

Children's Column

A Little Girl's Story.

To take her nap, I put my doll
In grandpa's garden chair.
The robins found her right away,
And tried to steal her hair.

They pulled so hard she sat right up,
And opened wide her eyes.
Those foolish things supposed 'twas me,
And hopped off in surprise.

And then it was I found their nest:
They were so droll, you see,
As up they flew, and down they flew,
Glancing sideways at me.

But now they know me very well,
And eat the food I bring.
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer,
cheer!"

Is what they say and sing.
—Christian Register.

The Woodchuck.

H. D. Reed and Verne Morton, in country life in America, tell an interesting and pictorial story of the woodchuck, or ground hog.

"Perhaps no wild mammal," says Mr. Reed, "is more familiar to country people than the woodchuck. Every hillside and meadow is dotted with the small piles of earth which mark the doorway to his home. The woodchuck prefers a hillside or a knoll in which to dig his hole, for here he can easily make the end of his den higher than the beginning, thus avoiding the danger of being drowned out.

"What could be more unlike in general appearance than a woodchuck and a squirrel? Yet they are cousins, both belong to the same family of mammals. The trim body, sharp claws and agility of the squirrels make it possible for them to lead an arboreal life, jumping recklessly from branch to branch, while the stumpy form and short legs of the woodchuck better adapt him for digging than for running or climbing.

"The nature of the food of the woodchuck is such that he cannot lay up stores as the chipmunks do, nor is it of such a kind that it can be obtained during the winter. The case of this creature during the winter seems to be, therefore, one of sleep long and soundly or starve. During the winter's sleep or hibernation, life processes go on very slowly. Breathing is reduced, and the heart beats become so slow and feeble that they cannot be felt. They come from their winter's sleep about the first of March, in New York.

How Elephant Seals Live.

Those curious animals the elephant seals, also known as sea elephants, have been recently studied by Professor C. Chun, a German scientist, as well as by Robert Hall, a well known naturalist, and as a result many new facts have been gathered in regard to their life and habits.

These seals are only to be found in the southern seas, and mainly in the vicinity of the Kerguelen islands, where they go in August for the purpose of pairing. They remain there until February or March. During the winter they are very dull and apathetic, but as spring approaches they become more lively. Mr. Hall says that he went several times through a herd of 40 or 50 animals while they were dozing, and only a few were disturbed by him.

These seals live in communities, and in a single bay may often be seen from 5 to 10 colonies. Hitherto it has been supposed that there is never more than one male in a single herd, but there now seems to be abundant proof that each herd contains seals of only one sex. Thus, in one bay there will be five or six herds of males, and in another five or six herds of females.

Professor Chun, who has studied the seals thoroughly in their native haunts, says that for a long time after the animals return to the Kerguelen in the autumn they do not take any food but remain torpid in beds which they form until they have shed their old hair and put on a new coat. During the winter he saw several seals killed, and not a particle of food was found in their stomachs.

Mr. Hall, on the other hand, says that the seals during this period feed once a day, going down to the water to obtain a supply of fish. In any case, it is certain that these animals can live without food for a long time, since they have under their skin a layer of fat which is 15 centimetres in thickness.

How the Beaver Breathes in Winter.

"The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up most any kind of wood that comes his way. I once measured a white birch tree, 32 inches through, cut down by a beaver. A single beaver, generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair sized sapling—say three inches through—in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour.

"One of the queerest facts about the beaver is the rapidity with which his long, chisel shaped teeth recover from an injury. I have known beavers to break their teeth in biting a trap, and when I caught them again 10 days afterward you couldn't see a sign of the break—the teeth had grown out to their former perfection in that short period.

"As compared with the otter or mink the beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his sides, and he uses only his webbed hind feet for purposes of swimming. It is easy to capture one in a canoe if you can find him in shoal water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and

easy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would almost take a leg off, so you want to watch him sharply. The place to grab him is by the tail.

"The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath, so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

"It almost takes a burglar proof safe to hold a newly captured beaver. I once caught an old one and two kittens up the north branch of the South-West, put them in a barrel and brought them down to Miramichi lake. That night she knawed a hole through the barrel and cleared out, leaving her kittens. They were so young that I had no way of feeding them, so I released them. Soon after that I caught a big male beaver. I made a large log pen for him of dry spruce, but the second night he cut a log and disappeared.

"Beavers, when alarmed, generally make up stream, so I went to the brook where a little branch came in, and I thought I would go up that a little way, and I hadn't gone more than 10 rods before I came across my lad sitting up in the bed of the brook having a lunch on a stick he had cut. He actually looked as if he knew he was playing truant when he caught sight of me out of the side of his eye.

"I picked him up by the tail, brought him back, put him in the pen, supplied him with plenty of fresh poplar, and he seemed as tame as possible and never gave me any more trouble. I brought him out to Stanley, where he lived a long time. Turnbull had a mongrel dog, which was jealous of the beaver, and one day attacked him. He did that only once, for the beaver nipped the dog's tail off quicker'n a cat would catch a mouse."—Rod and Gun.

The Discontented Geese.

Once upon a time a flock of wild geese started out to see the sights. They were led by an old goose who, no doubt thought she was very wise. As if anybody ever did see a wise goose.

"I'm going out," she said, "to see more of the world. We really know nothing of what is going on outside of this pond. Don't you find it very dull? Only last week a swallow pausing in his flight to have a bit of conversation with me, told of the wonderful things to be seen. If you care to come along," she added, "I shall take you with me."

Now, to tell the truth, the young geese, one and all, were perfectly delighted at the proposition (because that dangerous little seed of discontent had already taken root).

Such a cackle as they set up Cackle! cackle! cackle! So they flew away over brown marshes and green meadows, over rivulets and streams until they came to such a lovely place where there were beautiful flowers and trees. There were rustic bridges spanning limpid streams, and last, but not least, a beautiful pond.

"How lovely!" they exclaimed in one breath. "I wonder where we are," said one little goose.

"This," said their leader with an air of importance, "is Central Park. My friend, the swallow, told me all about it."

And sure enough, it was Central Park, down by the duck pond, where no doubt, you have walked many and many a time.

"The ducks and geese you see swimming about," said the old goose, "are tame. How beautifully they behave! It all depends," quoth she, "on one's bringing up. Hush, my dears," as the young geese, one and all, began to cackle. "Don't be rude! Let me, I beg of you, speak to our friends."

The tame geese, however, were not in the least inclined to be sociable. They glided about majestically, quite ignoring the presence of the intruders. "See that pretty little house over there?" said the little goose. "Can it be possible that it has been built for our accommodation?"

How absurd this was. Of course your mamma has a room set apart as a guest chamber, and these ridiculous little geese thought the duck house had been especially built for them, just like invited guests, you know.

"To be sure," said the old goose, shaking the water from her back, "my friend, Mr. Swallow, must have told them we were coming." She waddled over, followed by the entire flock. Hardly had they entered the duck house when they heard a click. The spring door closed with a snap and lo! they were prisoners. Just then the keeper came out. "Heigh-ho!" exclaimed he; "what's this? A flock of wild geese, on my life. Come here, Bill (to a great, sturdy fellow near by). Here is work for you to do. Clip the wings of these geese as once." The man went to work and did as he was told, clipping all their wings, while a big park policeman looked on and laughed.

The geese were then let out on the pond to swim about majestically like their neighbors. Oh! how they longed to fly home. Never before did freedom seem so dear to them.

"Why didn't you tell us," said the little goose in tone of reproach to one of her new found friends, "that we were going to have our wings clipped?"

"Because," replied her companion, "you wouldn't have believed us; and after all, my dear, experience is the very best teacher."—New Idea Magazine.

Australia has more than 1000 newspapers.

Mother Love in Bird Life.

"A Tragedy in Bird Life" was the inscription on a pasteboard box received by the Indiana State Geologist from a correspondent in the Southern part of that State. The box contained the skeletons of three little orioles, and, clinging to the side, the mother bird, with her tongue tied with a bit of string that helped to hold the nest together.

The story needed no words. One could almost see the struggles of the mother, maddened by the cries of her little ones for food, knowing she was so near and failing to understand why she did not come to their relief. As their cries grew weaker the mother bird redoubled her efforts to free herself, but without success. Other birds hovered about in a questioning way, twittering to one another as if in sympathy, and then hurried to their own nests and their own little ones.

The mother oriole struggled fiercely, but her strength was failing rapidly, and as darkness fell she was hanging with half closed eyes against the nest, almost at the opening. All through the night she struggled convulsively, but each effort was weaker than the one before. When morning came a ray of light found its way through the trees and touched her, as if in benediction. The struggles ceased, and she was dead. The little ones slowly starved to death, calling for the mother with their last breath.

Flowers in the Pulpit.

"If you want some nice flowers," said the man with the red mustache, "just go to church on Sundays and you'll find them on the altar. No matter how hard up a church may be and how closely it may count its expenses in other directions, it seldom economizes in flowers. It is not the big churches alone that scorn to stint themselves in flowers. The little chapels whose parishioners are certainly not rolling in wealth, and where every penny is held at its par value likewise provide a splendid floral offering to gladden the eyes of pastor and congregations. Of course, in a good many less pretentious houses of worship beautiful effects are obtained from the artistic arrangement of rather plebeian blossoms, but in most churches flowers that are really fine and expensive are used the year round, and the lower Committee often finds that altar decoration is the biggest item on its list of expenditures.

"The selection of pulpit flowers is generally left to the discretion of the florist, who sends the bouquet every Sunday morning shortly before service. Occasionally, however, the Chairman of the Flower Committee gives him a tip as to the favorite flower of the pastor, and, when making his selection, he tactfully bears that preference in mind."—New York Times.

The Horse Blew First.

A horse breeder residing not far from Newtonards, Ireland, sent one of his men to blow a medical powder up a young horse's nostrils. In a short time after going out to perform his task the master proceeded to the stables to see how the work was being done. He found Pat leaning up against the stable door, coughing, rubbing his eyes and appearing very much alarmed.

Master—"What is the matter? Are you hurt?"

Pat—"Oh, I'm killed entirely. When I put the tube in the horse's nose, shure he blew first, and the powder is down me throat, and I'll be after dying this minute!"

Fame is often a bubble that comes from puffing.

Winter Tourist Rates—Season 1901-1902.

The Southern Railway, the direct route to the winter resorts of Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas and the South and Southwest, announces excursion tickets will be placed on sale October 15th to April 30th, with final limit May 31, 1902. Perfect Dining and Pullman Service on all through trains. For full particulars regarding rates, descriptive matter, call on or address New York Office, 271 and 1185 Broadway, or Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Pass. Agent, 1185 Broadway.

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When You Order Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa

examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears the well known trade-mark of the chocolate girl. There are many imitations of these choice goods on the market. A copy of Miss Parloa's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper. Address Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

The discovery in Palestine of valuable mineral treasures making it probable that there will soon be an industrial awakening of the Holy Land.

In India a box of 720 safety matches imported from Sweden or Belgium can be bought for three cents.

An average sheep weighing 152 pounds gives ninety-one pounds of mutton.

PURNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

A German naturalist says that in case of an early spring a single pair of field mice may, by the end of the autumn, be the proud ancestors of 200 mice.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials will be free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The fragrant honeysuckle has a very pretty meaning—generous, devoted affection.

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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 grip 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.

Of 8809 suicides in France, 3008 were unmarried.

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

There are now about 800 ostriches on California farms.

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

Tea plants at the age of seven years yield 700 pounds of tea to the acre.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOXER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The steep climber naturally feels that he is up against it.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."

J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!

The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

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"WHAR DEW I CUM IN?"

(Being the Soliloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

"Thar's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights, 'n thar wonderful prosperity that beet growin' invites. Thar's a heap er foolish crowin' 'n thar 'beats' begin ter shout 'n holler fer the Tariff ter keep free raw sugar out! But I notis that the beet-producin' farms are very few. An' thar farmers through the country aint got much of it ter dew. The hull land aint a-raisin' beets, 'n aint gum' ter begin, Beet growin's right fer sum, I guess—but, whar dew I cum in?"

The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets—A handsome price, I must allow—but hidin' sum deceits. Beet sugar manufacturers admit ef they hev found Thet "granulated" costs 'em sumthin' like tew cents a pound. In fact the leaves a profit on which they'd greatly thrive—And—if it kin be sold fer three, why should we pay 'em FIVE? It seems ter me es thet's a game thet's mighty like a skin—But—if thar's any benefit—waal,—whar dew I cum in?"

When Uncle Sam's in want o' cash we're glad ter help him out, 'N we'll stand all the taxes that are needed, never doubt. Ef seems ter me his duty's ter repeat thet sugar tax. Them fellers wot is interested sez its to protect The beet-producin' farmer thet the duty they collect, But I guess thet explanation es a little bit too thin—The sugar maker,—he's all right;—but—whar dew we cum in?"


Take off raw sugar duty an' the price will quickly fall, Thet everybody's benefit, fer sugar's used by all. Thet poor will bless the Government thet placed it in thar reach—('n millions of our citizens free sugar now beech) The dealer 'll be delighted—less expenditure fer him—More demand 'n bigger profits—which at present are but allm. An' the farmer 'll be as well paid as he ever yet has ben—But he'll buy his sugar cheaper—thet's whar he an' I'll cum in.

Now, whar's the sense er reason of the sugar tax to-day, When our treasury's a-bulgin' an' we hev no debts ter pay? Thet duty on raw sugar's Fifty million every year—An' the people's got ter pay it—thet's a fact thet's very clear. Fifty million! Great Jerusha! Ter protect beet magnates, too, Why should they tax ALL the people—just ter help a scattered FEW? And the FEW? Beet-sugar MAKERS! Don't it really seem a sin Thus ter help an' fill thar coffers? Whar dew you an' I cum in?"

The farmer growin' beets hes got a contract price fer years—Free raw sugar wouldn't hurt him, an' o' it he hes no fears. But mebbe, like myself—he's also growin' fruit so nice—Ter preserve it—at a profit—heeds sugar—at a price! The repealin' of the duty, surely cuts the price in two—Thet'll make a mighty difference, neighbor, both ter me an' you! Let the sugar manufacturer make such profits as he kin—Ter him it may seem right enuff—but whar dew I cum in?"

An' I aint agoin' ter swaller all the argyments they shout Thet the farmers need protection—an' must bar raw sugar out. Common sense es plainly showin' that the people in the land Want raw sugar free in future—an' its freedom will demand. 'Tis a tax no longer needed—hateful to the public view,—Taxin' millions of our people to enrich a favored few. They can't blind me any longer with the foolish yarns they spin,—While they're busy making money—whar dew you an' I come in?"

I'm agoin' ter keep on hustlin', talkin', pleadin' with my friends.—Aint no sense in lettin' others gain thar selfish privet ends. I'm agoin' ter write tomorrow to my Congressman 'nd say Thet he oughter do his best ter kill that tax without delay! Feller-farmers, do your utmost—whether you grow beets or not To repeal the tax on sugar—you can but improve your lot! Cheaper sugar helps y' pocket, greater blessings you can win—When we've three-cent sugar—thet's whar you an' I cum in!"



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