

**THE QUEER
VISITORS
FROM OZ**

**L. Frank
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The Queer Visitors From Oz

BY L. FRANK BAUM

PROLOGUE

August 18, 1904: PLANET IN A PANIC OVER QUEER VISITOR

Big As a Horse and Beats the Air With Fans.

ASTRONOMERS PUZZLED

Special wireless telegraph to The North American from an unknown planet in the vicinity of Argo.
(Copyrighted, 1904, on all planets throughout the universe.)

August 17.

Professor Swoggleman, the great astronomer of our planet, states that a body moving at a terrible rate of speed passed this planet last night at 11:34.

The body had a most unusual appearance. It was as large as a coraman; or, as it is termed on the earth, a horse. Around the body there was a strange vibration or motion of air. This motion of the air seemed to be affected as if by the operating of large fans.

The commotion seemed to be entirely beneath the body, and Professor Swoggleman thinks that the air

was used to hold it up and give it motion.

There was no light connected with the body. Professor Swoggleman thinks that it could not have been a meteor, unless it was just beginning its journey and had not attained the general characteristics of an aerolite.

The body passed on the west side of this planet, and Professor Swoggleman was able to see it by the aid of his trans-reflector. The trans-reflector is a new invention of the professor's by which he can see on any side of our planets.

A wireless dispatch has been sent to Professor Nindon, on the west side of the planet, to watch for the body. He wired back that he had already located it, and would send information about his discoveries.

August 19, 1904: FELL IN FRIGHT AT SIGHT OF MONSTER

Inhabitants of Argo Stricken by Queer Apparition.

IS AS BIG AS A CAMEL.

Wireless special dispatch to The North American from the unknown planet in the vicinity of Argo. (Copyrighted, 1904, on all planets.)

August 18.

The following dispatch was received from Professor Nindon in relation to the moving body which Professor Swoggleman discovered on the other side of our planet:

"Professor Swoggleman.

"Dear Sir: The body you discovered passed on the west side of this planet today. It passed very near, so that it was unnecessary to use the telescope. Never have I seen its like in astronomy.

"The body was as large as a smokdaugh; or, in the words of the earth, a camel. It moved by flopping large, fan-like things attached to its sides.

"Upon its back was a cluster of curious-looking objects, tied together with rope. These curious things moved and looked at us as if they were alive and understood their surroundings.

"The entire population of all the cities on this side was terribly frightened at the monster. A large number of people deserted their homes and fled to the mountains. Others rushed to the temples, while many fell prostrate on the streets. It was a common opinion that the monster had been sent to chastise the people for their wickedness.

"For nearly three hours the object was in full view of the entire populace. At the end of that time it disappeared in the sky.

"I am of the opinion that the monster might be one of those things which on the Earth are known as birds. Of course we have no birds on this planet; and I would not want my name used as saying it was a bird."

August 20, 1904: 20,000 SOLDIERS LAY DOWN A KING'S ARMS

Hoodman's Guards Flee Because of Fear of Strange Monster.

PEOPLE QUIT THE CITY

Special wireless dispatch to The North American from the North Star. (Copyrighted on all planets.)

August 19.

Over 20,000 soldiers deserted from the army of King Hoodman today. The army rebelled at an order of the King to attack a foreign monster which came through the air and alighted on Mount Haldon.

The monster circled about the city of Tarnia and frightened the people so that thousands fled from every gate. Even the soldiers were frightened, and they would not fire upon the monster unless the entire army was called out.

The King accordingly called out the army of 30,000 men, and the army fired upon the monster as it circled in the air. It is not thought to have been hit, but it sped away to Haldon Mountain, where it alighted on the top.

The King ordered the army to ascend the hill and attack the monster. The men started, but were overcome by fear, and over 20,000 deserted.

After some time, the King got 10,000 men together, and he led the army up the hill to where the monster was seen resting. Before the King reached the top the creature went into the air again and sailed away. Upon its back was a bag filled with berries which were picked from the berry plants on top of the mountain. It is supposed that the bad witch of the north picked them and gave them to the creatures.

August 21, 1904: FARAWAY WORLD IS SWEEPED BY A CYCLONE

For Ten Miles it Leaves Behind a Trail of Ruin.

A MONSTER OF THE AIR

Special dispatch to The North American from one of the planets of the Little Bear Constellation. (All rights reserved.)

August 20.

A most peculiar cyclone visited this planet at midnight. The wind, instead of sweeping past the

planet, swept down upon it and seemed to turn us out of our orbit. A large number of houses were sunk into the ground by the terrible pressure of air. In some cases houses with weak foundations were sunk into the ground seven and eight feet.

The results of the cyclone are to be traced for ten miles in a straight line. The cities of Jalson, Frit and Hamal suffered the greatest amount of damage.

Reports from various parts of the planet state that it was not a cyclone but some air monster, which, in passing our planet, came too near. The monster in passing beat the air with its tail and fins so that it caused a rush of atmosphere, giving all the effects of a cyclone.

Some of the guardians of the cities claim to have seen it. They say that the monster was as large as a penapoleo or an elephant. Others say that it was twice as large as a penapoleo.

Professor Hobblesmack saw the monster through a telescope. He was about to examine it, when the creature hurled a large berry at him. The berry struck his telescope and broke it so that he could not use it until the monster was out of sight. He claims that the creature was as large as the animal known as the horse, which lives on the planet Earth.

The berry which the monster hurled at Professor Hobblesmack is found on the plant North Star. A wireless telegram from there states that the monster was attacked by an army of 30,000 soldiers, and that it bewitched the entire army so that it escaped.

August 22, 1904: HEATHENS BESEECH THE GODS FOR HELP

One of the Seven Stars Shaken by Aerial Phenomenon.

Wireless dispatch to The North American from one of the seven stars of the Dipper. (All rights reserved.)

August 21.

The gods of our people showed their wrath today by sending a terrible air monster among us. The monster alighted near the cave of the witch on Mount Sheekan, where no man dare go.

It could be seen from the city at the foot of the mountain. The people were overcome by fear, and many deserted the city to flee in the opposite direction.

The wise men of this planet gave forth a proclamation from the King's palace saying that the gods of the people had sent this monster as a warning to them in their sins. Great hordes of people took warning and rushed to the temples to expiate to the gods. In a few hours the entire population was praying to the gods and beseeching them to take the thing away.

Their words were heard, for before dark the monster arose into the air and departed. It carried something on its back, which, it is thought, the witch of the mountain must have placed there.

All the people of this planet are celebrating the departure of the monster. Even the king and wise men are celebrating within the castle.

August 23, 1904: PLANET URANUS IS SHAKEN TO CENTRE

Monster as Big as 10,000 Uranians Pays Unwelcome Visit.

Planet Uranus special wireless dispatch to The North American. (Copyrighted, 1904, on all planets throughout the universe.)

URANUS, August 22.

A terrible air monster passed this planet today. The monster approached from the direction of the Dipper and was headed toward the planet Neptune. It was 1000 times as large as one of our citizens.

The entire population of all the cities on this side of the planet gathered to see it. The monster appeared, at first, like a small bird, such as live on the planet Earth.

As it approached it gradually increased in size until it could be plainly seen. It had a head with sharp, piercing eyes, and a set of very sharp and dangerous-looking horns upon its head. Its tail stuck out in the air like the branch of a tree.

Queen Nell XLIII, thinking that the monster was going to land upon our planet, called out the entire army. When the monster saw the army it flapped its wings all the more, making a terrible noise, as if trying to frighten our men. When it saw that we were not frightened it did not land. It was a good thing that it didn't, as we would have killed it.

Upon its back were to be seen some strange-looking objects tied together with rope. One was thought to be a bag of meal, probably for food. The other was big and round, and resembled a foot-ball such as the people on the planet Earth use to start a fight between a lot of men.

August 24, 1904: NEPTUNE SHOCKED: MONSTER IS THERE

King Kala Defeated and His Brave Soldiers Killed.

Neptune special to The North American. (All rights reserved.)

August 23, 10:34 A.M.

This planet is about to be destroyed. A terrible monster of the air has alighted upon it and is now fighting our army on a mountain near the city of Budaca.

Reports from Budaca state that a large number of our soldiers have been killed, and King Kala, our

greatest general, has been forced to withdraw his army.

The monster occupied the top of the mountain, which has very smooth sides. From this position it bombarded our men with a terrible shot, which mowed our men down before they were able to approach near enough to use their weapons.

It is thought that the monster is aided in the destruction of our troops by some unknown witch. The beast seems able to fight on all sides of the hill at once, and it mowed our men as if they were made of mud.

King Kala has summoned aid from all sections of the planet, and it is said that he will beseech the witch of the south to dispel the terrible monster.

One hour later

The monster has departed. It went away in the air flying like a bird such as inhabit the planet Earth.

August 25, 1904: SATURN DARKENED: SUN WAS HIDDEN

Strange Body Passed Between the Planet and Its Luminary.

Special wireless dispatch to The North American from the planet Saturn. (Copyrighted on all planets.)

SATURN, August 24.

This planet has been dark for sixty hours. Not a ray of light has shown upon us, and the people are in great stress. The end of the world is feared.

The professors at the colleges state that some foreign body has come between us and the sun. What it is they cannot say, and they even do not know how long it will hide the sun from our planet.

Saturn, sixty hours later.

The sun is out. A foreign body flying through the air hid it from sight. It is thought to have been a large meteor, and it is directed toward Jupiter. A wireless dispatch has been sent to Jupiter to prepare the people for the end, for if it strikes that planet it will demolish it.

Our army was sent to attack and kill the monster and other creatures, but as soon as the army approached the giants got upon the monster's back and flew away.

August 25, 1904: GOAT TRIES TO EAT WOGGLE-BUG BUTTON

Animal Cannot Get Souvenir Down Its Throat, and is Saved by Woman.

A goat belonging to Mrs. Patrick Murphy, living in the Highlands, attempted to swallow a wogglebug button this afternoon, and caused much excitement in that section of the city known as Forty Acres.

But the button did not go down, and a minute later the goat began to turn red in the face. It coughed and spluttered, and straightway started on a rampage about the Highlands. It overset a huckster's wagon, and the owner took refuge up a tree.

Pedestrians sprinted for places of safety, and somebody was preparing to turn in an alarm of fire, when Mrs. Murphy appeared on the scene.

She chased the goat for several blocks, calling it a variety of pet names, and finally overtook it. She made a careful examination of the goat, and, ascertaining the trouble, removed the button.

August 26, 1904: BIRD OR BEAST? ASK PEOPLE OF JUPITER

Bells Rung to Summon Dwellers to Seek a Monster.

Jupiter special wireless dispatch to The North American. (All right reserved.)

JUPITER, August 25.

The people of this planet were awakened last night by the ringing of all the bells on the planet. The President of the planet had received a wireless dispatch from Saturn warning him of a foreign body moving through the air which would demolish our planet if it struck it.

The body was discovered by the aid of telescopes. It was found to be a large bird carrying several people on its back. The bird was very large, and while it might hide the small sun of Saturn, it would not even hide a star from Jupiter.

It alighted near the city of Dabin, where, the people say, the objects on its back looked like giants. They were twice as large as our men. One of them had a flat face, with one eye larger than the other, and he never winked. His head and body were stuffed with hay, which protruded through his clothing at the elbows and knees.

Another was joined like a stovepipe, and at his side hung an oil can, as if he had to oil his joints occasionally. Another had a large head, forty inches in diameter. His face was set into a smile, and he smiled all the time. His eyes, nose and mouth were nothing but big holes cut into his head.

One of the giants had a terribly large head, which seemed to be very loose. The wind lifted his head from his shoulders and sent it against the straw man. The force of the blow knocked him down and the head landed on top of him.

The tin man picked the head up and placed it back on the body of the giant, who continued to laugh.

The company enjoyed themselves for a short time and then they departed toward Mars.

August 27, 1904: FOUR GIANTS RIDE ON BIG BIRD'S BACK

Winged Creature Big as a Horse Lands on Star.

Special wireless telegraph to The North American from one of the Astrepoids.

August 26.

A large black bird bearing four giants upon its back landed on our planet today. The company did not seem to have any desire to injure our inhabitants, so they were allowed to go. They flew away through the air as they had come.

The monster was as large as a horse and had huge wings, with a large set of horns upon its head.

The giants were a curious-looking set. One of them was made of tin, and he carried an axe. The first thing he did when he alighted was to oil his joints. He was evidently afraid he would rust.

Another of the giants was not very strong, as he could not stand in the strong wind that swept over the mountain. He seemed to be made of straw, and the wind doubled him up easily.

August 28, 1904: WANDERING MONSTER KNOWN TO MARTIANS

It's the Gump, Carrying Visitors From Land of Oz.

Mars special to The North American. (All rights reserved.)

August 27.

The great bird of the air which has visited a great many planets in the universe arrived here today.

We are surprised that the natives of other planets should have been frightened, as it was simply the Gump from the "Land of Oz" bearing his companions, the Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow and Pumpkinhead to the Earth.

Of course the natives of other planets are not familiar with the funny things that take place on Earth, and for that reason they were probably frightened.

The members of the company were the guests of the King while here. They stated that they were on their way to the United States, where they have an engagement with The North American.

They left the "Land of Oz" ten days ago and had many peculiar experiences on their trip. On some of the planets the people were very much frightened, and they were unable to stay longer than an hour, lest the people would become desperate and injure themselves.

After luncheon with the King, the little party left for the Earth. They expect to be well read during their stay in the United States, and the adventures which they will experience in that land are to be told in full in The North American every Sunday for many weeks.

August 28, 1904: WOGGLE-BUG KILLED: CHICKENS NOW SAFE

The Woggle-Bug has been killed, and owners of chickens breathe freer. For several weeks chickens have been fatally stung on the head. The mystery surrounding the creature caused it to be called the Woggle-Bug.

Mrs. George Schockly yesterday killed a large, queer-looking bug in her hennery, although two chickens had been stung before she struck the insect with a paddle. It will be placed on exhibition. No one recalls having seen its like before.

August 28, 1904: 'T WAS EXCITING, BUT NOT THE WOGGLE-BUG

Crowd Witnessed Spectacle With Curiosity That Indicated Great Expectations.

FLIGHT THROUGH AIR

Stretched across Arch Street, between Ninth and Tenth, during luncheon hour yesterday, was a heavy wire. Beneath it with upturned faces stood more than 5000 persons. The expressions varied from that of mere curiosity to open-mouthed astonishment. It was plain that something out of the ordinary was in the air, and the wire seemed to have something to do with it.

"Dear me," said one old man, as he tried to make his way through the crowd. "What on earth is the trouble?"

"It's in the air, mister," screamed an urchin. "The Woggle-Bug's comin' in and he's goin' to let us have that say of his."

The old man hastily rubbed his spectacles and joined the multitude.

"My, my!" he exclaimed. "I've heard so much about that Woggle-Bug! So it's to be here at last!"

With that he adjusted his spectacles and set his eyes skyward.

It was the difference between fiction and fact. It was not the Woggle-Bug, after all. Press agents, like poets and novelists, have license to utilize the imagination.

Norman Jeffries, whom everybody knows, announced that one of his performers, supported solely by

one foot and holding by his teeth a woman weighing 150 pounds, would slide down the wire.

It was all right; but there was no woman. From a small wheel on the wire hung a strap. Holding the latter in his teeth, he (not Norman) made the slide.

"Was that the Woggle-Bug?" asked the old man, whose eyes failed to show him the fleeting figure.

"What did the Woggle-Bug say?"

FROM THE LAND OF OZ

TO THE UNITED STATES

HERE THEY COME!

THE SCARECROW AND TIN WOODMAN

JACK PUMPKINHEAD, *THE* WOGGLE-BUG

THE ANIMATED SAWHORSE *AND THE* GUMP.

THEY ARE ON THEIR FIRST VACATION AWAY FROM

THE EMERALD CITY AND THE LAND OF OZ. THEY

WANT TO ROMP WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE

UNITED STATES. THE GLAD NEWS COMES TO

THIS NEWSPAPER AS FOLLOWS:

PROCLAMATION EXTRAORDINARY

TO: MR. L. FRANK BAUM

By Royal Appointment Historian to the Land of Oz

At the request of your Highly Esteemed Writeness, I have issued a Decree permitting my beloved subjects, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Woggle-Bug, and Jack Pumpkinhead, to visit the United States of America, in order that they may accumulate a great store of knowledge and experience in your most prosaic country. They are permitted to take with them the Animated Sawhorse and their journey will be made in the flying Gump. They should arrive upon your earth

planet withijn a brief space of time, and I trust you will accord them a warm welcome and watch carefully over their interests.

Given under my Hand and Seal at my Royal Palace in the Emerald City in the Ninth Division of the Second Year of my Reign.

OZMA

Reigning Princess of the fairyland of Oz

(Successor to the Wizard of Oz)

Well, I felt like shouting "Hurrah!" when I got the above letter. These visitors from Oz are fine fellows. They may not be so worldly wise as some of the Americans are, and it is possible their ignorance of our ways and manners may get them in a few scrapes before their return to Princess Ozma. But they are used to adventures, and I have no doubt the Scarecrow and his friends will have a royal good time here. The Woggle-Bug is said to be very wise and quick to discover things, and the Scarecrow has proven more times than one that he can think and think clearly. As for Nick Chopper, the Tin Woodman, he allows his kindly nature to direct his actions, and I understand the Pumpkinhead has learned to look to the Tin Woodman to protect him in case he does anything stupid and gets into trouble. I'm glad they brought the animated Sawhorse, for that remarkable creature can always be depended upon to do the right thing at the right time.

And you will notice they have arrived in the Gump, which is a sort of flying-machine they have made by tying two sofas together and putting a stuffed gump's head in front for a figurehead. The wings of this curious airship are merely four big palm leaves fastened to the sides of the sofas; and the whole thing has been given life by means of a magic powder such as could exist in no place but Fairyland.

Whereabouts in the United States our friends from Oz first landed is a mystery ó just at present anyway. Walt McDougall and I (both wearing Magic Caps that render us invisible) are going to follow the Scarecrow's party wherever they go, so that we can tell about their adventures and make to pictures of them to amuse the readers of this paper. And now that they are safely arrived and have begun to explore America,

let us watch and see what happens.

L. FRANK BAUM, 1904

L. Frank Baum and Walt McDougall watching for the Queer Visitors from Oz.

HOW THE ADVENTURERS LOST AND FOUND THEMSELVES

As day dawned the travelers from the Land of Oz looked over the sides of the Gump, which had been

flying steadily all night, and discovered a large group of buildings just beneath them.

"Stop!" called the Scarecrow to the Gump; "we have doubtless reached our destination. Please land us as gently as possible."

So the Gump fluttered down in the center of a large enclosure surrounded by many rows of vacant seats, and the travelers alighted and assisted the Sawhorse to reach the ground. Their first act was to place Jack Pumpkinhead upon the back of the steed, because the poor fellow, being somewhat carelessly made, can ride more safely than he can walk.

"Where are the United States?" asked Jack, looking around. "I don't see them anywhere."

"Where are the inhabitants of this strange place?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"Asleep, probably," returned the Scarecrow. "You mustn't forget that the unfortunate people who are made of flesh are obliged to sleep at night; and some of them forget to waken at daybreak. At least, that's what little Dorothy once told me."

"Let's go home," suggested the Gump, in a gruff voice; "this place is so strange it frightens me. Where are we, anyhow?"

No one could answer this question, and the Sawhorse shivered and said; "I'm getting nervous myself. Suppose something should happen!"

"Something's got to happen," declared the Scarecrow; "it always does. Something happened the minute we arrived. Now follow me, and we'll explore this strange place."

So they walked around the enclosure, and presently discovered a placard announcing a series of athletic games, which the educated Woggle-Bug read to his astonished friends. Also they chanced upon a number of dumb-bells, which delighted the Tin Woodman greatly. But while he amused his friends by lifting and juggling the dumb-bells, a strange sound ó like the roar of waters ó was heard, and Wash White, a colored groundskeeper with a track roller, appeared upon the scene, still half asleep and not noting the group of queer people that stood in the enclosure. The Sawhorse reared so wildly that he nearly dislocated Jack's wooden joints, and the others were equally startled at the sudden appearance of the wonderful jet-black Man of Flesh. Their cries caused sleepy Wash White to open his eyes, and what he saw made him yell with fear and run like the wind to the entrances, through which he escaped.

"What's the matter?" asked a Guard, who was tying his necktie.

"Matteh 'nuff!" screamed Wash, trembling. "It's seed de debbil an' all his relations!"

In the meantime our friends from Oz had captured the track-roller and formed a procession to explore the place. For not one of the party could guess where they were, and all were, and all were more or less uneasy at being so soon lost in a strange land. As they reached the entrance to the enclosure the Guard, trying hard not to believe in Wash White's "debbils" advanced with drawn club and chattering teeth and commanded them to halt.

At this instant the truth burst upon the Woggle-Bug, who cried in a loud voice: "I know where we are!"

"Where?" asked the Scarecrow, and the Woggle-Bug leaned close to his ear and said something in a whisper.

"Oh yes!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, nodding his head cheerfully, "how stupid of us not to have guessed!" Then he turned to his friend and said: "Come on, comrades. We've found ourselves again. We're at the stadium Athletic Field at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, Missouri, in the United States of America, and the year is 1904."

HOW THE TIN WOODMAN ESCAPED THE MAGIC FLOOD

It was now that the true mettle of the adventurers from the Marvelous Land of Oz was clearly shown. Undaunted by the strange sights of this strange United States, they decided to explore the country thoroughly ó in the same way Columbus once did.

Soon they came to a series of small waterfalls tumbling downward in pretty cascades from a tall building on the brow of a hill. There was not much water in the channel just then, but the marble banks were broad and deep enough to contain a river

The Tin Woodman, seeing some pipes protrude from the bed of the stream, became curious to know what these queer-looking things were used for, and bravely ventured forth to explore and examine them. After a brief inspection he turned to his comrades upon the bank and said: "My dear friends, the pipes were doubtlessly placed here to ó "

He got no further in his speech, for suddenly some hidden power turned on a monstrous flow of water; the pipes spouted a deluge upon the poor Tin Woodman, who ó amidst the plaudits of his friends, who thought he had himself caused this mighty flood ó was swept off his feet and borne swiftly down the stream.

In his terror the Tin Woodman clutched at Jack Pumpkinhead to save himself; but alas! the pumpkin came away in his grasp, and falling into the flood, floated along in his wake. Seeing now that something was seriously wrong, the thoughtful Scarecrow began running along the bank, hoping to find a way to save his friend, and the others followed him. Finding he was about to sink, the Tin Woodman, with great presence of mind, caught at Jack's pumpkinhead, which floated near, and used it as a life-preserver to sustain him; for otherwise the tin of which he was made would have forced him to the bottom, to become forever rusted and useless.

Finally the wise Woggle-Bug, being a swifter runner than the others, managed to seize the Tin Woodman with two of his hands, while with the other two he cleverly rescued Jack's pumpkin head, bringing both the unfortunates to dry land. Then, when the Tin Woodman sank down exhausted, but saved, at the feet of his faithful friends, the Scarecrow affectionately supported him and supplied him

with quantities of oil to prevent his joints from becoming rusted, and to soothe and restore him to his usual vigor. Jack's head being replaced, that personage also found himself to be in perfect condition, so throughout the little party of adventurers the moments of intense excitement gave way to joy and thanksgiving.

"Where am I?" suddenly asked the Tin Woodman, raising his head. But none was able to reply until the discerning Woggle-Bug, whose bright eyes nothing seemed to escape, made the answer: "I'll tell you in a minute."

And then, while all the party grouped around him and listened intently, the Woggle-Bug told them, "This is the famous man-made Cascades, fountains of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition."

HOW THE STRANGERS FOUND THEMSELVES

BETWEEN THE AUTO AND THE DEEP SEA

Once on a day the queer people from the Land of Oz arrived upon the seashore, where they gazed with much wonder at the vast expanse of water. Indeed, the unusual sight made them all rather timid, especially the Sawhorse; and the Tin Woodman exclaimed with a shudder: "It makes me feel rusty just to look at so much wet and dampness."

At that instant their eyes discovered a peculiar boat afloat far out among the waves. It was neither upon nor under the water, but partially submerged: and, after carefully inspecting it, the Woggle-Bug declared: "It's what they call a submarine boat, and can float both under water and upon it."

"What flag is that upon the masthead?" inquired the Scarecrow.

"I can't tell what nation it belongs to," replied the educated insect, "because the wind blows it so many different ways that it hides the design."

"Still," said the Pumpkinhead, "I'd like to know what country has designs upon this coast," and he tried to urge the Sawhorse nearer to the water. But the wooden steed seemed to regard the strange boat with fear, and refused to obey its rider, backing away with a haste that threatened to splinter its maple legs. So the Scarecrow, with rare presence of mind, cast a long rope about the neck of the frightened Sawhorse, to which they all clung in order to restrain his excited actions. "Do try to control yourself," said the Tin Woodman, in a reproachful voice. "I assure you there is nothing to be afraid of."

Before the Sawhorse could reply a horrible shriek rent the air clanging and groaning and wheezing as might well startle the stoutest nerves. The Woggle-Bug was trembling like a leaf; the Pumpkinhead gasped so hard that he coughed out three seeds; the Tin Woodman looked as if he were going to tarnish and moistened his tongue with a spurt of oil from his can, while the straw within the Scarecrow rustled as if stirred by a brisk breeze. As for the Sawhorse, terror deprived him of all reason and, as the huge automobile that had caused such consternation shot by them, the wooden steed

forgot his fear of the great water and the submarine boat, and, rearing high in the air, he first threw Jack Pumpkinhead from his back and the bolted away with such vigor that all the party holding the rope was dragged over the beach and plunged headlong into the surf.

Fortunately, they were all able to scramble to dry land again. The automobile was out of sight and hearing, and the cold plunge having restored the Sawhorse to his senses, the animal soon regained his usual self-possession.

"We shall quickly dry in this sunshine," said the Tin Woodman, encouragingly; and then he again noticed the boat and added, "I really wonder what nation that flag belongs to!" As he spoke, a strong breeze fluttered the flag out from the mast and the Woggle-Bug's sharp eyes quickly made out the design.

"I know," exclaimed the insect, greatly pleased. "Tell me," pleaded the Tin Woodman, and the Woggle-Bug obligingly whispered the information in his tin ear.

"Would you mind telling the rest of us what the Woggle-Bug said?" the Scarecrow asked his friend, somewhat stiffly.

"Guess!" answered the Tin Woodman with a laugh. "That's what all the children will have to do!" But after all had failed to guess, he told them that it was the Naval flag of Germany.

HOW UNCLE ELI LAUGHED TOO SOON

Now it happened that while the travelers from the Marvelous Land of Oz were going along a country road, the Tin Woodman discovered a queer looking object suspended from the limb of a tree.

"How curious!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "This must be one of those peculiar fruits which grow in this magical land of America. Let us pluck it."

"No; don't touch it, I beg of you!" cried the wise Woggle-Bug, in a horrified tone. "It's one of those awful hornets' nests."

But already the Tin Woodman had thrust a tin finger into the nest, and now the angry hornets swarmed out and circled in great numbers around the adventurers. Our friends stood still and watched the little hornets with much interest for they were made of material that could not be stung. The Woggle-Bug was, of course, an exception; but his wisdom led him to do exactly the right thing. He sprang into the Gump and ordered that obedient creature to fly with him to a safe distance, beyond the brow of a neighboring hill.

All this had been watched with great amusement by old Uncle Eli, whose farm lay just across the road. Eli had never heard of the queer people from Oz, because as he said he never had any time to waste reading newspapers; so at first he thought some circus had broken loose, and approached the fence in order to get a free sight of the entertainment.

"Why, the dumb fools!" said Uncle Eli, "they're monkeyin' with that there hornets' nest!" And the thought of all the trouble the strangers were innocently encouraging was so pleasing to the farmer that he bent himself nearly double and fairly screamed with laughter.

"B'gosh!" roared Uncle Eli, wiping the tears of joy from his eyes with his chin whiskers, "the critters'll git stinged 'til they've got as many knobs on 'emas cucumbers!"

But the sound of his laughter had attracted the attention of the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead, and the animated Sawhorse, and all these turned from the maddened hornets and pressed close to the fence to examine Uncle Eli. The hornets naturally swarmed with them, and thus discovering the old farmer, they at once decided that he was a victim much easier to sting than the people of straw and tin and wood. So they settled down upon Uncle Eli by the hundred, turning his chuckling laughter into howls of fear and distress. He amazed the good folks of Oz by jumping frantically up and down, swinging his arms like a windmill, and finally dashing away at a speed that made the Sawhorse envious. And every hornet followed after him.

"He has forgotten his rake," said the observant Scarecrow; "so I think I'll go and get it." With these words he climbed the fence into the field, and the Tin Woodman did likewise, for his glittering eyes had noticed a strange plant growing upon some vines nearby.

"How very odd!" said he, kicking the vines with his foot, and thereby detaching several of the peculiar formations that grew upon them. "I wonder what this plant is called?"

The Woggle-Bug, finding that the hornets had flown away, by this time had rejoined the party; and he was about to answer the Tin Woodman's question when suddenly from amid the vines a number of streams began to squirt ó like those from miniature fire-engines ó and these struck the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead and the Scarecrow and almost deluged them with a sticky fluid. Even the Sawhorse, which stood in the road, received a slight sprinkling.

"More magic!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman, as he ran to a safer and drier spot. "Event the plants are enchanted in this wonderful United States."

"You were very foolish to touch those vines," declared the Woggle-Bug.

"True; but what are they?" asked the Scarecrow, recovering from his astonishment.

Whereupon the Woggle-Bug obligingly told him; and, of course, the children who read this will have no trouble guessing that the Woggle-Bug said that they were called Squirting Cucumbers.

HOW THE SCARECROW AND TIN WOODMAN MET SOME OLD FRIENDS

No doubt every child that has followed the adventures in the United States of the living Scarecrow and the other queer people from the Land of Oz has been struck by the singular fact that everything here seems as wonderful to them as they themselves are wonderful to us. In their own fairyland they

accomplish things by simple magic which we have to accomplish by complicated mechanical inventions. It is not a strange thing to them to bring a wooden Sawhorse to life by means of a magic powder; but an automobile (which is even more wonderful than a living Sawhorse) filled their simple minds with wonder. On the contrary, the Gump ó a carelessly made creature at best ó could fly much better than any of our recently invented and carefully planned flying-machines. But the latter astonished the Ozites because, not being alive, they could do so much by means of machinery alone. So perhaps the United States is, after all, as great a fairyland as the kingdom of Oz, if we look at the matter in the right way.

These strangers in our country are learning something new every day, and undergoing adventures that, while perhaps rather tame had they happened to any one of us, are very exciting to the Scarecrow and his comrades.

It was only the other day that they took a long ride in the Gump, which carried them so swiftly away from the scenes of their previous exploits that presently a vast prairie spread beneath them, and had they been better posted in our geography they might have known they had reached the great State of Kansas.

“Let us alight here,” said the Woggle-Bug. “Would it not be better to see what lies beyond the prairie?” asked the Scarecrow.

“Perhaps; but I’d like to see what an American farm is like,” replied the Insect.

“So would I,” added Jack Pumpkinhead. “If they grow pumpkins here I might get a new head. It strikes me that this one is not so fresh as it might be.”

“But it’s alive, which a new one would not be,” remarked the Tin Woodman, “and I can imagine a no more disagreeable feeling than to have a lifeless head upon a live body.”

“Nevertheless,” said the Woggle-Bug, “our friend Jack may well be interested in his own species. I, who have much more excuse for being alive than any of you ó since I was born living ó can sympathize with poor Jack. The seeds of discontent are in his brain. Let me alight and prove to him how much better off he is than all other pumpkins.”

So, the Scarecrow consenting, they ordered the Gump to settle down slowly upon the prairie, which the creature did, coming to a halt at a spot near to a comfortable looking farmhouse. A man who was reaping in a field gazed upon the strange Gump with amazement; a woman who was hanging out clothes in the yard was so frightened that she dropped everything and rushed for the cyclone-cellar; and a little girl, followed by a black, curly dog, stood in the door of the house and shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked earnestly at the fluttering palm-leaf wings of the Gump. The Scarecrow and Tin Woodman decided to remain aboard, so Jack climbed over the side of the sofa that formed the body of the Gump and stood upon the ground. But the dog, now barking fiercely, rushed across from the house and began to bite the wooden legs of the Pumpkinhead.

“Call him off!” exclaimed Jack, who was trying to help the Sawhorse out of the Gump.

“I can’t, for I don’t know what to call him,” replied the Woggle-Bug, getting down and standing beside Jack. The Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, being in deep conversation regarding a cloud that floated above them, did not see the little dog, which, finding he could not bite Jack’s wooden legs, flew furiously at the Woggle-Bug. The Insect might have been severely bitten had he not used two of his four arms to hold the dog at a safe distance, while with the other two he helped the Sawhorse to the ground.

Now, it is a well-known fact that dogs – and little dogs, especially – think it is their duty to bark at anything strange or unusual; so it is no wonder that when the dog saw the Sawhorse he made a dash at it with so much energy that it appeared to be his ambition to tear the wooden steed to pieces. And the Sawhorse, not being pleased at the attack, kicked with both his hind legs just as the dog sprang at him. So up into the air flew the dog, howling as he went, and then the Tin Woodman, who was still looking at the cloud in the sky, saw a black ball descending through the air straight in his direction. He cleverly caught the little creature in his tin arms, and the dog, more astonished than hurt by the Sawhorse’s kick, now found himself staring into the painted face of the Scarecrow. At once the dog seemed to recognize the Scarecrow, for he barked and wiggled around in the Tin Woodman’s arms with every expression of delight, and licked the stuffed features of the Scarecrow with manifestations of extreme joy.

“Why, Toto – my dear little Toto!” cried the Scarecrow, “where did you come from, and where is your mistress?”

The dog, of course, made no reply, but the little girl at this moment ran toward them crying: “My dear old friends! How glad I am to see you!”

“Dorothy!” shouted the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, together.

But there was no time then for more words, for the little dog sprang from the Gump to greet his mistress, thereby tripping up the Woggle-Bug, who fell across the Sawhorse and so frightened that animal that he bucked and threw both the Insect and Jack to the ground in a heap. Their jumbled bodies made a convenient stepping-stone for the Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, who both left the Gump to meet and embrace the little girl in the most friendly and even affectionate manner.

As Jack disentangled himself from the heap he asked: “Who are these people?” And the Scarecrow replied: “Dorothy and Toto once visited us in the Land of Oz, and we were great chums there. But her home is here in Kansas, where the wheat fields grow.”

“Oh!” responded Jack, adjusting his head, which had become turned to one side in his fall, “is that stuff wheat, that the farmer is cutting out there?”

“No, indeed,” said the Woggle-Bug, who was anxious to air his wisdom. And he told the Pumpkinhead that the kind of grain was barley.

HOW THE SAWHORSE SAVED DOROTHY'S LIFE

Little Dorothy took great delight in showing the Scarecrow and his companions all the wonders of Kansas farm; and you may be sure the people from Oz were greatly pleased by this thoughtful attention. One time a cyclone had visited Kansas and whirled Dorothy far away to the Land of Oz where she had formed the acquaintance of the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow and encountered a series of thrilling adventures in their company. And now that they, in turn, had come to visit Dorothy's own country, the girl did her best to entertain and interest her old friends.

One day the Scarecrow took Dorothy for a ride upon the Sawhorse, himself walking by her side, and presently they came to a big field that had been fenced in to confine an ugly bull that was owned by Dorothy's uncle. Pausing beside the fence, the Scarecrow happened to admire the pretty flowers growing within the field, and so Dorothy immediately jumped off the Sawhorse and climbed over the fence to pick the flowers for her friend.

But at this minute the bull spied her and came dashing up behind; so Dorothy, with a cry of fear, started to run across the field to the opposite fence, with the bull after her full tilt. The Scarecrow, seeing the child's danger, tossed the Sawhorse over the fence, and quickly following himself he mounted the wooden steed and rode swiftly in pursuit. Before long he managed to get between the fleeing Dorothy and the angry bull; but the animal, furious at this interference, hooked its sharp horns into the Scarecrow's stuffed body and sent him soaring high into the air. But it chanced that in the same instant the Sawhorse let his hind legs fly at the bull, and so powerful was the stroke of the wooden heels against the bull's forehead that the larger animal was knocked completely over, and rolled upon the ground half stunned by the shock.

Fortunately the Scarecrow, on descending to earth again, fell across the body of the Sawhorse; and although he was limp and considerably twisted by his flight and by the horns of the bull, the Scarecrow retained sufficient presence of mind to wind his long legs around the neck of the Sawhorse and so cling on to its back.

All this time Dorothy was running across the field as fast as her little legs would carry her, and the Sawhorse followed her, bearing the Scarecrow. The bull, soon recovering from the kick, and more maddened than ever, now came galloping after them so furiously that it was evident the girl could never gain the opposite side of the field in time to save herself. But the Sawhorse was swifter than the bull. He dashed past Dorothy at full speed, and as he did so the Scarecrow reached out his big arms and caught up the little girl, whom he managed to hold until the Sawhorse had crossed the field, and leaped with one great spring the stone wall that on this side formed the boundary. Next minute they had landed safely in the roadway, where stood the Woggle-Bug and the Tin Woodman, who had been taking a walk and had thus witnessed the adventure.

Right behind the Sawhorse had come the frantic, and when the wooden steed from Oz rose into the air to clear the wall, the bull, unable to stop himself, dashed headforemost against the stones. So great was the shock the bull was pushed together endwise, and flattened almost to a pancake; and when he staggered backward to try and think what had happened to him, he was wrinkled up to just like one of those Japanese lanterns that you push end to end when not in use.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dorothy, looking at the dazed and flattened bull from the safe side of the wall. "What will Uncle Henry say when he sees this?"

"He'll say it serves the creature right for chasing little girls, and trying to hook them," remarked the Tin Woodman, calmly.

"I'm glad the dear old Sawhorse saved my life," continued Dorothy, "but the bull cost lots and lots of money, and Uncle Henry says he's awful valuable."

"He isn't worth much now," mused the Scarecrow, looking critically at the animal, "unless he can be pulled out again and worked over into his old shape. But what ever could make such an ugly creature as that valuable?"

"Why, he's a thoroughbred," explained Dorothy, "and belongs to a very rare breed, besides."

"Indeed!" returned the Scarecrow; "what breed of cattle, then, does the creature belong to?"

"I know!" interrupted the Woggle-Bug, before Dorothy could reply. And then, proud of his knowledge, the Woggle-Bug told them truly that the breed of bull was the Galloway breed.

HOW THE OZITES MET A BEAUTY DOCTOR

It was much to be regretted that some thoughtless people made remarks upon the personal appearance of our visitors from the Land of Oz. When the sensitive Scarecrow overheard a High School say that "in her opinion he was not at all handsome," it grieved him very much. "For," said he, "while I have no desire to be exceptionally beautiful, I have always thought myself to be as good-looking as the average man."

"Yet you are not," returned the Woggle-Bug, regarding his friend critically. "I am myself very handsome for a bug; but you cannot be justly called a handsome man."

"Excuse me, H. M.," said the Tin Woodman, in a confidential voice, "but I heard a person say yesterday that there be bugs and bugs, but that you are the buggiest bug that ever bugged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Insect, much shocked. "But don't worry," continued the Tin Woodman. "It is not possible for everyone to look as bright and beautiful as I do myself."

"You may be right," remarked Jack Pumpkinhead, "but if you are beautiful why did the lady say yesterday that your nose reminded her of Cyrano de Bergerac, and that your gaiters are dreadfully out of fashion?"

"Did she say that?" asked the Tin Woodman, suddenly becoming grave. "Then, perhaps, after all, American ladies may not consider me attractive. But what can I do? It is impossible for me to remove either my nose or my gaiters, for they are riveted and soldered to my body."

"Well, I am sorry for you all," said Jack. "But as long as I can remain handsome, the rest of you may console yourselves by gazing upon me."

"True," growled the Sawhorse. "Probably that boy meant nothing at all when he told me this morning that the Pumpkinhead reminded him of pies-an'-things. And he said you scared his pet cat into fits."

"I? With my winning smile?" demanded Jack in a worried voice.

"Yes," gruffly answered the Sawhorse, as he strolled away and left them.

The adventurers looked at one another earnestly, to see if their remarks could possibly be just, and to their dismay they perceived that there was much truth in the criticisms they had overheard.

"When beauty was passed around, we must have been behind the barn," reflected the Woggle-Bug, gloomily. But at that moment he chanced to look up and saw a sign upon a neighboring house that read as follows:

"Mme. QUI-SYM,
BEAUTY SPECIALIST,
HOMELY FOLKS MADE RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL
WHILE YOU WAIT."

"Ah!" said the Woggle-Bug, "here is our opportunity. Let us all become beautiful and then we need not worry about our looks."

He then led his comrades into the office of the Beauty Specialist, and asked that they all be furnished with the best brand of beauty she had in stock.

"Of course you understand my treatments are expensive," said Mme. Qui-Sym, who was a stately dame with a pug nose and a squint in her left eye. "But since you people are so famous, and have had your pictures in the papers, I will treat you free of all expenses ó if you will sign these testimonials."

It was delightful to see the Tin Woodman lying upon his back and twisting his limbs into all sorts of positions in order to reduce the rotundity of his tin body. The Woggle-Bug meantime was running four little ó one with each hand ó up and down his form, to improve his complexion, while the Pumpkinhead sat patiently in a chair in a corner with a rubber mask over his face that made him look positively frightful. As for the Scarecrow, he was instructed to anoint his head liberally with a pomade from a pot labeled: "Cleopatra's Secret Bloom of Beauty. Prepared in a Condensed and Double-Distilled Form from the Original Recipe. Never known to Fail but Once." Meantime the Beauty Specialist was busily engaged in preparing the testimonials for the newspapers.

Presently the Tin Woodman sat up and said: "My gaiters seem to be still in the same old fashion as before, and my nose is quite unchanged. Yet I have performed the required exercises so faithfully that I have made a dent in the back of my neck with my right toe."

"I am obliged to confess these rollers a failure," joined in the Woggle-Bug. "A bug has no business with a complexion, anyhow. Let's get out of here."

The Pumpkinhead now removed his mask, but it was the same old Pumpkinhead that met their view, and Jack gazed at the Beauty Specialist reproachfully.

Soon the Scarecrow rubbed the "Beauty Bloom" from his face with a towel, and his friends were filled with horror when they found that every vestige of paint had come off also, and instead of his usual exhibit of pleasing features, the Scarecrow's head was now nothing more than a cloth sack stuffed with bran and short bits of straw.

Great was the grief of the party from Oz at this mishap to their leader. But Mme. Qui-Sym was quite equal to the emergency.

"Fortunately, I can paint his old features on the sack again, for I have a picture of the Scarecrow that I cut from a recent newspaper."

So she took a newspaper picture out of a drawer, to serve as a model, and then began painting, while the others watched her. But she had only made a nose and a mouth and a mustache when they all cried: "Stop!" and the Woggle-Bug added, angrily: "You're putting another man's features on our friend."

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed the Beauty Specialist. "It's an equally famous personage, but I got hold of the wrong picture. Never mind, I'll wash it off and begin over again."

This time she selected the right picture from those in the drawer, and cleverly painted a new face upon the sack.

"Thanks," murmured the Scarecrow. "I now realize now necessary a face is to the average person, for without one I found myself at a serious disadvantage."

"Yes," agreed the Tin Woodman, "it strikes me a face is equally useful whether it happens to be plain or beautiful. So let us abandon this absurd quest of beauty, and be thankful that we possess faces that answer all practical purposes."

The Scarecrow looked into a mirror. "For a Scarecrow, I am really not bad looking," said he.

"And my pumpkinhead will, I am sure hold its own with any other pumpkin head," declared Jack.

"I have yet failed to meet a tin man who is my superior," said Nick Chopper, confidently.

"Why, then, let us turn over this Beauty Specialist to those who are more foolish and discontented than we are," observed the Scarecrow. "I am sorry all the world does not consider us handsome, but let us remember that old adage that 'handsome is as handsome does'."

"Nevertheless," said the Woggle-Bug, airily, "you had a narrow escape. For had she painted upon you that she first started, you would have lost your identity."

"Whose face was it?" asked the Scarecrow, anxiously.

And the Woggle-Bug told him that the Beauty Specialist had almost made him look like the famous financier J. Pierpont Morgan.

HOW THE ADVENTURERS ENCOUNTERED AN UNKNOWN BEAST

Now the Scarecrow and his party had been assured more than once that they are perfectly safe anywhere in the United States; so they have no fears whatever in venturing to explore this country, which is said to be highly civilized and so energetically governed that danger cannot lurk in any of its darkest corners.

Never doubting the truth of these assertions, our visitors from the Land of Oz have no hesitation in making long excursions into various parts of the country, and it was while upon one of these excursions that the adventure befell them which I am about to relate.

They had journeyed in the flying Gump to a barren and uninhabited in Arizona, and although at one time tempted to alight in a little village where a big tent with flying streamers was displayed, the Scarecrow induced them to restrain their curiosity and proceed to the alkali plains, which were an interesting sight indeed to those who had always lived in the fertile Land of Oz, where rich vegetation prevailed on every hand.

"There is not much to see here," said the Tin Woodman, after glancing around.

"That is the beauty of this landscape," declared the Woggle-Bug, pompously.

"There isn't a living thing in sight," sighed the Tin Woodman, as the Gump slowly fluttered to the ground.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the Pumpkinhead, whose eyes were considerably bigger than those of his comrades. "I see something waving at us from behind that big rock over there."

They all looked in the direction of the big rock; and there, sure enough, was something that resembled a rope with the end frayed out, moving slowly to and fro above the summit.

"Let us see what it is!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, whose curiosity was excited.

So Jack got his Sawhorse to the ground and mounted it, and the Gump fluttered with the others close to the vicinity of the big rock.

"It's the tail of some animal," declared the Scarecrow.

"Then don't venture too near, until we discover if the animal is friend or foe," suggested the Woggle-Bug, beginning to get uneasy.

Just as he spoke a curious sound came from behind the rock, and then the head of a beast, decked with a long flowing mane, was suddenly raised above the barrier.

"A lion!" cried the Woggle-Bug, and immediately the most startling confusion prevailed. For the Gump twisted sideways and tumbled its occupants to the ground, and then fled, screaming, to a far distance. The Sawhorse, plunging with fright, also threw his rider into the midst of the group and bolted away with frantic leaps.

Left thus to confront the supposed lion, and without means to escape, the confusion of the adventurers redoubled; but when the animal leaped upon the summit of the rock and began hurling stones at them with its hands, the calm judgment of the Scarecrow at once assured them that their enemy could not be a lion.

Somewhat reassured by this, the others struggled to regain their feet, and the Woggle-Bug implored the Tin Woodman to chop the strange animal with his gleaming axe. This the kind-hearted Woodman refused to do; but when a stone struck him in his chest and made a dent in his bright tin, his indignation overcame his gentleness and he seized and rushed furiously upon the foe.

The animal turned tail at once and scrambled back over the rock; but when the Tin Woodman attempted to follow it he was astonished to come face to face with a queer-looking old man, who waved him aside and shouted in a cracked voice:

"You let that beast alone! He's mine."

"I'm sure you are welcome to him," said the Woggle-Bug, "but why did you allow your property to fling stones at us?"

"I was asleep," returned the old man, in a surly tone. "This fellow escaped last night from our Circus and Menagerie ó Greatest Show on Earth, you know ó and hid out amid these rocks. And I've had the chase of my life to get him again. So I sat down to rest and fell asleep just as you came along."

"We accept your apology," said the Scarecrow politely. "But what sort of a beast is it?"

"I've got to get back to the circus," declared the man, who was dressed in a soiled and faded and otherwise outlandish costume.

"What kind of beast is it?" asked the Tin Woodman, gently but firmly.

"Admission twenty-five cents, children half price," said the man.

"Please tell us what it is!" implored Jack Pumpkinhead.

"Only one in captivity," muttered the man, turning to depart.

The people from Oz were by this time so annoyed by the old man's impolite treatment that they might have protested in a forcible manner had not the Woggle-Bug said:

"Never mind that circus fellow. I know what kind of animal it is, and will gladly tell you."

So they gathered around the Woggle-Bug, who told them that the queer creature was a Gelada baboon.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD AND THE SAWHORSE WIN A RACE AND INCITE A RIOT:

THE WOGGLE-BUG RESTORES HARMONY

The Scarecrow and the Woggle-Bug, with their comrades, decided to visit the Jones County Fair, as Dorothy assured them it was one of the most interesting events of the year. But their appearance on the Fair Grounds spoiled the business of all the sideshows, for the people thought nothing quite so wonderful as the queer visitors from Oz, and it cost nothing at all to stare at them.

Dorothy decided to take them over to the race track, which was the center of attraction at the Fair. But once there, the Scarecrow became so greatly interested in the event of the day that he decided to enter the animated Sawhorse in the Free-for-all Running Race, although they warned him the race was to be run under regular Jockey Club rules, which would be strictly enforced. Jack Pumpkinhead readily agreed to ride his famous steed.

When Jack rode calmly upon the track the crowd jeered at sight of the wooden horse, and the bookmakers at once made the Sawhorse a 90 to 1 shot and found no takers. For the assembled farmers had no confidence in an animal made of wood, a hickory pedigree being considered of little account.

There was some trouble in getting a start for this great race, as the Sawhorse got nervous at mixing with common horses, and pranced around to show that although he was not so big as they were he was certainly more handsome and more agile.

At last the judge cried the word "Go!" and away swept the race horses, with the wooden animal far behind the others. But now the Sawhorse realized that it was time to prove his great speed; so he settled down to a steady run that was swift as the wind. One by one he overtook the other horses and passed them, but when the racers turned into the homestretch the judges in their stand and all the people in the grand stand behind them all saw that the Sawhorse was in the lead, with the others stringing after him in single file.

As he dashed along, Jack carelessly leaned backward, and the wind caught his head and jerked it from the wooden neck that supported it and sent the pumpkin, which weighed over ten pounds, full tilt against the jockey who was riding just behind. The force of the blow sent the fellow sprawling in the dust of the track, but the pumpkin head, still keeping its course, struck down the next jockey ó and the next ó until all the jockeys were down.

The Woggle-Bug, who was standing outside the paling, saw Jack's head fall off, and sprang over the fence and upon the track just as the last rider had been bowled over. And by good fortune he saved the head from being smashed or cracked by cleverly catching it in his arms and running with it to Jack, whom he knew to be always uneasy without his head. The Sawhorse, coming first under the wire, had passed abruptly under the judges' stand, while the other horses had bolted for the stables; but now the dismounted jockeys came running up, angrily protesting against Jack, while the farmers in the grand stand shook their fists at the Sawhorse and yelled.

Seeing this, the Woggle-Bug, using all his arms and legs to good advantage, crawled up the outside of the judges' stand, and, making the surprised officials a polite bow, said to them: "It is evident, your honors, that the horses are all disqualified, and it is no race."

"That is my opinion," answered the chief judge; "but be good enough to explain why, under the rules, the horses are disqualified,"

So the Woggle-Bug whispered the reason in the judge's ear, and the official nodded his approval and rang the gong furiously to compel the crowd to silence.

"We have decided," he shouted, as soon as he could be heard, "to call it no race, and an eminent visitor from Oz, Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E., will now explain to you the reason."

With one hand on his heart, another waving a flag and a third throwing kisses to the ladies, the Woggle-Bug gracefully removed his hat with his fourth hand and addressed the crowd in a clear, distinct voice.

Immediately, the greatest confusion prevailed, with joy taking the place of anger; for the occupants of the grand stand shouted gleefully and tossed their hats into the air and everybody shook hands excitedly with everybody else and embraced the persons nearest them without stopping to consider whether they had been previously introduced or not.

In fact, the entire crowd was happy except one old gentleman who was quite deaf, and therefore uncertain as to what had happened. But he had an ear-trumpet with him, so he held the big horn toward Dorothy, who sat next to him, and inquired, eagerly:

"What did the Woggle-Bug say?"

And the little girl had to shout with all her might in order to make the old gentleman hear her answer.

"The horses were disqualified because when they came under the wire, they were under weight."

THE SCARECROW BECOMES A MAN OF MEANS IN SPITE OF THE GIRLS AT A CHURCH FAIR

It was during a morning ride among the mountains that a strange accident happened to the queer people from the Land of Oz. The Gump hit his left wing against a rocky pinnacle and dumped all our friends into a great Jackdaw's nest that was perched upon a ledge of rock. At once the Jackdaws began screaming and fighting the intruders, and when at last they were driven away by the efforts of the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug, it was discovered that the birds had stolen every wisp of straw from the Scarecrow's body and left nothing of him but his head and the clothes and boots he had worn. At first our friends despaired of saving the poor Scarecrow; but Jack Pumpkinhead, on searching the nest, discovered bushels of odds and ends that the thieving Jackdaws had stolen during many years and hidden in their inaccessible nest. Among the treasures were many banknotes, of large and small denominations, and with these the Ozites restuffed the Scarecrow, who was thereby in reality "made of money."

Feeling quite proud of their work, they now boarded the Gump and flew away from the nest, landing presently in a pretty town where a Church Fair was being held. All of the party except the Gump and the Sawhorse paid a visit to the Fair, where the pretty girls in attendance soon discovered the money sticking out of the Scarecrow and joyfully decided to sacrifice him to the cause of Charity. Pretty girls at Church Fairs know how to do this neatly and with dispatch, so that presently the Tin Woodman discovered that the unfortunate Scarecrow had been picked as clean by the girls as he had been by the Jackdaws! Calling to his friends to assist him, the Tin Woodman gathered up the Scarecrow's empty clothes, while the Pumpkinhead carried his head and hat and the Woggle-Bug his boots; and then they marched sorrowfully away to rejoin the waiting Gump.

Just then the Woggle-Bug, thrusting his hand into one of the boots, drew out five bills that had been crowded into the toe and so escaped the notice of the Church Fair girls. "Good!" cried the Insect, much pleased; "our friend the Scarecrow is saved!"

"How do you make that out?" inquired the Pumpkinhead.

"Why, they are luckily very big bills," returned the wise Woggle-Bug. "Three of them are United States banknotes for \$1000 each; one is for 500 pounds on the Bank of England; and one for \$100 in Canadian money. These we will take to the nearest Bank and have them changed into one-dollar United States bills, and there ought to be enough of the to stuff the Scarecrow in fine shape."

So they made haste to reach a Bank, where the Woggle-Bug presented the five bills to the cashier and asked to have them changed into the one-dollar United States bills. The cashier made some figures on a piece of paper and then began handing out great bundles of one-dollar bills, which the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug separated and crumpled up and stuffed into the Scarecrow's clothes. When they had finished he stood before them smiling as genially as ever, and made a speech thanking the Woggle-Bug for rescuing him from ruin.

"You are not so rich as you were before the girls saw you," said the Tin Woodman; "but you may yet be considered a wealthy man."

"How many one-dollar bills did the cashier give you?" asked the Pumpkinhead.

The Woggle-Bug looked at the paper on which the cashier had made his figures and started to reply.

"Stop!" cried the Scarecrow; "I don't want anyone but myself to know how much I am worth. But you may tell, friend Woggle-Bug, how many dollars you got for that English and Canadian money." So the Woggle-Bug took him aside and told him that the cashier's figures added up to \$3,431.25.

HOW THE WOGGLE-BUG PROVED HIS KNOWLEDGE OF CHEMISTRY

That adventures may be met with in the hamlets of these strange United States, as well as in the wild and unsettled portions of the country, was fully demonstrated by the visitors from Oz when they halted in a quiet little village that the Woggle-Bug might quench his thirst at a well.

This the Insect quickly did, the water being cool and refreshing; but the others of the party, who never

drink anything at all because of their peculiar constitutions, began to exhibit great curiosity as to how the water got into this deep well, and why the sides were built of stone, and a dozen other things that would probably never occur to us who are accustomed to seeing wells.

Jack Pumpkinhead seemed especially interested, and, although the Scarecrow warned him not to lean too far over the well, he insisted upon gazing down into the depths beneath. The result of this recklessness might well have been anticipated, for the pumpkinhead that Jack wore was merely set upon a wooden pin that served him for a neck, and was constantly getting twisted. Sometimes, indeed, it slipped off entirely; and this was what happened as Jack leaned over the well. Next moment his frightened companions heard a great splash as the pumpkin struck the water far below them.

"There!" cried the Scarecrow, with a catch in his breath; "our poor friend is indeed ruined!"

"A person who loses his head so easily as Jack," growled the Saw-Horse, "is never to be depended upon. All he's good for now is kindling wood." This unfeeling speech referred to Jack's body being made of wood, the various parts being jointed together so that he could use them conveniently. But without a head to direct it, this body was, in truth, of very little worth.

The Woggle-Bug, although startled by the accident to his friend, had little to say. Instead he was already busily engaged in thinking of a way of rescuing Jack from his watery grave.

It has been said, with considerable lack of kindness, that the Woggle-Bug's excellent education is of little account, because it is applied to a Woggle-Bug intellect; but the wonderful insect is constantly proving the falsity of this scandal by doing and saying brilliant things which many people of regulation brains would be very proud of.

The Woggle-Bug's learning served him well at this critical moment, for an idea came to him that soon sent him running to a nearby drug store as fast as his slender legs would carry him.

Presently he returned with two great packets, the mysterious contents of which he quickly dumped into the well. Next moment, to the astonishment of his comrades, who were wondering if the Insect had gone crazy, a great sizzling and bubbling was heard from the depths of the well, accompanied by strong fumes, that made them gasp and sneeze as they withdrew from the edge of the curb.

Higher and higher rose the water in the well, roaring and spluttering as it came, and Jack's floating head rose with it, until the pumpkin suddenly popped high into the air and was caught by the Tin Woodman in a nervous but safe embrace.

Then, as the water slowly subsided again, the adventurers from the Land of Oz cried "Saved!" with one glad voice, and shook the Woggle-Bug's numerous hands with real gratitude.

The Scarecrow carefully wiped the moisture from the pumpkin with a wisp of straw taken from his own body, and then restored the head to Jack's neck; and you may be sure the poor fellow was highly delighted at the reunion.

As they proceeded merrily upon their journey the Tin Woodman inquired curiously:

"My dear Wog, what was that powder you so cleverly used to rescue Jack?"

And the highly magnified Woggle-Bug, with justifiable pride in his achievement, willingly told that it was Seidlitz powder.

The Queer Visitors From The Marvelous Land of Oz

HOW THE WOGGLE-BUG GOT A THANKSGIVING DINNER

One day, while the Woggle-Bug was walking through the streets of a big city, he came upon a little girl who was crying bitterly. She was dressed in worn and faded garments, and her feet were bare ó although the air was frosty and the pavement of the street very cold. Now, the Woggle-Bug would surely have felt the cold himself had not his body been so warmly clothed, so he had pity for the poor child, and removing his hat as politely as if she were a great lady he asked:

"Tell me, little one, why are you dripping water from between your eyelids?"

"Because," she sobbed, "Th-Th-Thanksgiving is c-coming!"

"Can't it be stopped?" inquired the Woggle-Bug, sympathetically.

"I don't want it s-s-stopped," replied the child; "only I'd like a turkey for Thanks-giving, like the rich people have."

"Oh, turkey, eh?" said the Insect, thoughtfully. "Now, whatever could a little girl like you do with a turkey, I wonder."

"Ea-ea-eat it!" she sobbed.

"To be sure!" exclaimed the Woggle-Bug. "How strange I never thought of eating turkeys for Thanksgiving. But why haven't you a turkey to eat?"

"We're too poo-poor to b-buy one!" she answered.

"Well, well, my dear," said the Bug, in a kindly tone, "I'll promise to bring you all the turkeys you can eat-and I never break a promise. So shut off the water from your eyes, and turn on a few smiles."

Then, after inquiring where the girl lived, he left her and went back to his friends from the Land of Oz.

"I must have a few turkeys for a little girl to eat," said he. "Now, where would you advise me to get them?"

"This morning as I rode in the Gump," announced the Tin Woodman, "I saw great flocks of wild turkeys flying over the woods."

"Oh! That gives me an idea," cried the Insect. "I'll take the Gump and catch some fine wild turkeys for

my little friend."

So he climbed into the Gump, which was always ready and willing to serve the queer people from Oz, and in less than an hour the Woggle-Bug was floating over the forests where the wild turkeys lived.

Several flocks of the birds were then flying about; but they were shy of the Gump, and kept away from it. Therefore the Woggle-Bug resolved to capture them in another way, and made four lassoes out of a roll of stout cord, tying a slip-noose in the end of each. The next flock of turkeys that he saw he ordered the Gump to chase, and so swift was the flight of this marvelous creature that before the birds knew it the Gump was in the centre of the flock.

Then the Woggle-Bug threw the four lassoes with his four hands, and a slip-noose settled over the heads of four of the birds, arresting their flight very suddenly. A minute after they were drawn into the Gump.

With much pride the Woggle-Bug displayed the four birds before the wondering eyes of his friends; and then, accompanied by the Scarecrow, he carried them to the home of the poor child.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed; "what beautiful turkeys!"

"Only three of them are turkeys," said the wise Insect. "The fourth bird was flying with the flock, but it's quite different from the turkeys. However, I think the three turkeys will be sufficient for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said she, greatly delighted. "But what IS the strange bird?"

And the Woggle-Bug, who seemed to know everything, at once told her it was a Hornbill.

THE SCARECROW TELLS A FAIRY TALE TO CHILDREN AND HEARS A EQUALLY MARVELOUS TRUE STORY

"Tell me a fairy story about America," said the Scarecrow, as he sat upon a park bench with a group of children about him.

"All right," replied a bright-faced boy standing at the straw man's knee. "Once upon a time a man used a great ship to lay a wire rope along the bottom of the ocean, with one end of the rope resting in America and the other end in Europe. And since then a person in America can talk to a person in Europe, and receive an answer in return, in the space of a few minutes, although it takes days to make the voyage across. And the words are carried along the wire rope by means of signs that stand for letters.

"That is indeed a surprising story," exclaimed the Scarecrow. "You must have wonderful fairies here. We have nothing to match that achievement in the country I came from."

"But now tell us a fairy story about the Land of Oz," begged the boy eagerly. So the Scarecrow began as follows:

"You must know, my dears, that in the Land of Oz everything has life that can become of any use by living. Now, I do not know of what use a live Scarecrow can be unless he serves to amuse children; but it is a fact that, as soon as the farmer had stuffed me into the shape of a man, and made me a head by using this excellent cotton sack, I began to realize that I was a part of the big world and had come to life.

"Of course, I could not see, nor hear, nor talk at first; but the farmer brought a paint pot and a brush, and upon the front surface of my head, where a face properly belongs, he began to paint. First he made this left eye, which you observe is a beautiful circle, with a dot in the centre of it. The first object I saw with this eye was the farmer himself, and, you may be sure, I watched him carefully as he painted my other eye. I have always considered that man an artist; otherwise he could not have made me so handsome. My right is even finer than the left, and, after making it, the farmer gave me this exquisite nose with which I gathered the scent of the wild flowers and the new-mown hay and the furrows of sweet and fertile earth. Next my mouth was manufactured, so excellently shaped that I have never ceased to be proud of it; but I could not then speak, for I knew no words by which to express my feelings. Then followed these lovely ears, which completed my features. And now I heard the loud breathing of the farmer, who was fat and inclined to asthma, and the twittering songs of the birds and the whisper of the winds as they glided across the meadows, and the chatter of the field mice ó and many other pleasant and delightful sounds.

"Indeed, I now believed myself fully the equal of the man who had made me; but the idea was soon dispelled when the farmer sat me upon a stout pole in the cornfield and then walked away with his paint pot and left me. I tried at once to follow , but my feet would not touch the earth, and so I could not escape from the pole.

"Near me was a stile, and people crossing the fields would often stop at the stile and converse; so that by listening to them I soon learned how to speak properly. I had a fine view of the country from my elevation, and plenty of time to examine it curiously. Moreover, the crows often came and perched upon my head and shoulders and talked of the big world they had seen; so my education was unusually broad and diverse.

"But I longed to see the big world of Oz for myself, and my real mission in life ó to scare the crows ó seemed to be a failure. The birds even grew fond me and spoke to me pleasantly while they dug up the grains of corn the farmer had planted.

"One day I noticed a little girl sitting upon the stile. She was a stranger, I knew at once, and by the perplexed look on her face I guessed she had lost her way. So I spoke to her, and we made friends; and, after telling me that she had been blown by a cyclone from a far-away land called Kansas, the girl consented to lift me from the pole and set me upon my feet. I could hardly walk at first, being unused to my legs and not knowing how to manage them; but the little girl helped me along, and, before we had traveled many miles, I could walk as perfectly as I do now.

"Since then I have had many strange adventures, but life in the Land of Oz was really peaceful when compared to the experiences I am meeting in America."

As the Scarecrow concluded his story the children clapped their hands in delight.

"Now, that was a real fairy tale, and truly marvelous!" cried the boy at his knee.

"But not more marvelous than your own tale of the wire rope that carried words across the ocean," replied the Scarecrow.

"That wire rope is called a cable," said a soft voice behind the Scarecrow, and turning his head he saw that the Woggle-Bug had joined them and was standing behind the bench.

"Oh! do you know about the story?" asked the Scarecrow, surprised at his friend's great knowledge.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Woggle-Bug. "I can even tell you the exact year the first telegraph message was sent from America to Europe across the Atlantic cable."

"What year was it?" asked the Scarecrow, much interested.

And the Woggle-Bug, after a moment's thought, told him truly that the exact year was 1858.

JACK PUMPKINHEAD PAWNS THE SAW-HORSE

As Jack Pumpkinhead rode his wooden steed along the street one day, he passed by a department store, where his attention was arrested by a fine Mexican saddle displayed in the window. It at once occurred to Jack that this saddle would be quite pretty and comfortable upon the back of the Saw-horse, and he longed to possess it. But upon the saddle was a card reading: "Only \$7.93," and Jack reflected, with a sigh, that he did not own a single penny of that money which the people in America demand in exchange for merchandise. So he continued upon his way, until, presently, he noticed a peculiar emblem swinging above the door to the shop. This symbol, so remarkable to the man from Oz, was composed of three golden balls arranged in the form of a triangle, and our Pumpkinhead halted the Saw-Horse while he stared at it curiously. Then he allowed his to wander the shop window, which bore upon the glass this inscription: "A. Jackson Lily, Money Lender."

"Why, here is a way provided for me to purchase that pretty saddle," said Jack, with real pleasure; "I have only to ask this Mr. Lily to lend me the money, and then return to the store and get the saddle. These queer American ways are not at all difficult to understand, if one tries to be intelligent!"

So he boldly rode the Saw-Horse through the doorway over which the three golden balls hung, and the wooden hoofs of the Saw-Horse clattered merrily upon the floor and soon brought a man from a little room in the rear.

"Here, you fellow! Don't you know better than to ride into a gentleman's shop?" exclaimed the man.

"No, indeed," responded Jack. "If I knew better I would not do such a thing."

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"I wish to borrow \$7.93," returned the Pumpkinhead readily.

"Very well, sir," said the man. "Where is your security?"

"My security?" answered Jack, puzzled. "My security? Ah! My security lies in keeping my head fresh as long as possible."

The man stared at him and shook his curly head as if perplexed.

"You must give me something that is worth \$7.93 as a pledge that you will return the money," he explained; and your head won't do at all, as I can get better pumpkins for a nickel apiece."

"I am sure you underestimate my worth," replied the Pumpkinhead, stiffly. With these words he turned the Saw-Horse around in order to leave the shop; but as soon as the wooden animal began to move, the money lender expressed great interest and cried out: "Stop, my friend! I will gladly lend you the money you wish, if you will leave this wooden horse with me as a pledge."

"That seems fair and reasonable," answered Jack, and he at once dismounted from the back of the Saw-Horse. The man counted him out the sum of \$7.93 and gave it to Jack, together with a little green ticket.

Greatly pleased with his success, Jack Pumpkinhead walked from the shop of the money lender and retraced his steps to the department store. The pretty saddle, surrounded by many other articles, was still displayed in the window, and, standing before the glass, Jack found no less a personage than Mr. H.M. Woggle-Bug, T.E.

"Hullo!" said he to his friend. "Come inside with me while I get a saddle for the Saw-Horse."

"You cannot get it without money," answered the Woggle-Bug. "These Americans want money for everything."

"I am not so ignorant as you suppose," declared Jack, proudly. "See! Here is the sum of money required exactly \$7.93."

"Where did you get it?" inquired his friend, curiously.

"From a money lender down the street," replied Jack.

"And what did you give him in exchange?"

"The Saw-Horse," said Jack.

"Dear me!" sighed the Woggle-Bug; "why did I not keep an eye upon you? You need a guardian, friend Jack."

"Why so?" asked Jack, wonderingly.

"Because you have given away the Saw-Horse for money to buy him a saddle. When you have bought the saddle, you will have no Saw-Horse to put it on. Does not that strike you as being an absurd act?"

"Yes, it really does," admitted Jack.

"Then, instead of buyinh the saddle, return the money to the man and get back your Saw-Horse, which is of great value to you during your travels."

So Jack, accompanied by the Woggle-Bug, returned to the shop of the money lender. Mr. Lily had placed the Saw-Horse in his show window, where it had attracted great attention. Somewhat dazed at being abandone by it's master, the Saw-Horse stood with outspread legs in a patient attitude, while around it was arranged a profusion of old guitars, teapots, second-hand eye glasses and last year's straw hats.

Jack entered the shop and handed the gentleman the money and the green ticket and asked for the Saw-Horse. But the money lender refused to make the exchange without more money.

"I must have interest," said he, "to pay me for making the loan. One more dollar, please!"

"I have no more money," answered Jack; "and, as I have returned to you the full sum that I recieved, I now demand my Saw-Horse."

"I shall keep both the Saw-Horse and the money until you pay me the interest," declared Mr. Lily.

So Jack and the Woggle-Bug returned to the street, where they gazed sadly though the glass at the beloved form of the Saw-Horse.

Goodbye, dear friend!" said Jack, wiping a tear from his left eye. "Through my ignorance I have lost your companionship forever!"

But, as they turned away, the Saw-Horse solved the problem by dashing his wooden heels against the glass so forcibly that the pane was shattered to fragments. Next moment he leaped through the opening to the sidewalk, and Jack mounted to his back rode away before the astonished Mr. Lily could recover from his astonishment.

"It is always well to avoid those shops where the three golden balls are displayed," said the Woggle-Bug, when they were at a safe distance.

"Why do money lenders display three golden balls?" asked Jack.

"It is an ancient custom," replied the wise Insect; "for the three balls were taken from the armorial bearings of a famous and nocl Lombard family of the thirteenth century, the head of which family was among the first money lenders.

"What was the name of that famous Lombard family?" inquired the Pumpkinhead, as he patted the neck of his Saw-Horse.

"I'll tell you," said the Woggle-Bug, and at once gave Jack the desired information: that it was the de Medici family.

DOROTHY SPENDS AN EVENING WITH HER OLD FRIENDS AND IS ENTERTAINED WITH WONDERFUL EXHIBITIONS

Dorothy had come to spend an evening with her old friends from Oz, who were occupying pleasant rooms provided for them by the Mayor of the city.

"It does seem like old times to be with folks from the Land of Oz again," said she. "I think the reason I love you all is because you are so different."

"Yes," remarked the Scarecrow, thoughtfully. "I have learned since we came to visit America that we are quite different from your earth people. They call us fairies, and think everything we do is the result of magic."

"But, really, you are fairies, in a way," declared little Dorothy, "and you do wonderful things."

"You people also do wonderful things," said the Woggle-Bug, who was present; "but no one here seems surprised at moving-pictures, talking-machines, or telephones ó which surely owe their origin to magical arts."

"That is because we are used to them," the little girl replied. "The things that interest us are those we seldom see. Won't you perform some of your own magic for me this evening?"

"With great pleasure," answered the Scarecrow, "it is our duty to strive to amuse our guests, and we will attempt to do some things you seldom see in America."

As he spoke he looked around the room and noticed, hanging upon the wall, a full-length picture of an old gentleman standing in a gilt frame. Folding his arms behind his back the Scarecrow uttered the magic word: "Naubau!"

At once the old gentleman stepped from the background of the picture and made a polite bow to the company. Then he unfastened the empty frame from the wall, caught it under his left arm, and began to dance a graceful and dignified jig, while the Woggle-Bug whistled a tune for accompaniment.

Dorothy watched him with great delight, and when he had completed his dance the old gentleman wiped his brow with his handkerchief, made another bow, hung the gilt frame upon its nail, and then stepped back into it. Next moment he was a picture again, flat and motionless as before.

"That was very interesting," said Dorothy.

The Tin Woodman now stepped forward and made three magic signs, one after the other.

"Look out," said he, "but don't get frightened."

Then he took off his funnel-shaped hat and held it in front of him, and immediately a stream of water gushed from the funnel and fell upon the carpet. Dorothy screamed a little and stood upon her chair to keep from getting wet. Faster and faster came the water from the funnel, flooding all the floor of the room, and rising steadily until it almost reached the seats of the chairs on which all the party were now perched.

The Tin Woodman spoke a queer word that sounded like "chugaremolumchug!" and at once the little

girl perceived enormous fishes swimming in the water. They were of many brilliant colors and all were lighted from within themselves, so that their bright colored scales glowed like the stained-glass windows of churches.

While the girl looked on wonderingly the Tin Woodman spoke another word and replaced the funnel upon his head. At once the gorgeous fish disappeared; the flood subsided, and ó strange to say ó not a drop of moisture remained upon the carpet or furniture to show where the water had been.

"That was strange and beautiful!" said Dorothy, with a sigh, as she resumed her seat upon the chair.

It was now the Woggle-Bug's turn. The wise Insect took a flower-pot filled with fresh earth and proceeded to bury a seed within the soil. Then he set the flower-pot upon the floor and said:

"Usually, as you know, it takes many years for a tree to grow from a seed. That is because Nature supplies very slowly the elements of chemistry required to enable the tree to increase in size, and therefore it is obliged to grow just as slowly. But tonight I shall give the seed a large quantity of food it requires to make it grow, and you will be surprised at the result."

He now crossed two fingers of his right upper hand, three fingers of his left upper hand, and four fingers of his right lower hand. Then with his left lower hand he made rapid circles above the flower-pot. At once a plant sprang into sight, rising higher and higher and spreading its breadth until it reached the ceiling, while its many branches nearly filled the room. Birds then appeared upon the limbs of this magic tree, warbling sweet songs; and although the night without was cold and dreary, this beautiful tree seemed to breathe a fragrance of summer and sunshine.

Dorothy's eyes were fixed admiringly upon the tree when the Woggle-Bug made a quick movement with all his four arms ó a signal well known in magic by the people of Oz.

At once the tree shrank down into the pot and disappeared, and the room resumed its former appearance.

"That was indeed wonderful!" exclaimed the little girl. "What kind of a tree was it that you made to grow?"

"I'll tell you," said the Woggle-Bug, and he whispered to her that the name of the tree was Banyan.

HOW THE WOGGLE-BUG AND HIS FRIENDS VISITED SANTA CLAUS

"It's nearly Christmas time," said the Scarecrow, yesterday, "and I really think we ought to do something for the children of America who have welcomed us so kindly."

"What can we do?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"Why, it seems that on every Christmas Santa Claus brings the children toys for presents. So it strikes me that we also ought to furnish toys for the little ones, to prove our love for them," returned the Scarecrow.

"But where can we get the toys?" the Woggle-Bug inquired. "We have no money with which to purchase such things."

"True," acknowledged the Straw Man; "but in Oz we do without money, because when we want a thing we create it by means of the magical arts we are learned in. Let us therefore provide, by means of our magic, the toys we require for the children."

This suggestion being agreed to, they all retired to private rooms, that they might create the toys undisturbed and before long the Tin Woodman came back with an armful of tiny tin men that were exact duplicates of himself. They were all jointed in their legs and arms, and their heads could be made to turn to right or left.

Soon after, the Scarecrow entered the room carrying a lot of rag dolls that were small images of himself. These baby scarecrows were very quaint and amusing, and there was no doubt the children would like them. Then Jack Pumpkinhead brought in a number of small pumpkin heads, made out of paper, but with features exactly resembling Jack himself.

"They're hollow inside," said Jack; "but the children can fill them with candy."

When the Woggle-Bug entered the room he brought quantities of wee wogglebugs, dressed just like himself, and having their four arms and their legs made of wire and covered with fuzzy worsted. These toys were so comical that all the party laughed when they saw them.

"But our friend the Saw-Horse must not be neglected," said the Scarecrow; so he went away and did a little more magic, and soon returned with a drove of small wooden sawhorses, which had wheels under each of their legs, so that the children could draw them over the floor by means of strings.

"Let us carry them to Santa Claus," suggested the Tin Woodman. "He can take them in his sleigh and distribute them with his other Christmas gifts."

This plan being approved, the entire party mounted aboard the Gump, which flew with them far away to the Laughing Valley where Santa Claus lives. They found the dear old man sitting in an easy chair before the fire, and smoking a short pipe. He had finished his yearly labors, and his sleigh was already loaded with packages of toys for the children's Christmas, while the ten reindeer stamped impatiently to be off and away upon their journey.

"You are just in time!" exclaimed Santa, "and I will gladly carry your toys to the little ones."

"We would like every child to have one of them," said the Scarecrow.

"But ó good gracious, my friends!" cried the bluff old Santa, "you haven't enough for a quarter of the children I shall visit."

This news made the people from Oz very sad and downcast; but, noticing this, the good old man added: "Never mind; I'll make them go as far as I can, and these toys are so pretty that next year I will make a lot of them myself, so that every child may get one for Christmas. But now I must be off, or I shall never get my journey finished by Christmas morning."

So Santa Claus placed the toys in his sleigh and himself mounted the seat. The people of Oz also got into the Gump again, and then Santa said, with a sly wink:

"Let's have a race."

"To be sure," agreed the Scarecrow; "but nothing can go so swiftly as the flight of the Gump."

Santa Claus made no answer in words, but he cracked his long whip, and away shot the reindeer ó swift as the wind.

The Gump flew as it had never flown before, but every effort to keep pace with the sleigh of jolly Santa was in vain, and presently the people of Oz looked down through the moonlight and saw a tiny speck far ahead of them, which was their last view of the sleigh-load of toys destined for the children's Christmas.

"We are beaten," remarked the Scarecrow. "But I imagine Santa Claus is a greater magician than any that has ever lived in our Land of Oz."

And the Woggle-Bug quoted, impressively, these lines:

" 'Around the man who seeks a noble end,

Not angels, but divinities attend.'

"That," said he, "was written by a famous American poet."

"What was his name?" asked the Scarecrow, curiously.

And the Woggle-Bug told him that it was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HOW THE WOGGLE-BUG FOUND A LOST CHILD AND GAVE A LESSON IN HERALDRY

One day, while the queer visitors from the marvelous Land of Oz were strolling along the street, a woman ran up to them, crying in a loud voice:

"Help, kind people! Good people, help!"

"Certainly," answered the Scarecrow. "Give us but an idea of how we may assist you and we will gladly be of service."

"My child is lost!" sobbed the woman. "Please ó oh, please help me to find her."

"I'll go!" cried the sympathetic Jack Pumpkinhead, and at once he put spurs to the Saw-Horse and dashed down the street.

"Now, that is just like a pumpkinhead," remarked the Woggle-Bug, looking after him. "He has gone to

find a child he has never seen. Nor has he any description to guide him."

"My child! My child!" wailed the mother. "Please help me to find her. You are fairies from Oz ó you can do anything! Please find her."

"Be patient, my poor woman," said the Tin Woodman, "and tell us in what way you lost your child."

"I was walking down the street with her, and stopped to look in a shop window. It was only for a moment, kind sirs, but during that time my little girl disappeared in the crowd, and I cannot find her anywhere. Oh ó boo hoo! ó what shall I do?"

"Stop crying, for one thing," suggested the Woggle-Bug, "and tell us what your little girl looks like."

"She wears a white dress and a pink bonnet," said the woman, trying hard to suppress her tears.

"All right, I'll find her!" exclaimed the kind-hearted Tin Woodman; and away he rushed up the street.

"Another foolish one," remarked the Woggle-Bug. "There may be a dozen little girls running around loose and dressed in white, with pink bonnets. Tell me, madam, the color of your child's hair and eyes."

"She has yellow hair and blue eyes, sir," answered the mother, beginning to weep afresh.

The sight of her tears greatly affected the good Scarecrow.

"I'll search for your child, ma'am," said he, and started off as fast as his wobbly legs could carry him.

"Dear me!" sighed the Woggle-Bug; "how much more useful folks could be in an emergency if they would only stop to think. My friends will never be able to find your child, madam; so I must do it myself. And in order to recognize her, I will use one of the magical agencies we sometimes employ in Oz."

Saying this, he made a tiny prick in the woman's hand, so that a drop of blood appeared; and, taking this upon the end of his upper right-hand finger, the Woggle-Bug made a queer mark upon her forehead. It looked like this: .

"Now," said the Woggle-Bug, "the same mark will be plainly seen on the forehead of your child, wherever she may chance to be. So please remain here for a few moments, and I will promise to find your little girl and return her to your arms."

"Oh, thank you! I knew you were a fairy!" exclaims the woman, gratefully.

"Well, of course we do things in Oz that are not done in America," admitted the Woggle-Bug, and started at once upon his quest.

The poor woman, still nervous and excited sat down to wait, and presently up rode Jack Pumpkinhead with a lot of children of all ages perched upon the Saw-Horse.

"Are any of these yours?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, indeed," answered the woman.

Just then appeared the Tin Woodman, a child riding upon his shoulders, one under each arm, and two more led by his tin hands.

"They all have pink bonnets, ma'am," he cried: "are any of them yours?"

"Not one of them!" replied the woman.

And now came the Scarecrow, pushing before him a crowd of children of all sorts and conditions.

"One of these surely must be yours, ma'am," said he, pleasantly, "for all have yellow hair and blue eyes."

"No, no!" she answered with big tears of anguish rolling down her cheeks. "Take 'em away!"

But now the Woggle-Bug strolled up, a pretty little girl held fast in his four arms.

"Here you are, madam!" said he. "See! She has the same mark upon her forehead."

And while the others looked on in surprise, the mother sprang up with a cry of joy and pressed the child to her breast, covering its little face with a hundred loving kisses.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she exclaimed, in rapture; "I knew you would find her, for you are a fairy!"

Then she turned away, and as she did so the strange red mark disappeared from the foreheads of both mother and child.

"What was that mark?" the Scarecrow asked the Woggle-Bug.

"A peculiar design much used in heraldry," answered the wise insect.

"But what is it called?" inquired the Tin Woodman. The Woggle-Bug smiled.

"It really has a name of its own," said he, "and I shall be pleased to tell you what the mark is called."

And, while they listened intently, he told them that it was the Cross Crosslet.

THE SCARECROW PRESENTS A MAGIC AUTOMOBILE TO A LITTLE GIRL

Now, although the queer people from Oz had come to the United States on a pleasure trip, they were greatly pleased when an opportunity arose for any of them to do a kindly act.

The Scarecrow was walking one day along a street where the houses were set close together and only the poorer classes of people dwelt. And soon he found, sitting upon a doorstep, a pretty little girl who

had covered her face with her hands and was crying softly ó as if to herself ó in a very affecting manner.

The good Scarecrow was very sorry to see the child so grieved, so he sat down beside her and said:

"Tell me, my dear, why are you so sorrowful?"

"I ó I wants a ó a ó a automobile!" sobbed the girl.

"Good gracious! An automobile! Then why don't you have one?" asked the Scarecrow, somewhat surprised that so small a child should want so large a toy.

"Because my pop's too poor to buy me one," she answered, looking at her new friend in amazement that he should ask such a question.

"In that case, my dear, you shouldn't want an automobile," said the Scarecrow, gravely.

"But I do ó I do!" sobbed the child, and began crying again.

Her tears were too much for the Scarecrow. "Very well; dry your eyes, and I'll give you an automobile ó since that is the only thing that will make you happy," said he.

The girl thought her queer companion was making fun of her; but he was not, indeed. He knew what an automobile was, for he had curiously noted one of the big red ones going along the street only that morning. So all he had to do was walk to the curbstone, where by means of a few magic words accompanied by the magical gestures that are usually required, he created an automobile that was exactly the same as the one he had seen.

The little girl sprang to her feet with a cry of astonishment; for there, before the door, stood a beautiful big red touring-car, fitted up with leather cushions and handsome embroidered dust-robos and lunch and golf baskets and sparkling silver lanterns, and all the things that the most expensive automobiles possess!

"There," said the Scarecrow, "I will make you a present of this automobile. It is your very own, to do what you like with it; and I hope it will make you happy."

Then he bade her good-bye and walked away, soon disappearing around a corner. The girl half expected to see the automobile disappear, too, but it did not. It still stood before her, big and beautiful enough to delight the heart of a millionaire.

Now, this child had especially wanted an automobile because she believed it impossible for her ever to possess one, and now that the coveted machine was before her she had no idea what to do with it. She was still staring at it when her father came home from his work to get his dinner. The man couldn't refuse to believe the wonderful story the girl told him, for there stood the automobile to prove it, and he had often heard of the magical powers possessed by the people from Oz. But he was greatly perplexed, nevertheless.

"We haven't any barn to keep it in," said he, "nor any clothes good enough to wear while riding in such a swell chariot. And it would cost more than I earn to feed with gasoline. I think we ought to sell it, and buy coal for the winter. Anyhow, I've got to get back to work now, and we'll talk it over when I come home tonight."

But the girl was quite indignant at the idea of selling her beautiful automobile, and when her father had gone away and a crowd of admiring children from all over the neighborhood had congregated to gaze upon the wonderful thing, she proudly informed them that she was about to take a ride.

"Let me run it! Let me run it for you!" shouted a dozen boys, at once. Not one of them knew anything about an automobile, but most boys are willing to undertake any task that is really dangerous; so the girl thoughtfully selected one who had divided his stick of candy with her that very morning.

She climbed to a back seat and drew an embroidered robe over her faded gingham dress, and the barefooted boy chauffeur proudly mounted in front and gave a glance at the machinery.

"Get out of the way, you dubs!" he shouted to the crowd of children, who were spellbound with awe, and then he shut his teeth tight together and pushed over the lever.

Slowly the huge machine, like a thing of life, moved down the street; then it gathered headway, and, as the crowd shouted and cheered, the boy, swelling with pride, put the lever over as far as it would go. Next instant the magic automobile was flying down the street like a red streak of lightning swaying all the while from side to side and bumping furiously over the broken pavement.

At first the girl had hard work to catch her breath. Then she screamed:

"Stop it! Stop it!"

But the boy didn't know how to stop it. Pale, but courageous, he seized the steering wheel and swung the machine around a corner. They were getting into the more frequented streets, and the teams they passed crept close to the sidewalks as the great red monster whirled by them.

"It can't last long!" thought the girl, gasping for breath.

And it didn't.

They were building a house down the street, and big piles of brick had been placed far out into the roadway. Perhaps an expert automobilist could have avoided the obstruction with ease; but the boy, wild-eyed and frightened, abandoned hope.

Next minute there was a crash and a scream. The girl flew into the air, made a graceful curve, and fell flat into a big box of mortar the workmen had prepared. The boy flew higher, and landed in a sitting position on a scaffold of the new house, ó breathless, but unhurt. As for the magic automobile, it was a crumpled mass of red slivers and twisted steel and tag-ends of leather; for it struck the brick-pile squarely, and what was left could be called by no especial name.

The boy caught a ride home on a delivery wagon and was soon back home again; but the workmen

pulled the little girl from the mortar-box, and scraped her off as well as they could in the time they had to spare, and she finally walked home in a very subdued state of mind.

"That Scarecrow was right," she reflected, shivering also at the thought of what her mother would say about her soiled clothes. "Nobody ó not even a little girl ó has any right to want a thing they ought not to have. What I really need is a good switching, and the chances are that I'll get it when I get home!"

HOW THE TIN WOODMAN BECAME A FIRE HERO

Night was a rather dreary time for our friends, the visitors from the marvelous Land of Oz. For, with the single exception of the Woggle-Bug, not one of the queer people ever slept. One was straw, and one was tin; one had a carved pumpkin head, and their Saw-Horse was made of wood. To such creatures, sleep was, of course, an impossibility; but to avoid annoying other folks who DID sleep, they made a practice of standing in the corners of a room with their faces to the wall during all the night, so they might not be tempted to talk or make a noise.

This standing still for so long a time was somewhat tedious, as any child who has tried it will be glad to acknowledge; so that one night, when the bells began clanging, and the whistles tooting, they all turned around from their corners with a sigh of relief.

"Someone else is making a racket now," said the Scarecrow. "I wonder what all those bells and whistles mean?"

But before any could answer, they heard cries of "Fire! Fire!" coming from the street.

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the Pumpkinhead. "But I dare not go near the fire, because my body is made of wood." And he turned his face resolutely to the wall again.

"Those are exactly my sentiments!" declared the Saw-Horse, and poked his nose as far into the corner as it would go.

"For my part," remarked the Scarecrow, "fire has ever been my great abhorrence. Any chance spark would soon be an end of me."

"My case is different," said the Tin Woodman. "I am composed of three-ply metal plate of the best quality, and fire does not worry me in the least. So, if you will excuse me, I'll go see if I can be of any service."

He walked into the street, and seeing people running in a certain direction, he followed them to a tall apartment building, from the windows of which smoke was pouring in great clouds. The firemen had already arrived and were shooting streams of water through some of the windows, while across the street were groups of half-dressed people shivering in the cold, who had been driven from their beds by the burning of the house. As the Tin Woodman joined the crowd of spectators, a very short but very fat woman, with variegated yellow hair and pink cheeks, rushed forward and cried out:

"Oh, my darling; my darling! He will be burned alive!"

"Where is he?" asked a big fireman, excitedly.

"There! There in that corner room!" screamed the woman, pointing to the second story.

At once the fireman placed a ladder against the building, and the big fellow bravely ran up the rungs to the window that the woman had indicated. But a burst of flame and smoke quickly drove him back again, and the woman began dancing hysterically up and down and crying: "My darling will be burned alive!"

"I'm afraid he will," said the fireman, sadly, "for no person can enter that room through the window without being killed."

"I can!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman. "Fear not, my good woman, for I will save your darling!"

A cheer broke from the crowd at hearing this courageous speech. But the Tin Woodman reflected that if a child was in the room he could not carry it out through the flames; so he looked around and discovered a big flour can, which a man had carefully carried downstairs after throwing his clocks and mirrors from the third-story window. So the Tin Woodman grabbed the big round flour can, which was also made of tin, and climbed up the ladder to the window. In through the smoke and raging flames he made his way, and in a few minutes the anxious crowd watching him from below saw him reappear, carefully holding a flour can in his arms.

"Your darling is saved!" shouted the Tin Woodman to the woman; and then a tremendous cheer greeted him as he came down the ladder and reached the ground. For no one but a tin man could ever have passed through the flames in safety, and even he was glowing red in several places where the fire had caught him. The big fireman, who admired bravery, grasped his tin hand with emotion and dropped it with a howl.

As soon as he was on the ground the Tin Woodman threw off the cover of the flour can and out jumped a little poodle dog, which the woman caught in her arms.

"Oh, thank you for saving my darling!" she cried, joyfully.

"Your darling!" growled the big fireman, disgusted and angry. "Were you raising all that row over a measly dog?"

"He isn't measly," she simpered; "he's a dear, and a love, and a darling!"

The fireman turned to the Tin Woodman.

"I don't blame you for being hot," he said, indignantly.

"It isn't my honor that's tarnished, anyhow," replied the hero, with a slight sigh; "and if I'm obliged to get myself replated in the morning I shall not complain. For, after all, to the dog and the woman, the life I saved is very precious, and I am glad I had the chance to make somebody happy."

But at this kind speech the fireman only frowned.

"You'll feel different when you've cooled off," he said.

THE TWO WISHES

In a certain village lived a pair of twin brothers, Fred and Ned. They were chubby, stout, freckle-faced boys, with big eyes and ears, warts on their hands, and usually bandages around one or another of their numerous fingers and toes.

One day the queer visitors to America from the marvelous Land of Oz visited the village, and Fred and Ned were among the children who thronged to see them. The boys were looking a bit grave and solemn just then, having recieved a sound scolding from their mother. So their sad faces attracted the attention of the kindhearted Tin Woodman, who said to them:

"Come, look pleasant, my little men, for I have decided to give you each a fine present."

"What is it?" asked Ned eagerly.

"You shall each have one wish granted ó the first wish you care to make," replied the Tin Woodman. "So run along and be happy, and take care that you wish for exactly the right thing."

So the boys trotted along home filled with joy at the fairy gift of the good man of Oz, and on the way Fred said: "Look here, Ned; I'm sick of getting scolded all the time. I wish I might be a good boy."

"Well, then, you are," replied Ned with a grin, "for your first wish is bound to come true."

"That's all right. I'm glad I made a wise wish," declared Fred, soberly. "What do you wish?"

"I'm going to save my wish. There's no hurry," said Ned.

They entered the house through the back way, and there they spied on the pantry shelf a great panful of cookies, which their mother had just baked. "I'll make double the recipe for the boys'll be sure to steal half of them," she had thought.

Well, Ned filled his pockets full of cookies; but Fred shook his head and said:

"It's wrong to take those cookies without permission, so I'll let them alone."

"Your wish was magic, all right," announced Ned, with his mouth full of the delicious cookies.

Fred sighed, but said nothing.

In the afternoon, when they started for school the grocery wagon was driving by.

"Let's catch on!" shouted Ned, and ran to grab at the end board and swing there while the wagon rolled swiftly on. But Fred refused to join him, and walked all the way to school, which made him miss a fine snowball fight.

There Ned met him, and whispered: "Let's play hooky this afternoon. Some of us boys are going to the pond to skate."

"No, indeed. It is wrong to run away from school, and wrong to go skating without mother's knowledge. So I shall be good and go straight to my seat," said Fred.

"Well, good luck to you!" cried his brother, and ran off with the other bad boys.

Fred studied until his head ached, and then the teacher accused him of throwing a paper-wad that had been slyly snapped by the bad boy sitting behind him, and he had to stay an hour after school. He got home, tired and sad, just in time for supper, and found Ned, rosy-cheeked and fresh, coming in from the pond.

"The ice was great!" confided Ned. "Sorry as how you couldn't come, being as how you're so good."

"Yes, my wish has come true, and I'm glad of it," answered noble Fred. But he had not much appetite for supper, and enviously watched his bad brother, who ate with an eagerness that proved he was hungry and the food tasted good.

Next morning their uncle gave them each a dime; but Fred put the money in a missionary box to help buy neckties for the heathen in Africa, while Ned spent his for gum-drops and ate them during school hours.

"How do you like being good?" asked Ned, curiously, when they were going home.

"Pretty well; but it ain't just the feeling I thought it was," acknowledged Fred.

"Oh, you'll get used to it in time," declared his brother, and then ran and hid in the barn while their father made Fred sift the ashes from the furnace ó a job that even good boys cordially detest.

Next day the arithmetic examples were awfully hard. Ned got a boy that clerked in the drug store to give him the right answers, and was praised by the teacher. Fred scorned such a dishonest action, and, therefore, failed in his lesson, and was obliged to take a note from the teacher home to his mother, who read it, and promptly punished him with a trunk strap.

While he was sobbing in the woodshed (the scene of his humiliation), Ned came in and looked at his brother sympathetically.

"I'm sorry you're so confounded good, Fred," he declared. "It spoils half my fun to leave you out of all the joy that's going 'round."

"It spoils all my fun!" wailed Fred, feeling tenderly of the sore places. "Honest, Fred; it's getting so it actually hurts to be good."

Ned sighed, and rubbed a cobble-stone over the teeth of the bucksaw in a reflective manner.

"Say," said Fred, suddenly, "have you wished yet?"

Ned shook his head.

"No, I'm saving my wish."

"Don't save it any longer," pleaded Fred, anxiously. "You just wish I wasn't any better than the rest of the boys. Do it, Ned, old man, and I'll make it all right with you."

"I don't seem to have much else to wish for, anyway," answered Ned, slowly. "So as it's lonesome havin' you such a prig, I guess I'll do it."

And he did.

When the party from Oz stopped at the village on their return, the Tin Woodman again met the two boys, and asked:

"Well, my little men, what did you wish?"

"Why," said Ned, "Fred wished he was good, and it hurt him; and I wished he wasn't and now he's all right. So both wishes came true, and we're much obliged to you."

The Tin Woodman looked thoughtful.

"When it hurts to be good," said he, "it can't amount to much. And I don't suppose any one boy has a right to be better than the rest of the boys. So I shall not give you any more wishes, for fear they might lead you into mischief."

Then he got into the Gump and flew away.

TIM NICHOLS AND THE CAT

Tim Nichols was not what you could rightly call a bad boy, because he was obedient to his parents, attended school regularly, got his lessons, and submitted to the Saturday night bath with remarkable courage and good nature. But there was a streak of boyish cruelty in his nature that crept to the surface now and again, and permitted him to do such naughty things as to tie a can to a stray dog, stick bramble burrs in the calf's tail, or chase the chickens until they were wild with terror. But the thing he most delighted to torment was a cat, and the big gray pussy, named "Peggy," that belonged next door, lived in deadly fear of her life every moment that Tim was around. To be sure, she had a habit of sitting on the woodshed roof to utter strange cries at the dead of night, and as Tim's room overlooked the woodshed he usually carried a number of sticks and stones to his room, so that he could hurl them at Peggy when she became noisy. Sometimes they would miss fire, but often they struck the cat and tumbled her from the roof, and after such an event she would keep quiet until morning. But right after breakfast Tim, still relentless, would hunt her up and chase her with stones and clubs, until she hid herself, and so managed to escape the torment.

This state of affairs attracted the attention of our queer visitors from the Land of Oz, and after a consultation they decided to perform a little magic. So, through their efforts, all of Tim Nichols, except his body, was transferred into the body of the cat Peggy, and all of Peggy, except her body,

was transferred into the body of Tim Nichols.

This happened just before supper, as Tim was entering the house. His parents only noticed that Tim ate as if he had not been fed for a week, and afterward curled himself upon a rug before the fire, and went to sleep, so that they had to shake him hard at 9 o'clock to arouse him and send him to bed in the little room overlooking the neighbor's woodshed.

As for the cat, she sat upon the back fence, blinking in a very disturbed manner, for Tim's spirit, inside the fur body, was wondering how on earth he ever came to be a cat!

He smelled supper, and crept toward the kitchen hungrily, but Eliza scared him away with a broom stick, and he ran behind the ash barrel and hid until the moon came out.

Then, scarcely knowing why he did it, he jumped to the roof of the woodshed and eyed the moon with as much content as a hungry cat can possibly feel. Bye and bye a strange feeling came over him, and, for the first time since he could remember, Tim yearned to sing. So he lifted up his voice, and in a long "Ker-r-r-o-mee-ow-w-w!" sent a wailing cry soaring toward the moon.

Bang! came a big stone, bounding over the roof and just escaping his left ear.

Tim reflected. "It's that confounded boy up in the room there!" he growled. And then it struck him as curious that the boy in the window wore the body he used to own.

Chug! came a heavy piece of wood, striking his front leg a blow that made it tingle as if a thousand needles had pierced it.

"Why can't that brute leave a poor cat alone?" he grumbled, when the pain would let him think. And then, to relieve his anguish, he again lifted up his voice.

"Cuth-er-a-mee-ow! ó ow! ó ow!"

A second stick, hurled from the window, caught him unawares. Plumb against his lean body it crashed, and sent him sliding from the roof, to fall headlong upon the ground below. For a time, he lay quiet, unable to move. My, how it hurt! Would the awful pain ever cease?

No more singing to the moon tonight. After a time the stricken cat, breathing slowly, and with dulled eyes, recovered sufficiently to crawl to a refuge behind the ash barrel. And the boy went to bed and slept.

Early in the morning the people from Oz completed the magic charm, and transferred Tim back to his own body, and Peggy back to hers.

At breakfast, the boy was very thoughtful and sober, and soon afterward his mother found him sitting on the back steps and feeding Peggy out of a big bowl.

"What do you mean by giving that horrid cat all my nice cream?" demanded Tim's mother, reproachfully.

"Well," said Tim, "the poor old thing don't have much fun in life, I guess. So I'm goin' to see that Peggy has a square meal, once in a while, if I have to do without myself."

And, while Tim's mother stood by in silent astonishment, the cat lifted her face from the bowl and eyed the boy gratefully.

MR. WIMBLE'S WOODEN LEG

Mr. Wimble was one of the heroes of Spanish War. In climbing San Juan Hill a cannon ball carried away his left leg to the stump that remained and so hobbled around with the aid of a cane.

The government paid him enough pension money to enable him to live frugally, and Mrs. Wimble was such a good manager that she kept the little cottage neat and comfortable and cooked her hero husband dainty meals and cared for him most tenderly.

She placed a cushioned chair for him on the front porch every morning, where he sat and enjoyed the sunshine and admiration of the crowd of children that always assembled to look with awe upon his wooden leg and listen enraptured to his tales of war. When he wanted a match to light his pipe one of the children would eagerly run to fetch it, and it was considered a great honor to any child to be permitted to get the hero a cup of water from the pump.

At evening Mrs. Wimble helped him into the little parlor, where his slipper was warming beside the stove, and she hung up his hat and waited upon him lovingly, seeing that his place was supplied with the choicest bits she could afford to provide.

It is really delightful to know how our gallant soldiers are honored when they have suffered so much for their country.

Well, our friend Jack Pumpkinhead, one of the queer people from the Marvelous Land of Oz, passed by one day and noticed Mr. Wimble's wooden leg as he sat upon the porch sunning himself. "Poor fellow!" thought Jack. "I must really do something to relieve him!"

Jack is a bit stupid (being a Pumpkinhead), but he has a heart of oak, so he went home and performed a magical incantation that a powerful witch in the Land of Oz had once taught him. Mr. Wimble knew nothing of what Jack was doing, and went to bed in a peaceful frame of mind, his good wife unstrapping his woodenleg and hanging it on a peg beside the bed. But during the night the Pumpkinhead's incantation took effect, causing a new leg of flesh and blood to grow upon the stump of Mr. Wimble's old leg, so that when he got up the next morning he found, to his amazement, that he was just as good a man as he was before he went to war!

Mrs. Wimble was too astonished to say much. All her husband's trousers had the left leg cut off, so she had to patch up two pair to make one of them have both legs, and this seemed to her very wasteful.

While they were at breakfast the pension agent came around and, finding the hero had now two legs, refused to pay him any more money. This made Mrs. Wimble nervous and angry.

"Get out of here!" she cried, pushing her husband toward the door. "You must find a job, now that you are an able man, and hustle to earn us a living!"

Poor Mr. Wimble knew not what to do. He had got out of the habit of work, and now found that, instead of being petted and cuddled, he would be called upon to lead a strenuous life. Formerly he had been a book-keeper, but he knew it would be quite difficult to get another position as good as the one he had abandoned to fight for his country.

As he stood upon the front porch thinking of this the children came along, but finding that their formerly interesting hero was now just like other men, they passed on their way to school with jeers and jokes at his expense.

Poor Mr. Wimble! The grocer came up, having met the pension agent, and said: "Now that you are no longer paid by the government I must have cash in advance for my goods." And the tailor followed, waving a bill for the last one-legged trouser he had made and demanding his money.

Then came Jack Pumpkinhead, proud and glad to see the hero with two whole legs, and he told Mr. Wimble of his incantation.

"Alas!" cried the unhappy man, "why did you interfere with the decrees of Providence? With one leg I was happy and honored; with two I am miserable and despised!"

"Well," said Jack, surprised to find his kind intentions had done harm rather than good. "It is easy enough to remove the leg again."

"Then do! Do it by all means!" begged Mr. Wimble, anxiously. "It was really shot away in the war, you know; and you had no right to replace it without my consent."

So Jack did another incantation that same night, and when Mr. Wimble awoke the following morning he called to his wife:

"Come, Susie, and strap on my wooden leg!" And, sure enough, there was only a stump where his left leg should have been!

As he sat on the porch that morning, telling stories to an awed group of children while his wife arranged cushions to support his back, Mr. Wimble looked and saw the Pumpkinhead.

"Thank you, my friend from Oz," said he. "I'm all right now; but for goodness' sake don't interfere in my affairs again!"

A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

One day, while the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were out for a walk, they were caught in a severe thunderstorm. They were on the brow of a bare hill when the storm broke, with no trees or other refuge near where they might seek shelter. The rain fell in torrents, wetting the Scarecrow so thoroughly that soon all the crispness was gone from his straw, and he sank upon the ground as limp as a rag and unable to move.

The Tin Woodman stood above his comrade in silent sympathy, while the lightning flashed around him and ran up and down his tin body and filled him so full of electricity that he became magnetized to a wonderful degree. Of course, he knew nothing of this, or that his body had acquired a power of magnetic attraction greater than 10,000 of those horse-shoe magnets which children use to pick up pins and tacks with. To be sure, he tingled in every limb, but the sensation was rather pleasant, and he did not mind it in the least.

When the storm had subsided he picked up the soaked form of his friend, the Scarecrow, and carried it back to the town, where he placed it, pulpy and helpless as it was, on a cot, and then ran out to find a bundle of fresh straw to restuff him with.

But as the Tin Woodman walked down the street his magnetized body created tremendous excitement. For when he passed Mrs. Van Druydur, the president of the Woman's Club, every hairpin shot from her head and stuck to the Woodman's body and stuck to his tin. The hatpins came also, and the lady's hat and hair both fell to the pavement, to her great confusion. A fat gentleman approached, and paused in his surprise; for the metal buttons of his vest tore themselves loose and joined the pins upon the Woodman's magnetized form, and his scarf-pin and cuff buttons followed, leaving the gentleman in a state that demanded instant attention. Mr. Spitzer now came along, and three silver dollars, four quarters and a dime sprang from his pocket and laid their flat surfaces against the Tin Woodman's breast. Also his watch and chain failed to withstand the magnetic attraction, and jerked themselves loose to fly to the Tin Man's body.

The poor Woodman attempted to restore these articles (for Mr. Spitzer was yelling "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice), but he could not keep the metal things away from him.

"They seem stuck on me, sir!" he exclaimed, with annoyance. "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

He started to walk away, but the gentleman followed, protesting loudly, although Mrs. Van Druydur had grabbed her hair and hat from the ground and skipped down a side street.

Soon the Tin Woodman passed a peddler bearing a tray of pocket knives, every one of which flew to the metal body of the man from Oz and clung to it. The peddler shouted that he was robbed, and followed with the fat gentleman and Mr. Spitzer, while the Tin Woodman, becoming alarmed, started to run, and fled along the street as rapidly as possible. A shower of collar buttons leaped from the tray of another street peddler and attached themselves to the Tin Man's back. A policeman, too astonished to move, stood still while the Tin Woodman passed, and saw his silver star leap from his breast and cling to the back of the magnetized one's head. A tiny poodle dog, with a big brass collar around its neck, was drawn bodily to the fleeing Woodman's left elbow, where it yelped and howled without avail.

The Tin Woodman's body was by this time a regular curiosity shop of miscellaneous wares, and the crowd of pursuers grew thick behind him, crying to him to stop and restore the plunder. So he dodged into the open door of an electric light plant ó the first refuge he saw ó where the great dynamo was whirling rapidly to assemble the electricity that was needed. The man in charge yelled for everyone to keep back, as there was danger; but the Tin Woodman was not afraid of the dynamo, so he stood beside it while the big machine drew the magnetism out of his body that had been placed there by

lightning.

Presently the hairpins and collar buttons and the poodle dog and money and other articles began to drop from his body and roll upon the floor, where their owners scrambled for them until each obtained possession of his property.

And while this restoration was taking place the Tin Woodman stole out of a back door and escaped, being very glad indeed to lose his personal magnetism.

He managed to secure a bundle of fresh straw and return with it to his friend, the Scarecrow, whom he carefully stuffed into his usual dignified and attractive form.

"Ah, now we are all right again," said the Scarecrow, much pleased.

"To be sure," rejoined the Tin Woodman, thoughtfully. "But I think it will be best for both of us in the future, to avoid thunderstorms."

NAN'S MAGIC BUTTON

The Woggle-Bug was about to start out one morning upon his travels when little Nan Digsby came to him and said:

"Won't you please help me, Mr. Woggle-Bug?"

"Why, of course! But what can I do for you, little maiden?" asked the wise insect.

"They tell me you are a fairy, and can do anything," replied the child, "and so I want you to tell me how to cook."

"To cook!" exclaimed the astonished Woggle-Bug.

"Yes, we haven't any mamma, you know, and I have to take care of my four little brothers and sisters and do the cooking for them and for daddy, when he comes home from work. And I'm afraid my cooking is something dreadful, for daddy said this morning the toast was burned and the coffee was dishwater and the bacon nothing but chips! Isn't that terrible, dear Mr. Woggle-Bug? I do the best I can, but I don't seem to know how to cook things. So I thought I'd ask you to help me."

Now this appeal touched the Woggle-Bug's tender heart, so he said to Nan:

"Here is a magic button, little girl. Sew it fast to your dress, for while you wear it you will be the best cook in all America."

Very gratefully she thanked him, and ran away home with the button, which she at once sewed to her gingham dress with stout linen thread.

My! what a supper Mr. Digsby found when he came home that night! The biscuits were so light and delicious that they fairly melted in his mouth; the coffee was fragrant and clear as amber; the ham was

broiled to a turn, and for dessert there was a wonderful pudding that would have made the Prince of Chefs strut with pardonable pride.

"My dear," said Mr. Digsby, "you've been a long time experimenting; but you've struck the gait now, and if you keep on in this way, you'll be worth your weight in gold!"

Nan did keep on in that way, and her arts of cookery soon became famous in the neighborhood. Never was bread so flakey or delicious as that Nan baked, and her fried cakes were simply marvelous. So the neighbors hired her to cook such things for them, and paid her very well for it, and soon the girl heard of a "Woman's Exchange," where good cakes and pies and doughnuts and other edibles were sold to people who had no time to do their own cooking or else didn't know how.

One evening she noticed that her father looked sad and gloomy, and asked him the reason.

"Why, I fear we're living too well for people as poor as we are," he replied. "I'm afraid to ask how big our grocery bill is, for I haven't paid it in weeks, and the rent is three months overdue, and I haven't been able to save enough money to pay it. What in the world are we going to do, Nan?"

"Don't worry about money, daddy dear!" exclaimed the little woman, proudly; "I've paid all the grocery bills and the rent, too, and here are thirty dollars besides. And I earned it all with my cooking!"

For more than a year the family of Digsby was the most prosperous in the neighborhood. Nan was really famous, and earned money so fast that a neat little bank account was the result. Then a great misfortune occurred. The magic button in way got loose and fell into the dough Nan was mixing for some drop cakes. She never noticed the loss, and the cakes were baked and sold at the Woman's Exchange and purchased by Mrs. Middler, a very fashionable and uninteresting lady. Mrs. Middler was disgusted when she found a button in one of the cakes, but as there was a button missing from her morning robe, and this one nearly matched the others, she sewed it on and thought no more of the incident. Suddenly, however, she conceived a great longing to cook, and as she lived in a respectable boarding house where the boarders were not allowed in the kitchen, this longing could not be gratified. However, she relieved herself by writing a fashionable cook book, which was printed and handsomely bound in delicate covers.

As for Nan, she had cooked for so long that she scarcely missed the precious button which had originally taught her all she knew. Occasionally, of course, she ruined a batch of cookies or burned the meat or failed to make light bread; but she was a deft little body, and knowing that she had no magic button to guide her, took great pains with her cooking and so got along pretty well.

ELIZA AND THE LOZENGES

Mr. Jubb was a very small man, who was ashamed of his size, for Mrs. Jubb was so large that she seemed a giantess beside him, whenever they walked out together. Naturally, Mrs. Jubb was also ashamed of being so exceedingly big, and so it was that this otherwise happy couple were rendered

constantly miserable by their disparity of size.

Therefore, Mr. Jubb went to the Woggle-Bug one day and said: 'O, Wise and Considerate Insect! Will you not make me taller and my wife shorter, so that we will become properly mated?' And, after some thought, the Woggle-Bug replied: 'It seems to me that your request is only reasonable. So, here in this roll you will find four lozenges that are quite pleasant to take. Eat the first lozenge, and you will begin to grow big. When you are big enough, then eat the second lozenge, which will cause you to stop growing. The other two are for your wife. When she eat the first she will begin to grow small, and when she is small enough to suit her fancy, she must eat the last lozenge, which will cause her to remain always just that size. Do you understand the directions?'

'Yes,' returned the little man, 'but how about my clothes? Will they grow with me?'

'To be sure,' answered the Woggle-Bug; 'that is one of the great merits of these magic lozenges.'

'Thank you! Thank you very much, indeed!' cried the delighted Mr. Jubb, and he took the roll of lozenges and hastened home with them.

Now, the Jubbs had a little girl, named Eliza, who was taller than her father and shorter than her mother, and had a strange habit of getting into mischief.

While Mr. Jubb was explaining to his wife about the wonderful lozenges which the Woggle-Bug had given him, Eliza saw them lying upon the parlor table, and carried them away with her, thinking they were candy.

She ate the first lozenge as she walked down the lane back of her house, and before she realized what had happened she found she was tall enough to look over the high hedge beside the lane. This made her pause in surprise; but she continued to grow, and now could look right into the middle of a cherry tree. Indeed, it startled the child to find herself so big, and she began to be much alarmed as she realized she was still growing.

The tops of the houses were on a level with her chin by this time, and her feet had become so big that she stepped one foot over into the next street, to keep from getting crowded in the lane.

It was now that Mr. Jubb ran out of the house, crying: 'Where's my lozenges? Where's Eliza?' But there was no need to ask the last question—for there stood Eliza—almost as big as a mountain, so that no one could fail to see her. She was crying, too, she was so frightened, and one of her teardrops splashed down upon poor Mr. Jubb's head and nearly drowned him, before he could scramble out of the pond it made.

'Eat another lozenge!' he screamed, knowing quite well what had caused Eliza to grow; but the girl's head was so high in the air that she could not hear him.

Still she grew—bigger and bigger every minute! All the village people were in the streets watching her, and Eliza was afraid of hurting them; for her left heel had already crowded a barn from its foundation and her right toes were spreading into Deacon Migg's orchard and breaking down the

trees.

What lucky idea induced the girl to eat the next lozenge just then I do not know, but she did eat it and stopped growing which was certainly a fortunate thing.

Little Mr. Jubb, anxious and distressed, now tried to tell the child to eat another of the lozenges, knowing it would cause her to grow small again. But she could not hear him from her elevation, although he used a megaphone, and she was afraid to stoop lest she might lose her balance and fall upon the town which would have caused terrible havoc. So her father got out the hook-and-ladder company, and climbed up the dizzy height until he was close to the hand that hung down at her side. Then the girl took the little man carefully in her fingers and raised him up to her ear, where he at once shouted: "Eat the next lozenge quick!"

Without hesitation she obeyed, and began to grow small as rapidly as she had grown big. She replaced her father upon the top round of the ladder, and he hurriedly descended to the ground, amidst the cheers of the spectators.

Smaller and smaller now grew Eliza, until she had to step her right foot back into the lane again. By and by she was no bigger than her mother, and finally she reached her former size—the size she had been before she fooled with the magic lozenges.

Then her father commanded her to eat the last of the lozenges, and she obeyed to the great relief of her distressed and loving parents and the satisfaction of the crowd.

Of course, this ended Eliza's astonishing exhibition of magic, and afterward her father and mother were so glad to have their child restored to them that they agreed not to mourn over the loss of the lozenges, but to gladly remain the sizes that nature had made them, and be content with their lot.

And the Woggle-Bug said to himself: "I am often sorry for those poor mortals, but perhaps it is a fortunate thing that foolish and careless people do not understand the grave and important Secrets of Magic."

THE WOGGLE-BUG ENCOURAGES CHARITY

The Woggle-Bug is greatly interested in American customs, yet our ways are sometimes difficult for him to understand.

The other day, in walking down the street, he came upon a beggar sitting silently at the edge of the curb. His limbs and body were bent and twisted, his clothing was old and ragged and his face expressed considerable misery. In his hand he held a tin cup, extended invitingly toward those who passed by.

The Woggle-Bug watched the beggar with much interest. A newsboy, who had sold out his stock, came along and cheerfully dropped a penny into the tin cup; a prosperous-looking gentleman passed

by and never saw it; several ladies, nicely dressed and wearing diamonds and jewels, gave contemptuous glances at the beggar and passed on; a bartender, clothed in loud checks, rattled a silver quarter into the cup and a shop girl jumped on the car and gave the beggar the nickel which the conductor had neglected to collect from her.

Then for a time the people streamed past without seeming to know the beggar was there.

It is a great shame, I thought the Woggle-Bug, that so few people take notice of this poor man and give him alms. I'll see if I cannot help him.

Then he ran to a big hardware store, and by leaving his watch for security (for he had no money) managed to borrow from the proprietor four large and bright tin cups. With these he returned to where the beggar sat, and holding one of the cups in each of his four hands he began rattling them noisily one against another, and crying out: Help the poor, good people! Please help the poor!

People stopped to stare wonderingly at the Woggle-Bug, and then laughingly began to rain pennies and nickels into his tin cups. It afforded them much amusement to see the four-handed, highly magnified insect thrusting his four cups in four directions at once, and when people are amused they are usually quite willing to pay for it. Before long the cups became so full that the Woggle-Bug had to empty them into the pockets of the beggar; and then he began to fill them anew.

For hours the generous Woggle-Bug stood there collecting coins for the miserable beggar, whose countenance seemed to grow more and more sad and pitiful as his wealth increased. But by and by evening came on and the crowds grew thinner, because so many people had gone home to supper. And now every pocket the beggar possessed was bulging with the weight of the money the Woggle-Bug had collected.

These American people are not really uncharitable, said the insect. I think the reason they did not stop to give you alms was because they failed to notice you sitting here by the curb.

Oh, that is all right, answered the beggar, speaking quite cheerfully and for the first time. Business is usually pretty good on this corner, but I have never known it half as good as it was to-day. I think I'll go home to dinner. Much obliged to you, I'm sure.

To the Woggle-Bug's surprise he straightened out his crooked limbs and slowly rose to his feet.

A fellow gets cramped sitting like that all day, he remarked. Here is my card; come and call on me some evening. I'll be glad to see you.

He thrust a soiled card into the Woggle-Bug's hand and walked away with scarcely a limp.

Clever fellow, that, remarked a policeman, as the Insect gazed wonderingly after the beggar's departing form. He is one of the syndicate, you know.

What is that? asked the Woggle-Bug.

Why, the beggars' syndicate have all the good corners in the city, and pay us to let them stay here and

keep the other fellows out. It's a pretty good business, too, and some of 'em get pretty rich. Why, only last week I was invited to the 'Blind and Crippled Beggars' Ball, that was held in Turner Hall, and they were dressed just as gay as the Barbers' Ball the week before.

"But it's a shame and an imposition!" declared the Woggle-Bug, indignantly, "to solicit alms from the public when help is not needed!"

"Perhaps it is," answered the policeman, reflectively, "but it does the public a heap of good, too. Many a person drops a nickel into a tin cup and feels good all day because he's done something generous. Lots of times it's real charity, too. They aren't all frauds, you know. I've thought it all over, and I believe the beggars a good thing, for they encourage the people to kind actions, and my experience with people is that they need just that sort of encouragement."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Woggle-Bug, and he carried the cups back to the hardware store and redeemed his watch.

THE WOGGLE-BUG BOOK

Wherein is related the Unique Adventures of the Woggle-Bug

One day Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E.; becoming separated from the comrades who had accompanied him from the Land of Oz and finding that time hung heavy on his hands (he had four of them), decided to walk down the Main street of the City and try to discover something or other of interest. The initials "H. M." before his name meant "Highly Magnified," for this Woggle-Bug was several thousand times bigger than any other woggle-bug you ever saw. And the initials "T. E." following his name meant "Thoroughly Educated"-and so he was, in the Land of Oz. But his education, being applied to a woggle-bug intellect, was not at all remarkable in this country, where everything is quite different from Oz. Yet the Woggle-Bug did not suspect, this, and being, like many other thoroughly educated persons, proud of his mental attainments, he marched along the street with an air of importance that made one wonder what great thoughts were occupying his massive brain.

Being about as big, in his magnified state, as a man, the Woggle-Bug took care to clothe himself like a man; only, instead of choosing sober colors for his garments, he delighted in the most gorgeous reds and yellows and blues and greens; so that if you looked at him long the brilliance of his clothing was liable to dazzle your eyes.

I suppose the Woggle-Bug did not realize at all what a queer appearance he made. Being rather nervous, he seldom looked into a mirror; and as the people he met avoided telling him he was unusual, he had fallen into the habit of considering himself merely an ordinary citizen of the big city wherein he resided.

So the Woggle-Bug strutted proudly along the street, swinging a cane in one hand, flourishing a pink handkerchief in another, fumbling his watch-fob with another, and feeling if his necktie was straight with another. Having four hands to use would prove rather puzzling to you or me, I imagine; but the Woggle-Bug was thoroughly accustomed to them.

Presently he came to a very fine store with big plate-glass windows, and standing in the center of the biggest window was a creature so beautiful and radiant and altogether charming that the first glance at her nearly took his breath away. Her complexion was lovely, for it was wax; but the thing that really caught the Woggle-Bug's fancy was the marvelous dress she wore. Indeed, it was the latest (last year's) Paris model, although the Woggle-Bug did not know that; and the designer must have had a real wiggly love for bright colors, for the gown was made of cloth covered with big checks which were so loud that the fashion books called them "Wagnerian Plaids."

Never had our friend the Woggle-Bug seen such a beautiful gown before, and it affected him so strongly that he straightway fell in love with the entire outfit-even to the wax-complexioned lady herself. Very politely he tipped his hat to her; but she stared coldly back without in any way acknowledging the courtesy.

"Never mind," he thought; "'faint heart never won fair lady.' And I'm determined to win this kaleidoscope of beauty or perish in the attempt!" You will notice that our insect had a way of using big words to express himself, which leads us to suspect that the school system in Oz is the same they employ in Boston.

As, with swelling heart, the Woggle-Bug feasted his eyes upon the enchanting vision, a small green tag that was attached to a button of the waist suddenly attracted his attention. Upon the tag was marked: "Price \$7.93-GREATLY REDUCED."

"Ah!" murmured the Woggle-Bug; -my darling is in greatly reduced circumstances, and \$7.93 will make her mine! Where, oh where, shall I find the seven ninety-three wherewith to liberate this divinity and make her Mrs. Woggle-Bug?"

"Move on!" said a gruff policeman, who came along swinging his club. And the Woggle-Bug obediently moved on, his brain working fast and furious in the endeavor to think of a way to procure seven dollars and ninety-three cents.

You see, in the Land of Oz they use no money at all, so that when the Woggle-Bug arrived in America he did not possess a single penny. And no one had presented him with any money since.

"Yet there must be several ways to procure money in this country," he reflected; "for otherwise everybody would be as penniless as I am. But how, I wonder, do they manage to get it?"

Just then he came to a side street where a number of men were at work digging a long and deep ditch in which to lay a new sewer.

"Now these men," thought the Woggle-Bug, "must get money for shoveling all that earth, else-they wouldn't do it. Here is my chance to win the charming vision of beauty in the shop window!"

Seeking out the foreman, he asked for work, and the foreman agreed to hire him.

"How much do you pay these workmen?" asked the highly magnified one.

"Two dollars a day," answered the foreman.

"Then," said the Woggle-Bug, "you must pay me four dollars a day; for I have four arms to their two, and can do double their work."

"If that is so, I'll pay you four dollars," agreed the man.

The Woggle-Bug was delighted.

"In two days," he told himself, as he threw off his brilliant coat and placed his hat upon it, and rolled up his sleeves; "in two days I can earn eight dollars-enough to purchase my greatly reduced darling and buy her seven cents - worth of caramels besides."

He seized two spades and began working so rapidly with his four arms that the foreman said: "You must have been forewarned."

"Why?" asked the Insect.

"Because there's a saying that to be forewarned is to be four-armed," replied the other.

"That is nonsense," said the Woggle-Bug, digging with all his might; "for they call you the foreman, and yet I only r see one of you:"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man; and he was so proud of his new worker that he went into the corner saloon to tell his friend the barkeeper what a treasure he had found.

It was just after noon that the Woggle-Bug hired out as- a ditch-digger in order to win his heart's desire; so 'at noon on the second day he quit work, and having received eight silver dollars he put on his coat and rushed away to the store that he might purchase his intended bride.

But, alas for the uncertainty of all our hopes! just as the Woggle-Bug reached the door he saw a young lady coming out of the store dressed in those identical checks with which he had fallen in love!

At first he did not know what to do or say, for the young lady's complexion was not wax-far from it. But a glance into the window showed him the wax lady now dressed m a plain black tailor-made suit, and at once he knew that the wearer of the Wagnerian plaids was his real love, and not that stiff creature behind the glass.

"Beg pardon!" he exclaimed, stopping the young lady; "but you're mine. Here's the seven ninety-three, and seven cents for candy."

But she glanced at him in a haughty manner, and walked away with her nose slightly elevated.

He followed. He could not do otherwise with those delightful checks shining before him like beacon-lights to urge him on.

The young lady stepped into a car, which whirled rapidly away. For a moment he was nearly paralyzed at his loss; then he started after the car as fast as he could go, and that was very fast indeed-

he being a woggle-bug.

Somebody cried: "Stop, thief!" and a policeman ran out to arrest him. But the Woggle-Bug used his four hands to push the officer aside, and the astonished man went rolling into the gutter so recklessly that his uniform bore marks of the encounter for many days.

Still keeping an eye on the car, the Woggle-Bug rushed on. He frightened two dogs, upset a fat gentleman who was crossing the street, leaped over an automobile that shot in front of him, and finally ran plump into the car, which had abruptly stopped to let off a passenger. Breathing hard from his exertions, he jumped upon the rear platform of the car, only to see his charmer step off' at the front and walk mincingly up the steps of a house. Despite his fatigue, he flew after her at once, crying out:

"Stop, my variegated dear-stop! Don't you know you're mine?"

But she slammed the door in his face, and he sat down upon the steps and wiped his forehead with his pink hand-kerchief and fanned himself with his hat and tried to think what he should do next.

Presently a very angry man came out of the house. He had a revolver in one hand and a carving-knife in the other.

"What do you mean by insulting my wife?" he demanded.

"Was that your wife?" asked the Woggle-Bug, in meek astonishment.

"Of course it is my wife," answered the man.

"Oh, I didn't know," said the insect, rather humbled. "But I'll give you seven ninety-three for her. That's all she's worth, you know; for I saw it marked on the tag."

The man gave a roar of rage and jumped into the air with the intention of falling on the Woggle-Bug and hurting him with the knife and pistol. But the Woggle-Bug was suddenly in a hurry, and didn't wait to be jumped on. Indeed, he ran so very fast that the mark was content to let him go, especially as the pistol wasn't loaded and the carving-knife was as dull as such knives usually are.

But his wife had conceived a great dislike for the Wagnerian check costume that had won for her the Woggle-Bug's admiration. "I'll never wear it again!" she said to her husband, when he came in and told her that the Woggle-Bug was gone..

"Then," he replied, "you'd better give it to Bridget; for-. she's been bothering me about her wages lately, and the present will keep her quiet for a. month longer'

So she called Bridget and presented her with dress, and the delighted servant decided ,to wear it that very, night to Mickey Schwartz's ball. Now the Poor Woggle-Bug, finding his affections scorned, was feeling very blue and unhappy that evening. When he walked out, dressed (among other things) in a purple-striped shirt, with a yellow necktie and pea-green gloves, he looked a great deal more cheerful than he really was. He had put on another hat, for the Woggle-Bug had a superstition that to change his hat was to change his luck, and luck seemed to have overlooked the fact that he was in

existence.

The hat may really have altered his fortunes, as the Insect shortly met Ikey Swanson, who gave him a ticket to Mickey Schwartz's ball; for Ikey's clean dickey had not come home from the laundry, and so he could not go himself.

The Woggle-Bug, thinking to distract his mind from his dreams of love, attended the ball, and the first thing he saw as he entered the room was Bridget-clothed in that same gorgeous gown of Wagnerian plaid that had so fascinated his bugly heart.

The dear Bridget had added to her charms by putting seven full-blown imitation roses and three second-hand ostrich- plumes in her red hair; so that her entire person glowed like a sunset in June.

The Woggle-Bug was enraptured;, and, although the divine Bridget was waltzing with Fritzie Casey, the Insect rushed to her side and, seizing her with all his four arms at once, cried out in his truly educated Bostonian way:

"Oh, my superlative conglomeration of beauty! I have found you at last!"

Bridget uttered a shriek, and Fritzie Casey doubled two fists that looked like tombstones, and advanced upon the intruder.

Still embracing the plaid costume with two arms, the Woggle-Bug tipped Mr. Casey over with the other two. But

Bridget made a bound and landed her broad heel, which supported 180 pounds, firmly upon the Insect's toes. He gave a yelp of pain and promptly released the lady, and a moment later he found himself flat upon the floor with a dozen of the dancers piled upon him-all of whom were pummeling one another with much pleasure and a firm conviction that the diversion had been planned for their special amusement.

But the Woggle-Bug had the strength of many men, and when he flopped the big wings that were concealed by the tails of his coat, the gentlemen resting upon him were scattered like autumn leaves in a gust of wind.

The Insect stood up, rearranged his dress, and looked about him. Bridget had run away and gone home, and the others were still fighting among themselves with exceeding cheerfulness. So the Woggle-Bug selected a hat that would fit him (his own having been crushed out of shape) and walked sorrowfully back to his lodgings.

"Evidently that was not a lucky hat I wore to the ball," he reflected; "but perhaps this one I now have will bring about a change in my fortunes."

Bridget needed money; and as she had worn her brilliant costume once and allowed her friends to see how becoming it was, she carried it next morning to a second- hand dealer and sold it for three dollars in cash.

Scarcely had she left the shop when a lady of Swedish extraction ó -a widow with four small children in her train- entered and asked to look at a gown. The dealer showed her the one he had just bought from Bridget, and its gay coloring so pleased the widow that she immediately purchased it for \$3.65.

"Ay tank ets good deal money, by sure," she said to herself; "but das leedle children mus' have new Fadder to mak mind un tak care dere murder like, bay yimminy! An' Ay tank no man look may way in das ole dress Ay been wearing."

She took the gown and the four children to her home, where she lost no time in trying on the costume, which fitted her as perfectly as a flour-sack does a peck of potatoes.

"Das beau ó tiful!" she exclaimed, in rapture, as she tried to see herself in a cracked mirror. "Ay go das very afternoon to walk in da park, for das man-folks go craze-like ven he sees may fine frocks!"

Then she took her green parasol and a hand-bag stuffed with papers (to make it look prosperous and aristocratic) and sallied forth to the park, followed by all her interesting flock.

The men didn't fail to look at her, as you may guess; but none looked with yearning until the Woggle-Bug, sauntering gloomily along a path, happened to raise his eyes and see before him his heart's delight-the very identical Wagnerian plaids which had filled him with such unbounded affection.

"Aha, my excruciatingly lovely creation!" he cried, running up and kneeling before the widow; "I have found you once again. Do not, I beg of you, treat me with coldness!"

For he had learned from experience not to unduly startle his charmer at their first moment of meeting; so he made a firm attempt to control himself, that the wearer of the checked gown might not scorn him.

The widow had no great affection for bugs, having wrestled with the species for many years; but this one was such a big-bug and so handsomely dressed that she saw no harm in encouraging him-especially as the men she had sought to captivate were proving exceedingly shy.

"So you tank Ay ban lovely?" she asked, with a coy glance at the Insect.

"I do! With all my heart I do!" protested the Woggle-Bug, placing his four hands, one after another, over that beating organ.

"Das mak plenty trouble by you. Ay don'd could be yours!" sighed the widow, indeed regretting her admirer was not an ordinary man.

"Why not?" asked the Woggle-Bug. "I have still the seven-ninety-three; and as that was the original price, and you are now slightly worn and second-handed, I do not see why I need despair of calling you my own."

It is very queer, when we think of it, that the Woggle- Bug could not separate the wearer of his lovely gown from the gown itself. Indeed, he always made love directly to the costume that had so enchanted him, without any regard whatsoever to the person inside it; and the only way we can explain this remarkable fact is to recollect that the Woggle- Bug was only a woggle-bug, and nothing more could

be expected of him. The widow did not, of course, understand his speech in the least; but she gathered the fact that the Woggle-Bug had money, so she sighed and hinted that she was very hungry, and that there was a good short-order restaurant just outside the park.

The Woggle-Bug became thoughtful at this. He hated to squander his money, which he had come to regard as a sort of purchase price with which to secure his divinity. But neither could he allow those darling checks to go hungry; so he said: .

"If you will come with me to the restaurant, I will gladly supply you with food."

The widow accepted the invitation at once, and the Woggle-Bug walked proudly beside her, leading all of the four children at once with his four hands.

Two such gay costumes as those worn by the widow and the Woggle-Bug are. seldom found together, and the restaurant man was so impressed by the sight that he demanded his, money in advance.

The .four children; jabbering delightedly in their broken English, clambered upon four stools, and the widow sat upon another. And' the Woggle-Bug, who was not hungry (being engaged in feasting, his ,eyes upon the checks), laid down a silver dollar as a guarantee of good faith.

It was wonderful to see so much pie and cake and bread-and-butter and pickles and dough-nuts and sandwiches disappear into the mouths of the tour innocents and their comparatively innocent mother. The Woggle-Bug had to add another quarter to the vanished dollar before the score was finally settled; and no sooner had the tribe trooped out of the restaurant than they turned into the open portals of an Ice-Cream Parlor, where they all attacked huge stacks of pale ice-cream and consumed several plates of lady-lingers and cream-puffs.

Again the Woggle-Bug reluctantly abandoned a dollar; but the end was not yet. .The dear children wanted candy and nuts; and then they wanted pink lemonade; and then pop-corn and chewing-gum; and always the Woggle-Bug, after a glance at the entrancing costume, found himself unable to resist paying for the treat.

It was nearly- evening when the widow pleaded fatigue and asked to be taken home. For none of them was able to eat another morsel, and the Woggle-Bug wearied her with his protestations of boundless admiration.

"Will you permit me to call upon you this evening?" asked the Insect, pleadingly, as he bade the wearer of the gown good-bye on her door-step.

"Sure like!" she replied, not caring to dismiss him harshly; and the happy Woggle-Bug went home with a light heart, murmuring to himself:

"At last the lovely plaids are to be my own! The new hat I found at the ball has certainly brought me luck."

I am glad our friend the Woggle-Bug had those few happy moments, for he was destined to endure severe disappointments in the near future.

That evening he carefully brushed his coat, put on a green satin necktie and a purple embroidered waist-coat, and walked briskly towards the house of the widow. But, alas! as he drew near to the dwelling a most horrible stench greeted his nostrils, a sense of great depression came over him, and upon pausing before the house his body began to tremble and his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets.

For the wily widow, wishing to escape her admirer, had sprinkled the door-step and the front walk with insect Exterminator, and not even the Woggle-Bug's love for the enchanting checked gown could induce him to linger longer in that vicinity.

Sick and discouraged, he returned home, where his first act was to smash the luckless hat and replace it with another. But it was some time before he recovered from the horrors of that near approach to extermination, and he passed a very wakeful and unhappy night, indeed.

Meantime the widow had traded with a friend of hers (who had once been a wash-lady for General Funston) the Wagnerian costume for a crazy quilt and a corset that was nearly as good as new and a pair of silk stockings that were not mates. It was a good bargain for both of them, and the wash-lady being colored-that is, she had a deep mahogany complexion-was delighted with her gorgeous gown and put it on the very next morning when she went to deliver the wash to the brick-layer's wife.

Surely it must have been Fate that directed the Woggle-Bug's steps; for, as he walked disconsolately along, an intuition caused him to raise his eyes, and he saw just ahead of him his affinity-carrying a large clothes- basket.

"Stop!" he called out, anxiously; "stop, my fair Grenadine, I implore you!"

The colored lady cast one glance behind her and imagined that Satan had at last arrived to claim her. For she had never before seen the Woggle-Bug, and ,was horrified by his sudden and unusual appearance.

"Go 'way, Mars' Debbil! Go 'way'an' lemme 'lone!" she screeched, and the next minute dropped her empty basket and sped up the street with a swiftness that only fear could have lent her flat-bottomed feet.

Nevertheless, the Woggle-Bug might have overtaken her had he not stepped into the clothes-basket and fallen headlong, becoming so tangled up in the thing that he rolled over and over several times before he could free himself. Then, when he had picked up his hat, which was utterly ruined, and found his cane, which had flown across the street, his mahogany charmer in the Wagnerian Plaids had disappeared from view.

With a sigh at his latest misfortune he returned home for another hat, and the agitated wash-lady, imagining that the devil had doubtless been lured by her beautiful gown, made haste to sell it to a Chinaman who lived next door.

Its bright colors pleased the Chink who ripped it up and made it over into a Chinese robe, with flowing draperies falling to his heels. He dressed himself in his new costume and, being proud of

possessing such finery, sat down on a bench outside his door so that everyone passing by could see how magnificent he looked.

It was here that the wandering Woggle-Bug espied him; and, recognizing at once the pattern and colors of his infatuating idol, he ran up and sat beside the Chinaman, saying in agitated but educated tones:

"Oh, my prismatic personification of gigantic gorgeous- ness! ó again I have found you!"

"Sure ding," responded the Chink with composure.

"Be mine! Only be mine!" continued the enraptured Woggle-Bug.

The Chinaman did not quite understand.

"Two dlolla a day," he answered, cautiously.

"Oh, joy," exclaimed the insect in delight; "I can then own you for a day and a half-for I have three dollars left. May I feel of your exquisite texture, my dearest Fabric?"

"No flabic. No feelee. You too flesh. I man China- man!" returned the Oriental calmly.

"Never mind that! 'Tis your beautiful garment I love. Every check in that entrancing dress is a joy and a delight to my heart!"

While the Woggle-Bug thus raved, the Chinaman's wife (who was Mattie De Forest before she married him) overheard the conversation, and decided this love affair had gone far enough. So she suddenly appeared with a broom- stick, and with it began pounding the Woggle-Bug as fiercely as possible-and Mattie was no weakling, I assure you.

The first blow knocked the Insect's hat so far over his eyes that he was blinded; but, resolving not to be again cheated .out of his darling, he grasped firmly hold of the Wagnerian plaids with all four hands, and tore a goodly portion of it from the frightened Celestial's body.

Next moment he was dashing down the street, with the precious cloth tucked securely underneath an arm, and Mattie, being in slight dishabille, did not think best to follow him.

The triumphant joy of the Woggle-Bug can well be imagined. No more need he chase the fleeting vision of his love-no more submit to countless disappointments in his efforts to approach the object of his affection. The gorgeous plaids were now his own (or a large part of them, anyway), and upon reaching the quiet room wherein he lodged he spread out the cloth and gloated long and happily over its vivid coloring and violent contrasts of glowing hues. To the eyes of the Woggle-Bug nothing could be more beautiful, and he positively regretted the necessity of ever turning his gaze from this bewitching treasure.

That he might never in the future be separated from the checks, he folded them, with- many loving caresses, into compact form, and wrapped them in a sheet of stout paper tied with cotton cord that had

a love-knot at the end. Wherever he went, thereafter, he carried the parcel underneath his left upper arm, pressed as closely- to his heart as possible. And this sense of possession was so delightful that our Woggle-Bug was happy as the clay was long.

In the evening his fortunes changed with cruel abruptness.

He walked out to take the air, and noticing a crowd of people standing in an open space and surrounding a huge brown object, our Woggle-Bug stopped to learn what the excitement was about.

Pushing his way through the crowd, and hugging his precious parcel, he soon reached the inner circle of spectators and found they had assembled to watch a balloon ascension. The Professor who was to go up with the balloon had not yet arrived; but the balloon itself was fully- inflated and tugging hard at the rope that held it, as if anxious to escape the blended breaths of the people that crowded around. Just below the balloon was a small basket, attached to the netting of the gas-bag, and the Woggle-Bug was bending over the edge of this, to see what it contained, when a warning cry from the crowd caused him to pause and glance over his shoulder.

Great horrors and crumpled creeps! Springing toward him, with a scowl on his face and a long knife with a zig-zag blade in his uplifted hand, was that very Chinaman from whose body he had torn the Wagnerian plaids!

The plundered Celestial was evidently vindictive, and intended to push the wicked knife into the Woggle-Bug's body.

Our hero was a brave bug, as can be easily proved; but he did not wait for the knife to arrive at the broad of his back. Instead, he gave a yell (to show he was not afraid) and leaped nimbly into the basket of the balloon. The y descending knife, missing its intended victim, felt upon the rope and severed it, and instantly the great balloon arose from the crowd and soared majestically toward the heavens.

The Woggle-Bug had escaped the Chinaman, but he didn't know whether to be glad or not.

For the balloon was carrying him into the clouds, and he had no idea how to manage it, or to make it descend to earth again. When he peered over the edge of the basket he could hear the faint murmur of the crowd, and dimly see the enraged Professor (who had come too late) pounding the Chinaman, while the Chinaman tried to dissect the Professor with his knife.

Then all was blotted out; clouds rolled about him; night fell. The man in the moon laughed at him; the stars winked at each other as if delighted at the Woggle-Bug's plight, and a witch riding by on her broomstick yelled at him to keep on the right side of the road, and not run her down.

But the Woggle-Bug, squatted in the bottom of the basket and hugging his precious parcel to his bosom, paid no attention to anything but his own thoughts.

He had often ridden through the air in the Gump; but never had he been so high as this, and the distance to the ground made him nervous.

When morning came he saw a strange country far beneath him, and longed to tread the earth again.

Now all woggle-bugs are born with wings, and our highly-magnified one had a beautiful, broad pair of floppers concealed beneath his ample coat-tails. But long ago he had learned that his wings were not strong enough to lift his big body from the ground, so he had never tried to fly with them.

Here, however, was an occasion when he might put these wings to good use, for if he spread- them in the air and then leaped over the side of the basket they would, act in the same way a parachute does, and bear him gently to the ground.

No sooner did this thought occur to him than he put it into practice.

Disentangling his wings from his coat-tails, he spread them as wide as possible and then jumped from the car of the balloon.

Down, down the Woggle-Bug sank; but so slowly that there was no danger in the light. He began to see the earth again, lying beneath him like a sun-kissed panorama of mud and frog-ponds and rocks and brushwood.

There were few trees, yet it was our insect's fate to drop directly above what trees there were, so that presently he came ker-plunk into a mass of tangled branches-and stuck there, with his legs dangling helplessly between two limbs and his wings caught in the foliage at either side.

Below was a group of Arab children, who at first started to run away. But, seeing that the queer creature which had dropped from the skies was caught fast in the tree, they stopped and began to throw stones and clubs at it. One of these missiles struck the tree-Limb at the right of the Woggle-Bug and jarred him loose. The next instant he fluttered to the ground, where his first act was to fold up his wings and tuck them underneath his coat-tails again, and his next action to assure himself that the beloved plaids were still safe.

Then he looked for the Arab children; but they had scuttled away toward a group of tents, and now several men with dark skins arid gay clothing came from the tents and ran toward the Woggle-Bug.

"Good morning," said our hero, removing his hat with a flourish, and bowing politely.

"Meb-la-che-bah!" shouted the biggest Arab, and at once two others wound coils of rope around the Woggle-Bug and tied the ends in hard knots.

His hat was knocked off and trampled into the mud by the- Shiek (who was the big Arab), and the precious parcel was seized and ruthlessly opened.

"Very good!" said the Shiek, eyeing the plaids with pleasure. "My slaves shall make me a new waistcoat of this cloth."

"No! oh, no!" cried the agonized Insect; "it is taken from a person who has had small-pox and yellow-fever and toothache and mumps-all at the same time. Do not, I beg you, risk your valuable life by wearing that cloth!"

"Bah!" said the Shiek, scornfully; "I have had all those diseases and many more. I am immune. But now," he continued, "allow me to bid you good-bye. I am sorry to be obliged to kill you, but such is our custom."

This was bad news for the Woggle-Bug; but he did not despair.

"Are you not afraid to kill me?" he asked, as if surprised.

"Why should I be afraid?" demanded the Shiek.

"Because it is a well-known fact that to kill a woggle- bug brings bad luck to one."

The Shiek hesitated, for he was very superstitious.

"Are you a woggle-bug?" he asked.

"I am," replied the Insect, proudly. "And I may as well tell you that the last person who killed one of my race had three unlucky days. The first day his suspenders broke (the Arabs shuddered), the second day he smashed a looking- glass (the Arabs moaned) and the third day he was chewed up by a crocodile."

Now the greatest aversion the Arabs have is to be chewed by a crocodile, because these people usually roam over the sands of the desert, where to meet an amphibian is simply horrible; so at the Woggle-Bug's speech they set up a howl of fear, and the Shiek shouted:

"Unbind him! Let not a hair of his head be injured." At once the knots in the ropes were untied, and the

Woggle-Bug was free. All the Arabs united to show him deference and every respectful attention, and since his own hat had been destroyed they wound about his head a picturesque turban of an exquisite soiled white color, having Stripes of red and yellow in it.

Then the Woggle-Bug was escorted to the tents, where he suddenly remembered his precious plaids, and asked that the cloth be restored to him.

Thereupon the Shiek got up and made a long speech, in which he described his grief at being obliged to refuse the request.

At the end of that time one of the women came up to them with a lovely waistcoat which she had manufactured out of the Wagnerian plaids; and when the Shiek saw it he immediately ordered all the tom-toms and kettle-drums in the camp destroyed, as they were no longer necessary. Then he put on the gorgeous vestment, and turned a deaf ear to the Woggle-Bug's agonized wails.

But there were some scraps of cloth left, and to show that he was liberal and good-natured, the Shiek ordered these manufactured by his females into a handsome necktie, which he presented to the Woggle-Bug in another long speech.

Our hero, realizing that the larger part of his darling was lost to him, decided to be content with the smaller share; so he put on the necktie, and felt really proud of its brilliant and aggressive elegance.

Then, bidding the Arabs farewell, he strode across the desert until he reached the borders of a more fertile and favored country.

Indeed, he found before him a cool and enticing jungle, which at first seemed deserted. But while he stared about him a sound fell, upon his ear, and he saw approaching a young lady Chimpanzee. She was evidently a personage of some importance, for her hair was neatly banged just over her, eyes, and she wore a clean white pinafore with bows of pink ribbon at the shoulders.

"Good morning, Mr. Beetle," said she, with merry laughter.

"Do not, I beg of you, call me a beetle," exclaimed our hero, rather peevishly; "for I am actually a Woggle-Bug, and Highly-Magnified at that!"

"What's in a name?" laughed the gay damsel. "Come, let me introduce you to our jungle, where strangers of good breeding are always welcome."

"As for breeding," said the Woggle-Bug, -my father, although of ordinary size, was a famous Bug-Wizard in his day, and claimed descent from the original protoplasm which constituted the nucleus of the present planetary satellite upon which we exist."

"That's all right," returned Miss Chim. "Tell that to our king, and he'll decorate you with the medal of the Omnipotent Order of Onerous Orthographers. Are you ready to meander?"

The Woggle-Bug did not like the flippant tone in which the maiden spoke; but he at once followed her.

Presently they came to a tall hedge surrounding the Inner jungle, and without this hedge stood a patrol of brown bears who wore red soldier-caps and carried gold-plated muskets in their hands.

"We call this the bearier," said Miss Chim, pointing to the soldiers, "because they oblige all strangers to paws."

"I should think it was a bearicade," remarked the Woggle-Bug.

But when they approached the gateway the officer in charge saluted respectfully to Miss Chim, and permitted her to escort the Woggle-Bug into the sacred precincts of the Inner Jungle.

Here his eyes were soon opened to their widest capacity in genuine astonishment.

The jungle was as clean and well-regulated as any city, of men the Insect had ever visited. just within the gate a sleek antelope was running a pop-corn stand, and a little further on a screech-owl stood upon a stump playing a violin, while across her breast was a sign reading: "I am blind-at present."

As they walked up the street they came to a big grey monkey turning a hand-organ, and attached to a

cord was a little nigger-boy whom the monkey sent into the crowd of animals standing by to gather up the pennies, pulling him back every now and then by means of the cord.

"There's a curious animal for you," said Miss Chim, pointing to the boy. "Those horrid things they call men whether black or white, seem to me the lowest of all created beasts."

"I have seen them in a highly civilized state," replied the Woggle-Bug, "and they're really further advanced than you might suppose."

But Miss Chim gave a scornful laugh, and pulled him away to where a hippopotamus sat under the shade of a big tree, mopping his brow with a red handkerchief-for the weather was somewhat sultry. Before the hip was a table covered with a blue cloth, and upon the cloth was embroidered the words: "Professor Hipmus, Fortune Teller."

"Want your fortune told?" asked Miss Chim. "I don't mind," replied the Woggle-Bug. "I'll read your hand," said the Professor, with a yawn that startled the Insect. "To my notion palmistry is, the best means of finding out what nobody knows or cares to know."

He took the right upper hand of the Woggle-Bug, and after adjusting his spectacles bent over it with an air of great wisdom.

"You have been in love," announced the Professor; "but you got it in the neck." "True!" murmured the astonished Insect, putting up his left lower hand to feel of the beloved necktie.

"You think you have won," continued the Hip; "but there are others who have 1, 2. You have many heart throbs before you, during your future life. Afterward I see no heart throbs whatever. Forty cents, please."

"Isn't he just wonderful?" asked Miss Chim, with enthusiasm. "He's the greatest fortune teller in the jungle."

"On account of his size, I suppose," returned the Woggle-Bug, as they walked on.

Soon they came to the Royal Palace, which was a beautiful bower formed of vines upon which grew many brilliant-hued forest flowers. The entrance was guarded by a Zebra, who barred admission until Miss Chim whispered the password in his ear. Then he permitted them to enter, and the Chimpanzee immediately ushered the Woggle-Bug into the presence of King Weasel.

This monarch lay coiled upon a purple silk cushion, half asleep and yet wakeful enough to be smoking a big cigar. Beside him crouched two prairie-dogs who were combing his hair very carefully, while a red squirrel perched near his head and fanned him with her bushy tail.

"Dear me, what have we here?" exclaimed the King of the jungle, in a querulous tone. "Is it an overgrown pinch-bug, or is it a kissing-bug?"

"I have the honor to be a Woggle-Bug, your Majesty!" replied our hero, proudly.

"Say, cut out that Majesty," snapped the King, with a scowl. "If you can find anything majestic about me, I'd like to know what it is."

"Don't treat him with any respect," whispered Miss Chim to the Insect, "or you'll get him riled. Sneer at him, and slap his face if you get a chance."

The Woggle-Bug took the hint.

"Really," he told the King, "I have never seen a more despicable creature than you. The admirable, perspicacity inherent in your tribe seems to have deteriorated in you to a hyperbolated insousancy." Then he reached out his arms and slapped the king four times, twice on one side of his face and twice on the other. And it gave him much satisfaction.

"Thanks, my dear June-Bug, said the monarch; "I now recognize you to be a person of some importance."

"Sire, I am a Woggle-Bug, highly magnified and thoroughly educated. It is no exaggeration to say I am the greatest Woggle-Bug on earth."

"I fully believe it, so pray do not play any more foursomes upon my jaw. I am sufficiently humiliated at this moment to recognize you as a Sullivanthauros, should you claim to be of that extinct race."

Then two little weasels-a boy weasel and a girl weasel-came into the bower and threw their school-books at the squirrel so cleverly that one hit the King upon the nose and smashed his cigar and the other caught him fairly in the pit of his stomach.

At first the monarch howled a bit; then he wiped the tears from his face and said:

"Ah, what delightful children I have! What do you wish, my darlings?"

"I want a cent for chewing gum," said the Girl Weasel.

"Get it from the Guinea-Pig; you have my assent. And what does my dear boy want?"

"Pop," went the Weasel, "our billy-goat has swallowed the hare you gave me to play with:"

"Dear me," sighed the King, "how often I find a hair in the butter! Whenever I reign people carry umbrellas; and my son, although quite polished, indulges only in monkey-shines. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown but if one is scalped, the loss of the crown renders the head still more uneasy."

"Couldn't they find a better king than you?" enquired the Woggle-Bug, curiously, as the children left the bower.

"Yes; but no worse," answered the Weasel; "and here in the jungle honors are only conferred upon the unworthy. For if a truly great animal is honored he gets a swelled head, and that renders him unbearable. They now regard the King of the Jungle with contempt, and that makes all my subjects self-respecting."

"There is wisdom in that," declared the Woggle-Bug, approvingly; "a single glance at you makes me content with being so excellent a bug."

"True," murmured the King, yawning. But you tire me, good stranger. Miss Chim, will you kindly get the gasoline can? It's high time to eradicate this insect."

"With pleasure," said Miss Chim, moving away with a smile.

But the Woggle-Bug did not linger to be eradicated. With one wild bound he cleared the door of the palace and sprinted up the street to the entrance of the jungle. The bear soldiers saw him dashing away, and took careful aim and fired. But the gold-plated muskets would not shoot straight, and now the Woggle-Bug was far distant, and still running with all his might.

Nor did he pause until he had emerged from the forest and crossed the plains, and reached at last the city from whence he had escaped in the balloon. And, once again in his old lodgings, he looked at himself in the mirror and said:

"After all, this necktie is my love-and my love is now mine forevermore! Why should I not be happy and content?"

THE END

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