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The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangement provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets. On the other hand, the man who can laugh keeps his health. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often. Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind, the habit falls, and a half smile is the best that visits the thought-lined mouth of a modern man or woman. People become more and more burdened with the accumulations of knowledge and with the weighing responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh.

A recent Census Office bulletin shows that 37.3 per cent. of the country's population, or 28,411,698 people, live in cities and towns of more than 4000 population. Ten years ago the percentage of the urban population was 32.9, or slightly less than one-third. In another ten years, at this rate, nearly one-half of the American people will be denizens of towns. The productiveness of our agriculturalists has been in the meantime enhanced by a multitude of labor saving inventions, so that fewer and fewer men are needed on the farms from year to year. Those who are released from drudgery in the fields fly to the cities, where they become consumers of harvests and contribute to the diversification of our vast national scheme. The thrifty farmer feeds them all, comments the Philadelphia Record.

Parents and teachers are noticing and commenting on the fact that children have made wonderful progress in geography in the last three years. War has done this. It has stimulated the desire for knowledge, and the atlas has been frequently consulted to learn the relative positions of places and geographical names involved in battle. Though this is particularly true with children, it also applies to grown persons. Many both in school and out would have had to acknowledge great ignorance of the Philippines, West Indies, the Transvaal and China three years ago, while now they are able to draw tolerably correct maps of these places from memory, and speak familiarly the names of provinces and towns of which they did not know the existence, much less the location, two score months ago.

Surely a Gentleman.

In far-off years Sir Walter Scott visited the first Lord Plunkett, who was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was taken to see the ruins of the Seven Churches of Glendalough, one of the sights of Ireland.

One of the most romantic spots is St. Kevin's Bed, a cave which requires a scramble over rocks to enter. Sir Walter, in spite of his lameness, penetrated the "shrine," an old peasant woman lending him a willing hand.

On the return, the Lord Chancellor asked her if she knew how great a man she had assisted, adding, "He is Sir Walter Scott, the illustrious poet."
"Begorra, your honor," the old woman replied, "he's no poet! He's a gentleman born an' bred—for hasn't he left in me hand a piece of silver?"
Truly, there is more than one way of knowing a man by his works.

Russia May Abolish Her Nobility.

At present the Czar's subjects are divided into four general classes—the nobility, the clergy, the inhabitants of the towns and those of the country, says a St. Petersburg correspondent. The nobility is itself of two kinds, hereditary and personal. An officer acquires life nobility on acquiring a certain rank in the army or navy. Those who attain the rank of colonel in the army and of captain in the navy become hereditary nobles. It is most probable that when the proposed reform of the Russian system of class organization takes place the nobility will cease to exist as a separate class in the nation.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of piano wire.

MICE, SILENCE AND GLOOM.

("Mice, Silence and Gloom" is Dr. Edward Judson's descriptive summary of the occupants of most churches during all but a few hours each week.)

We clubbed together, we raised the money.
We built a temple to God.
We hired a preacher with doctrine sunny—
For we have outgrown the rod.
And three hours weekly (in pleasant weather)
We use the family pew;
We chafe a little at even this tether,
And that must certainly do.

Three hours of worship; one hundred and fifty
The church is a bolted room,
That we, in worldly affairs so thrifty,
Give over to mice and gloom.
We're not contented with two per cent.
As a worldly measure of gain,
We sometimes wonder: Is God content,
Or is it the gift of Cain?
—Church Economist.

TOM CORNWILER'S TUMBLE

By L. T. Bates.

"I BELIEVE that boy has climbed every tree in the township, leastwise, the worst ones," said Mrs. Cornwiler.

"Deary me! I should be afraid he'd break his neck," said Mrs. Millwaite. "I don't see where he got it," said Mrs. Cornwiler, boldly.

"He got it from you, that's plain," said Mr. Cornwiler, boldly.

"From me! Why, just climbing a fence makes me almost dizzy!"

"Your father was a sailor," said Cornwiler, "and his father was top-man in the navy under old Commodore Preble. Tom's inherited their climb from you."

"I suppose a sixteen-year-old boy is more trouble than a fourteen-year girl," said Mrs. Millwaite. "My Clara's a comfort."

"Whenever Tom's wanted—" began Mrs. Cornwiler.

"A good strong boy is wanted pretty often in a new country," interrupted her husband. "Sometimes it gets tiresome to him."

"Whenever Tom's wanted," persisted Mrs. Cornwiler, "he generally has to be found in a tree-top. It wears out his clothes dreadfully."

"That is a bother," said Mrs. Millwaite. "Now Clara wears her dresses longer than any other schoolgirl of her age."

While this discussion was going on indoors, Tom was going off outdoors. Mrs. Millwaite's visit gave him a chance to go fishing. He put a hook and line in his pocket, intending to cut a fish-pole on the way, and trusting to find fat, white bait-grubs in old logs. He owned a sharp, one-hand hatchet, which he thrust under his buckskin belt.

A quarter of a mile from the river he came to a familiar tree-stub. It had been a forest giant, but some storm had broken off its top, leaving its great trunk thirty feet high. Forest fires had consumed the fallen top, and deeply charred the huge trunk. Tom struck it with his hatchet-head. To his surprise it sounded hollow—a mere shell. He was immediately curious to know if it was hollow all the way up, and the only way to ascertain was to climb it.

A more uninviting stub to climb could not be found. It was very grimy, and too smooth and large to be clasped by either arms or legs; but Tom sought a thicket and cut the longest tough withe he could find. He wrapped this about the stub, and fastened its two ends securely to his belt with strips of strong bark, making a hoop somewhat larger than the tree. Leaning well back, he walked his moss-covered toes right up, raising the hoop by quick jerks.

The tree was hollow. Tom sat on the edge with his feet dangling outside, as steady of nerve as if upon the ground. When his curiosity was satisfied he slipped off the loop to retie it more to suit him. An incautious movement broke a bit of the edge, and disturbed his balance. He made a violent move to recover himself. More edge crumbled inward, and down he went inside, head and heels together, like a shut jack-knife. One hand held to the hoop, pulling it after him. Head, back, hips and legs scraped down the long tube, carrying fragments of rotten wood and a dusty cloud.

Tom struck on a deep, soft pile of debris, into which his doubled-up body plunged breast and knee-deep. The concussion shocked him breathless and set his nosebleeding copiously, and the dust and blood hindered the recovery of his breath. Although he was not quite unconscious, it was long before he stirred. The back of his head had been severely raked, and rotten wood was ground into all his lacerations.

When, at last, he began to try to move, he found himself wedged in. Vainly he wriggled; he could hardly stir, and could neither lift himself nor get his legs down. His hips, back, and all the muscles of his legs ached and pricked intolerably from strain and checked circulation.

He could not resist crying; but being a lad of good courage, endurance and resource, he soon began a systematic effort for release, packing the loose debris down as firmly as he could with his hands, at the same time pressing it away all around with his body. This exertion caused greater ache, but he persisted resolutely. By and by he got his hatchet out of his belt, and struck it, after a dozen efforts, so firmly into the wooden wall that he could hang his weight to it with one hand, while he worked the debris under him with the other. He gradually enlarged his space sufficiently to allow the bending of his knees. After that he was not long in getting his body up and feet down, so as to sit cramped on one hip, with both feet nearly level.

Exertion, pain, and the pressure of returning circulation made his pulse throb and his head swim, and he lapsed into semi-unconsciousness. How long this lasted he knew not, but when he began to struggle again he was in black darkness. A few stars shone

calmly down his wooden well, but he could work only by feeling about with his hands. He felt exhausted, hungry and weak, but he kept on working till he managed to stand erect. Then, after feebly kicking and pushing debris to fill up the hole where he had been, he curled himself as comfortable as he could, and slept a blessed though troubled sleep.

He dreamed that he heard a rifle-shot, and that Ban was barking excitedly and his father hallooing. But his sleep was so profound that a dream could not rouse him.

After a long time he stretched out. His sore heels hit one wall, his sore head the other. This time the pain roused him to a renewed sense of his situation. He sat up, stiff, lame all over, weak, gnawed by hunger and thirst, but still undismayed and resourceful. A little thought and a trial convinced him that, weak and sore as he was, it would be a vain waste of strength to try to climb up the difficult inside of his prison.

"There's always more than one way to skin a cat," he reflected. "I've got to get out of this somehow; that's all there is to it." He ran a thumb over the edge of his hatchet. "Pretty sharp yet. Too light to chop easy, and no room to swing it, but it'll cut a hole, give it time."

Scraping away the rotten wood, he selected a place where the wall seemed thin, and began hacking. Progress was slow. At first his stiff muscles and sore body hurt acutely, but this pain wore away as he went on. The wood, charred outside and very dry, was hard and tough. Although it was a sunny day, and his eyes had adjusted their vision to the dimness of his pit, he could hardly see where to strike. He dared not pry out large slivers, for if edge or handle of his hatchet should break, he might never get out. His awkward position and the one-hand work tired him rapidly, and he suffered occasional cramps.

During one of his frequent rests he heard Ban barking loudly outside.

"Good dog! I'm coming!" he shouted.

The dog bayed frantically, leaped against the tree, scratched, whined, tore the wood with his teeth, and began digging furiously between two great roots, evidently intending to tunnel under to his young master.

When Tom did not appear for supper, Mrs. Cornwiler began to fret, but not much, for he was often late. After supper, with no Tom to do the chores, Mr. Cornwiler grumbled, but did them himself, saying:

"Come, now, wife, the boy probably has a good excuse. He's pretty regular, considering."

By bedtime Mrs. Cornwiler was anxious.

"I'm sure he's lying hurt somewhere in the woods, fallen from a tree; or maybe he's got lost."

"Pshaw, now, Edith! Tom couldn't lose himself anywhere in this county the darkest night that ever was; and he doesn't know how to fall from a tree. He'll be home all right pretty soon. Likely he's hindered by something he thinks important."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Cornwiler was insistent and Cornwiler less confident. He proposed to take the dog and search.

"Maybe he's at one of the neighbors. He'd stay, of course, if he could be of any use. Anyhow, Ban'll track him. Blow the horn if he comes home while I'm gone."

Ban, being told to "Go find Tom!" set off joyfully, wagging his tail. He led Cornwiler straight to the charred stub, and barked, leaping against it. Cornwiler looked the stub all over. There were no signs of Tom. He called, and fired his rifle. There was no reply. He supposed the stub solid, but thumped it. Unfortunately the blow struck where the shell was thick, and where Tom had packed the debris hardest inside. It sounded solid. Mr. Cornwiler thought that Ban had foolishly tracked a squirrel up it, or perhaps a coon had been there and gone. He dragged the dog away, ordering him again to "Find Tom!" Ban instantly ran back to the stub, and whined and scratched, but Mr. Cornwiler pulled him away.

Ban then led into a thicket, and here were signs—a slender pole cut and trimmed, a bittern sapling peeled of two strips of bark. Tom had been there. The sapling was slender for a fish-pole, but Mr. Cornwiler thought that must be it. The strips of bark meant strings, but what Tom wanted of strings he could not conjecture. Having concluded it meant fishing, he hurried to the river, his anxiety considerably increased. Tom was a strong, cool swimmer and knew every foot of the river. There were few deep places, and no really dangerous places. Mr. Cornwiler searched a long time, but found no trace of Tom, and Ban seemed puzzled and not much interested. After midnight Cornwiler begged a terribly anxious inquiry, rousing

neighbor after neighbor. No one had any tidings. Mr. Millwaite dressed, took his rifle, and accompanied Cornwiler. Mrs. Millwaite, notwithstanding her depreciation of Tom, went to cheer and comfort his mother all she could.

Millwaite suggested going first to the charred stub. "You know Tom's been there," he said, "and it's the right point to start." As soon as they arrived, Ban began whining and scratching about the stub. Cornwiler sternly ordered him off, and the poor dog, probably supposing it was all right, reluctantly obeyed. Both men believed the stub solid, and that Tom had merely come and gone. The news of the lost boy spread, and by sunrise a dozen men and boys were scouring the woods.

After getting breakfast and doing the housework, Clara Millwaite, who had been thinking, concluded that Tom must, after all, be at or near the charred stub. "A dog never mistakes in such matters; men do," the sensible girl reasoned. She would go and take a look for herself.

"If Tom is there he'll be hungry and thirsty," she thought, so she put a generous breakfast and a bottle of new milk in a bark basket.

Ban went home with Cornwiler and Millwaite, who wished to see if Tom had taken his fish-line. They found it gone, and their delusion as to the river was confirmed.

Thinking Ban of no service, Cornwiler left him at the house, and the dog immediately returned to the stub and resumed his barking. Clara heard him, and hurried to reach the spot and judge for herself of the dog's behavior. She arrived just as Tom drove a long silver through, and put out his fingers for Ban to lick.

In a few moments more he had the aperture sufficiently enlarged for Clara to pass in the bottle and slices of food. Tom drank first—a long, thirsty pull. Then how he did eat! With the appetite of a starved wolf and the gratitude of a generous-minded boy. Clara bade him give her the hatchet, and while he ate she hacked with the skill and strength of a pioneer girl. As the wall was now pierced they could chop the edges of the shell and make faster progress. In half an hour Tom was able to squeeze through.

What an object he was! Bloody, grimy, and covered with rotten wood from head to heels! Even his hair was plastered with gore and dust. Clara gathered leaves and helped him clean it off as well as he could, but it would require severe scrub baths, and a week's healing to make him presentable.

While they walked home she recalled him about his appearance, suggesting that half the township, especially the ladies, would be on hand to meet him. But Tom said he guessed that as long as she had seen him in this condition, he could stand being looked at by the other ladies.

As for Ban, he was so absorbed that evening with the unusually large bone given him that he quite failed to hear Mr. Cornwiler's compliment.

"I allow," said Mr. Cornwiler, "that when it comes to woodcraft, I haven't got half the sense of that dog."—Youth's Companion.

Where Economy Falls.

Men like economy in their domestic arrangements, but if there is one woman most of them fear and despise it is the wretch who has all sorts of recipes for making cheap dishes out of scraps. She comes fluttering into the domestic devotees early in the day. "My dear Mrs. B., such a recipe—the cheapest, most delectable dish imaginable. Any housekeeper can make this salad. An old gum shoe or remnant of mackintosh dressed with oil, vinegar and paprika, or cream and lemon juice. I am confident your husband will go wild over it." She is right. He does. He goes so wild that after the doctor had gone home in the night and he is resting easy he asks who gave the recipe for that salad and vows to shoot her on sight if ever he gets out again. If the men of the neighborhood had their way they would put a large dose of poison in the stocking of this fiend who teaches wives how to make palatable dishes out of gum, broken umbrellas, furniture polish and soiled awnings.—Louisville (Ky.) Times.

Hat Tips.

The hat of the modern American is a more or less direct descendant from the ancient helmet. The shape of a derby could have been evolved from nothing else, and it has little save tradition to recommend it. It is not beautiful or comfortable, as compared with the cowboy's soft felt hat or the cap of the European peasant. It does not keep the ears warm, nor stay on with any degree of success; and it goes out of fashion every season, reappearing later in a slightly different form. Its sole recommendation is the tradition that it is the proper headgear for a civilized and enlightened man; and when it is cocked on one side on the head of a rowdy it does not make him look either civilized or cultured.—Washington Times.

Hungry Bears Destroy a Railroad.

A logger named Johnson, who has a logging camp somewhere near Deep River, away down the Columbia, was in town looking for engines and wire cables to pull the logs cut to the tramway. He has been using horses for this work, but says he will have to use engines hereafter, as the bears tear up his skid roads. The grease used in the skids has attracted the bears, which not only lick the skids clean of grease, but dig them out and ruin the road in search of the grease which has been absorbed by the earth. He says the bears pursue their mischievous labors chiefly in the night, and he cannot stay up nights to shoot them.—Morning Oregonian.

HEREDITY AND HEALTH

THE VIEWS OF FAMILY DOCTORS AND LIFE INSURANCE MEN.

Modern Theories as to the Possibility of Inheriting Disease—The New Belief in Inheriting Tuberculosis—Insanity Is Not a Bacterial Disease.

Upon few questions have medical men been so divided as upon the possibility of inheriting disease. Opinion on this subject has undergone much change within the last fifteen or twenty years, but even to-day doctors are not unanimous on the subject. Then, again, there is another class of scientific people who theorize regarding the phenomena of physical life and conduct laboratory experiments. These men call themselves biologists, and they are unquestionably a learned lot. Yet their conclusions are often different from those reached by the physicians. In general, it may be said that biologists incline to accept Weismann's doctrine that acquired traits cannot be transmitted to progeny, while medical men, though differing as to details, have more or less confidence in the possibility of inheriting physical infirmities.

The discovery of bacteria as the cause of most maladies has had a revolutionary influence upon the old doctrine of inheritance regarding tuberculosis. Once it was believed that a whole family was hopelessly doomed if either of the parents died of this disease. "We have ripped that notion up the back," said the medical adviser of a leading insurance company the other day. "Phtisis is a contagious disease, and results from association with a victim of that trouble. I should sooner look for it in the husband than in the child of a woman who was thus affected."

The doctor who passed on the applications made to another company put the case less radically. He attached more importance to the fact that parents had died of consumption. Even granting that it is purely a contagious malady, offspring sometimes appear to inherit a susceptibility or an abnormally low power of resistance to it. It is asserted that even when the children of tuberculosis parents are widely separated in their youth, and grow up apart, a larger percentage of them develop the disease than that of other people's children. The preponderance is not marked, perhaps, but there are those who believe that it exists. This same expert remarked, however, that formerly his company did not regard a man reasonably safe from inherited consumption until he was forty years old, whereas they would take him now with little hesitation at thirty-five, if he then showed no signs of the malady. Both theory and practice are undergoing slow changes on this point, apparently.

Insanity is not regarded as a bacterial disease, and yet it has a physical basis. The brain undergoes local or general changes in structure. The disorder cannot be acquired by association with other victims of it, but many experts believe in the possibility of inheriting a tendency to insanity and its first cousin, epilepsy. Doctors recognize what they call the "insane diathesis" or a predisposition to insanity, and then take a good deal of stock in the notion that this is an inherited weakness. Most life insurance companies discriminate sharply against applicants whose ancestry exhibits two or three cases of insanity, or one of insanity and one of epilepsy.

Cancer is another affliction which was once believed to be transmissible to offspring, but that view of it is now almost entirely abandoned. Occasionally there are cases of death from this cause in mother or father and son only a few years apart. But, suggestive as such a coincidence is, doctors do not all interpret it alike. One of the leading life insurance companies of this country, which puts its terms up where consumption or insanity appears in the parents' or grandparents' history, ignores cancer except in the applicant himself.

These are the three diseases to which the most attention is given by these companies in considering the infirmities of parents and grandparents. Still, it is asserted that lack of longevity, Bright's disease and other signs of weakness appear to be characteristic of some families and not of others. There is little evidence of the inheritance of a predisposition to apoplexy. Indeed, this trouble, which is due primarily to a weakness of the walls of the arteries, has been found to be about equally characteristic of persons whose weight is abnormally great and those who are abnormally light.

A great deal has been written of alcoholism and heredity. Some of the expressions on this subject are extravagant and misleading. It is particularly interesting to note whether drunkenness or other moral failings develop in parents before or after their children were born. In the latter case heredity would seem to afford an inadequate explanation of bad habits or disease. Nevertheless, there is much evidence that in one way or another immorality affects offspring. It does so chiefly by impairing the physical stamina of the latter, and rarely by causing any special disease. Insurance companies pay little attention to alcoholism in the parents of applicants, not because they have no faith in its influences, but because they can recognize the latter in undersize, light weight, nervous weakness or other peculiarities of the children. Such characteristics serve as a more useful guide.

Perhaps the firmest believers in the old Mosaic declaration about the "sins of the fathers" are medical practitioners in towns of moderate size, family physicians who know grandparents,

parents of children socially as well as professionally. Their observation almost invariably convinces them not only that moral infirmities are translated into physical weakness in the second and third generations, but also that maladies which are in no sense related to immorality sometimes leave their impress on the young. Very often this effect is nothing more than a predisposition, which, once recognized and dealt with in time, may be skillfully antagonized by diet, exercise and environment.—New York Tribune.

BLIND MERCHANT IS HANDY.

Carl Wells Never Saw the Light, Yet is a Successful Grocer.

There is a small store on the corner of South avenue and Clover street, where are sold ice cream, canned goods, "package groceries," and the various other things which go to make up the ordinary stock of such an establishment. There are hundreds of other stores in Syracuse exactly like this one, but it is unique because of the personality of the storekeeper, a young man of twenty-one, who is totally blind.

If you were to see Carl Wells moving briskly about, waiting on customers and never making a mistake in finding the right article or in making change, you would find it difficult to realize that the world has been dark to him from the hour of his birth. Although his father and mother are both endowed with eyesight, a strange fatality seems to hang over their children, for Mr. Wells has a brother and a sister also afflicted with congenital blindness. In the case of all three, the optic nerve is paralyzed, and no light affects the retina, so that the blindness is quite irremediable.

"There is a long Latin name for it, Dr. Brown told me, but I don't remember it," said Mr. Wells to a Herald reporter. "But then, of course, I don't miss my eyes as any one would who had had them and lost them. When I was a child I made up my mind that I must learn to do things for myself, for if you wait for some one else to help you, you generally have to wait a long while, and I am fortunate in having a strong sense of location. I always put my own goods in their places on the shelves, and then I don't have the least difficulty in finding them. Once I know how the outside of any special package feels, I know it for keeps. Of course, if some one were to disarrange my work and put things out of place, I should be completely lost."—Syracuse Herald.

Abandoned Schoolhouse to a Ghost.

A ghost has received official recognition in the action of Trustee Jesse Martin, of Jackson township, of Carroll County, Ind., when he gave a contract for the erection of a new school building in the Walnut Grove district. Several years ago Amer Green was lynched by a mob for the murder of his sweetheart, Luella Mabbitt, the hanging taking place at a walnut tree in the Walnut Grove schoolyard. Since then the children have been filled with superstitious terror in regard to the place, and the once large school dwindled to two pupils last winter, and after a few weeks' effort to get others to attend, school was dismissed. Strange stories were told about the place. Green's ghost was reported to have been seen, and the teachers reported that they heard unexplainable sounds about the building. The walnut tree, before then a large and thrifty one, never bore foliage after the lynching, and stood a bleak reminder of the tragedy.

No teacher could be found to accept the school for next winter, and in response to the insistent demands of the patrons a new building will be erected a short distance away, the old site being abandoned.—Indianapolis Journal.

Quick Work Might Solve It.

A lady was recently reading to her young son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, she said: "Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?" "Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother, "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible, after thinking a moment, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.—Answers.

Carried Kittens With His Teeth.

Stradley is three years old and a polite young man, as is indicated by the fact that he gravely dofs his hat when meeting a woman with whom he is acquainted. He also believes that in some things nature's way is the better.

A family of kittens came to Stradley's home, much to his delight. He carried one of the kittens about with him and marveled much that the kitten should cry.

The other day he saw the mother cat carrying a kitten in her mouth, and a great light broke on Stradley. That afternoon he walked solemnly to the house, holding a struggling kitten firmly between his teeth.

"Why, Stradley," said his mother, "you should not carry poor kitty that way."
"No?" said the little man, and then added: "Why, it's mamma does."—New York Mail and Express.