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**H. T. STEVENS,**  
MANAGER

**NOT ALTOGETHER BAD.**

There is one good thing at least about a circus. It causes many people to travel, to see something of their neighbors and the localities where they live, and therefore to broaden the views of, and generally to instruct in regard to things earthly. Whatever may be our future possibilities we, all of us, ought to take such opportunities as fall in our way to learn as much as possible of the genius, the capabilities, the aspirations and achievements of our fellows, but how many of us quietly do our allotted tasks and give no thought, or little thought, to what others are doing, and practically know almost nothing of the pulsations of the great world life.

The circus is fitted to be a medicine to remove this lethargic condition and to set all the people moving and thinking, and although it may leave the country with some less money in it, yet if it leaves it also with intellect quickened in any respect, with more knowledge of nature and of man, perhaps after all we should not mourn as we do over the removal of a little filthy lucre; perhaps we should consider that we had received a quid pro quo and be willing to continue to impose no greater prohibitory restriction than the authorized hundred dollars necessary to recoup the city revenues for the financial evil that is always supposed to attend the circus. And perhaps the general trend of sentiment underlying these remarks might be applicable to more amusements and things than the circus; but we forbear to enlarge lest we run afoot of ideas that are more sacred than, in the eternal fitness of things, the exigencies of human existence really require.

**THE THREE SONS.**

**A NURSERY STORY.**

A father had three sons, the oldest was called Martin, the second Mathew and the third Michal. All three were grown up, when their father began to sicken, and in a few days had to prepare to die, when he called them to his bedside.

"You know, my children, I have no riches except this cottage, my cat, cock and scythe. Live together in the cottage, and of the three things take one. Do not squabble, but live in peace, and now God bless you!" Having finished he died.

When the sons had buried their father, they divided the inheritance. Martin took the scythe, for he knew well how to mow; Mathew the tomcat and Michal the cock.

"Dear brothers," said Martin, "we cannot all remain at home, or we should die of hunger. You two remain at home and arrange things, while I go with my scythe out into the world."

The three loved one another, and what the one wished the others also desired; so no one spoke against this plan.

Martin took the scythe and started on his wanderings. He went very far, very far, but nowhere could he find work. At last he came to a country where the people were exceedingly stupid. As he neared a city he met a man, who asked him what he carried.

"A scythe," said Martin.

"And what is that, and what is it good for?"

"To cut grass, grain."

"With that you cut grass? Why, that is splendid! We have to pick and pull out with our hands all the grass, and we can never be ready. If you would go to our king, he would pay you well for this invention."

"And why not? I'll go!"

The man led him to the king, who was much astonished at this invention, and at once hired him to cut the grass on one of his meadows.

Martin went, followed by a crowd, but as he was not stupid he stuck the scythe up in the middle of the meadow, and having told the servant to bring dinner for two drove all the curious people away. At midday the servant brought dinner for two and was much astonished to see so much grass cut.

"Will your grass cutter also eat?" he asked Martin.

"If he works, he must also be fed, but go away and leave us alone."

The servant went away, and Martin ate the dinner for two alone. "That was a good thought, that I ordered dinner for two. If I had asked for only one, I would not have had enough." An so he ordered two dinners every day till all the meadows were cut.

When he was finished, he put his scythe over his shoulder and went to the king for his hire.

"Your grass cutter cuts the grass himself?" asked the king.

in a room, that it might not be injured. Next year came. The grass was ripe, ready to be cut. The king ordered the invention to be brought to the meadow, with fitting pomp. They brought it out and stuck it in the middle of the meadow in the ground and went away, as they thought the grass cutter did not want to be watched. At midday they came with the dinner, burning with curiosity to see how much he had cut. But the scythe stood exactly as they had stuck it in the morning, and they were all very much astonished. They placed the dinner beside it and went to tell the king.

"If he cut so much grass the first half day when that man was with him, why will he not cut now?" said the king and shook his head. In the evening the servant came again and said the grass was not cut and the dinner was uneaten.

"It must be bewitched," said the king. "Let him receive 20 blows, and if he will not cut then we will bury him."

During this time the brothers had fine times and blessed their father that he had left them such a rich inheritance. After awhile, when the money began to be all spent, Mathew said: "Now I will go and wander. Perhaps I will dispose of my cock as well as you did with your scythe."

Mathew took his inheritance and went. After awhile he also came near a city and met a gentleman.

"What are you carrying, my man?" he asked.

"I'm carrying a cock," replied Mathew. "It calls the sun."

"Oh, wonder of wonders! We have to accompany the sun every day to a mountain, and in the morning go to meet him, which is often very inconvenient. If that bird really has such a talent, the king would pay you a nice few thousands for him."

"Oh, but you can investigate the matter," said Mathew, and he went with the gentleman to the king.

"Merciful king, this man has a bird, a caller. He calls the day, and when he goes to sleep the sun also goes to sleep."

"Oh, that could hardly be paid with money, if it is really true what you say."

"Merciful king, you can prove my words." They put the cock in a gold cage, and he, being satisfied with his new dwelling made himself at home. It was not long before the sun set without any one's having accompanied him. The king was charmed and could hardly wait for the morning. At midnight they got up and watched how the cock would call the day. One o'clock nothing, 2 o'clock the cock crew, and every one was amazed at his voice. At 3 o'clock the cock crowed again, and so on till 4 in the morning.

When the king had satisfied himself that the cock had really called the day, he ordered that they should give Mathew 5,000 florins out of the treasury and all hold him in honor. Mathew took the money, ate and drank to his heart's content, and, thanking the king, went home.

His brothers received him with joy, and for a little while all lived in plenty, but they were not economical. The money soon took wings, and when but a little remained Michal said: "Now, brothers, I will go wander in the world and look about me. Perhaps I will receive as much for my tomcat as you did for your things."

Michal put the cat in a bag and went. A long time he wandered till he came to a country whose language he did not understand, but before he reached the chief city he had learned so much that he could understand a little what they said to him. Before he entered the city he also met a gentleman, who asked him what he had in his bag.

"A tomcat," said Michal and showed him the cat.

"That is a strange animal! And of what use is he?"

"He catches mice. No matter how many are in the house, he catches them all."

"Oh, stick that catcher, quick, in your bag and come to the king! We have so many mice in the castle that it is a wonder that they do not run on the tables. The king would give almost anything to whoever was lucky enough to rid the castle of them."

"For that there will be soon be found a remedy," said Michal. He put the tomcat back in the bag and followed the gentleman.

When they came to the king, the gentleman said, "Merciful king, this man has a tomcat, a catcher. It is an animal who catches mice, and if your mercifulness orders he would sell him."

"If this is true, I will buy him with pleasure."

"Merciful king, only tell me where you have most mice, and you will see for yourself how my tomcat will catch them!"

They led him to a room, where the mice swarmed and ran everywhere under one's feet. Michal opened his bag, the tomcat jumped out and made such a havoc among them that not one escaped.

The king was enchanted and ordered that they should pay Michal 10,000 florins. Michal jumped with happiness that he had so much money and joyfully went home. Two days after the king thought, "What will the catcher eat when there are no more mice?" But no one knew, and Michal was far away. Then the king ordered that a rider should be sent on the fleetest horse to ask him.

Michal, in the meanwhile, strode joyfully onward through the same roads that had led him to the city. On the fourth day he suddenly saw behind him, a man who called to him to stop while still far away, so Michal stopped.

When the rider came to him, he asked him something, half in German, half in Bohemian, that Michal did not understand. To make it easier he asked the rider was what (in Bohemia you is, and in German was is what. When spoken quickly, they both sound exactly alike. This was the mistake. Michal asked in German was—What. The rider under stood him to say in Bohemian, was, you.) On hearing this the rider at once turned and rode away in such haste it seemed he was riding on the wind. Michal thought to himself the man is crazy and went on his way.

All out of breath, covered with dust, the rider returned, and hardly had he jumped from the saddle when he ran to the king.

"Merciful king, sad are the tidings I bring. When the tomcat has caught all the mice, he will hunt us!"

"Who told you?" answered the king in a fright.

"That fellow who sold us the tomcat. I overtook him on the way and asked him. When the catcher has done catching the mice what will he eat and he answered you."

The king at once called all his counselors, and it was then debated what they should do with the tomcat. After long debates and discussions they determined to keep the cat in the chamber as a prisoner and to set a guard of two men, so that he should not be able to get out. Immediately the highest general was ordered to set a guard of four strong and courageous men to guard the chamber. Night and day they stood in the corners and trembled with fear whenever a rustling noise was heard in the room. The second night was quiet because the cat had caught all the mice. In the morning, when not a sound was to be heard in the room, the guard nearest to the window thought what could be the matter and looked into the room. But, oh, sorrow! The tomcat sat in the window, and when he saw the bushy beard and hair cap he was so astonished that he broke through the window, and went away.

The second man heard a noise and rushed to see what was the matter. He saw the soldier lying on his back, with his chin in the air. Hurriedly he ran to the castle and called:

"Oh, misfortune, misfortune, merciful king, that terrible mouse catcher has got out of the chamber! He has bitten my comrade, who stood by the window, and God knows how many people he has strangled! Oh, this is a misfortune! Oh, this is a misfortune!"

Immediately all the houses were closed, and every one hid himself. Then the king ordered that a regiment of the bravest men, in heavy armor, should seek the tomcat. All this was at once accomplished, and they hunted everywhere for three days, but not a trace of the cat could they find.—From the Bohemian Romance.

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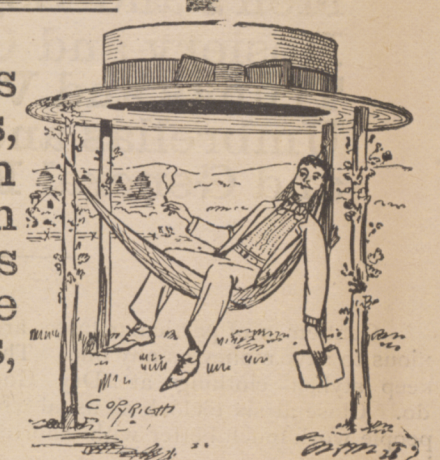
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