

THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XII.
Two Black Rascals.
Old Mr. Crow was in luck. He wanted to have a neighborly chat with Mistah Mule. Not daring to fly inside the barn, he was a bit puzzled as to how he could meet Mistah Mule. And then came the good luck. Farmer Green turned Mistah Mule into the pasture.



From the top of a tall elm not far from the corral Mr. Crow spied Mistah Mule cropping grass near the pasture bars. About half a minute later Mr. Crow flopped down upon the topmost bar and called, "Good morning, friend!"

"Isn't I met you before, down south?" Mistah Mule inquired. "I hardly think so," Mr. Crow replied. "I've been spending the winters in the north for a good many years. I haven't been south since I don't know when. And—er—when you speak to me, or of me, kindly omit the 'Jim.' Just say 'Mr. Crow.'" Mistah Mule nodded. "I doesn't blame you, not the leastest bit," he remarked. "I knows just how you feels. 'You won't talk about that any more,' said Mr. Crow. 'I came to talk about an entirely different matter.'" "What's that?" Mistah Mule inquired. "Your tail!" Mr. Crow explained. "You know, it's rather an odd one." Mistah Mule was so surprised that he turned his head and looked back at his tail. "I doesn't see anything queer about it," he murmured. "Think hard!" Mr. Crow urged him. "Doesn't it remind you of other tails on this farm?" "No, sah!" Mistah Mule declared. "Hasn't it occurred to you that your tail is somewhat like a cow's?" Mr. Crow went on. "Mistah Mule was puzzled. He even seemed alarmed. "This here is my own tail!" he cried. "Can't nobody say I stole it." "Certainly not!" Mr. Crow agreed. "I'll explain more carefully. There's a cow on this farm that everybody calls 'the Muley Cow.' Just to tease her, I want you to pretend you're her cousin and that your two tails are a good deal alike."

"But I isn't got two tails!" bellowed Mistah Mule. And again he turned his head, as if to make sure that another tail hadn't crept up behind him, when he wasn't looking.

"My goodness!" Mr. Crow muttered. "It's hard to talk with this person."

Least I met you before, down south? Mistah Mule inquired.

From the topmost bar and called, "Good morning, friend!"

Mistah Mule raised his head. He had never seen Mr. Crow before. But he addressed him in a most familiar fashion.

"Howdy, Jim!" he answered. Old Mr. Crow choked. He hated to be called "Jim," because it really was his name, which he greatly disliked.

"I must see Katie at once," I said in a low tone. "Will you take care of Junior, please?"

He caught up the little lad with an expressive laughing glance at me, and I flew down the back stairs to the kitchen, where, as I feared, I found Katie seated before the kitchen table, her head bowed upon her outflung arms, and her slender body shaking with sobs.

She was so absorbed in her own emotions that she did not hear me until I gently lifted her to her feet. She opened her lips for a characteristic shriek of welcome, but I put my hand over her mouth with a firm "Hush," and she obeyed the injunction, expressing her joy instead in convulsive hugs which threatened the safety of my ribs.

"Where old voman?" she whispered fearfully at last. "In the library with Mrs. Underwood," I whispered back. "Now I want you to stop crying and go on with your dinner. I'm home now, and when I get an opportunity to see you by yourself, you shall tell me all about whatever troubles you, and I'll straighten it out."

"You no can straighten dis out," she said hopelessly. "I no can be happy in dis world any more, and I tink I too bad to go to good or der world. I no mean to do anything bad dot time away. I tink I safe eferybody."

Her voice trailed away hopelessly, and she gave a convulsive little shudder. Then she lifted her tear-stained face bravely to mine.

"I feel better now you coom, anyvays," she said with a sad little smile. "Und I no make trouble for you. I feex me dinner now, and by and by ven I get dinner work all feeced cop, you coom to my room maybe?"

"A perplexing problem." "I surely shall, Katie," I promised heartily, and went up the stairs again to my room.

From down the hall came Junior's excited treble, and I knew that he was safe with my father, and that for a few minutes I would have nothing to distract my attention from Katie's problem—the girl's distraught manner and tortured eyes had told me that she was distinctly in need of succor.

I locked the door, and paced up and down the length of my room, going over and over again the girl's accusations against herself. And then all at once the reason for her behavior flashed upon me, and I chided myself not only for my stupidity in not seeing it, but for my cruel carelessness in leaving the girl to suffer without making any effort to straighten out the tangle in which her misguided efforts to save us from danger had left her.

She was grieving herself sick over the continued absence and anger of her husband, Jim.

Did I do wrong in accepting it, knowing that I will never be anything to him? ANXIOUS.

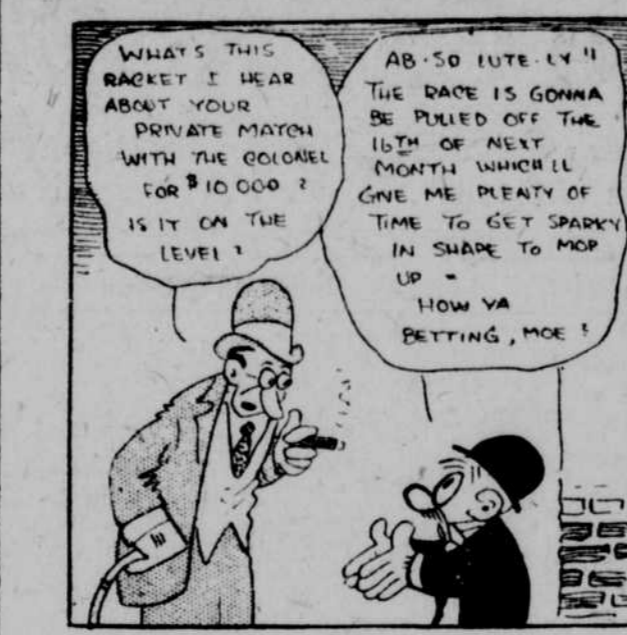
We all know that "circumstances alter cases." This man loves you and has accepted your honest verdict that you have nothing for him save friendship. So if he expressed his good will and devotion at Christmas with a gift which ordinarily you would not wish to accept—the gracious Yuletide thing to do was to permit him to have his generous pleasure in giving. It would be ungracious to take the attitude that you must "give" something in return for this fine expression of kindly feeling.

In Love or Not? Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man for over a year and for the last seven months have been going out with him often. He has told me several times that he loves me. Although I told him that I do, I am not quite sure that I do. When I am with him, I like him a great deal, and when I do not see him I imagine I dislike him. I have told him that I am very fickle and will tire of him, but he just laughs, as he thinks I am jollying him along. He is so good to me that I haven't the heart to tell him I don't care.

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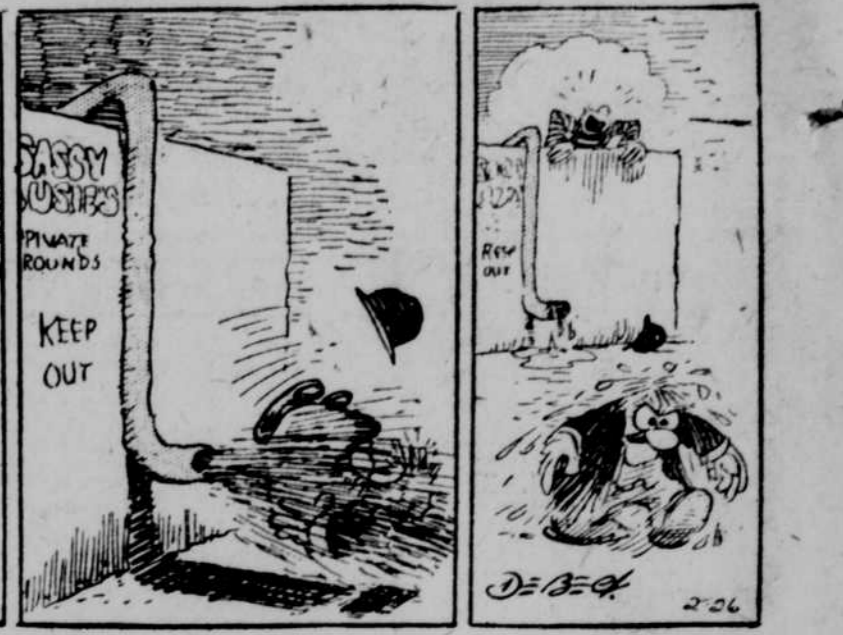
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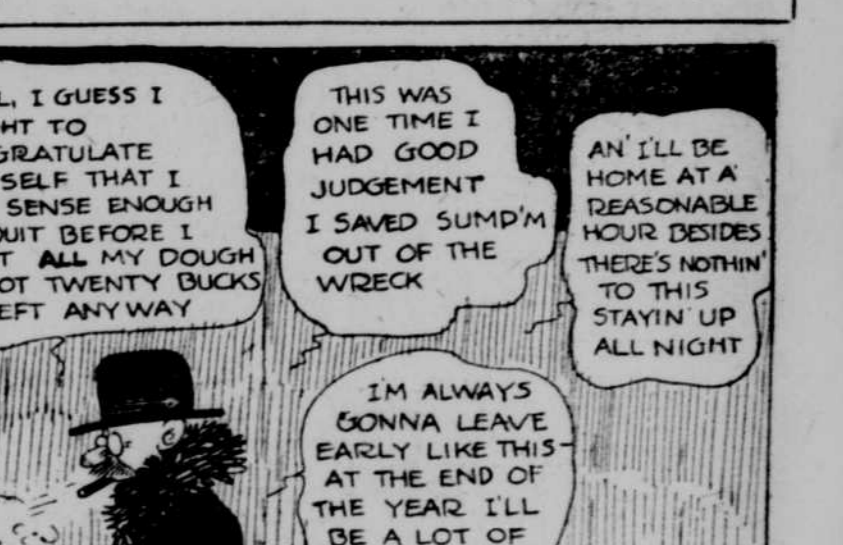
ABIE THE AGENT



Such Is Life in Most Families.



EDDIE'S FRIENDS



My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Reason for Katie's Trouble Which Madge Discovered.

The thermometer of my spirits, pleasantly rising at the favorable account my father had given me of affairs at home, took a sudden slump when he told me of Katie's condition.

"She either isn't well, or is unduly worrying about something," he had said. "Now, I know only too well by experience that my little maid's sombre moods usually spell domestic disaster of some sort. I felt more anxious than ever to reach home, and was glad indeed when my father turned the car into the driveway and I saw the welcoming lights of the farmhouse."

Mother Graham, with Junior by the hand, and Lillian with Marion dancing in glee beside her, were at the hall door with the loving welcome so dear to a returning traveler—but there was no sign of Katie. And when I had rapturously hugged my small son, and had greeted the others, I asked after her.

"I feel better now you coom," she said. "Shes in the kitchen where she belongs," my mother-in-law said tartly. "She rushed in here just now when she heard the car, as if she were some circus wild animal just broken through its cage, yelling 'My Missis Graham!' I packed her back in a hurry, I can tell you. It's a crime, Margaret, the way you let that ape run over everything."

Over her shoulder I caught Lillian's commiserating smile, and a slight inclination of her head in the direction of the kitchen. I knew she meant to tell me that Katie needed me, and I put my hand up in a presence of tucking in my hair as an answering signal that I had understood her.

"Come Junior," I stooped to my son rapturously clinging to me. "Suppose we go upstairs to mother's room."

"Mother Graham, have you seen this?" Lillian asked, holding an open magazine out to my mother-in-law. "It's another attack on American literature. This author declares we never have produced any one worth reading."

Mother Graham's eyes flamed with the light of battle as she held out her hand for the magazine.

"Come into the library by the fire," she said. "I'll probably feel like throwing it into the fire before I've gone very far, and you'll have to rescue it."

With the certainty that she was

safe for several minutes at least, I went upstairs with Junior, followed by my father with my bag. When we reached my room, I spoke hurriedly to my father.

"I must see Katie at once," I said in a low tone. "Will you take care of Junior, please?"

He caught up the little lad with an expressive laughing glance at me, and I flew down the back stairs to the kitchen, where, as I feared, I found Katie seated before the kitchen table, her head bowed upon her outflung arms, and her slender body shaking with sobs.

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are you one of the marked 4?

Do your gums bleed easily? It's a takehead. Pyorrhea is coming. It strikes four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, endangering their priceless teeth and health.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's FOR THE GUMS More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea 35c and 60c in tubes

Parents' Problems

Is corporal punishment the best for disobedience? Corporal punishment should be resorted to only after all other kinds have failed. With some children it is undoubtedly very effective but it does not tend to make them respect their parents nor does it fit all cases of disobedience.

Papillon Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Siebold returned Friday from California, where they had spent several months visiting relatives and friends.

The American Legion post will hold a grocer in Hasechild's hall on Thursday evening, March 1. All ex-service men are cordially invited to attend.

The buy store invested in a Kennedy Collins lunch outfit and has been able to get some satisfying results from quite a few stations.

I. D. Clarke received a telegram informing him of the serious illness of his father at Beverly Hills, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Perlinger and baby and Mr. and Mrs. George Perlinger departed Monday for Elise, Neb., where they are engaged in farming.

Mrs. Emma Blodet is reported improving at a hospital in Omaha.

Thieves broke into Avery Thompson's chicken house Tuesday and stole three dozen hens. Three weeks ago they stole several dozen chickens from him.

James Klingeman was operated on for appendicitis in a Lincoln hospital Monday. He is a student at the state university.

Mrs. C. E. Marshall was called to Nebraska City Monday by the death of her grandmother.

A. J. Sinton attended a farewell reception in Omaha Monday given by the Y. M. C. A. in honor of George Campbell.

The J. R. Wilson residence in North Papillon caught fire Wednesday noon and considerable damage was done.

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Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Toothache Lumbago Earache Rheumatism Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

It pays to own a Hupmobile

STEWART MOTOR CO., 2523 Farnam St.

We Apologize!

No! Not for the quality of our work. We insist on keeping that up to standard, no matter what handicap we are under.

But we do feel as though we owe our friends and patrons an apology for our service during the past few weeks.

We Are Remodeling

and will be torn up for a short time yet—but after March 15th we will be in a better position (owing to our larger and better quarters) to handle our increasing business.

LET US SERVE YOU

SANITARY WET WASH

HA ney 0784

Detective Is Bruised

When Negro Resists Arrest

Detective Walter Lickert was severely bruised in a half-hour struggle with Charles Nelson, negro, early yesterday at the Nelson home, 821 North Eighth street. The officer had gone to the place in response to a call from Mrs. Nelson, who notified police her husband was attacking her.

Nelson laid for Lickert, when he entered the house and struck at him with a hatchet, it was said. The men were fighting in the yard, when two other officers, who were called from headquarters, interfered.

Nelson is held for investigation and probably will be charged with assault to commit murder this morning.

Afternoon tea parties with vaccination as an added attraction were recently fashionable in London.

Bruised?—ease the pain!

Apply Sloan's to sore spot. It increases circulation scatters congestion. This reduces swelling and inflammation—the pain disappears!

Sloan's Liniment

—kills pain!

For Rheumatism, Bruises, Strains, etc.