

## HELP FOR STARVING ANIMALS.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Many people who believe themselves kind hearted and full of sympathy for suffering creatures have left town without providing for their cats and dogs.

The city is full of deserted and starving animals.

If you are staying in town, put a dish of fresh water out in your yard or beside your pavement every night and morning.

It will require little effort to do this humane act, and it will mean much to miserable, homeless cats and dogs.

A friend writes me from the city that she purchased a 5-cent package of catnip at the drug store and scattered it in her yard, and watched two tramp cats while they almost went into a delirium of joy over it.

These cats come into her yard and drink a large dish of water dry every day.

My friend has begged me to speak a word for the dumb creatures abandoned to the fate of tramps in the cities, and without knowledge or reason to enable them to find the shelter and protection of the Bide-a-Wee Home for Animals.

The human tramps and outcasts in the city know that the doors of the Salvation Army, at the various stations scattered all over the city, are ever open to the unfortunate.

At the University Settlement and other places, and the Y. M. C. A. headquarters, help of some kind will be given them, and no one need starve in the heart of any American city today, bad as our crowded and congested conditions are.

But animals cannot ask questions, or seek out streets and numbers, or understand that food and shelter will be given them by applying for it.

They can only mourn, starve and suffer when deprived of the protection of those who have permitted them to become tramps.

Therefore I make this earnest appeal to those who have homes or boarding places in the city during these hot days:

Provide water, at least, for stray animals; and food and a bit of catnip as a special luxury, if the desire to lessen the misery in the world is sufficiently strong in your heart to lead to this slight effort and trivial expense.—*American-Journal-Examiner.*

### As the Conductor Understood It.

I was doing an afternoon shift on the belt line that runs circles around Asbury Park—an easy job that left plenty of time for the philosophy that is the car man's delight. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when a lady climbed on the car, and speaking as if she begrudged every breath she spent on such a low creature as a conductor, she chopped off these words:

"Let me off at Sunset," meaning Sun-

set avenue, of course, as I well know; but the day was pleasant, and the lady looked as if she needed the air, so I said nothing.

On and on we went, going round and round the town, and on each trip I remembered collecting her fare, and I didn't bother her for more. But by and by she began to recognize the scenery, and calling to me, she said:

"I thought you were to let me off at Sunset?"

At that I pulled a huge nickel watch from my pocket, and looking long at it and making big eyes, I said with the best brogue I kept for use at such times:

"Shure, mum, and the sun is yit two hours high."

Of course she told the whole story to the "super," and he fired me. For being rude to a lady? Bless you, no—for failing to collect the extra fares.

### All is Game Except Indians.

Years ago a bill, entitled "An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and Other Game," was introduced into the House of the Assembly of the State of New York. The speaker of the House, not especially interested, gravely read it "An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen and Other Game." He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member rose to his feet. "I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said mildly, "by adding the words 'except Indians.'"

Professor Bottomley has discovered that the microbe is not so black as he is painted. He may be harnessed and made useful to the farmer, helping in the rearing of tomatoes and other edibles. It was Professor Huxley, we fancy, who described dirt as matter of out of place. We must learn to think of the microbe in the milk as merely out of place.

Michael F—— is a married man—a very much married man. He has married four times; and all his wives are still to the fore. According to Michael's own account, at the assizes where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences have not been altogether satisfactory. The judge in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women. "Yer honor," said Michael apologetically, "I was only thryin' to get a good wan, an' it's far from aisy."

The old soldier was telling some of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were skeptical as to his veracity. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—" "Look here," interrupted one of the doubting listeners. "You don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the

ambulance wagon." But the old man shook his head. "No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."

Donald M'Guid, an elder of the kirk, and a strict Sabbatarian, was particularly severe upon Sandy M'Tavish for his shortcomings. That worthy, who had his doubts as to the elder's sincerity, determined to get even with him at the first opportunity. A skillful angler, he one day captured an extra good basket of trout, and resolved to present a part of his catch to the elder. The gift having been duly accepted, the wily Sandy remarked casually: "But, elder, I clean forgot to mention—the fish were caught on Sunday." "Weel, Sandy," returned the other, gazing eagerly at the contents of the basket, "I dinna think that is the fault o' the trout."

Young Mother—"Baby is rather cross today. He is teething." Bachelor (in great awe of the mite of humanity)—"And when do you expect him to commence—er—hairing?"

"You can't go home when it's raining like this. You had better stay and have dinner with us!" "Oh, it's not so bad as that!"—*Golden Days.*

"Hannah," said the mistress to her new girl, "you can take that brown serge dress of mine and put it in soak." "Yes'm," said Hannah. "Who's your favorite pawnbroker?" — *Household Words.*

Fuddy—"Don't you consider it the duty of government to look out for the people?" Duddy—"It seems to me things would come out better if the people would look out for their government a little more."

"If I stand on my head the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" "No one ventured to contradict him." "Now," he continued triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet?" "Because," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "your feet are not empty."

### Pony Is Fond of Milk.

H. D. Stewart of Linnens, Me., has an Indian pony that has lately developed a taste for new milk. On going into the yard one morning lately Mr. Stewart found him extracting milk from one of the cows in the old-fashioned way.

When the bishop came to dinner, he usually asked grace. But one day, when other company came, Rosamond asked, "Mamma, shall we say grace today?" "No," said mamma, "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think it is not necessary." When the guests were all gathered about the table, the little one explained during a pause in the conversation, "Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace today!"

### Make Country Life Better.

The 12,000 deserted farms in New York state certainly indicate a disturbing tendency in the rural population. The young people drift to the cities or "go west," and when the elders die the farms are often left uncultivated. The hope of betterment here lies in country life being made more attractive.

### Our Progressive Language.

"I don't mind smoked oak and mission furniture, but that's enough to drive any sane person from drink—in this place." The men referred to the sign in the downtown cafe, where tobacco may be bought from a "cigarist." There is no "juleper" or "beerist" yet in the place, and a plain bartender mixes cocktails.

### Turkey Worth Owning.

James Raybuck, of Lancaster, Penn., is the owner of a valuable turkey hen, especially in these times, when the great American bird is such a scarce article. During the spring and summer this hen laid 108 eggs, which is said to establish a record for turkey hens.

### Borax Always Useful.

Travelers will always find a small package of borax useful on their journeys. On trains, as often in hotels, the water supplied for washing is hard and drying on the skin, and a teaspoonful of borax added to a basinful of water will make a wonderful difference.

### Peculiar Matrimonial Ad.

The following advertisement appeared in a Devonshire, Eng., newspaper: "Widower, no family, renting a small farm near Kingsbridge, wants a housekeeper; a chapel-going person, and one that has charity, which is the love of God, preferred; with views of marriage, if the Lord prospers my ways and she be willing. Apply, etc."

### "Europe's Nursery of Vice."

People may contend what they please about Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome, but whatever villainy flourishes out there, you may be quite sure there is more of it in this mammoth metropolis (London), which is called on the continent "Europe's nursery of vice."—Father Bernard Vaughan.

### Owl's Appetite Its Undoing.

Andy Baker, of Gilsom, N. H., found that his chickens were disappearing rather mysteriously and resolved to capture the intruder. As a result a large owl is on exhibition in a store window at Ke . . . Beyond a doubt the bird has ed on its last chicken.

### Remarkable Coincidences.

The old chapel at Faversham, England, was at one time in charge of Rev. H. J. Rook. Sparrow and Cuckoo were the names of the two deacons. Mrs. Martin was chapelkeeper. Mr. Lark, Miss Crow and Miss Nightengale were in the congregation. The chapel itself was situated in Partridge lane.

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