

*The King that
looked like—well
Aldy.*

*The Kansas cyclone
messes with the mill.*

*Showing that it
taketh little to please
a child.*

*Figgers for the mir-
acles*

*Make way for
royalty.*

*Enter The Lady
Killer*

*In which one sees a
fnish.*

And it came to pass in the days of King Haldermain the 43rd that his majesty did some mighty stunts in that black art which he calls telegraphy, and had many rooms of the Palace littered up with his awesome apparatus. Now, one of the King's nobles, Harry the Horse Power, He of the brazen Jaw and Rubber Tongue, was of main curious disposition and did one time monkey with the King's apparatus. He soon made the discovery that by certain weird manipulation he could produce a series of sweet and dulcet clicks which pleased his ear most mightily. Tiring of the sport he turned away when the sounds seemed to be repeated by an invisible hand. "Lo, a marvel," quoth he, and ran to tell the discoveries he had made. His confidant, he of the Tousaled Locks, hastened to view the marvel while Sir Horse-Power told many new stunts about condensers and induction and such weird matters. Soon, however, he of the Flowing Tresses saw two small wires which ran from the apparatus into the corridor and from thence into another of the kings appartments; then the grewsome clicking ceased, and there entered the room one Hendie, he of the Pea-Green Jerkin, and when the inventor told him the tale he smiled a sickly smile, and taking the poor, deluded youth by the hand he pointed out the two magic wires and then—. But never mind; he of the Pea-Green Jerkin only smokes.