



### THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER  
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#### MIDNIGHT'S FIRST LESSON FROM SNOWBALL.

"Good morning," said Snowball, as he met Midnight the next morning after he had brought the kitten home from the city; "hope you had a good sleep and that you feel better this morning than you did yesterday when I saw you by the side of master's wagon."

"I had a fine sleep," said Midnight, "for the bed was the softest I ever slept on, and there were no noises to disturb me, and I was warm all night, and that is something I have not enjoyed for a long time."

Kit and Puff came in just then and said "Good morning" to Snowball, but did not notice Midnight.

"Something the matter with your eyesight this morning?" asked Snowball, as he noticed Kit and Puff had only said "Good morning" to him. "Can't you see that Midnight is here?"

Kit and Puff knew well enough what Snowball meant, and not wishing to openly offend him, they said "Good morning" to Midnight, but in a very haughty way and without looking in his direction.

"Are you going to breakfast?" they said, as they passed Snowball, and he kept on walking toward the kitchen.

"I shall be there very shortly," said Snowball, and walked over to where Midnight was sitting.

When he got over close to the kitten he sat down, and, after waiting for a minute, he said: "Do you know what a cat ought to be, above everything else?"

"I don't know that I do," said Midnight. "You see, I am not very old yet."

"Well, your youth is no disadvantage," said Snowball; "but a cat first of all ought to be good. He ought to be truthful and honest, he ought to take things that do not belong to him, and he ought to be kind and not get angry. But next to being good, he ought to be clean. My master says that cleanliness is next to goodness, and, as he never told me, I don't know whether goodness comes first or not; but, anyway, they are right next to each other."

"Now it is perfectly plain to me that, however good a kitten you may be, you certainly are not clean. There is mud on your paws that was there yesterday when I picked you up in the street, and your mustache has cobwebs on it that I know you never got here, for mistiness is too neat to have cobwebs about her house."

"I didn't suppose," said Midnight, "that a little mud made any difference, and as for cobwebs I hadn't noticed them at all."

"Well," said Snowball, "last night I told you I was going to teach you to be a real cat, and I am going to begin by teaching you how necessary it is to be clean. Breakfast is ready in the kitchen, and I suppose that Kit and Puff are already eating theirs, but you cannot go into the kitchen and cannot have any breakfast until you have all the mud off your whiskers and until you are very much cleaner than you are now, and I do not want you ever again to come down to breakfast without having thoroughly washed your face and brushed your coat."

"How will I get the mud off?" asked Midnight, "for I know it is stuck on very hard. I got a lot of it on when a dray drove by and the wheels splashed a lot of dirty water on me."

"Come out in the barn," said Snowball, "and I will show you."

When they got to the barn Snowball found a place on the side of the door where there was a rough board, and leaning his body up against it he pushed as hard as he could, walking forward at the same time.

"You try doing that a few times and see if it doesn't feel good to your coat and clean it at the same time."

Midnight tried it somewhat awkwardly three or four times, and then Snowball said: "Turn around and rub the other side." Midnight did as he was told, and pretty soon all the mud was rubbed off.

"Now," said Snowball, "you see that round hole in the door. That is for us cats to go in and out when the door is closed. You go through there standing up just as straight as you can and rubbing your back hard against the top of the hole."

Midnight followed this direction, and after a few trips through the hole he had rubbed all the mud off his back.

"That's a little rougher treatment than you will have to have when you are once thoroughly cleaned," explained Snowball; "and now I want you to smooth your fur and wash your face."

"How shall I do it?" asked Midnight.

"With your tongue, this way," and Snowball began licking his sleek fur, already glossy from the bath which he had taken as soon as he woke. "And you wash your face like this," he explained, lapping his paw and rubbing his face with it.

Midnight worked hard to do as Snowball had shown him, and while Snowball occasionally laughed when Midnight tried to lick a spot hard to get at and almost tipped over, he nevertheless helped Midnight by giving him an occasional suggestion.

At length Midnight had washed himself all over and looked at Snowball to see what he should do next.

"You have done pretty well," said Snowball, "for a kitten that was as dirty as you were to start with, and I guess that we will go in to breakfast, but I want you to spend the day today in getting your coat in first-class condition, and don't forget that hereafter no bath, no breakfast. A cat is never a good cat unless he is a clean cat." And so saying he led Midnight toward the kitchen.

### FACTS FOR NATURE LOVERS

#### Almost Numberless Varieties of Animals and Insects—Different Species Found Yearly.

How many different animals are there in the world?

No one knows exactly, but as nearly as can be estimated from the researches of our best fauna experts—and fauna means animals—it is said that there are about 600,000 of them, different kinds. Of course, there were nearly as many different kinds a great many years ago, but they were not known. In 1830 a man named Gunther made a list of all the known animal species at that time, and his figures were only 78,588.

Another careful list of the different kinds of animals in the world was made in 1881. At that time we had discovered 311,563 different kinds. Scientists and explorers discover many different species of birds and animals every year. Mr. Roosevelt and his party discovered some new ones this year down in Brazil.

How many kinds of bugs are there? By that I suppose you mean insects. Well, of course, there are ever and ever so many more insects than animals. In 1905 a Mr. Sharper, a learned naturalist, made a list of 250,000 different insects and he declared at that time that he was certain he had not listed more than one-tenth of all the insects in the world. If this is true, and Mr. Sharper probably knows, it means that there are at least 2,500,000 different kinds of insects in the world.

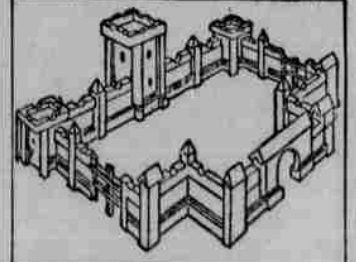
"At a snail's pace" is a common expression and usually signifies a very slow gait, but what do you suppose is the actual speed made by the snail in traveling?

One foot in four minutes.—Boy's Life.

### TOY CASTLE HELD TOGETHER

Building Blocks, Designed by Indiana Man, Will Resist Ordinary Assault.—Dovetail Securely.

Toy castles, like dream castles, are not very stable. Nobody has devised a way to make the latter stand, but an Indiana man has designed a set of building blocks by means of which a toy castle can be built that will hold together under an ordinary assault. These blocks consist of top and base pieces and panels with grooves and projections that dovetail together. Each piece that is added contributes to the stability of the whole, and



when the entire structure has been put together it is a very substantial toy. It can be moved around from one part of the nursery to another and the small architect, or rather builder, may crawl inside and "fight" from this vantage point without having to be too careful of where his feet strike.

### WHAT THE POOR BOY NEEDS

Not Riches, But to "Feel the Need of a Better and Truer Life"—Money Spills the Youth.

A Socialist recommends that every family should have \$1,400 to \$1,600 a year to help the children along to the high point of equal opportunity and success in the race of life. That is the worst sort of advice. A boy doesn't need a cent of money to help him along to true manhood and an honorable career, the Ohio State Journal observes. All he wants is to feel the need of a truer and better life, and if that is not sufficient money will not avail. Money will spoil any boy. It will make him the victim of the slightest obstacle or inconvenience.

If a man wants to spoil his son, let him have what money he wants. Send him to college and let him there put on style and live extravagantly and he is a "goner" sure. True scholarship as well as true manhood consists in overcoming obstacles. Give a boy money, so he can float downstream to the tinkling of the soft guitar, and all that sort of thing, and he will be sure to land in the swamps where the mud pythons play. As a rule, it is better to be born poor than rich. This is not doctrine; it is history.

The Boy's Complaint.  
"Oh, no; there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! If I bite my fingernails, I catch it over my knuckles. But if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute."—Boy's Life.

# CAP and BELLS



### VENTILATION WAS TOO MUCH

No Wonder Front Parlor Continued to Smell "Close"—Summer Boarder Kept Window Open.

"Good morning!" said Mrs. Northey, as she greeted her callers at the front door. "Come right into the parlor—although I'm sure I'm most ashamed to ask anyone in after what my niece, Annie, from the city's been sayin'. What did she say? Why, she says to me a week ago, 'Auntie, this house smells terrible close this bad, foggy weather. You'd better do somethin' about it!'"

"So I got right to work, and yanked most every bit of furniture except the piano out on the porch, and then I sweep, and I cleaned, and I beat, and when there wasn't a mite of dust or dirt on anything, I shut things up again tight's I could. But this mornin' Annie comes in and says the very same thing: 'Auntie, how awful close it does smell in here!' And there hadn't been a thing as far's I could see would get it close for a week."

"I was clean discouraged, I tell you. But I've made up my mind now what the trouble us," continued Mrs. Northey, as she sunk her voice to a whisper and looked back cautiously over her shoulder.

"We've got a summer boarder up in our front chamber. I've found out she keeps her window open a crack all the time, and I think the fog and the damp smells as just got into the house by her room, and that's why it smells close!"—Youth's Companion.

### THE SUPREME TEST.

"So you think Grace Brown is perfect, my son?"

"Why, yes, mother."

"Have you given her temper the supreme test?"

"What's that, mother?"

"Calling up the wrong number on the telephone with a cross operator at the other end and somebody trying to break in on the line."

### DUST AND DIRT.



Johnson—Say, old fellow, don't you miss your auto terribly since you sold it?

Bronson—Not as yet. You see, my wife's doing her fall housecleaning, and I get an exact auto effect from rug-beating.

### REFORMED.

"Pa, Jimmy Green, the toughest fighter in our gang, has reformed. He says it's wrong to fight."

"Do you believe him?"

"I would, but for one thing."

"What's that?"

"He never talked that way until he broke his arm."

### A SERIOUS CONCLUSION.

"Is your daughter still taking music lessons?"

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "After hearing her sing and play lately, I have concluded that she doesn't need a teacher any more. What she wants is a censor."

### DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE.

"You can't judge a man by his clothes."

"No. Many a man with a fancy automobile gets all mused up trying to run it himself."

### THE WISE FOOL.

"There is a time to work and a time to play, but you can't combine them," remarked the sage.

"But suppose you are a musician?" asked the fool.

### CORRECT.

"What is the most difficult disease you have to contend with?" asked the student.

"Imagination," replied the doctor.

### TOLD OF VON HINDENBURG

Many Anecdotes Concerning Famous German Strategist Are Being Put in Circulation.

Of the telling of anecdotes about the doughty Field Marshal von Hindenburg there is no end just now in Germany. So huge is the fame won by the victor of Tannenberg, Lodz, and the Masurian lakes that anybody who knows anything whatever about him, important or unimportant, is hurrying to have it printed in the German papers for the delectation of Hindenburg devotees.

Some of the things unearthed must be distinctly embarrassing to the grim old war dog. For instance, one newspaper has discovered a poem dating from 1886, written in the visitor's book of the castle of Kynast in Silesia, which is declared to be the work of him who is now the idol of Germany. The poem deals with the writer's thoughts as he looked out from the tower of the castle over the landscape spread below. As might be expected, Hindenburg saw in that landscape a possible battlefield, and wrote to that effect. Perusal of the verses leaves the impression that he is better at fighting battles than writing about them.

The field marshal's sister has also raked up from his past a poem. This one consists of exactly three lines, and is of a waggish nature. His sister had made a sketch of him on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, showing him comfortably installed at his Prussian home, and her brother wrote under it the three line poem, which humorously contrasts the excitement of the day on which he took part in that memorable battle with his peaceful laziness on the anniversary.

Here is another Hindenburg anecdote recounted by his sister:

After the battle of Tannenberg last August, when Hindenburg annihilated a Russian army opposed to him, he went to church in a small village near the battlefield. When the services were over, hundreds of the villagers crowded about his automobile, shouting their thanks to him for delivering them from the Russian invaders. But the victor cut short their demonstrations by pointing brusquely upward with his hand and saying: "Give thanks to him up there."

Then he signaled to the chauffeur to speed away.

### ANOTHER SHARK STORY.

Passengers arriving at New York by the transatlantic liners bring strange stories, not all of which are based on the war. Some time ago a shark was swimming along in the wake of a ship catching all the refuse thrown overboard. One of the sailors, who had a well-founded antipathy for all sharks, determined to try a new method of scaring the shark away. With this end in view he procured an alarm clock, which he carefully wound and set to go off in 20 minutes. Then the sailor tied the clock to a rope and dropped it overboard. The shark instantly swallowed it. When the alarm went off he was truly scared. The shark manifested this in various ways. He first stood on his hind legs and turned somersaults. The big fish finally took refuge in flight, meanwhile lashing the water furiously with his tail. The other day this same shark was captured by the same ship. When the monster was drawn on deck by the triumphant crew it was discovered that he was the one who had swallowed the clock. When he was cut open the alarm went off again.

### CANNER AND COMMISSARIAT.

The unique position of the United States as regards foodstuffs has just been emphasized at a canners' convention in Chicago. Famine is impossible in this country, and more than that, at no season of the year are its inhabitants cut off from all the good things nature provides for man's sustenance. A wonderful range of climate makes it possible to have the year around green vegetables and fruits grown in the open, and at prices in reach of the humblest pocketbook. This is supplemented by the art of the canner, who successfully preserves the summer's surplus bounty against the cold, gray days of winter and robs that season of any terror it might ever have held, so far as food is concerned.

It is not alone famine that is avoided, but certain diseases once prevalent, due to malnutrition incident to a lack of proper food, have vanished from the United States. In this way the processes of preserving foods have also been useful in the matter of preservation of health.

### LAWS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The oldest code of laws in the world has lately been added to the Babylonian collection of Yale university as a result of archeological research. It includes 287 sections of the laws of Babylonian enacted during the reign of Hammurabi.

Hammurabi was a contemporary of Abraham, and reigned from the year 2285 to the year 2242 B. C., according to well-authenticated records. The newly discovered laws are engraved upon a block of diorite rock about seven feet in length. Bible students will be interested to know that this old code contains many of the thoughts incorporated in the Mosaic law, as revealed in the book of Exodus, especially in the twentieth and twenty-first chapters, although according to archeological proofs, it must have preceded Moses by more than two centuries.

A complete translation of this old code is now being made, and will be published under the auspices of the Yale Alumni association.

### COULDN'T FOOL HOBBO

KNIGHT OF THE ROAD WAS WISE OLD BIRD.

Billy Sunday Tells Good Story of How Farmer Stopped Visits of Tramps—Were Suspicious of Effusive Welcome.

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, said at a fashionable reception in his honor in Philadelphia:

"A good many people are mistrustful of religion. I don't know why it is, but there's a lot of people as mistrustful of religion and the religious as the tramp was mistrustful of the farmer."

"I don't know what to do about this tramp evil, a farmer once said to me. 'I've put up signs about beware of the man trap and look out for the savage dog and take care of the spring gun, but it don't seem to do any good at all, Mr. Sunday. The tramps molest me something terrible.'"

"Well, Brother Brown, said I, 'you just put up a big sign reading, 'All tramps welcome at Brown's,' and then, later on, let me know the result.'"

"Brown thought I was joking at first but when he saw I was in earnest he went straight off home and put up a big sign over his gate—'All tramps welcome here, John Brown'—that you could read half a mile away."

"I met him again the following year. He said the sign had worked like a miracle. Ever since he put it up he had only set eyes on one tramp and that had been by accident. He came on the tramp accidentally as the fellow stood under the sign, looking up at it and reading it over and over with a kind of quizzical, sarcastic smile playing about his mouth."

"Hello," says Farmer Brown, grinning over the fence at the tramp very friendly.

"The tramp sneered. Then he burst into a bitter laugh and said: "Hello, mister. How many cops have you got hidden in there?"

"Why, none—none at all," says Farmer Brown, in a hurt, surprised voice.

"The tramp gave another bitter laugh. 'How many bulldogs have you got, then, mister?'"

"There ain't a dog about the place," says the farmer. He opened the gate a little ways, but the tramp jumped back, so scared like, the farmer closed it again out of pity. "You can come in and see for yourself if you don't believe me about the dogs," he says.

"Oh, yes, I know," said the tramp. He was pale and shaking all over from the start he got when the gate opened. "I know all about that," he said; "but tell me how many bear traps you've got set in there that would bite a poor fellow's leg off."

"Nary a bear trap," said the farmer. "Nary a bear trap."

"Has a man got to do a hard day's work to get a measly meal of scraps?" burst out the tramp.

"Nothing of the kind," said the farmer. "You come right in, young fellow, and I'll give you a three-course hot supper for nothing, and if you want to stay all night we'll fix you up a warm bed on the floor by the kitchen fire."

"The tramp stared hard at the farmer a minute and then he smiled a kind of pitying, patronizing smile and said: "You can't work that little game on me. This is my eleventh year on the road."

"What game?" said Farmer Brown. "What game are you talkin' about?"

"Puttin' rough on rats in the coffee and sellin' our remains to the medical college for a dollar apiece," said the tramp, winking at the farmer. "Oh, no, Brownie, old boy! Oh, my, no! Not on your life! Ha, ha, ha! Aber! This is my eleventh year on the road, I'm tellin' you."

"And the tramp took a cigar butt from the pocket of his ragged coat, lit it with a sulphur match, and strutted jauntily away, his head nearly hidden in big smoke clouds."

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### THE NORTHEAST PASSAGE.

Commander Vilkitzil, the discoverer of Nicholas II. Land, set out last summer from Vladivostok on his third attempt to make the northeast passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. According to news recently received, he was wintered in Timmy bay, to the west of Cape Chelyuskin. Here he has been in wireless communication with Captain Sverdrup, who sailed from European Russia last summer in search of the missing Brusilov and Rusanov expeditions, and has also wintered on the coast of the Timmy peninsula. A note in Nature states that Vilkitzil proposed to send part of his crew to Sverdrup's ship, in order to economize his supplies, with a view to the possibility of not getting through the ice next summer.—Scientific American.

### SAVING LIVES.

The fight to save human lives in America has been eminently successful during the last few years and the loss from preventable diseases has been materially reduced. Perhaps the greatest improvement has been in typhoid fever, where sanitation and medical treatment have worked together to good effect. In the field of tuberculosis a great deal has been accomplished, although not as much as was originally hoped for. In this disease it is largely a case of money—get enough to give the victims of "the white plague" the treatment they need.

# A Real Source of Health

Is the Stomach, but the most reliable barometer of your physical condition is the appetite. If it is poor, you can look for an overworked and overloaded condition of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, which prevent them from properly performing their daily functions. A trial of

# HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

will help Nature restore normal strength and regularity throughout the entire system and thus help you maintain health. Try a bottle today.

# KOVERALLS

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### Keep Kids Kleen

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**75c the suit**

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send them, charges prepaid on receipt of order. 75c each.

**A New FREE Rip**

Made by Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco

Happy or Brave. When you cannot be happy, you can be brave. There are things nobody can enjoy especially, aches, pains, disappointments, unkindnesses, and things of that sort. Nobody expects that you boys and girls can be just as happy over your troubles as you are over your blessings. But that does not excuse you for fretting and whimpering, just as soon as things go wrong. If you cannot be happy, you can be brave.

**YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU**

Try MURINE Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging—Instant Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**Mental Overwork.**

In mental overwork the brain cells, being in constant use, are apt to remain alive after work has been abandoned. In this case sleep is prevented. Worry has a like effect on the cerebral cells, and if anything worse.

HOWARD E. BURTON—Answer and Thanks, Leadville, Colorado. Spontaneous pneumo-thorax. Silver Lead, N. Gold, Silver, Tin, Copper, Zinc or Copper. Mail envelopes a full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work not listed. Information: Chiropractic National Bank.

**Cheap Household Cement.**

Plaster of paris and gum arabic in the proportion of four parts plaster of paris to one of gum arabic makes a very good cement for mending china and other articles. The ingredients are mixed in a pulverized form, water added and used at once. If smoothed over with an old knife blade while soft this cement will be glossy and hard as china when hard.

# AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS

## Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"After my little one was born I was sick with pains in my sides which the doctors said were caused by inflammation. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."—Mrs. JOSEPH ASELIN, 906 Fourth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for women's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.