Young People

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistle loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the lands,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hands.

—Mary H. Krout.

Kites for Parlor Flight.

Here is a novel form of parlor entertainment for young people. On a piece of stiff paper, draw the figure of a Turkish swordblade, similar to that shown in the picture, but two or three times as large. Form the bottom into a round shield.

Now cut out this figure as a pattern and having placed it on some kind of very thin paper—silk paper is the best—trace its outlines with a pencil. Make as many of these tracings as you like, and cut them out neatly; you will then have a lot of pretty little kites of

Designs for Parlor Kites.

a kind that you never saw before, perhaps.

To add to the effect, gay-colored paper should be used for making the kites, or they may be painted in various designs with water-colors or crayons.

To make the kites sail properly, the round, or shield part should be made a little heavier than the other end, and this may be done by putting a few wafers on it.

To fly the kites, throw them up into the air as high as you can, and they will come down gradually, spinning as they come, and showing their gay colors with pleasing effect. Half a dozen of them spinning at once in the parlor makes a pretty sight, one that all children would enjoy. The higher you throw them the better it will be.

They may be thrown from any elevated place in the open air if there is no wind say, from the upper windows of the house.

The Telegram Game.

This is a simple little game, but it is instructive, for it gives boys and girls practice in quick composition.

Give to each player a sheet of paper and a pencil, and then ask them in turn to name a letter of the alphabet, until ten letters have been so named. If there are not ten players, some of them may be asked to name two letters.

Each player writes these letters, one after another at the top of his sheet of paper, and is then asked to write a telegram of ten words, the words beginning with the ten letters in their regular order.

Suppose, for example, that the letters named are J, T, O, R, B, H, A, S, D, I. Here is a telegram that might be formed on them: "Johnny tumbled off roof; broke his arm; send doctor immediately."

When the telegrams have all been written—which snould be done within a certain time, say within ten minutes—the leader reads them aloud and awards a prize.

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't tall about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one help him learn his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—Horace Mann.

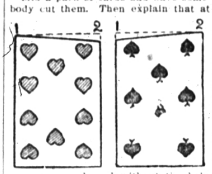
The Penetrative Coin.

To perform this trick, you must have a handkerchief with a counter the same size as a quarter of a dollar sewed up in one corner of it. Take your handkerchief out of your pocket, and ask some person in the company to lend you a quarter, which you must seem carefully to wrap up in the handkerchief, but at the same time keep the qarter in the palm of your hand, and in its stead wrap the corner in which the counter is sewed into the middle of the handkercalef, and bid the person who lent you the quarter feel that the money is there.

Lay the handkerchief under a hat upon the table, and taking a glass in the hand which holds the quarter, place it under the table, knock under the glass three times, saying, "Presto! come quickly!" Drop the quarter from the palm of your hand in to the glass, show it to the spectators, and, removing the hat, take up the handkerchief by the corner that holds the counter and shake it, and the quarter not being there will appear to have passed through the table into the glass.

The Two Colors.

Mix a pack of cards and have somebody cut them. Then explain that at



your command, and without the help of your hands, the cards will be sorted in such a way that all the red cards are together; at a second command all black cards, and, finally, mixed together as orligirally.

The explanation of this trick is simple. The upper edges of a pack of cards are cut in such a way that, as shown in figure, all red cards have lost a little from left (1) to right (2), the black ones from right (2) to left (1). By catching the cards on the upper left corner only red cards will appear, and vice versa the black ones.

Finally the performer shows the whole pack, in which all cards are well mixed together.

Swimming Don'ts.

1. Don't go into the water soon after a meal, nor for at least two hours after a hearty one. The main efforts of the body must be in the line of digestion then, and the action of the water, as well as the violent exercise, prevents or retards the digestive process.

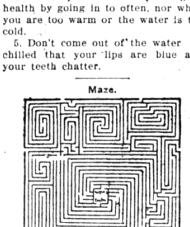
2. Don't go in when too tired to make it a real pleasure. Swimming is a delightful pastime under the right circumstances.

3. Don't swim too far. Keep within the limits of your known strength, even on a "dare, except in cases of emergent need. Better swallow the dare than enough water to sink you.

4. Don't presume on your good health by going in to often, nor when you are too warm or the water is too cold.

5. Don't come out of the water so chilled that your lips are blue and your teeth chatter.

Maze.



Can you find your way to the center of the maze? It is difficult, but there is a way.

A Memory Test Game.

Take six coins, a silver dollar, a fifty-cent piece, a twenty-five cent piece, a dime, a nickel and a cent. Have the room darkened, or blindfold the players; let the coins be passed quickly from one to another, not in regular order, but say, the nickel, the dollar, the ten-cent piece, the quarter, the cent, the half-dollar. Each player holds each coin two seconds before passing. When all have had all the coins, the light is turned up, paper and pencil are supplied, and the players write down the order in which the coins were passed. The one getting the correct order, or nearest to it, receives a prize.

Of course the order is decided upon by the hostess beforehand.

Fancy Dress Costumes.

Very pretty costumes are Old Glory, Night and a Grecian maid. For Old Glory the skirt is red and white striped, the waist blue with silver stars; a plain silver crown with one large silver star in front completes the costume.

Night is a costume of some soft black material which will float gracefully and is covered with silver or gold stars. In the hair a silver or gold cresent is fastened.

The Grecian maid is a simple Greek costume, but it is very effective.

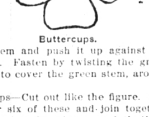
A Good Detective.

Someone has invented an envelope that is chemically prepared in such a way that when anyone tries to open it the words "attempt to open" suddenly appear. Tale must give the dishonest one a shock similar to that received by the mischievous small boy who opened his big sister's letter for fun. He found himself confronted by these words on a sheet of paper:

"You dishonest little boy! I knew you would be mean enough to do this, and now you are found out!"

Paper Flowers.

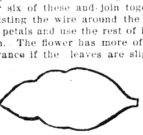
Buttercups—Cut like the figure of yellow paper. Take some wool of the proper shade and fluff it out for the center, and fasten it on one end of the wire for the stem. Then slip it over



Buttercups.

the stem and push it up against the center. Fasten by twisting the green paper to cover the green stem, around it.

Tulips—Cut out like the figure. Cut five or six of these and join together by twisting the wire around the base of the petals and use the rest of it for a stem. The flower has more of real appearance if the leaves are slightly



Tulips.

curled with the finger, or a penknife, and of course to get the many varieties of color it is necessary to paint the petals, making the shades and streaks to suit the taste.

Conundrums; Old But Good.

What can be found where it is not? Fault.

When is a turkey like a ghost? When he is a goblin.

Why is the letter s like dinner? It comes before t (tea).

When is an artist like a cook? When he's drawing water.

Why is troy weight like a dishonest grocer? Because he has no scruples.

What question can only be answered by the word "yes"? What does yes spell?

What word is it that to which if you add a syllable will become shorter? Short.

A word of five syllables—take one away and no syllable will remain? Monosyllable.

Why would a pelican make a good lawyer? Because he knows how to stretch his bill.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed? One is hard up, the other is soft down.

When is a penniless state of things the cause of rejoicing in a poor man's family? When bread is a penny less per loaf.

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milkman who made his fortune? He took a great profit out of the water.

PUZZLE.

Find the Other Soldier.

FELL FROM THE SKIES.

Theory That Precious Stones Came to Earth as Meteorites.

Diamonds from the skies, conveyed to earth in meteoric showers, is a theory first broached by Meydenhauer, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The diamond, he says, can be of cosmic origin only, having fallen as a meteorite at a late period of the earth's formation. The localities where diamonds are found contain the residues of not very compact meteoric masses which may have fallen in historic ages and penetrated more or less deeply according to the more or less resistant character of the surface where they fell.

The most striking confirmation of the theory comes from Arizona. Here on a broad plain over an area about five miles in diameter were scattered 1,000 to 2,000 masses of metallic iron, the fragments weighing from half a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There is little doubt these masses formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record exists as to when the fall took place. Curiously enough, near the center where most of the meteorites have been found is a crater with ragged edges, three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about 600 feet deep; bearing exactly the appearance which would be produced had a mighty mass of iron or fallen star struck the ground, scattering in all directions, and buried itself under the surface. Dr. Foote in cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools were injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He examined the specimen chemically and soon after announced to the scientific world that the Arizona meteorite contained black and transparent diamonds. This discovery was verified by Professors Friedel and Nofisan, who found that it contained three varieties of carbon, diamond, graphite and amorphous carbon.

HIS FIRST WIFE'S VIRTUES.

Second Wife Tired of Them and Showed One of Her Own.

"We have all heard of the man who is constantly telling his wife how his mother used to do things, and most wives, unfortunately because others before them—their grandmothers and mothers—have stood it, consent to do so, too," said an F street lawyer. "But when it comes to the thing of being reminded of the first wife's virtues at every turn you make it must be another matter—a fact which was forcibly illustrated by a bilent of mine in court. The woman had been arrested under the charge of disorderly conduct, and immediately sent for me. I was at once acquainted with the facts, and experienced little difficulty in having the charge dismissed with only a light fine. In explaining her conduct she said:

"'It's always "you don't cook like my first wife, you don't wash and iron like my first wife; fact is, you don't seem to catch on when she left off." stood it as long as I could for peace's sake, until one day my patience gave out when the same old story of what his first wife had done began, and when he told me again that I did not move around as Jane, the first wife, had done, I was in the act of making his bread, and I up with my rolling pin and beat him over the head, telling him I was now doing what Jane had neglected to do.'

"The attitude of the court seemed to agree with her. At any rate, the fine was light, and from all accounts peace reigns in the before unhappy domicile and Jane's accomplishments are a subject no longer discussed."—Washington Post.

Mary.

Worldly gear is yours,
Its pleasures I resign;
Heavenly joy's my share,
With Mary's hands in mine.

Threadbare is my coat,
Its empty pockets flout me;
Still do I rejoice,
With Mary's arms about me.

The man to men unknown,
Their noble never sees;
He has a sweet reward
In bonny Mary's kisses.

The great from rank and gold
Gray Death will shortly sever;
Mary's love is mine
Forever and forever.

Frank Putnam in Chicago Times-Herald.

Eminent Negroes to Present Case.

The most eminent citizens of the United States of negro blood will address the country in a book to be published in September entitled "The Negro Problem." The race question will be discussed by Booker T. Washington, Prof. W. E. Burghardt Dubois, Charles W. Chestnutt, Paul Laurence Dunbar, T. Thomas Fortune, Wilford H. Smith and H. T. Keating.

European Oil Pipe Line.

Minister Jackson of Athens, under date of April 13, 1903, reports that the Roumanian parliament has appropriated the sum of 5,000,000 francs ($96,500) for preliminary work connected with the building of a pipe line from Campina, in the Ploeshti oil-producing district, to Constanza, the Roumanian Black Sea port crossing the Danube by the railway bridge at Czernavoda.

Cremation Orders Carried Out.

John Ranson, a well-to-do farmer of Huron county, Ohio, made his will many years ago, providing that his body should be cremated and the ashes strewn along the railroad track. He died last week and his wishes were carried out in a modified way, the ashes being scattered over the farm where he had lived more than half a century.

Prof. Lorenz Tires of Great City.

When in Milwaukee Prof. Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon, said in an interview that he was glad to leave Chicago for a time. "This is a great contrast to Chicago," he said, "with all its—its—" And then the doctor unable to find a suitable word, showed in pantomime that he meant the rush and whirl of a great city.

As Others See Us.

"You always say the wrong thing at the right time, Henry," said Mrs. Packem. "Now, I always think twice before I speak."

"Yes, my dear," replied the meek and lowly Henry, "but you are one of those rapid-fire thinkers."

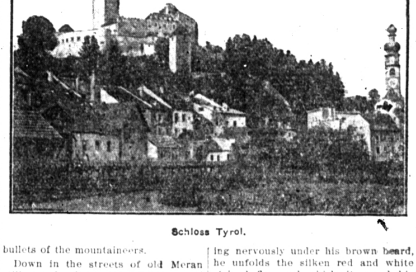
HONOR TYROL'S HERO.

Brave Little Nation Venerates the Memory of Andreas Hofer, and Twice a Year the Story of the Liberator Is Told Again in Dramatic Manner.

(Special Correspondence.)

It is nearly a hundred years since Andreas Hofer, the heroic inkeeper of the Passeier, roused his countrymen to arms against the power of Napoleon, and inspired the same fervent loyalty to Kaiser and fatherland which is so strong in every Tyrolese heart to-day, routed the armies of France and Bavaria and won for himself a place among the immortals of history.

The flowers of ninety springs have blossomed on the soil once red with blood of Austria's enemies; ninety years of change and stress have left their mark on the Hapsburg throne since the cry, "Down with Bavaria!" rang through Tyrol; but walking through the pleasant Meran valley, where Adige and Passer rush together to flow united southward into Italy, the past seems strangely near, and the very rocks of that stirring time when the mountain folk humbled the pride of Europe's master, and gave their Kaiser back his own. There, where Schloss Tyrol stands on the edge of a gray gorge, cleft deep in the green hillside, was fought a bloody battle, when the Frenchmen, caught in a trap between the peasants and the chasm, sprang by hundreds over the crumbling edge rather than face the deadly



Schloss Tyrol.

bullets of the mountaineers.

Down in the streets of old Meran still stands the house where Hofer slept on that winter night when the base treachery of a fellow-countryman had worked his downfall. In this old Gasthof and in that, his comrades met to vow unswerving resistance to the invader. Through the old Vinstgauer Thor rode the messenger who bore the signal of revolt to the Western valleys.

In the wall of a whitewashed Bauernhof, beside a picture of the Blessed Virgin, you may yet see a French cannon ball, half buried in the stonework. Above the peasant has painted the date, A. D. 1809. No need for an inscription. For the Tyrolese these figures are enough. That was the glorious year when the storm broke loose and swept the foreign yoke from the people's neck and restored to the country the freedom which is its chiefest boast and most precious inheritance.

Every child knows why the Tyroler eagle spreads red wings on a silver field.

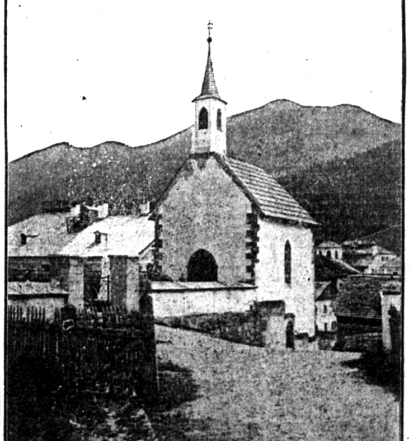
"Tis not alone the red sunshine,
Nor yet the country's fiery wine,
It is the blood my foes have shed
That dyes my wings with fadeless red.

The background of the stage is a peasant's house with spacious doorway and long wooden galleries running round the upper story. The seats in front are open to the sky. Above the brown gabled roof one sees the bright green mountain where the hay huts hang like birds' nests on the steep slope, and a jagged peak, just outlined with a silver gleam of snow, which seems to pierce the deep blue shield of heaven. The spring sun lights up the faces of the actors and lends its glamor to the scene.

A bright faced "Dirndl" speaks the prologue in good Tyroler German, and the play begins. History lives on the rough boards for a space. In the rugged country tongue the moving tale is unfolded. Peasants in the dresses of many valleys flock to the fair, which is held before the wooden house. They wear the clothes treasured as heirlooms, which their fathers and mothers wore in the days of the country's danger. They laugh and talk and chatter, when suddenly a band of children, eager and excited, rushes into the crowd and spreads the news that the enemy is at hand. The flag swinger is ready—no dressed up mummer this, but the man whose present office is to call the people to arms in the hour of need. With stern face, his lips moving nervously under his brown beard, he unfolds the silken red and white striped flag and whirls it round his head. The folds ripple fast, now high, now low, over head, under foot, twisting and turning till the eye swims to see it, and the stalwart arm of the swinger drops exhausted.

Now the peasants pour across the stage, armed with old fashioned muskets, flails, scythes and pitchforks. Their faces are set; they feel, these honest folk—in real life, tradesmen, peasants, innkeepers and craftsmen—the spirit that fired their forebears. When cannon shot are heard and puffs of blue smoke dim the vivid color of the mountain pastures, the play seems actual and grim reality.

Scene succeeds scene. They are all there, the men whose names are household words in Tyrol. Hofer, the "Sandwirt," a thick set, plain faced man, slow of speech, whole hearted for the cause; Lanthaler, with his apostle face and flowing beard; the blind pedler, thirsting for vengeance on his torturers; the stout hearted girls, who loaded their lovers' and brothers' muskets and urged them to valorous deeds. They show how a race of heroes fought "facing fearful



Chapel at Innsbruck.

odds," and among them the broad figure of the brave innkeeper is always to the fore.

In the last scene, when he is led bound before the French generals, his high courage is worthily presented, and in his farewell to his little son and weeping wife a delight of pathos is reached which, in its touching simplicity, outshines the efforts of more studied art. One more farewell to his brothers in arms, and "Andreas, still in fetters free," goes to meet an ignoble death with noble steadfastness. "Standing, he gave his soul to his Creator," we are told, and standing, we do honor to his memory, while the muffled notes of "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser" echo the story of his devotion.

The verse is rude; the Tyroler is a man of few words. He goes his way, paying but little heed to the march of progress; he plows his fields or tends his vines and shoots at the target on Sundays. The Kaiser knows he is ready, now as in bygone times, to give his last drop of blood for the house of Hapsburg. For foreigners the study peasant feels a fine contempt, blended with pity and veiled by a dignified courtesy to the strangers who come from all parts of the world to seek health in the sunshine of Meran—the pearl of Tyrol, as one of her lovers calls her.

It is for these wanderers from less favored lands that twice a year the story of Andreas Hofer is played in the fields beyond the town gate, by the men whose grandfathers fought in grim earnest on that very spot.

Rats are estimated to destroy food to the value of $60,000,000 yearly.

NEW WORDS IN OUR LANGUAGE.

Coined Expressions Guaranteed to Puzzle the Ordinary Citizen.

New words, many of which are not found in the dictionaries, are cropping up to puzzle proofreaders. The introduction of the automobile has developed the term "garage," which is frequently used. It signifies a place where automobile parts are stored, to be assembled, or brought together when required.

"Grog" is a term used by builders to designate broken brick.

"Savage," as a verb, originated on the race course, and is now used in coursing circles. It signifies to make a vicious, unprovoked attack—usually by a stallion on a dog.

"Racket store" is used in commercial circles to designate a store—often opened for temporary use—in which cheap goods are sold at "bargain prices." It some times includes what are usually termed "notions."—Typographical Journal.

Transport on a Reef.

Manila cable: The United States transport Sumner, having on board the Fourth infantry, struck an uncharted reef and her forward hold filled rapidly, necessitating the vessel being beached.

A Good Story.

Frederika, Ia., July 13th.—Mr. A. S. Grover of this place tells an interesting story showing how sick people may regain their health if they will only be guided by the experience of others. He says:

"I had a very bad case of Kidney Trouble, which affected my urinary organs so that I had to get up every hour of the night. I could not retain my urine and my feet and limbs began to bloat up. My weight was quickly running down.

"After I had tried many things in vain, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine which had cured some other very bad cases.

"This remedy has wrought wonders for me. I have gained eight pounds in two months. The bloat has all gone from my feet and legs, and I don't have to get up at night. I took in all about ten boxes before I was all sound."

Those who suffer as did Mr. Grover can make no mistake in taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a sure, safe and permanent cure for all Kidney urinary disorders.

Will Hold the Oil.

Sour Lake, Texas, special: The independent oil producers here, who find themselves at the mercy of the Standard Oil company, are preparing to hold their product for better prices.

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

The Big Horn basin of Wyoming is a land of opportunity. It is a "new" country with thousands of openings for men of energy, in farming, ranching, mining, etc. It has irrigation canals, schools, churches, towns, thousands of acres of grazing and farming lands, many kinds of minerals, an equable climate, good water, and other advantages. What it needs is more intelligent, energetic people.

The Big Horn basin lies "next door" to Yellowstone park.

Send to-day for a free copy of our Big Horn basin folder—it's full of information and illustrations.

P. S. EUSTIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager, C. B. & Q. Ry. Co., Chicago.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best school-master out of his life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Swollen, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Nothing pleases a busy man more than to set two chronic bores to boring each other.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

The source of all passions is sensitiveness—it is the errors of imagination that transform them into vices.

Fibroid Tumors Cured

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

"Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and today I am a well woman.

"The use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. Hayes, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt in the minds of fair people.