

# POOD ORLES

THOMAS, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1917.

## A DOMESTIC MISTAKE.

Van Winker kept a country store, and his clever wife, Jeannette, was his help.

And, as it happened, on that day, from morning until night, the household work had gone on as usual.

She took his orders for the store, then said: "Listen, Van, I'll have to go out for a while."

"And after breakfast, if the morning should be clear and fine, the washing that I did today hang up upon the line."

"Then wash the dishes, make the beds and take up the stairs."

"At twelve the dinner must be laid, or else the boys complain."

"Heads, there's nearly a little thing you'll have to see to."

"When it is nearly nine o'clock you may look out for a bit."

"They get what dinner they could find, Van stood it until four."

When Van went home at nine o'clock the house was in a state of confusion.

And Jeannette ignored the day as though it had not been there.

But every day, if a man said any thoughtful word about his wife at home.

Van Winker grunted heavily. "My stupid friend, I've just one thing to say."

You'll excuse my saying, but you'll try to do her work one day."

JEANETTE'S FOLLY-TALES.

Probably in no country in the world can there be found such a wealth of folk-lore, fairy tales and legends as in Japan.

The French of the East. The study of Japanese fairy tales is especially interesting to us because in them we are struck with the very strong resemblance to our own most popular nursery legends.

the "yashiki," or palace of the great lord of Bizen, one of the haughtiest and proudest of the nobles.

And he seated himself in the guise of a fly on the top of a sword-rack in the banquet chamber.

The banquet was spread, and the great lord entered in gorgeous apparel.

The sweets with which the meal commenced were served in dishes of the purest Nagasaki porcelain.

The banquet proceeded, the wine-cup circled incessantly, cheeks grew flushed, eyes began to sparkle.

And when the prince was in the midst of a toast, the fly, which had been perched on the sword-rack, flew down and alighted on the prince's nose.

"What does the scamp mean by intruding upon my privacy with his beggarly petitions?"

"What is it, madam?" he hissed. "What is it, madam?" he hissed.

"When the next journey of Inari was to a hall of justice."

And Jeannette ignored the day as though it had not been there.

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are quite comfortable now." And he told Inari about his visit to the Bizen potters.

The god said nothing for a few minutes, and then he said: "I shall be returning here in a fortnight's time; could you make it convenient to lend me fifty riyos?"

"Willingly, sir," said the peasant, and he counted out the sum from his bamboo stems.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There are three hundred women employed as journalists in the United States.

After a lapse of thirty years, Sir Walter Scott's works are being retranslated and republished in France.

Mayor Hutchinson, of Utica, looks so much like Napoleon III, that when Eugene saw him in England, a white flag, he faintly waved.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, recently completed his seventy-fourth year.

The youngest Delaware Judge, Associate Justice Wales, is sixty years old.

Chancellor Sainsbury is sixty-six. Chief Justice Comery is past seventy.

Samuel Crump, of Pittsford, near Rochester, N. Y., has recently sold to Nathan Greeley, of Kansas City, a fine estate, a race which, previous to the present, had been in the hands of the Crumps for a period of twenty-eight years.

The sandal-maker was asleep between the two men, and he was not to be wakened by the flying of animals, the execution of criminals, the making of laws, or the coming of the day of the Lord.

Marie Rose is the only singer of distinction who isn't afraid of catcalling gold. Nilsson treats her throat as she would a sick baby.

Clinton was a lad of sense. He saw his mother was right. He took his shoes and his hat and ran down upon the carpet, and so applied himself to his task that he soon sprang to his feet, crying out:

Humorous.

Marriage is a lottery, but we have not heard that love letters are denied the privilege of the mails.

What is a monkey without a tail? A duck without a tail? A pig without a tail?

The first passenger train passed over the Pennington road here, on a time since, if that word should be a fearful smash-up.

When at length the business was concluded, Denkiel was about to fling off his robes and lie down as his habit was.

Teacher—Well, how stupid you are, to be sure! You can't multiply eighty by twenty-five, can you?

Editor of the Breckenridge (Ky.) News says he put the poem of "The Beautiful Snow" in type in the fall of 1862, when Faxon, of the Buffalo Journal, first wrote it.

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Our Young Readers.

WHOSE BOY AM I?

Well, whose boy am I? I don't know, but I'm sure I'm not your boy.

When you look at me, you'll see I'm not your boy.

And when you look at me, you'll see I'm not your boy.

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