

An Animal Story For Little Folks

How a Cat Fooled the Cow

There was once a very smart cat who was very, very fond of milk, as all cats are. Now, this cat was accustomed to go into the dairy and help himself to the milk that stood there in the pails. When the milk was so low that she could not reach it she would deliberately upset the pail and then lap the milk from the ground. "What are you doing there?" cried Mrs. Cow one day when she found the cat taking his daily midday meal of milk. "Don't you know who I am?" cried the cat. In mock surprise. "Of course I know who you are," replied Mrs. Cow. "You are the cat."



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?" EXCLAIMED THE COW.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the cat. "You are altogether mistaken. I am a calf, and I have a perfect right here." "Then I must be growing blind," said the cow. "There is only one calf in this dairy, and you do not look anything like him to me." "That is because your eyesight is so very poor," replied the cat, with a chuckle. "I am the calf, but you cannot see well enough to recognize me." "It is very strange," mused the cow. "But then I guess I'm getting old and am not able to see as well as I could when I was younger." So the cat continued to drink the milk, and every day would come back and get more, while the old cow looked on and wished she had a pair of spectacles like the dairymaid's father always wore. But one day while the cat was drinking and the cow was looking who should come in but the calf himself! And then didn't the old cow look! She looked the calf over well, and then she turned and looked the cat over well. "Well, what do you think of that?" she exclaimed. "For a full minute she stood there and thought it all over, and then she suddenly threw her head down and caught Mr. Cat square on the tips of her horns. In another instant the cat was tossed fifty feet into the air clear over the top of the chicken house and into a barnet's nest on the other side. By the time he got out of that new trouble he had learned a good lesson—never to try to deceive.—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Dog's Mistake

A clown had a bulldog over whom he smeared a lot of paste and then covered him from head to feet with feathers. It made a very funny looking fellow of the dog, and everybody went to the circus to see him. They sold many pictures of themselves, and when the people put the money on the stage the clown would pick it up and keep it to buy food for them both and pay their board. "Why should the clown take the money?" said the dog to himself. "I



THEY SOLD MANY PICTURES.

am the show, and I should have all the money I make." So he bit the clown on the leg and sent him home howling with pain. Then the dog waited for people to come and buy his pictures. They came and took his pictures, but instead of paying for them left the show without giving any money. The dog barked at them, but his chain was so short he could not bite them, and they simply laughed at him. While the dog was pondering on his hard lot the clown came back with a club and cracked him over the head. The next day there was another dog in the show.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE WEARING OF SHOES.

A Custom That Is Almost as Old as the Race Itself. What is regarded as the earliest reference to shoes is found in the Old Testament where Abraham refuses to take as much as a shoe latched from the king of Sodom. Among the Jews the shoe played an important part in many social usages. When buying or selling land it was customary to deliver a shoe, and the act of throwing down a shoe on territory implied occupancy. The finding of sandals on Egyptian mummies proves that the wearing of shoes is almost as old as the race itself. In Venice in the seventeenth century every lady of any pretension to fashion or position wore what were called "choppines," high clogs or pattens, to elevate them from the ground. Thomas Coryat, a traveler who visited Venice in 1611, says of them: "They are so common in Venice that no woman goeth without either in her house or abroad. It is a thing made of wood and covered with leather in sundry colors—some white, some red, some yellow." Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them have I seen fairly gilt. There are many of these chapineys of a great height—even half a yard high—and by how much the nobler a woman is by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlemen and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth are assisted or supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end that they may not fall.—Chicago News.

SERPENT EATING SNAKE.

A Venomous Reptile That Will Attack Man or Beast. The serpent eating snake, or king of serpents (Ophiophagus elaps) found in Burma, is among the most interesting of our venomous snakes and the only really aggressive member of the ophiophagians, readily attacking any man or animal that happens its way. The female is especially irritable during the season of modification, and an adult snake attains a length of from twelve to fifteen feet, is superlatively swift and active and possesses a poison fang three inches in length and charged with a very powerful venom. It will be admitted that Ophiophagus elaps, Naja bungarus or serpentina, as it is also called, is a foe that had better be avoided. While being neither an arboreal nor a water snake, the Ophiophagus elaps climbs trees with facility and takes to water readily, swimming with great ease and skill. Its poison is as deadly in its effect as that of the lesser hooded snake (the Ophiophagus elaps also carries a hood), the cobra, but it is believed that the action of the venom is not quite so rapid. The shortest period within which it proved fatal to a fowl was fourteen minutes, while a dog expired in two hours and eighteen minutes. Nicholson relates an account of an elephant which succumbed to a bite in three hours.—Amrita Bazar Patrika.

Vine Covered Buildings.

If, as some say, ninety-nine out of a hundred American buildings are commonplace or ugly, it is a good thing to cover the walls completely, but when we have a piece of architecture that is a joy to everybody—something in which we can really take pride—vines should never be allowed to cover it entirely. In such a case the beauty of the vine is its aspiration, its incompleteness. This is particularly true of a beautiful church, and the right relation of architecture and foliage is well understood in England, but not in this country except in Boston and a few other communities.—Garden Magazine.

The Game of Quinails.

The game of quinail survives only in the village of Offham Green in Kent, England. It is so named from an instrument used in tilting on horseback with the lance. It consisted of an upright post, surmounted by a crossbar turning on a pivot, which had at one end a flat board and at the other a bag of sand. The object of the tilter was to strike the board at such a rate of speed that he would be past and out of the way before the bag of sand, as it whirled round, could hit him in the back.

Pleasant by Comparison.

Old Hunks (sitting for his photograph)—Well, ain't you ready? What are you waiting for? Photographer—A little pleasanter expression, please. Mrs. Hunks (who is standing at one side)—He's got his pleasanter expression on, Mr. Smith. I guess you didn't notice how he looked when we came in.—Chicago Tribune.

Evened Up.

Von Blumer—While I was watching the ticker some stock I bought went up 20 points in an hour. Dimpleton—So you made big money. Von Blumer—No, I came out about even. My wife was at her dressmaker's at the same time.—Life.

His Busy Day.

Cassidy—Hello! How's things with you? Casey—Busy, very busy indeed. Cassidy—Is it so? Casey—Aye! Shure, every time I'm at layzure I hove some thin' to do.—Philadelphia Press.

Anvil Deet.

Gladys—If she thinks her young man is such a paragon of perfection why does she watch him so closely? Emerald—She is afraid he is too good to be true.—Chicago Tribune.

Knows the Notes.

"I hear the cashier of your bank is very musical." "Try working off a false note on him, and you'll think so."—Judge.

Gems In Verse

The Starting Point. If you want to be happy, Begin where you are; Don't wait for some rapture That's future and far. Begin to be joyous. Begin to be glad, And soon you'll forget That you ever were sad.

If you want to be happy, Begin where you are. Your windows to sunlight And sweetness unbar. If daylight seems the day, Light a candle of cheer. Till its steady flame brightens Each heart that comes near.

If you want to be happy, Begin where you are. God sets in each sky Heaven's joy bringing star. In the gravely beneath it, Or like a star in the sky, Light and under its radiance Your paths shall be bright. —Priscilla Leonard.

Man's Mortality.

Like as the damask rose you see, Or like a blossom on a tree, Or like the dainty flower in May, Or like the morning in the day, Or like the gourd which hangs so high; Even such is man, whose thread is spun, Drawn out and out and so is done. The rose withers, the blossom blazeth, The flower fades, the morning blazeth, The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung, Or like the bird that's here today, Or like the pearl dew in May, Or like an hour, or like a span, Or like the singing of a swan; Even such is man, who lives by breath, Is here, now here, in life and death. The grass withers, the tale is ended, The bird is flown, the dew's ascended, The hour is short, the span not long. The swan's short death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook, Or in a glass much like a look, Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand, Or like the writing in the sand, Or like a thought, or like a dream, Or like the gliding of the stream; Even such is man, who lives by breath. Is here, now here, in life and death. The bubble bursts, the writing is blot, The thought is past, the dream is gone, The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow, Or like swift course of water flow, Or like that time twist flood and ebb, Or like the spider's tender web, Or like a race, or like a goal, Or like the sailing of a dole; Even such is man, whose brittle state Is always subject unto fate. The arrow shot, the flood soon spent, The time, no time, the web soon rent, The race soon run, the goal soon won. The dove soon dead, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning of the sky, Or like a post that quick doth die, Or like a quaver in a song, Or like a journey three days long, Or like the snow when summer's come, Or like the pear, or like the plum; Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow, Lives but this day and dies tomorrow. The lightning's past, the post must go, The song is short, the journey so. The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall, The snow dissolves, and so must all. —Anonymous.

Say Something Good.

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for awhile; They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile, They criticize their fellow men at every chance they get, They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet. From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out—Some things that every one of us should know a lot about. When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup— Say something good about him if you have to make it up. It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good; That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could; The kindly deeds in many a soul are blushing there, Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare To show the best that's in them, and a universal move Would start the whole world ringing in a joyful, helpful groove. Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot— Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not. —Baltimore American.

The Mother.

She was so tired of toil of everything, Save loving those who needed all her love; Her heart was like the golden heart of spring, When the white clouds sail above. Autumn of life and tears were hers, and yet She sang and loved and gladdened us the while; Nor storms nor snows could make her once forget Young April's radiant smile.

She was so weary, but we never guessed How weary till she smiled at set of sun And whispered as she drifted into rest, "My loving now is done."

"Tired of all save loving." Let this be The epitaph inscribed where now she lies. Time shall not hide the words nor memory The love look of her eyes. —Buffalo News.

Late Flowers.

What simple sights give comfort On a bare, brown winter day! A little bird over our window, A little child over the way, A bit of blue twist roof and roof, Where the sunshine flashes clear; A rose that blooms serenely Despite the time of year.

What little things give pleasure When sorrow hath her way And life bereft of gladness Is but a winter day! A word with accent tender, A softly dropping tear, Love's roses blooming brightly Despite the time of year. —Mary Frances Butts in New York Trib. un.

Certainty.

The road of right has neither turn nor bend; It stretches straight into the highest goal. Hard, long and lonely? Yes, yet never soul Can lose the way thereon nor miss the end. —Priscilla Leonard in Outlook.

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

Combining the Particular Man's Hair Bothers the Barber. "Do you know, one of the most difficult things in this business," said the barber as he ran the comb through the hairbrush, "is in the matter of combing a customer's hair? It is a rather singular fact that you will find few barbers who have succeeded in solving the problem of combing a customer's hair just as he wants it, no matter how long the man may have been a patron of his chair. Of course there are a few exceptions to this rule. There are a few men in the world who do not care whether their hair is combed at all. With this class of men of course it doesn't make much difference how the barber combs the hair. But at least ninety out of every hundred men who patronize barber shops are very particular about the way you comb their hair unless you have inspired them with an extraordinary confidence. Unless, in fact, they have a better opinion of the barber's judgment than they have of their own the barber will miss the mark when he comes to put the finishing touches on the hair. The reason for this is not altogether a matter of vanity. There are a great many men whose looks are completely altered by a change in the way the hair is combed. Take the man, for instance, who is in the habit of parting his hair on the side, and part it in the middle, or the man who is in the habit of combing his hair down and parting it on one side—suppose you reach or pompadour the hair—can you not see what changes would follow in the general appearance of the man? This fact has much to do with making the combing of a man's hair a matter of much difficulty, and I do not exaggerate when I say it is one of the barber's hardest tasks."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A MOTHER'S NERVES.

They Often Send Her Children to Others For Comfort. Occasionally one meets a middle aged or elderly woman whose sunny, serene face proclaims to the world that its owner has reached the still waters and left the restless rapids far behind. But why so few of these blessed ones? Some say, "Oh, I am so nervous I can't help worrying and fretting," or, "I am so nervous, the children annoy me so, I can't help being cross and hateful." Now, these are confessions of weakness, pure and simple. To be sure, there are cases of genuine nervousness, but the average nervous woman (or man) is merely suffering from lack of self control and a neglected disposition. Just think of the many children who are robbed of the glad spontaneity of youth, with its natural love of freedom and noise, because grandma or somebody else is nervous and must have quiet. Grandma is entitled to just consideration, but any middle aged woman (or man) who continually blinks and gags the children of the household with "nerves" is more than a highway robber, for she chills the very bud of joyous life and steals that which can never be replaced. No wonder so many young people leave home as early as possible. Many a young girl has responded to the warmth and sympathy of doubtful companions because her mother was nervous and impatient, never in the mood to listen to confidences or give the warm affection every child craves so passionately. Many a young lad spends his evenings on the street or in the cheerful saloon because somebody depresses the home atmosphere with continual complaints of nerves and demands for quiet. And where lies the blame for these dwarfed young lives? Not in the lack of moral training, for the children of faultlessly moral parents go astray quite as often as those of the less developed. The real cause of moral shipwreck is too often a case of "nerves" in the home that drives the frail craft into the breakers with the relentless force of a gale.—Philadelphia Press.

ROME VERSUS PARIS.

When the Eternal City Was the Art Center of the World. There was a time when Rome was the world's art center. No artist's education was considered complete unless he spent some time in that city. There was always to be found there a coterie of strong men, many of them famous, in whose society the tyro might mingle and gain much by the companionship. That day has gone by, however, and a change has taken place. Paris has usurped the prerogative of the old city, and it is to her that the world now turns for new ideas of art. The Italian galleries remain, the masterpieces hang in their accustomed places, the sky is as blue, the air as soft and the outlook as lovely, but the glory of Roman art life has departed. The humanity that gave the art impetus, the interest to the student, has betaken itself from the Seven Hills to the peaceful Seine, where it flourishes in the wilder, more luxuriant growth, nurtured by the bohouse forcing of an edifice ideas, untrammelled by convention or tradition. For good or bad—and the judgment must be left to the reader—the fact remains that today Paris is the hub about which the wheel of art revolves.

Loyal to His Friends.

John A. Sutter, on whose land gold was first discovered in California in 1848, was always loyal to his friends. "During the winter of 1852 Sacramento was a marsh, and drainage ditches had just been dug," says Thomas E. Farish's "Gold Hunters of California." "One evening Sutter and a friend had been indulging a little too freely in the cup, and they were taking a stroll before retiring for the night, when the friend inadvertently fell into one of the newly dug canals. 'I cannot pull you out,' said Sutter regretfully as he looked down at his less lucky friend, 'but I can come down and sit with you.' And he did."

Sympathetic Ointment.

An old time quack compounded his "sympathetic ointment" according to the following prescription: "Take mossa of a dead man's head, two onc; man's grease, one onc; mummia, man's blood, of each half an onc; linseed oyle, twenty-two onc; oyle of roses, bolearmink, of each an onc. Bet them together in a mortar till it be fine lecke an oylment; keep it in a box." Then all the sick person needed was the weapon with which a man had been stricken. This he anointed with the ointment, pressed to the wound and was well again, or should have been.

Her Position Defined.

"Are you opposed to marriage?" he asked. "No," replied the lady who had received degrees from three colleges. "I do not object to marriage per se. It is merely the fact that one cannot get married without having a husband that one dislikes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Perfectly Obvious.

"Why do you permit the attentions of Cholly Saphed while Jack is in Europe?" "What a simple question!" "Oh, is it?" "Sure, I permit Cholly's attentions while Jack is in Europe because Jack is in Europe."—Houston Post.

As Pride is Sometimes Hid Under Humility.

Idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry.—Johnson.

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