

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

Little Things.

A little burn will hurt;
A little sting will smart;
And little unkind words
Will grieve a little heart.
—Youth's Companion.

A Swap Party.

This is a game which will be found amusing for a children's summer entertainment. Each guest brings with him one or more bundles, neatly wrapped and tied. They may contain almost any small article, such as soap, a book, handkerchief or candy, and should be wrapped in such a way as to deceive one regarding the contents, says the New York Tribune. Absurd toys will add to the fun. Each person recommends his own parcel, giving an imaginative description in his wittiest style, hoping in this way to make the others think his the best, and thus persuade them into an exchange. Often the packages are "swapped" several times, and much shrewdness is displayed in the trading. At a given time all the bundles are opened and the one who has succeeded in securing the best bargain receives the first prize. The unfortunate who has fared the worst is compelled to entertain the company with a story, game, recitation or in any way that his talent lies.

A Great Poet's Life.

Thomas Hood, the great English poet-humorist, was the son of a London publisher. He was born May 23, 1799, and died May 3, 1845. His father placed him in the counting house, but the boy's health failed and he was withdrawn. Later he tried to learn the art of engraving, his uncle undertaking to receive him as an apprentice. During this time young Hood, as was not unnatural for a publisher's son, began to contribute articles to the magazines. These compositions were distinguished by a delicate humor that attracted attention. In 1821 he was invited to become one of the sub-editors of the London Magazine, and while he held this position he became acquainted with many of the great writers of the day. An intimacy sprang up between Hood and Charles Lamb, another humorist, and the author of the celebrated essay on the origin of roast pig. Encouraged and inspired by friends and congenial surroundings, he put forth a number of books of his own. He was the editor of various magazines now almost forgotten. He died in poverty, the English government, on them after being brought to its attention, granting a pension to his widow. Hood is now best known by his poem, "The Song of the Shirt," setting forth the sad life of under-paid seamstresses, and "The Bridge of Sighs," another pathetic poem. "Up the Rhine" and "Whims and Oddities" are among his most amusing writings. His son, Tom Hood, also became a celebrated humorist.

Lightning Is Not Zigzag.

It has been definitely determined that lightning is not zigzag, although it gives our unaided eyes that impression. The question has been settled by the camera, that great revealer of the secrets of nature. The term zigzag means turning at short angles, but instantaneous photographs of a lightning flash have shown that the turns are curves, and not angles. They look like angles to us because the flash occupies too little time for us to perceive it as it really is; the camera, however, gets the true impression. Do you know why the lightning makes those turns? Why does it not move in a straight line? Because it always seeks the path of least resistance, and as it condenses the air immediately in front of it, it turns aside to avoid that condensation. It is the resistance of the air that sometimes makes a flash divide into what is called forked lightning.

There are straight flashes, however, but they are seen when the cloud is close to the earth, and not enough resistance is met to divert them.

It might be well to correct an erroneous impression that exists about so-called "heat lightning." That is the term commonly applied to the lightning that we see in broad sheets near the western horizon, and that is not accompanied by thunder. But it is ordinary lightning, nevertheless, and the only reason why we do not hear the thunder is because the storm is too far away. It is properly called sheet lightning, but "heat lightning" is a misnomer.—Philadelphia Record.

A Rainy Day.

Such a stormy day. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew it against the window and rattled the shutters against the side of the house. Behind the window stood Mildred and pressed her nose against the glass, while two big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Cause I did so want to go out an' play; Mary an' me was goin' to have a tea party in my front yard, too."

Then somebody came and stood beside Mildred. "Mamma is sorry, dear," she said, "and we'll see what we can find to do in the house, while it's raining."

Just then there came a ring at the door bell and an eager little voice said: "Auntie told me I could come and play with Mildred for a while," and a plump little body scrambled upstairs and ran into Mildred's arms.

"I'm not one tny speck wet," went the chatterbox, "cause I had my ubers on and a umbrellah and such big coat, and I made b'lieve I was duck, and that ran just ran off my sk—I mean off the umbrellah."
"What shall we pley?" Mary went

on as mamma left the little girls together. "Oh, here's your blocks. Let's each build a castle and our dolls shall live in them and go call on each other." So they set to work and two fine houses soon arose, for their hands could go almost as fast as their tongues.

"Now," said Mildred, "my Arabella Marina is comin' to visit Jennie Belladonna. 'How did you do, ma'am an' I hope your family's all well. My eldest child has the squeazles, poor thing, an' I was goin' for the doctor.'" "Dear me," cried Mrs. Belladonna, "I'm real sorry for you; my two boys have just got over the chicken coop and you know what that is!"

"Well, I can't stay," went on Mme. Arabella; "come an' see me an' stay to tea. Don't bring your chill'ren, 'cause they might get the infatuation. Good-bye, 'or reworre."

"What does that mean—'or reworre'?" asked Mary.

"I don't know," said Mildred, "but ladies say it when they go away."

"All right—I mean 'or reworre,'" cried Mrs. Belladonna. "Now I'll come to see you."

But just then in came mamma smiling and behind her was Lella, the cook, carrying a tray. "I thought we'd have afternoon tea in the house today, instead of in the yard," she said. And Mary and Mildred jumped up and clapped their hands, while por Mrs. Belladonna and Mme. Arabella fainted away for joy.

They were soon brought back to life, though, and sat at the table with their little mothers, and the poor children with the "squeazles" and the "infatuation" were forgotten.—Brooklyn Eagle.

How We Saved the Cherries.

HOW WE SAVED THE CHERRIES. Fold map of the United States in the middle, fold again crosswise, open it, and in the centre is the place where I am listening to a catbird scold because our Maltese cat, Ginger, has left the barn and is coming slowly across the yard toward the house for her dinner.

Ginger is a very busy house-mother just now. She has to care for and train her three kittens, black Aguilado, black-and-white Hobson, and the perfect Maltese, Fred Funston. Ginger is coming to tell her mistress it is dinner time.

The catbird dislikes Ginger. Ginger dislikes the catbird today. She was punished yesterday for killing and eating one. She walks straight ahead to the sill of the window where I am sitting.

The catbird mocks the kittens: "Mew! mew! mew!"

Ginger takes no notice.

All catbirds dislike cats as much as they do snakes. Last year we thought we would make use of this knowledge and save our cherries, which the birds were stealing, so we put a stuffed cat in the cherry-tree.

Did we save our cherries? Yes, but not in the way we expected.

When the stuffed cat was discovered in the tree, a bird flew around and told all its relatives. You see, they do not have any bird telephone line.

One of their number could not leave. She was sitting on a round nest made of weeds and grass and leaves, in which were six spotted, greenish blue eggs; but all the others came to see the cat. They perched on the yellow rose-tree, on the "bridle-wreath," on the lilac shrubs, up on the plum-tree, and, still higher, on a swaying branch of the young walnut.

They looked at, they ridiculed, and they laughed at that cat, but it did not move. They cried, "Mew!" in every tone of voice the wonderful mimics could invent, but that stuffed cat did not wink an eye. They started a concert, mocking the notes of other birds, until it sounded as if the forest across the river had been transplanted, with all its blue jays, redbirds, orioles, sparrows and even meadow-larks, right into our back dooryard. But it was no use; that stuffed cat could not be charmed or frightened.

Then they held a council. The family, from the kitchen windows, watched the result.

Those catbirds belong to the thrush family, and oh, how they do sing morning and evening! The children have little books and write down their songs, so we know they can sing. But what horrible discords they did make when their council ended!

They did not like the idea of having that cat up in their cherry-tree, we know by the tones of their voices, and by the way they jerked their tails from side to side; and they made up their minds that, cat or no cat, they would have the cherries.

The bird from the walnut flew to the top of the cherry tree, and went back with a mouthful of cherry. The bird from the rose bush went to the tree lower down and took a bite. Then several birds went taking a snip from a luscious cherry above, below and all around the cat. At last—what do you think?—a beautiful large catbird flew right at the stuffed thing in the tree and cried in most derisive tones, "Mew! mew!"

How did we save our cherries? Oh, we had to pick them before they were ripe.—Youth's Companion.

Was It a Compliment?

It was at the end of her first week in the new school, she having been transferred from down town, that the teacher asked little Wilhelmina Low she liked the new school. The little one's face brightened up as she answered.

"Oh, I like it first rate, and I like you, too."

"That's very nice; but why do you like me?" queried the teacher.

"Oh, you see," said the little pupil, "I always did like a bossy teacher."—New York Times.

DRESSY SENATORS.

AMERICAN STATESMEN AND CLOTHES THEY WEAR.

Eugene Hale of Maine is the Dressedest Man in the Upper House of Congress
Vest of Missouri the Plainest Dresser
Halley a Good Wearer of Clothes.

Discussing the matter of dress among American statesmen a writer in the New York Press says: If anyone doubts our democracy let him spend a day in the gallery of the United States senate, the least dignified "upper house" of legislation in the world. "Befo' de wah" all members were clean shaven, wore black frocks and high stocks, beavers, peg-top trousers and a solemn air of public importance privately expressed. The old-timers, like Morgan, Teller, Cockrell, Berry, Proctor and Daniel, still wear their before-the-war clothes, dignity and pride, but the post-bellum regiment of politicians is uniformed in the sack suit or the cutaway.

Among the first members of congress to attract universal attention to dress in the house was James Douglas Williams of Indiana, known in life and death as "Blue-Jeans" Williams. As congressman and governor he always wore trousers made of blue jeans, which cost about fifty cents a pair. The dressiest man in the senate today is Mr. Hale of Maine. He wears a cutaway. Lodge of Massachusetts, also a good dresser, seldom appears in anything but a cutaway. Mr. Hanna likes the sack. Heitfeld, the giant from Idaho, wears any old duds that happen to come handy. Fairbanks, being as long as a street and as shadowy as a vine, presents himself in a tightly-buttoned frock.

Senator Bate, who is extremely bow-legged, never wore anything but a frock coat in his life, and his trousers have always been built on the balloon style. He wears one suit about ten years. Bailey of Texas, shines in a



EUGENE HALE OF MAINE.

The dressiest member of the United States senate. long-tailed frock and white tie. Chandler, one of the outs, the wisdom, wit and allegory of the senate for many years, is singularly careless of dress. His clothes look as if they are hanging on a hatrack. One of the fashion plates was Wolcott of Colorado. When delivering a set speech he was gotten up "regardless," bright cravat, boutonniere and all. Gorman maintains all the proprieties in frock or cutaway. Frye has the appearance of an active business man. Hawley is soldierly and correct, reminding one of our late Col. Kip, who never was seen in public without gloves. John Sherman always wore a long frock, unbuttoned. Vest, the "wasp" of the senate, looks like a grizzled cherub in wrinkled, well-worn garb of nondescript style.

Each package of PUTNAM LABELS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

In six per cent. of North Italian and eighteen per cent. of South Italian villages the streets are still used as sewers.

When it comes to society the best is not always the cheapest.

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, Le Roy, N. Y.

If the whole water power of Niagara were used it would be worth \$1,500,000 a day.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Corners are as difficult to get in the street car as in the market.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

When some men borrow a dollar they seem to think they have earned it.

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

It's peculiar that when people get into society they expect to be asked out.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROBINSON, Maple St., Norwich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A felon on the finger is worth two in jail.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The world raised 277,000,000 tons of coal in 1900, against 4,020,000,000 tons last year.

H. H. GREEN'S SOSS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

People who cast reflections are not all brilliant.

Laundering Thin Dresses.
To launder the exquisite creations of muslins and lace in which this season abounds has become quite a problem, yet the most delicate materials will not be injured if washed with Ivory Soap and dried in the shade. But little starch need be used.—ELIZA R. PARKER.

The present year will see the starting of at least three expeditions, representing three different nations, in an attempt to solve some of the mysteries of the South Polar regions. One will sail from Germany, another from England, and a third from Sweden. The Swedish expedition is the latest to be organized, but it has been undertaken with enthusiasm, and King Oscar will personally give it financial aid.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's.

This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Moustache. 50 CENTS. Druggists, or R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

If You Wish To make \$15.00 by solving a comparatively easy THOUGHT TEST, which will give the name of a well-known flower, send your name and address to "THE UNIQUE MONTHLY," Dept. A, Temple Court, New York.

FREY'S VERMIFUGE
The children's tonic, cures of WORMS. Removes them effectually and without pain. 60 years' record of success. It is the remedy for all worm troubles. Entirely vegetable. 25c. At druggists, country stores, or by mail.
E. & M. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SOSS, Box 3, Atlanta, Ga.

"The Sancerre that made West Point famous." **McILHENNY'S TABASCO.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
GIRLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Italy and Spain have fewer houses in proportion to their population than any other country in the world; the Argentine republic and Uruguay have most.

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with



And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby washes, itching and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour. **Cuticura** THE SET with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 27, 28, Charterhouse Sq., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

LION COFFEE

A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

"The Enigma in the Sun."

The fiery sun is in the East
And as on it we gaze,
Our eyes upon the legend feast
Emblazoned in its rays.
What secret may there be immersed
Within that glaring sun,
What mean the words, "September first,
Nineteen hundred and one?"

September first? That is the date
When LION COFFEE grand,
Its newest Premium List so great
Distributes through the land.
Most useful gifts for young and old,
For home, for work or play,
And there's a variety untold
For anyone to-day.

Be sure and ask your grocer, then,
To give you, on that date,
Our newest List, or, take your pen,
If you don't want to wait,
And write a letter straight to us—
A two-cent stamp inclose,
We'll forward you the List, and thus,
No trouble you impose.



Watch our next advertisement.

Just try a package of LION COFFEE and you will understand the reason of its popularity.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.