FOX'S HEALTH HINTS

SAID Mr. Fox one night as he ran over the hill to the farm—"Those chickens the old hens where I grab for their health and I must tell them."

Now, the chickens were living in a house by themselves and Mr. Fox knew right well they were frightened. He not old enough to know anything about him, so he crept up to the door and looked in to a startling, blind legs.

"You poor little dears," he said in a loud whisper, "it was an evil day the way you are treated."

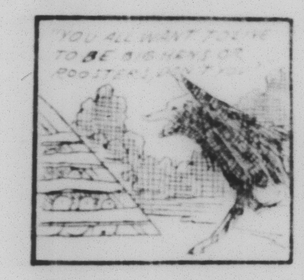
The chickens were all fright and open came their eyes at and there stood Mr. Fox smiling in a most friendly manner. "Do you know they to know he was here to kidnap the looked?"

"Peep, peep," cried all the chicks. "We want some meat."

"Of course you do, you poor little dears," said Mr. Fox. "Peep, peep, such a noise for an old hen, you eat it all up, now be quiet."

The little chicks stopped at once, for they well know that the old hens often ate all their dinner when they thought looking.

"You are badly frightened, I know," said Mr. Fox. "More you are scared in this very unhealthful place where all the old hens live in a nice big house.




such a noise for an old hen, you eat it all up, now be quiet."

"Why, the chicks stopped at once, for they well know that the old hens often ate all their dinner when they thought looking.

"You are badly frightened, I know," said Mr. Fox. "More you are scared in this very unhealthful place where all the old hens live in a nice big house.

"We want to live to grow up big and strong, peeped the chicks that were caught back. "We can't grow in that unhealthful place we sleep in."

"Who told you that silly story?" asked Mrs. Old Hen.

"Oh, a nice kind animal who came out where last night. He wants save us and we were going to live a nice place he has." Peep, peep! we want to grow up.

"I think you will find that it will better for your health to live here," said Mrs. Old Hen. "For if I am not mistaken that was Mr. Fox who visited last night and gave you health and those chicks that got away running will never come back."

The next night Mr. Fox returned to see the other chicks to run away the old hens. "Your friends are in a more beautiful place, my dears," he said. "I want to see you all happy and well and fat."

"We have decided that this place is beautiful enough for us," said the chicks, grown wise since the night before. "But it will be very bad for your health if you do not run away at once," peep," they all cried so loudly that Mr. Fox did not stop a

"Now, who has been giving them this? Who beside me I should like to know," thought Mr. Fox as he ran home.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Alexander Monteith, late of the Borough of Patton, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration in the estate of said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims are requested to make them known without delay to

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Frank Bryson Wood, Attorney,
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FRONT AND REAR

By JANE DARLINGTON.

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Ethel watched her piano being hoisted to the fourth floor with eyes that sparkled their joy. For two years the precious instrument had been in the storage house while its owner worked for sufficient money to get it out and insure a year's study.

Now with a clear year ahead and a small part in a musical comedy as well as a lease on the quiet if small room on the fourth floor rear, Ethel felt a security she had not known for many a long day.

Her piano, because it could not be carried up the stairs, had to be hoisted into the front room and thence to her back one through a more or less complex arrangement of doors. After fatile struggle these doors balked firmly at further progress of the piano. It was then Ethel felt the tragedy of her position.

There was her piano in a stranger's room and refusing to go into her own. Either it must stay where it was or go back to storage.

Ethel did the only thing a woman can do when she is driven quite beyond her strength of endurance.

She sat down on her piano stool and wept.

It was at that psychological moment that the stranger and owner of the room appeared upon the scene.

He viewed the picture with apprehensive eyes, then asked what it was all about.

The information was volunteered by one of the movers.

"The young lady's piano ain't goin' into her room through them doors. It wouldn't go up the stairs, and we had to hoist it through this here room. She feels kinda sore about it."

"I would say she did," sympathized Tom Cheney, and the fellow-feeling softening to his voice brought on a heavier set of sobs. But Ethel looked up through the well of tears and Tom found himself gazing into a most wonderful pair of eyes.

Tom motioned the men that he would take charge of this beauty in distress and they filed out.

"Now," said Tom cheerily, "when the showers are over let's have a chat about it and see what can be done."

Ethel vouchsafed him the rarest of smiles.

"There's n-nothing to b-be d-done," she affirmed, trying to bring the shower to a stop.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Tom, "you might drape your furniture around the piano here and shift my junk into the other room, or you can just leave the [illegible] as good [illegible] week."

"Oh, that wouldn't be decent," Ethel opened wide but hopeful eyes full on Tom so that he nearly lost his breath. "And I can't possibly pay the rent for the front room, good as it is of you to offer to change."

"Decent nothing," scolded Tom. "I will telephone you every time I expect to burden this room with my presence and you can skip so that we need never come in the slightest contact with one another."

"My entire future is at stake," she told him. "I have worked to get my piano out of storage and have secured a small part in a musical comedy, but I absolutely must keep my voice up. The manager has promised me a splendid part with exquisite songs if I will just bring out certain tones in my voice. You see—there was a reason for—the showers."

"I should just say there was," Tom agreed heartily.

"Well—since I cannot possibly pay the highest rent for the front room, and if you were perfectly sure my piano won't be in your way——"

Ethel laughed happily straight into Tom's eyes. "And you will always telephone me to go to my own room—when you are coming home?"

"Unless I want you to go somewhere else," said Tom.

Ethel dropped the heavy fringe of lashes that were soon to know the weight of cosmetics.

"Then we can consider everything settled?" she questioned, rising.

"Pretty near everything," Tom said, then boldly, "I would like it settled that I am to see you safely away from the stage door every night—that is, unless there is some one else."

A flush stole into Ethel's cheeks. "I would appreciate that fully as much as your letting my piano remain here," she told him.

That, too, was settled then and in his mind's eye Tom could also see the front and rear rooms being a most delightful little honeymoon flat.

Early Egyptian Customs

"The earliest race of Egyptians lived in the Nile valley about 6000-8000 B. C. Men have found their cemeteries in numbers, although most traces of their villages and their art have disappeared. In that era mummies had not yet come into fashion, although some idea of a hereafter was there, as it is every primitive people.

"Their earliest burials are reminiscent of Indian finds in our own country. The dead were laid in a contracted position in the grave with pottery and stone vessels containing (obviously) food and drink, and flint and stone implements of the chase; they are found upon the left side, with head toward the south and knees drawn up—in an embryonic position ready to be born into a new world."


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