

## Down on the Dear Old Farm.

By Earl H. Emmons

### THE CAT

THE cat is a sad package of grief and woe, and malady, who gets a job on the farm as a cure for the rat that ate the malt that lay in the granary the hired man built, but the cat is so pestered by her various ailments that she has practically no time to devote to her supposed occupation. Besides the cat finds it much easier to capture young and innocent chickens than sinhardened old rats, and somehow she likes the taste of poultry much better.

A peculiar thing about the cat's diseases is that she is never troubled during the day, but unfortunately she can accomplish nothing at this time, as the light hurts her eyes, and besides, she needs this time to sleep. But as the golden orb of day slowly fades into the western cornfield, the cat is seized by a spasm, or something, and without waiting to wash, comb her hair, polish her nails, or anything, she gives forth a wild untrammelled yowl, knocks a can of cream over as she aviates through the pantry window, and climbs upon the back fence, where she may give vent to her grief and get the aching misery out of her sorrowing system.

When the cat is in the throes of such attacks she is not to be trifled with, as she is not responsible for her actions. If, at such times, she met a rat and could not avoid him, the cat would inflate her tail, elevate her spine, and

spit in his face, she would be so mad, because her sufferings are greater than she can bear with convenience.

Her sufferings are more, also, than some other people can stand, and these tender-hearted philanthropists do what they can to put the cat out of her misery by the aid of any household remedies which happen to be convenient.

After the cat has mounted the fence and freed herself of a few passages of operatic melody she feels some better, but she does not obtain any real relief until along about five o'clock in the morning, and incidentally, neither do the neighbors.

But the cat is well taken care of. She always has a host of friends willing to sit up with her while she is sick, and when she emits her weird refrains they all join in the chorus and do the best they can to help her, though they sometimes mumble the words and forget the tune.

After such a night as this the cat cannot be blamed for retiring to some quiet spot where she can rest and recuperate so that she may get her strength back and endure the next attack.

In the cat family, besides the common or garden fence cat, there are wildcats, catfish, cat-o'-nine-tails, cat-amounts, polecats, cattails, catnaps, catcalls, catnip, and kittens—considerable kittens. Also in the cat family are fleas to a large extent.

*The Farming Business.*

