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Foundlings By George Weston.

As soon as Mary saw the shade and fruit trees, the attic and the large closets, her mind was made up; and the moment John's eyes caught sight of the chicken-coop, with its nests and perches, his mind was made up, for it had ever been his heart's desire to raise chickens, a hobby hitherto impossible, owing to the restrictions of a third-floor flat. As for Mary, that came first, he had been contracting to build her like a nightmare, so that, standing upon the second floor of this suburban residence, with its quarter-acre of ground and its unobstructed view, when she looked at the broad halls and the large rooms, while a grove of friendly pines nodded their heads to her from over the way, she knew that here, at last, she had found that place called home.

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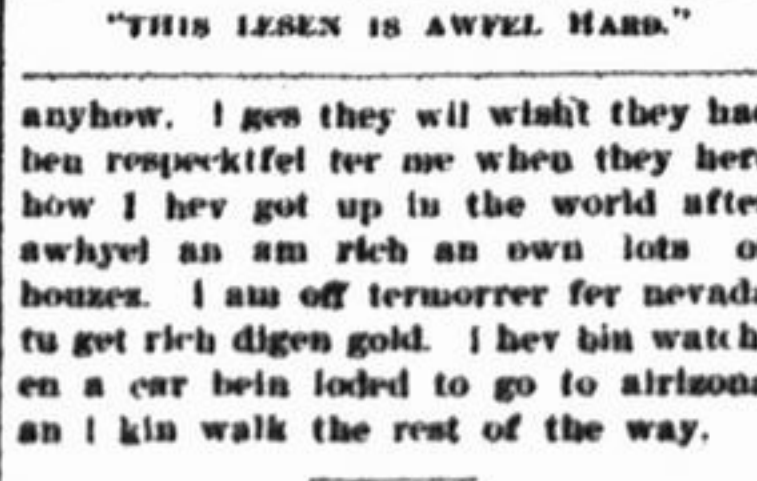
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ADVENTURES OF LITTLE WILLIE.

No Tires of His School Books; Runs Away from Home in an Attempt to Become Famous.

MONDAY. Gee it betes the dikenz how a feller has ter go ter school all the time. I wish that I was big like Fiteen bob evens an kid go off on battle ships to places an kud see sites. I bet the girls wudent laf at me then an titter when I kum bak with medals an things.



"THIS LESSEN IS AWFUL HARD."

anyhow. I see they will wish they had ben respectifal fer me when they here how I hev got up in the world after awhyle an sm rich an own lots of bouzes. I am of terromer fer nevada tu get rich digen gold. I hev bin watchen a car ben loked to go to arizona an I kin walk the rest of the way.

TUESDAY.

I must hev kum an swfel ways last nite in this car for it bumped around al nite. Its kold in here but there is some straw around the boxes so I gee I kan kepe warm for I hev my mind maid up in stek it out.



"EVEN 'OLD SAUCED AN' BRED SIN'."

what it's kracked up tu be. I wud give wun of my fer quarters for a drink of water but I gee I kin stand it awhyle yet.

I got to think that if I sand lie fer want of water the kids at skule wud fele purty bad an maybe susen Eevens wud put the wrotche I give Jev for Kristmas on my grav an' maybe they wud fire of a snit over my grav thinkin' that I dide game an' with my bouzes on as the feller who kot killed by Dik of Eagle Pass did.



"HE WANW EZZY."

I kudent get a ob. every thing lukt dark tu me.

Finally I decided to walk past our hou in the alley. I figured the kuk nite se me. I was just want her tu fele the folks know I kud live without there vittels.

I walkt past the houz tuice. nobody seemd to notes me. I was just goin around the corner to grocery when I run rite into pa. he wasn't ezye bekas we wuz in the stree. he was warse than oter everet true erer wuz get.

when I got in th hou I was put in the bath tub an washt three times wuz with hot water an twice with cold. evven the dog growld at me. at the supper tabel the folks were quiet. I an give me lots tu etc. she kept talken tu me an sed I was much lik her boy who growd up an had gone off.

she give me pie an kate an say it was pudin tu goin tu skule. but after awhyle I herd some one talken to somebody else in the next run. then the lady went out an I herd her say Yes I wuznt her lukt like the pikbur of the boy in the paper who run off.

THURSDAY.

I walkt al nite but from what the peple sez I ain't no wher nere arizona. I kum tu a milkmanz houz this mornin an askt for wurk. he askt what I kin do an I sez any kind of honest toll thatz respectabel an he put me at wurk fedin kowz.

WHEN A WOMAN WRITES A CHECK

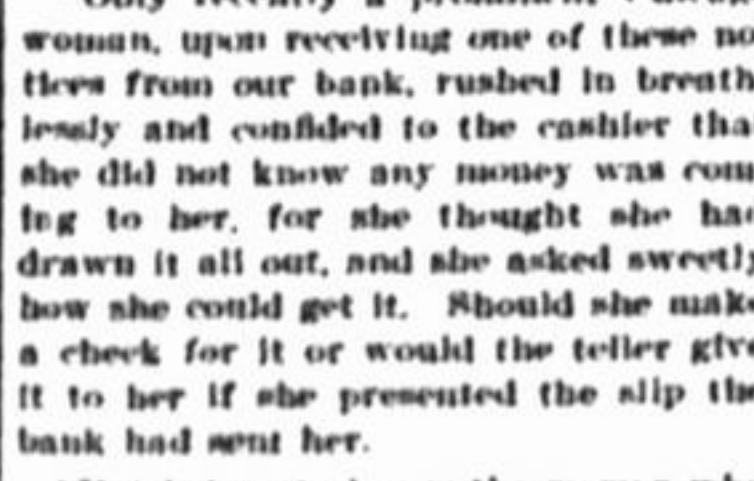


"I EXPECT TO BE A KING SOME DAY."

Why is it that the average woman cannot be taught to write or indorse a bank check? It is regarded by bank officials and employees as the eighth wonder of the world and a never to be solved mystery why it cannot be done, but it is generally admitted that it is one of the impossible things comparable only to the riddle of the sphinx or squaring the circle.

FRIDAY.

The boss made me git up way in the nite We had got to town with the wagon I was on before Owl carz was runen. It was cold an krepy. I kinder wish that I kud go to skule agen but I dident let on tho. I know Egie Pete always kept a stiff upper lip.



"I BETS TER DOG TO TOWN WAGUN."

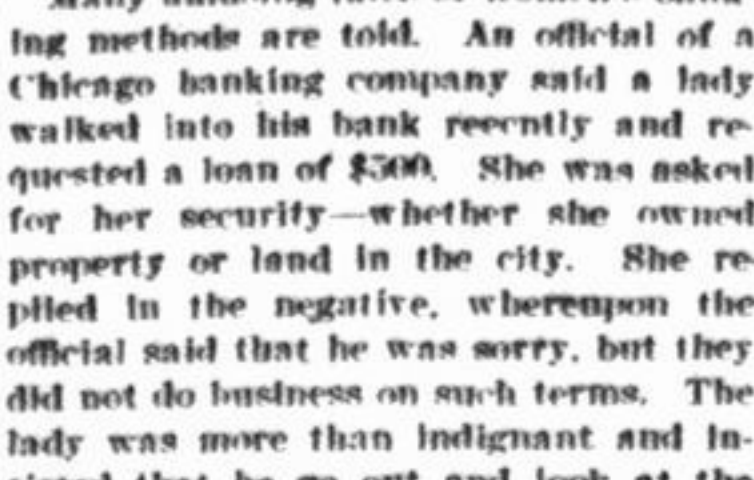
we dont take milk of the man I wurked for so I wasent much skared.

but we kum in Susen evens houz and I tol the boss he was cold an I wud tak the milk tin. I was in hopes Susen nite know it was me. I hamered the bak door. I maid a big racket.

finely I herd sun wun say now git him Towner. I run. I bete the dog to the wagon. the boss was astep. the horses got skared at the dog and run. the boss fell out. the horses run a long ways. when they stopt I crawlid from under the wrek an run thru a park.

SATURDAY.

Its purty hard to hav the polize on yer trak. al mornin I dodged them. one big cop got me. but I tol him that I wurked rite around the corner an kud prove it. the blif wurked. but my heart was in my mouth.



"HE WANW EZZY."

I tried for wurk at several places

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Very Sagacious. A farmer had a very sagacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

The Occasion for It.

"He says he never prayed in all his life." "What a monotonous existence! Apparently he has never been in a tight place."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

she made her account good. She puffed right up and said she would show him that he was wrong and that she had money in the bank. Half an hour later she came down to the bank with her check book and the explanation that "she knew she was right, for there were at least half a dozen blank checks left in the book!"

AUTOS CHURN BUTTER.

Farmer Utilizes Hood-Wagons While They Are Crossing Bridges. "The road that runs from Downer out past Petersburg and on down to Littleton, Castle Rock, Larkspur, Faber Lake, Colorado Springs and all points south" passes the home of John C. Muler and is thickly traversed by automobiles. In fact, one of those joy beggones comes sky-hootin' along about every second, or perhaps oftener, keeping peaceable residents of that community either sidling along as close to the edge of the road as the barb wire will permit, or climbing trees.

It occurred to Muler that with all those autos streaming by he might utilize them to his own advantage, and auto-churned butter is the result.

There's a small bridge, about 20 feet long, over a little ditch in front of his



POWER FROM PASSING AUTOS.

house. He just took up the floor of that bridge and relaid it, in corduroy fashion, with round pieces of timber set very closely together, but which revolve when an auto or any other vehicle strikes them. Then, under that bridge and attached to the logs, he framed up a system of cogz which work whenever a piece of being to the house and attached it to the handle of a revolving churn.

Now, every time anything passes over that bridge the floor turns, and the turning of the floor turns his churn, over and over, with marvellous rapidity. The autos and other vehicles come so closely together that Muler soon has a mess of very fine butter churned up.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

It is very unfortunate that the retailer, speaking generally, does not appreciate the value of local advertising. It would seem as though ambition should dictate the enlargement of one's business, and to many merchants such a result is easily attained. The way to do it is quite simple.

It is well known that women are the best buyers and, as a rule, the goods they buy are the most profitable. To attract them your store must be magnetic—i. e. clean, neat, stocks well arranged and the goods appealing to them prominently displayed.

Doing this is properly classed as advertising, but it must be backed by intelligent, well-informed and courteous clerks to make the sales. After having accomplished this reform then, by all means, contract for a regular space in your local papers and place your advertisement in advance. Arrange the copy for frequent changes, make the matter and makeup attractive, and be sure to refer to the seasonable goods at the proper time.

If such a simple course is followed the result will be a pleasant surprise to any merchant who has not been a believer in publicity. The good merchant realizes that he does not have to cut prices to make sales. There is an easier way to make business and keep profits in these times. The rule is as simple as can be—advertise and support your announcements with an attractive store and courteous treatment of customers.—Hardware.

Prohibitionist Paraphrase. "What we want now," said one prohibition campaigner, "is some picturesque title for our candidate, such as it is now customary to give the band of the ticket."

"Very true," replied the other. "Why not refer to him as the 'beardless leader?'"—Washington Star.

A Wall Street Recent. The manager—I don't exactly like the way you have drawn your trump. You make him talk like a stock broker. The playwright—Well, that's all right this year, ain't it?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ever notice how many things there are in the shop windows that you have no earthly use for?