Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 6, 1925.

A MAN'S DOG.

A man may lose his house and lot,
His friends may pass him by,
He may not have a thin dime left
To rent a slab of pie;
But if he owns the homeliest
And saddest dog in town,
He has one pal whose honest love
Will never turn him down.

A man may kick his mangy pup
And cuss him day and night,
Still will the faithful cur be true
And greet him with delight;
Lifelong he sits upon the porch,
And wags his happy tail,
To greet his lord when he shall come
From Congress or from jail.

JACKSTONE QUALIFIES.

The Story of a Courageous Dog.

Ever since he could remember, Jackstone had lived in a small, peak-roofed house standing in the mathematical center of a penlike yard. Jackstone would have liked it better if both the house and the yard had been a little larger; for, although he was only a puppy, he was as long and as tall as he ever would be.

Around him lived other dogs. But, although he often talked with them, he never saw these neighbors; the dividing fences were tight and higher than he could leap.

There was little in this life to interest an active puppy, and the vague hope of escape filled his mind. At the sound of a footstep on the graveled path outside his gate, at the first snap of the catch on the gate, Jackstone would stiffen; and as it swung back, he would spring for the top of the closed lower half of the gate, scrambling desperately to thrust through and over.

Then came the day when the form of the master was framed in the opening as the gate swung back. No instinctive understanding that this was to be the master came to Jackstone, as, heedless of the presence of this stranger, he sprang upward.

Most strangers would have shrunk back; but this one stood his ground, seizing Jackstone by the loose skin of his shoulders, holding him as he swayed jerkily to his precarious foothold.

"Steady, puppy," he said soothingly.

Jackstone, thrilling ecstatically at the sound of the sympathetic voice, frantically licked the hands that held him.

Then a strap was buckled around his neck, a leash snapped to the ring, and Jackstone was on the gravel path, outside the yard at last. Almost mad with joy he bounded to reach the face that smiled above him, springing again and again to meet the hands that pulled at the wrinkled skin of his face and neck, scratched his ears, his back, sending delightful chills through his quivering body.

And then the master straightened up, moving forward, and Jackstone strained at the end of the leash, barking chokingly as he lunged forward, the gravel snapping back from his scrambling feet.

And so they came out upon the soft grass under the waving trees, and Jackstone stood panting, his eyes expectant, eager, searching the face above him. Two days later he and the master reached Beauford.

When Jared Folkeston was a boy, he dreamed of some day owning a vast shooting preserve, with fields and forest, wide-stretching upland and spreading marsh, of bay and reedy river. Years later, he became the owner of Beauford. But as the slim boy had changed into a grizzled man, so his original idea also had metamorphosed.

Now, instead of a shooting preserve, with kennels containing hunting dogs, Beauford had become a game sanctuary, within the bounds of which no wild thing was harassed or destroyed, and where no hunting dog was allowed.

At fifty Jared Folkeston found that the will to kill had left him and in its place was a stronger desire to protect. But he soon realized that without dogs there would always be something lacking at Beauford; and the journey which made him the owner of Jackstone was the result of this realization.

The family at Beauford consisted of Jared, his wife, their daughter, Patricia, their son Paul, his wife, Betty, and Barbara, the only grand-child. To none of them had Jared confided the reason for his absence; and no one had suspected it until he returned, bringing Jackstone with him. The entire family was gathered under the wide portico when he arrived.

"Oh! What? How?" gasped Patricia.

Jared Folkeston turned with a whimsical smile to his daughter. There was a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he stood before them gripping the leash, at which the puppy pulled frantically.

In color the dog was a solid, dark-mahogany brindle, almost black; all but a patch of white that began midway of the throat and covered the upper part of his breast, like a baby's bib tucked under his chin. It was difficult to see just what the puppy did look like as he strained toward one and then another of the momentarily silent group, his eyes eager, a rumbling growl in his throat. He was doing his best to express his friendly desire for closer, more intimate contact, but the effect was disconcerting.

"Is it safe to unleash him, Jared?" gasped Mrs. Folkeston, as her husband, dragging the puppy back, stooped to grasp his collar.

"Safe?" he smiled up at her. "He is nothing but a bundle of affection wrapped in a skin several sizes too large for him." He was roughing the puppy, rolling him about, and the dog appeared to be doing his best to swallow the hands that grasped him. Then Folkeston unsnapped the leash and straightened up. The puppy was free.

For a momeent he stood uncertain, his round, eager eyes searching the distrustful faces around him. Then, with a rumbling growl he darted upon Patricia, who had but time to thrust out a warding hand, which was instantly swallowed to the wrist.

"Oh!" she gasped. But the exclamation changed abruptly to laughter. There had been no pinch to the massive jaws that enclosed, and as instantly released, her hand.

For a moment she strove fruitlessly to thrust away the thirty-odd pounds of quivering energy; and then the puppy slipped from the insecure footing of her knees and sprawled upon the brick-paved floor. Patricia, a little remorseful, pulled up a porch chair and dropped into it. The puppy sprawled at her side, hind legs thrust out straight behind, his great head raised to her as she stroked his soft wrinkled skin.

"He does not seem to be as frightful as he looks, Patty," her mother ventured.

"Exactly!" Jared Folkeston exclaimed. "He is almost everything he is popularly supposed not to be. That is the reason I have selected an English bulldog."

"Whatever the reason, I endorse it, Daddy," cried Patricia.

"It's too soon to decide. The indications are hopeful, but it remains to be seen whether he can qualify." The satisfaction in Jared Folkeston's face disputed the cautious answer.

"The bulldog is one of the oldest of breeds." he went on. "He possesses bravery in a superlative degree. But he is gentle, affectionate, and tractable, with an extraordinary fondness for children."

"His growl doesn't sound reassuring, Father," ventured Betty. At Jackstone's first appearance she had snatched up Barbara and still held her close in her arms.

"His growl, Betty, like his appearance, is deceiving. That particular growl expresses what a puppy of another breed would convey by a whine."

Jared Folkeston called, and Jackstone left Patricia and came to him, though he moved slowly.

With deft assurance Folkeston swung the blocky body up to stand it posed squarely. "Look at that head," he said proudly, exhibiting the massive flatness of the skull, the deep stop, the large, open nostrils, the well-wrinkled face, the up-turn of the under jaw, the rose ears. "He is good enough in head and face to win against strong competition. I chose him from a kennel of puppies, and yet his front legs, as they are now, would probably disqualify him." Folkeston straightened up, releasing his hold on puppy's collar, and Jackstone bounded back to Patricia.

Her father, smiling at her evident conquest, continued:

"The former owner was thoroughly honest about it; called my attention to the weak pasterns that give an effect of splay feet. I suggested that the trouble might be remedied by proper feeding and exercise, but in the opinion of the owner it is too late. I have an idea." He caught the amused glance that passed from mother to son. "Yes, I have an idea," he laughed.

"Don't mind his feet, Daddy!" cried Patricia. "This puppy is perfectly adorable, just as he is. But what is his name?"

"His registered name is 'Jackstone.' His kennel name is 'Jack.'

"Dak," repeated Barbara, squirming to get down from her mother's lap to investigate this possible playmate.

"Dak, he shall be hereafter, baby dear," said Folkeston, as he lifted his small grand-daughter from her mother's reluctant arms, and the newly christened "Dak" growled his ecstasy at the thrill of the pulling baby hands.

Followed wonderful days for Jackstone. Never before had he known liberty or a playfellow. Existence had been bounded by a fence. Here were endless fields and woods, and no fences he could not get through or under. And here was a great central place where he could wander at will and stretch out, on cool boards or soft rugs.

Better than all, here were always playfellows. He could distinguish between them now, and preferences were developing. He knew the big man who brought him here was the master. He understood that he must obey when this one spoke, and he had no other desire.

In the woods and fields were strange, interesting creatures. These sprang up ahead of him, sometimes to bound away over the ground, sometimes to rise in the air. It puzzled him when they rose in the air and always he stopped to watch them going. He could never understand. When they darted away running, he would gather himself to follow. He wanted to play with these strange creatures, but they never waited; they left him standing, and vanished from his sight.

The sight or sound of these creatures aroused no desire to harm them. They did not threaten him, and he never, therefore, thought of molesting them.

But there is one instinct perhaps more highly developed in the bulldog than in any other breed; the bulldog knows an enemy! It is not necessary to make a hostile gesture. Action follows recognition. There is no consideration of consequences, for there is no fear. He does not plan to strike and evade and strike again; he does not maneuver and dodge, wait for a more favorable chance. The bulldog knows but one method of dealing with an enemy—to seize and hold him.

The puppy's conduct was a delight and a revelation to Jared Folkeston. Dak was as eager to go as ever his pointers had been; but, unlike the pointers in the excitement of the game, he never forgot the person who accompanied him.

Folkeston had never known a dog with a more expressive face. Where others saw only a mask of ferocity, he read, beneath the wrinkles, good nature, patience, docility; in the round eyes, eager curiosity, appreciation, and a vast affection.

In order to strengthen Jackstone's weak pasterns they had begun with short rambles, gradually lengthening them, until their walks covered many miles. And these walks were interspersed, for the dog, by swims.

Swimming was the basis of Jared Folkeston's idea. He was uncertain whether a bulldog would take readily to water. But he knew that a dog swims with a paddling stroke, thrusting out and down. And he reasoned that the tendency of this downward stroke must be to straighten the weak pasterns that were Dak's flaw.

It was the day after Jackstone's arrival at Beauford when Jared Folkeston and Paul, accompanied by Jackstone, walked down to the river. Father and son were deep in consideration of methods to be employed should Jackstone prove reluctant to enter the water, when the dog, running ahead, plunged in with the eagerness of a water spaniel, striking out boldly, swimming in widening circles, barking hoarse delight.

"There won't be much difficulty about his swimming exercise," laughed Paul, carelessly tossing a stone into the water. It was an idle gesture, directed by no conscious purpose, and the stone splashed into shallow water but a few feet from shore.

Jackstone, swimming farther out, saw the splash and made for it. When his feet touched bottom he plunged forward, his entire body submerged, to reappear with a stone in his mouth.

"I've seen a few other dogs do that sort of thing," said Paul admiringly. He was searching the bank for a piece of driftwood. "I wonder—" He found and tossed a small block of wood.

Instantly Jackstone went after it, seized and brought it back. After that, swimming became part of his daily exercise and he became a finished retriever.

But while the master was his chief companion, there were others upon whom Dak bestowed his affection. Toward baby Barbara affection mounted to a devotion that claimed her as particularly his own; and from the first she had calmly appropriated him as her own.

Jackstone poured out love unquestioning. Whenever he was about the house he was with or searching for Barbara. When she took her afternoon nap, he sprawled close to the nursery door, where he was always to be found sleeping in the morning.

The family grew accustomed to feel in the dog's love for Barbara a protective quality. The vigilance that guarded the little one unconsciously relaxed when it was known that Dak was with her. Even Betty, who could never overcome a certain timidity in her own approach to the dog, felt nothing of fear for her baby when Dak was near her.

"I am sure Dak would never allow anything to harm her," she said.

"We can't be sure," Jared Folkeston warned. "Dak is only a puppy. We can't be certain of his quality yet."

It was four months since Jackstone came to Beauford. He was thirteen months old, weighing over fifty pounds and steadily growing heavier.

To Jared Folkeston he was still a puppy, and the full maturity that would demonstrate his quality was months away. Although Jackstone knew nothing about it, he was still on probation for his breed.

Then came a hot, breathless afternoon, when Barbara, restless from the heat, and finding the usual short nap impossible, had been brought down to the cooler portico. Folkeston, deciding that there would be no walk today until after sundown, was striving to become interested in a magazine. Paul was the first to start up with purposeful intent. He had laborers at work, ditching in a back field.

"I fancy my gang has slept enough for today," he said ruefully, stooping to swing Barbara up for a good-by kiss.

"Take me!" she begged.

Jackstone, too, was on his feet, circling expectantly around them.

"All right, Chick," Paul consented. "But only a little way." And to the nurse, who started from the doorway, "There is no need for you to come. I will carry her only a little way into the grove, and she can run home with Dak." At the rear of the house a spur of the forest, that stretched for miles to the cedar swamps and the bay, had been cleared of underbrush and the trees thinned out to a park-like grove. Just within the edge of the trees Paul put her down. Often Barbara had accompanied him this far and returned home.

"Take her home, Dak," Paul ordered.

Dak, understanding, stood close at Barbara's side as she waved good-by. Paul, looking back, saw the two as they turned toward the house. Then the trees hid them from view, and he did not see when Barbara turned from the direct way to investigate something that caught her attention.

Deeper in the grove the shadows looked enticingly cool, and Barbara walked on. Then she saw a flower, and a new purpose formed. She would gather a whole bouquet.

Dak hung back, following reluctantly. Dimly he sensed something wrong. He had been told to take her home, and now the house was no longer in sight.

Dak knew where it was. It was close by. They were walking where the ridge sloped downward in gentle undulations before it dipped steeply and the carefully tended grove merged in the untouched forest. But Barbara was moving away from home, away from the place where both belonged. Dak stopped with a low, protesting bark.

"Come, Dak," called Barbara.

For a moment Dak hesitated, swinging his massive head uncertainly toward the house, and then plunged forward, crowding close to her side. After all, this was Barbara, the one he loved best. He forgot everything else, growling his satisfaction as her hands pulled at the loose skin of his neck while they played on together.

More than enough time had elapsed for Barbara to have returned before the nurse started out to find her. As she turned the corner of the house she could see far into the grove; but Barbara was not in sight. She crossed the grove to the edge of the meadow, but there was no sign of Barbara or of Dak.

She suddenly remembered that, just before starting out, she thought that she heard Dak bark. But that signified nothing; doubtless Mr. Paul had changed his mind and taken Barbara with him. She strove to thrust away a growing apprehension. Momentarily comforted by the thought that Barbara was with her father, the nurse turned back, walking slowly. But half way through the grove she was running, reaching the house frightened and breathless.

"Paul must have taken her with him," Folkeston explained as the nurse panted out her story. "I'll stroll down that way."

But out in the grove Jared Folkeston's fears swept him. Paul had said he would carry Barbara but a little way. To have taken her with him after that would not be like Paul. And if not with Paul, there were the dense woods beyond the grove, and beyond, the swamp. It was a long mile to where Paul was at work, but Jared Folkeston, despite his fifty years, ran most of the distance. Barbara was not there.

"I stood her down with Dak, just within the edge of the trees," said Paul.

"It's too hot for her to walk far. We'll find them close by in some shady spot."

"The nurse searched through to the meadow and back, before she told us. I looked carefully as I came through the grove," said Jared Folkeston, growing more troubled.

"Don't worry, Dad. We'll find her quickly. Come." Paul had started forward when he turned to call back an order to his laborers. Then father and son hurried on and the workmen dropped their implements and followed.

At the upper edge of the grove they separated, calling continually as they searched through the woods. Midway they came upon Betty and the nurse, with some of the house servants. There was no trace of Barbara.

Barbara found no more flowers, and presently abandoned the one she had picked. The ground sloped gently here, and walking was pleasant in the heavy shade.

Then the trees grew closer together, and everywhere were thick bushes that scratched. She did not like this and would have turned back, but the ridge fell away steeply and Barbara found herself slipping, sliding down. It frightened her. She was crying as, with a sliding rush, she and Dak brought up at the bottom of the pitch.

Finding that she could walk again without slipping reassured her.

"Barb'a doin' to find Daddy, Dak," she explained bravely.

But the way grew rougher. Her hands and face were scratched. Mosquitoes and gnats stung her. She was crying now as she stumbled along.

They had covered an incredible distance for a baby of three to walk under such conditions when Barbara and Dak came to an opening in the trees. Before them stretched a reedy marsh interspersed with slimy pools.

There they stopped, standing close together on a ridge of higher ground where, years before, a tree had blown down. Branches and bark long since gone, it lay a snarl of twisted roots, the naked, rotting trunk thrusting out into the ooze.

Plainly it was water upon one side of the trunk, but to Barbara it seemed smooth ground upon the other. There was nothing in the experience of a three-year-old baby to warn her of a quagmire. On the contrary, the open space reassured her. Having come out of the woods they must be near Daddy.

Choking back her sobs she pressed forward to the edge of the bank. Dak followed close, his troubled eyes searching about them.

Then, Dak saw it! A sensation he had never before experienced stung him. The hair on his back tingled, lifted. Overwhelming, impelling rage swept him. His body quivered, froze, striking against Barbara as it stiffened. Barbara, wavering weakly, grasped at his neck to steady herself, but Dak never felt the pull of her hand.

Out toward the sunken end of the rotting tree trunk, something like a thick ridge of mud had moved; a flat head, a wide-open white-lined mouth, a tail that moved in slow vibrations.

Dak had never before seen a cottonmouth moccasin; he did not know what it was, but he knew menace. With a growl like a strangled curse, he hurled himself at the wide-open mouth.

Barbara clinging to the dog's neck, was jerked sidewise, falling outward and down, sinking in the mire.

But the jerking weight of her body, before the grip of the tiny fingers broke, spoiled the aim of Dak's spring, brought him, too, into the mire, but far short of the menacing shape at which he had sprung. At the splash of the dog's body into the quag, the snake slipped into the water on the opposite side of the log, and disappeared.

To him it was all part of the menace—the menace he had failed to seize. It was the menace that was dragging Barbara away from him, hurting her. She was crying, calling to him.

With mud-plastered hair and face, tiny body sinking deeper as she struggled, Barbara screamed in terror. Dak, sunken to his wide chest, half-swimming in the clinging mud, strained up and saw that the menace was gone from the log. Saw Barbara struggling, screaming in terror.

With convulsive fury he struggled to reach her, fighting against the mire that was holding him back, that would neither let him run nor swim. And in his desperate effort one hind foot struck against a buried spur of the half-sunken log, affording a purchase for the one thrusting push that sent him within reach of her.

Instantly Dak seized her, even in his desperation careful not to harm her, seizing from behind, striking through dress and underwaist, but not touching the tender flesh.

Then desperately he struggled to lift and drag Barbara away, fighting harder as the straining lift of his upflung head sunk his body deeper into the mire. For a moment he performed the impossible, lifting himself and his burden. Then slowly, the broad shoulders and the curving back went under.

But the jaws held—until death and beyond that grip of his would hold—and the courage that would never yield nor falter drove the corded legs in the ceaseless effort that would not reckon cost or consequences. Then one thrashing foot struck against something solid. This time it was a pastern, that had once been weak, that caught over one of the tangled roots; caught, curled over, clung.

Barbara was struggling weakly now in the last instinctive effort to keep her face from the smothering mud. Steadily Dak drew her up, thrusting his foot down until the bulging muscles of the foreleg gave a lifting purchase, and there he held. Come what might, he would never let go!

And there he still held when Paul, with white, convulsed face, plunged through the trees to the quag's brink.

"Daddy's here! Daddy's here, Baby!" he cried in sobbing gasps, not knowing what he said.

Straining from the bank he sought to reach her, but failed. Sliding down, clinging to the roots, sunken to his armpits, his outstretched hand failed to reach.

"Hold her, Dak! Hold her, Dak!" It was a prayer. The straining fingers touched the loose skin at the dog's throat, drew it in, gripped and pulled.

"Hold on, Dak!" he prayed as he drew in the dog, whose eyes turned to his face but whose vise-like jaws clung only tighter under the choking strain.

Then, following close behind, two workmen reached the bank. Linked together they reached Paul, freeing his hands to seize the baby. They drew them in, all three; sought to lift Barbara first, but failing even now to break Dak's grip, lifted dog and child together.

When Jared Folkeston came through the trees, Paul sat upon the ground holding Barbara to him, wiping away the mud, kissing her face and hair, great sobs shaking him. At his feet stretched Dak.

"She's alive?" His father gasped the question, his face more drawn than Paul's own. Paul nodded.

"It was Dak—Dak saved her!"

They were nearing home, Barbara held close in her father's arms.

"And there Dak held her," Paul completed the story as he knew it. "Held her while I dragged him and Barbara through that tar-like mire by the skin of his throat. Both were sunken deep and the quagmire not only held them, it sucked them back. It did not seem possible that Dak could hold his grip against that choking strain. But he never made a sound or a movement after I got a hold on the loose skin, just looked at me, and held."

A faint gleam of the old whimsical smile flickered in Jared Folkeston's tired eyes.

"I guess Jackstone qualifies," he said softly.—By Heenry Francis Granger, in The American Magazine.

Business Now Made of Producing Spider Silk

Spider farming is one of the little known industries of modern times. The end in view is not the intensive fighting of the fly peril, but the production of spider silk, than which there is nothing better for the cross lines of surveying and other instruments.

Supplies in vastly larger quantities are needed for the manufacture of spider-silk stockings, and it is to meet this demand that special spider farms have been started from time to time, says Tit-Bits.

It is no easy matter to keep and feed the spiders, to prevent them from engaging in mortal combat, and to collect their silk in suitable form. The process of "silking" the spider amounts to playing catchball, with the spider as ball. In its passage through the air the spider instinctively pays out silk, and it can be induced to part with a hundred yards or more during a succession of such flights.

Secret Safe

"Oh, Alice!" Virginia exclaimed. "have you heard about Gladys?"

"No; what about her?" Alice demanded.

"Well, she and Dick Rodney are going to be married in June!"

"You don't say! Well, I always knew Dick thought a lot of Gladys, but I never did think she would agree to marry him."

"And Alice," Virginia continued, "the engagement is a secret just now. I promised Gladys I wouldn't tell a living soul, so don't you breathe a word of it to anyone."

"Why, Virginia," Alice replied, "you know I wouldn't any more think of telling it than you would!"

Genuine Article

Salesmen may be gracious and cheerful and yet lack knowledge of the goods they are expected to sell. This is a sad fault and a handicap to good salesmanship. A story is told of a genial storekeeper in central Ohio whose education in selling was of the kindergarten variety. A customer came in and asked for a little cheesecloth.

The storekeeper disappeared, but came back lugging a large specimen of a New York cheese. "Here's the cheese," he said, "but I'll be dingbusted if I know how I'm goin' to get the cloth offen it!"

Bog Ornaments Irish Asset

One of the industries of Ireland has long been the manufacture of bog oak ornaments. Before the period of upheaval in Ireland the export of these goods from the Emerald isle through the port of Dublin equaled a value of $100,000 a year. The trade originated in the reign of George IV, soon after his visit to Ireland in 1821, London Tit-Bits says. At first all the ornaments were hand carved and polished, but machinery was used with the increased demand. Yew, fir and birch, as well as oak, are woods used by the makers of the ornaments. The one necessity is that the logs shall have been long buried in the bogs.

Old Japanese Legend of Lantern and Fan

A story of the origin of the lantern and the fan, as told in Japan, concerns a public official who had two beautiful daughters. As the story goes, the girls, who were the treasures of the father's heart, longed to pay a visit to a friend in another city.

The father, however, was unwilling for them to go, as he feared some young man of high degree would win their love and thus take them from him. In reply to their entreaties the father told them they could go, providing they promised to bring back to him fire wrapped in a paper and wind wrapped in paper.

The girls did not know what to do. They were in despair until one of their maids told them not to worry, but go and consult a certain wise woman who lived near the home of the friend whom they were to visit. After promising their father they would fulfill his wishes they set out for the friend's home. The father was greatly surprised when, upon their return, the daughters presented him with fire enclosed in a beautifully designed paper lantern and wind in a quaint-shaped paper fan. Thus, it is said, according to a story printed in the Pathfinder Magazine the lantern and fan came into use.

Blind Persons Read Character by Voice

The similarity of voices is not confusing (to the blind) as a rule. Many are similar, to be sure, but I have never encountered absolute doubles, and in general voices are as sharply differentiated as faces—in fact, often far more.

The only difficulty I have experienced, strangely enough, is caused by one person's having several voices. All of us have; we change tone and quality more or less unconsciously according to our mood and condition. But in some the change is dismayingly marked. One woman, for example, has as many as five voices, each quite distinct.

The physical condition is also revealed by the voice in a striking degree, both as to change and normal characteristics. Fat people, for example, have a voice quality which is all but invariably detectable.

Character, too, is easily read. In fact it seems that character is revealed in the voice even more fully and accurately than in the face, no doubt because the subject, failing to recognize this, makes less of an attempt to mask the voice.—Charles McGee Adams, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Odd Garden Products

Little Johnny, who was of school age, was on his way home from the week-night prayer meeting, where he had fallen asleep, a writer in the Youth's Companion reports. His father, who had had great difficulty in waking him at the close of the service, was walking by his side, holding his hand. Fearing that the boy would go to sleep again and that he should have to carry him, the father quickened his pace and, twitching the little fellow's hand vigorously, asked him briskly where he had been that day.

"Over to Mr. O'Neal's," was the drowsy reply.

"And what were they doing at Mr. O'Neil's?"

"Makin' garden," Johnny replied listlessly.

"And what did they plant?"

Johnny yawned. "Planted lett's an' onions an',—" he stumbled, and his tongue grew thick,—"an' rad'shes an' peas—an' q's—an' r's—an' s's—"

At that point the father picked him up and carried him.

Tailteann Games

The Tailteann games which have been successfully revived in Ireland are so called in perpetuation of the name of Queen Tailte, who tradition says reigned over Ireland some hundreds of years before Christ. Being childless, she adopted a youth named Lugh, who succeeded to the throne at her death. In grateful memory of his foster-mother, King Lugh organized an "Aonach Tailteann"—that is, Tailte's festival—to which each Irish chieftain brought his star athletes, his best horsemen, his most expert harpists. The festival, once established, was continued, with certain interruptions for nearly 2,000 years. Then it lapsed, to be revived by the Free State government.

To Hesitate Is Fatal

They stood in the wings of the opera house. In a few moments she was to go on.

"One last word," said the conductor.

"Yes, maestro?"

"If you forget your lines do not hesitate. Never falter."

"But what shall I sing?" asked the new diva.

"That is the point. Be prepared. Sing the multiplication table with your best runs and trills. Nobody will ever know the difference."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Slight Misunderstanding

A seamstress employed by a charitable institution had her wages raised to such an amount that she was eligible to an income tax. When she received the usual forms from the collector with the request that she fill them out and return them, she sent them back with the following note: "Dear Sir: I have always been insured with the Safety company and I have no intention of changing my company now."