Pitawitan's Nightmare

By Katherine Yates.

"IF one apple costs two cents, what will six apples cost? Let me see; if one apple costs two cents, six apples will cost six times two, which is—which is—oh, dear! I always get just so far, and then I can never do the rest," and a very large frown puckered Dorothy's forehead until it looked like the crinkly pink liberty silk on her own Sunday hat. Then she tipped back in the big rocking-chair in the bay window, where she, an arithmetic and a tablet had been having a sort of wrestle, and, making a fine, large paper wad, she threw it at Pitawitan, the canary, who hung in a gilt cage in the window. Pitawitan did not even dodge, but only craned his yellow neck a little, eying the bit of paper with beady black eyes, and then began to trill pretty little notes and whistles, finally breaking into such a volume of song as threatened to burst his little throat.

Dorothy looked ashamed and turned back to her arithmetic. "If one apple costs two cents—"

"Cheap, cheap," called the canary.

Dorothy laughed. "Of course they are cheap, Pitawitan."

"Well, didn't I say so?" answered Pitawitan.

Dorothy pursed up her lips. "Oh, you needn't expect me to be surprised to hear you speak, for if Puckina and the Guinea pig talk, I suppose that there is no reason why you should not. I have been expecting it for some time."

"Glad it didn't give you a shock," said Pitawitan, sarcastically.

"And it's funny," went on Dorothy in an aggrieved tone, "that you furry and feathery folk are so good-natured until you begin to talk, and then you are as cross and snippy and ill tempered as can be. Here you have been singing as happy as anything all morning, and now—"

"Singing! Who said I was singing? Who said I was happy?"

"Why, I heard you singing my own self," exclaimed Dorothy, "just as cheerful and jolly even after I threw that paper wad at you."

"Singing!" repeated Pitawitan again disdainfully. "Singing! Do you call that singing, when I was just sitting here telling you what an ugly, disagreeable, ill-natured girl you are to throw things at me, merely because you couldn't get your lesson? You call that singing, do you?"

Dorothy looked disturbed. "Were you really talking to me like that? Why, I thought that you were always happy when you were singing."

"It is not singing, I tell you," cried Pitawitan, angrily; "it is just talking, and a lot of good it does to talk to folk in this house, too."

"Why!" exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly; "I think that you have a lovely home. I'm sure I'd like to live just the same way; in a beautiful gold house hung on a spring, so that it sways all the time just like a hammock; no lessons to get, and lovely things to eat; there's a big lump of sugar in your cage all the time, and that is just the same as if I had a chocolate drop twice as big as my head to nibble whenever I chose. I've seen them as large as that and always just longed for one. And then there is your seed; that's just the same as nuts—walnuts and pecans—and then there's cuttle fish, and that's just the same as—as—well, we'll call that bread; and then there's always fresh fruit, and water, and a lovely glass bathtub, and a swing where you can swing whenever you wish—oh, I'd just love to live in a place like that—and no lessons at all," she added again.

Pitawitan looked disgusted as well as he could. "Oh, yes, a lovely life!" he exclaimed. "And how would you feel if folk sometimes forgot to give you food all day?"

"But there's the sugar," said Dorothy.

"Well, how would you like to have nothing but chocolate drops to eat for a day at a time, and not a drop of fresh water, when they made you so thirsty that you were fairly choked? And then suppose that when you began calling for some one to bring you food because you were nearly starved, folks would say: 'Do just listen to that dear little bird sing. Isn't he quite the happiest little fellow that you ever saw?' And then when you grew desperate and screech so loud that you nearly split your throat some one says: 'Bless his jolly little heart; hasn't he the most joyous song? But it is just a trifle too shrill. Marie, will you please throw a towel over Pitawitan's cage; he is a little too noisy.' How would you like that?"

Dorothy looked grave. "But, Pitawitan, how are we to know what you are asking for, when we can't understand what you say?"

"Merely by coming to see what I need. But, anyway, how would you like to be shut up in a prison the whole time, even if it were a gold one? It isn't much fun, I can tell you; and I think that you must see me free in your room for a few minutes once in awhile, just to try my wings and get a little exercise."

"Why, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Never thought of it! When I have coaxed and begged and pleaded on my bended knees! I'm sure—"

"But," interrupted Dorothy, "I never saw you get down on your knees. I didn't know that you had—"

"No?" sneered Pitawitan. "Well, I have, even if you didn't know it. Just because they bend backward instead of forward you didn't give them credit for being knees, but I can assure you they are a lot more comfortably arranged that way, and it don't wear off the toes of your new shoes when you kneel down either."

Poor Dorothy felt discouraged with the conversation and was about to return to her arithmetic, but decided to try once more to turn the talk into pleasanter channels, so she said presently:

"Oh, by the way, Pitawitan, how did you happen to come to this country? You were not born here, were you?"

"No," said Pitawitan; "I came on a nightmare."

"On a what?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"On a nightmare. Didn't you ever hear of a nightmare?"

"Why, of course, I've heard of them. But how could you come here on one, when it is only a bad dream?"

"Well, I did, anyway; and I've got it yet. I'll tell you about it.

"I was born on an island far, far away, and for some months I lived very happily with my father and mother and brothers; and in those days I really did sing. One afternoon while I was still quite young my eldest brother found a large piece of rich fruit cake by the roadside and called us all to come and share it. It was the most delicious thing that I had ever eaten, and I am afraid that I made a regular little pig of myself in my greediness. My mother warned me to eat lightly of such rich food, but I would not heed her, even when she said at last:

"'If you eat any more of that you will certainly have a nightmare.'

"'Why is a nightmare, mother?' I asked, for I had at that time never heard of one.

"'Why, it is a dreadful dream,' she answered me. 'Perhaps you will dream that wicked men catch you and carry you away, away off, and shut you up in a cage and keep you there, hungry and lonely.'

"However, I only laughed and said that I was not afraid of any dream, and went on eating.

"Well, when I crept into the nest that night I had a headache and felt heavy and miserable and wished that I had taken mother's advice.

"During the first part of the night I did not sleep well, and kept waking in a fright, but at last I went to sleep soundly and dreamed this dream:

"I thought that I had slept all night, and when I awoke in the morning the sun was just beginning to show above the horizon. I hopped out of the nest with my little brothers and flew down to the spring for a fresh drink and a bath, and then out to the meadow to pick up a breakfast. As we fluttered about, picking seeds—from the grass heads or picking at strawberries, I flew to a low bush to rest for a moment; but when I would have flown down again I felt my feet held fast by some sticky substance, and I called to my brothers to come quickly and help me. They came at once, but, alas! no sooner did they alight upon the bush than their feet also stuck fast, and, although we fluttered and screamed, it was all to no purpose.

"And then suddenly I saw coming toward us two rough-looking men carrying wooden cages, and I thought at once of what my mother had said would happen if I ate too much of the fruit cake, and I knew that this was a nightmare. I struggled and fluttered and shrieked, in the hope of waking up, but I could not; and one of the cruel men took hold of me roughly, and as he loosened my poor little feet said, carelessly, to his companion:

"'We made this birdtime a bit too stiff this time. It's liable to injure their feet.' And then he put me into a little wooden cage and did the same to my brothers, although of course I knew that they were not really suffering, since this was only a nightmare of my own; but I screamed and called to them just the same.

"They took us to a town near by, tied many cages together and packed them on a boat which carried us across the water, while I sat quietly in my cage and mourned and longed to wake up.

"Well, when we had reached land once more we were packed on a train—oh, I was so frightened—and brought many, many miles to this great city. I never spoke or cried. I would scarcely eat or drink. I was so weary and lonely and heartsick. I was taken to a store where were many birds of all kinds, and there at last I found my voice again, for we all began to tell each other our troubles and our misery in being kept in cages as prisoners, and our fear of the future, and everyone who came in exclaimed:

"'How beautifully and joyously these birds all sing! One would not think that they could be so happy in those tiny cages.'

"Then one day your mother came looking for a bird for your birthday gift, and she choose me because of my particularly brilliant color—and—here I am." Pitawitan stopped and stood mournfully on one foot.

Dorothy looked puzzled. "But, Pitawitan, you said it was a dream, a nightmare. When did you wake up?"

"I didn't wake up," said Pitawitan.

"But you are not asleep now," argued Dorothy.

"Yes, I am. This is all my nightmare—the cage and you and everything."

"It isn't so!" cried Dorothy. "I am a real girl! I am not just a part of your old dream."

"Yes, you are, too," said Pitawitan, emphatically. "I say you are, and it is only a nightmare, for that is what my mother said, and I guess she knows."

Dorothy jumped up with flashing eyes. "I'm not a dream girl—I don't care what your mother says. I'm just as real as you are, so there!"

Pitawitan's eyes flashed back. "Well, you'll see," he cried, angrily. "You are nothing but a horrid, ugly little dream girl; and just you wait until I wake up. Where will you be then?"

And then one of them did wake up. I wonder which it was.—Chicago Daily

HE WAS IN A HURRY.

And the Bright Small Boy Got the Job He Was After Without Delay.

The merchant had arrived at his office rather early in the morning, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job, if you've got one for me."

"Oh, you do!" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday afternoon to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so and I'll go. The only place where I can stop long is in the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock. "When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster. "I'm here now, and I've been at work before this if you ask so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job just as long as he wants one.

What Lack of a Letter Did.

An enterprising restaurant proprietor in Philadelphia hung out a large blackboard sign the other day with the following announcement: "You can't beat our 15-cent dinners." This sign proved to be a good drawing card until a young man of humorous turn of mind came along. The latter, seeing the sign, stopped, and, after scrutinizing it closely, smiled one of those smiles which bode no one any good. He waited until none of the employes was watching, and, taking out his handkerchief, he erased the letter "h" from the word heat. The transformation was complete, and it was not until a crowd had collected that the proprietor of the restaurant discovered why there was a larger crowd outside than inside.

GREEN SICKNESS

Is rather a common disease and is met with amongst young women. It is caused from an impoverished condition of the blood. Being a blood disease Chlorosis can be cured by **HUDYAN**, the great vegetable remedy for the blood and nerves. **HUDYAN** will enrich the blood and give it back its healthy, red color. The blood being in a poor condition, none of the organs of the body are properly nourished. **HUDYAN** will cause the blood to become pure.

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FOR THE BABY'S GOOD.

Some Suggestions Regarding the Needs of the Little Ones in the Spring.

The spring is the season of growth for all nature. The flowering plants begin to start into activity, the birds and animals of all kinds are in the best physical condition, other things being equal. This is the season when the baby should be expected to grow most vigorously and rejoice with nature over the season of promise, says the New York Tribune. If the little one has been shut in by colds during the winter, it is desirable that it be taken out as soon as the winds of March have been laid by the mild airs of April. The life-giving sun of the period of the vernal equinox is what all young people as well as the young foxes and the young birds need to make them grow strong and healthy. Take the baby out in the middle of the day every day that it is possible to do so. As soon as it can go out every day it is time to wean it or to make any change in its diet which must be made before next fall. It is not safe to make such a change in the warm weather, because the little one is especially liable to disturbances of its digestive organs in the summer months, and no extra burden must be laid on it at this season. A well-known authority on the subject says: "When two or three teeth are through, if the child is well, it is time to begin the gradual weaning of the little one." This process should always be gradual. Overfeeding does more harm than anything else. Nurse a baby that is a month or two old every two hours. After the child is three months old extend the period between its nursing to three hours. When the child is six months old it should be fed five times in 24 hours. If it is thirsty between its feeding periods, give it a little cold water or barley water. Prepare the barley water by putting a teaspoonful of ground barley in half a cupful of boiling water and letting it simmer for 15 minutes. Strain it and let it become cold.

One of the best authorities on the subject advocates the following diet for children who are brought up on artificial food: For babies under six months of age, prepare barley water and weaken it with half as much boiled milk, adding a lump of sugar. Put this food when cleaned in a bottle and give it to the child in this way. When the baby is six months old give it half boiled milk and half barley water. Add a few grains of salt and the sugar. More children probably have been killed by overfeeding than from any other cause. This is the most ordinary cause of summer complaints, as well as hot, impure air. Very few children suffer from teething if they are properly and systematically fed. Mothers do not always know that a small amount of common salt should always be added to cow's milk when it is fed to a child. Cow's milk when compared to mother's milk is deficient in salt and sugar; hence a child brought up on artificial food needs a certain amount of sugar as well as salt added to its milk. The nursing child should have neither.

Little children should have as much pure air and as much rest and quiet as they will take. Wake a child, if it is positively necessary to do so, as gently as possible. It is generally better to allow any sleep to come to a natural close. A person with a loud, rough voice and manner is not fit to come near a little child.

HOUSEHOLD LORE.

A Variety of Information for the Benefit of the Busy Housewife.

The use of a solution of gum arabic and water may be extended to preserve flowers as well as autumn leaves. Dissolve five cents' worth of gum arabic in a pint bowl of warm water and let it stand until there is no sediment at the bottom. This will take several hours. The blossoms that are to be preserved are then dipped lightly in the solution and shaken out before they are suspended by a string to drip. As soon as the flower has dried, dip again and allow it to dry again, repeating the process five or six times. The color and form of blooms thus treated are remarkably preserved, says the New York Post.

The popularity of cord roy as an upholstery fabric is well founded. It is durable in texture, and although its color fades it fades beautifully, and usually is thereby improved. Still another good quality of the material is its adaptability to its surroundings. Like a sealskin sacque, which may be acceptably worn to market or for a round of visits, corduroy is most appropriate for library or sitting-room, and not at all out of place with the finer furnishings of the drawing-room.

If it is desired to serve boiled ham hot for a winter luncheon or Sunday night it may be deviled. The slices should be cut nearly half an inch thick and broiled over clear coals before they are arranged on a hot platter, and spread with a dressing made from a teaspoonful each of oil, lemon juice and mustard, well mixed.

False hair, according to a hairdresser, should be carefully brushed and combed every night, as only in this way can it be kept clean and fresh-looking. The same authority suggests that a sandalwood box is the best place in which to keep unattached switches, puffs and curls.

Never Right.

Reginald—There is one word in the English language that is always spelled wrong.

Reginald's Chum—What is that?

"Wrong."—Tit-Bits.

Don't Wed Englishwomen.

A Boer shatters the traditions of his race if he weds an Englishwoman.

CANCER *Cannot be Cut Out or Removed with Plasters*

Surgical operations and flesh destroying plasters are useless, painful and dangerous, and besides, never cure Cancer.

No matter how often a cancerous sore is removed, another comes at or near the same point, and always in a worse form. Does not this prove conclusively that Cancer is a blood disease, and that it is folly to attempt to cure this deep-seated, dangerous blood trouble by cutting or burning out the sore, which, after all, is only an outward sign of the disease—a place of exit for the poison?

Cancer runs in families through many generations, and those whose ancestors have been afflicted with it are liable at any time to be stricken with the deadly malady.

Only Blood Diseases can be Transmitted from One Generation to Another

—further proof that Cancer is a disease of the blood.

To cure a blood disease like this you must cure the entire blood system—remove every trace of the poison. Nothing cures Cancer effectually and permanently but S. S. S.

S. S. S. enters the circulation, searches out and removes all taint, and stops the formation of cancerous cells. No mere tonic or ordinary blood medicine can do this. S. S. S. goes down to the very roots of the disease, and forces out the deadly poison, allowing the sore to heal naturally and permanently. S. S. S. at the same time purifies the blood and builds up the general health.

A little pimple, a harmless looking wart or mole, a lump in the breast, a cut or bruise that refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, should all be looked upon with suspicion, as this is often the beginning of a bad form of cancer.

Mrs. Sarah M. Keesling, 521 Windsor Ave., Bristol, Tenn., writes: "I am 41 years old, and for three years had suffered with a severe form of Cancer on my jaw, which the doctors in this city said was incurable and that I could not live more than six months. I accepted their statement as true, and had given up all hope of ever being well again, when my druggist, knowing of my condition, recommended S. S. S. After taking a few bottles the sore began to heal, much to the surprise of the physicians, and in a short time made a complete cure. I have gained in flesh, my appetite is splendid, sleep is refreshing—in fact, am enjoying perfect health."

Our medical department is in charge of physicians of long experience, who are especially skilled in treating Cancer and other blood diseases. Write for any advice or information wanted, we make no charge whatever for this service.

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