

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Game That Is Full of Fun and Also Instructive.

Here is a game that will give young people as jolly a half hour as they could ask for.

This he does by taking a knotted handkerchief and throwing it at one of the players on the opposite side, calling out at the same time "Earth!" "Water!" "Air!" or "Fire!"

If he calls "Earth!" the player into whose lap the handkerchief has fallen must name some quadruped before the captain can count ten; if he calls "Water!" the player must name a fish; if "Air!" he must name a bird, and if "Fire!" he must remain perfectly silent.

If a player fails to name an animal or name the wrong one or speak when he should remain silent, he drops out of the game, and the captain then takes the handkerchief and throws it at some one else on the player's side.

If, on the contrary, the player answers properly, he must throw the handkerchief at some one on the opposite side, calling out one of the elements and counting ten, as the opposing captain had done.

The game goes on in this way until all the players on one side have dropped out, when, of course, the victory goes to their opponents.

This is a simple game, but it is full of fun from beginning to end. And it has its helpful features, too, for a successful player must be alert and quick witted and must have his tongue in as good training as his wits.

When you go to a trained animal show, watch carefully and you will see that the trainer always gives his animals some sign as well as the word of command.

Horses and mules must learn this sign or "they won't play." The best trainers say that a mule has more intelligence than a horse, although he doesn't look it.

It is likely that the reason why birds are so difficult to train is because they have small brains. A woman once tried to teach an owl to wear a cap and spectacles and sit still behind an open book, but the job nearly drove her crazy, for it was too much for his reputed wisdom to learn even to do nothing.

A man that had one of the best collections of trained birds ever seen had for the star of his troupe, an immense green parrot that walked a tight rope. How he taught it this trick was always a wonder until after his death it was found that the parrot was an automaton, moved by clockwork and balanced by weights.

A pig may be taught more tricks than any other animal. He may be taught to count, to select colors and to pick out people, but he probably obeys his master's signs in doing all this.—Little Chronicle.

Now that Queen Victoria is dead and her son, Edward VII, is on the throne some one should revise the old rhyme about the kings and queens of England—a rhyme which doubtless many of the boys and girls have read. It used to appear in the books of 50 years ago, but it is a good thing even yet to know, especially if you are studying English history. Here it is:

First William the Norman, Then William, his son, Henry, Stephen and Henry And Richard and John, Next Henry the Third, Edward, one, two and three, And again after Richard, Thus Henry we see, Two Edwards, third Richard, If rightly I guess, Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Then James the Scotchman, Then Charles, whom they slew, And again after Cromwell, Another Charles we see, Then James the Second, And good William and Mary Together come on, Queen Anne, George four, And fourth William all past, Got gave us Victoria, May she long be the last.

A "LITTLE WOMAN" WAS LOST. One day in Boston many years ago a little girl wandered away from home. She was missed and sought for everywhere in vain. At last her mother went to James Wilson, the city crier, and soon that official was going about the Boston streets ringing a bell and describing the little girl's dress and calling her name. "Child lost! Child lost!" he said again and again, and being awakened by the bell and the name, "Louisa Alcott!" she sprang to her feet and said sleepily, "That means me." And so it did. The little girl grew up and became the author of "Little Women" and other books and stories.—St. Nicholas.

Fate uses strange agents to work out its ends. We are rather apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us. Alas! how great the number of folks who have existed without having lived!

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Attorney Passed on to the Next Question.

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question. "My own," she answered promptly.

"I understand that, madam. I mean how old are you?" "I am not old, sir," with indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam. I mean how many years have you passed?" "None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?" "All; I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age." "I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the attorney coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell how old I was if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age."

And the attorney passed on to the next question.—Nashville American.

DANGER AHEAD. The Pug—Say, I'm in a fix. The Poodle—What is that? The Pug—If I turn up my nose at the bulldog, there'll be trouble. Yet how can I help it?—New York Evening World.

RESOURCES AT HAND. "Why don't they start the performance?" impatiently asked one of the spectators at the scene. "The medium says the room is too cold," replied some one who seemed to know. "I should think she could rap up," grumbled the other, "and call for spirits."—Chicago Tribune.

SHORT LESSON. Little Nephew—Is it true, uncle, that the bark grows thickest on one side of a tree? Old Uncle Grout—Ynas. Nephew—Which side, uncle? Uncle Grout—The outside.—Exchange.

EASY WORK FOR BILL. One of the magazine editors says that a poet, to do good work, should spend at least two years in perfecting a sonnet. This moved a rural editor to exclaim: "Bill Jones of our town wrote ten in one day!"—Atlanta Constitution.

CALL. The Old Man—Your love for my daughter seems to have grown very fast since you found out I was worth so much money. The Young Man (admiringly)—No faster, sir, than the subject warranted.—Detroit Free Press.

TIT FOR TAT. Jack—I admit I don't understand you. You women are all puzzlers. Jill—Which proves that you men are all stubborn. Jack—Indeed? Jill—Yes; you simply won't give us up.—Philadelphia Press.

NEEDED EXPLANATION. "That was the time," Rivers went on to say, "that I was drowned to all intents and purposes. The doctors, by hard work, brought me to." "Any cause assigned for their rash act?" asked Brooks.—Chicago Tribune.

A PROLONGED AGONY. "Henry, you're such a sleeper I'm sure you'd like those arctic nights, six months long." "No; you're mistaken. In three months you'd begin telling me it was time to get up."—Chicago Record.

NO PROFIT IN IT. She—He's quite a rising young author. He goes in for realism, you know. He—Yes; but he hasn't realized on his writings to any extent.—Philadelphia Record.

THE REASON. "Why don't you use your umbrella in this sort of weather?" "Because it is lent."—Ohio State Journal.

The latest puzzle in the way of a mathematical problem will interest you. Take a piece of paper and write upon it the number representing your age in years, multiply by two, add 8800, divide by two, then subtract the number representing your age, and you will have something before your eyes that you will never see again.



ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Dangers That Follow In the Wake of Too Much Ventilation.

When it comes to the matter of ventilation, the women theorist shines. If, indeed, she has thought about it enough to have a theory at all—and many have—she does nothing short of scintillating. As a consequence, more persons die every year from too much fresh air than the record from vitiated atmosphere can show. Not one person in a hundred can sleep in the winter time with an open door in his room without bad consequences, or at least without running dangerous risks.

Many more cases of pneumonia may reasonably be said to be due to "ventilation" than to all other causes combined. I recall the death of a trained nurse while on duty in the home of a neighbor from pneumonia contracted from sleeping near an open window. As a graduate of one of the leading training schools she had thoroughly studied the subject of ventilation under supposedly intelligent professors. Yet she died in her youth from downright ignorance of the subject.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

UNDERDONE OATMEAL AND HOT BREAD. The Scotch are the greatest dyspeptics on earth, largely owing to their use of half cooked oatmeal and soft bread. Next to the Scotch are the Americans, and no single thing has contributed more to American dyspepsia than half cooked oatmeal mush for breakfast. In rural France, where dyspepsia is practically unknown, hard bread and vegetables, with a very moderate amount of meat, comprise the chief items of the bill of fare. Take the center out of a hot biscuit and roll it while in your hand, and it soon becomes a solid mass of dough—a "lead pill." That is the thing your stomach wrestles with when it attempts to digest hot bread or biscuit. A good deal of the cold bread is just about as bad. Such food may be nutritious for the chimp in the circus who relishes ground glass and eats swords and tannery nails, but it shortens the lives of average people.—Healthy Home.

THE NEWEST LAMP SHADES. Interesting are the schemes for the decoration of "modern style" interiors. The parchment lamp shades, with weird, dark figures of women gowned in clinging pre-Raphaelite robes, their hair in bandeaux, wandering amid stiff yew trees and cypress hedged gardens, are certainly new and original. Some of the stuffs, especially woven for the artists who designed them, are far beyond the reach of any ordinary purse. Many are chiefs of ivory in coloring and design, especially a curious inlaid material with dull, greenish blue motifs outlined with amber. A delicate stand for two electric lamps is a woman's figure in dull silver, slender and half draped, the folds of her bronze-hued skirts spreading round her feet. She holds a light in either hand, her eyes cast down.

HOW TO POLISH THE WINDOWS. The action of the sun, moisture and the carbonic acid in the air on the surface of panes in the glass produces an opaque more or less pronounced. To remove this wet the glass with diluted hydrochloric acid, and after a few minutes cover the glass with powdered whiting. Pour the acid slowly into the cold water, using four ounces of the acid to 12 ounces of water (a pint and a half). Polish with chamois or soft paper. It must be remembered that this acid will attack metals and should not be allowed to touch them, nor should the bottle be left open an instant longer than necessary, as the fumes are very destructive.—Ladies' Home Journal.

AN OLD FASHIONED PUDDING. An old fashioned pudding which some housewives occasionally find acceptable to the family is made thus: Pour four cups of boiling milk over two cups of sifted Indian meal, add a pint of molasses, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and set on the back of the range for an hour. Remove, and when cold beat in a half spoonful of salt, one of cinnamon, nutmeg, lemon and six well beaten eggs. Then stir vigorously. Pour in a mold and boil for four hours. When ready to use, serve with a hard sauce.

A BREAKFAST DISH. Stockbridge is the name given to a palatable breakfast dish highly praised by a Brooklyn housewife: Take one cup of Indian meal, pour over it one pint of boiling water, add a lump of butter the size of an egg and a spoonful of salt. Stir well together and let the mixture stand overnight. In the morning beat two eggs thoroughly and add them to the mush. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

Be strong by choosing wisely what to do. Be strong by doing well what you have chosen. Love life, but love it not for vulgar pleasures, or miserable ambitions. Love it for what is important, grand, divine.

If most people gave the energy they spend in reforming the world or their friends, to reforming themselves there would be no need of reformers.

CONDENSED STORIES.

How the Late P. D. Armour Remembered His Old Employer.

Some years ago, when Armour & Co. undertook to introduce their soap manufacture in the east, a representative of the firm was sent to Philadelphia with a large quantity of goods. He advertised for peddlers to distribute the soap. Among those who responded to the advertisement was a white haired man who had been peddling in the streets of that city for years.

"Do you know Phil Armour?" asked the old man. "Yes, everybody in the west knows him."

"Well, I used to know him. I don't believe I'd know him now, though. I guess he must have changed a great deal."

"When did you know him?" "Oh, it's a good many years ago. He was indentured to me as a farmer's apprentice when he was a boy. He wanted to be released so he could go to California in 1849 to hunt for gold, so I let him go. Yes, I haven't seen Phil for a good many years."

The venerable peddler was given an opportunity to see what he could do in the way of selling soap made by his former apprentice, but he was not much of a success. When the representative returned to Chicago, he related the meeting in Philadelphia to Mr. Armour. The peddler immediately sent a substantial present to the old man.

"I was bound out to that man," said Mr. Armour, "and I feel kindly toward him, as he gave me my first chance to make a fortune."

When the old man got the present from his former apprentice, he wrote, saying he did not wish to receive charity even from his former "bound boy," and asked if there was not a job somewhere about the place at which he could work to earn a living honestly. Mr. Armour told him he had no work for one so old, but settled an annuity on him that kept him the rest of his days without work.

None of them had a vote. A well known politician tells this story on himself: After most affectionately kissing and praising an assortment of 11 children and marveling much at the resemblance they all bore to a matronly lady, who blushed the while, he requested, with a by the bye air, that she should mention to her husband that Mr. So-and-so called. "I regret to say," said the lady, "that I have no husband." "But these children, madam? Surely you are not a widow?" "I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came in. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum."

THE EMPEROR'S PART. An exceptionally good story, which has the advantage of being true, is circulating in parliamentary quarters in Berlin. When the Emperor William informed Herr von Bulow at Homburg that he was now imperial chancellor, Herr von Bulow naturally expressed his delight, and perhaps he really was delighted. But all at once he seemed to be considering something, and the emperor, perceiving this, said, "What is the matter now, Bulow?" The latter answered that he had just chanced to think of his wife. She had nothing against the chancellorship, but a great deal against the chancellor's palace, for, while her present home was a regular little jewel box, the great cleaning down in the chancellor's palace would not be completed before this time 12 months. "Give my greetings to the countess," His majesty replied jocularly, "and tell her I would contribute my part toward the cleaning down." Herr von Bulow may perhaps have hoped that the emperor would see that the palace was thoroughly renovated. If so, he was mistaken. A few days later a very bulky parcel was left at the Countess von Bulow's by the emperor's orders. It contained a hundred-weight of soap, the promised contribution toward the great cleaning down.—London News.

Don't be in too big a hurry to let the fires die out and to take down the stoves. One warm day in April does not make a summer.

A young man who will get tight once in a while before he marries, is very likely to get drunk twice in a while after he marries.

The good is nothing but the beautiful in action.

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE.—March 18, 1901. Leave [times and stations]

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