns, as the skirt consists of a deep ruffle, having a smaller ruffle edge. To make the skirt cut a . piece of material three inches wide inches long. Hem this on the beshirr the top together on the walthough with the fold cut open and back to form a narrow hem each side of opening.

The front of the waist should be the center laid on a lengthwise (material and the back in the same wa Take up the narrow seam under the being careful to see that the no front and the back are together. an equally narrow seam on the Gather the neck across the free between notches. After the wal sewed together gather the entidraw up the thread until the fu doll's figure. Sew the waist part together, placing the r gether. Use strong thread at stitches so that the seam will the bretelles of fancy slik of them on the waist so that the the shoulder seams. Lay the the breteiles on the right ald and sew firmly. The ends of frog survives until summer time and the should come just to the gather and back of the waist, Cut a in the skirt flounce at the b back both sides to match the ope

snakes or turtles have opened their eyes or so much as yawned. walst. And now to return to the toad. He is also If more trimming is desired lace on a shirted slik ruffle are about early in spring time, ready for the flights of beetles and May flies. The tond's tom of the skirt. This dress eggs are laid in the damp corners of cellars with or without the fancy gul or in rocky places, and in a few weeks many tern of which was given last we thousands of tiny little toads have been born and are hopping toward the sunshine. As

THE BRIDGE.

When first a saw the poster, hall be I stared with an my three The famous Bridge of Six



Winter Quarters For The Animals.

THE FROG AND THE TOAD.

BY W. S. WALLACE.

Who has not seen a hoptoad and cried out: "Hop, hop, hoptcad; hop, hop away. Should a hoptoad cross your path,

He is a true and tried friend, is the ugly but amiable little beast whose broad, affable countenance, supported on two intoed bowlegs, is a familiar sight on warm, damp

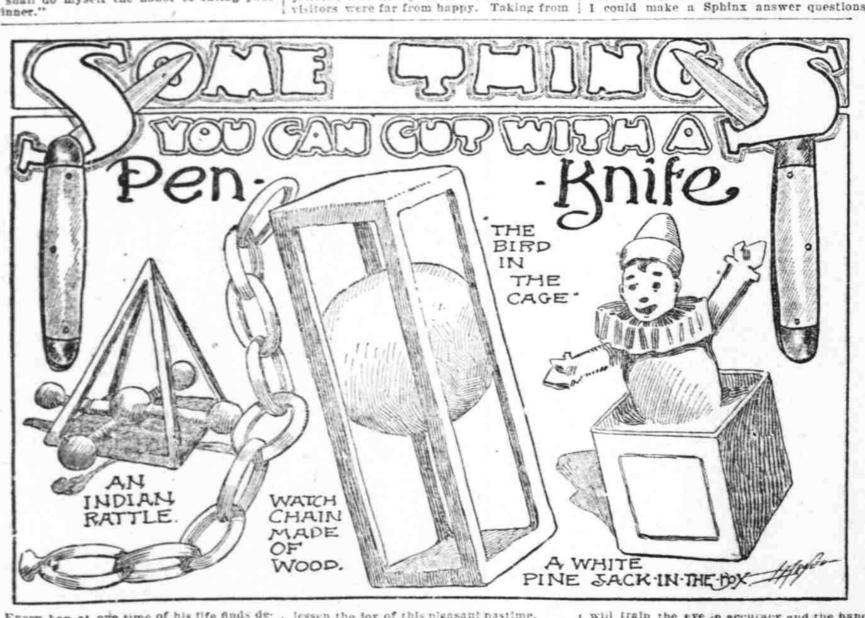
evenings in summertime. He has a cousin of even more grotesque appearance. This toad, known as the spadefooted toad, or "digger toad," is the happy possessor of two hind feet, both of which are provided with a shovel to dig with. He is very joyous and his throat is fitted out with a voice so loud that it produces "sounds equal to an ordinary steam whistle." Imagine a marsh concert of digger

tends! These tonds, while having a splendid feast of insects all summer, do not enjoy Christmes time very much. They have no heavy fur overcoats or feather uisters, and must hunt out a corner in a cellar or a crevice in the rocks and roll themselves into a ball of shavings, paper or earth. Cold comfort, ret there is consolation, too, in the thought that their arch enemy, the puff aquer, or blow snake, is in a similar predicament and has

You must neither look nor laugh, Lest bad luck end the day.

troubles of his own. In the cold days of October a hoptoad may sit up and stare a snake out of countenance, whereas during summertime all toads go about with a haunting fear of finding themseives in a snake's stomach before tuey are much older. But the digger toad is safe at any time. for he lives beneath the surface, as a rule, digging out a burrow and having a good laugh at the snakes all the time. In winter he just buries himself and curls up to a sleepy ball, knowing that Jack Frost has little chance of freezing him. Sometimes, however, he never wakes up, for a severe frown on the part of Jack Frost freezes the earth solid for a foot or more down when there is considerable water present, Then there is the consideration of drink. No creature can stand to lose its daily drink, even if it goes weeks without food. "I must have my morning draught of sparkling

gray linchen, becomes gray, while in the gardens, and give rise to stories of "showers of toads." hopping toads. These cover sidewalks and green grasses below he is green or gray G. OHR STARK green, is a most unsatisfactory and annoying Full size of one, Bretelle, Sather between notches ron



Every boy at one time of his life finds delight in whittling, and although his knife he is happy if its possessor.

Many very interesting and preity things can be made with a knife and soft white pine. The idea is as old as the hills, but

It generally happens that figures are cut | inter be transformed, by careful carving, inand many attempts end in fallure, for white | to the bird or ball. tine is a of wood and will not stend very

, lessen the joy of this pleasant pastime. In the accompanying cut four designs are in skill. of the barlow variety, dud and nicked, given which may be readily cut from wood with a sharp knife. Of these the "Bird in the Cage" is perhaps the most interesting. A piece of smooth pine is procured, twice as long as wide, with perfectly lined edges. with each rising generation the desire to This done, mark with a pencil on all four whittle predominates over other amusements sides and plants of the cage—they should be and the same old things that our grand is wide as a match stick. In the center fathers used to carve are now inraed out. of these another square is drawn. This will

Many hours will be consumed in this tamen tampering with, but that does not | task but it is highly entertaining labor, and is an excellent test of patience.

will train the eye in accuracy and the hand The Jack in the box boy is made from a piece of pine, longer than its breadth. The

design should be marked out first with a

pencil. A little judicious coloring will add

The Indian rattle, when fastened at its bottom to a stick and shaken, will make a peculiar rettling noise, not unlike the whire of a rattlesnake. In the olden days these were once cut out of soapstone and wood by Indian children. Many have been found. The chain, of course, we all know, and it