manner. But before Charlie could voice "Sure there is, Baby," replied Bertha. "Now, skip and bring it home."

Fred's and Nell's Visit to Fairyland.

BY FLORENCE MAY.

r in the summer. One of grandmama's gardeners had repeated it to Fred | just like dew." a real experience of his own.

"Just think!" said Fred, looking vaintaly into the cheerful blaze of the as grate, "a real chariot of gold. rawn by snow-white doves, came rough the clouds, down a rainbow, nd in it were a fairy queen and fairy dng, with diamond crowns on their leads. They beckened the poor old ardener to come and ride with them. | He did so, and as soon as they were in he sky they landed on top the cloudshat are beautiful streets on the top out and touch it-pretty nearly."

ide. They-" "Was it just the common white clouds hat rain in summer and the everyday black sort what snows in winter?" broke in Nell, inquiringly.

"Yep, the very same kind," said Fred. "But we can't see the streets and cities

inhabited the woods and hills.

know; we just see the lining."

The gardener said so."

and blue and-"

Nell, deeply interested.

must taste like taffy candy!"

that's up on the on-top side. They're

"Ch-o-o!" ejaculated Nell, always

"Fairies, of course!" explained Fred.

"What'd you suppose'd be there if it

wasn't fairies? And they live on the

most beautiful fruit that has'nt any

seeds or peelings; it is always ready

to eat, and is all sweet juice, like su-

gar. It tastes just like perfume smells.

"Oh-o-oh!" again ventured Nell. "It

"Taffy!" exclaimed Fred, with con-

fairyland fruit tasting like cheap, old |

taffy made on dirt earth! No. sir-ee,

it tasted just like fine perfumery smells,

I told you. And it is all the colors of

the rainbow, red and yeller and green

"Does it grow on trees?" broke in

"W'y, I guess not," replied Fred, not

quite sure on that point, the gardener

not having told him just how the royal

fruit of fairyland grew. "I think, rainbow, Bertha?"

tempt at the thought. "The idea of

credulous when her brother told a story.

"What kind of people lived up there?"

just plain clouds on the underneath, you

red was tening his little sister Nell | though," he quickly added, not wishing fairy story, one he had heard at his | to be thought ignorant of anything perrandmamma's when he was visiting talning to the subject under discussion, "that it drops at night from the stars,

> "Oh-o-o-oh!" was Nell's exclamation of surprise, as usual. "How awfully funny! Wish we could go to Fairyland, don't you Fred?"

> "That'd be easy 'nough," her brother declared, with assurance in his voice. "I wouldn't wonder if we could go any day, if we could go to the country when the rainbow comes down. Out at grandma's there was a rainbow often, sometimes very, very close to the house. It looked as though I could put my hand

"Oh-o-oh! S'posen we go to the country-out near grandma's-and get on the rainbow?" suggested Nell, her eyes wide and full of eagerness.

"You'd be afraid!" said Fred, shaking his head. "You wouldn't dast to go." "Yes I would," vowed Nell, rising up and-and-and all the fine other things | from her seat on the fur rug. "I'll go,

"Mercy me, I'm so tired!" wailed little Nell, trudging wearily along the

country road, "Are we most there, "I think grandma's off that way." answered Fred, stopping and pointing down a lane, bordered on each side by tall trees, their bare, winter branches standing out bleak and black against a winter sky. Though no snow lay on the ground the air was full of frost, and it bit the noses, fingers and toes of the two little wanderers who were in search of the rainbow, the road to Fairyland. They had taken Bertha at her word, and putting on their wraps had slipped unnoticed from the house and set off merrily toward the long line of wooded

Nell ran to her brother, exclaiming,

Bertha says we may go, and she says, too, that there's a pot of gold at the

end of the rainbow, and we're to bring her a fifty-dollar coin!"

that country they were in quest of. Hand in hand they had gone on and on till at last they got beyond the borders of the town and were surrounded by woods and country, with only here and there a house to denote life. The sky was getting bluer and bluer, the light of day dimmer and dimmer, and the cold bit fiercer and fiercer into their tender flesh. And wearier and wearier became the two pair of little feet, for they were not accustomed to walking so

hills which pronounced the beginning of

far on rough country roads. They turned into the read, or lane, rather, which led in the direction of the place where Fred thought their grandma lived. On they pushed a little further when Nell gave out, "Oh, I'm so tired, so tired, brother," cried the poor child, dropping on the road side to rest. "I wish we'd stayed at home, so

Fred paused and looked about and above him. "Wish the rainbow'd hurry up and drop down," he ventured, feeling for the first time in his short life of eight summers that he had perhaps acted unwisely. Could it be possible that they would fail to find the coveted prize?-the beautiful path to Fairyland and the pot of gold.

"Let's go back home," pleaded Nell, her little body shivering with cold. "Let's go back and come sometime when its warm. I don't like the winter time to travel to the rainbow in. Let's go

"Nell, I'll go for your sake," said Fred, as anxious to retrace their steps as Nel was, but not wishing to betray his feelthat way. "If I was alone may just keep right on. But if you'r ld we'll go back

Nell rose from the road and the two grasped hands-hands cold and and turned their faces about. For several minutes they pursued their way in silence. Then they came to a place where two roads led off from the one they traveled, one right, one left. Fred hasitated in taking one, not remember-ing which road had led them thither. "I believe it's this one," he said, point-'No, it's that one," said Nell, desig-

nating the road to the left. "I remember that big tree with the warts on it." 'And I remember that bunch of dead grass," declared Fred, pointing to a tuft of weeds and grass which grew near the side of the road leading to the right. "That'll surely take us home." "I want to go this way," said Nell, starting down the left-hand road. Then she began to cry, "Oh, I wish I had my mamma; I wish I had my mamma! ' And

she subbed bloud.

"Oh, den't cry, sister, begged Fred, putting his arm protectingly round his little sister, who was still quite a baby. being only six. "I'll take you straight home, so I will." "Which way shall we go?" sobbed Nell, letting the "blg brother" decide. "I think this is the right way, sister," and the poor fellow, on the point of tears himself, turned the weeping Nell

into the right-hand road. They walked wearily along, Nell's tears falling to the sound of their footsleps. The darkness of early winter was coming down very fast, and to Fred's astonishment and terror the stars began to peep out of the heavens. Both lidren were becoming numb with the and fear was taking possession hem. Through Fred's mind flew the tales of terrible wild animals that mhabited the woods and hills, and he moked cautiously about him, half expecting to see the hurning eyes of a century ready to spring from the bushes thich grew along the roadside. Occa-ionally the wind would sigh through the bare branches, or stir the dead weeds and grass, causing the children sudden fear. Then they would cling the more tightly to each other, and Nell's

tears would flow afresh. Just as Nell was again on the point of failing down with fatigue, the sound of wheels behind them caused them to look back with hope. "Maybe it's somebody from town," eagerly said Fred. "We'll ask 'em to take us in with 'em, if there's

Both children stepped outside the beaten road to let the coming vehicle pass. It came flying along in a cloud of dust. and, as it drew alongside the little wayfarers, they heard a familiar voice exclaim: "Why, there're two little chil-dren by the roadside! Stop, please"-to the driver-"and let's ask them where they are going, so late as this and so far from habitation."
Oh, the joy of it! There was the

mother of Fred and Nell, driving with. Mrs. Smith. The carriage came to a standstill, and the instant its occupants saw who the children were, the driver was on the ground in an instant, and in another instant Nell was in her mother's arms, while Fred was on the seat by the

'My darling babies!" exclaimed their mother, as soon as the little ones were scated," where on earth were you going? How came you here? Why, you're fully "We were going to find the rainbow," explained Fred. "But we'd rather go Yes, Bertha said we might go, and

"Yes, Hertha said we hight go, and there's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," added Nell, cuddling close to her mother. "But I'm glad you came just now, mamma, for we were awful cold and—and—scared, too."

"Yes, and I thank fortune to have found my little birdles who have stolen for the part " said their mamma." from their nest," said their mamma. Then, turning to Mrs. Smith, she continued speaking: "How strange that I advised our taking a drive over this unfrequented road. Something seemed to me this way.

"It was us that called you mamma," said Fred, looking back from his front seat; 'we didn't call your name in our mouths, but we called for you in our earts, you know, and a good fairy must have heard us and sent you to us."
"Yes, the good fairy was mother's said their mamma, in a tender voice. "She always hears the cry of her little ones.

And so ended the journey toward Fairyland, by the rainbow route, started on so joyously and so innocently by the two little would-be explorers known lands that exist only in the imagination of children.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in sick, but not in well; My second is in ask, but not in tell; third is in new, but not in old fourth is in tin, but not in gold; fifth is in author, but not in book; My sixth is in carry, but not in took; My seventh is in land, but not in sea; My eighth is in oak, but not in tree; ninth is in under, but not in on; My tenth is in sunrise, but not in

dawn; My whole spells the name of a dear old man; Whom the children all love-tell his name if you can. Answer given next week.

DANDY, the OUTCAST.

The Story of a Tramp Dog. BY M. H. DAVIS.

over everything. So heavy was it that children who were on their way home from school soon looked like snow specters, clad in soft, feathery down from head to foot.

"I'm glad we've a good home to go to out of the storm," said Charlie Andrews to his sister Flossie, as they plowed their warmly clad feet through the great drifts that formed at the sides of fences and around street corners. "I'd hate to have to stay out all night in such weather, wouldn't you?"

The snow was falling thick and white over everything. So heavy was it that children who were on their way home from school soon looked like snow specters, clad in soft, feathery down from "Well," said Mrs. Andrews, her sym-

pathetic heart won by both her boy and the dog. "I cannot promise to let the poor fellow stay, but you may take him around to the barn and let him find a warm place on the hay till your papa comes home. After you've put him in the barn come to the kitchen and get something for him to eat. Very joyously Charlie took his new

Charlie, with Dandy at his side, also ventured on the ice. As he did so the combined weight of the boy and man cracked the ice and before they could save themselves the ice gave way in one great sheet, broke up into a hundred pleces, and Charlie and Mr. Andrews found themselves struggling in the cold, deep water. Being heavily clad, booted and overcoated, they were as helpless as

a command to Dandy to go to his father's rescue, the shivering, dripping animal bravely plunged in and swam to the man in peril. It was no easy task for the poor fellow to get his heavy burden through the floating, broken ice to the shore, but he never gave up till ground was reached and Mr. Andrews, dripping and shivering was assisted to his feet by Charlie.

"Let's hurry to the house with and speed," said Mr. Andrews, and the two. with Dandy following, ran as fast as their rapidly freezing garments would

When they reached the barn Dandy turned in and leaped into his bed in the manger, but his presence was not missed by Mr. Andrews and Charlie, who dashed into the house like two ice spectors, to the great astonishment of Mrs. Andrews and Flossie. While they were donning dry, warm clothing by the warmth of a cheery fire Charlie quickly exclaimed "Where's Dandy?" Mrs. Andrews looked all about in the yard for him, but he was not to be seen. Flossie was sent to the barn to fetch him, if he should be found there. In a minute she returned with the poor half-frozen fellow, and Mr. Andrews gave him a warm invitation right in and dry himself by the "You are a noble old dog," said Andrews, "and I hope we'll have the pleasure of your company indefinitely. Come right in and be one of the fam-

"Yes, you dear old Dandy," said Charlie, laying his boyish head against the rough, dripping fur of old Dandy's back, "you saved not only Dexter for us, but Papa's life and mine. We owe you more of a debt than we can ever pay."
"If a good barn, tender care and real affection can repay the debt of gratitude to this poor old tramp, they are his," said Mrs. Andrews, with feeling, as she wiped some of the moisture from Dandy's face with a towel. "See how grateful the good fellow is for my attention," and she looked kindly into the eyes of the old dog, who wagged his tall and lay his head against her knee with the affectionate and trusting manner of a child.

And so it came to pass that no ope ever claimed Dandy, who became in every respect one of the Andrews family. His comfort was considered in everything, and he was not only the trusted watchdog in the manger, but the companion of Charlie and Flossie on any of their excursions away from home, and always met them as they came from school in the evening, waiting for them at the very place where on that winter day he had by chance fallen in their company.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Behead a verb to perceive by sound and you will leave the noun which receives the sound. Behead a verb meaning joy and you 3. Behead a noun meaning something of a very hard substance and you leave a word meaning sound. Answers given next week.

THE JOKING CROCODILE.

"Why do you open your mouth se wide?" Said the sucker-fish to the crocodile: To give you plenty of room inside The saurian answered with a smile.

And then he lay in the steaming sand With his mouth wide open an hour or And a thousand flies flew in and down To the kingdom-come of Tipu-Tu,



Well, hello! Where'd you come from?

Flossy, in answer, hugging her pretty white fur muff to her face to keep away the cold; for, although the snow was falling in big white flakes of feathery softness, the air was nipping, and by nightfall the temperature would be far

below the freezing point. Charlie and Flossie Andrews did not live directly in the town, their home being situated just outside its limits, and when the weather was severe they got a good taste of frost going to and from school, which was almost a mile distant from where they lived.

At the suburb line the other schoolchildren dropped away, one by one, till Flossie and Charlie were the only two going in their direction. Then it was that Charlie addressed the above remark to his sister.

"Wouldn't you hate to be a tramp and have to eat a 'handout' and sleep in a stable?" Charlie asked, continuing

"I wouldn't be a tramp," argued Flossie. 'I'd work and earn money and have a home. Nobody's got an excuse to be a tramp," !

"Well, that all depends." replied Charlie. "Sometimes circumstances alters cases." While the children chatted and trudged along the snow-filled road leading to their cheerful home, that stood a short distance ahead of them, they did not know they had a companion-one who followed close to Charlie's heels. They had gone quite a way before Charlie felt conscious of the presence of a stranger, and, turning quickly to glance behind him, he was somewhat surprised to see a fine Newfoundland dog keeping step with him. "Well, helto! Where'd you come from. old chap?" he asked, stopping short and addressing the four-footed follower.

Charlie's face. "W'y, where'd that great big dog come from?" exclaimed Flossie, in sur-"He looks like an immense white sheep with all that snow in his fur.' "I never saw him about town, and I guess he must be a newcomer," said Charlie, holding out a cold, red hand toward the dog, "Wish he belonged to me. Come here, fellow," he went on, coaxing the dog to him, "Gee, but you are a beauty! Look at his height, Floss;

The dog halted, too, and wagging his

tail looked kindly and inquiringly into

ain't he a dandy?" "Yes; but I'm afraid of him." answered Flossie, "He's so big he could take us down in a minute if he wanted o. Wonder whose he is, anyway"
"Bet he's a stray," said Charlie, feeling about the dog's neck to ascertain if he had a collar, "No, sir; he hasn't a collar on. He's a tramp as sure as my name's Andrews. I mean to take him

ome with me, too, "Now, don't you know papa won't al-w him to stay?" said Flossie, shaking heavy snow off her shoulders. "Come, chase him back toward town and let's hurry home, for I'm getting cold."
"I bet be'll let this dog stay," replied Charlie. "He's a Newfoundland, and they're worth money

"No, he won't." declared Flossie, "He has always said a dog shouldn't be kept on the place. You know he was bitten by a ferecious dog, once, and he has never had any love for the animal since. But I'm going to go on home. It's too cold to stand here in this snow to make friends with a tramp dog." So saying Flossic turned her face homeward, and left Charlie with his new-found companion. "Well, I'm going to going to risk taking you home, old fellow, Charlie said in a friendly voice, patting the big dog af-fectionately. "Come right along and be

my pal, for I'm sure you're worthy a good, true friend." tail till it seemed it must become loose from the exertion and fall off, he trotted along beside the friendly boy in an apparently happy frame of mind Flossie had prepared her mother for the arrival of Charlie's new-found companion, and that good lady met her boy at the hall door, saying: "Now, son, you must not bring that dog in the house. You know your father's dislike to dogs, and I am quite sure he would disap-

prove of one being kept on the place.' "But, mama, dear," pleaded Charlie, "this is a poor outcast, and just see how it is snowing! You wouldn't turn a human being away on a day like this, and this fine old fellow is just as susceptible to cold and hunger as a person is. Please give your consent for him to He may sleep in the barn." stay. He may sleep in the barn."
"Oh, he has a home, of course," said
Mrs. Andrews. "So fine an animal as he is need not be a wanderer on the earth. If you drive him away he'll go home,

the right place for him."

"If he has a home he wouldn't be out in this storm," urged Charlie. "No dog would be such a fool. See how he wants to make friends!" and Charlie called attention to the dog's very sociable manners. He was looking at Charlie with

"Mercy-goodness, yes!" exclaimed | partner of the hour to the barn, where | chunks of iron, and it must have ended little later he carried a goodly supply food and water to him. "Now, old disastrously for them (for in all probability they would have been carried by the current under the ice), had not old chap," he said, as he watched the dog cat, "you must have a name. What shall we call you, anyway? O, I have it; I'll call you Dandy, for you're such a fine, dandy follow, you are." Dandy been there and proved himself equal to the emergency. Almost the moment when Charlie struck the water, struggling in his heavy clothes, the That evening when Charlie's father came home "Dandy's" case was laid before him. With all his powers of perbrave dog, who had gone down with him, grabbed him by the coat collar and swam to the nearby shore with him. As soon as he regained his feet Charlie looked about for his father. To his terror he saw that gentleman beating the water and broken cakes of ice with

suasion Charlie argued in favor of the stray dog; but Mr. Andrews would not consent to keep him on the place. he said, shaking his head decisively. "I've made it a rule ever since was dog-bitten to never have one about. One can never tell when a dog will turn victous. This one must be a bad fellow or he'd never have left his home. A good dog makes a good master: a good master makes a good home.' "And a bad master makes a good home," home, and a dog with spirit-like a human being-resents ill treatment," said Charlie, in defense of his canine "If you'll only get acquainted with Dandy, the new dog, papa, you'll know that there's no viciousness in him. Why, he's half as big as a colt-he's immense."

"It may all be as you say," agreed Mr. Andrews, "but I shall feel that it is viser to be on the safe side. No dog. no bites. I am sorry to deny you this layfellow, but I must do so. Where is

"He's in the barn, where Mamma perds dog? mitted me to put him till you came ome. It is so cold-so cold"-(and Charite emphasized the words)-"and I think it would be inhuman to turn him out tonight. He can do no possible harm shut up. I hope, papa, you will allow him to stay there tonight. "Certainly," promised Mr. Andrews; "let him sleep in the hay tonight, give him something to eat, too; but tomor-row morning you must take him to town, as you go to school, and drop him there."

Thus the matter was finally settled. and Charlie went to bed suffering a en disappointment. If such a thing as affinity can exist between human and animal, surely such a bond holds together the mutual affec-

tions of boy and dog. And in the manger on the hay lay old Dandy, well-fed and sheltered from the sterm. Contentedly he dozed, blinkthe sterm. Contentedly he dozed, blink-ing his eyes at Dexter, the fine buggy horse that occupied the second stall from him. As the night wore away Dandy began to feel at home in the comfortable barn, and the dog-nature within him prompted him to feel a certain guardianship over the stable and Dexter. It was this instinct which prevented him from sleeping soundly, and when, along toward morning, a sound as when, along toward morning, a sound as of someone trying the padlock on the door roused him from his rest he sprang up and began barking loudly.

His noise awakened Mr. Andrews, who, leaping from his bed, ran to a window overlooking the barn and saw the barn and saw

by the light of the stars and the snow two men prowling about the barn door. In an instant he knew that their inten-tion was to steal Dexter, the finest driving horse in that part of the country. Mr. Andrews hurriedly drew on his clothes, took his revolver, for he knew was well to be armed against the horse hieves, and started to the barn. Dur-ing the short time it took him to dress, ing the short time it took him to dress, bid Dandy had kept up an incessant growling and barking, much to the annoyance of the would-be thieves, who took themselves off hastily just as Mr. Andrews opened the rear door of his house and stapped out on the parch. It house and stepped out on the porch. It had been his hope to discover who the miscreants were, but he felt relieved to know that though he had been foiled in know that though he had been folied in this, they had been frightened away without accomplishing their wicked purpose. "That dog saved Dexter," he said, mentally, as he crawled back into his warm bed. "Maybe, after all, Charlie's new-found friend is worth his board and lodging." The big dog looked his approval of drews and Charlie were out of bed and

harlie's suggestion, and, wagging his dressed they went to the barn to investigate the amount of damage done to barndoor lock, and to track the thieves through the snow if possible. They found padlock completely broken away, and had it not been for Dandy's interference Dexter would now have been some place else than in his comfortable some place else than in his comfortable stail munching his breakfast.
"That old fellow's worth while, I think, papa," said Charlie, patting the dog on the head. "He certainly was worth while last night," admitted Mr. Andrews. "But I've

no doubt he has an owner who will claim him, or to whom he will go soon. He has doubtless strayed away from he has doubtless strayed away from home. But, look at these tracks, they lead toward the river. Let's see whether they cross or turn toward town."

They set off, Dandy following, to trace the route taken by the thieves the night the route taken by the thieves the night before. The tracks led directly to a clump of bushes on the river bank. There they seemed lost. "Ah, just as I supposed," said Mr. Andrews. "They must have crossed on the ice. They came from the herdlands of the county west. See-here are their tracks down on the ice of the river! I had no idea that the water had frozen over sufficiently to bear up a man's weight." As

PERFECTION AND STUPIDITY.

his gloved hands in a helpless, frantic



Little Miss Perfection Is never late at school Will never be a fool;

For-She can cipher, spell and write, And read long words quite well at sight; She is her mamma's darling toy, Her papa's only, only joy!

Small Mr. Stupidity Is always late at school; Small Mr. Stupidity Will surely be a fool, For-

He can neither spell nor write, Nor read long words right off at sight;

He does his mother much annoy; Is never called his papa's joy.

Little Miss Perfection Is never spanked, you know. Little Miss Perfection Does as she's told to do; While-Small Mr. Stupidity

Is spanked from noon till night Small Mr. Stupidity Does everything for spite. Now, here's a warning to you all, If you'd be good-why, be a girl, For you can't help but to annoy The whole big world-if you're





Through Fred's mind flew the tales of terrible wild animals that

ask mama right now if we may go."

from the parlor window."

in a case like that."

"Fama's out," said Fred. 'She went

for a drive with Mrs. Smith. It was

while you were takin' your nap after

luncheon that she went. I watched 'em

"Then we'll ask Bertha," suggested

"I don't care," agreed Fred, "Run,

ask Bertha. She's the same as mama

So Nell ran to Bertha, their trusted

housemaid, who often served as nurse

to the children during the mother's ab-

sence. Bertha was very busy arranging

some new curtains in the library, and

paid slight attention to Nell's question,

"May Fred and I go to the rainbow in

the country, near grandma's?" "Yes,

skip to the rainbow and find the pot of

gold," she answered, attaching little ini-

portance to the question of the child

and none to her own answer. "When

you get it you must bring me a fifty-dol-

lar coin, though," she concluded, mount-

ing the stepladder to adjust the curtain

"The pot of gold?" questioned Nell,

her eyes opening wide with wonder. "Is

there a pot of gold at the end of the

Nell. "If she says yes, will you go?"

Mutual Admiration