

after more afraid of cows than before. There! I hear the dinner bell." "Oh, Auntie, won't you tell us more about Joe and Sue after dinner," clamored the children, all three. "The very next rainy Saturday," said Auntie Maude, "I'll tell you about the shearing and the 'River Ranch,' and the little motherless calf that Sue found on the prairie;" said Auntie Maude. Do you suppose it ever rained again on Saturday afternoon?

C. W. K.

AN OPEN SECRET.

Good Bidy Top Knot made a nest. And hid it very nicely; But cackling when she laid the egg, Revealed the place precisely.

Sel.

A Story About a Parrot.

Mrs. Q. had a parrot of which she and her family were very fond. It was given to her by a friend who brought it from the country where parrots grow wild.

When Mrs. Q. first got her parrot it was very wild and did not want any one to touch it. It could not say a word and could only squawk; but the parrot got tame and learned to say some words.

The first thing he learned to say was "How-do-you-do," and the next was "Peek-a-boo." Mrs. Q. named her bird Perequito, (Per-i-key-toe) and he soon learned to say his name.

Once Mrs. Q. went on a visit to her relatives and stayed three months. While she was gone Perequito forgot all about her and chose Miss Q. for his best friend. He learned to like her after she came home, but never liked her again as well as he did Miss Q.

Mr. Q. and Uncle John Q. tried to be good friends with Perequito; but he never cared for the gentlemen and would bite them pretty hard if he got a chance. But the little fellow was so jolly and merry that all thought a great deal of him in spite of his bad faults.

One afternoon after Perequito had been in the Q. family about two years and a half, he was sitting on his perch in the kitchen and Miss Q. was washing the dishes. He was singing a loud song that Miss Q. did not care to hear, so she took Perequito on her finger and put him out on a pear tree near the kitchen door. Perequito was often put out in a tree and generally stayed right where he was placed, unless some strange man came into the yard and then he would sometimes fly into another tree. Miss Q. forgot all about the parrot for quite a few minutes and then she thought she would look out and see what he was doing. And what do you think! Little Perequito was nowhere to be seen;—no pretty green bird clinging to the twigs of the pear tree.

Oh, where was Perequito? Miss Q. looked from one tree to another hoping to see him, and went up and down the yard calling "Perequito!" But she could not see him and he did not answer to any of her calling. Mr. Q. and Uncle John Q. came out of the house and they, too, went round and round the yard hunting the lost one but could not find him. Miss Q. was pretty nearly sad enough to sit down and weep to think that perhaps she would never see Perequito again. And then she would have to tell Mrs. Q., who was out in the buggy doing some errands, that the little bird was gone.

While Miss Q. was going about searching and calling, little Lucy Lantz came into the yard with Miss Chapman, her cousin. Little Lucy is just four years old, and she said to Miss Q. in her slow little way, "I came up to see your parrot." Miss Q. had to say the parrot was gone and she did not know whether she would ever see it again.

Kind little Lucy with the pretty brown eyes said, "I am very sorry you lost your parrot."

Miss Q. said, "Well, Lucy, come back some other day and if we have found the parrot you shall see him."

A little later Mrs. Q. came driving in, and she had already heard that Perequito was lost. She got out of her buggy and went all around where Miss Q. had been twenty times before, calling "Perequito, where are you?"

Finally she said, "well, I guess the bird is gone for good. If he stays out

doors all night he will be chilled and catch his death of cold."

It was getting most night, and Mr. Q. was down at the barn milking the cow.

Pretty soon he started toward the house and called out to Miss Q., "Martha, I heard the parrot call out 'grandma!' while I was milking, but I could not tell where he was."

Miss Q. was so delighted that she clapped her hands for joy, and ran out past the barn to the back street, and there was Perequito sitting in a great tall gum tree and calling out everything he had learned to say. Pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Q. were there, and ever so many strangers stopping to hear "Polly" talk. He called "Do you want to go to breakfast? Come along, go to breakfast;" and then he would laugh and say, "call the dog," "do you want to go to bed;" and I do not know what all. But Perequito was 40 or 50 feet up in the tall tree and he did not know how to come down; and we did not know how to catch him.

Miss Q. borrowed a great long bamboo pole from a neighbor and Mrs. Q. carried out the step-ladder. They thought if one stood on the step-ladder and reached up the long pole Perequito would get on and let them take him down. But oh, my! They could not reach him by a long distance.

One kind man said he would go home and get his long ladder and bring it. He did so, and he tried so hard to put it up in the crotch of the tree so that he could reach the pole up to the bird, but it got dark and he could not see the bird.

Poor Perequito was frightened to see so many people and quit talking, so they could not tell where he was. And sorry as they were, Mrs. Q. and Miss Q. had to go and leave Perequito up in the tree all night.

They did not know what might happen to him in the night. He might catch his death of cold, or some night-bird might kill him; or something might frighten him so that he would fly away off.

I do not know how it was with Mrs. Q., but Miss Q. spent several wakeful hours thinking of the poor little parrot shivering out in the tree.

Bright and early next morning in the cold and fog, Mrs. Q. and Miss Q. were up and out to see if Perequito was still up there in the same tree. Yes, there he was, as lively as ever and did not seem to have been hurt by his night in the tree. But the question was still how to get him down. There was a great long heavy ladder in Mr. Q.'s yard that had been left there by the man who painted Mr. Q.'s house in the summer; so Mrs. Q. and Miss Q. tugged and pulled and got the great ladder out into the street, and were trying to lift it up against the tree, so as to reach Perequito with the long pole.

But a kind neighbor man came out of his house just then and saw what the Q.s were trying to do. He knew how to lift up a great ladder, and he came and set it up against one tree and climbed to the top of the ladder, then took the long pole and reached over to the tree where Perequito was.

He could just barely reach to Perequito with the tip end of the pole, but Perequito had good sense that time, and he jumped right on to the end of the stick and clung there until the man reached him down to the Q. ladies.

And weren't they glad to get hold of their pretty bird again!

But what do you think that foolish bird did. He got frightened at the strange man carrying the big ladder into the yard and Miss Q., and circled around and flew so high that they thought he was going back to the very same spot in the tall tree. But he did not. He came down and lighted on the ground and then his friends held him tight until they got him in the kitchen.

And I tell you, they are very careful of him now; and he takes the air mostly inside of the screen porch.

A hen with a brood of young chickens was heard making a great fuss in the front yard, and Ruby's mother, looking out, saw her near the little family, and said, "Ruby, are you chasing that hen?" "No," answered the three-year-old, "I'm only going a piece wif her."

A certain Chinese flower is red in the sunlight and white in the moonlight.

LITTLE THINGS.

A little burn will hurt; A little sting will smart; And little unkind words Will grieve a little heart.

Margie's First Burro Ride.

Johnny Armstrong had a burro; a little, shaggy, long-eared creature that looked as droll and jolly as a burro can.

One day little Maggie Lane came with her mamma to spend the day. Maggie hadn't been long in Kansas, and had lived away back east, where they don't have—well, a great many things that Kansas girls and boys know all about.

Johnny felt very shy and hardly knew just how to entertain the little girl, but pretty soon he said in such a teasing way, "guess you're so little you can't fun much;" which challenge was of course the signal for a race; and as they "both beat," his respect for the little city girl increased and he told her all about his greatest treasure, Jacko, the burro.

Margie thought it must be the most wonderful little pony she had ever heard about and begged for a ride.

When she saw Jacko, she didn't think him the least bit ugly, with his great long ears, shaggy coat and solemn eyes; and he was such a tiny little creature, too, and when Johnnie fetched out his cute little saddle and bridle, she danced and clapped her hands for pure joy and could do nothing but laugh, it seemed so very like a fairy story.

But Jacko didn't prove a fairy-like steed. He positively refused to budge one inch. The children coaxed, pulled and begged; but Jacko stood stock still in the hot sun, calmly blinking his great sleepy eyes.

Johnny had never known him to be so stubborn before; but the day was such a drowsy hot one, and perhaps Jacko felt cross that his little master should be so thoughtful of his comfort; for I don't believe ponies like to go about in the hot sun any better than grown-up people do.

Any way, he was stubborn, and refused sugar, green grass and everything nice they offered him most all afternoon, and they were pretty tired and a wee bit cross themselves. They were talking about getting off and putting him back in the stable, when up went Jacko's head and tail and away he ran.

A while ago they had taken off Jacko's saddle, and now it was difficult to stay on his back; and pretty soon when he jumped over a little ditch, off they both tumbled and fell in. And oh, such forlorn looking children you never saw! All drabbed with black mud and just bristling with sand-burrs! How Johnnie laughed at Margie, and Margie laughed at him.

Margie had a great many rides on finer ponies afterwards, but never such a gay one as that. Johnnie declared 'twas the jolliest ride Jacko had ever given him, and I believe Jacko rather enjoyed it himself; don't you?

C. W. K.

One day Jessie was sitting in her grandpa's lap, and while sitting there noticed that his head was bald on top. She said, "Oh, 'ranpa, your head's peaking froo."



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