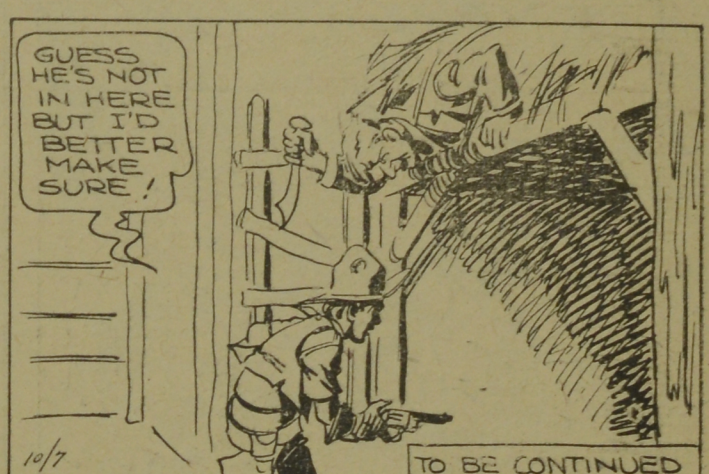
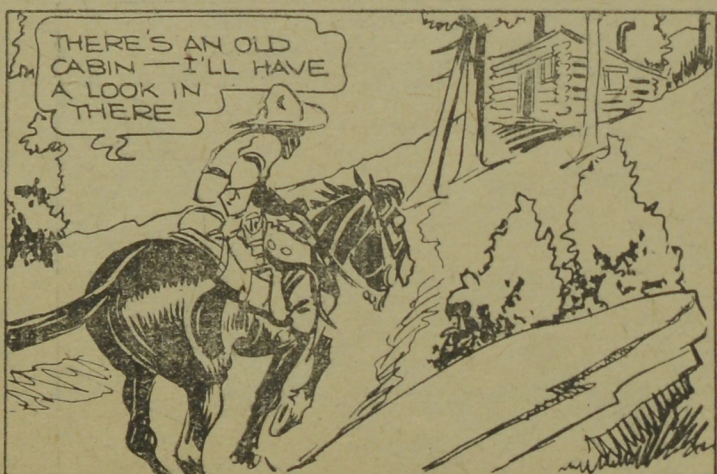
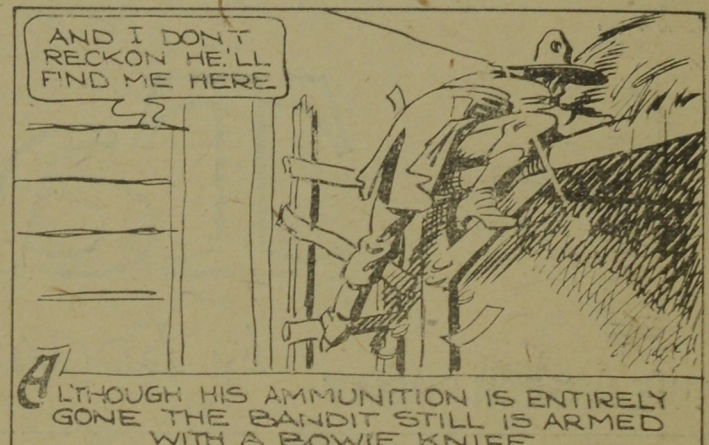
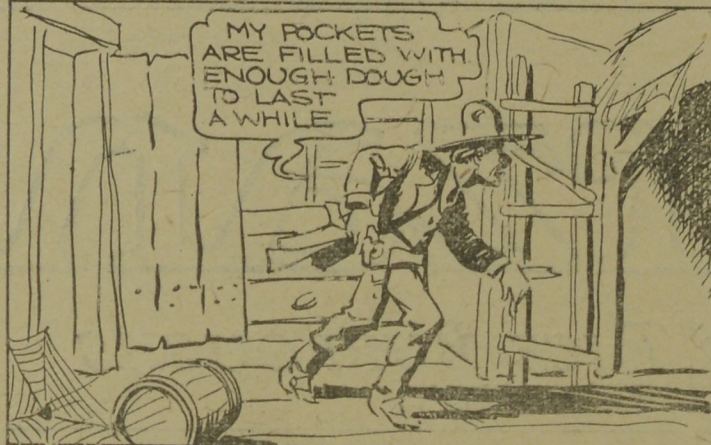
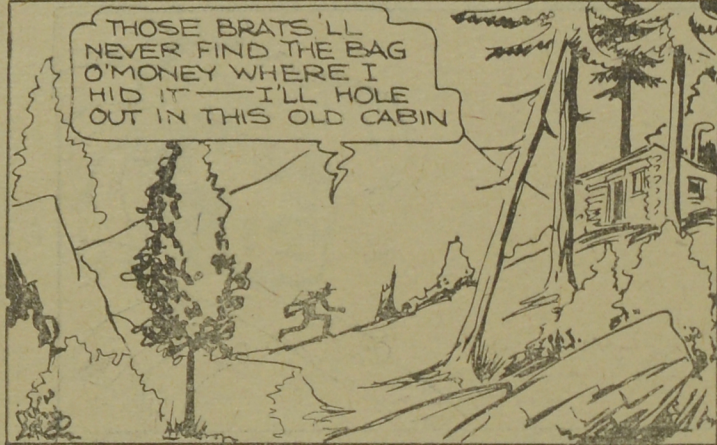
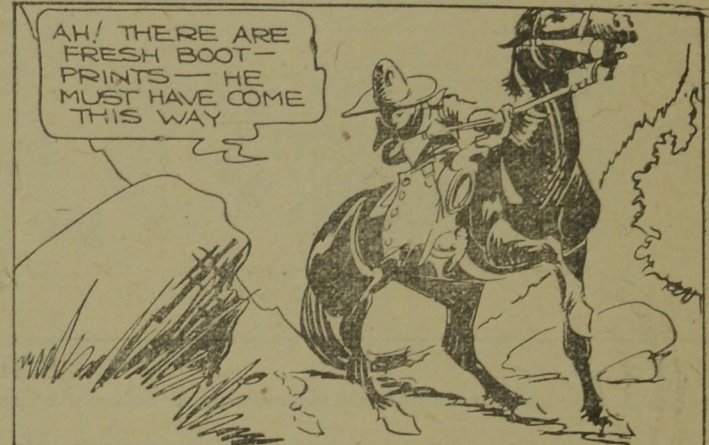
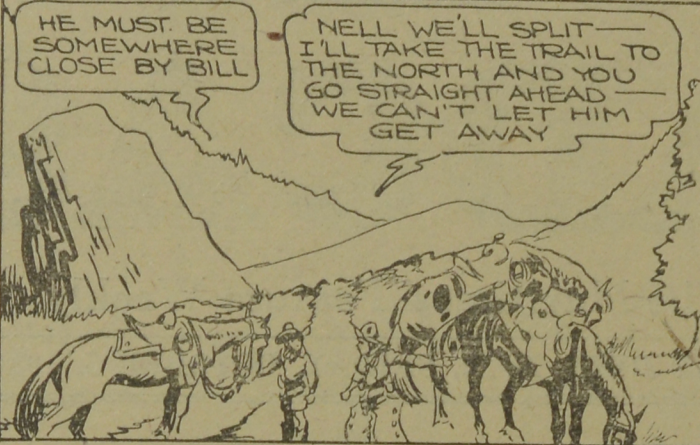


# Broncho Bill

By Harry O'Neill

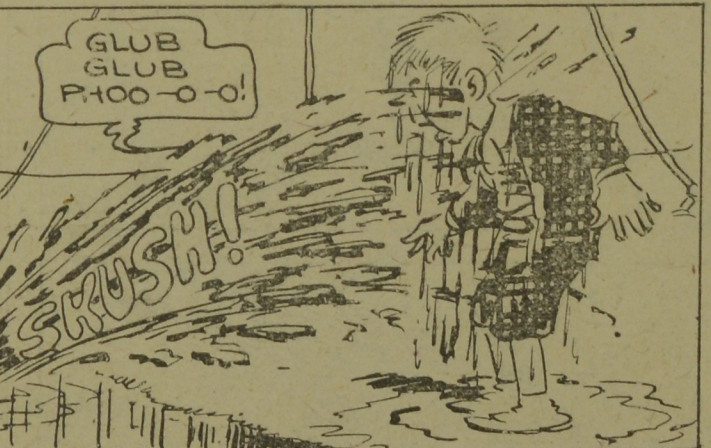
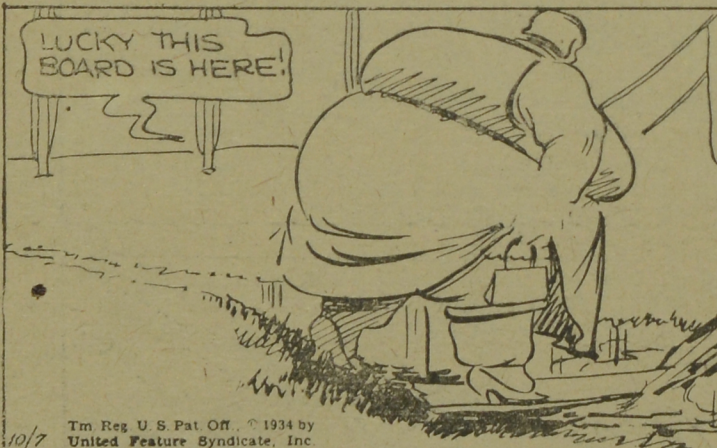
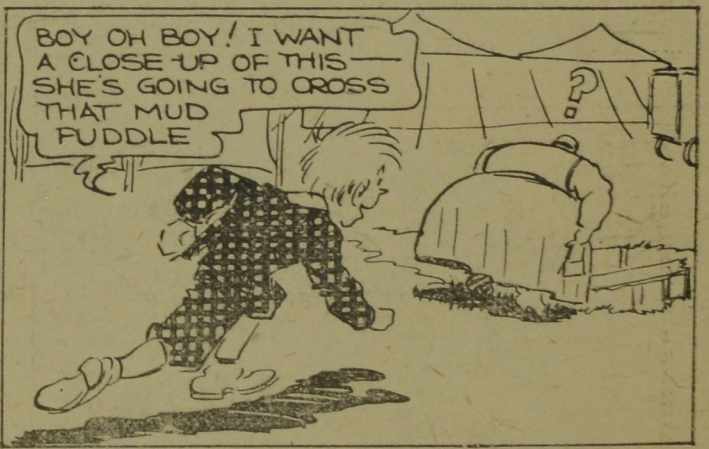
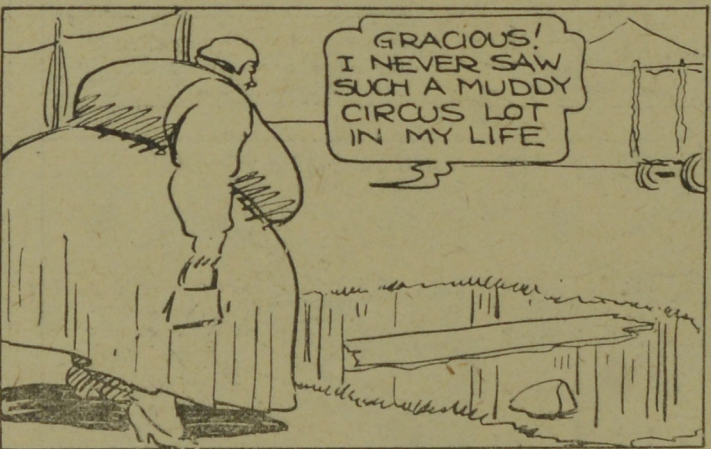
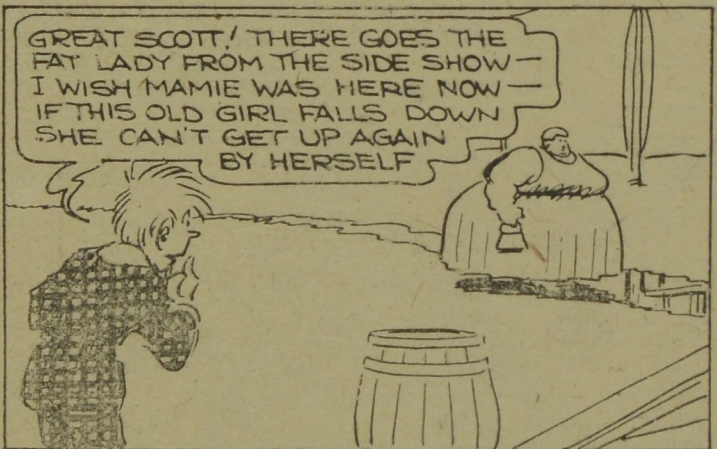
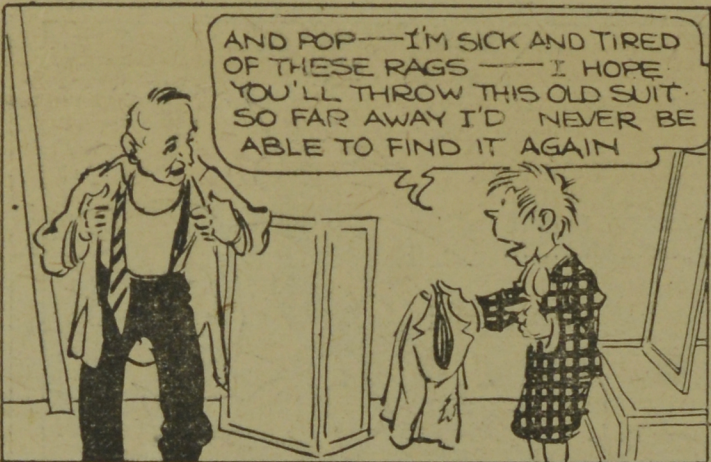
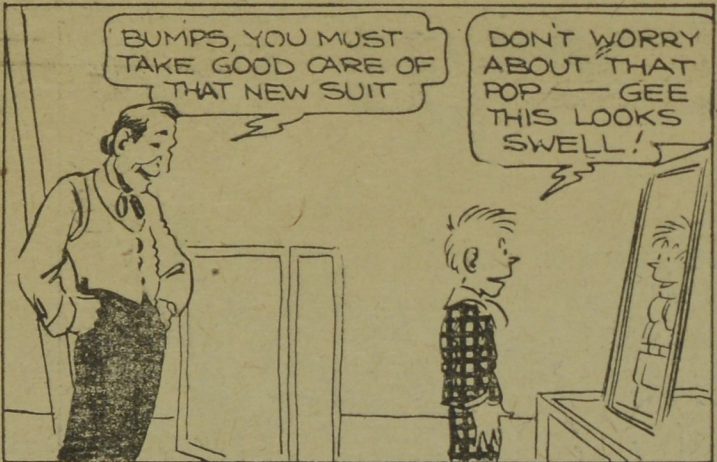
BILL GRAZED THE BANK ROBBER'S HORSE WITH A BULLET CAUSING IT TO THROW ITS RIDER BUT AFTER ARRIVING AT THE SPOT THE BANDIT HAD DISAPPEARED AND NOTHING COULD BE FOUND OF THE STOLEN LOOT



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TO BE CONTINUED

# WAMAS



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## THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

A great deal of noise arose in the nursery one morning, and since it gave no promise of subsiding, Mrs. Odell hurried in that direction. She found the baby howling with might and main, and the new nursemaid sitting calmly by.

"Well, Della, this is a terrible noise!" cried Mrs. Odell,

angrily. "What is the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"

"Shure, mum," replied the girl, "but I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise, mum."

"Well, you see, we put it on a blue cushion, and it turned

blue; then we put it on a yellow cushion, and it turned yellow."

An old lady had a treasured pet—a chameleon. Returning from a country visit, she could not see her chameleon, and rang for her footman.

"Robert, where is Adolphus?" "I'm sorry, m'lady, very sorry, but it's dead!"

"Dead! Good gracious, Robert, how did it happen?"

"That is quite natural." "Then we put it on a Scotch plaid cushion — and then it burst itself."

When Tommy handed in his home work, the teacher exam-

ined it very closely. "That looks suspiciously like your father's handwriting, Tommy," he said. "What have you got to say?"

"Well, sir," replied Tommy, after a long pause, "now I come to think of it, I used his fountain pen."