SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF



Something kept the Muley Cow from awallowing another mouthful

day, finally, when she made up her nind that just one more jump wouldn't do any great harm.

There had been a strong wind during the night, which had whipped

good many red apples off the trees. It was when the Muley Cow smelled them that she decided that she would jump the feuce. She wanted to get

could pick up the apples and take them to the cider mill.

So over the fence went the Muley Cow. And she had a pleasant time eating apples—until something happened to put an end to her feast. Something kept the Muley Cow from swallowing another mouthful.

It was lucky that Johnnie Green

It was lucky that Johnne Green felt hungry. He went to the orchard himself to fill his pockets with apples, when he saw the Muley Cow—his own Muley Cow—acting in the strangest manner. She was stagger—that something would happen to present her form with feigned interest, but all the time her nerves were jumping, and her heart beating fast. Suphim. are being Newton and would not want to be left, what excuse could she make to get away? One moment she was hoping strangest manner. She was stagger—that something would happen to present the form of the country o ing about among the trees and mak- vent her from meeting Royston, and ing the queerest sounds.

Johnnie Green ran quickly to the barn and called to his father.
"There's something wrong with the way for her. Her foot was worse

"In the orchard!" Johnnie said. Farmer Green caught up a whip

-a whip with a long lash and a limber stock. With Johnnie following him he ran out of the barn, beth dared not look at the clock.

fence!" Johnnie pleaded. "I wish I hadn't told him,"

Johnnie Green panted. He was doing his best to keep up with his father. He thought he would rather the Muley Cow get one. But he didn't know how he could ever make his father feel the same way. He had noticed that his father reached for the whin as if he fully intended.

Her own way she was fond of Elizabeth.

"You poor chicken, why don't you box my ears for being such a snappy beast?" she said. "Tuck me up and go out for a walk. I shall be all right now I'm in bed, and it's quite a nice evening."

"I know, but it makes me feel as if I don't belong to myself any more, but to him and Mme. Senestis."

"If you like me to stay with you—" Elizabeth faltered.

But Netta insisted, and at 10 min
But Netta insisted, and at 10 min
well say that all these last weeks

for the whip as if he fully intended When Farmer Green reached the Muley Cow he did a queer thing. At least it seemed so to Johnnte. Instead of whipping the Muley Cow, his father ran the whip-stock down her throat!

"What's the matter?" Johnnie asked. "Why do you do that?"
"She's choked over an apple," his father explained, "and I'm trying to shove it along."

Well, it wasn't a great while before the Muley Cow seemed to be quite herself again.
"Rough treatment!" Farmer Green remarked. "But it certainly fixed

"Why did she choke?" Johnnie

wanted to know.

"She tried to swallow a whole apple," said his father. "Whenever you feed such things as apples or potatoes to a cow, you must always chop them into pieces. Now drive the old cow to the barn," he told Johnnie. "She'll have to wear her poke again."

When the Muley Cow heard that she wondered if she hadn't been (Copyright, 1922.)

Dog Hill Paragrafs By George Bingham

Sim Flinders sat in a pensive mood for some time today on the top rail his hog pen and watched his He finds them a great study, but be-



lieves they ought to come to some anderstanding at meal time, so that all of them would not try to eat out of the trough at the same time.

Tobe Moseley has two calendars and weather charts, put out by dif-ferent concerns, and keeps them in separate rooms, as they cannot ever agree on the weather.

Jefferson Potlocks and family have moved again, this time to the vacant house on Musket Ridge. They are going to keep on moving around until they upset the center of popula-

Read The Bee All the Way Through, You Will Find It Inter-

The Dancing Master

By RUBY M. AYRES. Copyright, 1921). SYNOPSIS,

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

One Apple Too Many.

It was a long time since the Muley Cow had jumped the pasture fence. By making her wear a poke for a while Farmer Green had taught her to behave herself. But there came while Farmer Green had taught her to behave herself. But there came

(Comprish, 1921).

SYNOPSIS.

Elizabeth convers, a country girl, is visiting her city cousins. They take her to belay titing her city cousins. They take her to belay titing her city cousins. They take her to belay titing her city cousins. They take her to be countred the coust. Moreometed from a success, is teach her to be a dancing teacher, that he is mark he had and while Farmer Green had taught her to behave herself. But there came

(Continued from Yesterday.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Have you had a good time?" she

asked as she took Netta's wraps.
"Heavenly!" Netta said, "We've been miles and miles, and the country was lovely all the way out, and the woods full of bluebells." "It must be like that down in Dil-

got letters to write, and an appoint-ment this evening." He glanced at his watch, "It's later than I thought. look in tomorrow.'

morrow, I suppose?" he asked.

Elizabeth flushed. "Madame said I think he tried to be nice to me; he around, to break a feller's back. she would call for me about 3 gave me a lot of lovely flowers."

"Then I won't say good-bye now: the orchard before anybody I shall see you in the morning."

the next it seemed the most tragic against him," he said.

than ever, she complained the joit-'Where is she?" his father asked ing of the car had done it no good. She wished she had not gone. "I'll go to bed," she said at last, tablecloth.

across the yard, and into the orchard. Her head ached with nervous excite-

But Netta insisted, and at 10 min- well say that all these last weeks

house, feeling as if she had committed a crime.

"I don't see why it should be different." he said with an effort.

And then all with an effort.

Elizabeth ran away from her aunt's

"This is where we sat before," she said, meeting his eyes. "Yes-it seems a long time ago, doesn't it?"

He turned to Elizabeth. "You will not be going till the afternoon tomorrow I suppose?" he asked.

"Isn't that rather a sudden judgished up and grained. Ma, she says
their house is grand, but me for our
old shack, without no skiddin' rugs

"Yes, violets. I gave them to Netta as soon as I got home."
"That was kind of you."
"No, it wasn't. I just didn't want them." She looked at him with a

"Mr. Royston, aren't people differ-"How do you mean?" "It's difficult to explain; perhaps

you'll laugh at me, but, do you know, I hated shaking hands with him, and I've never felt like that about any one before." His eyes dwelt upon her consid-

"I am afraid I prejudiced you try and be fair to him, and forget what I said. Start again, as it were, and only remember how much he is going to do for you." Elizabeth picked up a fork and

"I keep trying to remember," she said with a sigh, "and all the time I find myself wishing that it wasn't he who is doing it at all-some one

began tracing the pattern on the

ross the yard, and into the orchard. Her head ached with nervous truck ment, and at last her pallor struck ment, and at last her pallor struck purely as a business arrangement."

Netta with some sort of remorse. In he told her. "After all, that is what the told her. "After all, that is what the some sort of remorse."

ou haven't belonged to yourself, out to me-and-and Netta," he add-

ed hurriedly.
"That's different. I didn't mind that," Elizabeth answered simply. Royston's face seemed to tighten with a pain beneath the innocence of Elizabeth's eyes.

A Silly Song By A CUCKOO BIRD.

Elizabeth did not answer,
"I've ordered dinner," Royston went on. "I know you don't like be-Me and ma last Sunday spent the thought of Walter Sneath and wondered what he was doing.

"Aren't you going to stay to tea?"

Netta asked Royston as he carried her upstairs. "It will be ready in a minute. Do stay, Pat!"

"I'm afraid I mustn't, thanks, I've got letters to write, and an appoint-ment this evening."

It was asked to choose."

She laughed. "I never know what to order, everything always looks so dreadfully expensive," she said simply. "On Friday Mme, Senestis ordered everything and I am sure it must have cost pounds."

Royston frowned.

"Of course was to take be-live ever seen in all my life. The floors are polished slick as glass—the dog-gone rugs all skid around. They make bad footin' for a guy that's used to walking on plowed ordered everything and I am sure it must have cost pounds."

Royston frowned.

"Of course was the dog-gone rugs all skid around the dog-gone rugs all skid around. They make bad footin' for a guy that's used to walking on plowed ordered everything and I am sure it must have cost pounds."

Royston frowned.

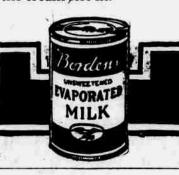
"Of course was the dog-gone rugs all skid around the dog-gone rugs al "Of course, you lunched with Farmer. Well, how did you get on?" I don't like him; I knew I shouldn't.

"I don't like him; I knew I wood-work and the doors are pol-

"That was kind of you." "No, it wasn't. I just didn't want them." She looked at him with a little pucker between her brows, **Evaporated** Milk

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JOHN A. SWANSON, Pres.

nuch but raise havoc and destruc-

It is time to get into constructive work, and every employer is looking for that sort of an employe. You don't realize that you are do ing anything unless you can feel the breeze whizzing around your of another and go pell mell some- ears, but the chances are that your eyes are blinded to many a thing !

The big winds in nature don't do so many undertakings, means that line up for that kind of a finish. But a little less dust and a little among whom she lives.

more thought is most desirable. (Copyright, 1977.)

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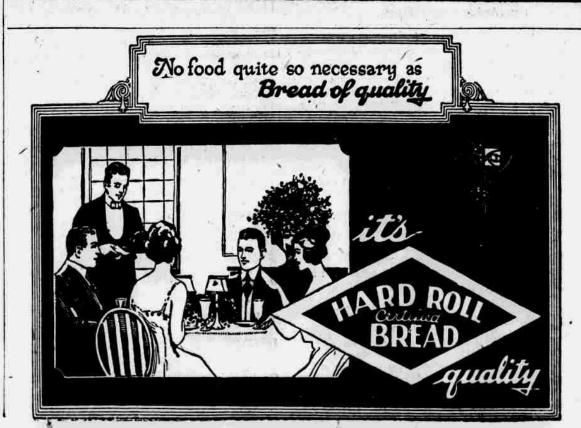
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make pictures of her abiding place. some planning was done first to and form some notion of the man ners and customs of the people

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