

Here is a good story—and a true one. Dr. Winsloe has a cow. Like all well regulated cows, this one occasionally has a calf. On Tuesday of last week it gave birth to a youngster while out in the pasture. The genial doc quickly noted the addition to his family and proudly led the cow and calflet to the barn where they would be warmer. The next morning, Lewis Brown met Doc and wanted to know whose newborn calf was frisking about in the pasture. Doc didn't know so went down and looked the creature over, which was cavorting about with its tail in the air, as calves will do. He was nonplussed and couldn't imagine how that calf got in his pasture. Inquiries among the neighbors revealed the fact that no calf had been born for many moons, nor was there the least indication of increases in any of the cow families. Doc was still puzzled, but after looking the calf over once again, a light dawned (Doc's English, you know) and he realized that the calf was his very own, his prize cow having given birth to twins. He led the youngster home and there was immediate recognition on the part of the proud mother. Doc now firmly believes that "he who hath shall be given," and goes down every morning to see what wonders it will unfold. Beats small game hunting all to smithereens.—Sentinel-Courier.