

A RED HEIFER

It Was the Cause of an Abundant Mistake

By Clarissa Mackie

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"It certainly has our brand," remarked Gabriel, referring to the solitary red spot in the landscape.

"As well as three other brands," added Jim Lewis.

"Then why does the Widow Clancy lay claim to the critter?" demanded Jim Lewis scornfully.

"She says it's a stray," explained Harry Barry. "Seeing her husband told her that a critter that had been on four different brands could rightly be claimed by anybody that found it."

"Who's the foremost?" asked Gabriel incredulously.

"Peter Henry."

"I'm wondering how he managed to fasten his thieving claws on the world's money bags."

"She came out pore in heat with a snug little suit that had been left to her by Clancy, who was in the habit of line somehwere east. I don't think she's a jangler exactly, but Mrs. Clancy took said she'd wear herself out over taking care of Clancy, who fell from the ninth story of building he was putting up and lived on weeks after ward. You can imagine what a tough specimen Clancy must have been, and you might know 'twould wear the best kind of a woman to skin and bones to take care of him." The Grand nudged solemnly at his cigarette after this long explanation.

"How'd you come to know so much about the Widow Clancy?" demanded Harry Barry suspiciously.

"I talked with Mrs. Clancy about her. Seeing Mrs. Barry said she'd call on the widow," said the Grand innocently.

"Anybody seen the widow yet?" inquired Jim.

"There was silence for several moments, and all eyes turned to the Grand, who was staring out across the plain."

"For the Lord's sake, he'd been out here, hadn't he?" the Grand said, making off for Satan's gulch. "Whoop!"

"His horse swung around to a quick stop, and before the others could draw breath he was dashing after the red spot, which was gradually becoming smaller. In another instant they were all after him.

The red heifer switched her tail and capered joyously about of the pursuing cat-tails.

"Crane," panted Jim Lewis in that gentleman's ear when he had come abreast of him, "you're running the red heifer off the widow's range!"

"I'm not. The critter's running away, and I'm trying to catch her before she breaks her neck in the gulch."

Crane tossed back over his shoulder.

"The red heifer gambled in the van, occasionally pausing to look back at her impudent pursuer."

Gabriel explained in breathless tones the different brands borne by the heifer as if all the Lone Bull men were acquainted with the intricate creature's marks of identity.

The red heifer had been the possession of all the gentlemen in the lardo county for six months past. Lately her sudden appearance among a herd was the signal for a stampede for the branding iron that would catch her for the time being as the possession of the ranch whose latest brand she bore. As these brands were stamped the thick hair on her body, they were obliterated as rapidly as her coat lengthened. Where she came from nobody could positively say, but it was believed that she was a wild cow which had joined some herd on the ranges unknown to the tenders.

Ever since the Three Star brand, which adjoined the Lone Bull on the west, had been purchased by the widow of one Daniel Clancy, late of New York city, the red heifer had apparently staked a claim on the widow's property, for it mingled with her herd and seemed content to remain among the rather scrubby lot of cattle which Peter Henry had picked out for the newcomer.

The Lone Bull people had known very little about the Widow Clancy except that occasionally they had described a lone female figure galloping along the distant ridges on a buckskin pony. Mrs. Clancy had told them that the widow was like all widows—fat, fat, forty and fascinating. "All red hair," the boss' wife had added with a twinkle in her eye.

"Not for mine!" Harry Barry had ejaculated, and the others had echoed his sentiment. As by one accord they all avoided the Three Star property and the well defined trail which had once marked the neighborliness between the ranches was now hidden with several months' growth of rank grass.

Now the spirit of mischief had suddenly possessed the solemn Crane and he had deliberately led the pursuit after the red heifer that had been peculiarly grazing on the widow's range for several weeks.

The red heifer's horns took some of the ground there was any, and it was not long before the red heifer began to larger proportions than the other brands.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

An Incident That Marked His Spirit and Independence.

In his "Glimpses of the Confederate Army" in the American Review of Reviews Randolph H. McKim writes:

"It seems to me as I look back that one of the things which stood out strongly in the Confederate army was the independence and the initiative of the individual soldier. It would have been a better army in the field if it had been welded together by a stricter discipline, but this defect was largely atoned for by the strong individuality of the units in the column. It was not easy to demoralize a body composed of men who thought and acted in a spirit of independence in battle."

"As an illustration of the spirit of the private soldier I recall an incident to this effect. Major General Gordon had organized a strong column to make a night attack on Grant's lines at Petersburg. When he was ready to move and the order to advance was given a Big Texan stepped out of the ranks and said:

"General Gordon, this column can't move before 1 o'clock. The men have a truce with the Yanks, and it ain't up till 1 o'clock."

"The column did not move till that hour. The private in the ranks had taken command, and the major general recognized his authority."

PONGEES HARD TO MATCH.

Because Each Piece is Made From One Lot of Raw Silk.

Pongee silk is the undyed silk of silkworms fed on the leaves of scrub oak chiefly, though other trees are used in some portions of the pongee district. The silk is produced almost exclusively in Shantung province and portions of north China immediately adjacent.

The real pongee cloth, made of uncolored or specially produced silk, is distinct from the pongees of commerce made in all colors from other silk. Each piece of cloth is made from a particular lot of silk and therefore each piece varies from all other pieces in exact quality, weight and fineness and in a slight degree in color and other qualities.

There are certain general grades of cloth, certain varieties of weave, certain popular weights, but the pongees are very difficult to match piece and piece. The pongee cloth is practically impossible to furnish in great numbers of pieces of a certain weight, grade and quality such as a modern clothing manufacturing establishment would require to standardize a certain line of garments from that particular cloth. New York Sun.

Leasted His Station.

There was an abandoned bishop in western Ontario, who was constant finding himself in awkward situations on account of his extreme abstraction. On a certain occasion he was traveling from London to a north arly direction and found when the conductor approached him that he had forgotten where he was to go. The conductor suggested that he telegraph from the next station and find out his destination. It was before the days of long distance telephones, and the bishop telegraphed to his wife from the first station. "Where was I going?" to be answered at the following station. The answer came, "Exeter, be sure to get off there." The bishop then leaped at the anxious conductor and remarked placidly: "These little difficulties always turn out satisfactory."—Argonaut.

German Pedigree Book.

There is in Germany what is known as the "German Pedigree Book," or "Deutsches Geschlechterbuch." The purpose of the pedigree book, according to a Berlin correspondent, is to record the ancestry not of nobles, but of bourgeois persons who can prove that they are of genuine middle class or working class ancestry and have no noble blood in their veins. The editor explains in his preface that while many German nobles "out of court and material considerations have not kept their blood pure, there are many good business class families which have managed to do so." By thus encouraging the proper pride of such families the pedigree book is doing much to eradicate the traditional envy of the nobles.

It Depends on the Dog.

Two Broadway business men met before a bar. They were good friends.

"I'm worried a little," said one. "My chauffeur ran over a dog today and killed it."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about a little thing like that," said the other. "The dog probably got in the way. These dogs are a pest."

"But it was your dog."

"What?" came from the second.

"My dog? I'm sorry, but that will cost you \$100. That chauffeur of yours is too careless. I insist on the hundred, understand."—New York Telegraph.

Cross Purpose.

"Can you tell me something about the game laws around here?" asked the stranger in Crimison Gulch.

"Well," replied Three Fingersed Sam, "I could, but my advice to you would be if you don't know the rules of a game don't try to play it."—Washington Star.

Character.

Should one tell you that a mountain had changed its place you are at liberty to doubt it, but if any one tells you that a man has changed his character do not believe it.—Mohammed.

For the Children

Grand Duke Alexis in a Grenadier's Uniform.



Photo by American Press Association.

The above picture of the Grand Duke Alexis, heir to the Russian throne, was taken by his father, the czar. It shows the czar's heir marching out as an officer of the Thirteenth Erturan Grenadiers. As he is a member of several Russian regiments and sometimes dons the uniform of the hussars or perhaps appears as a private in the apparel of a private in the Belomorsk Infantry. The czar's heir Alexis is a hereditary grand duke and if he lives long enough will ascend the throne. He is the most closely guarded of European royal children. When he goes forth from the palace he rides in front of a Cossack cavalryman while a guard of Cossacks surround him.

The Cedar Waxwing.

The cedar waxwing is one of the most beautiful of our birds, with its smart spring suit of brownish to greenish gray. Never was a bird nearer to its appearance than the cedar waxwing, for each feather is kept carefully in place, and the trim gray wings are always nicely folded. The tail is gray, too, and looks as if the end had been dipped in a pot of yellow paint, for each tail feather is tipped with yellow.

A black band across the forehead, from eye to eye gives the appearance of a pair of spectacles—perhaps the waxwing needs them so that it can find the cherries, which are its favorite dessert, and the bugs and worms which make up its weekly diet.

You will see the cedar waxwing flying around among the trees in flocks of five to a dozen and will perhaps hear its soft piping call, which is often repeated rapidly a number of times. Look carefully and you may see the crest on its head or the red, waxlike tips of some of the small wing feathers which give the waxwing its name.

By Hook or by Crook.

If we have determined on the accomplishment of a certain object and care not how we obtain it, we say we will have it by hook or by crook.

This expression dates back to the old English days and refers to the old forest laws, which gave permission to poor people to gather wood on condition that they neither cut nor sawed the timber. Those branches which they could break or such sticks as could be carried away were theirs, but this was all they were entitled to.

To pull down dead branches or remove sticks from the underbrush certain hooks and crooked poles were brought into use. These in time came to be called hooks and crooks.

By their use the peasants managed to procure all the wood needed; hence the expression "by hook or by crook."

Arcaudy.

Beyond the alley corner. Where only bricks can grow, in close between the houses. A lovely place I know.

"An empty lot," said mother. I saw some mud up rocks. And there were dandelions. And grass and lily-ho-ho!

And it could be a garden. With little paths around. And it could have a castle. High on a terraced mound.

And it could be a forest. Where blossoms hid the trees Or p'raps a desert island. With pirate enemies.

But some one big has fenced it. With boards nailed up so high. That folks must reach on tiptoes To see as they go by.

So I am saving ponies As quickly as I can. To have eleven to buy it. And pay the owner man.

Then all the little children. They come to see their ponies. They'll play in my front room. Of course they'll get me.

That's all the little children. They come to see their ponies. They'll play in my front room. Of course they'll get me.

Points For Mothers

Plenty of Sleep.

From the age of five to seven twelve hours of sleep are necessary, and until nine years of age there should be eleven hours, each length of time should be continued until the age of fourteen, when the sleep may be reduced to ten hours. Children of a nervous, sensitive disposition might be allowed an even longer time, as should children of all ages when body growth seems specially rapid. Even the time of year makes a difference to the amount of sleep required, and all children should be allowed to sleep longer during winter than during the summer.

Children who suffer from great drowsiness need medical attention. Slight drowsiness demands attention to the state of the bowels, which may be constipated. Great wakefulness is likewise a serious matter and may be the beginning of brain trouble.

With regard to the bed, it is worth while to make an effort for each child to sleep alone, and on no account should a young child be allowed to sleep with a very old person.

A Child's Diet.

The famous French physician, Gaultier is on record as saying that after the first three years of a child's life the addition of muscular tissue may be given to be given to him in a moderate quantity.

Roast mutton or lamb, beef, minced ham, eggs in all styles, cream and rice, vegetable soup, butter, thoroughly cooked fruits, stewed potatoes, green vegetables and cocoa—all of these are suitable.

He states that the exclusive use of milk tends to make fat, lymphatic, puffy children, capable of standing little. This is further accentuated by the abuse of sweetened drinks. It is also necessary at this age to avoid giving foods which are highly seasoned and too much salted. Fat fish (herrings and salmon), dry fish (salted or smoked), mushrooms, cranberries or vinegars, acids, fruits are unsuitable. Fermented cheese, alcoholic liquors of all descriptions and coffee and tea should not be allowed.

The Mollified Baby.

A truly beautiful baby looks beautiful under any circumstances—either in winter's cold or summer's heat. Rigueur of climate improves it. It is not like the coddled child, which has its special day.

Scientific, nursing includes, among other paraphernalia, the feeding bottle with its measured ounces of special foods. Bottle feeding spoils the looks of a baby.

Several leading authorities have agreed that sucking the India rubber mouthpiece or "comforter" disorganizes the muscles of the face. It develops some of them abnormally and is also liable to change the shape of the lips and the angle of the jaw.

The mechanical life of the scientifically reared baby is unnatural, and when dealing with babies it is safe to assert that anything unnatural is wrong. Mechanical action of organs that are strengthened and improved by constant change cannot possibly make for beauty.

Making Home Pleasant.

The young cannot bear restraint. Remember that the evening is an "off" time, and do not "provoke" your children. Let them know that they are free to do what they like—within certain limits—and home will be as good as a club. If possible, set apart a room for the boys where they may be alone if they want to and where they can pursue any hobby which pleases them. If they are sitting with you do not exercise your mind to find jobs for them. Some people like to loaf. It is their way of restoring energy. Do not interfere with their amusements unless absolutely bad. Better they should pursue them in your house than out of it.

Injunious Exercises.

The way babies are jumped about and made to "show off" is a sad sign of physical culture. Every time that a baby is made to exercise its brain it is parting with a portion of energy which it will need in after life. Even the frolic of daddy should be given with caution and in small doses. If a child is taught to be quietly in its cradle you will be surprised to find how long it will amuse itself looking at one toy or just looking about. Some children cannot take a child in their arms without dancing it in the air or indulging in the idiotic practice of actually tossing it.

Children and Servants.

Never encourage children to tell tales of servants, as they are only too ready to use this power as a means of obtaining their own ends. On the other hand, never let a servant punish a child without first appealing to the mistress. A maid who has found sleeping or shaming a child should be reported to very severely; but should be allowed to punish the child in the presence of the mistress. A child who is found asleep in bed should be reported to the mistress. A child who is found asleep in bed should be reported to the mistress.

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