

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Rival Fleas

Mr. Jim Flea and Mr. John Flea were both very much in love with a beautiful young lady. One day they met on the street. Said Mr. Jim Flea: "I understand you love Miss Mary Matilda, is that so?"



"YOU CANNOT HAVE HER."

also love her, and you cannot have her." At that they flew at each other in rage. Mr. Jim picked up a heavy toothpick and smote Mr. John a terrible crack over the head.

Mr. John staggered to his feet and knocked Mr. Jim down with a terrific blow back of the neck with a lima bean. Then they grappled and struggled about the place, biting and kicking and clawing each other, and all the time yelling at the top of their voices until they had attracted all the folks to the scene. Then Mr. Jim and Mr. John fell over on the ground exhausted.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Tale of a Kicker

One day young Mr. Plumetall was squatting in the sands of the desert, sunning himself and dressing his beautiful tail feathers. "What funny kind of things men are!" he said to himself. "They pull out our beautiful feathers, which are so useful to us, and then stick them on the hats of their wives and daughters and try to make them look like us, and then they turn around the next moment and despise us and say we are 'simple.' 'Simple little ostriches,' they say, 'who hide their heads in the sand and think themselves safe.' Here comes one of those simple men now. I do believe he's after my tail feathers. Watch me as I teach him something."



HE JUMPED HIGH IN THE AIR.

"There is one of those simple birds. They are the largest of their kind, and yet have no way to protect themselves except to run away. Just look at him now, with his head down in the sand. I shall advance slowly upon him, grab a handful of feathers and my fortune is made."

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Two Roosters

Two roosters who had lived together in great happiness for many years got into a discussion over which was worth the most money. "I," said the younger, "belong to one of the oldest and most exclusive families in the state. My great-grandfather was owned by Napoleon III, and nothing but the bluest blood runs in my veins. Here is my pedigree."



FELL OVER DEAD.

You can see that it goes back to the time when chickens first inhabited the earth. "Oh, that's nothing!" said the older rooster. "I'm game all over. I don't count so much on what my grandfather and great-grandfather did, but what I can do myself." And with that he gave the proud rooster such a terrible thrashing that it fell over dead on the pedigree it had been showing.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Practice What You Preach

"My dear," quacked Mrs. Duck to her two promising offspring, "always follow the advice of your elders. One learns more by example than by precept. Just observe your mother. Seek to do as she does, and remember always to obey to the full her commands even though the sky should fall." "Quack, quack!" assented the offspring. "Now, by observing all that I do you will learn much that will be helpful. What have we here? Ah, that's interesting! A chopping block, my dears. Let me remind you both that a duck should never try to fly high; they are too heavy—but I would like to know what's in that pail"—saying which she flopped and scrambled up on to the block in a most ungraceful way. The two ducklings stared wonderingly. "Quack, quack!" was all they said. "Now, here is a pail," Mrs. Duck continued when she could get balanced.



"QUACK, QUACK!" WAS ALL THEY SAID. "In it I see a green liquid—of course you can't, but you will take my word for it as good duckies should. It is probably grass chopped fine and squeezed in a press. 'Now, you know I have often told you never to stick your bills into anything that you are not familiar with. It is very dangerous. But of course I shall investigate it. Stand perfectly still where you are and don't move an inch—if the sky should fall.' The ducklings meekly answered, 'Quack, quack!' Mrs. Duck stuck her long bill down in the green paint, but drew it out more quickly. 'Oh, oh!' she cried. 'Horrid, horrid! I shall faint! Catch me.' And she fell backward off the block. As she did so the pail of paint upset and the little ducklets, obedient to death, refusing to move, caught it all. When Mrs. Duck recovered and looked about her she spied her pea green children crying. 'Weep, weep! Weep, weep!' 'There!' she said hotly. 'Why don't you do as I told you to do?' 'We thought we did,' was all they said. All of which shows that some people are better at preaching than at practicing.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HOLY ROLLERS OF GREEN MOUNTAINS

There is nothing new under the sun; says an exchange; not even the "Holy Rollers." A small band of fanatics known as the "Holy Rollers" had a brief career in 1873, in the town of Hardwick, Vt. Their leader whose name was Bridgeman, having had his mind discomposed by frequent attendance at prayer meetings in the neighborhood, professed to be inspired from on high and was not long in enlisting several followers. The exercises at the meetings of these fanatics consisted of the most ludicrous and foolish performances, such as frightful yelling, barking in imitation of dogs and foxes, mimicry of cuckoos and other birds, jumping, swinging the arms and rolling on the floor and from the last circumstances they were called Holy Rollers. Their leader declared that they must not shave, and they suffered their beards to grow for several months, when it was revealed to another of their number that they must all shave, and it was done. These fanatics were countenanced and encouraged by large numbers of the inhabitants of Hardwick and the neighboring towns. The pastor of the Congregationalist church, Rev. Chester, preached a vigorous sermon against these absurdities, which was published and widely circulated in 1858. Some of their number were imprisoned for disturbance of religious worship and these fanatics were dispersed. These facts are set forth in much fuller detail in Thompson's History of Vermont, published in 1841. The author was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and professor of natural history in the University of Vermont and his narrative may be accepted as a proof that in the modern "Holy Rollers" history has only repeated itself. When the Holy Rollers appeared in Hardwick it was a town of 2400 inhabitants, and had been organized over forty years, had good schools and three churches, and is distant only 21 miles from the capital of the state, but no civilization, no environ-

ments, will ever be proof against sudden outbreaks of fanaticism on the part of ignorant, weak-minded people, who, if not deranged, have unarranged brains. Reduced Rates on Thanksgiving Day. The Southern Pacific Company will

sell tickets at one and one-third fare for the round trip between all points on its Oregon line ACCOUNT THAN on its Oregon line account Thanksgiving Day. Tickets will be sold November 25th and 26th, and will be limited for return to 27th. All who desire to take advantage of this reduction can secure tickets from nearest Southern Pacific agent on dates mentioned. W. E. COMAN, General Passenger Agent. St. w. 12

An Animal Story For Little Folks

What Is Style?

Mr. Goose and Mr. Green Bull Frog chanced to inhabit a pond quite near a fashionable hotel in the country. Their little pond was not much larger than they needed for their comfort, but on the booklet advertising the hotel it was called "the lake." Every evening the ladies and gentlemen from the hotel would put on their fine clothes and walk around the pond and say: "Oh, look at the swan!" "Oh, see the fine frog!" Both Mr. Goose and Mr. Green Bull Frog were much pleased at being so



"THIS IS THE PROPER THING." recognized and determined to have some style in dress at the pond since they saw so much of it at the hotel. Each was to dress as best became him, and then together they were to decide on the style for the pond people. When each had put on his mannish clothes he hardly knew the other. Mr. Goose was rigged out in coat and vest with a tall six story piecantly collar and high hat. Mr. Frog was dressed simply in a low standing collar and sporty derby. "This is the proper thing," said Mr. Frog. "All the sports wear it." "Imagine what a sight I'd be in that little linen band," said the goose disgustedly. "This neck of mine needs a high board fence about it. And as for that hat—I should be lost to view." "Think what a figure I'd cut in that collar of yours," grumbled the frog. "It might do for a crown, and those clothes—oh, awful! I tell you mine is the style!" "No; mine is, for yours wouldn't stay on me one moment." At length the discussion waxed warm that they came to blows, and the goose all but swallowed the frog. Then, with collars torn and clothes rent and hats smashed, they sat down on the bank, panting. "I guess the style," said Mr. Goose sadly, smoothing down his ruffled feathers, "is to wear what suits you best." "I guess you speak the truth," panted Mr. Frog.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

How the Rooster Learned a Lesson

There was a rooster that was so large that a boy hitched him up to a wagon and drove him up and down the road. "Ah!" exclaimed the rooster. "It is much nicer to be a horse than a rooster I shall always be a horse." And he felt very proud indeed of his new accomplishment. When night came, his master put a halter on him and tied him in a regular



DROVE HIM UP AND DOWN THE ROAD

horse stall and gave him an armful of hay and a bucket of water for his supper. Mr. Rooster made an effort to make a meal of these, but without success, nor was he able to sleep standing up there in the stall. When his master came through the stable to see if all was well the rooster said: "Please, sir, I don't think I like being a horse. Please let me be a rooster again." And his master was a good person and granted his request.—Atlanta Constitution.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

900 DROPS CASTORIA A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins. NEW YORK. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

"Making a New Play for Sarah Bernhardt" IN these progressive days, when actors and actresses are carefully measured by dramatists engaged to cut out plays for them, the task of fitting a play to a woman like Sarah Bernhardt would be a tolerably difficult matter, notwithstanding the artistic semblance attainable in the "fitting" system. She is the sort of woman who requires what the milliners, in their most exuberant moods, call "a creation." Talents can be measured to order, and personality is a dominating feature of the stage; but there is a psychology in the character of genius that cannot be arranged for mechanically before hand. It was an indisputable distinction that fell upon F. Marion Crawford when he was asked, two years ago, by the great tragedienne, to write a play for her. This article, illustrated from especially posed photographs of Mr. Crawford, is one of the many interesting articles in this month's (November) Metropolitan Magazine 160 Pages The best fiction of the month 12 Short Stories (A 30) R. H. RUSSELL, PUBLISHER, 3 WEST 29TH ST., NEW YORK