

Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

The Armenian and the Kurd

By J. W. MULLER

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The everlasting strife between Armenians and Kurds in the territory where Russia, Persia and Turkey adjoin, is the theme of the Armenian story given here. Its scene is in the present field of war. It is from Aharonau's tale, "Blaes the Ox."

Chsro, the Armenian hunter, cared for weather as little as did the bears and wolves that he fought. He suffered nature's cruelties as stubbornly as did the rocks of his native mountains. His continual strife, his continual shedding of blood, had given him not only the courage of a beast of prey but the silence of one.

Silent and unsmiling, he brought his trophies to the village. Silent and unsmiling, he bore them past the admiring people. Silent and unsmiling, he departed.

But one day he entered the village smiling. On his back was a strange, a horrible burden. It was not a dead wild beast, but prey heavier and far more noble. And Chsro smiled under this burden. With a terrible, fatal smile Chsro smiled as he stooped beneath the body of his only son.

"See Chsro's trophy!" he cried, when the villagers gathered. "Whose prey is this? It is the prey of the Kurds! I hunt wild beasts! They hunt Armenians!"

The son had been killed by Kurdish raiders while he was trying to defend from them the pair of oxen with which he had been plowing.

And Chsro went back to his mountains and lay in wait—but not for animals. He did not turn his steps homeward again until he had drunk out of his hollowed hand the blood of the Kurds who had slain his son.

When he re-entered the village the neighbors clamored that it had been raided in his absence and that his daughter and his son's widow had been carried off. Chsro listened. Without a word or a sob, he listened, turned away, and disappeared.

After many days he came back and did something that struck the village dumb. He gathered his possessions, piled them in his house and set all on fire. When the last glowing rafter had fallen, he took his little grandson Trumo by the hand and went away.

None of the village ever saw him again, but before many days they learned of the terrible deed that the iron man had done previously to burning his house. He had crept to the Kurdish stronghold and had stabbed the two captured women to death, that the outrage to his family honor might vanish from the earth.

Chsro and his little Thumo wandered, clinging to existence by every means that misery could devise. As they went on, begging, starving, freezing, the old hunter's mind became sick. Thumo's great, blue eyes made him shudder; for they were the eyes of his unhappy mother, whose innocent blood had poured dreadfully over the hunter's hand when he stabbed her.

He began to forget why he had slain his dear ones. Only the horror, the heartlessness of his deed survived in his memory. He suffered dim torments by day. Vivid phantoms tortured him at night. If it had not been that he must remain alive to care for little Thumo, his practiced hand would have sent the steel into his own throat, and he would have gone to God to tell his tale—such a tale, thought

old Chsro sobbing, that heaven would shudder, the angels would fall and the splendid stars lose light.

Weary, wretched and ragged, they came at last into a town where there was a bazaar. Chsro and Thumo sat down against a wall to get the warmth of a meager sun. Suddenly the old man, looking at the busy market scene, began to weep.

Little Thumo looked in the direction of his grandfather's gaze. He saw a Kurd with a beautiful ox.

"Blaes, grandfather, our Blaes!" screamed the child. He ran to the ox and began to kiss the broad forehead between the soft, gentle eyes.

The Kurd, suspecting instantly that these must be the previous owners of the animal, tried to drive it away; but the child clung to the great, silken ear, and the powerful brute stood obstinately still, seeking Thumo's cheek with his muzzle.

"It is not thine!" said the Kurd softly. "My life on it! Come, child, and let him go!"

He tried to loose the boy's hold on the ox. "Grandfather! Grandfather!" wailed Thumo.

A crowd had gathered. Chsro could not see what was happening. He could only hear his grandchild scream. Instant fury seized him. He sprang up, broke through the crowd, and leaped at the Kurd, gripping his throat.

The Kurd struggled. He tore the hair from Chsro's head. But the nervous old hands were as iron rings, and with a hoarse growl the Armenian's fingernails dug deeply, deeply.

The bystanders tried to pull him off, but he clung to his victim like a leech. As if a leech were sucking at the Kurd's throat, a dark stream of blood began to trickle under the tearing fingers.

Chsro's white beard was red with it. As the two wrestled, breast to breast, panting, Chsro looked like a shaggy beast that has torn its prey and is devouring it while it still lives.

At last the police arrived and tore him from the fainting Kurd, who hardly waited to revive before he hurried to get away with his ox.

The guards led Chsro toward jail. Thumo, crying, ran after the beloved ox. Then he turned and trotted after the beloved grandfather. He clutched the old man's rags and screamed, "Blaes, grandfather, Blaes!"

The old man went on with the police, silently. The child turned and ran after the ox again. Again he turned to follow his grandfather. Thus he ran from one to the other till he realized that the distance between the two beloved objects was growing too great. Then he cried bitterly and pursued the old man.

But before he could reach him, his grandfather disappeared behind a great door, that closed with a loud reverberation. The child beat at the iron-studded thing, scratched it, stamped with his feet, and implored. It was in vain.

Exhausted, he sat down at the prison portal, held his little head between his hands, and sobbed quietly to himself.

He had no grandfather now, and no Blaes.

Uncle Eben.

"High prices can't spoil thanksgiving," said Uncle Eben. "De more de turkey costs de more thankful you ought to be dat you kin afford it."

MADE IMPRESSION ON "ANDY"

Somewhat Profane Tribute That Pleased the Big Iron Master Will Be Carved on Tombstone.

Andrew Carnegie is the most human of all the multi-millionaires, after all. He is canny, and all that, but he is free-handed, too, and has a good deal of homely Scotch philosophy in his makeup.

For example, he has just selected the epitaph that is to grace his tombstone. It is: "That was damned white of Andy."

When Carnegie was an iron master, and the great strike of 1892 came to his steel mills, McLuckie, the burgess of Homestead, had to run away to escape arrest. Some years later Carnegie learned that McLuckie was in want in Mexico. He sent a man there with money to help him and said to the messenger: "Don't let McLuckie know who it's from or he mightn't take it."

After McLuckie had been lifted to his feet the messenger said to him: "Do you know whose money I helped you with?" He said he had no idea.

"Well, it was Mr. Carnegie's," McLuckie shut one eye, pondered a moment and said earnestly: "That was damned white of Andy," and Andy cherished the words so much that they are to go on his tombstone. "And don't let there be any blank between the d's either," instructs Andy.—Kansas City Star.

Her Idea About Golf.

Many anecdotes are told of some of the curious ideas held about golf by people to whom it was a new and strange game before its modern popularity had set in. One woman who had evidently had a near view of the game said: "It is played by two men. One is a gentleman and the other is a common man. The common man sticks a ball on a lump of dirt, and the gentleman knocks it off."

Ever Fresh.

When a man has once held a judicial position anywhere in this country he's called "judge" to his dying day, and it appears that a somewhat similar custom prevails in the matter of fresh eggs in the commission trade.—Boston Advertiser.

SOLID FOUNDATION FOR POULTRY HOUSES

(By PROF. H. L. KEMPSTER, Missouri Agricultural College.)

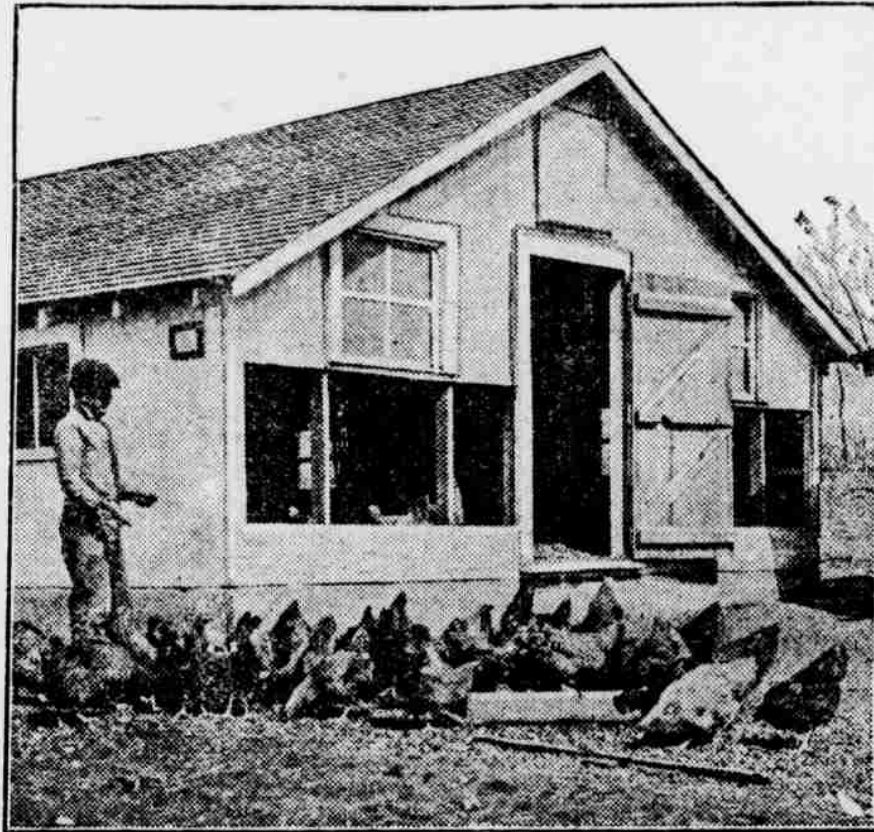
Stationary poultry houses should always be built on a foundation. It is poor economy to allow the sills to rest on the ground and keep replacing them as they decay, except in the case of portable houses. Stone or brick may be used for foundations, but the best material, all things considered, is concrete. Posts are objectionable because they are short-lived. Stone blocks are subject to heaving by frost and settling, the result being warped houses in which doors and windows open and shut with difficulty. The concrete foundation is not only easier to construct, but prevents rats from burrowing underneath the floor.

A few simple rules should be observed in building a concrete foundation. A trench should be built below ground and filled with concrete and a small form built for the portion above ground. The trench should extend below the frost line, usually 14 to 18 inches below ground. This foundation need not be as heavy as for larger buildings. Eight inches at the base and five inches at the top is usually sufficient. It should extend about eight inches above the ground level, and the ground sloped so as to carry the surface water away from the house. Inserting a few bolts in the concrete so

as to fasten the house to the foundation prevents injury from severe winds and renders the building more stable generally. A good floor should exclude vermin and prevent dampness. The three common types of floor are earth, wood, and concrete. In portable houses either the wood or earth floors are used, while all types are seen in stationary houses. The floor in a stationary house should be raised 6 to 8 inches above the ground level to prevent surface water from affecting it. Earth floors are most common because of economy in construction. Indeed a good earth floor is probably the most desirable if dampness can be prevented. On wet soils special precau-

tions are necessary to prevent water from working up from beneath. There should be a two or three inch fill of some coarse material, such as cobble stones or coarse cinders, and this covered with a layer of thick clay so that the loose soil from above will not work down between the coarse material. By covering the clay with two or three inches of sand or soil, dryness is secured and an ideal floor is obtained. A common mistake in the use of earth floors is to remove some of the dirt each cleaning time, no effort being made to replace the soil removed often resulting in the floor being lower than the ground outside. One of the chief disadvantages of earth floors comes from invasion of rats. Burying wire screen often prevents their working up from beneath, however. Cinders are also said to check the invasion. Another disadvantage of earth floors is that they dirty the litter used in the house, making it necessary to remove the foul dirt and replace with fresh to insure perfect health. In spite of these disadvantages, its desirable features, especially economy of construction, make the earth floor one of the most popular used.

Concrete floors are rapidly coming into use. The first cost is high, but it is probably the cheapest floor of all



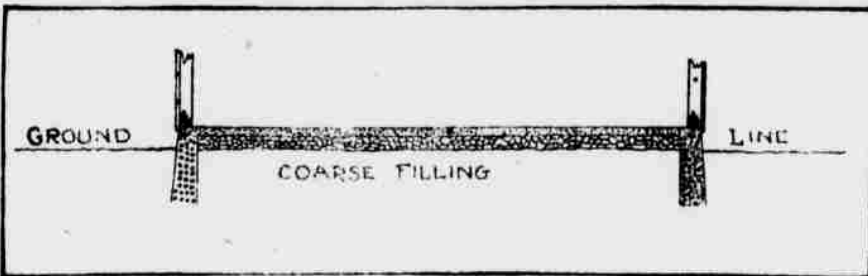
IDEAL MISSOURI HOUSE FOR POULTRY.

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in the end. The litter does not require changing as often as on earth floors and all expense of removing and replacing the soil each year is eliminated. It is also rat proof, and can be easily and thoroughly disinfected in case of disease. Poultry should not be permitted to run on a bare floor, but there should be a heavy straw litter in which the grain can be fed. A bare floor is cold and causes deformed feet and rheumatism unless covered with the litter. The construction of a concrete floor is comparatively simple. By filling in a few inches of coarse material such as cinders, and tamping thoroughly, the floor may be laid at the same time as the wall, without the use of inside forms.



CONCRETE FLOOR AND FOUNDATION.

HINTS FOR PACKING POULTRY

Rough Handling Causes Bruises, Broken Bones, Scarred Skins and Soft Places in Flesh.

Never handle chickens roughly, either before or after killing. Rough handling causes bruises, broken bones, scarred skins, and soft places in the flesh. Undue haste on the part of the killers and pickers results in lowered keeping quality and poor appearance of the product.

Piece work which leads to quantity rather than quality, makes for lower prices on the market. Those who pay by the piece should remember that they sell by the quality of the piece. These directions will apply with equal force to turkey. Intended for the holiday market.

January pullets.

Pullets hatched in January make excellent summer and fall layers when the mature hens are molting.

Eggs for hatching.

Select eggs for hatching uniform in size.

EGG SUPPLY DURING WINTER

Do Not Be Disappointed If Hens Fail to Produce Eggs in Cold Weather—Give Fowls Rest.

Do not expect the hens to lay, and be disappointed if they do not, in real cold weather, although if you have good hens and make conditions right you may secure some eggs during the winter.

Poultrymen who have valuable, pure-bred birds and a ready sale for eggs and baby chickens do not force their hens for heavy winter laying when there is no market for the product, but let the birds take a good rest and get them in fine condition for heavy, late-in-the-winter and early spring laying, when they have a good market for the product.

Source of Trouble.

Dampness in the poultry house, yards or runs is often a source of trouble.

If you expect to make a profit on your fowls, you should enter them at the poultry show.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Out of the Ordinary.

Gyer—I know a man who has been married ten years and never in all that time has his voice been raised in anger against his better half.

Nyer—Remarkable, I must say!

Gyer—Oh, I don't know. He's deaf and dumb.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE WITH KIDNEY REMEDY

Between twenty-five and thirty years ago I commenced selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and during all that time I have never heard a single complaint from my customers; they are more inclined to praise it; and judging from their favorable remarks and the repeated sales I enjoy I am confident that Swamp-Root is a valuable medicine for the troubles for which it is intended.

Very truly yours,

OTTO H. G. LIPPERT, Pharmacist, 1801 Freeman, Cor. Liberty Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 19, 1916.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

She Had Been Thinking.

"Mother doesn't think she'll go to the theater with us tonight, Albert."

"Is that so? I have got three tickets. What shall I do with the third one?"

"Give it to the man you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us, and you won't have to go out to see him."

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Scant.

"What is your father fussing about?"

"He was all ready to start for town and he could not remember whether he had brushed his hair or not."

"Good gracious, it would not take him a minute to glance in the mirror and find out!"

"He can't tell by looking at it, he has to remember."

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain nothing but vegetable ingredients, which act gently as a tonic and purgative by stimulation and not by irritation. Adv.

Twenty-three operations are necessary in the washing and ironing of a collar.

A homely truth is better than a handsome lie.