## M'DOUGALL'S GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN

The Wonderful Medicine Which Made the Miller Family Rich and Which Had Marvelous Effects on Animals

The Miller family, which consisted of four persons and a red dog. lived in a small house near the Kinkobasky river, far from any neighbors and so far from school that the walk thither took nearly an hour.

It was rare indeed to see the mailcarrier stop at the Miller house, and even rarer to see the expressman deliver anything there. But rabbits, deer and quall were frequent visitors to the edge of wood that surrounded the lonely house. Thus, as you may imagine, when wagon drove up to the gate and a large, a wagon drove up to the gate and a arge, equare box was carried to the doorstep, Robbie and Clara Miller were much astonished and guite excited; so much surprised that, when the expressmen asked. "Is this Mr. Miller's?" Robbie merely stared at him, but Clara replied: 'Yes, sir; it's Miller's."

The expressman said: "Then this is his package, and there's It to pay on it." "Paps isn't home, nor mamma, either," said Clara.

have spent 79 years. He will | cabbage leaves with the "Fluid of can't leave the box." declared | of which "Then I can't leave the box," declared the man. "I must have the money." "What's in it?" inquired Robbie. "How do, I know?" inquired the man, laughing. "I can't see through wood. Mebbe it's gold. "Where's it from?" demanded the boy. "It's all the way from Germany," re-sponded the expressman. "There it is on the side, 'Frankfurter, Germany,' as easy to read as American writing." find in the Red Book, which is in the Youth." Robble offered them box with the bottles, full directions for the use of all these things. I caution him, goat, who eagerly devoured them. Noth-ing happened and finally Clara said with divilge the secret until he was whink, but how was Franz to account for the change of his appearance, for he wouldn't tell a lie. It was at last de-cided that he was to tell his mother, but and all who ever handle them, to use great caution in applying any of them, a sniff: "Huh! I guess the stuff is too old snid: for terrible and lasting results—ap-pailing evils, perhaps—may follow the use of those which I have not fully tested. first make her promise to keep the secret. Each of them took several bot-ties to conceal in safe hiding places, and Give her some more. Another feed of cabbage produced r apparent effect upon the animal, and the disgusted children turned to another ties to conceal in safe hiding places, and they carried the box into the woods. Robbie, his heart in his mouth at hearing his father's yolce in the dis-tance, dashed into the woodshed, where he put his bottles on a shelf; but Clara carried hers to her bedroom and con-cealed them. Franz darted into the shrubbery and habtened home. The Giant Syrup, for instance, has not been used as yet, nor his the Fluid of easy to read as American writing." "Tve got about #2 upstairs," said Robbie, "after a moment's thought. "Til pay for it, but I sure hate to do it." "You'll be glad, if you find it full of gold," exclaimed his sister, as she eyed bottle. Youth been tried upon any human being "I like the looks of this silvery stuff." I have succeeded with the Perfecting Mixture and some of the others. announced Franz, holding the bottle up in the sunlight. "I'd like to be per-fected, you bet! I believe I'll try it "GOTTLIEB GESUNDHEIT." on myself." "Oh, Franz, don't you dare! It might "So these are magic fluids!" exclaimed Franz, taking up a bottle. "See! Here it "Dare we open it?" asked Clara, after he man had driven away. "Guess pop won't care," replied Rob-ie. "I paid for it, anyhow, so it's partly ine, kinder." It would take a whole book to relate all that happened after that. An hour after supper, while Robbie's mother was wiping the dishes, his father, slitting smoking on the stoop, says 'Giant Syrup.' I wonder what it's for? Here's the 'Perfecting Mixture,' too. do something dreadful to you!" cried Clara, with a shudder. "Pooh, I'm not afraid! It couldn't make me any worse looking," answered the hunch-backed lad. "Maybe it might It looks like guicksilver; and this is the 'Fluid of Youth.'" "Gee! That must have been pop's grandfather's brother!" cried Robbie. " So Robble go the ax and in a few minutes the contents of the box were straighton me out who knows?" Before they could stop him he had taken a big swallow of the stuff labeled "Perfecting Mixture." ald with a sight "The whole world's a-gitting old; my remember him saying that there was a wizard in Germany who was related to pesky exposed. Judge of the amazement of the two rheumatiz is bothering me tohight worse than ever." "Why don't you try that liniment that Mrs. Walsh gave you?" asked Mrs. Milchildren on finding, instead of gold, merely a lot of bottles, all of which were him. "It doesn't taste bad," he announced "No, it was his grandfather," declared after a moment, "but, goodness! how funny it makes you feel. Seems as if tightly corked and filled with liquids of different colors, and all ooking very ancient, being covered with dust and Clara. "While the two were disputing the er. "Where is it?" demanded her hus-I was on fire all over." matter Franz was examining the bottles, and finally, when he had removed them all from the box and placed them on different colors, and all ooking very ancient, being covered with dust and cobwebs. Robbie gazed at them dis-mayed to think that he had lavished \$2 on this rubbish. His sister said: "Pooh! Looks like medicine! Guess "I do hope it won't poison you," said lara. "I don't want to be perfected, band "Out in the woodshed, on the shelf," replied Mrs. Miller. "I clean forgot to bring it in, and it's just where she left it that day. I'll go and get it." "Til get it," cried Robbie, in great Clara. If I have to take such stuff." "Oh! look at Nanny!" shouted Robble Something's the matter with her." they're samples of cough syrups." "Let's take the cork out of one and here's stuff to cure warts. This is to remove paint and this to kill bugs. This is called 'Laughing Julce,' and this one 'Music Ointment.' I wonder what that Sure enough, something had happened alarm. to the goat. She was frisking about like a young kid, leaping over rocks and bushes and bleating merrily. There was "I guess I can get 'it myself," said his father. see," suggested Rob. At that moment Franz Wilder arrived. Franz was a little boy who lived a mile away and who came almost daily to the house. He was a hunchback and Robbie darted away, but before he could secrete his bottles his father was beside him, wondering vastly at his son's sudden desire to save him trouble. He took the bottle from Robbie's hands, nothing different in her appearance to show that the magic fluid had taken "Let's get the Red Book and find out." suggested the girl. effect, but it was certain that it had already changed her in some manner. They followed her into the woods for liked to play with the Miller. children because they never laughed at his de-formity. He was immensely interested in the strange box, and while examining the many bottles he suddenly exclaimed: "Say! Here is a letter down at the bottom." It's addressed to Mr. Hiram Miller in German letters." "Of course," replied Franz, "my mother is Dutch. I can read it and speak it, too." "Then you may open this letter and what it all means, for papa certainly can't read German and he won't know liked to play with the Miller, children because they never laughed at his de-

They had to make him look in a pool of water before he would believe that he had lost his crooked shape and been changed into a perfect boy. Then he sat down and cried for joy, and they knew then how bitterly he had felt his deformity, sithough he had always made light of it. "Oh! won't mother be glad." he cried.

"Oh! won't mother be glad, he cried, as he leaped about, exactly like the goat. "My goodness!" shouted Robble: "that makes me think. What will pop say when he finds out what we've done?"

"I think that he will be glad when he sees Franz," declared Clars. But Robbie was now thoroughly frightened as he thought of the tremen-dous power of these liquids, and he feared his father's anger. His first impulse was to hide everything until he could sat courses to tall him courties. the could get courage to tell his parents what had happened; and this was made stronger when he saw the goat, now changed into a frolicsome kid, prancing about near them. Had the boy been older he would have reflected that the ne could

older he would have reflected that the endeavor to conceal their act was far more dangerous than confession; but he was only 12 and his fears carried him away. The others, nearly as much scared as himself, promised never to divulge the secret until he was willing; out in the night. The laugh didn't court of the night. The laugh didn't

"We're no kids." interrupted Mr. Miller, grinning, "Til show you in a minute who I am; you come along into Poor Clara sat there in awed allence Poor Clara sat there in awed allence watching them, afraid to speak, for had abe not promised silence? Mrs. Miller took a taste and then a good, big drink of the magic Fluid of Youth. for that was the bottle which her husband hap-pened upon. Then Clara rose and slipped out to inform her brother. She was trembling with mingled fear and engerness when she whispered: "Papa and mamma both have drunk out of one of those bottles." the house."

out of one of those bottles.

"You don't say so?" evid Robbie. "I wonder which one it was." "Well, there were only two of them uncorked," replied the girl; "so it must be either the Perfecting Mixture or the Bloom of Youth, or whatever it is." "I am afraid we have gone and done it," whispered Robbie. "Goodness! Maybe it will make them as young as When they all were indoors and the children had a good look at their won-

"Well, suppose it does?" "Well, anyhow, I do hope it won't make pop any bigger than me, then." There was a long period of silence, during which the two children sat in the

right."

to be alarmed.

his father. "Now that we are young again and have probably" many long years ahead of us, we must try to mend our affairs. I see a way is make the farm pay splendidly and tomorrow I am going to start a new sort of cattle-raising. The circus comes to town in the early hours, and I'll trade our per-fected horse for a couple of old, broken-down circus critters, then we will per-fect them and keep a-trading, two for one, until we have 1,000 head of horses." "That's a grand idea!" cried Robbie. "Let's get to work at once." They hastened to the tumbledown barn and gave the old horse some oats sprinkled with the magic fluid. It was then very late, and all were sleepy and glad enough to hurry to bed. In the morning Robbie awoke to find our affairs. I see a way to make the "I am only 46," cried his mother. Then she laughed.

In the morning Robble awoke to find that Clara had placed Baby Silas be-side him, and was speaking to him, laughing the while.

"Mamma and paps were squabbling in bed about getting up to make the fire." said she. "Mamma says she's too lit-tle, and papa thinks he's too feeble, so I guess you will have to do it."

"I guess I am not afraid of a little

I guess you will have to do it.". "I never thought that would be the result of all this?" groaned Robble, as he slowly got up and dressed. He went to the barn, and there stood a horse that was so splendld as to startle him. He loudly yelled for his father, who was so amazed that he al-most fell over.

noble horse for seven ordinary steeds, much to the delight of the circus men

children had a good look at their won derfully changed parents, the alteration was found to be most amazing, yet with it all any one who had known them would easily have recognized Mr. and Mrs. Miller without much trouble, so the children admitted at last that they were convinced of the truth of their parents' statements. They had been changed into fittla.children, certainly: but when Mr. Miller lighted his pipe all of them laughed, for, after all, while they had been made young again, all their habits and their manner of talking and acting were the same as before in many ways. It was such a funny mix-ture of youth and age that they were the scret." and acting were the same as before in many ways. It was such a funny mix-ture of youth and age that they were "I shouldn't wonder if you could make a million dollars doing that very thing." suggested Franz. "It might be better than perfecting horses!" thing continually roaring at the queer that happened. After a while Robbie told about all the wonderful bottles, and then his father demanded to see "Doubtless," replied Mr. Miller. "But think of the envy and heartburnings that might result if some were made as perfect as you are, for instance, while others remained crippled and dis-"I hardly think it's safe to let such a small boy monkey with such things,' said Robbie, very soberly. torted. No; horses won't make people discontented, for we are all used to seeshouted Mr. Miller. "Consarn it!" dancing up, and down, "don't you talk like that any more, or there will be ing animals far more perfect than men and women. We must never, let any-body know about the Perfecting Mixtrouble! Bring on your old bottles!" When the bottles had been produced ture at all." and Mr. Miller read the letter of the old In the afternoon they rode away with German wizard, he time and then said: he sat thinking for a the seven transformed horses prancing and curvetting in all the pride of their "You acted very foolishly, and it is lucky that you happened to hit upon and curveting in all the pride of their youth, and two hours later they were seen leading home 49 scraggly old wrecks, which next morning were turned into equine beauties of such magnificence that both father and son these two bottles; otherwise we might all have been changed into strange ani-I remember hearing tales about old Uncle Gesundheit turning people into wolves, birds and cats, and now decided that they need no longer trade, but could sell at high prices. So they into wolves, birds and cats, and now I believe he could do anything. It would be folly to attempt to do anything with these without the Red Book, for mis-takes might be fatal. Now that we really know the secret of two of the bottles we can do what we will with them, but I shall lock the others up in the chest until the book is found." Well' sold Me Miller "We Miller "We Kaya them, but I shall lock the others up in the chest until the book is found." "I think we ought to give the old horse and the two cows some of that stuff," suggested Mrs. Miller, laughing. "They are certainly pretty old."\_\_\_\_\_\_ "That's a good idea, and I'll do it in the morning." "And give them some of the perfect-ing stuff, too," said Chera. "They aint any too fine, you know." I Now that all of the magic fluid of youth had vanished, and there was no longer hope of having fun with that. Robbie said: "Too bad it's gone! But we still have a lot of fun out of that, perfecting all sorts of things." "Tes, and we have a lot of other things more than having fun," replied "Well," said Mr. Miller, "we have want, so we can't complain. The money will last us all the monsy we want, so we can't complain. The money will last us all the monsy we want, so we can't complain. The money will last us all our live, and now we'll go in for enjoyment." And so they did. On their farm you may see the most magnificent roller-consters and merry-go-rounds, swings and miniature railways, pleasure boats and ice eream soda fountains in all the source of hearty enjoyment, and my only wish is that you may happen to visit the neighborhood some time to see for yourselves that I am speaking noth-ing but the truth. "WALT MDOUGALL

"Why, you are younger than I am." added Clara, taking her cue from Rob-ble. "I guess you are only about 10 years old. You musn't pretend that you are my mamma, little girl; it's not "But, bless my soul, I am your mam-ma," cried Mrs. Miller, gasping. "Come-right into the house, and we will tell you all about it." "Not much!" cried Robbie, pretending to be alarmed. "You want to get us into the house, and then pop will be after us with a stick. You kids can't play any game like that."

"I guess I am not afraid of a little shrimp like you." reforted Robbie, eye-ing his father carefully. "You can't take any gad to me, you know." Mr. Miller snorted and then turned pale. He suddenly realized that his son was taller and stronger than he. "See here," he added, after a pause, "I am your father, although you are bigger than I and so must mind me. This little girl here is your mother, and she must be obeyrd." "All right, but you musn't get sassy!" replied his son. "We hig boys don't want any back talk from littler kids." When they all were indoors and the

sound a bit like either father's or mother's, yet there was something fa-miliar about it. Robbie started and

"It's worked. I'll bet that's pop. He's a boy again."

"Then mamma's a girl." breathed Clara. "I'll bet she's littler than me, 'cause she took an awful big dose!"

They heard more laughter, and it seemed to be coming nearer. Then both sprang up to flee and hide, but stopped at sight of a boy and girl who were ap-proaching hand in hand along the path.

"It's them!" gasped Robbie, and Clara in silence clutched his arm. They wore clothes exactly like those worn by the children's parents, and as the two looked at them in the dim starlight they

could plainly see a resemblance to the old people they had left a few minutes before bewalling their age and illnesses but ch, what a startling difference Rarely had Robbie and Clara seen thei parents smile and more rarely heard them actually laugh, but now these two, who were certainly their parents, were grianing and chuckling with give mals. and almost dancing with joy as they came seeking for their children hiding in the dark. Robbie held his breath. in the dark. Robbie held his breath. His father stopped when he saw them crouching there, and then he shouldd: "Whoop! hooroo! Children, do yo know who we are?"

Rhow who we are:" Robbie took a quick measure of his father's size and, rejoicing to see that he was at least two inches shorter than himself, he opened his mouth to reply, when his mother interrupted.

"Hush! let me speak. This is, after all, a serious matter." - Then to the children she said: "Something has happened to us; I don't know what, but we have been turned into children again. I mean we

look like children; but after all we are

your parents." Robbie, gaining all of his courage in

"Huhi Now don't you kids come round here telling any such tale as that, My father and mother are old folks, mighty nigh 100 years old, I guess-"



From the Ceylon Times. VERY gruesome—and, at the same time, a very inconvenient —scare is going the rounds in the northern suburbs of Co-lombo, in Kotahena and Mutwai-in the former in particular.. According to a current rumor there is some insur-mountable difficulty in the building of the new graving dock. Every stone and the new graving dock. Every stone and concrete block put down disappears, geodness knows where. Mr. Bostock has had experiences of harbor works before, and he knows what is to be dome when stones and blocks disappear in that mysterious fashion. It is the which is known as bills was paid. The scare has much behind to rec-ommend it to the crodulity of the peo-ple. In days gone by no big work was down when stones and blocks disappear in that mysterious fashion. It is the foil and the devil must be propirited by human sacrifice! There are 117 pillars to be built, says the new graving dock. Every stone and concrete block put down disappears, geodness knows where. Mr. Hostock has had experience of harbor works before, and he knows what is to be done when stoness and blocks disappear in that mysterious fashion. It is the work of the devil, and the devil must be provided by human sacrifice!

A the day

man in the street, and accordingly | done, but it is firmly believed by the the man in the street, and accordingly 117 human lives must be immolated. Every second man in Kotahena be-lieves the story, and wives and mothers live in treplation, let alone their hus-bands and brothers. Little children who to schedul are wilted for by their who go to school are waited for by their parents with the utmost anxiety, and the scare is working much distress. One awkward result of the scare is that servants will not go out into the bou-tiques after dusk.

migration of those souls they become

known dungeon. Several are said to have already been taken in that way masses that hundreds of lives were sacand stories of lasses continue to in-crease from day to day. The story is told of breadbaskets being brought to rificed in the building of fanks, and of dagobas, etc., in ancient days. It is firmly believed that the tunnels through pelice stations, baskets whose keepers which the railway line runs all had bills paid before their construction. have been spirited away by the Afghans with the white powder. Rikishas are said to be brought to police stations by the score-for they had been left on the roadside while the men them-seives had disappeared. The souls of these men enter Other bodies, and in the course of the trans-

to procure the necessary men for immo-lation. The men are procured, so it is believed, by a very simple contrivance. A little white powder is thrown on

them, and they forthwith follow the man, who lures them into some un-

By Boy. W. B. Carwardine

F ORTY years of honorable record and splendid business career wiped out in four months of a gambling furore. That is the awful lesson of Banker Digelow's ter-rific defaication.

awful lesson of Banker Bigelow's ter-rific defaication. Beginning as a measenger boy 40 years ago, he rose step by step to a social position of the highest financial and social standing in his city. Today he is a self-confessed embersiler, a be-trayer of sacred trusts committed to his care, his family diagraced, every-thing a man holds dear in this life gone down in the crash, and the doors of the penitentiary open wide to receive him. There is something frightful in the contemplation of this picture of ruin. It carries with it a fearful and oft-

repeated lesson. The man who gambles must insuit-ably lose. No matter how honest he may be at the outset, the end is sure disaster. Losing his own money, ha is tempted to rob others, heping to re-cuperate his losses and make good, but it is contrary to nature, and the collapse

The Bigelow Defalcation

It is contrary to nature, and the compar-comes. Why do men with good salaries and wealth at their command speculate and tempt fortune as this man did? Is it possible for a man to be satisfied? It seems not. The insatiable greed, the insame passion for accumulation, the raging, insatible appetite for more money, the wild cager desire to get rich quickly is a passion that seems to be inherent to the blood in these

the world. All the goodness and in-tegrify of his past life, all the kindness and Rumanity of former days, the record of 40 years of decent and respectable living are of no avail in this moment of diagrace. Who knows how many others there are who have also been on the verge of ruin by the speculation in "May wheat." Higelow's case is a "corner" on a staple commodity. The man is a fool who thinks he can com-pete with God and allore in an attempt to corner the bread of the nation.