



Katykin Watered the Geranium Seven Times

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

How Little Katykin Watered Auntie's Flowers

"WHAT kind of a story are you going to tell us tonight, daddy?" said Evelyn.

"Well," said daddy, thinking hard, "my stock of stories is getting pretty low, but I reckon I can dig up one for you to-night. Here goes."

"Once upon a time there was a little girl named Katykin."

"Katykin?" interrupted Jack. "What a funny name."

"Yes," replied daddy, "but that's what she was called. Now, this little girl had always lived in the city and knew very little about country vegetables and flowers, so when her aunt invited her to stay with her in the country Katykin had a lot of things to learn."

"Water the big geranium on the porch for me; there's a dear," said her auntie one evening when the sun had been blazing down all day and the flowers in the garden were dried and thirsty.

"Oh, auntie, I'd love to!" said Katykin, pleased to be trusted. "How much water shall I give it?"

"Give it a watering pot full first," said auntie, "and more if it seems to want it. The others must wait. I'm too busy to water them tonight."

"Oh, did you hear that?" said one little daisy at the bottom of the path to another. "There won't be any nice water trickling over the borders to us tonight."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the second daisy. "And I'm so thirsty and tired!"

"Well, Katykin filled the watering pot and poured it slowly over the big geranium till there was not a drop left."

"It's soaked it all in. I must get some more," said Katykin. So off she went and filled the watering pot again and poured and poured and poured. Yet still the geranium seemed to be thirsty.

"Poor thing! It must have been thirsty," thought Katykin, and she went back and forth seven times, filling the pot and giving the flower water.

"At the eighth time her aunt came back."

"Why, Katykin," she said, "what has happened? Has there been a flood?"

"No, auntie," said Katykin, "there was a perfect river. There was a hole in the flower pot which Katykin didn't know about which accounted for the deluge."

"Wasn't it lucky for us that Katykin watered the geranium?" said one daisy at the bottom of the garden path to another daisy.

"Yes," said the second daisy. "I like Katykin's way of watering very much. We've had a regular little river all to ourselves."

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

How the Peddler Boy Found His Fortune



The Peddler Boy Went About the Country

"TELL us a fairy story tonight, daddy," urged the children.

"All right, then; I'll have to think one up. I think I'll tell one about a boy peddler. He was a poor boy who had no parents, and long ago in the days when there were fairy folk he went about the country selling shoe laces and combs and ribbons and things of that sort. And always he was longing to see the fairy folk."

"Perhaps they'll make my fortune," he said.

"The peddler boy was a very kind boy. So when he came to where a tall beech tree grew along the road and sat down to eat his luncheon of bread and cheese he noticed at once a sad chirping, and, looking around, he spied a poor grasshopper perched to the trunk of the tree by a song then."

"Poor thing," said the peddler boy, and he gently pulled the thorn out of its wings and placed the insect on the stalk of a tall plant that it might rest before flying away."

"How surprised he was to hear a tiny voice come from the throat of the little grasshopper. 'Mortal boy,' said the small voice, 'sleep tonight under the elder tree that grows by the bridge. You shall see the fairies, and your fortune will be made.'"

"Then the peddler boy remembered that that was midsummer day. On midsummer night the fairies have their grand feast and then if ever any mortals see them."

"So after he had gone the rounds of the villagers and sold a few trifles he made his way to the stream. All night long he lay under the elder tree, and it was well after dawn when he awakened."

"A party of horsemen was crossing the bridge, and one pointed to the peddler boy, saying, 'See, sire; here is a lad who has slept under the elder tree.'"

"Let us hear his story," said the king, for he rode at the head of this gayly dressed company."

"The little peddler boy stood up, not at all afraid of these grand gentlemen, so very much more splendid had been the company in which he had been all night, and he told the story of what he had seen under the elder tree that grew by the banks of the stream."

"It was a beautiful story and so beautifully told that the king exclaimed: 'Here we have no peddler boy, but a poet. Join us, my lad, and you shall be taught as poets are taught, and one day perhaps you may sing of us and our court as prettily as you have sung of fairyland.'"

"And so the poor peddler boy's fortune was made."

What Pa Said.
The door of the drawing room opened slowly and Edward appeared. Prudence flew at once to his side. Edward was pale, but otherwise he seemed quite himself. He had been undergoing the ordeal of asking papa's consent.

"Tell me, what did father say?" asked the girl as Edward sank into a chair.

Edward stared into vacancy.

"Tell me; oh, tell me! The suspense is killing me. Did he say 'No'?" Did he say, 'Take her, my boy'?" Oh, do not keep me in this uncertainty. Tell me, what did father say?"

Edward sighed and muttered:

"He simply looked up from his work, said 'Thank goodness!' and went on writing."

Ducks in China.

There are more ducks in China than in all the world outside it. They are kept on every farm, on the private roads and on all the lakes, rivers and smaller streams. There are many boats in which as many as 2,000 are kept. Their eggs constitute one of the most important articles of food. They are hatched in establishments fitted up

for the purpose. Some of these establishments turn out as many as 30,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked ducks are sold in all the towns, and many of them are exported to countries where Chinese reside.

Yes, He Wanted to Farm.

"I s'pose you're perfectly happy now that you are in your country home? If I remember right you always wanted to be a farmer."

"Yes, but there is such a lot of waiting about it."

"Waiting for what?"

"Why, for the handy man of the neighborhood to come around and spade up my garden."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Age Limit.

Two men, one aged eighty and one aged ninety, who are inmates of an institution near Washington, had a quarrel that developed into a fist fight. The eighty-year-old pugilist won. Later he was boasting of his prowess. "He said I couldn't lick him!" exclaimed the successful fighter. "Gee darn his skin, I could have licked him if he had been a hundred years old!"—Saturday Evening Post.

TYPEWRITERS GIVEN AWAY

The Emerson Typewriter Company of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

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Sunset—the Pacific Monthly and the Santiam News for \$1.75.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at Portland, Ore.

May 31, 1912

Notice is hereby given that Sarah A. Swager, by Charles H. Maginnis, her attorney in fact, whose postoffice address is Portland, Oregon, did on the 14th day of January 1912, file in this office her application, Serial No. 6522, to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898 (30 Stat. 597, 620) set of sec. 9 tp 8 s. 4 e, lot 8 sec 1 tp 12 s. r 2 w, and lot of sec 24 tp 12 s. r 1 w, Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to the applicant should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 30th day of July 1912.

H. F. HIGBY
Register

A Newspaper Event.

The Nuremberg Gazette, founded in 1457, was the first newspaper printed from metal type with printing ink.



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Ladies Calling Cards printed or blank for sale at this office.



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