

THE OLD RELIABLE



**Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Why the Tortoise Won

Did you ever hear the true story of the race between the hare and the tortoise? Old Brother Terrapin told it to me one day as I lay on my back in the grass by the pond.

"Never heard the real truth of that victory of mine, did you?" he squeaked as he crawled up to me.

"No, never," said I. "How was it?" "Well, he laughed, "you see, they always supposed that I won that race by keeping on plodding along at my usual gait while old man Rabbit frisked around and fooled and wasted his time 'showing off' before the spectators.

"But it was nothing of that sort. Let me tell you at the start that all the plodding in the world without a little thought and common sense will never win anything.

"You see, I had a little bone to pick with that 'yaller' dog of Bill Sikes' 'cause one day when I was asleep he turned me over on my back, and I didn't get my footing for two days and was nearly starved, to say nothing of the worry brought on the old lady and the children. So when Mr. Rabbit and



HE GAVE A YELL OF TERROR.

I started on that race that you've read of I knew at the start that I had no chance to win without some little game. Just then along comes Bill Sikes' 'yaller' dog.

"Mornin'," says he. "Nice day for the race."

"Yes," says I, and if you want to see the start sit right down where you are, and you'll see a great show."

"So down he sat on his yaller tail and opened his yaller jaws and let his red tongue hang out. "One, two, three, go!" says the starter, and just then I saw my chance and grabbed Mr. Dog's tail between my jaws. He gave one yell of terror and surprise and set off through the woods toward the goal at lightning speed, pulling me through the air after him. My, but we did fly! And when we got near the goal I let go and walked the rest. Mr. Dog was so scared he ran on home. Served him right for turning me over. But I won the race. I tell you, brains count," saying which he ambled off into the woods.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Ambitious Cow

"There is water in this milk," said Mrs. Shipperslopper sharply to the milkman.

"Perhaps the girl put it in," he suggested.

"Nonsense. You put it in yourself."

"Never, madam; never."

"Then your farm hands did."

"No, ma'am. They don't handle the milk."

"Then it leaked in the cans."

"Impossible, I assure you. They are water tight."

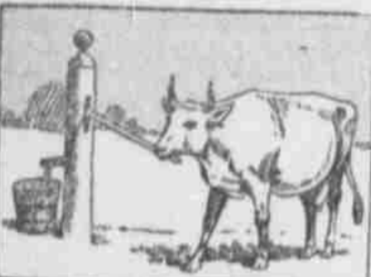
"Well, there's just this about it. If this watering the milk does not stop I shall have to get milk from some other place."

"Very well, ma'am," said the milkman, bowing, but he made up his mind to find out who watered the milk.

That evening when he had milked the cows and set the milk to cool by the pump in the barnyard he took his seat behind the corncrib and watched.

Pretty soon he saw Miss Daisy, the bridled cow, coming out slowly and carefully from behind the barn.

"Ah," said Daisy to herself. "He said that Spot gave more milk than I, did he? The horrid man. I'll never let that



TAKING THE PUMP HANDLE IN HER TEETH.

black and white cow give more than I. To think that I have been here so long, and now she claims to give fifteen quarts, and they say I can only give twelve. But I shall fix that all right. Let me see. Which can did he put my milk in? 'Spot,' 'Clover,' 'Brownie'—ah, here it is—'Daisy.' Now let him say that Spot gave more than I."

Then Farmer Jones saw a sight that made him strain his eyes, for Daisy went to the can containing her own milk, pushed it under the pump spout and, taking the pump handle in her teeth, began to work it up and down, filling the can to the top. Then she turned and, swinging her tail in triumph, walked back to the barn.

"Waal, I swear!" said Farmer Jones, too astonished for many words. Next day there was no water in the milk left at Mrs. Shipperslopper's, and there was no Daisy in the barn, for she was going sadly to the town at the end of a rope, whose other end was held by the butcher's boy.

"Ah!" she sighed. "If I had not been so ambitious, so jealous, so deceitful!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Novel Effects in Photography.

"Why not try silhouette photography?" suggests Edward Hurry, in an article in the January Pearson's.

"This, at least, is a new idea. Well carried out, exquisite effects are achieved. A photograph in silhouette is a thing of beautiful lights and shadows, the shadows predominating, with sharpest outline. Theodid silhouette was a crude jet-black profile on a pure white ground, with no detail. In the new, with its artistic effects, detail and relief may be modified to suit the subject, ranging from the most suggestion of modeling to a liberal display of high light and half-tones.

"The silhouette portrait gives surprisingly good likeness. Not every kind of face, however, lends itself to treatment in profile. Well-marked straight features are the best—pug-nosed faces are hopeless. But silhouette photography does not aim so much at getting a good likeness as at making a good picture; at recording pretty arrangements of modern costumes, flouro studies, or mere caricatures, bold and fanciful."

A Question.

(Detroit Free Press.)

She—Charles, dear, how many teeth does a baby have?

He—I don't know. But I think that after the way I've walked the floor for the last six months ours ought to have at least a hundred and fifty by this time.

Will Protect His Interests.

Birmingham, Eng., Jan. 5.—The Post says China has replied to the Anglo-French inquiries regarding her attitude in the event of a Russian-Japanese war. The reply is not yet published, but a good authority says it makes it clear that it will protect Chinese interests in case they are endangered by either party.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Why the Little Pig Was Whipped

Did you ever hear the story about the little pig who ate his big sister's dinner? I know you have not, for the story has never been told.

Well, there was a little pig who loved to tease his sister, just as many and many a boy loves to tease his sisters.

Now, this little pig had one sister who was very particular about her manners, which, you will admit, was an excellent trait. She wouldn't think of sitting down to a meal without a nice clean apron on. At the dinner hour she would hurry to her room, fasten on her apron and then go to the trough in which her food was served.

"Why is it that you only half fill my trough?" asked she of her mother. "I always fill it," was the reply. "But it is always only half full," declared the little pig's sister.

And the little pig laughed, for he knew very well why the trough was only half full. Whenever he saw his sister start off to get her apron he



HE KNEW VERY WELL WHY THE TROUGH WAS HALF FULL.

would slip slyly up to the trough and eat as much of her food as he could before she could get back.

One day the sister decided to watch him, and she actually caught him in the very act of gulping down her meal. "I was only fooling," laughed the little pig.

"I shall tell mamma on you," replied his sister, "and she will paddle you with a shingle."

"You would not be a tattler, would you?" asked the little pig, who did not relish the idea of a whipping.

"No, I don't believe I would," replied the sister thoughtfully. "I shall not tell on you."

"That's a good girl," laughed the little pig.

"But I shall paddle you myself," added the sister. Then she caught the little tease and gave him a good sisterly thrashing, and he never touched her meals again after that.—Detroit Journal.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Wise Caterpillar

"Glad to see you back!" exclaimed Mr. Caterpillar when he met Mr. Bug on the street. "Have a good time?"

"Fine, fine!" replied Mr. Bug, smiling.

You see, Mr. Bug had just returned from his vacation, which he spent at



"GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK."

the seashore, and he was strolling along with his valise in hand when he met Mr. Caterpillar.

Of course he had a great deal to say about the many sights he saw and the many things he did, and he entertained Mr. Caterpillar for fully seven minutes in this manner.

"Well," said Mr. Caterpillar, "you certainly did have a good time, judging from what you say. I would have liked to have been along with you. But did you hear the news?"

"No," replied Mr. Bug.

"There's a man at your house to collect the rent."

"Oh, say!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a cent!"

"And another to collect the grocer's bill."

"Wow!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a penny!"

"And another to collect the doctor's bill."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a copper!"

"Then I guess they'll send you to jail," declared Mr. Caterpillar. "But you will have one consolation—you had a good time while you were away spending your money. Goodbye."

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Bug. "Don't leave me!"

"Oh, yes, I must," said Mr. Caterpillar. "I've got to take the money I saved by staying at home this year and pay my doctor and grocer and landlord."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

A Cat-Eye-Clism

Tom Cat and Dick Cat met one night on the back fence. Tom was minus one eye.

"How did you lose your eye?" asked Dick.

"Well, it was like this: My mistress was coming home on the train from the seashore and got a cinder in her eye. It bothered her so that the doctor was called in. He said it was a serious case and they would have to take out her eye and look for the cinder. He put it on a table and began to hunt. I came in just then, hungry as usual, for they don't half feed me, and saw the eye, thought it was good to eat and swallowed it."

"Oh!" said Dick. "Then you had three eyes?"

"Yes, but listen. The doctor saw what I had done, said he would have



GAVE CHASE WITH A BIG KNIFE.

to get an eye from me to take the place of the other I had inside and gave chase with a big knife. He caught me, took out my eye and put it in the mistress. That leaves me, you see, with only this one."

"Yes," said Dick. "But you've got two all the same."

"But how can I use the one I swallowed?" asked Tom sadly.

"But, say," asked Dick quickly, as the new thought struck him, "how did the mistress get along with your lonely orb?"

"Oh, pretty well, except that when one of her eyes is in bed asleep the other is down cellar with me hunting rats."

"Terrible!" said Dick.

"Yes, doctors ought to be more careful," replied Tom.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Goose's Dinner

"There is nothing I love better than a nice fat goose," said the man who lived in the city.

But he had no goose and not enough money to buy one.

"I know what I shall do," said he to himself. "I shall buy a gosling and feed him well until he grows to be a goose, and then I shall eat him."

Now, a gosling is only a baby goose, and he was able to buy one of them for a few cents.

He fed the little fowl carefully, and the gosling grew. Within a week he



HE GOBBLED UP THE MAN

had doubled his size, and in another week he was much larger.

So he continued feeding the gosling, and the gosling became a goose and still kept on growing.

"I shall have to ask some of my friends to dinner the day we kill the goose," said the man to his wife, "for we can never eat all of this fowl alone."

And yet the goose grew, and the man decided to invite all of his friends and all of his neighbors' friends to the meal.

When the day finally arrived for the dinner, the goose was larger than the man, but the man went out with a hatchet to chop his head off.

"What are you going to do with that hatchet?" asked the goose.

"I am going to kill you and serve you at a big dinner."

"Oh, you are, are you?" cried the goose. "Well, I guess not. I want a dinner myself, and I am just going to eat you."

And he gobbled up the man just as you would swallow a spoonful of broth, and that was the last of it.—Detroit Journal.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Greedy Rooster

"My goodness, uncle, have you eaten all the corn in the barnyard?" asked young Mr. Rooster of old Mr. Rooster the other day.

And good cause he had for asking, too, for the old gentleman's craw stuck out in front of him like the breast of a pouter pigeon.

"No, I haven't eaten all," replied old Mr. Rooster, "but I have eaten a great deal. You see, I learned today that our master was going away tomorrow and that he was going to stay a whole week. He decided to leave each of the barnyard fowls a certain amount of corn, which is to last us until he returns. I have simply eaten all of mine at once and will not have to eat any more until he comes back."

"Well, I think I shall eat mine in daily portions," declared the nephew.

"You had better do as I have done," answered the uncle.

But the young rooster did not think this was a wise plan.

The old fellow spent a very uncomfortable day, for he was too full to be



"HAVE YOU EATEN ALL THE CORN?"

able to enjoy basking in the sun and taking his usual exercise.

And, would you believe it, the next day he was as hungry as he would have been had he eaten only a regular meal on the previous day.

When the nephew and the other barnyard fowls were eating their meals the uncle stood afar off and gazed longingly at their corn.

And the next day he gazed more covetously. And the next day he just could not stand it any longer. Bursting into tears, he begged his nephew for some corn. Well, they all pitched in and made up a good square meal for the old fellow out of their daily allowances, and they did the same thing each day until the master of the barnyard returned.

"I've learned a valuable lesson," said the old rooster.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Learn to Be Contented

Sambo was tired of his kinky locks. He wanted straight hair like the white folks had.

So he had gone out behind the barn to grieve and complain, which, of course, was entirely wrong.

"I hate this plagued wool," he said, running his hand through his black corkscrew ringlets.

"Why can't a fellow's hair be decent; and straight and silky? I can't go on; but what some white boy yells, 'Hi, there, woolly!'"

"Wool ought not to grow on boys anyway. It's only meant for dirty



HOW THAT LITTLE DARTY RAN!

old sheep, and they can't do nothing but lie round and bleat. They's do as 'count nowow." And he got up to look at himself in a bit of broken mirror. But there had been some one listening to all this. Around the corner sat old Mr. Ram.

"Umph!" he said. "So he thinks that wool is on. It for no 'count' sheep, does he? Well, I'd just like to show him that it isn't what a fellow looks like, but what he is, that counts. I believe I will give him a lesson in manners anyway. It isn't polite to remark on people's appearance behind their backs, and he called me 'dirty sheep.'"

With that he gave one loud "Baa!" and, ducking his head, went for Sambo.

My, how that little darty ran!

It was a long way to the fence, and before he made it the ram had caught him and lifted him over into the potato patch on the other side. He lit on his head, but got up instantly, scared, but unhurt. "My," said Sambo reflectively, "if it hadn't been for my wool I'd 'a' got hurt!"

"Of course you would, impudence," said the ram. "Maybe now you won't complain about the way the Lord made you."—Atlanta Constitution.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Colingswood, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. My menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me.—\$5000 for the original of above letter proof genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

America's Natural Trotters.

(Illustrated Sporting News.)

Of our American animals, the moose, elk and caribou are natural trotters. In their native wilds the frequently travel very fast and long distances, but when taken young, trained and driven to harness, the seldom show much speed. Near the border line between Maine and Quebec I saw a young bull caribou hauled to a rough little cart. This caribou was docile enough, and was willingly jog along the road for the distances, but it showed no spirit in fact, its demeanor suggested that it was bored by its work, and only loved itself to be driven because it could not evade the task. It had not of the speed of its wild kind, and, in fact, did not travel faster than Central park goat. A young moose did better. This specimen was captured in Northern Ontario, and was broken to harness as a 2-year-old. He behaved quite well on the road, as appeared rather to enjoy the task of drawing his owner about in a light sulky. After a season of schooling his owner declared that the moose would eventually become a famous trotter. This, however, proved to be a dream. I had heard much of the moose and eventually went to see it. An exhibition drive on the country road proved the moose to be well trained and a willing driver, but his sole merit was as a curiosity. His gait was shuffling and bad in every way, and its speed was very limited. A smart pony could have trotted round it in a mile, for while its gait certainly was a true trot, it entirely lacked the snap and vim necessary for fast time. It was cranky in its motions, but even when going at its best I could outfoot it for 200 yards.

Serious Explosion.

London, Jan. 5.—A serious explosion occurred at the government munition works at Hayle, Cornwall, this morning. Four were killed and several injured.



A Big Kick

A man makes when his laundry is sent home with porcupine edge and spandeele buttonholes. If he would bring his linen to an up-to-date laundry where perfect methods obtain at all times, such as the Salem Steam Laundry, he would receive his shirts collars and cuffs equal to new every time that we send them home.

Salem Steam Laundry

Col. J. Olmsted, Prop. Phone 411 230 Liberty