

BOVRIL

is appreciated by the house-wife on account of the delicate flavor and aroma it gives to all dishes with which it is used. It also makes them more nourishing and is a great aid to digestion.

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GOITRE SURE CURE

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Moles, Warts, Red Veins, etc., always eradicated permanently by our very reliable method of antiseptic Electrolysis and satisfaction assured in each case. Come during the Exposition for treatment if you live out of town and can't come earlier. Treatment and remedies for all facial blemishes and skin troubles. Booklet "F" and sample of toilet cream mailed free.

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on Cowan's Cocoa, is a day with clear head and steady nerves—a day full of snap and life.

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COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA
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A Residential School for Girls. Beautiful and healthy location. General course of study from primary to 2nd year Collegiate. Special departments of Music, Art, Physical Culture and Expression, Domestic Science, Dress Design and Commercial Subjects.

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At the very thickest part of the evergreen he presently caught sight of the heifer, standing on the alert, listening intently; and close beside her, under the green boughs, lay a little Jersey calf of which she was evidently the anxious mother.

Willis guessed at once that it was our lost Jersey. He called "Co-boss, co-boss!" to her, and thought he would drive her out and start her for home. He had no sooner stirred and spoken than she whirled and charged him. He declared that he had to run for his life, and that he only escaped her by scudding across the brook on a fallen tree trunk.

We thought Willis' account a highly-colored one. It was the dog, the old squire said, running in where her calf was, that had made Little Queen behave so savagely; and he bade Asa Doane, one of our hired men, go with Addison and me and get her home.

"Be gentle with her, boys," he said. "Take a halter and some nubbins of corn. Call to her, and do not offer to lay hands on the calf at first."

We proceeded to the pasture and searched the thickets along the upper course of the brook for an hour or more, without discovering a trace of either heifer or calf. Finally, at the extreme upper corner of the pasture, where low hemlock was growing among large rocks, Asa came upon her suddenly, lying hidden in a little hollow under thick boughs.

Instead of speaking softly to her, he turned and shouted, "Here she is!" The next instant he had to flee for his life.

Nor did he escape her. Just outside the thicket Little Queen overtook him. He turned and grabbed her by one horn. She threw him to the ground, caught her horn in his drilling frock, tore it off him, and tried to gore him. It was a fight for life. He seized her by the horn again, and fastened the fingers of his other hand in her nostrils. She dragged him fifty yards or more, wrenched herself free, and tossed him violently over a log.

By this time Addison and I had run to his assistance. We tried to catch the heifer about the neck and by the horns. She flung us aside as if we had been puff-balls, then charged Addison. He ran round a rock, and by a quick dash, escaped across the brook into another thicket. Losing sight of him, she whirled on me, and I climbed the hemlock that was handiest.

She now ran back where her calf was hidden, to make sure it was safe, and we stole away as softly as possible. We had had enough. There was a swift fury in her movements which made us aware that we had better stop. Asa had been in grave danger. He was somewhat bruised and in a towering passion. "I'll shoot that brute as quick as ever I can get a gun!" he exclaimed, and went raging home, bent on loading an old rifle we had at the farmhouse.

But the old squire forbade it. "She is only defending her calf according to her lights," said he. "There has been mismanagement. It's a pity she's got into such a way, but I will not have her shot down."

"What will you do with such a critter?" Asa retorted, angrily.

"I don't quite know myself," the old squire replied, smiling. "Leave her there a while, till the calf is a little older."

Theodora and Ellen believed that they could go up to the pasture and call Little Queen out of her covert with nubbins of corn, of which she had always been very fond; but we dissuaded them from attempting this. The heifer had now gone too far wrong to make such tactics safe. "Let her alone a while," the old squire said to us all.

This plan, however, did not prove wholly practicable. Certain idle fellows in the vicinity, who had heard from Willis and Asa that one of our Jerseys had run wild, began going to the pasture on the sly, some of them with dogs, to see what Little Queen would do, and have some sport with her. We heard that several of them had narrow escapes. They went there for sport, but had more "sport" than they wanted, and were so unsportsmanlike themselves afterward as to raise a clamor to have Little Queen slaughtered. Even some of our staid farmer neighbors remonstrated with the old squire. "That heifer of

yours is liable to kill somebody," they said.

"Not if people keep out of my pasture," the old gentleman replied, grimly. "They shall have legal warning." Thereupon he had five large trespass notices prepared and set up conspicuously round the pasture fence. I remember those notices well; Theodora and I printed them in large black-ink letters, on pine boards.

WARNING.

DAINGEROUS HEIFER HERE.

All Persons are Forbidden to Enter this Pasture with Dogs or Guns.

There was a flock of nearly a hundred sheep in this pasture, and some of us had to go there with salt for them once a week. For a long time, however, we rarely saw Little Queen. Probably she fed in the early morning hours, then retired to the thickets along the brook, where she kept her calf hidden.

Those hemlock thickets were her small kingdom. She was queen of that part of the pasture. It was hers; and for weeks neither dogs nor boys dared to go there, or if they did, they had to leave in haste.

A curious thing about Little Queen was that she never bellowed, pawed the earth, or uttered a sound of any sort. With her it was all action and no waste of breath—one straight, sudden rush at the intruder, with well-nigh incredible vim and swiftness.

During all this time, too, no one had actually seen that calf of hers. It was not till August that we began to catch sight of him out in the open pasture, grazing near his mother. Even at a distance we could see that he was a handsome little chap, plump, sleek and glossy. Evidently he had fared well.

The life which Little Queen now led appeared to have sharpened all her senses. Let one of us approach the pasture fence a hundred rods away, and she was almost certain either to see or scent us, and would then beat a rapid retreat to the thickets with the calf at her side.

Several times that summer grandmother asked the old squire what he expected to do with that Jersey when housing-time came; and I remember that the old gentleman laughed and said:

"Ruth, I don't know yet. She has renounced her allegiance to me," he added, still laughing. "She has declared her independence and set up for herself."

One day in October three hunters from Portland went up the valley of the brook, and regardless of the trespass notices, fired repeatedly in the pasture at partridges or deer. Halstead and I heard the guns, and went up there to see what effect it was having on Little Queen. We made a circuit of the pasture fence, but could see nothing of her. The next day the old squire and Addison searched, and discovered that she had left the pasture. On the north side they found where two cattle, one having little hoofs, had jumped the fence and taken to the forest. The reports of the guns or the smell of gunpowder had impelled Little Queen to decamp with her calf to the great woods. "It is doubtful if we ever see her again," the old squire said. "Probably she is miles away, hiding in the depths of some swamp."

There was a snowfall of six or eight inches on one of the early days of November. Very cold, frosty nights followed, and we wondered how the runaway was faring. Theodora and Ellen spoke of her several times; they thought she must miss her warm pen at the barn and her provender night and morning. Vagrant young cattle have sometimes wintered out in the woods of Maine, but after the deep snows come, it is a desperately hard life for them, with nothing but frozen browse to eat and snow for drink. Addison thought that she would join a herd of deer or moose, or possibly find shelter in some old logging-camp.

Other snows followed, and about November 20th there came a severe north-easter. It began about three o'clock that afternoon, and by evening became very violent. The cattle and sheep were now all at the barns for the winter, and were fed at regular hours. At nine o'clock Addison and Halstead, with a lantern, went out through the wood-house and wagon-house to the east barn, to give the cows and horses their provender for the night. While inside they

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—OF—

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MESSRS. ROBERT WILSON, SON & LAIRD have received instructions from the Trustees of the late Mr. David Riddell to sell, by Public Auction, viz.:

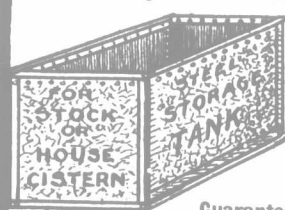
- 15 PEDIGREED STALLIONS, Four Years and over.
- 6 PEDIGREED STALLIONS, Three Years and over.
- 8 PEDIGREED STALLIONS, Two Years and over.
- 15 PEDIGREED STALLIONS, One Year and over.
- 7 GELDING COLTS.
- 9 PEDIGREED BROOD MARES and FOALS at foot.
- 6 PEDIGREED BROOD MARES, Yeld.
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Further particulars later. Catalogue in course of preparation.
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The angleiron framework ensures absolute rigidity, and the braces added give the tank as much strength four times in excess of any strain that may be applied.

Guaranteed for ten years but will last a lifetime.
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For marketing any kind of farm produce this locality is unexcelled.

Tenders to be in by October 1st.

For particulars apply to:

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Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

"Joseph, I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look at it in a different way. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the same class with a big boy like me."—The Delineator.