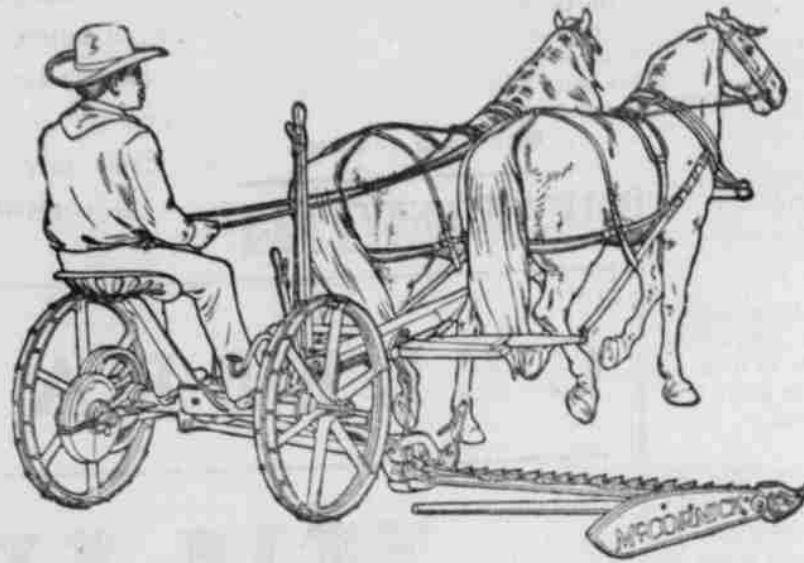


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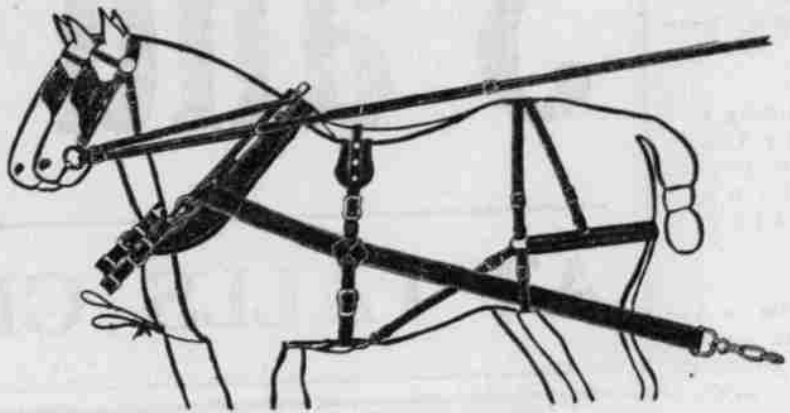


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SO SADIE CAME BACK

STORY OF THE FAMILY HORSE, ONCE DISCARDED.

Battered, Lame and Starving, the Old Pet Was Recovered From the Peddler for the Pitying Children.

"It's Sadie!" shrieked the children. "Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"

Attached to a heavy wagon, scarred and battered, and with high bones projecting about the hips, a yellowish horse, blind in one eye, a swelling on one pastern, and a pronounced limp in a forefoot, wearily plodding along the street, and on the rusty wagon a man in a dirty sweater yelled something that might have been the word "coal," since the wagon was loaded with fuel.

"Oh, papa, it's Sadie!"

The man took one look and saw that it was so. Sadie, once the pet of the children and sold because of growing infirmities and increasing age, had seemingly not improved.

"Oh, papa!" There was that in the three young voices that made the father think swiftly. He remembered how the children had wept when Sadie had gone and how he had hardened his heart because the old horse was so utterly worthless and such an eyesore.

"Don't she look bad?" the little boy asked in an awed tone. The two little girls broke into muffled sobs. The father could stand no more. He signaled to the driver, who pulled up the old mare at the curb.

"Coal?" he asked, sneeringly, taking stock of the man before him.

"What value do you place on that horse?" the father asked briefly. The driver stared at him and winked openly.

"She's worth a hundred dollars to me," he said. "My wife's that attached to her." The father turned away, the children followed silently in view of the look on his face. He had sold Sadie for \$15, and had been glad to get it. The driver, alarmed, called after him.

"Say, mister!" he shouted, "maybe we can trade. What'll you give me for her?" The father turned.

"I owned that horse once," he said in a tone that made the driver gasp, he had looked so mild. "I sold her for \$15, and she was worth ten. I'll give you \$25 for her, spot cash. Take it or leave it."

"Lemme drive my wagon to the yard?" the man asked, shrewdly.

"Pull it yourself," said the father sharply, noting a raw spot on the old mare's neck.

"That goes," said the driver, clambering down. "Lemme see your money." Then he signed a receipt the father scribbled on a leaf of his notebook, threw the patched harness into the wagon, and disappeared, dragging it after him.

"Oh, papa! Oh, papa!" said the children.

And hearing, the father figured that this alone was worth the difference of \$10.—Dallas News.

Seven Follies of Science.

The history of science has seven problems that men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by all. Today they are called follies. The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisection of an angle; fourth, perpetual motion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of mercury; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the philosopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seventh. To the unlearned it would seem possible to draw a square which shall be exactly equal in area to a given circle, which is the first problem in the list, but we are told by the highest authorities that it is impossible. Since the discovery of radium it is claimed that the change of one metal into another has been accomplished, but it is yet too early to dogmatize about the matter.

The Texas Armadillo.

During the last three years Drs. Newman and Patterson of the school of zoology at the University of Texas have been much interested in working out certain points concerning the biology of the armadillo, probably the most unique animal in Texas. This little creature represents a migrating species which has in large numbers crossed the frontier of Texas from Mexico and now inhabits the greater portion of the southern half of the state.

The point of special interest in the biology of the armadillo lies in its peculiar method of development. Drs. Newman and Patterson have found out that the Texas armadillo normally gives birth to four young and that the individuals of any given litter are invariably of the same sex; that is, they are either all males or all females, never mixed.

In the Business World.

Mrs. Growells—Have you any more sugar like I got here last week?

Grocer—Plenty of it, ma'am. How much do you want?

Mrs. Growells—I merely want to know when it is all gone, then perhaps I may order some.

Anxious Heirs.

"Is there anything wrong with your right foot, Uncle Toby?"

"Not that I know of, Robert. Why do you ask?"

"Pa said he didn't believe you ever would kick the bucket."

REAL BOON TO ALL HUMANITY

Mrs. Hawgood Cannot Understand Why One Should Not Listen to Talk of Other People.

"I met a man today," said Harrison Hawgood, "who is working on a great invention—an invention that will be a real boon to humanity if he succeeds in perfecting it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Hawgood.

"A contrivance to put in one's ears so that one may ride in an elevated, a trolley car or in any other kind of a public conveyance and not have to listen to the conversation of people who sit next to one. It is so constructed—or will be when he gets it perfected—that it cannot possibly be seen, yet it will make it possible for the wearer to get along without hearing a word that is spoken even by people who sit beside him or in seats directly back or in front of him."

"Well, but why shouldn't one wish to hear the conversation of other people?"

One for the Clergy.

Somewhat Superior Young Minister of the Episcopal Church—No, dear lady, frankly, I cannot persuade myself that it would be safe to let women vote.

"And what, may I ask, is your reason for opposing it?"

"Well, dear lady, I cannot but think that if women were to vote it would make them, let us say—a little er—more masculine."

"Oh, I don't know. It has never had that effect upon the clergy."—Life.

A CHOICE OF TERMS.



Miss Rather—Have you congratulated our hostess on her birthday?

Miss Clever—No; I have condoled with her.

S. Holmes Jr.

"Hah!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes Jr.

"What is it, Sheri?" asked Dr. Watson.

The great amateur detective and his friend were sitting in the private office of Billington T. Bullian, the financier, waiting for him to return from lunch.

"This man has a homely stenographer, for whom he has no affection," said Holmes.

"But I thought you told me you didn't know him?"

"I don't. Haven't you noticed that he keeps a picture of his middle-aged wife on his desk?"

No Place for Him.

"Cal in our lawyer," said the president of the corporation.

"Yes, sir," replied the vice-president. "Has anything of importance happened?"

"No, I merely want to find out just how far we can go without being in danger of becoming liable to arrest."

"But it seems to me, if I may say so, we are going about as far as our conscience should let us."

"Conscience? Oh! Say, you'd better quit big business and go run a Sunday school somewhere."

On Ice.

"Yes," said Alkali Ike, "a couple of cow punchers indulged in a very pretty scientific scrap down at Bad Bucko's yesterday."

"It's wonderful how cool those fellows were under the circumstances," remarked the eastern tourist.

"Yes, they certainly have to be kept cool, stranger. I believe, for some reason or other, their funerals ain't to be for a couple of days yet."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pointer for Housewives.

Sububs—Well, I've just engaged two girls at the Intelligence office.

Urbano—Going to keep two maids now?

Sububs—Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices."—Judge.

A Hair-Raising Accident.

"What was the commotion at the theater the other night when the crowd gathered in the lobby?"

"A lady coming out had a head-on collision with an obtruding gas jet, and her elaborate coiffure was a perfect wreck."

"What was the cause of it?"

"I think, a misplaced switch."

The Straight of It.

"Is my hat on straight?"

"I can't tell."

"Can't tell when a woman's hat is on straight?"

"Well, it is hanging just above your left ear."

"Then it's on straight. Good-by."

Bad for the Boys. During a spring thunderstorm in Orange county, N. Y., a flock of crows numbering 83 sought the same tree for shelter. It was struck by lightning and 79 of the birds killed. There are not more than a dozen crows left in the county, and what the boys are going to throw stones at this summer is a puzzle. They'll have to coax the crows in from some other county or give up the fun of pecking.

Important Question. It is idle to frame such a query as "Can the cook be a lady?" The real question is now and ever will be: "Can the lady cook?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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