

Our Ride in The Moonlight.

(Written for The Catholic Bulletin by Nina)

Come, Helen and Joseph, oh, come for a ride. How we're going, you can't guess if you tried; Not in those autos that run around town. But in a real chariot of thistle-down. One on each side of me—that is the way. Hurrah! Hurrah! for our holiday. Oh! let us call it our "holinight," For we shall go when the moon is bright. Now on the ground—and now in the sky, Up over the tree tops, see how we fly! Now we shall stop for a little rest— What do we find? Oh, the robin's nest! This is the tree where the tiny birds grew; Let's shake the branches and wash in the dew. Say, aren't you hungry?—So hungry am I; We'll find something to eat—by and by. Oh, this is the place where the honey bees roam, Let's go and see if there's any one home; I hope they'll give us some honey and bread. In a little while the table is spread, With honey, rose petals and apples so sweet, And all the dainties one could think of to eat. We must say goodbye to our friends the bees, To fly over housetops and over the trees. Over the meadow and over the town, In our white chariot of thistle down; And we'll not tell what we've seen or heard, But be like the owl—who is such a wise bird. And back into our beds we'll creep— When morning comes we'll be fast asleep. Back home again!—still asleep is the sun, Helen and Joseph, oh! I wasn't it fun?

Why The Fish Laughed

Long time ago there was a hungry queen. Oh, of course she wasn't so poor that she was obliged to go hungry, queens seldom are, you know, and her husband hadn't shut her up on bread and milk because she answered him impudently; no, sir, her husband-king wasn't that kind of a man at all. In fact, her Majesty wasn't generally hungry in the least. She was just hungry in particular—hungry for fish. And just as she was sadly thinking how life wouldn't be worth living five minutes more without a dish of fish, down the street she heard a very happy sound indeed "Fresh fesh," a voice was crying "F-r-e-s-h fesh."

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that cold condition of the blood which affects the muscles also. Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

It always gathered when the King was mad; and they always knew when he was mad, because his brows beetled so. Moreover, they sent a secret message to Grand Vizier when they saw how outrageously the King's brows were beeting this time, which said: "Beware! The King is extra hot under his royal collar."

So the Grand Vizier, instead of coming into the courtroom as usual, executed waltz steps the length of the throne room, just to prove to the beeting King that he wasn't frightened in the least. "Stop that silly whirling," howled the King. "Why did the fish laugh?"

"Why-wh-why did the fish laugh," floundered the poor Grand Vizier. "Oh, I see, ha, ha, oh, ha, ha, oh, ha, ha, ha!"

For the thought that it was one of the King's very poor jokes, and he always pretended that he saw a point in them.

"You see, do you?" bellowed the King, madder than ever. "Well then you will tell the court why, or I'll have your head off before the month is out."

The poor Grand Vizier wrung his hands in terror, for he knew that he had blundered. Also he made several low salaams, and backed towards the door.

"I shall tell you, your Majesty," he said at the end of a month, and he fled.

The court fled after him. Everybody began telling him all at once how the fish had laughed at the Queen. "Actually!" said the court. "Laughed! And you will have to find out why."

Of course, this did not add to the peace of mind of the poor Grand Vizier. He flattered about this way and that way. He looked under all the beds in the palace, even inspected all the royal frying pans in the kitchen. But somehow or other he couldn't seem to discover the reason.

When three weeks were up, he returned to his home, kissed his wife, and made his will. Then he said to his son: "Dear son—after my own heart and heir-to-an-unfortunate-father, you had better go on your travels until the wrath of the king has cooled, for next week I shall be beheaded for not having discovered why the trout laughed at the Queen."

The Grand Viziers son kissed his father on both cheeks, cried on his mother's shoulder, and departed.

"I hate to go," he said, "but my health demands it." At the start of his second day's journey, he met an old farmer, whose appearance pleased him exceedingly, and so he persuaded the farmer to travel with him. When they had walked a while they came to a field of high corn. The Grand Viziers son looked at the field, and saw that it would be hard walking.

"I say old friend," he suggested to the farmer, "hadn't we better carry each other? It will make travelling easier." The old farmer looked at the youth, and thought that he must be a mad man. But he had heard that arguing with a crazy man only makes him crazier, and so he said nothing. The pair walked along in silence until they had passed through the cornfield and come to a swiftly flowing stream. Then the Grand Vizier's son pulled his knife out of his pocket, and handing it to the farmer, said:

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as in winter.

"Good old friend, I give you my knife. Take it, and bring us back two horses' while I rest, for I am not accustomed to travel, and I am worn with the journey."

The old farmer looked at the youth shrewdly. "Poor boy," he thought, "what a pity that one so fine should be feeble-minded." Out loud he said: "Thank you for your suggestion, but soon we will be at our journey's end. Let's cross the stream and have it over with."

"You are right," said the Grand Vizier's son. "Let's leave the carpet at the bottom of the stream when we walk over."

These words made the old farmer surer than ever that the boy was mad. He said nothing, but sat down on the bank of the stream and took off his boots, while the Grand Vizier's son, keeping his boots on, walked through the water and waited for his travelling companion on the opposite bank.

"And now," said the farmer as he reached the other side of the stream and pulled on his boots again, "do you see yonder little house? It is mine. Come home with me for the night. My daughter will be glad to bid you welcome."

"Ah," said the youth, "that should love to do, but is the beam of your dwelling strong?" "Madman!" thought the old farmer. "What shall I answer him?" Then he said aloud: "I have every reason to believe that it is strong, but suppose I go home ahead of you and send you word?" for he thought to himself that he should not like to take a crazy man into his home, if his daughter objected.

"Very well," said the boy. "I will wait here until you send a messenger. But don't mind telling me if the beam is weak."

With that the farmer ran all the way home, embraced his very beautiful daughter, and said: "I have a travelling companion with me whom I should like to bring here for the night. He is a good fellow, but unfortunately, he is crazy. Just now he asked me if the beam of my house was strong."

"Why, father," said the girl, "he is not crazy at all. What he meant by asking for the beam of your house was that he wished to know whether or not you could afford to entertain him."

"Eh?" said the old farmer. "Why, I believe the child's right! But he said many other queer things."

"The boy is undoubtedly clever, father," said the girl, "and you failed to understand him. Tell me what else he said."

Then her father told her how, at the start of the journey, the youth had suggested that they carry each other through the cornfield to make travelling easier.

"That was a very sensible thing indeed, father," said the girl. "By carrying one another he meant that you should tell one another tales to shorten the journey."

"That sounds sensible enough," said her father. "But then he gave me his knife and told me to get him two horses. Wasn't that a madman's saying?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the girl. "By horses he meant stout sticks, which help to carry one on a journey."

"And then," said the old man, "the silly boy walked through the water with his boots on, and said that we should leave the carpet at the bottom of the stream as we crossed over."

"By the carpet of the stream he meant the soles of your boots, which protect your feet from the stones, father; and if you did not leave your boots on when you crossed the stream, you were many times more foolish than he."

"All that you say sounds sensible to me," said her father. "But how can you prove that the boy really is so clever as you say, and not a madman?"

"Very easily," replied the daughter. "I will show you that, when he wanted to know whether or not the beam of your house was strong, he wished to ask if you could afford to entertain him."

The girl called a servant, and gave him jars of milk and honey as gifts for the stranger. "Go, she said, 'to the youth, who waits by the stream. Give him these gifts and say: 'The moon is full, there are twelve

HEART PALPITATED

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS. WOULD FALL DOWN IN FAINT.

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Months to the year, and the sea is overflowing. The servant hurried away, but as he crossed a field, he met a hungry man, who offered him money for the milk and honey. The servant sold half the milk and half of the honey, and filled jars up with water, so that the stranger should not see that some had been taken out. Then he went on his way to the youth, who waited by the stream, presented the gifts, and said:

"My mistress tells me that the moon is full, there are twelve months in a year, and the sea is overflowing."

To be Continued.

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