

THE FRISKY HOBBYHORSE

On George's fifth birthday his father gave him a wooden hobbyhorse. It was a lovely horse, white with blue spots.

brother, was only three, and was not allowed to ride this fiery by himself. Instead his grandfather set him astride his foot and gave him a fine ride there. But Joe turned his eyes toward his stalwart brother and the wooden horse. How it ed! Its mane and tail waved breeze, and it fairly seemed alive.

George rode the horse all the time, and the horse was good and

Will Jones

THE FASTER HE WENT THE FASTER HE WANTED TO GO.

grow tired; on the contrary, the faster he went the faster he wanted to go. At last, finding the horse was becoming more slowly, he dismounted, and walking into the yard, he came back with a long switch. Armed with this, he mounted and started again. He

as George wanted. George struck him with the whip.

At that a remarkable thing happened. That good, faithful wooden horse grew so angry and indignant at being taken the bit between his teeth and bolted out the front door, tumbling the rider on the floor.

"My goodness gracious me!" exclaimed George. "My wooden horse has run away. Did you ever hear of that?"

But Joe, who was only three not yet had time to hear of anything, and so he could only suggest suggestions.

"Horse all gone," he said sadly. "I'm going to find him and bring him back. You can come, too, if you want." announced George.

Only too eager at the idea of a new adventure, Joe scrambled to his feet and put his hand in his big brother's. Together they set out to bring the horse home.

They ran down the stairs and the front door. Looking down the hall they saw their horse merrily run along a short distance ahead. "We shall soon catch him. He is going very fast," cried George as he started confidently in pursuit. But no sooner did the horse see them coming than he kicked up his heels and made off down the road at a rate. George and Joe ran until they

by the roadside to rest. But as soon as the horse saw that they were resting, he proceeded to rest, too, so the boys were encouraged to take a short nap again when they got up for breath. The horse enjoyed it tremendously. He even turned around and looked back when he saw the boys were out of breath to catch him, as he rocked merrily about just beyond their reach, only to start again at full gallop.

At last, after he had done this
times, the boys began to get dis-
gusted.

"Oh, dear, I don't believe we
ever catch him," said George.

Just then along came a man
in a dark coat, whereat George was fired with
an idea.

"Please may we get in your car-
riage," said George. "We want to catch my black
horse that has run away."

"Why, certainly. Jump right in."

"Hello, horse! Where are you running?"

"I'm running away," replied the horse cheerfully.

"Well, I think you've run away enough. Suppose you run home and get your harness on."

But before he had time to say more the man had reached out the wagon and caught him by the back. He made the runaway fast back of the wagon and then to boys home.

The spotted horse never ran again, but that was only because he never got the chance.

Boiled Oysters.

In "Social Life in the Reign of

Masham made me go home with a recipe for oysters, and then obligingly adds the recipe: "Take a quart of water, wash them clean—that is, wash them in cold water, and scrub their shells clean; then put your oysters in an earthen pot with a little salt, and set them on a low side down; then put this pepper, into a great kettle of water, and let it boil. Your oysters are then to be put in their own liquor and do not need any more seasoning, but with water."

"Mr. Wombat?"
"What is it, Tommy?"
"When you were a little boy a
lers called on your sister, did the
give you a nickel to go out and
—Kansas City Journal.

Saving Money.
Mrs. Muggins—Don't you ever
save any money? Mr. Muggins
I saved \$4 today. Borrowed str

Do as well as you can today, and perhaps tomorrow you may be able to do better.—Rev. John Newton.

We must laugh before we are laughed at, or else we may die before we are laughed at all.—La Bruyere.

