FOR YOUNG READERS

Jim.

Five years old—a frail little lad
Who can't quite fathom the world's big noise;
Thoughtful eyes that seek those of his dad
For half of his tiny joys;
Oh, the piping voice and the busy gait
And the infinitesimal hand of him,
And a trust in me unshaken and great,
And a love profound—that's Jim.

When he clings to my finger and forth we go
He talks to me frankly and comradewise,
With a lore more perfect than aught I know,
And a wondrous light in his eyes;
Or when he fares forth to his bed at night,
And faintly calls from his chamber dim,
The world seems filled with a sweet delight
And I think, "Thank God for Jim."

There are cares to face and battles to fight,
And serious looks ahead to take;
And sometimes I lie far into the night,
Troubled and wide awake.
But mostly I'm eager of mind and feet,
Cheerful of heart and steady of limb;
And I scorn the freedom I once deemed sweet—
Freedom? Why, I've got Jim.
—Louis Dodge.

The Signal Master Game.

Clear the middle of the room and place in a row a number of chairs, three less than the number of players.

Blindfold one of the players and select another for signal master. The blindfolded one stands apart from the chairs, holding a wand. The signal master takes his place at one end of the row of chairs and the other players arrange themselves in a chain behind him, holding each other's coats or dresses.

Then the chain of players walk slowly around the chairs, the blindfolded one waving his or her wand, and singing:

"The signal master will give a call;
Take your chairs, then, one and all."

After the players have thus marched gravely around the chairs two or three times, the blindfolded one suddenly gives a tap with the wand and the signal master immediately calls out "Chairs!"

All now run toward the chairs, each trying to secure one, but three are left out, of course, two of whom will be required in the next game for signal master and blindfold, the third being the first blindfolded, who counts as out.

Continue the game in this way, removing a chair for each repetition, until all the players are out.

The Obedient Microbe.

Of course, you know all about microbes, or think you do, and are tired of hearing about them. You know, at least, that they are very small organisms, or tiny things, that are found in great number and variety in pretty much everything we eat and drink, and the air we breathe, and are forever giving us all kinds of diseases.

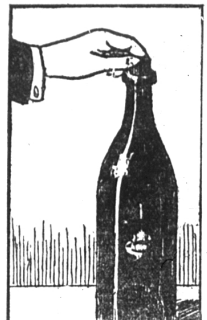
Of all the countless microbes known to science, I don't believe there is one that looks in the least like the monster here depicted, and I am quite sure that none of them is as big as the hundredth part of this one.

He is made of tinfoil and is so big because we couldn't have any fun with him if he were too small to see

Microbe in Bottle.

and handle. He hangs by a very fine thread from a piece of goose-quill about two inches long. The ends of the quill are closed with wax and a hole is made with a pin in the wax at the lower end. Put the whole combination in a basin of water. If it just floats with the top of the quill peeping above the surface, it is all right. If it sinks, the microbe is too heavy for the quill and you must either reduce his proportions or use a larger quill. On the other hand, if the quill stands high out of water you must make the microbe heavier.

Now, fill a bottle with water to the



Obeying Orders.

mouth and drop in your microbe. Try to put in the cork—a straight one is best. It won't go in very far, but when you have pushed it in a little, you will see the microbe slowly sink. When he reaches the bottom loosen the cork a little. The microbe will rise again, and by pressing the cork and loosening it you may make him go up and down as often as you please, or stay at the bottom or at the top. The bottle being quite full, pressing the cork down forces a little water into the quill through the pinhole at the bottom. Being now partly filled with water, it is heavier than when it contained nothing but air, and so it sinks. When you loosen the cork the pressure is relieved and the air compressed in the top of the quill expands and forces the water out. So the quill, being as light as at first, floats up with its burden. The spectators, if at a little distance, will not notice the transparent quill or the thread, especially if the bottle is a colored one, though they will see the bright tinfoil plainly. Nor need you let them see that you are pressing the cork down or working it up, so that you can puzzle them nicely with the motions of your "trained microbe," which apparently rises and sinks at the word of command.—Boston Herald.

How the Birds Dress.

As bird fashions do not change, the lady birds of to-day wear the same kind of dresses their grandmothers wore and are not troubled about styles.

Two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them.

Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out.

You have seen a canary preening his feathers by lifting them and smoothing them out with his bill, and you may have thought him vain to do this so often.

But necessity and not vanity is the cause of his frequent dressings.

If you neglect to comb your hair it will become tangled and look untidy, but more serious things happen to a bird who does not comb his feathers.

These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose and have places between filled with air.

When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that these air spaces may be larger, but if his feathers are tangled or wet and dirty he could not raise them and soon he could not keep the heat in his little body and would die of course.

Perhaps you have noticed sparrows or other birds in the winter time. They always look larger, but they have only ruffed out their feathers because the weather is cold.

Mr. Canary does the same thing when he goes to bed at night. A water bird has to be even more particular about his clothes, for if he should get them wet he would die of cold.

It seems odd, does it not, that he can go in the water and not get wet? It is a fact, though, and it is only because he oils his feathers. All water birds have an oil can, or an oil gland, as it is called, located down among his tail feathers, and after he has smoothed himself carefully he reaches his head down to the oil gland and gets a nip of oil in his bill and with it he oils his feathers with the greatest care.

If he does it properly the water will run off and not soak in the least bit. Just watch a duck when you get a chance and see how he does it.

A Dish of Happiness.

Take one large spoonful of usefulness, one cup of love for mother, another cup of love for your little brothers and sisters, a pound of wishes to make others happy, a saltspoonful of wishing to be happy yourself; mix well together, and see if it doesn't make the nicest kind of an afternoon for anybody.

The Jumbled Proverb.

Here is a circle containing a number of letters jumbled together. These

letters when sorted out and put in their proper positions will form a well-known proverb.

A Cricket Fight.

The Chinese love of gambling finds vent in many strange ways, one of the most curious being combats between crickets, on which large sums of money are staked and won or lost. Before entering them for a fight their owners make the crickets undergo a regular training. When caught they are placed in a bamboo cage and fed with rice and green stuff. After a few days they are taught to fight by measuring their strength with a veteran. After a number of trials the champions are selected for their appearance in public, and the betting begins. The combatants are placed facing each other, and their trainers tickle their heads with a straw until their anger is thoroughly aroused, when they make a dash at one another. The victory is decided in the first round, the vanquished cricket, if still alive, crawling away quite dejected, while the victor struts about and celebrates his triumph by chirruping.—The Graphic.

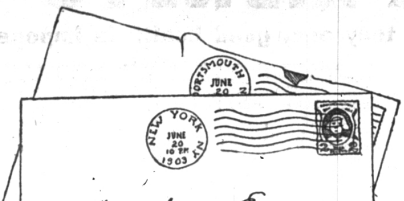
Hobson's Choice.

Burn a cork at one end and keep it clean the other. You are then to be blindfolded, and the cork is to be held horizontally to you. You are then to be asked three times which end you will have. If you say "right," then that end of the cork must be passed along your forehead. The cork must then be turned several times, and whichever end you say must next be passed down your nose and the third time across your cheeks or chin. You are then to be allowed to see the success of your choice.

This will afford a good deal of fun and should be played fairly, to give the person who owns the forfeit a chance to escape.

The leopard is the most cowardly of animals.

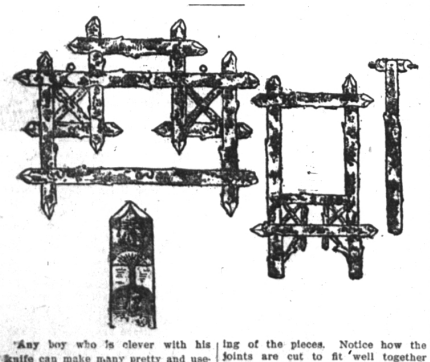
WORK FOR A FEW MOMENTS.



Eccyahnu Ecwdp
Ewn Ryok.

Here is a letter addressed to a prominent American. The letters of his name and address are simply transposed. See if you can straighten them out.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS.



Any boy who is clever with his knife can make many pretty and useful articles from dry branches of trees. One shown here is a key holder, the other a photograph stand. They are cut with a sharp pocketknife and the different parts glued together; or nailed with thin wire nails. The most important part about it is the joining of the pieces. Notice how the joints are cut to fit well together (see illustration). When the key-holder frame is ready, hooks and rings should be screwed into it to hang the frame up and to hold the keys. The back support of the photograph stand is fastened with thin strips of leather nailed down over the horizontal ends of the sup-

SHOCK CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS

How One Man Was Cured of All Desire for Liquor.

Jones, in spite of being a really kindly, honest fellow, with a loving wife, a cozy home and a flourishing young family, was rapidly becoming a slave to drink. Night after night he went home in a state which made his little wife heartsick, until she with a woman's ready wit, devised a scheme and with the aid of the family physician gave Jones such a shock that he probably never will drink again.

Like many other men, Jones usually lost all recollection of his actions after he had reached a certain period of intoxication. When, five or six weeks ago, he arrived at his home in a fit state for the experiment, his wife had him put to bed. As he lay there, dead to the world, the doctor put his right leg into a casing of plaster of paris and splints, taking care to bind them so tightly that when Jones recovered consciousness all sense of feeling would have left the limb.

It was a pathetic scene, mixed with grim humor, when Jones awoke the next day, and was told that in trying to find the keyhole he had fallen down the area and broken his leg. His remorse was augmented by the pressure on his leg, which the doctor took pains to keep alive at each successive dressing, and by the time that Jones had been in bed a month all desire for stimulants had left him.

It is not likely he will drink to excess again, but is he reads this story of his loving wife's new cure for the alcoholic habit he will surely drop that limp which he now affects during his daily walk down Broadway.—New York Press.

NO NEED OF OFFICERS.

Dead Man's Friends Had Satisfied Ends of Justice.

John Fox, Jr., author of Kentucky mountaineer stories, and a Blue Grass man himself, was talking about the men of lawlessness in the mountains of that state.

"I remember," he said, "the case of a man in a town where I lectured one time only, who shot a man in cold blood from behind a fence, and the authorities didn't do a thing with him."

"That's the trouble down there," responded an indignant listener. "The authorities seem to wink at that kind of killing. Did they know all the facts in this case?"

"Of course, but that didn't seem to make any difference."

"Well, I don't see why they didn't punish the murderer."

"They weren't altogether to blame," said Mr. Fox, rather apologetically.

"They must have been," contended the listener, still indignant.

"No," persisted Mr. Fox, "they were not. You see, the other man's friends caught the assassin before he got out of town and shot him so full of holes the grand jury didn't think it worth while to bother with the remains."

"Oh!" exclaimed the listener.—New York Times.

Sunday.

On Sunday no alarm shock
To Week-day tasks on the tired brain;
What choice to sleep on until the clock
To smile and go to sleep again.
And joy goes dinging through the town
On heart-strings her sweet tune she strums,
And care worn brows forget to frown,
When Sunday comes.

On Sunday there's no breathless haste
To pull on most or the dress boots
And oh, how beautiful the taste
Of leisure in the ham and eggs!
To munch your breakfast at your ease,
To jeer at time and crop your thumbs—
You only get such joys as these
When Sunday comes.

When Sunday comes the little girls,
Before the glass with huge delight,
Take out of jail the little curls
That they have had in pins all night.
The little boys on Sunday, be it
Which Freedom's sodden foe dumbs;
And by clean collars they're oppressed
When Sunday comes.

When Sunday comes how grand to sit,
Which you have tried among your kin
To read a bit and doze a bit
Then they bring the supper in,
With music of the jingling spoon
And saucer, which, to me, brings
An extra pleasing Sabbath tune
When Sunday comes.

When Sunday comes with what a glow
A man may puff his pipe and say
(As Horace said long ago)
"Lord of myself I live to-day."
So here's to Sunday, three times three,
With glad hearts inward fifes and drums,
And—keep a corner, please, for me,
When Sunday comes.
—Kansas City Independent.

Craved Salmon and Oregon Water.

Many Oregonians were inclined to laugh at the Missouri woman mentioned a short time ago who insisted on going back to her native state because there were no catfish in Oregon. It appears, however, that Oregon women are as whimsical as Missouri women, as a citizen who has two sons practicing law in Brooklyn, N. Y., and doing very well went on there with his wife to visit them a short time ago, and at her desire left her there. She thought she could look after the boys and enjoy life in the East, but she has quite unexpectedly returned home. When asked why she did not remain in Brooklyn, as arranged, she said such a craving came over her for a slice of Chinook salmon and a drink of Bull Run water that it seemed as if she could not live without them, so she came back.—Portland Oregonian.

Simon Cameron on Politics.

Simon Cameron was a wise man in his day and generation. Mr. William Sayford of Harrisburg, in his recollections of "sixty years ago, printed in The Harrisburg Patriot, recalls a Cameronian incident as follows:

"Dropping in at my house one day his attention was attracted to my boy.

"'Is that your boy, Sayford,' he asked.

"'Yes, General,' I replied.

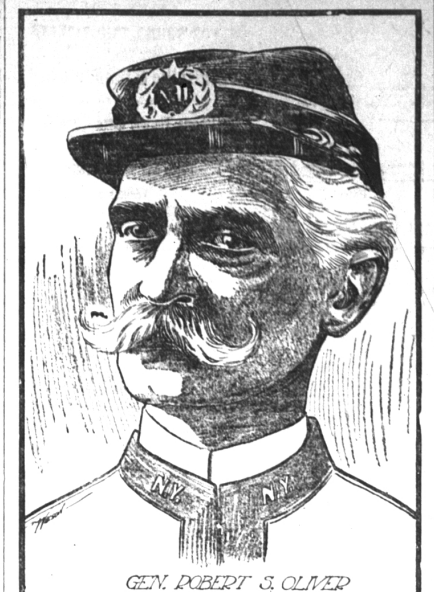
"'Well, Sayford,' said Cameron in his brusque way, 'never let him have anything to do with politics. It's the meanest business in the world.'"

No man in the United States had a more thorough knowledge of "politics" in what has come to be the common understanding of the word.—Philadelphia Record.

Carnegie Libraries.

There are twenty-three Carnegie libraries in Iowa.

PERSONAL FRIEND OF PRESIDENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR



GEN. ROBERT S. OLIVER

General Robert Shaw Oliver, who suceeds Colonel William Carey Sanger as assistant secretary of war, is a resident of Albany who has a good war record and who for many years has been intimately and prominently identified with the National Guard of New York. He served in the civil war as a volunteer and was subsequently an officer in the regualr army in the cavalry and also in the infantry branch. Gen. Oliver is a wealthy iron merchant of Albany and has several other important business connections. He is a personal friend of the President.

SAD END OF BRAVE SOLDIER

Hero of Pekin Siege Commits Suicide at Chicago.

After distinguishing himself in two wars by acts of bravery, George King, 23 years old, took his life by cutting his throat with a razor in a Chicago saloon. He is said to have become a wreck from drink.

King did gallant service as an American soldier in the Spanish war, and under the walls of Pekin, in the Boxer uprising. He is said to have been a member of the first company to scale the wall after Pekin had been cannonaded by the allied forces. There he received injuries that made the amputation of one of his legs necessary.

After being discharged from the service King began drinking, and his health was soon impaired and money lost. His clothing was tattered and soiled when he shambled across the salt-covered floor in the saloon where his companions were seated at tables drinking. Without noticing the loungers in the place he walked to the bar.

"No, thanks, no more drinks for he," he said. "I have drank my last drop."

Then suddenly he drew a razor. Several of the men started toward him, but before they could interfere the former soldier had drawn the blade of the weapon across his throat. Instantly there was a panic in the big room. Chairs and tables were overturned in the excitement. The bartender summoned a policeman, who arrived to find King breathing his last.

New Spanish Premier.

Don Raimundo Villavarde, the new Spanish premier, was born of modest country parents, who were able to give their son good education. He started his manhood as a village lawyer and soon had a fine practice. Then he was elected to parliament, where his energy and eloquence gained him steady prominence. His marriage to the rich and handsome merchioness of Pozo, Rubio gave him assured social status and he was shortly called to the cabinet. He was finance minister during the Spanish war with this country.

Vermont Centenarian.

It is said of John Dunton of Lyndonville, Vt., whose townsmen are preparing to help him celebrate his one hundredth birthday, that he has never used tobacco and stopped drinking intoxicants at the age of 50—which was the time of the passage of the Vermont prohibition law. The first president he voted for was John Quincy Adams and the last was William McKinley. At the age of 99 he walked a mile to vote against the overthrow of prohibition.

To Have Father's Old Office.

When Judge W. H. Taft assumes the war department portfolio he will sit at the same desk which his father, Alfonso Taft, occupied while holding the same office under President Grant. The elder Taft occupied the post but a few months, when he became attorney general and was afterward sent to Russia as minister.

Policeman to Become a Minister.

Willis G Wiser the policeman having supervision of the campus at Yale university for several years past, has resigned his post and will enter the ministry of the Presbyterian church. During his leisure moments for several years he has been studying theology under the tutorship of a professor in the divinity school.

Wants All Kinds of Bugs.

Prof. Mark V. Slingerland of the Cornell college of agriculture has published a letter asking that everyone send him bugs, dead or alive. He even desires such common specimens as cockroaches, stink bugs, potato bugs and caterpillars, with which he proposes to make experiments.

JOKE ON CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Described Himself to Englishman Who Knew Him Well.

Chauncey Depew is not above telling a story at his own expense. His latest of that kind is of traveling on an English railroad during his recent trip abroad with Mrs. Depew. In the same little compartment with them was a dull looking Britisher to whom Chauncey told a story, saying as he finished it: "That is the way that American fellow Depew tells it." The Englishman asked: "What does this Depew look like?" "My dear," said the senator, turning to his wife, "what does Depew look like?" "Very much such a looking man as you are, I imagine." "Surely, madam," remarked the Englishman, with a gesture of sad exposulation, "you don't do your husband justice." Later the senator discovered that the Englishman knew him all the time.

COLCRED POPULAR PREACHER.

Negro Conducting Evangelistic Work in England.

The pastor of the Amyand Baptist chapel at Twickenham, England, Rev. Henry Smith, is a negro, born in the Southern states, but educated in Europe, and well educated, speaking French fluently, and an accomplished singer—a fact of great value to him in the evangelistic work he has carried on in England and the Channel Islands. He is a man of fine personal appearance, but shows his race. When he took charge of the church a few months ago a reception was given him at which not only the Baptists but Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists were present.

Perform Great Swimming Feat.

Two Coney Island life guards, Edward Fuller and Philip Fay, last week swam the distance between the battery seawall and the beach front at Coney Island, a feat which has not been attempted in more than ten years. The men finished close, Fuller winning by six yards, after swimming with the tide five hours and fifty minutes. It was the first completed race over the course since Johnson, the famous English swimmer and wrestler, made the distance in six hours and five minutes.

Gen. Clay's Many Wills.

Five documents purporting to be the last will and testament of Gen. Cassius M. Clay were presented for probate in the Madison county, Kentucky, court. All of these have been, at different times, revoked by Gen. Clay, save the last, in which he makes Dora Brock and the United States of America his heirs. This will, it is thought, will prove good legally.

Millionaire Lives Modestly.

Patrick Driscoll, who owns four of the richest silver and gold mines in Arizona and has an income of over $90 000 a year, confines his personal expenses to the lowest possible figures. It is said that for years he has spent no more than $30 a month. He is liberal in his gifts to worthy persons and purposes, however.

Found White Frog.

Miss Effie Patterson of South Boston is exceedingly proud of having discovered a lusus naturale in the shape of a white frog. The creature was found at Brant Rock, Mass., where Miss Patterson was visiting. It is almost pure white, with black stripes about its body and a yellowish tint on its legs.

Why Patti Comes to America.

It is not a desire to make money that brings Adalina Patti to the United States this year, if the diva herself is to be believed. She says she wishes her latest husband, Baron Cedarstrom, to have an opportunity to see this delightful country—"dear America," as she also calls it.

COLD FACTS VERSUS SCIENCE.

Physician Tells of Danger of Hastily Formed Opinions.

In talking to a class of students recently, a prominent hospital physician of this city cautioned them against hastily forming and expressing opinions as to the nature of patients' diseases. He emphasized his warning with two stories from his own experience. He was once present at a clinic, the subject of which was a man evidently suffering from some disease of the heart.

"A strange, unnatural, murmuring sound could be heard from that organ," said the doctor, 'and the pupil of one of the man's eyes was much dilated. The peculiar appearance of the eye struck all present, and seemed to have some connection with the cardiac, or heart, affection. We wondered what the precise nature of this relation could be, and more than one of us had out a note book as the discussion grew animated. But they were put away in a hurry when the patient remarked that his queer looking eye was made of glass.

"At another clinic the professor in charge was talking learnedly and pedantically about the importance of attending carefully to minor symptoms.

"'For instance, gentlemen,' said he, 'I have no doubt but that certain things might be confidently affirmed as to this woman's condition by the appearance of her teeth.'

"He was forging ahead with particulars when the patient interrupted him.

"'Here you are, sir,' she said, taking out her teeth, 'you can hand them around if you like.'"

TRAVEL BY SPECIAL TRAINS.

Mode of Conveyance Attracts Little Attention To-day.

"Special trains are becoming so frequent now that they attract little attention, except they make record runs for long distance or unless there is some trouble collecting payment for them," said a veteran railroad man. "Ten years ago, when I was division superintendent on one of the big trunk lines running out of New York, a special train was an event that never failed to get mention in the newspapers. Stationmasters required ample notice to get one in readiness, and there was a great fuss making arrangements all along the line. At any of the big railroad terminals in any city now a man can get a special engine and car to chase a flier almost as easy as he can check his trunk. Only a few minutes' notice is required and right of way is obtained for 100 or 200 miles along the line without noticeably disturbing schedule runs. A man who has to keep an important business engagement, or a woman hurrying to a sick husband, pays $100 or double that sum for a special with as little concern as paying a supper check in a swell hotel. We live in a rapid and extravagant age, and grow accustomed to such things."

He Knew a Way.

At the Portsmouth luncheon to the American squadron United States Consul Swalm of Southampton, who was stationed at Montevideo during the war with Spain, told the following story: They were expecting the Oregon during the Spanish-American war, and they also expected that she would be short of coal. He could not buy so much as a pound of fuel, but one evening a Scotsman came to his door and said: "You want coal?" The consul replied that he never wanted a drink so badly as he wanted coal at that moment. The Scotsman had no power to sell but he pointed out that he had 500 tons on board and said he pitied the American captain who could not put his ship alongside, take out the bags of coal and then "cut the painter." It so happened that the Oregon did not call, but as an act of friendship which defied law and order this touched the consul's heart.

Angel Caures Dumb to Speak.

Crowds of pilgrims are flocking to Kerhous, a village near Brest, France, to see Marie Raguenes, a farm servant, who has been cured of dumbness in a miraculous manner. The woman is forty years old. When she was twelve she lost the power of speech as the result of fright, and none of the specialists who attended her was able to relieve her affliction. Recently while eating her dinner she astonished her fellow servants by saying clearly and distinctly:

"I can speak. Give me some bread!"

Marie then explained that a few days before an angel appeared to her and said:

"In the name of God I announce to you that at 12 o'clock next Wednesday you will recover your speech."

At the appointed time the woman spoke after a silence of nearly thirty years.

Unfathomed.

When, in the solemn stillness of the night,
My musing soul is filled with love of thee,
I seem to stand upon the world's last height,
The flaming rampart of all things that be.
And as I pause upon that lonely verge,
And plunge my gaze into the gulf below,
I see the cosmic billows sweep and surge
From death to life, with endless ebb and flow,
But howsoever deep my thought may sink
Into that well of darkness and of fire,
And howsoever deep my soul may drink
Of light and life and wonder and desire—
Love still remains—the love that thou hast waked—
Its deeps unfathomed and its thirst unslaked.
—Edmond Holmes.

Of a Different Breed.

President Mellen of Northern Pacific was telling one of his Wall Street friends about the prospects in the Far Northwest.

"I never saw so many lambs and sheep on the farms as there are this year," he concluded.

"We have more than the average ourselves," said the broker with a sigh, "but we are not boasting about it."

"The breed I mean are worth $6 apiece," replied the railroad man, laughing.

"And there's where you have us beaten," sadly admitted the Wall Street man—New York Times.