

The first five correct answers to the Puzzle Pictures' will re-

ceive a Prize.—For winners of last week's prizes see page 5.



FIND A THIRD LADY.



FIND THE CHINESE WAITER.



FIND THE OTHER CLERK.



FIND THREE RATS.

TESTING OF BOY'S QUALITY.

Lawyer's Choice of Two Intelligent Boys.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office as he wished to have a talk with him, says Our Dumb Animals.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide."

As before, at the closing examinations the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, parrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong.

Target Ring.

This game (target ring) is something like quoits, only it is more fun and you can play it without soiling your clothes. You might get your brother to help you to make the principal article necessary, but it is very simple, and you can do it yourself if you try.

Take a piece of board two feet square and one inch thick. Put a red dot about one inch in size in the center, with paint or colored chalk. Then draw a circle three inches wide around the dot and color the circle with blue. Draw a red circle three inches wide around this, and then another blue circle three inches wide around the red one. You may use any colors you wish if you have not red and blue.

Now take some tennypenny nails and drive them through the board on the unpainted side until the heads are close against the board. Drive one nail exactly through the center of the dot in the middle of the board, and drive the others so that there are two rows of nails about one inch apart on each ring. When this is done your target is complete.

Get two dozen iron washers from a hardware store. They will cost you two cents a dozen. A washer is a flat piece of cast iron shaped like a penny, with a hole in the center. Select the largest size you can get—three inches in diameter if possible. Paint one dozen of these any color you wish and leave the other dozen plain. These are the rings for your target, and now the mechanical parts of your game are complete.

The girls must choose sides, and each should select as many on her side as the number of washers will permit. Lean the target up against the side of the schoolhouse, and draw a line on the ground fifteen feet away from the target. All the girls must stand behind this line, and in the order in which they were chosen throw their rings at the target. Of course one side must have the colored rings and the other the plain ones. If a ring falls on the nail in the center of the red dot in the middle of the board the side of the girl who threw it counts five; the ring next to the dot counts four, the next ring three and the outside ring only one. All the players on one side show first; then after the points they have scored from the board and the other side has an inning. The game is twenty-five points, but in case the bell rings telling you that recess is over before the game is ended, the side that has scored the largest number of points in even innings wins.

A CUTE TRICK.

Mother Quail Pretends to Have a Broken Wing.

"Papa," cried Floyd, running breathlessly up to his father, who sat reading on the cool veranda at Hillsdale Farm, "Oh, papa, there's a poor little wild hen down at the edge of the creek meadow, and I guess she's got a lot of little peep chickens, and I'm sure they'll starve to death. She's a little bit of a speckled plump hen with almost no neck; and one wing is broken, I'm sure, for she tried so hard to fly, and didn't get on at all. And I think she has tiny peep chickens because Cousin John said 'most a month ago, when we first came to grand-papa's, that she had a nest somewhere in the swale beyond the meadow.'"

"Oh, ho!" said papa, laying aside his book with a very sober face, but with a funny twinkle in his eye. "So John told you about her? Did he say she was a partridge?"

"No, that wasn't the word; it's shorter than that. Why, you know papa; she's the little hen that keeps saying 'Bob White! Bob White!' almost every afternoon and evening."

"Yes, I know now," said papa, smiling. "Her name is Mrs. Quail. But it's her mate, my boy, that says 'Bob White!' She has been too busy lately hatching her chicks to say anything. But who can have been cruel enough to break her wing? Let us go and see."

They waded briskly across the sweet-smelling meadow grass until almost in the shade of the wooded strip beyond. Then they went more slowly and cautiously till Floyd pointed out the spot where he had seen timid Mrs. Quail. She was not there, but as they walked forward into the woods very softly, and speaking in whispers, she suddenly darted from a clump of ferns almost beneath their feet.

With a whir she shot a few feet into the air and wheeled to the left, but before going a rod she fell to the ground with one wing outstretched, and fluttered along, crying, as if in great pain.

"Oh, papa," Floyd exclaimed, almost in tears, "don't let's scare her any more! See how it hurts the poor thing!"

"Very well," said papa, "let us go this other way, to the right, and look carefully under every leaf and beside all the stones. Maybe we can find some of her chicks."

They moved slowly away; but instead of hurrying off in the opposite direction as she had started, the mother quail came nearer, tried to fly a second time, and again fell with a broken wing—only it was the right one this time, instead of the left, which had been outstretched before. Her action seemed to say: "If you want to catch anybody, catch me. I'm wounded and can't get away."

But the two intruders kept right on searching, and all at once the father whispered: "Quick, my boy, come here just as quietly as you can!"

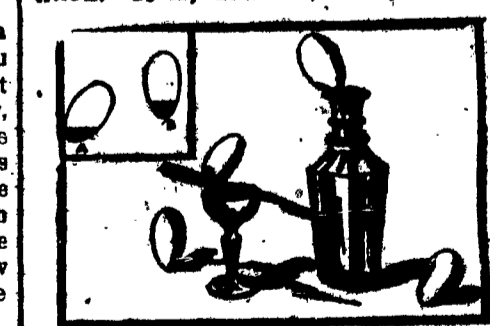
Floyd crawled swiftly to his side and peeped under his arm. There were three grayish brown stones in a row—at least the two outside ones were stones, but on looking close it could be seen that the round ball cuddled between them had a downy surface with mottled lines set close together. And right in the center were two bright eyes that no one ever saw in a stone. It was a baby Quail, not more than two or three days old, but sharper at playing hide and seek than a boy or girl of a thousand times that age.

Papa and Floyd watched it for five minutes, but the little chap did not stir a feather. All this time the anxious mother kept calling and fluttering about only a few yards away. Her wing was not broken, as Floyd's papa had known from the first; it simply was a pretty trick that many wild feathered mothers employ to lure enemies away from their young.

After a little time Floyd whispered "Good-bye" to the chick and the two went quietly away, sure that as soon as they were gone the wildwood family would be speedily reunited.

Curious Trick With an Egg.

An egg, as has now been shown by an expert, can be made to occupy any desired position, first blow out its contents and then, but not until the interior is thoroughly dry, pour fine sand into the empty shell until it is about a quarter full. Finally cover the holes in the shell with white wax so as to prevent any one from noticing that it has been tampered with. The egg can then be placed in any position. It is, however, always necessary to shake it a little so that the sand may roll down to the bottom, as only thus can the proper equilibrium be maintained.



A different process is required if we desire after the fashion of Columbus to stand an egg on its end. First the blown-out egg must be filled with tiny grains of meal and pieces of sealing wax. Then it must be placed in a warm stove with the end downward. As a result the sealing wax will soon melt and form a solid mass with the grains of meal and this mass, when it cools, will completely fill the lower part of the egg. The holes can then, as above explained, be covered with white wax.

Princess Margaret, of Connaught, or Princess 'Daisy' as she is called, is all with a charming figure and charming manners. Her sister, Princess Patricia, is also so tall that, contrary to custom, she had to put up her hair before her coronation, which is to take place soon.

THE BABY GIANT'S FOURTH OF JULY

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In July the Giant Killer bought some rockets red and blue, and he got some safety pin wheels for the baby giant, too. Not to mention Roman candles, powder serpents that would hiss, pink and little packs of crackers that would either pop or hiss. And the baby giant hugged them with a look of perfect bliss. Then they planned a celebration for the baby giant's fun. That would give the cats hysterical and would make the beavers run. And the baby giant chuckled when the work at last was done.



But his roiling celebration of the Fourth was rather brief. For he didn't know 'twas loaded and, alas, he came to grief. First a 'blaster' buried his finger, and he gave an awful yell. That was louder than the clanging of the 'Piscopalian bell. Then a cannon cracker scared him, and he only yelled the more. Till Jack clambered up a ladder quite distracted by his roar. And with words of consolation kissed the finger that was sore.

Tad Lincoln as a Boy.

Tad, as he was called at home, was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast to the president's tall, lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories. His early death was a calamity; for on his return from Europe he promised everything fine, manly and noble which his father had hoped for.

A characteristic incident which he himself related to the writer occurred a day or two after his entering temporarily a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile which was his sole point of resemblance to his father, answered: "A wood chopper."

"Oh, indeed?" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the highborn lad turned the cold shoulder to the "new boy."

Judge of his feelings when very soon the American lad's prestige being known to all the school, he found that he had made his himself ridiculous among the Young People.

Flight of a Humming Bird.

That it may have the entire credit of itself and escape the keen observation of hosts of tropical residents, the nectar and minute insect in its tubed brilliant flowers that it visits best, that jeweled atom, the throated humming bird, some attentive of his family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America beyond to Labrador and back every summer of its incessant little life. Think what the journey from Tucson even to New York must mean for a creature as tiny as this, outstretched wings, scarcely two inches across it is the smallest bird we have. Whereat we wonder that that people it through the air in the dim Home Journal.

Lady Fanny.

Fanny, Fanny, on the ocean, Fanny, Fanny in the snow, Fanny, Fanny all the day, Not a thing you've done.

Fanny, Fanny, on the ocean.

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