

Why Bears Sleep All Winter.

BY R. F. AYRES.

COPYRIGHTED 1901, BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

Judge Bear and Mrs. Bear lived in a little house in a hollow where the trees grew so thick that it was never very light. Even on the hottest summer days it was cool and comfortable on Judge Bear's porch, and in winter the strongest winds did not shake the house, for it was sheltered by the hills that rose on all sides and by tall trees all about. When the cubs grew to a good size Judge Bear gave them some good advice and sent them out to look after themselves, for the house was too small for four full grown bears. Then Judge Bear and Mrs. Bear were left alone, but they did not mind that, for it was a relief to have quiet after the way the cubs used to quarrel and growl all about the house. Judge Bear used to lay in a great store of food every fall and then scarcely stir out of the house all winter, for the snow lay so deep and in such terrible drifts on the hills all around the house that sometimes he could not go anywhere for weeks at a time. Still, it was very snug and warm in the little house, for the hills and trees sheltered it from most of the cold.

Both Judge Bear and Mrs. Bear wore very warm fur winter coats, and so they did not have a fire all winter long except to cook their food. They went to bed early in the evening and got up late in the morning. Sometimes they ate three meals a day, sometimes two, but more often only one, for they preferred to sleep, as they both were very lazy.

One evening Mr. Crow was flying around, wondering where he would steal his supper, when he happened to pass by Judge Bear's house. "Hello!" he said to himself. "I declare, if they haven't gone to bed already! Not a light in the house and the window blinds all down. Not 6 o'clock yet, too! They ought to be ashamed of themselves for being so lazy! He alighted by the house and tried the front door, but that was fast. Hethen tried the back door but that was fast, too. He tried all the windows, but they were fast, so he flew to the top of the house and crawled down the great wide chimney. He listened, but did not hear a sound except the Bears' snoring, so he went to the pantry and helped himself to all he could eat. Then he crawled up the chimney again and flew away to a party to which he was invited.

The party did not break up until 4 o'clock in the morning, and as Mr. Crow started for home he could not help but think what a fine meal he had stolen at Judge Bear's home. "Why, I really believe I'm hungry again," he said. "I am sure of it. I have great mind to go back there and get some breakfast, for they will not be up yet."

It was a bright, moonlight night, so he flew straight to Judge Bear's house, and crawled down the chimney without trying any doors or windows this time. He went to the pantry, and not only ate all he could, but carried off a large mince pie with him when he crawled up the chimney.

Later in the morning Mr. Crow thought he would go back to Judge Bear's house and see if they had discovered the loss of their provisions. "I'll bet they will be tearing around like mad looking for the thief," he said to himself. He flew to the hollow where the house stood, but he saw no signs of life.

"How dark it is down there," said Mr. Crow. "I wouldn't be surprised if they weren't up yet." He went down close by the house, but did not hear any sound, and the shades were all down, just as they had been the night before. Mr. Crow's curiosity was aroused, and he crawled down the chimney again, but very cautiously, so as not to make the slightest noise. When he got to the floor he could hear the bears snoring loudly, so he knew they were sleeping as soundly as before.

"My goodness! It's ten minutes of 9," said Mr. Crow, looking at a clock that stood on a shelf just outside the bears' bedroom door, for he could see in the dark. Then Mr. Crow noticed that the clock was an alarm clock, and that the alarm was set to go off at 9 o'clock.

"That's funny," he said. "It's almost 9 now. If I stop that clock I can have time to get something more out of the pantry before they awake." He stopped the clock, and going to

the pantry took a nice pudding and a pot of jam. Then he crawled up the chimney again, forgetting all about the clock.

After awhile Judge Bear half awoke, thinking it was time to get up, but it looked dark for all the shades were down, and besides, he had not heard the alarm go off, so he went to sleep again. In the afternoon Mrs. Bear awoke, but she had not heard the alarm either, so she turned over and took another nap.

That night Mr. Crow returned, and crawling down the chimney as usual, went to look at the clock the first thing, so that he could see if the bears had been up. He saw that the hands still pointed to ten minutes of 9, just as he had left them, and he could hear the bears snoring in the next room. Then he knew that they had not been up all day, for they would have set the clock going again; so he moved the hands till they pointed to three o'clock, and going to the pantry, carried off the big plumcake. He came back every day, and found the clock set at 3 o'clock, and carried off something good to eat. He would have thought Judge Bear and Mrs. Bear dead if he had not heard them snoring.

One day Mrs. Bear awoke and went to see what time it was. It was only 3 o'clock.

"I thought it must be morning by this time," she said, so she went back to bed and had another nap. About a week later she awoke Judge Bear and told him to get up and light the fire, so that she could get breakfast.

"Have you heard the alarm go off?" asked Judge Bear.

"No," replied Mrs. Bear, "but it must be nearly breakfast time," so Judge Bear got up and looked at the clock. When he saw that the hands pointed to 3 o'clock he was very angry. "Go to sleep," he growled to Mrs. Bear. "It's nowhere near morning yet. I'm not going to light the fire at this hour." So they both went to sleep again.

After Mr. Crow had carried off everything good to eat that he could find he set the clock going again, at just about 3 o'clock one morning. At 9 o'clock the alarm went off, and both bears jumped out of bed.

"What a long night it seemed to be," said Mrs. Bear. "I'm almost starved to death."

"I'm just a little bit hungry myself," said Judge Bear, "as you will find out when you get breakfast ready." Mrs. Bear went into the pantry and came out in a minute so angry she could hardly speak. "We've been robbed!" she cried. "Some one has been here and eaten everything I had cooked. All my pies, puddings and cakes have been carried off."

"You're crazy," growled Judge Bear, as he looked around and found the doors and windows all locked. He looked for himself, and, sure enough, everything was just as Mrs. Bear had said. There was nothing to eat in the pantry, so Judge Bear had to go out to the smoke-house and get some ham and potatoes.

"What do you think?" cried Judge Bear, as he came in from the smokehouse. "It's spring!" "You're crazy yourself," growled Mrs. Bear. But she went to the door and, sure enough, there was no snow on the ground and the trees were beginning to have buds on them; the air was warm, too.

"I really believe it is," said Mrs. Bear. "We must have slept all winter. I wonder what was the matter with the clock?"

Both Judge and Mrs. Bear were very angry at having their provisions stolen, but they were glad to find that they could sleep all winter, for that saved them a lot of hard work every autumn. They told all the bears they knew about how they had slept so long, and now all of them go to sleep when cold weather begins and do not wake up until spring.

It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.—Phillips Brooks.

Mr. W. J. Baxter of North Brook, N. C., says he suffered with piles for fifteen years. He tried many remedies with no results until he used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and that quickly cured him. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Grafter Has a Scheme That Will Pay Well.

"I've got a scheme," said the grafter, "that'll work like a clock. I'm going to put an ad. in the paper asking women to send their photographs and a \$5 bill and I'll tell them how to become beautiful."

"But how can you make them beautiful?" asked the chump.

"Don't have to. I'll send back the photographs with letters something like this: 'Dear Miss—After seeing your photograph we are surprised that you desire to become more beautiful than you already are. It sometimes seems that the very ones upon whom God bestows his greatest favors are the least thankful. One so divinely endowed with such loveliness as you possess should be contented. Our reputation as an old established firm compels us to inform you that you already possess beauty far beyond the possibilities of our system.'"

"But the \$5?" asked the chump.

"Oh, I guess a woman wouldn't make much of a howl over the five," answered the grafter.—Indianapolis Sun.

It Bothered Him.



Irish Schoolmaster (sympathetically)—I'm told there's been a death in your family, Dinis. Was it you or your brother that died?

No Music in His Soul.

The man with the subscription paper stepped into the office of the leading professional man of the place.

"Mr. Hunks," he said, "some of our young men are trying to organize a brass band. How much are you willing to subscribe?"

"I'll give \$20," replied old Mr. Hunks.

"That will please the boys, I know," rejoined the caller. "If everybody else does as well, they'll soon have their instruments and be ready to begin."

"Great Scott!" interrupted old Hunks. "You don't get a cent out of me for any such purpose as that! I thought you were raising money to buy them off!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Fellow Feeling.

Perambulating Pete—Boss, I ain't an ordinary tramp. But every spring 'bout April my wife insists upon cleanin' hou—

Mr. Boerum Place (interrupting him sympathetically)—My poor man! Don't say another word. Here's a dollar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Merry Glyptodon.

"What period do you belong to?" said the professor to the prehistoric monster.

"No period," answered the beast merrily. "People who observe me use nothing but exclamation points."—Washington Star.

An Exception.

Native—See that young man over there? He has saved 16 persons from drowning. He plays the flute too.

Visitor—Oh, well, a man who has saved 16 lives has a right to play a flute.—New York Weekly.

Fairy Stories.

"Pop, tell me a fairy story." "I don't know any fairy stories." "Oh, yes you do. I heard mom tell gran'mom you were beginning to tell her fairy stories about being kept down town nights on business."—Philadelphia Times.

Preliminary Steps.

"Are you educating your child with a view to his future college career?"

"Oh, yes; he's got to begin next week and take a drop of tabasco sauce three times a day."—Detroit Free Press.

Chance to Get Acquainted.

"Do you think our new neighbors will call on us, Clara?"

"Curiosity will bring some of them."—Chicago Record.

Hadn't Sampled It.

She—Don't you think I have a good mouth? He—It looks all right.—Smart Set.

A Match Starts the Meal

If You use a

WICKLESS BLUE FLAME Oil Stove

**No Fuss
No Muss**



If your dealer does not keep them, write to the nearest agency of

STANDARD OIL CO.

EDWARD W. POU. F. H. BROOKS.

POU & BROOKS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
Claims Collected. Estates Settled.
Practice in Johnston and adjoining counties.

DR. S. P. J. LEE,
DENTIST
Smithfield, N. C.
Office in Smithwick Building.

Dr. J. W. Hatcher,
DENTIST,
Selma N. C.
OFFICE IN HARE & SON'S DRUG STORE.

L. A. MUNS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
WILSON'S MILLS, N. C.
Residence near Mr. G. F. Uzzie, office near store of Messrs. C. M. & W. G. Wilson. All calls promptly answered.
J12-3m

Treasurer's Card.

John W. Futrell, Treasurer of Johnston County, will be in Smithfield every Monday and Saturday and Court Weeks

HOTEL DICKENS,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
Transients and Boarders
ON MAIN BUSINESS STREET.
Rates Reasonable.
MRS. J. E. DICKENS,
Proprietress

FLOYD H. PARRISH,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
Fresh Meats, Beef and Ice
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR HIDES.
Beef cattle wanted.

STALLINGS HOTEL,
W. H. STALLINGS, Prop'r,
CLAYTON, N. C.
Rates 25 cents per meal or \$1.00 per day. Call and see me when you come to town.

MY STORE,
—I KEEP—
Groceries, Fruits
CANDIES,
Confectioneries and Vegetables.
MARKET Run in Connection. I will pay highest price for fat cattle, beef, pork, &c.
W. H. STALLINGS,
CLAYTON, N. C.
March 20-3m

Rand & Stephenson,
We desire to call the attention of the public of Smithfield and vicinity to the fact that we have associated ourselves together for the purpose of engaging in a
Contracting and Building
BUSINESS.
We want the work and we think that we can make it to your interest to have us to do yours. Estimates promptly furnished on all kinds wood or brick work. Call on or address
Walter Rand, Stephenson, Rand & Stephenson.
SMITHFIELD, N. C.

SPRING GOODS.

My line of Spring Goods is now in and is the nicest I have ever had. My line of staple and fancy Dress Goods cannot be beaten. In LAWNS, ORGANDIES, DUCKS, PIQUES, PERCALES AND DIMITIES, I have as pretty colors as can be had. In heavy and staple Dry Goods. I have the goods and the prices that will suit you.

Latest Styles and Lowest Prices

on Ladies' and Gents' Belts and Neckwear. I also have latest style in a STRAIGHT FRONT CORSET.

FANCY SHIRTS.

Be sure and see my line of fancy shirts before you buy. I can give you a good Negligee, Madras, Silk Front, Percale or Pique Shirt from 50c to \$1.25.

SHOES! SHOES!

My line of Shoes is as good as you can get anywhere. I challenge any man on quality or prices for my spring and summer trade. I have a nice line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Oxfords, both black and tan. A good line of Gents' Oxfords from \$1.25 to \$2.50. A complete line of HATS, CAPS, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS always on hand. Be sure to see my stock before buying.

PRESTON WOODALL,
BENSON, N. C.

FINE MILLINERY

The best stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods ever brought to Clayton just received at my store. Ready-to-wear and Dress Hats. Newest styles and shapes.

Dress Hats 50 cents and up.

Laces, Trimmings, Neckwear, Belts, Baby Caps, Veiling, Gloves, Collars, Stamped Linen, Embroideries and everything in the line of Notions that is usually kept in a millinery store.


Standard Designer Patterns for Sale.

You are invited to call and examine my stock.

Respectfully,

MRS. J. A. GRIFFIN,

CLAYTON, N. C.



Fifty Cents a Year Less Than a Penny a Number

THE SOUTH'S LITERARY WEEKLY

Published at Atlanta, Ga.

After a career of more or less activity in the Southern field for over a quarter of a century The Sunny South has again become a weekly, better and more readable than at any time in its history. It contains serial stories from the best known authors the world over. It is devoted to Southern readers and Southern writers and is their own story paper. Short stories, sketches, incidents of war and of peace, anecdotes at home and abroad, poems, ideas, fashions, hints for home keepers, everything of interest to old and young will appear in its excellent weekly make up.

The two great serials, "TRISTRAM OF BLENT," by ANTHONY HOPE (now in progress with full synopsis to cover former installments), and "Rosalynde's Lovers," by Maurice Thompson, to begin April 27th, will be read with absorbing interest throughout the whole South. This is your opportunity, and only 50 cents for a full year of it. Think of it! 50 cents.

Subscription price is only fifty cents a year. No agents' commission. The paper is its own best offer and argument to the subscriber. One sample copy free to you and to your six neighbors whose names and addresses you send on a postal card, provided you send at once. A club of five at 50 cents each, accompanied by the full amount \$2.50 net to us, entitles the sender to The Sunny South a whole year free.

The Sunny South is your old friend in a new form, always improving, every issue to excel the last one. The South's literary paper is here at last. Order it to-day.

The Sunny South in combination with the greatest of all Southern Weekly NEWSPAPERS—The Atlanta Weekly Constitution—both for only \$1.25 a year. Remit that amount to The Sunny South, and get these two great papers—One Literary; the other News.

Address all letters and remittances to

THE SUNNY SOUTH, ATLANTA, GA