

Children's Column



The Cradle Ship.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea!
Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep,
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers asleep.
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free.

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;
The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!
So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,
So hard a port! we're not the sort to see a dolly down;
And then, you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free.

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,
When that wee ship is in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace.
For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep
Dream memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.
—G. C. Rogers, in Great Thoughts.

Willie and Dan.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and he did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now, the minister had for his subject "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel!" again the sharp bark said "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy with sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please excuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."
Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would remember to tie up the dog.—New York Mail and Express.

Butterflies as Roommates.

A young woman who lives in a New England town has had a unique experience with butterflies. She happened to be in the garden on a warm day in the fall, and noticed a brown butterfly fluttering about, rather languidly, among the few remaining flowers.

She caught it without much trouble and carried it to her room, where the windows were screened, and let it loose. The little insect accepted the situation, and conducted herself as if quite at home. The substantial New England name of Maria Silsbee was bestowed upon it—though not eminently appropriate. Maria's food and drink were placed on the window sill, and consisted of a lump of sugar moistened by a drop of water, and she partook of this by unfurling her long spiral trunk, which resembled the hairspring of a watch, and inserting the end in the sugar.

Maria was not fated to live in solitude. One day there appeared in the room another butterfly of similar appearance, but more sprightly in behavior. No one could account for its being there, unless the maid had left the screen up for a few moments while making up the room. The stranger was named Jonathan Matthews. He was far more venturesome than Maria, and of not so docile a temperament. But he was never seen to eat. Possibly a false feeling of pride or diffidence restrained him from doing so in any one's presence.

The fame of this young woman's two companions spread abroad, and visitors to her room were frequent. This did not seem to ruffle the equanimity of either. At last Maria, indifferent to the joys of a wordly existence, settled down in a comfortable corner, and remained there, to all appearances a corpse. She had decided to hibernate—and hibernate she did for several months. Jonathan, on the contrary, was very active. Thus they remained for most of the winter. One day Maria awoke, but in the

words of Hamlet—"to die—to sleep—to stay."

When the days became warmer and the spring flowers appeared in evidence that there was again honey in the land for vagrant butterflies, the screen was pushed up, and the solitary Jonathan flew joyously forth. He has never been seen since.—Atlanta Journal.

Intelligent Geese.

It must have been in the 40s that my great uncle, Charles N—, was graduated from college and begun to teach school. Communication was not so rapid then as now, and the exchange of ideas was accomplished with more difficulty. The country was not overrun with teachers' manuals and guides, and there were few educational works. It was only by gathering together and exchanging ideas that teachers were able to progress. To facilitate this several would in the summer time travel from place to place, holding what they called "institutes," to which all who taught in the neighboring country would flock to receive or disseminate new ideas, and to discuss methods of study.

My uncle and a friend of his had started on a tour of this kind, and on Saturday arrived at a town where they were to hold an "institute" the following Monday.

Sunday afternoon they took a stroll in the outskirts of the town, on the banks of a stream, and were engaged in deep conversation when my uncle's friend espied a flock of geese approaching in a solemn procession. Moved by a sudden impulse, he took off his hat, made a low bow and, addressing the geese, said: "Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. N—, who will hold an institute in this town tomorrow. I cordially invite you to be present." The geese appeared to listen attentively to the young man's words, and when he had finished they waddled gravely away.

The incident passed quickly from their minds, the next afternoon arrived, and the friends repaired to the church where they were to expound their educational views to those who were assembled for instruction and profit. The day was beautiful and sunshiny and everything beamed propitiously on my uncle as he arose from his seat behind the pulpit to address the dignified gathering.

Hardly had he opened his mouth to speak when something in the wide-open door attracted his attention. There stood the old gander, leader of the flock they had seen the day before, and behind him were all the geese! Having completed his survey, to my uncle's horror and chagrin, he waddled slowly up the middle aisle, followed by the rest.

Was ever a young man in a more painfully embarrassing situation? At this moment he received a tug on his coat tail and, plainly heard the partially suppressed amusement of his friend and the whispered exclamation, "They've come!"

My uncle grew redder and hotter as the geese approached in front and the tugs on his coat tail continued behind. He could only stammer and stammer, each moment becoming more painfully aware of the awkwardness of his position.

At last, with the timely assistance of the congregation, the unwelcome intruders were expelled amid quackings, confusion and uproar.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the fount of my uncle's eloquence was checked for the time being, and consequently his disquisition on the education of the young was not as edifying as it might have been under ordinary circumstances.

This did not end the matter, however. My uncle's friend for many years after, at every dinner when he was called upon for a speech, managed to recount this incident. If my uncle was there it only added to the general enjoyment.

Tiring of this in the course of years, Uncle Charles once arose, after his friend had related the story, and said: "There was one point to which sufficient attention has not been called, namely, why did the geese understand so perfectly all that my friend said?"—Atlanta Journal.

The Wild Horses of Arizona.

"There must be 20,000 head of wild horses in northern Arizona," said Will S. Barnes, one of the largest cattle owners in Navajo county, recently. "They are the worst nuisance that can be imagined. It has reached the point when we cannot safely turn out a riding horse to graze. We have to keep our saddle animals and round-up horses stabled all winter or bring them down to Phoenix for pasturage. The wild stock not only eat the food that ought to go to the cattle, but they run cattle off the range. They have chased off all the cattle from the west end of the Hash Knife range, one of the best grass districts in northeastern Arizona. It is useless to put out salt for the stock, for the wild horses chase away the cattle that come near it. At this season of the year they are fat and have shining hides. They sweep over the country in great bands, gathering up any stray animals they may come across. A horse is as good as lost that joins them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Got Off Easy.

First Reprobate—Well, old man, did you get home all right last night?
Second Reprobate—Yes; but my wife wouldn't speak to me.
First Reprobate—Lucky baggar! Mine did!—Punch.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

To Carve Ham.

First have a good, sharp carving knife, so that thin slices are easily cut. The most usual way is to begin at a little distance from the knuckle, and to proceed towards the thick end or blade. If a ham is baked instead of boiled, it is easier to cut it thin.

To Wash Blankets.

When washing these at home the laundress must proceed in the following manner: Into two quarts of water shred half a bar of best yellow soap, and pour the liquid into a tub of warm water, together with a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to every gallon. Dip the blankets into this lather and rub them thoroughly in this. When clean, rinse the blankets in tepid water, wring out, and hang to dry in the open air.

Cologne in the Cookery.

It is no secret that the French culinary expert employs eau de cologne to produce with other essences that subtle mysterious but delicious flavor often tasted in fruit salads and other cookery confections. In the genuine cologne there is compressed extract of rosemary and lemon thyme. Here is a real French dessert: Put in a salad bowl a layer of chopped ice, well powdered with sugar, and upon this a layer of bananas; again a handful of chopped ice and sugar, and after this bananas, repeating till the bowl is full as required. Pour upon the fruit a wine glass of water in which you have dropped a lump of sugar that has absorbed three drops of almond essence, and another that has absorbed three drops of genuine eau de cologne.

Rats and Mice.

The best way to destroy mice and rats is to catch them, writes "White Ribbon." For mice, I set a pan or wide mouthed washbowl, in a closet or cellar, filling it with milk or water on which bran has been sprinkled. Five drowned mice have been found in one earthen washbowl in the morning. For rats, a larger vessel must be set, such as a barrel or tub. Partly fill with water, sprinkle bran on the surface, tie a bit of meat or fish as bait, to a chip, and let it float on the water. Make a walk of board for the rats to climb up on, and the trap is ready.

I have caught many mice with bowls and tin kettles. Use a strip of pasteboard an inch wide by four long. Bend in the middle forming a rectangular triangle. To one end pin a bait of meat, fish or cheese, and stand the strip on one end on the shelf, balancing one edge of the kettle on the corner where it is bent. The other edge of the kettle's mouth rests on the shelf, and the baited end of pasteboard bends forward inside of the mouth. The mouse must go inside, directly under the mouth, to nibble the bait, and as the slightest jar disturbs the kettle from its precarious position, Mr. Mouse is imprisoned. A larger heavier device may be used for rats. A trap must be washed or smoked out every time it has entertained a rodent. Never let children destroy or see them destroyed. Have a reliable adult dispatch them painlessly.—New England Homestead.

Fruits for the Table in Winter.

Apples, as a rule, are more easily digested cooked than raw, although raw apples are more palatable.

Fruits are more appetizing, and, perhaps, more easily digested, if taken in the early part of the day—whether or not before the breakfast must be determined by the eater.

Grapes, oranges and shaddocks may be served before the cereal. Baked apples, peaches, baked bananas, figs, dates, prunes or stewed fruits should be served at the close of the breakfast.

The sub-acid fruits, such as apples, figs, dates, peaches, persimmons, pears, prunes and apricots, are, perhaps, the best of the winter fruits, and may be used to good advantage with animal foods.

Raisins, sultanas, dried figs and prunes should be soaked thoroughly, so that they may take up the same amount of water with which they have parted in the process of drying, and should then be heated just enough to soften the skins.

Acid fruits must at all times be used most sparingly, especially by persons inclined to rheumatic troubles. The continued use of an orange or shaddock before breakfast will diminish the power of stomach digestion for cereals, or such foods as require only intestinal digestion.

The papaw and pineapple belong to a class alone. They contain a vegetable pepsin which assists in the digestion of the nitrogenous principles. These fruits, then, may be served with meats, and will aid in their digestion; when served with bread and butter they do not form so good a diet. They are more digestible raw than cooked, as the heat destroys the activity of the ferments.

The fashion of adding sugar to fruits should be avoided, as they have already been endowed with a sufficient amount of sugar, and as all the starch and cereals are converted into sugar any further amount would be stored in the system, to its detriment. If our bilious friends would throw aside their liver pills, and with them, sugar, they might be free from much discomfort.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Old Lady's Inquiry.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.
"I'm like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always wistfully luxuriating in her classes.—Tit-Bits.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New Picture Bonnets.

Bigger and bigger and undoubtedly more beautiful still, grow the Victorian bonnets every week. They seem,



VICTORIAN BONNET.

however, the exclusive property of very young, slender girls, whose skins are fresh enough to need no

to form the fan back. It is lined throughout and interfaced with hair-cloth for a depth of five inches, and at the extreme edges is a bias band of the velvet stitched after the latest mode. At the waist is worn a simple straight belt of velvet made over a foundation of tailor's canvas.

To make this waist for a miss of fourteen years, will require one and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material, with one yard of velvet twenty inches wide. To make the skirt will require two and three fourths yards of the same width material.

A Little Girl's Costume of Yale-Blue Cashmere.

Yale-blue cashmere, banded with a darker shade of velvet ribbon and combined with a heavy cream lace yoke over silk, made this attractive and stylish gown, which is well suited to afternoon wear. The blouse waist is made over a fitted lining and closes invisibly at the centre-back, but the outside portion has shoulder and under-arm seams only. The silk and lace are faced onto the lining to yoke depth, where they are met by the full front and backs of cashmere, a strip of the material edged with velvet being placed over the joining. The fulness at the lower portion is also collected in gathers and is stitched to the foundation in a manner to give the youthful and slight blouse effect. The



STYLISH GOWN OF CASHMERE AND VELVET.

screen of tulle, since veils are never worn with this headgear, and whose hair falls into natural bob curls about the brow.

There was a motion put and almost carried recently with a view of doing away with hat-wearing bridesmaids, but this winter's brides have not been able to resist the blandishments of the Victorian shapes and its picturesque possibilities. One from a wedding group is here given merely to show the most approved method of applying the very extensive trimmings and the size to which these bonnets do grow. Against a pale of violet-colored beaver, long, shape-blue plumes are laid, and with cream lace, pink silk poppies and ivory white satin ribbon this crown of millinery glory is made complete.

Stylish Gown for a Miss.

No two materials, according to May Manton, harmonize more perfectly than do cashmere and velvet. The stylish gown in the double-column illustration is made of the soft wool material in gray, trimmed with the richer stuff in an exquisite shade of tulip-red. The bodice, which is eminently girlish, is made over a fitted lining which includes the usual number of pieces and seams, and closes at the centre-front. The full portion of the waist proper is arranged in gathers at the edge of the yoke and again at the waist line. The yoke and strips of velvet are applied to the lining, and are finished at all their edges of trimming which includes both gray and red. The right edge of the front piece is stitched to the lining, but the left hooks invisibly into place. The sleeves which are in coat shape fit snugly, but are finished with slight puffs at the shoulders which give the effect of additional breadth. Both neck and wrists are finished with bands of velvet edged with the trimming which serves as a frill.

The skirt is seven-gored and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, the fulness being laid in plaits

sleeves are two-seamed and snug, except for the puffs at the shoulders, which are all that remain of the recent large sleeves. Bands of velvet are placed at the wrists and again over the puffs, meeting those that finish the yoke at the arm's-eyes.

The skirt is simply full and straight, and is unlined. At the lower edge is a deep hem, above which are the two bands of velvet ribbon. The yoke is finished with a straight band of the lace, edged with bands and at the



A GIRL'S HOME COSTUME.

waist is worn a sash of piece velvet bowed at the back.

To make this gown for a girl of eight years will require two and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch material.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEA.

I stood beside the troubled sea,
In musing mood, one day,
The billows came and scooped at me
And, roaring, rushed away:
My heart was far across the blue,
I wondered if my love were true,
And, wondering, turned away.

But, as I turned, a fairy boat
Came bobbing o'er the sea—
A dainty little wave-tossed note
Came floating unto me—
Then flashed the glad thought through my
mind—
"In yonder waif perchance I'll find
A word from her to me."

"Ah, welcome, little messenger?"
In eager tones I cried,
"And do you bring me joy from her
Across the foamy tide?"
The roaring billows seemed to say:
"We bring you word from far away
Across the trackless tide."

I picked the message from the sand
Upon the beaten shore;
In haste I opened it and scanned
The message that it bore—
"A fool sends greeting o'er the sea
To the fool who gets these lines from me"—
That was the word it bore.
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

HUMOROUS.

It is a long head that knows no turning when a pretty girl passes.
Money talks. Perhaps that's why they put a woman's head on the silver dollar.

Father—I am going to tan your hide. Son—I don't like those "skin" games.

Age may not be garrulous, but it is sure to tell on a woman in the course of time.

The city sidewalks are used by pedestrians, but the crab has a side-walk of his own.

A stupid man compliments a woman's pretty teeth, but a clever man makes her laugh.

The belle in the choir often brings more young men to church than the bell in the steeple.

A man always tries to follow the straight and narrow path when it comes to shovelling snow.

The man with plenty of push is usually successful, but he isn't in it with the man who has a pull.

Surprises are in store for young married couples who think that they understand one another thoroughly.

Laura—I've learned one thing since I got a wheel. Bessie—What's that? Laura—That beauty is only skin deep.

Martha—Speaking of Miss Mint-drop, hasn't she a red head? Martin—She did have before she came into her uncle's property.

Timmins—Every once in a while I find myself repeating one of my jokes. Simmons—That's queer. I never hear any one else repeating them.

"I'm sorry the critics were so severe on your play, Mr. Theopis." "Oh, that doesn't hurt me. There wasn't an idea of my own in it."

Bill—I think your friend is overworked. Jill—What makes you think so? Bill—Why, I understand every man in town has borrowed money of him.

Penelope—Oh, there are lots of good fish in the sea. Kathryn (who came home from the season unengaged)—Yes, but why don't they come out on the beach?

"Next time I'm coming out to Beverly's I'm going to take a camp stool with me." "What for?" "Last time I went I sat down on a little thing that turned out to be a tea-table."

"Mamma," said little Georgie, "I don't think it was a dove that Noah sent out of the ark." "But the Bible says it was, dear." "I know, but I think it means a carrier pigeon."

Crimsonbeak—You never hear any one speak of the white horse and the red-headed girl now. Yeast—No; I guess the white horses have all died. "Perhaps it's the girls who have died."

"You passed me yesterday without a word," he said reproachfully. "Forgive me," she murmured. "And have you no word of explanation?" "Two," she answered, "a borrowed wheel and a mouthful of gum."

She—Do you believe there is anything in charms? He—Well, they say there is a good deal of paint mixed up in some of them; but I can see at a glance that yours are genuine. May I? She could only nod.

Tourist—What's the name of that noble mountain? Native—Dunno as it's got any. We call it "the mountain." Tourist—No name for that grand eminence? Native—Wot's the use of its havin' a name? It's the only mountain here.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the dear girl, her sapphire eyes brimming with unshed tears, "how can you say that society is hollow?" "Why shouldn't I?" retorted pa, with a coarse laugh, "why shouldn't I, when I have to pay the bills for feeding the gang that you have here at your blowouts?"

The Moose and the Boat.

In the state of Maine there are a number of beautiful lakes, some of them so large that small steamboats carry passengers from one end of the lake to the other. Recently, while crossing a lake, a moose was seen swimming in the same direction the steamboat was going. The captain got a rope ready, and when alongside the moose threw it over its head. The moose naturally was frightened, and swam faster, towing the boat. He suddenly turned about and almost upset it. The moose headed for the woods on a low point of land, and the captain saw that if he did not cut the rope the moose would wreck the boat. The rope was cut, and the moose freed from his burden, soon struck the shore and disappeared in the woods.

An Oklahoma lawyer named Crank has petitioned the court to change his name.