

LEGENDS OF ANIMALS

Interesting Old Time Stories of Bird and Beast.

THE HORSE AND THE CAMEL.

An Arabian Folklore Tale Tells Why Ever Stead Shudders on a First Meeting With a Camel—Solomon and the Neck of the Vulture.

In the beginning the birds had no feathers, but at last word was brought that the Great Spirit had their clothes ready. If they would send some one for them. As the distance was long, the turkey buzzard was selected on account of its endurance, and in recognition of the service he was to have first choice of apparel, the one condition being that he could try no suit on the second time. Can you guess the result? For the trifling objection or another he let all the fine feathers go until, to his horrified astonishment, there was nothing left but the poor, commonplace suit that he wears today.

We talk conceitedly of the airship as though a brand new invention of the modern brain when thousands of years ago King Solomon had a most satisfactory one, a magic carpet upon which he frequently took a spin through space. Only one fault could be found with this carpet touring car. It had no covering, and too often the sun shone uncomplacably upon the rug. Now, the wisdom of Solomon included a rare linguistic accomplishment. The king spoke the language of birds. So one day when out riding on his carpet he called upon some passing vultures to hold their wings over him by way of awning. But they were going north, the king being to the south, and his righteous indignation the birds insolently refused.

"Curse be ye, O vultures!" he cried in wrath. "And because you will not obey the commands of your lord who rules over the whole world the feathers of your necks shall fall off and the heat of the sun and the coldness of winter and the keenness of the wind and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds, and whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward you shall eat carrion and your race shall be impure until the end of the world."

According to Arab folklore, one day Allah called the south wind to him, condensed it, took a handful, blew upon it the breath of life and thus created a horse. But the steed at once began to faint. His neck, he complained, was too short to reach the grass, his back had nothing to steady a saddle, his hoofs were so sharp that they would surely sink into the sand. Instead of his hoofs he wanted the wings of Allah then created the camel as an object lesson of reproach.

The horse shuddered at the sight of what he wanted to become, and this is the reason that every horse starts when first meeting his caricature.

Perhaps you have not had the opportunity of gaining dentist-wise into the mouth of a coyote and so have never wondered why its back teeth looked as though they were broken off and forced down into the gums, but you must surely have come across many an empty locust skin.

To the south of the Zuni lands in New Mexico a coyote once started out hunting, but got no farther than the foot of a certain old pine tree, so fatigued did he become in a locust which sat playing a flute and singing in one of its branches. In fact, such was the animal's enthusiasm that he insisted upon taking a lesson on the spot. His voice proved hoarse and growly, but he persevered until he had learned the words of the locust song and turned homeward, proudly repeating them, when by bad luck he fell into a gopher's hole, said other words under his breath and forgot his lines.

Back to the pine tree he trotted, again imposed upon the locust's good nature, once more sallied forth in triumph, but on his way he practiced along a frightened flock of pigeons that flew out with such a noise as completely to muddle his brain, and there was nothing left for him but another appeal to the worst locust.

Now, even a music teacher will turn, and the locust, seeing him coming from afar and having heard that coyotes ate insects, decided to himself that this tiresome fellow. No sooner thought than done. In a flash he swelled up, split his skin and crawled out. Finding at hand a clear, light colored bit of quartz, he put it in the empty skin, muffled it up the back with pitch and flew off to another tree.

The trick worked to a charm. The coyote called out to the supposed locust again and again without receiving a reply, became enraged, snatched the elly out of the tree and bit so hard on the stone that he ran yelping away. The water of a creek partly soothed him, but ever since the mouth of a coyote has shown the effect of that fragile bite, and the locust ventures out on a summer morning to sing a song it is his custom to protect himself from the consequences of attracting too much attention by skinning himself and leaving his counterpart in the tree.—May C. Ringwait in Los Angeles Times.

Used to it.

"What do you do when your husband says to go to sleep?"

"Oh, I just go to sleep. I've been married more than a year, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

The Doctrine of Election.

When the late Senator Vance was running for congress he called on an old colored man who had in early life served the Vance family. Asked after his health, the former servant replied, "Mighty po'ly to this world, but it's all right over yander."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election?" asked Vance with great solemnity.

"It's the doctrine of the Bible," answered the old man.

"Uncle Ephraim, do you think I've been elected?" asked Vance again.

"Mass Zeb, I've a feeling you'd wouldn't draw that question. I'm too near de grave to tell a lie, but de fact o' nuber yer knowed n'ar dear de candidate."—Exchange.

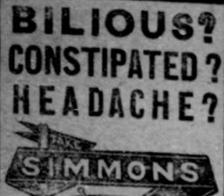
We're All Alike.

"The Chinese worship ancestors."

"How queer! By the way, have you heard the latest? Marjorie is engaged to a real live duke."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The rarest of flowers is candor.

BILIOUS? CONSTIPATED? HEADACHE?



SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

FOR SPEEDY RELIEF.

Nearly Everybody TAKES IT.

WHY NOT YOU?

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance That Kapt Charles Villiers Single All His Life.

Charles Villiers, long the "father of the house of commons," never married, but he was the hero of a romance which is described in the "Reminiscences and Correspondence of Miss Olga Norfolk" as having lasted all his life.

Villiers was once on the eve of marrying a very rich spinster. The lady, however, was imprudent enough one day to say to her fiance that she knew very well he only wanted to marry her money and not herself.

Villiers' aristocratic dignity manifested itself. He took his hat, bowed to the lady and said that after that remark there could be no more question of marriage between them. Off he went.

Strangely enough, the deserted spinster spent the next thirty years in trying in vain to see him to make up. He never came near her or gave her a chance of coming near him. "And do you know," remarked Lady Gilbert, who told me the story, "she still loves him and cherishes his memory."

"Oh, that is charming! Quite a romance," I exclaimed. "Tell the lady to lunch with me tomorrow." We were acquainted. "Charles Villiers is coming."

Lady Gilbert delivered my message. The two old people met at my hotel, after which the lady humbly asked Charles Villiers to call on her. He accepted the invitation. When we were alone together she said: "Do you know, Miss Norfolk, he is not in the least altered after all these years. He is exactly the same in looks and manners."

Of that, of course, I could have no opinion. But surely thirty years have altered the old Charles Villiers; he would never have been so young and so handsome as he was when I first met him. However, the old time friendship was renewed and lasted until the lady's death a few years later.

She left him the greatest part of her very great fortune. Charles Villiers was, unfortunately, he was then very rich in years also.

STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Trained a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

"I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience," writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, "when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thickly growing hedge of small babul trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, which had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hunt and having heard that coyotes ate insects, decided to himself that this tiresome fellow. No sooner thought than done. In a flash he swelled up, split his skin and crawled out. Finding at hand a clear, light colored bit of quartz, he put it in the empty skin, muffled it up the back with pitch and flew off to another tree.

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At Night ring bell on outside of door. I can be located at any hour

PRESCRIPTIONS a Specialty, and compounded at the lowest price consistent with pure quality and satisfactory service.

Misery in Head

"I had misery in my head, was irritable—wretched. A druggist recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine. From the first I improved, and I continued until I was entirely well again." MISS VIOA BAKER, Orange, Texas.

If you are subject to headache, backache, neuralgia, epilepsy, weak stomach—the chances are your nervous system is run down. All the organs get their energy from the nerves, and when they are out of order, it is because you lack nerve force.

Dr. Miles' Nervine restores nervous energy and consequently strengthens the action of the organs.

The first bottle will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

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POULTRY NOTES

BY C. M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE, PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

FREE RANGE NATURE'S PLAN. Oh, you hot air story of raising myriads of fine finished fowls on the tomato plant plan, packed like sardines in little boxes on a city lot, while gilt edge profits roll in till bank clerks get lazy protesting piling them up, you surely have wild west wildcat El Dorados beaten to a frazzle!

Just as you despise a fat wallet, so "nature abhors a vacuum" and likewise allows no crowding, but demands so much air space and exercise room for life and perfect development. Whence comes our billion dollar poultry product? From broad, beautiful



IN THE CORNFIELD.

farm acres, from ordinary farm stocks and from farms where great poultry plants flourish to make the United States champion poultry producer of the world.

There is where millions of fowls at the dawn spread out like a fan over wheat, oats, barley, corn, buckwheat and alfalfa fields to forage, revel in cool, shady, fruitful orchards in the heat of the day, and on dewy soil and fresh furrow gather the seeds, green, juicy bugs, worms and minerals necessary to their perfect development.

For health, growth, weight, reproductive energy, egg production, nature prescribes no unsanitary, insane, intensive plan, but furnishes free range, the ideal.

How happy the crowing cocks, cackling hens and trilling turkeys, exercising in bright sunlight and pure air on clean ground and dewy grass and gathering the special food that fits their nature and develops them to their best to produce their best!

When taken from such environment and finished properly here are the finest formed, best flavored, healthiest, prettiest, most profitable market fowls.

Here are the prima donna cacklers that lay stacks of big, finely flavored



IN THE WHEAT STUBBLE.

eggs that taste for more, cooked or raw, command a select price, beat up into snowy, stiff froth for angel's food and furnish the delectable golden custards "like nothing used to make."

Here are the big bodied, brawny breeders whose highly fertile eggs give large hatches of big, strong, easily raised chicks.

Under such circumstances fowls make less work, are affected less by disease and parasites, keep down weed and insect pests, gather much of their ground and systematically manure the ground.

Nature's plan for poultry is free range, and full success comes not without it.

DON'TS.

Don't get mad when customers complain. They may be O. K. after you explain.

Don't sell a customer the worst you've got unless he picks them by sight and pays you on the spot.

Don't get the blues if your first hatch is a failure. Or such a trifling thing we ought to sing.

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Fire Insurance.

Wheat, Hay & Live Stock

Insured against Fire, whether from Lightning or other causes.

Best Companies, Lowest Rates, Most Satisfactory Service.

Eugene Glover

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Marshall McCormick's Offices Berryville, Virginia.

D. C. SNYDER,

Real Estate Agent,

Berryville, Clarke Co., Va.

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKS TILL THEY'RE FRIED.

Oh, what a happy thought when on the green.

Those little pretty eggs are sweet. You look them over with that old eye. And say, "They'll soon be big enough to fry."

The neighbor just across the way clears those same chickens every day. As you the weight of those chickens try—"They'll soon be big enough to fry."

The preacher, who knows all font facts, oft wonders if you're not half cracked. For every time he passes by you say, "They'll soon be big enough to fry."

At last when scales are most worn out and folk are tired of your sport. You look Martin in the eye. And cry, "I guess they're big enough to fry!"

"Hoorsay! Tomorrow in the day! I wish the preacher o'er the way. My, golly, won't the feathers fly! Those chicks are bully now to fry."

But, oh, when rose the morn'g's sun And you into that chick coop run Instead of chicks so plump and spry There grinned old skunk, so fat and sty.

And as he threw you a nosegay That wasn't sweet as new mown hay That nasty skunk just seemed to say, "Why didn't you fry 'em yesterday?"

C. M. BARNITZ.

WHY DON'T EGGS HATCH?

Yes, why are so many eggs infertile? Here it is in an eggshell.

Some are so lazy to set eggs they believe they can just do a little better than the other fellow by cooking and baking for their little roosters.

For these we furnish the following recipes, the first especially for little chicks and the second for broilers. The first is used by many turkey raisers.

JOHNNYCAKE AND BROILER BREAD.

There are those who have lots of time to fuss with their chicks and believe they can just do a little better than the other fellow by cooking and baking for their little roosters.

For these we furnish the following recipes, the first especially for little chicks and the second for broilers. The first is used by many turkey raisers.

JOHNNYCAKE

Cormeal 1 part
Wheat bran 1 part
Cormeal 1 part
Season with salt, throw in a handful of chick charcoal, mix with skim, sour or buttermilk and bake well.

BROILER BREAD.

Cormeal 2 pounds
Bran 2 pounds
Four mild 1 pound
Beef scrap 1/2 pound

Mix well, stir in six raw eggs and milk sufficient to moisten and bake in greased pan in slow oven. Always has grit and charcoal handy to chicks. Feed this bread dry and crumbled.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Cleveland, O., which originated the best boycott, also organized a "thirty cent egg club." This club decided 30 cents the "natural price" for eggs and refused to pay more. Grandma, with her ten cent eggs, would consider this a awful egg-sawyer.

Seventy-five pairs of wild turkeys turned loose on a state game preserve near Waynesboro, Pa., will be kept chained to the spot by buckwheat sown in the middle of the preserve. Notices will also be posted to keep off all skunks, weasels, foxes and coons.

Turkey raffles will not be so numerous in Harrisburg, Pa., next winter, as all those found guilty of conducting them the past season were fined \$50 and costs.

Cleveland, O. while eschewing meat, chewed up the rooster to such an extent that a cock's crew is now a novelty. With no chicken to chew, the preachers will bow an adieu.

The only way to get rid of good thoroughbred roosters is to eat them, sell them at market or advertise them. Advertise them first in your town paper and you'll soon find it's the proper paper.

Thousands of columns of space were used by the newspapers in extolling the American hen and her billion dollar product. As this is free advertising that ought to help every fancier how could they reciprocate better than by sending fresh eggs from their pens to these newspaper men.

When an infertile egg is tested out after being in an incubator three weeks it looks just like a fresh egg except the white is thinner. Such eggs are often sold as "strictly fresh" and are hard to detect too.

A York county (Pa.) poultryman warned a neighbor that if he caught the man's cat on his premises he would kill him. The neighbor dared him. The next night, hearing a disturbance in his pen, he rushed out, and, seeing what he supposed was the neighbor's Tommy, he jumped and came down on him like a thousand of brick, but, oh, "dunder und blitzten," it was a polecat!

Why not sit down! You can, if you use a Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator. Tubulars run so lightly that a child can easily turn them. You can easily turn a medium size Tubular while sitting. That's because Dairy Tubular bowls are only half as heavy as others and have but one bearing where other bowls have several.

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Ice Cold Lithia Pop

Variety of Tinware, Notions, Shoes

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Fresh Bread Daily

Sit Down

Why not sit down! You can, if you use a Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator. Tubulars run so lightly that a child can easily turn them. You can easily turn a medium size Tubular while sitting. That's because Dairy Tubular bowls are only half as heavy as others and have but one bearing where other bowls have several.

Save Your Back

Avoid lifting. You can, if you use a Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator. The top of the supply can on the largest Dairy Tubulars is only three feet three inches above the floor, and less on the smaller sizes. Easy to fill—steady—and you don't need to lift off the can to take the machine apart or put it together. No Separator, except the Sharples has this advantage.

Tubulars are far ahead of all other separators in easy operation, durability and fine work. You'll like Tubulars—inside and out. Bring the wife with you and look them over.

M. PULLIAM & SON

Berryville, Va.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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