

HAPPY DAYS AMONG THE HILLS.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, listing months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Table of school enrollment for Kingsree School District No. 16, continuing with months, names, and numbers.

Every quaint, expectant quiver Of the willows in the vale, Every curve along the river, Every note borne on the gale, Every glimpse of flashing fountains, Every wild rose on the hill, Every sunset on the mountains, I recall and love them still.

THE FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY FRANCIS E. HAMILTON.

THE Englishman turned to his American friend, and calling his attention to a guinea that hung from his watch chain, said: "What do you find on that?"

The other examined the coin closely, and upon one side of the medallion saw engraved in exceedingly small but distinct letters this inscription, "Write P. O. Box 1001, London."

Looking at his host he said: "What does that mean? Is there a story connected with it?"

The Englishman laughed. "Yes, a story in five chapters. Come here," and he led the way into his library. "There are the chapters," he continued, opening a desk and producing five envelopes, each containing a letter; "and I am going to ask you to read them, for I am sure they will interest you. Before you begin, however, I will give you the preface to the tale, or otherwise you would not understand it. In 1876, when I was but a boy, I was sent to Australia to look after my father's sheep business. Much of the time I was obliged to be in the bush, and when there the hours often hung heavily upon my hands. One frightfully hot Sunday I lay gasping for air under a thorn tree near my cabin when I noticed something glittering in the dust of the roadway not twenty yards distant. After speculating upon what it might be for perhaps an hour, I mustered sufficient energy to rise from my hammock and investigate. It was this coin, but without the inscription you have noted. Returning to my siesta I began to wonder how it came there, for not a soul had passed that way for more than a month, except my own men; and neither they nor I had any gold. My wonder grew upon itself until at last it occurred to me how strange a story such a piece of money could tell if it could relate its adventures, and from that idea it was but a step to the inscription and a trial of my fantastic notion.

The first time I visited Sydney, I took the coin to a jeweler and had him engrave it as you have seen. I put the London P. O. box on, for London is known the world around, and 1001 is and always has been my box, whether in Australia or at home. No sooner was the gold prepared than I started it on its journeyings; for I paid it to the very jeweler who marked it. Now you may read the letters."

"But," said his friend, "how does it come that you have the guinea now, if you parted with it twenty years ago in Australia?"

"Ah," replied the other, with a smile, "that may be termed the sequel to the story of the letters. Read those and then I will add that also."

The first was written upon heavy paper, in Spanish with the following translation attached:

H. S. M. Sloop of War, Infanta. MELBOURNE, Mo. 9th, 1880. Respected Sir—I have recently received an English gold piece which bears the following words: "Write P. O. Box 1001, London." The name was paid to me some days since by a Malay fruit trader who we were at Batavia, Java. Not observing the engraving until the Malay had left the ship I am unable to state where he obtained the money. We are about to leave for Barcelona, and should I have opportunity to visit London during my stay ashore I shall do myself the honor to personally exhibit the wandering guinea to you.

With great respect, I am, Sir, YAVOS CARDENZA, Lieut. H. S. M. N.

"This comes next," said the Englishman; "you may wonder at its date, and yet you can probably imagine the tragedy that intervenes;" and he handed a rather dingy sheet to the American.

The writing was coarse and unformed but evidently in a man's hand, in the German language translated as follows:

PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL, S. A., June 14th, 1882. I have in my possession a guinea, attached to a piece of gold chain, which I think was a watch chain. It is marked Write P. O. Box 1001, London, and so I do. I have had the coin some three months and received it from a Namaqua native with whom I was trading for ivory on the Molopo River. He was a chief and wore the thing around his neck. We were together several days, and when I saw the gold piece was a guinea I was curious enough to ask him where he got it. He said one of his men took it in war from an Angra, or West Coast man. I even gave him some tobacco and a couple of shirts, for he was a very good fellow, but always happy and never quite successful, but always hopeful; and finally reached the State of California, where I heard from him in the summer of 1881. I wrote him as usual; but his replies were few and far between, and after some months ceased altogether. In 1888 our father died, and I begged my brother to come

home. I do not know if he had my letter, but, like all the rest, this one also remained unanswered. Sometimes I asked upon the wrapper that the letter should be returned if not delivered. A few came back, while others did not appear, so that I was therefore left in doubt and could not tell whether my dear one lived or not; nor, if he lived, where.

"After 1889 I gave up writing, but not hope; but until three days ago I have never had word of Arthur nor know of his fate. Only day before yesterday I received a box from China addressed to me, containing all my letters and some little keepsakes of my dear brother. There was also a note from a friend and companion of his, Ned Bacon, which told me of my boy's death in Lower California more than two years ago.

"I have been looking over and reading the old letters, and, dear Sir, I found two written by you to Arthur when he was so ill, after he had told you that he had the marked guinea. The coin itself was in the chest, and I now have it and would like much to keep it as a sacred memento of my poor brother. I have written you all this because of your kind, kind letters to the wanderer, and to thank you from the bottom of my heart, both for my mother and myself, for your great sympathy and more than friendly words to our boy. Even when you wrote him he was dying alone in a strange land.

"The guinea is now at rest with me, unless you desire it. Should you ever be in Kent my mother would be greatly pleased to see you.

"Again, expressing our warmest thanks for your kindness to our beloved one, I am, very sincerely yours, JESSIE JAMESON.

The American returned the letter to his friend. "How strange it all is, or was," said he, in a thoughtful tone; "starting from Australia the little coin was in Africa, Siberia, North America, and, finally, England, within the twenty years of its journeyings. But," continued he, with interest, "this lady, Miss Jameson, desired to keep the gold. Did she afterward give it to you?"

"Ah," replied the host, smiling; "that is the sequel to the story of the letters, and, like many sequels, the best part of it—Jessie is now my wife."—New York Independent.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Tip to George—An Experiment Suggested—The Parties Responsible—Taking No Chances—How to Rivet Attention, Etc., Etc.

King of Athens, are you fight Listen to a lowly wight. Get those pictures that the new Journalism labels you; Scatter broadcast every freak Likeness, and within a week. Frightened Turks, with manner meek, Will salute you, gracious Greek.

King of Athens, are you scrap Take the tip that's here on tap. —Baltimore News.

TAKING NO CHANCES. "It's very strange he committed suicide because I refused him." "Perhaps he was afraid you might change your mind."—Life.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY. Jack—"The woman I marry must be beautiful, accomplished and amiable; in short, faultless." Marie—"Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

THE PARTIES RESPONSIBLE. Jessie—"I wonder why small men nearly always marry large women?" Nuite—"Better ask the large women; they probably know all about it."—Truth.

AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED. "They say people who live together get to look alike." "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

DIDN'T HAVE TO MOVE. Forrester—"You live in a quiet part of the town, do you not?" Lancaster—"Not now." Forrester—"Moved?" Lancaster—"No. Got twins."

HOW TO RIVET ATTENTION. She—"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?" He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

READY TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Mrs. Harduppe—"The butcher is outside and says he won't leave until he knows the color of your money." Harduppe—"Oh, certainly. Tell him I'm glad to accommodate him, and that it's an invisible green."

ANOTHER VETERAN. First Veteran—"So you fought all through the war, did you?" Second Veteran—"Yes." First Veteran—"I didn't know you were in the war." Second Veteran—"Neither was I. I was at home with my wife."

COULD BUY HIM CREAM. Daughter—"Father, I wish to marry the Count." Father—"But, from the reports I hear, the fellow isn't worth much." Daughter—"Then, father, if he isn't worth much, you certainly could afford to buy him for me!"—Puck.

VOICE CULTURE IN AMERICA. "I think," said Jean De Rezske, the tenor, "that we will sing in the German cities next season. There have been frequent opportunities and invitations, but we are always busy elsewhere. Now there is a chance, and we rather expect to improve it.

"We have never sung at Baireuth. Mme. Cosima Wagner has desired to have us, but the long rehearsals would conflict with the London season."

"Do you think," Jean was asked, "that there are no more exceptionally good voices among the aspirants for a musical career?"

"By no means," exclaimed Mr. Jean, quickly. "There are many good voices, particularly in the United States, where there is the greatest possible promise in that direction. We constantly meet with most admirable voices in this country, but they are in too great haste. The road to artistic excellence is a long one, and it requires great patience, persistent study, and a great teacher to make a fine voice available."

"And the necessity of a Continental training?"

"It is not necessary," exclaimed the great Tristan with unexpected emphasis. "It is not necessary at all. I know half a dozen teachers in this country, and there are probably others, who can develop the voice as well as any of the European instructors."

"Then you do not favor this craze among American students to put themselves under the training of Continental teachers?"

"I do not. It is quite unnecessary. A fine voice well taught here has quite as good a foundation for a career as it would have if developed in Europe."—New York Times.

IT BORE APPLES NINETY YEARS. A Winchester (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune says: On the farm of Enoch McCall, near Wrightsville, this county, stands an apple tree that has been bearing fruit for ninety years. It is a yellow bellflower, and was planted when this whole region was almost a solid forest. Five feet from the ground it measures nine feet six inches in circumference, and it would take a basket forty-eight feet wide to set under the tree to catch every apple that falls. The tree shows some signs of decay now, but it is thought the year 1900 will find it producing.

AS GOOD AS A BOARDING HOUSE. Colonel Peppers—"You were lost

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Tip to George—An Experiment Suggested—The Parties Responsible—Taking No Chances—How to Rivet Attention, Etc., Etc.

King of Athens, are you fight Listen to a lowly wight. Get those pictures that the new Journalism labels you; Scatter broadcast every freak Likeness, and within a week. Frightened Turks, with manner meek, Will salute you, gracious Greek.

King of Athens, are you scrap Take the tip that's here on tap. —Baltimore News.

TAKING NO CHANCES. "It's very strange he committed suicide because I refused him." "Perhaps he was afraid you might change your mind."—Life.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY. Jack—"The woman I marry must be beautiful, accomplished and amiable; in short, faultless." Marie—"Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

THE PARTIES RESPONSIBLE. Jessie—"I wonder why small men nearly always marry large women?" Nuite—"Better ask the large women; they probably know all about it."—Truth.

AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED. "They say people who live together get to look alike." "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

DIDN'T HAVE TO MOVE. Forrester—"You live in a quiet part of the town, do you not?" Lancaster—"Not now." Forrester—"Moved?" Lancaster—"No. Got twins."

HOW TO RIVET ATTENTION. She—"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?" He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

READY TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Mrs. Harduppe—"The butcher is outside and says he won't leave until he knows the color of your money." Harduppe—"Oh, certainly. Tell him I'm glad to accommodate him, and that it's an invisible green."

ANOTHER VETERAN. First Veteran—"So you fought all through the war, did you?" Second Veteran—"Yes." First Veteran—"I didn't know you were in the war." Second Veteran—"Neither was I. I was at home with my wife."

COULD BUY HIM CREAM. Daughter—"Father, I wish to marry the Count." Father—"But, from the reports I hear, the fellow isn't worth much." Daughter—"Then, father, if he isn't worth much, you certainly could afford to buy him for me!"—Puck.

VOICE CULTURE IN AMERICA. "I think," said Jean De Rezske, the tenor, "that we will sing in the German cities next season. There have been frequent opportunities and invitations, but we are always busy elsewhere. Now there is a chance, and we rather expect to improve it.

"We have never sung at Baireuth. Mme. Cosima Wagner has desired to have us, but the long rehearsals would conflict with the London season."

"Do you think," Jean was asked, "that there are no more exceptionally good voices among the aspirants for a musical career?"

"By no means," exclaimed Mr. Jean, quickly. "There are many good voices, particularly in the United States, where there is the greatest possible promise in that direction. We constantly meet with most admirable voices in this country, but they are in too great haste. The road to artistic excellence is a long one, and it requires great patience, persistent study, and a great teacher to make a fine voice available."

"And the necessity of a Continental training?"

"It is not necessary," exclaimed the great Tristan with unexpected emphasis. "It is not necessary at all. I know half a dozen teachers in this country, and there are probably others, who can develop the voice as well as any of the European instructors."

"Then you do not favor this craze among American students to put themselves under the training of Continental teachers?"

"I do not. It is quite unnecessary. A fine voice well taught here has quite as good a foundation for a career as it would have if developed in Europe."—New York Times.

IT BORE APPLES NINETY YEARS. A Winchester (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune says: On the farm of Enoch McCall, near Wrightsville, this county, stands an apple tree that has been bearing fruit for ninety years. It is a yellow bellflower, and was planted when this whole region was almost a solid forest. Five feet from the ground it measures nine feet six inches in circumference, and it would take a basket forty-eight feet wide to set under the tree to catch every apple that falls. The tree shows some signs of decay now, but it is thought the year 1900 will find it producing.

AS GOOD AS A BOARDING HOUSE. Colonel Peppers—"You were lost

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Tip to George—An Experiment Suggested—The Parties Responsible—Taking No Chances—How to Rivet Attention, Etc., Etc.

King of Athens, are you fight Listen to a lowly wight. Get those pictures that the new Journalism labels you; Scatter broadcast every freak Likeness, and within a week. Frightened Turks, with manner meek, Will salute you, gracious Greek.

King of Athens, are you scrap Take the tip that's here on tap. —Baltimore News.

TAKING NO CHANCES. "It's very strange he committed suicide because I refused him." "Perhaps he was afraid you might change your mind."—Life.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY. Jack—"The woman I marry must be beautiful, accomplished and amiable; in short, faultless." Marie—"Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

THE PARTIES RESPONSIBLE. Jessie—"I wonder why small men nearly always marry large women?" Nuite—"Better ask the large women; they probably know all about it."—Truth.

AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED. "They say people who live together get to look alike." "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

DIDN'T HAVE TO MOVE. Forrester—"You live in a quiet part of the town, do you not?" Lancaster—"Not now." Forrester—"Moved?" Lancaster—"No. Got twins."

HOW TO RIVET ATTENTION. She—"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?" He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

READY TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Mrs. Harduppe—"The butcher is outside and says he won't leave until he knows the color of your money." Harduppe—"Oh, certainly. Tell him I'm glad to accommodate him, and that it's an invisible green."

ANOTHER VETERAN. First Veteran—"So you fought all through the war, did you?" Second Veteran—"Yes." First Veteran—"I didn't know you were in the war." Second Veteran—"Neither was I. I was at home with my wife."

COULD BUY HIM CREAM. Daughter—"Father, I wish to marry the Count." Father—"But, from the reports I hear, the fellow isn't worth much." Daughter—"Then, father, if he isn't worth much, you certainly could afford to buy him for me!"—Puck.

VOICE CULTURE IN AMERICA. "I think," said Jean De Rezske, the tenor, "that we will sing in the German cities next season. There have been frequent opportunities and invitations, but we are always busy elsewhere. Now there is a chance, and we rather expect to improve it.

"We have never sung at Baireuth. Mme. Cosima Wagner has desired to have us, but the long rehearsals would conflict with the London season."

"Do you think," Jean was asked, "that there are no more exceptionally good voices among the aspirants for a musical career?"

"By no means," exclaimed Mr. Jean, quickly. "There are many good voices, particularly in the United States, where there is the greatest possible promise in that direction. We constantly meet with most admirable voices in this country, but they are in too great haste. The road to artistic excellence is a long one, and it requires great patience, persistent study, and a great teacher to make a fine voice available."

"And the necessity of a Continental training?"

"It is not necessary," exclaimed the great Tristan with unexpected emphasis. "It is not necessary at all. I know half a dozen teachers in this country, and there are probably others, who can develop the voice as well as any of the European instructors."

"Then you do not favor this craze among American students to put themselves under the training of Continental teachers?"

"I do not. It is quite unnecessary. A fine voice well taught here has quite as good a foundation for a career as it would have if developed in Europe."—New York Times.

IT BORE APPLES NINETY YEARS. A Winchester (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune says: On the farm of Enoch McCall, near Wrightsville, this county, stands an apple tree that has been bearing fruit for ninety years. It is a yellow bellflower, and was planted when this whole region was almost a solid forest. Five feet from the ground it measures nine feet six inches in circumference, and it would take a basket forty-eight feet wide to set under the tree to catch every apple that falls. The tree shows some signs of decay now, but it is thought the year 1900 will find it producing.

AS GOOD AS A BOARDING HOUSE. Colonel Peppers—"You were lost