For the Boys and Girls

Pussy Adopts a Family.

Pussy and Betty had been friends for quite a long while. Nearly every time that Betty ran into the garden to play, a little furry figure would squeeze through the hole in the fence and run to meet her. She would rub against Betty's fat bare legs, until Betty bent down to fondle her, and then hold up her little brick-colored nose to be kissed. Then one day she didn't come, and another and yet another day passed and still she didn't come.

On the afternoon of the third day, just when Betty was beginning to think that perhaps she never would come again, a faint mewing was heard, and there, creeping slowly through the hedge, was Pussy, but oh, such a thing, changed little cat. She hardly looked at Betty but ran backward and forward as if she were hunting for something she had lost and couldn't find.

"Oh, dear," thought Betty, "what can be the matter?" And she ran headlong to fetch Mummy. Mummy gave Pussy one look and then went to call on the people next door.

"They took away all her kittens last night," said she when she came back. "They never had a cat before, and did not think of keeping a kitten for her to bring up, which they ought to have done. They are quite upset about it."

Betty's lip trembled. "Oh, Mummy, will you think of something to help her?"

Just then, Betty heard John calling. She forgot Pussy for the moment, for John was holding something very carefully in both hands and his eyes were shining.

"Look what I've got," he cried.

Betty peeped into the cap he was holding, and saw three tiny squirming gray hairless creatures with ridiculously large heads.

"Oh, tell me quick, what are they?" she cried.

"Baby rabbits! The gardener dug them up out of the ground and I rescued them. We'll make pets of them, shall we, Beta?"

Betty squealed with delight.

"I'll just leave them on the grass in the warm sun until we've had tea," said John. "They'll be quite safe, and we'll ask Mummy what we're to feed them on."

"Why," said Mummy, "we will buy a doll's bottle, and see if they will take milk that way. I know shepherds bring up motherless lambs like that."

"We'll just have another look at them before tea," cried John and Betty in a breath.

The next minute them came flying back. "Mummy, they've gone!" they cried. And so they had. There was not the slightest trace of them. The cap had not even been pushed to one side, and as they were far too tiny to know how to walk, it was a real mystery.

The next morning when Betty ran into the garden, Pussy came to meet her. She purred, and rubbed herself against Betty's legs, and then she trotted ahead into the woodshed with such an important air that Betty went too. With a low crooning cry Pussy jumped into an old basket in the corner. (Betty stooped down, and there were the three little lost rabbits cuddling up to Pussy!)

"Well," said Betty to herself, as she raced back to fetch Mummy and John, "just to think that Pussy has adopted those rabbits! Now, she's pleased, and they're pleased and we're pleased! Which was very true.

GOLD-DIGGERS' LUCK

By R. G. WOOD

"Just another month," said Jim Harvey. "Just one more."

Nita Harvey, standing disconsolately at the cabin window, sighed. "Yes. And then another and another. Oh, I know. We'll stay on in this wilderness and know old and never see anything and never have any pleasure."

She spoke quietly, gazing across the rolling plains, into a country where everything burned and glittered in the fierce sunlight. The trees stood motionless in the heat, and not a cloud relieved the monotony of the expanse of blue.

"If I quit now," said Jim, "I might be within a foot of it. Macartney quit at Gympie, and the next week Jodkins struck——"

"Yes, Jim, but how many stay here and never find it? Thousands!"

He didn't seem to hear her. "There's gold at Burra Creek," declared. "We're bound to find it sooner or later. And you've got such stuff when we do——" He paused and seemed to brood again. Only yesterday he thought he'd struck.

Nita continued to gaze from the window. She had heard all this so often. Jim didn't know how many hours, when he was away, she stood there scanning Briton's neck and gazing at the horizon till she hated its staring sightless. The gold fever had got him—she could see every line it had put in his face in six toiling months.

Mechanically she packed his midday meal. Everything in the rough cabin had to be protected from the flying sand. She combed it out of her hair and washed it out of the clothes. Sometimes she felt that the heat and the loneliness were nothing, but that the sand alone would drive her mad. Jim couldn't understand a thing like that. He was always the same to her kind, tender, patient. But she—she couldn't be. She tried but she couldn't. She wanted to say, "Jim, if you did find gold and lost me—if I didn't love you any more, even though I wanted to—would it be worth it?"

But, of course, one couldn't say a thing like that.

Suddenly she remembered it was Saturday. Saturday, in Brisbane! She thought of the crowded streets, the shops, the waves breaking on the beach.

"Some day, Jim, you'll come home and find I've gone." She had found courage to say that more than once, thinking to startle him. But Jim had smiled, kindly and, tolerantly, as at something too absurd to be taken seriously. And because he had looked at her like that and kissed her, her resolution had melted.

So to-day she did not say it—aloud.

* * * *

With tightened lips she set about her task; there would be no wavering this time. She packed the fewest possible things. Briton put his huge muzzle against the bundle and looked at her yearningly. Then she cleaned and loaded Jim's revolver. She felt neither thrill nor flutter at facing a night in the open with that little weapon and Briton to guard her.

Suddenly Briton snarled. Nita raised her head and saw Dan Kay coming up the pathway.

"I've called to borrow a few snares," said Dan. "Is Jim in?" He had pushed the door open and stood on the threshold. He seemed rather conscious that his inquiry for Jim was thrown in for effect.

"You know well enough Jim's never in mid-mornings."

"Maybe you could find a few snares," suggested Kay, making an ineffectual attempt at friendliness with Briton.

"If you look in the shed when you go you'll find some," she said, and Kay, choosing to interpret this as an invitation, sat down. Nita filled a mug with tea and set it before him on the bare table. At Burra Creek any company was welcome, even Dan Kay.

He drank, looking over the rim of the mug. Nita, following his glance, flushed deeply. His eyes were fixed on the bundle, the cleaned revolver, and the spare saddle she had go down. "So you're going," he said, slowly. "Well, it's no more than I expected. I will say that. Back to Brisbane, I reckon?"

"You jump at things pretty quickly, don't you?"

He pursued his own train of thought. "I'm riding that way to-night myself," he said, and there was a note in his voice and a look in his eyes that made Nita remember things she had heard about Dan Kay.

"Not with me, you aren't, she answered quickly.

"Nita!" he said—and it was the first time he had called her that. "Nita!"

He rose. She knew he was going to unburden his mind of thoughts that had long smouldered there. "Burra Creek's no place for a woman. If you stay here till Jim Harvey finds gold you'll stay till you're an old woman. And it don't take long for a woman to grow old in these parts. I'm not one that's tied to the Bush. I can sell out and needn't do a hand's turn, only travel and see the world. If you'll say the word and come—with me——"

"Why should I come with you, Dan Kay?"

"Because I love you."

She laughed. But it was a nervous laugh.

"Where are the other women you've said that to? You'd better be taking your snares, I'm thinking."

"I'm going Brisbane way to-night."

"Well, then—I'm not."

It was characteristic of the man and the place that he went no farther. He sat down again to his tea. He knew she was tired of Burra Creek. He could wait. Everything in this country—the heat, the loneliness, and the silence—seemed to get you that way in the end.

"Jim Harvey's coming," he said, suddenly.

"What! Jim coming?" Nita looked out.

"Early, isn't he?" said Kay, and stretched his limbs uneasily. Nita threw a log on the fire and bent over the kettle. She had a feeling of Jim pausing perceptibly at sight of Kay.

"Just called to borrow a few snares, Jim."

"Yes? Getting worried 'round your way again?"

Kay answered casually and Jim sat down. He noticed the saddle and the gun and the little personal things of hers scattered on the table. Again she saw that pause, as of a man struck unawares.

Kay pointed at it with his pipe. "Giving in at last, Harvey?" he inquired, with faint irony. "Or is the wife going on a visit?"

Jim gave him a quick look, as though he couldn't understand what it all meant. Still, he grasped what that bundle meant, and Nita, knowing Jim's pride, felt suddenly ashamed. She watched and waited whilst he hung his hat on a rafter peg and deliberately stretched his legs across the cabin floor.

"Yes," he said at last. "We're clearing out. Aren't we, girlie?' I think you were right about Burra Creek."

Not the tremor of an eyelid betrayed his thoughts.

"Well, you've tried hard. I will say that. But if the stuff ain't there you can't find it. I've always said there weren't no gold hereabouts."

"We're clearing out to-day. There isn't much worth taking. We'll be on the road in two hours. My partner will see to what's left."

Dan Kay rose. Nita watched him follow Jim into the log hut and take his snares. And she thought, "He had to say it. He wouldn't want Kay to think that about me!" She felt her cheeks flush scarlet. She had wanted to leave Burra Creek, but not—not like this.

"Do you mean it, Jim? Are we really going?"

"I mean it. I decided—suddenly—this morning." He seemed to struggle with his thoughts. "I can't spout, Nita—you know that. But you've been fretting your heart out, and if it comes to choosing between you and Burra Creek, I reckon you come first."

That was all. No questions—no word of his enterprise ruined by her folly. She kissed him gently. They were leaving Burra Creek! That was the chief thing. It was like being let out of prison—for her. What Jim thought about it she could not discern either from his words or his looks. He went in and out, loading up the wagon as though it were a matter for neither joy nor sorrow, but simply a job to be done. And amidst her gladness she couldn't help reflecting, "I've let him down!"

* * * *

Night found them in the Bush. Jim unharnessed the horses, lit a fire, and unpacked their slender necessaries. Nita, sitting inside the rim of light, wondered vaguely how they were going to live in Brisbane. Only vaguely, though, for the night was cool, and beautiful with stars. Jim's musical whistle came to her from where he worked in the shadow fixing up their bivouac. That brooding look Nita had seen on so many faces in the Bush, that look of intense searching, had left him. Nita felt deliciously happy and content—except for just that little aching in her heart.

From somewhere he produced her velvet slippers. Like Jim, that. A touch of luxuary in a desert!

She took his arm as he sat down beside her.

"Jim, did you think it queer Dan Kay being there this morning?"

"Queer? No. 'Tain't likely anyone would ride past lonely folk like us."

"But if he hadn't been there, if he hadn't seen what he did, would you have told him just the same that you were going?"

Jim paused.

"Jim, I want the truth."

"Well—I'd made my mind up. I could see the Bush was beating you. So I decided to quit. That's all."

Nita sighed happily at that. "It isn't so bad out here some ways," she said.

"Well—it gets you, this country does. It gets into your blood. It's like the gold fever." He paused, staring into the fire. "I'll come back here some day, even if I have to come alone."

She answered him quickly. "You'll never have to come alone, Jim."

"You mean that?"

There was unexpected joy in his voice. Nita smiled. "Yes. I mean it. I've learnt something, to-day," she said, softly.

The next moment she was looking into her hands at an object, brown, weighty, and shapeless, which Jim had placed there.

"Gold!" he said. "Rich quartz. We struck it early this morning. That's why I came back. I've been longing to tell you all day, but I couldn't. I wanted to know first about—that other. There's loads of it. Enough to give us all we want. That's why we're on our way to Gympie—to stake the claim."

Nita turned it over in her hand. It glittered with tiny yellow lights under the stars.

Poets Who Were Prophets.

The ease with which men in London have recently talked to other men in New York or San Francisco and the continued strides now being made in the field of television have served to call attention to some remarkable prophesies found in English poetry.

Perhaps the most striking of these prophetic visions is to be found in Stephen Phillips's poem, "Midnight 31st of December, 1900." When he wrote the lines the old horse bus was still in use in the great cities of the world. The automobile had not emerged from an experimental stage, air travel was unknown, wireless was a plaything only and television undreamed of.

Ye shall ride on a power of the air on a Force that is bridled;
On a saddled Element leap;
In that day shall a man out of uttermost India whisper,
And in England his friend shall hear.
And a maid in an English meadow
have sight of her lover
Who wanders in far Cathay.

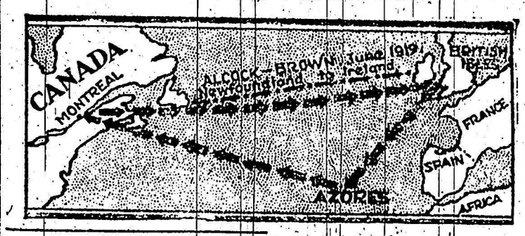
Strange as are these prophecies of Stephen Phillips, they are not more strange nor more accurate than Lord Tennyson's dream of flying many years before, in which he

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

There is a lack of complete fulfilment in the vision of Stephen Phillips. Television has not yet reached that stage of perfection when a maid in an English meadow may see her lover in far Cathay, but no less an authority than Senator Marconi is convinced that such a thing will be possible in the not distant future.

Important deposits of magnesite are found in the Grenville district in the Province of Quebec. Magnesite is used largely as linings for steel-making furnaces and in the manufacture of cement.

AIR ARGOSY PIVOTS ON MONTREAL



TO WED IN RUSSSIA NEEDS NO LAW

Clergy Also Deemed Unnecessary in the Soviet Eyes.

"Soviet Russia has recently adopted a new marriage code, extending recognition to the de facto marriage, that is, a marriage without legal or religious sanction, but considered binding by both partners," states Dr. Vera Danchakoff of Columbia University in May "Current History Magazine." "Such recognition is, however, restricted to those presenting at least three characteristics, namely, living together, a common household and the exhibition of marital relationship before other people." The "wife" in these marriages has now certain claims to alimony and the man is financially responsible for the support of his de facto family. Amusing complications are already arising as a result of this dignifying of the extra-legal union, according to Dr. Danchakoff, and she cites this example:

"A servant I knew of had three children. She was married to a policeman. The children resemble their father in quite a striking manner, but according to the Council of People's Commissars, the relation between the two people is not marriage, as they do not live in the same apartment and have no common household. The only evidence of their marital state is that they consider themselves husband and wife. The Council of Commissars objects, however: 'You need two more points that your relationship be recognized as marriage.' The servant says: 'I have two children growing up,' but the Council says: 'No, you try a single woman.'"

Man Power Still Moves Much China Freight.

In the absence of railroads in Southwest China and because of road conditions goods in transit are generally moved by pack animals or coolie power. In certain sections, however, coolies' guilds refuse to permit competition from pack animals. Consequently a considerable portion of goods transportation is handled by porters and in many places they hold a freight monopoly.

Porterage is usually done by contract, each man undertaking the delivery of his load at a point a given distance away. The porters as a class are young men, necessarily vigorous, with specialized muscular development and pads of callus on a line across the shoulders. They are invariably opium smokers.

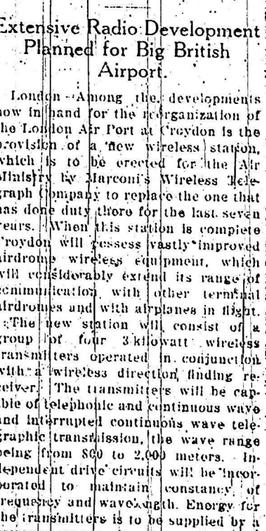
They usually travel in groups of ten to twenty for company and mutual protection, and it is quite common for the bearers of two or three different consignments to travel in company for days at a time. Their wages average about $1.50 a day and are paid in the currency of the region through which they travel. Bare living expenses take about 35 cents of this, leaving $1.15 for opium and display.

Scarcely the Same.

She—"Didn't you say her acting was just lovely?"

He—"No—I said she was a lovely actress."

In 1920 the area sown to alfalfa in Canada was 238,000 acres. Six years later it was 858,000 acres. At the beginning of this period Canada imported 15,000 bushels of alfalfa seed per year but by 1926 this trade movement was changed into an export of 60,000 bushels.



Captain F. P. Courtney

Famous British airman, who, it is reported, is the "mystery ace" scheduled to dash eastward across the Atlantic to Montreal, in an ordinary seaplane. He would touch the Azores for refueling. He would then return but straight across the ocean in a nonstop route. This would be the first east to west air trip between Europe and North America, the first return flight and the first passenger-carrying flight, it was pointed out. The plane, besides two pilots and a navigator, would carry a passenger, who would pay his fare. The proposed dash, in interest, rivals the 1919 Alcock-Brown exploit from Newfoundland to Ireland, the route of which is shown in the map. The directional routes of the proposed dash are also set out. Captain Courtney was the winner of the air race around Great Britain in 1923.

NEW STATION FOR CROYDON

Extensive Radio Development Planned for Big British Airport.

London—Among the developments now in hand for the reorganization of the London Air Port at Croydon is the provision of a new wireless station, which is to be erected for the Air Ministry by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company to replace the one that has done duty there for the last seven years. When this station is complete Croydon will possess vastly improved airdrome wireless equipment, which will considerably extend its range of communication with other terminal airdromes and with airplanes in flight. The new station will consist of a group of four 3 kilowatt wireless transmitters operated in conjunction with a wireless direction finding receiver. The transmitters will be capable of telephonic and continuous wave and interrupted continuous wave telegraphic transmission, the wave range being from 800 to 2,000 meters. Independent drive circuits will be incorporated to maintain constancy of frequency and wavelength. Energy for the transmitters is to be supplied by a common motor alternator group, the power from which may be switched on to any of the transmitters.

The new wireless direction finding receiver for Croydon, specially designed for this work by the research department of the Marconi Company, has remarkably selective characteristics and incorporates the latest filtering and amplifying devices. It is arranged so that, if required, two or more circuits can be operated on different wavelengths for the reception of telephony and telegraphy on the same aerials.

In order to keep the neighborhood of the airdrome as free as possible from obstruction the wireless masts and transmitters will be erected two or three miles from the airport and operated by the "remote control" system.

The charity of a lot of people should be charged up to publicity.

SWINDLES BY POST

Every Human Sentiment and Need is Preyed Upon by Clever Rogues, Who Reap Their Ill-gotten Harvest and Then Move On.

IT HAPPENS IN ENGLAND TOO!

The gullibility of the public is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that scores of educated rogues, living in the lap of luxury, derive four-figure incomes every year by systems of mail-order swindling. Frauds of this kind have been increasing rapidly, and to-day the impudence of these scoundrels has reached a pitch which is causing the police authorities serious concern.

The trouble is that after an advertisement appearing in some newspapers turns out to be a swindle, there is small hope of tracing the person who inserted it. It is this, coupled with the fact that so little capital and preparation are needed, that attracts the ever-growing army of swindlers who want to play for "safety first."

A "Dear Old Lady"

Many of these advertisements have, as a bait, the offer of something for nothing, while others appeal to the generosity and warm-heartedness of the reader. Take, as an example, the following advertisement which appeared in the columns of a well-known morning newspaper:

"WILL LADY OR GENTLEMAN give a few pounds to brighten the declining years of a dear old lady who, having experienced much trouble and sorrow, is no longer able to fight for herself? Daughter appeals. Write Box , etc."

In one form or another this announcement had appeared at short intervals for a number of months, when it caught the eye of a wealthy business man. Touched by the appeal, he wrote for particulars to the box number given. By return of post he got a letter from the daughter enclosing a photograph of her mother in a bath chair.

As it was mentioned in the letter that the "dear old lady" was a regular attendant at the parish church, the gentleman sent a substantial cheque to the local vicar, asking him to see it got to the proper quarter.

The vicar, who, incidentally, had never heard of the old lady, called at the house. He found it to be one of the best roads in the town and was received in the drawing-room by a handsome and fashionably dressed young lady.

She appeared somewhat embarrassed on learning her visitor's business and denied that she had ever inserted such an advertisement or written to the business man at all.

The vicar, very puzzled, apologized, but he was still more puzzled on reaching home to find another gentleman waiting for him with an inquiry about the circumstances of the same "dear old lady."

His Memory Was Too Short

This visitor showed the clergyman the advertisement in the paper and the letter he had received from the daughter. The vicar was determined to clear up the mystery and, next morning, he went to the house again. He found the blinds down and the place deserted. The bird had flown. The "old lady," it afterwards transpired, was a myth invented by the "daughter" to provide an easy and even luxurious mode of living.

She had been spending at least £2,000 a year, all of which money had been derived from those advertisements.

"Public School and 'Varsity man, down on his luck, appeals for financial assistance to help him to make good. Repayment by instalments. Every investigation gladly welcomed, etc."

This advertisement drew the attention of a certain magistrate famed for his benevolent works. He wrote to the man and asked him to call. In due course a very charming young man appeared.

At the end of a long and harrowing recital the magistrate asked him to sit down a moment while he fetched his cheque-book. The young man waited for about a quarter of an hour. Then the magistrate returned, not with his cheque-book, but with a police-sergeant.

"Take this young man into custody for attempted false pretences," he said to the officer.

The man was about to protest when the magistrate checked him, saying:

"I have evidently a better memory than you. Next time you try this game you had better make sure that the man you are trying to swindle was not one of the J.P.'s on the bench when you were fined twenty pounds for drunkenness—your first conviction on this count alone!"

"Ten Easy Ways" of Money-making

Taking advantage of the universal scarcity of money at a reasonable figure, a certain rogue inserted the following advertisement in six daily newspapers:

"TO LET, per annum. Charming detached House in select neighborhood. Just redecorated throughout, and with every modern convenience. Can be viewed at any time. First £5 deposit secures.

"Upwards of young couples have put the week-end free for viewing final." Not a word of this was true. Then, on making inquiries they found that the advertiser had no accommodation address in his announcement and after calling for his replies had never been at the place again.

"Ten easy ways of making £5 a week at home," read 2/6 for full details." This was an advertisement that drew replies from all over the kingdom. The half-crowns rolled in, but all the unfortunate people got in return was a single sheet of paper with two recipes for making such things as face cream, lavender water, and soap printed on it.

Good and regular income is also made by unscrupulous folk who follow the death announcements in the papers. On reading of the decease of any person whom they know had money to leave they write to the nearest relative a letter of sympathy, usually recalling the time that they helped the dead person when he or she was in dire need of assistance. In very few cases does the rest-assured fail to send the form of hard cash.

London Answers.

TREASURES I DIDN'T BUY

My Amusing Clients—By An Antique Dealer.

In my shop window appears this notice: "Curios and Antiques Purchased." And people bring me, as a result, home more than curious curios.

"This 'ere," said an old gentleman to me some time ago, producing what looked like a rusty dagger, "as bin in our family for 'undreds o' years. It's a nail out of the Ark what Noah built to get into when all that rain was about."

Examination showed me that it was a hand-made nail of the sort used in oak beams in Elizabethan times, and the smith had stamped a rough "Noah" on it. "There ain't many o' them Ark nails knockin' about," the old fellow added, and I agreed. But I couldn't give him £10 for it. "Then it stops in the family," he said, and walked out.

Ten minutes later an old lady came. From a small box she produced a lock of King Charles I.'s hair. I could have it for £2 and make, ever so much profit on it. I'm sure she believed it was a genuine relic, but it was grey, and King Charles's hair wasn't.

Another old lady asked me what I would give for an old doublet buckle with a serpent twist. "That's only a bit of glass," she said, pointing to the stone set in the serpent's head, "but I thought the buckle might be worth a few shillings."

She left my shop with £1, and her eyes shining. The "bit of glass" was a small but perfect ruby! I do as I'd be done by.

Ever been into a wood for a picnic? Then I'd wager if you were young and frivolous you carved your initials on a tree trunk and probably added a fancy date. Up from the country came on old farm laborer with a section of a tree. Fifty or sixty years previously, at a rough guess, someone had carved deeply into the bark—"Wm. Conquerer, 1066." A gale blew the tree down and the laborer was put on to saw it up.

"My gran'-darter—clever gal she be—noticed the name and says who it was put it there. So noticing you put a bit in the paper" I advertise sometimes—"about old stuff. I came along wi' this." As sympathetically as possible I had to disillusion him.

The pedigree of some curios is a trifle puzzling. "These" said an old man, "are a pair of Queen Victoria's shoes. My sister's first young man's sister—she never married him, as it happened—was friendly with a parlor maid whose aunt was housekeeper to the Duke of X——'s palace. One a Victoria stood there, and they say, and left 'em behind. My sister got hold of them and gave them to the week's washer, who——" I didn't buy the shoes.

I was once offered a coffin-shaped top hat, but it was no business. A week later I was asked to supply a dozen "stovepipes" for a carnival. I could have got the dozen from the man who offered the one, but didn't know his address.

All sorts of people have tried and try to do me, but with little success. How many whips did Sam Weller? I've been offered seven or eight.

Willow Song.

Willow wands, willow wands, here are colored willow wands!
Dipping by the river where the brushes sing;
Purple willow, Creeping willow,
White willow, Weeping willow
Here are magic willow wands to conjure in the spring.

Willow wands, willow wands, here are pollard willow wands,
Swaying by the water in the wind and rain;
Silver catkins, sallow catkins,
Green catkins, yellow catkins,
Here are colored willow catkins flowering once again!

—Hamish Maclearn in The Spectator.

"Snuff is Served," Clerk Announces.

London—"Gentlemen, snuff is now served."

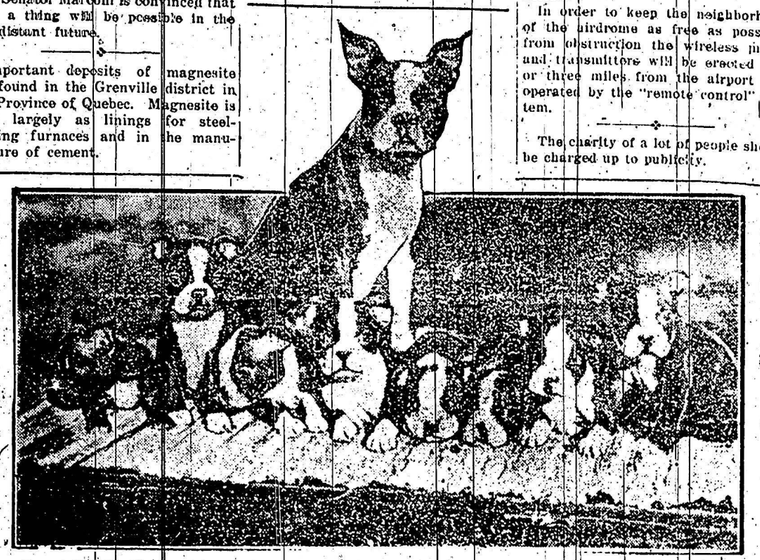
J. L. Koldapin, the clerk, with this announcement, passed a snuff box round to members of the annual meeting of the Lambeth Board of Guardians.

The box was given in the year 1846 to commemorate the union of the parishes of Lambeth and Kennington, and has been produced regularly at every annual meeting since.

Wanted to Get Her Pace.

Just a Hubby—"Are you going to buy your wife a wrist watch?"

Hubby of Gay Wife—"No—a speedometer."



Boston Bull Mother who believes that large families are what keeps the country going, and should be encouraged. Her last litter was eight live and healthy pups who are shown here posed.

Success
It depends largely
you'll welcome this
Flour—made from
cooks say Purity
PURITY
Western Canada
PLANES TO
INCORPORATE
Arrival of
Advertisement
Canada
Colorado
New Mexico
Arizona
Grand Canyon
Indian
Seashore
Mountains
Dude Ranches
daily Santa Fe
EXCURSIONS
this summer
mail this coupon
Name
Address
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