STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN

When a Thing Is Lost.

They tell me when I lose a thing
No one's at fault but me;
It's just because I'm careleaser
Is what I ought to be.
But there are happenin's that show
It isn't true a bit—
'Cause when a thing gets lost I know
It's part the fault of it.

'Cause often when I'm in the house
For just a little while
I put my cap an' ball an' such
All in a little pile;
Then when I'm in a rush to go,
And hurry right to where
I left 'em, it's most always so
That one of 'em's not there!

And while we hunt with all our might
The thing we're looking for
Is hid, I'm sure, just out of sight
An' laughin' more an' more;
'Cause it can hear us goin' wrong
An' sayin', "Where d'you s'pose
That old thing is?" An' all along
It's happy, 'cause it knows!
—Harper's Weekly.

Children's Names in Syria.

In Syria the names of children are very odd. They suggest those of our Indians, inasmuch as the child's name is apt to be something which occurred at the time of its birth—something which interested the parents. If a child falls sick, his name is immediately changed. Instead of his parents thinking that a piece of pie or too much pudding disagreed with him, they attribute his sickness to the fact that his name did not agree with him. When one understands what these names are, one does not wonder that the child may have fallen sick because of them! When the children get angry they call each other names very much as children have a habit of doing the world over. What is strange to us is that they do not take abuse on their enemy, but on his father, grandfather or great-grandfather. The farther back the angry one can go the more insulting his companion finds him.

How Are You?

This is the question the queer-looking little chap above is asking you. He does not speak, but he uses seven letters of the alphabet to form the sentence. As he is the question himself (being formed of the letters) can you make out where the letters are?

Lobster Pot.

Make a chain of fishermen with a third of the players. The rest of the company will be lobsters. Wide boundary lines are made, and the fishermen join hands and try to close up about one of the lobsters. As this person is free to move about, the long chain of fishermen have trouble trying to capture him. When caught, he joins the chain of fishermen until the last lobster is captured. The lobsters then drop out of the chain and the fishermen inclose them. A lively struggle follows until the chain is broken. This ends the game.

The Sound of a Sunbeam.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. According to Milling, a beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

But a still more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives a sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.—Golden Days.

"Cat in the Hole."

The Scotch game called "cat in the hole," old as it is, is capable of affording some good sport yet. Six shallow holes are dug rather nearer together than the bases in baseball, and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the center stands a boy with a ball in his hand. At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out, "Cat in the hole," all the other boys change holes. As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds, the boy who is slow in changing, finds the ball in the hole before his stick is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

A Study in "D's."

See if you can read this story rapidly without stumbling over a single word.

Dainty Dude danders down deserted dell, doubtless desiring delicate daffodils Dorothy Dimple demanded.

Dirty Desperado, dinner devoured, dreamily dozing, describes Dainty Dude.

Dirty Desperado determines despoiling Dainty Dude.

Dainty Dude draws deeper down dell.

"Disburse dollars," demands Dirty Desperado. "Don't delay, dear Dude; disgorge."

Dainty Dude, dissembling determination, defies Dirty Desperadoes.

Dirty Desperado deliberately displays dangerous dagger.

Defenseless Dainty Dude doesn't desire damage done; drops down divers dummy dollars.

Dirty Desperado, dutifully deriding Dainty Dude, departs; Dainty Dude's dummy dollars do ditto.

Dirty Desperado disappeared, Dainty Dude doffing dismal demeanor, dances delightfully.

Dainty Dude details day's doings during dinner. Dirty Desperado decidedly done.

Dirty Desperado different.

Discovers Drinking-bar; determines destroying dryness.

Dumping down dummy dollars (Dainty Dude's) Dirty Desperado desires drink.

Drink server decidedly doubtful, declines delivering drink.

Dirty desperado, desperately disappointed, departs, dabbling drinkserver's dial disagreeably.

Drinkserver dolefully dispatches detective.

Detective discovers Dirty Desperado dawdling downhill demolishing doughnuts.

Dirty Desperado denies deeds.

Detective dragging Dirty Desperado, dummy dollars drop.

Doubts dispelled.

Dirty Desperado's destination—dungeon.

Globe Party.

One player takes a handkerchief, and, throwing it at another, cries "Europe!" A time keeper then begins counting 10 rather rapidly, and the person to whom the handkerchief was thrown must name some place, river, mountain, person or thing connected with the countries of Europe, before number 10 is reached. It may be arranged that the person answering correctly puts the next test question; if incorrectly, or unable to answer, a forfeit must be paid.

The players must be alert and alive, for often the one throwing the handkerchief looks at one while throwing it in quite another direction.

Vegetable Doll Babies.

Very nice dolls may be made with the husks of corn by putting together a number of them and tying thread around the two places for neck and waist. Separate pieces of husk are twisted and drawn through the body crosswise for arms, and both arms and legs should be wound with thread to make them stiff. Dresses and hats for the doll may be made of the husk, and the corn silk will supply the hair.

Another kind of doll may be made of an ear of green corn for a body, with small green apple hollowed out in part, fitted on the end of the ear for a head. Corn silk may be pasted on the apple for hair, and dresses and hats may be made of the husk, with a sash of corn silk.

Toy horses may be made of small cucumbers or crook-necked squashes and match sticks, four matches being stuck into the down-curved surface for legs, the little stem serving for a tail and the other end for a head. Some of the smaller cucumbers may be made into men to ride the horses, being rested on the hollow back and the matches stuck in to put the little riders astride, while the arms, resting on the horse's neck, hold the rider upright. The picture will show you how to arrange them.

Would you like to have your name written on a rosy-cheeked apple when it ripens? Then, while the fruit is still green fasten on the side that is exposed to the sun the letters of your name, or any design you wish, cut out of tinfoil or thin sheet wax, the kind used to make wax flowers. The foil or wax prevents the sun from coloring the skin of the fruit beneath it, and if it is removed when the fruit is ripened, the letters or design will be left in pale green. Of course, you must choose a fruit of a color other than green when ripe, and you will find the rosy apples best for the purpose.

If you want a fruit curiosity that will make people wonder, get a bottle that is large enough to hold a good-sized bunch of grapes, but has a narrow neck. Fasten this on the grape arbor in such a way that a tiny bunch of grapes may be inserted while yet

Cucumber Dolls and Initial Apples.

very young and green, and the sun may reach it through the glass. As the grapes grow they will be inside the bottle and will finally ripen there and be too large, of course, to be taken out of the narrow neck.

When thoroughly ripe, cut the stem from the vine, and, having filled the bottle with alcohol, cork it up tight and seal it with wax. Your bunch of grapes may thus be preserved, and every one will wonder, until you tell them, how you put them into the narrow-necked bottle.

The Pets of a Zulu Girl.

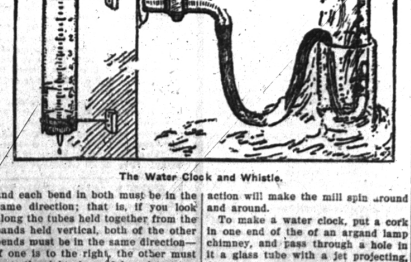
The little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure. She has no clothes to put on, no beds to make, and very few dishes to wash. She does not attend school, and therefore has no lessons to learn. Sometimes she is sent to drive the monkeys away from the garden patch when they come to steal the pumpkins, or she brings water from the spring, or digs sweet potatoes for dinner. These small duties, however, do not occupy much of her time, and how do you think she spends the bright days in her pleasant summer land? Let me tell you: She plays with dolls, just as you do—not waxen ones, but clay and cob dolls, which she makes with her own little black fingers. She mixes the clay and molds it into small figures, baking them in the sun. Then she takes a cob and runs a stick through the upper part for arms, thus finding herself the owner of two styles of dolls. It is not the fashion for either the mother or her dolls to be dressed, owing to the heat, so there are no clothes to be spoiled by wading in the brook or rolling in the sand.—Missionary Review.

WATER MILL AND CLOCK

Take two glass tubes about a foot long and bend both of them at both ends to a length of two inches, making each bend at right angles to the tube, but let the angles be in different places, so that if you hold one bent part in a vertical position, the other will be in a horizontal plane. The bends in both tubes must be the same, and each bend in both must be in the same direction; that is, if you look along the tubes held together from the hands held vertical, both of the other bends must be in the same direction—if one is to the right, the other must be to the right also. Make a jet at one end of each tube by heating it in an alcohol lamp flame, and drawing it out to a point.

In one end of an argand lamp chimney fit a cork or a rubber stopper having two holes in it, into which fit those ends of the two tubes that have not been drawn out into jets. The tubes must be placed to extend in opposite directions, which will make the jets point to opposite sides.

Turn the chimney upside down, so that the cork is at the bottom, and suspend it by tying a string at one end. Fill the chimney with water, and, as it runs out of the jets the reaction will make the mill spin around and around.



The Water Clock and Whistle.

To make a water clock, put a cork in one end of the of an argand lamp chimney, and pass through a hole in it a glass tube with a jet projecting, drawn to so fine a point that water will pass through it only in drops. Fill the chimney with water, and mark the level with a sharp file or a diamond. As the level falls, caused by the dropping water, mark the glass every 15 minutes, or less if you desire, making larger marks for every hour.

OLD LADY PETRIFIED

RESULTS OF WADING IN JAWSHWAY PEEBLES' POND.

One of the Real "Wonders of the West," as Described by the Veracious Mr. Japes—For a Time Water Made Good Living for Owner.

"I seen a book t'other day," said old Mr. Japes, "called 'Wonders o' the West,' an' may I be pisoned with a glass o' lee water if they was a mention o' C'lamity Creek 'tween kivers! Nossir, not a-blamed syllabub!

"The eejiot what got up the work jest jumped that Eden o' the West an' gathered his esperiences, I'd say, from the caboose of a cattle keer.

"Why, thar was Jawshway Peebles' pond, with several volumes, an' then the half on it wouldn't hev been told nohow.

"When Jawshway staked his claim," warming up to the subject, "he didn't pay no regards to that bit o' water, kept to observe mebbe that it resembled pea soup.

"His gran'ma, though, a very aged old lady, some troubled with rheumatiz, took to wadin' in this pond, claimin' it done her complaint a heap o' good.

"She hed kep' up this j'yous purshuit for some months when she was took down with a most cur'us symptoms to her legs. Jawshway bein' some fond of the wenerable gal pints her once fer Doc Sniffin' for to engage his perfessional services. He finde that distinguished gent holdin' down the bar o' the Early Bird and maddern a bull snake fer behi' yanked away fum his libations. But Jawshway wan't ter be put off, but ropes him an' hauls him home ter 'Inspec' his gran'ma's annaterny. When Sniffin made his egsamination he axes mighty grouty what the lady hed been doin' of lately, an' among other things they tells him of her passion fer pirootin round in the pond.

"'So,' she. 'Wal, you don't need no doctor fer that complaint. What you ails needs to call in is a stun mason. The lady's props' has become petrifi cated through wadin' in that pond, an' with that he flounders out o' the house mighty indignant at bein' drove away from his favorite ockerpation.

"An' blamed ef it wasn't so. The pore old lady was completely oysterfried from her knee jints down. Fer one that was fond of pirootin' about town it were embarrassin' a whole lot. It was necessary to take great care o' them stun pins fer fear o' breakin' 'em, for good hand carved feets was mighty expensive, I bate ye!

"But the discovery o' the misfortune that had befell aged Mrs. Peebles opens up a good line o' business fer Jawshway, who seen 'at they was money to be made outen that there pond. The railroad ten mile away hed started a grub house at the station. Peebles got the contrac' to supply 'em with guaranteed, indescruitible, fire proof pies an' cakes which had gone through the petrifaction process.

"All seemed to run smooth when one day a traveler drapped one o' them pies on his foot as nigh took a toe off the gent, an' he sues the company, an' gits heavy damages, which put Jashaway o' the business for good.

"Still he done somethin' sellin' sowveneers to tenderfeets when they wandered down that way. Ef he only could ha' toted that there pond 'bout the kentry they'd ben sight o' good money in it fer him, but he couldn't see jest how fer to manage it.

"What settled the question were the arrival of a cyclone one a'ternoon that jest yanked the petrefaction pond offen the map.

"'Did he hear anything o' it again? Wal, no, I can't say he did, that is, in its orginal form, but I guess it had sunthin' to do with the hailstorm that swatted the hull caounty next day, when stuns fell as big as mushmelons."—New York Herald.

Who Ate Roger Williams?

Many a schoolboy knows the legend of Rogers Williams; the story that the Rhode Island pioneer was buried beneath the roots of an apple tree, and, having entered it, grew up with his late mortal casement, must subsequently have been partaken of by the passers-by who ate the fruit of the now famous apple tree.

A few years ago the old story was told to the scholars of a grammar school in a Maine town. Not long afterward the school was addressed by a gentleman from Ireland, the parent of one of the scholars, and not a public speaker by profession. When the teacher asked him to address the pupils he arose, but was unable to think of anything to say, and finally proposed that the scholars should ask him any question they might like answered.

A boy in the front row, whose geography had perhaps become somewhat mixed, inquired, "Who ate Roger Williams?"

The gentleman from Ireland scratched his head a moment; then, his native wit coming to the rescue, blurted out: "Roger MacWilliams, is it? How the divvil do I know? Who do they suspict?"

Babylonian Cemeteries Drained.

The Babylonians, who buried, instead of cremating their dead, carefully provided their cemeteries with drains. The graves were small house-shaped structures entirely or partly above ground, and whenever they were found upon the sloping side of a mound, they were protected above by a breakwater, while along the sides were square, open brick drains. The result was that some of the graves, although thousands of years old, and constructed of unbaked clay, are still in a perfect state of preservation.—Edgar J. Banks in Scientific American.

Plant Shakespeare Sapling.

The interesting sapling from Shakespeare's garden at Stratford-on-Avon, presented by the mayor to Southwark, and planted in front of the town hall, Walworth road, last autumn, has not survived the transplantation, and has lately been removed. It was an offshoot of the famous mulberry tree and was intended to commemorate the Shakespearean connection between Southwark and Stratford-on-Avon.

HIS EDITORIAL QUICKLY READY.

New York Paper Tells Good Story on Southern Journalist.

A certain editorial writer on the staff of a Southern newspaper was inclined to dilatoriness during certain periods of conviviality, and caused thereby much concern in the breast of the foreman of the composing room just prior to the moment when the forms must go to press. But the writer was a part owner of the paper and could not well be discharged, since he occupied the position of managing editor. Many times the editorials were late and the paper delayed in going to press, but the delinquent writer always made good after a fashion. Finally he hit upon a scheme when he was called upon at the last moment for "copy" that may, in all justice to expediency, be called the art of genius.

The hour was very late and no leading editorial had gone to the composing room. In frantic haste the foreman sent for the editorial writer, and only after half an hour was he located—in a near-by saloon and much the worse for his dalliance there. He grasped the intelligence that he had forgotten his leading column, and made his way as fast as he could to his office. Snatching a piece of copy paper in one hand, he caught up a copy of the New York Times, with the other, and from it clipped a leading editorial, which he pasted on the paper. Then he wrote:

"We cannot agree with the New York Times when it says:"

The editorial of the Times was copied, the paper went to press, and the editor back to the saloon.—New York Times.

CUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN.

But Funeral Prima Donna Sang on So Many Occasions.

A certain woman in a Connecticut town has quite a reputation as a singer at funerals. Last year she sang at 167 of these lugubrious functions. Not only her own town, but villages and cities for miles around, bespoke her services on such occasions. Early this season the woman foreswore funerals for a while and went away for a vacation. The day after her return she met a neighbor, who was 40, thin and plain spoken.

"Good morning, Martha," said the funeral prima donna. "How is your mother this morning?"

"Ma's dead," drawled Martha.

"Oh, I am so sorry," cried the singer. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"No, I guess not," said Martha.

The singer was surprised at that.

"When is your mother to be buried?" she asked.

"She is buried," said Martha, who, in her turn, showed astonishment.

"What!" exclaimed the singer. "Why, it is strange I didn't hear anything about it. When did she die?"

"About six months ago."

The singer's bewilderment increased. "I must have been away at the time," she said, "but it is funny that none of my family told me anything about it."

"I guess," said Martha, "they didn't think it worth while to tell you, seein' s you was here and sang at the funeral."

Cheat the Elephants.

"Billiardists who have been afraid the scarcity of ivory would kill the game have another guess coming," said an old player, as he chalked his cue the other day. "I've been playing with billiard balls made of artificial ivory, which was so nearly like the kind the elephants furnish that you would not notice the difference. Elephants are getting pretty scarce, you know, and elephant tusks are now almost as rare as genuine Navajo blankets. You know it is only the choicest of tusk ivory that can be used for billiard balls. One year ago regulation two and three-eighths inch ivory balls could be purchased for $8. Now they cost $16 aplece. The advance in the price of ivory was simultaneous with and strikingly similar to the constantly growing value of diamonds. Billiardists have maintained that only with ivory balls could the delights of the game be realized. This meant that within a few years only millionaires, kings, or princes could hope to indulge in the game which dates back to the time of the Pharaohs.

"Yes, sir, they are row making ivory balls that won't catch cold, and they are practically indestructible. They are celluloid and bone and hard rubber and are then sandpapered and polished."

Where Oil Was Needed.

He was dying, so the schoolbook says,
Dying in Algiers;
There was lack of antiseptics and dearth
of woman's tears;
But a Red Cross man approached him
and he murmured soft and low
That up upon his cistern some oil would
have to go.
Now, this soldier of the legion knew English wordle a few,
And to him the sound of "cistern" was
not exactly new,
Still the word conveyed but little to his
unexcited mind,
And he asked in simple language for a
plain reply in kind.
Then they spoke in accents soothing,
how this oil the germs would kill,
And the wicked streptomyta would become
the same as nil.
But still they had to tell him and make
it to him plain
That he had been mistaken and that no
one who was sane
Could ever think that "cistern" the same
as "system" meant—
That never oil—excepting cod—was on
the "system" spent.
And so he died a peaceful death and
never was dismayed
When ward clubs came in his back yard
and fervorous was sprayed.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Mere Matter of Size.

She was corpulent and one day her way to Chicago from New York, and was traveling with her two children, aged respectively 3 and 4 years. As far as Buffalo she had not been asked to pay for the children, but at that point the train crew changed and the new conductor, a gruff, surly-looking individual, looked askance at the children and asked for their tickets.

"Why, I have none," said the mother.

"How old are they?" snapped the man in blue.

"The girl is 3 and the boy 4, sir."

"They look pretty big for that," was the gruff rejoinder.

"Well," said she of the avoirdupois, "if you're collecting fares according to size, you'd better get another ticket for me."

Needless to say, she did not pay for the children.

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TORPEDO BOAT IS CUT IN TWO

German Battle-Ship Reported to Have Rammed Vessel at Eckernfoerde.

Berlin cable: The Kiel correspondent of the Lokal Anzeiger says the battleship Woerth rammed torpedo-boat S 124 in the harbor of Eckernfoerde Wednesday morning, cutting her in two, and that three firemen in the boiler-room were scalded to death by escaping steam. The S 124 was one of six torpedo-boats launched in 1904. She was of 420 tons displacement and had a speed of thirty knots.

INSURANCE.
The economy and hard work of long years are sometimes just a home. Protect it by insuring in the grand old Hartford. J. A. Bigelow, Agt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

TIGER HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Predatory Beast Killed by Blow of Rifle Butt.

"An exciting adventure with a tiger occurred at Sabi recently," says a South African paper. "The beast was seen going from L. Banger's place, dragging a calf toward a dense bush, which lay close by. Mr. Banger could not leave the store until nearly sundown and by that time the tiger had eaten nearly half the calf. On coming up to him Mr. Banger fired and managed to break the animal's left shoulder, but it was too dark to follow. Next morning he set out with a couple of dogs and a few boys. As soon as the dogs bayed him the tiger commenced growling, but he could not be seen for the dense bush. All of a sudden he dashed out, passed Mr. Banger and caught one of the boys, whose flesh was very badly torn and had to be sewed up by a doctor. Mr. Banger, being afraid of shooting the boy, ran up to the tiger and broke his neck with the gun. The animal measured from nose to tail seven feet six inches."

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent.
Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.
PRIVATE HOME FOR ASHED WOMEN. Address or call at 961 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich. tf

Isn't It Worth 25c. To Be Cured of Constipation?
To People who suffer from Habitual Constipation, Clogged Bowels and Bowels, Sluggish Liver and Thin and Impure Blood.
There is a laxative that moves the bowels without pain or gripping, cleanses the stomach, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, strengthens the nerves and purifies the blood.
Laxakola Does It
I received your sample bottle of LAXAKOLA and was so pleased with it that I bought a 25-cent bottle. I had a hard time to buy it, I tried about one-half dozen places before I could get it. I have tried other medicines and pills without benefit, but think LAXAKOLA is a regular Klondike to persons suffering with constipation.
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A Gallon of PURE LINSEED OIL mixed with a gallon of
Hammar Paint
makes 2 gallons of the VERY BEST PAINT in the WORLD
Saves 25 per cent
of your paint bill. IS FAR MORE DURABLE than Pure White Lead, and is ABSOLUTELY PURE. HAMMAR PAINT is made of the BEST OF PAINT MATERIALS, as all good painters use, and is ground THICK, VERY THICK, and is sold in cans, and by the gallon in the COMMON SENSE OF HOUSE PAINT. NO BETTER paint can be made at ANY cost, and is
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A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.
Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

Funny

That you leave the stable door unlocked until the horse is stolen—but it's history and human nature. Now, why don't you be odd and

Peculiar

and lock the door NOW by renting a safe deposit box in the Exchange Bank for $1.00 per year? And if you want any deeds, mortgages, leases, wills or other legal papers made, here is the place to have it done, not only in a neat manner

But Correct

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