

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

The Cats' Tea Party.

Five pretty little pussy-cats, invited out to tea.
Cried: "Mother, let us go—oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in our right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother cat.
The pretty little pussy-cats went out that night to tea;
Their heads were smooth and glossy black; their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But ah! alas for manners good, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups, and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a mew for more;
Then knocked the teacups over quick, and scampered through the door.
—Our Dumb Animals.

Little Compensation.

The author of "Inside Our Gate" tells of an exciting encounter between the family dog and an unexpected caller, and of the various and unexpected results which followed it.

Don was a very mild dog, but one morning, as he lay at the kitchen door, a "vegetable man," suddenly turning the corner startled him from his nap. He flew at the man, caught him by the trousers and ripped one leg nearly up to the waist. The man shrieked, and that sent Hilda flying into the parlor.

My mother, taking for granted that the man was bitten, and that he was very angry, ventured to the door to ask about it.

There stood the vegetable man, holding the cloth about his leg, and when he saw her he asked in a very mild tone if she would please lend him a thread and needle.

"I really must apologize," he said, "for coming so suddenly upon the dog. He is quite excusable; but I regret this rent, because I have on my best pants. My wife insisted on my wearing them, as I was coming to the village; but it can't be helped now."

Hilda gave him a stout thread and needle, and he sat on the back step and "sewed himself up."

Meanwhile my mother, quite taken aback by his mild manner, sought out a pair of my oldest brother's trousers, brought them to the man, and gave him two dollars.

"I am under great obligations to you, ma'am," said he. "These pants I have on only cost \$3.50 and the pair you have given me are worth fully that. I am afraid my wife will think I have over-reached you. You must let me give you a basket of pears."

My mother insisted on buying the pears, and the man went off in high spirits, saying, "Don't blame the dog; he was entirely excusable, entirely."

Some weeks after this my brother couldn't find a certain pair of trousers that he wanted to wear. They were almost new, he said, and he was sure he left them in his closet when he went to the city. My mother opened her eyes at the news.

"Were they expensive trousers?" she asked.

"No," said he, "I only paid \$12 for them; but they were new and I liked them."

The tale of those trousers became a family mystery.

Making the Best of It.

When grandma came into the nursery, she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Estha was lying stretched out on the floor, drumming her heels up and down; and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.

"What's the matter, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair and beginning her knitting.

"Oh, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted. "I was going over to John's to make a birdhouse, and I took my tools over last night to have them there; and now I can't go because I've got a cold and it rains."

"I saw a carpenter making a mud house the other morning without tools," began grandma; and the three children came over, and clustered around her chair.

"And that wasn't all," she went on. "He had no arms, and he made it with his head."

"He acted very odd, too," said grandma, lifting Dick up on her lap. "First he rubbed his floor in, and he sang a funny little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back, he walked in every direction but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but really I think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there, and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough, he pressed his head against one end until he had bored a little round room in it. I thought it must be hard work; but he always sang, and I seemed determined to make the best of it."

"Where is his home?" asked Dick.

"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma. So they all scampered off to find it.

"Oh, yes!" said Ted, putting up in one corner. "There it is. It is a mud-dauber's nest."

"It's a wasp's, I think," said Dick.

"Well, a mud-dauber is a wasp," said Ted, laughing. "That's built

better than I could do with tools," went on Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of it, too."

So, when grandma saw them again, Ted was mending Mary Estha's doll's head, which had waited a long time for the glue medicine, Mary Estha was sewing on her doll's quilt, and Dick was rubbing up the nickel parts of their bicycle; and they sang so hard and worked so steadily that, when the dinner-bell rang, they were surprised to find the rain all stopped and the sun shining.—U'look.

How a Balking Horse Was Conquered.

A sound, young horse to be had almost for a song—but a worm lurked in the peach—the worm of balkiness. "Not cannot always make me go, sometime not having pulling empty wagon, and dot sometime coming down hill before coming up," patiently explained the honest old Finn, who owned him.

Elsie looked at the horse thoughtfully. In some points he resembled her mental picture of Black Beauty.

Yes, she would buy him and trust to kindness and patience to overcome his balkiness.

All went well the first week. Elsie drove to the village several times and the horse behaved so well his new mistress began to think he had been maligned.

"I'll be back in two hours, mamma," said Elsie one afternoon as she drove out of the yard, but this time she had reckoned without her horse.

When about half a mile from home, Jet, without any provocation, threw up his head defiantly and refused to take another step. In vain Elsie coaxed and urged. Jet remained obdurate. Elsie took him by the bridle to lead him, but he planted his feet more firmly, tossed his head and threw back his lips in a fiendish grin. After an hour of soothing and fondling Jet started off sulkily, prancing and jumping sidewise. The mode of treatment was new to him. His former master had always whipped him soundly during these little exhibitions, and in the end Jet had triumphed, for, having exhausted his master's patience, he would be released from the wagon and returned to the stable.

Elsie had many exhibitions of Jet's contrariness, and she learned by observation to read the signs of a storm before it broke upon her. Twitching and drooping of the ears, the light, high lifting of the feet were unfavorable omens. When these symptoms were noted in time a few kind words and a little fondling often exorcised the evil spirit possessing the horse.

Elsie's brother urged stronger and more heroic measures, but Elsie wished to triumph through kindness, if such a course were possible.

"I should like to go to the village this afternoon, but my wheel is broken," said Frank one sultry day. "Take Jet; he has been in the best of humor lately," said Elsie.

"Keep on the right side of him," she cautioned, laughingly, as Frank drove off.

An hour later Frank came up the road afoot.

"Where, oh, where is Jet?" cried Elsie in alarm, for well she knew Frank's hasty, intolerant temper.

"Down in the field. I wanted to un-litch him, but the vicious thing will not let me get near him. You see it was this way. I wanted to cross the stream and he began to cut up without any provocation, and I—well, before I knew it I struck him."

Frank's face reddened as he saw the reproach in Elsie's eyes. "He is always afraid crossing water. With a little patience it would have gone all right. I know, though, just how you felt. I have often felt that way, but I think it best to try to control myself before assuming control of an animal. Well, never mind, I'll go down with you, and I'm going to take him to town if I possibly can. It will never do to give in to him now," was Elsie's decision.

Jet, standing near a big stump, snorted angrily as he caught sight of Frank, but his whole mien changed as if by magic when he spied Elsie. He whinnied entreatingly, and when she reached his side he rubbed his head affectionately against her. Without appearing to notice that anything was the matter, Elsie went up to the horse, took his quivering head in her hands and talked to him, gently rubbing his head, or patting his nose, until he forgot about his bad temper and allowed Frank to do with him what he liked. She has now used him over a year, and his balkiness has grown to be a thing of the past.

"That whipping did some good," Frank often asserts. "It did not make him go, but it showed him the difference between my treatment and yours. Ever since he has known enough to appreciate you, and not attempt his tricks in your presence."

"He taught you a lesson, also," Elsie retorts. "I have often noticed you striving to curb that unruly temper of yours."

"You are right, Elsie. Those words of yours about learning to control one's self hit me badly. That lesson alone was worth the price of your horse."

"It was worth more than \$75, then, for I refused that for him last week," answers Elsie.—A. M. Dollinger, in Pets and Animals.

'Twas a Foreign Sun.

"That is the sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know."

Friend—Ah, that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.

—Ed. M.



Sardine Sandwiches.

Cut the bread in thin slices of plain or fancy shapes. Remove the sardines from the oil and rinse in hot water. Take out the bones and rub to a paste with the hard boiled yolk of an egg. Season the paste with salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice and melted butter. Butter the slices of bread with the mixture and lay a lettuce leaf between the slices.

An Appetizing Sauce.

What is known as horseradish sauce—a delicious combination of egg and whipped cream with grated horseradish—is now one of the most popular of the appetizing sauces to be served with cold meat. Take the prepared horseradish, after it has been grated and allowed to become thoroughly saturated with vinegar. Squeeze every particle of the vinegar from three tablespoonfuls of the horseradish, and mix thoroughly with the yolk of an egg and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add six tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and mix again. Serve with the meat, or on a separate dish bordered with parsley.

Peach Molds.

Soak two level dessertspoonfuls of granulated gelatin in half a cup of cold water for two minutes; stir into the dissolved gelatin a pint of boiling water, the juice of one orange, juice of half a lemon and half a cup of sugar (usually have the sugar dissolved with the fruit juices); pour into five cups previously moistened with cold water and set aside to harden; peel and cut into small slices two large or three small yellow peaches, and just as the jelly commences to congeal push the peach slices down into the jelly (divide the peach into five equal parts); serve with the molds turned out on sauce dishes and piled with whipped cream.

Fit for an Epicure.

When economy must be combined with good cooking, beef sweetbread are used instead of calves and the most epicurean member of the family will never know the difference. Sweetbreads with tomatoes is perhaps the greatest favorite and is made thus: Strain a pint of cooked tomatoes (canned answer well) through a course sieve, thicken with a tablespoonful and a half each of flour and butter blended together, cook, stirring carefully, until very thick, then add three each of peppercorns and cloves, a bay leaf or chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of good sauce and enough burned sugar (caramel) to give a rich, clear color. Parboil two pairs of sweetbreads, and when cold break up into small bits, rejecting skin and gristle, stir into the cooked tomato, which has been allowed to cool, turn into a pint pudding dish and bake for 40 minutes covered. Remove cover spread over with stake breadcrumbs and dots of butter and brown for a few moments on the top shelf of a hot oven. If the oven is in use cook in double boiler and use only to brown as above.

The first slow cooking is important, as it takes time to blend the sauce properly with the sweetbreads.

These sweetbreads are also delicious creamed thus: Prepare as above, add pepper and salt to taste. Put a teaspoonful of butter in a saucepan, melt without browning, stir in a table spoonful of sifted flour; now add, stirring constantly, half a pint of hot milk or, better still, cream; when this boils stir in the sweetbreads and cook for five minutes in the double boiler stirring occasionally. Serve in shells or to vary and make the sweetbreads go further use cases of puff paste. To vary again, mix with mushrooms, chopped fine, before cooking in double boiler.

Household Hints.

Lamps are not so detrimental to house plants as gas.

Apples supply the highest nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

A few drops of eau de cologne in the water used for washing is most refreshing to sick people.

Following the English fashion, crisp, tender celery stalks are often nowadays handed around with cream cheese and crackers at dinner just before the coffee is served.

For custards, five eggs and as many tablespoonfuls of sugar to a quart of milk is the general rule. Heat the milk and turn upon the beaten eggs and sugar, stirring constantly.

A simple way to give a timely touch to the service of an ice at a home dinner is to use frozen custard, taking out the cream in big rounded spoonfuls, and putting them in nests of whipped cream.

A good polish for furniture is made with half a pint each of vinegar, spirits of wine, linseed oil and turpentine. Mix together in a bottle and shake well. Apply it to the furniture with a piece of old flannel and polish with a soft, dry duster.

The soapstone griddle must be made very hot before the batter is poured upon it. Such a griddle should be heated gradually but must be hot enough to bake the cake quickly. Never grease a soapstone griddle. If the cakes stick it is because the griddle is not hot enough.

Chinese Shop Signs.
The signboards (chao-pai) of the shops form a very curious feature in the streets of a Chinese town. These signs, as well as notices of the wares sold, are inscribed in large characters on both sides of pretty lacquered perpendicular boards, which are occasionally fastened up, but very frequently hung up outside the shop fronts, so as to attract the attention of passersby; with this view long large strips of cloth are very commonly hung across the street, on which the names and designations of the shops are stamped or painted. The notices on the boards outside Chinese shops describe fully the business that is carried on inside.

Facts About the Agile Fly.

Somebody has found out that in proportion to its size a fly walks thirteen times as fast as a man can run. Just as though everybody did not know that! But why put in the "in proportion to its size?" A fly can make a complete circuit of a big room while a man is raising his hand to buff the little torment.—Boston Transcript.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lo Roy, N. Y.

Ten mills make one cent, but the race for wealth is not a mill race.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! No baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

Every German regiment has a chiropodist in its ranks.

Did You Ever Run Across
an old letter—ink all faded out? Couldn't have been Carter's ink for it doesn't fade.

Russia in Europe has a forest area of about 500,000,000 acres.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hindrances to its attainment can be removed by Adams' Peppin Tatti Frutti.

The charms of solitude depend largely on the man who is to be charmed.

The Best Prescription for Chills
and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

London now has girl district messengers as well as boys.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 18, 1900.

American nails have driven Belgian nails out of the Chinese markets.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes, "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Danish army officer is at the head of the Siamese navy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The Chinese army has 900,000 Mauters.



STARVED
Slow growth of hair comes from lack of hair food. The hair has no life. It is starved. It keeps coming out, gets thinner and thinner, bald spots appear, then actual baldness. The only good hair

food you can buy is—**Ayer's Hair Vigor**

It feeds the roots, stops starvation, and the hair grows thick and long. It cures dandruff also. Keep a bottle of it on your dressing table.

It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Mind, we say "always."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have found your Hair Vigor to be the best remedy I have ever tried for the hair. My hair was falling out very bad, so I thought I would try a bottle of it. I had used only one bottle, and my hair stopped falling out, and it is now real thick and long."
NANCY J. MOUNTCASTLE,
July 28, 1898. —Yonkers, N. Y.

Write the Doctor.
He will send you his book on The Hair and Scalp. Ask him any question you wish about your hair. You will receive a prompt answer free. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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Is caused by torpid liver and imperfect digestion, and is generally accompanied with constipation. The cause is quickly removed by a dose of

RADWAY'S PILLS

And the sufferer is soon relieved of all these unpleasant symptoms, and restored to health.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable, act without pain or griping, cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Piles, Sick Headache

And all Disorders of the Liver.

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Dizziness, heat headaches, sick stomachs, sticky oozing ill-smelling sweats, restless nights, terrible pains, gripes and cramps in the bowels, sudden death on the street, all result from this neglect.

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