

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Bit of a Boy. There was never a smile in a weary white, And never a gleam of joy, Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright— A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May And throbbed with life and joy; And with all the roses he seemed to play— A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart, And time can never destroy The memory sweet of the pattering feet Of that little bit of a boy!

We had wondered how he could play all With never a dream of rest; But once he crept in the dark and slept Still on his mother's breast!

There was never a smile in a weary white, And never a gleam of joy; But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him— A little bit of a boy!

How Bertha Did It.

"Five lovely white kittens, and mamma says they must all be drowned!" Bertha cried about it. The twins, Cora and Clarence, cried too. Walter looked gloomy, and little Janie wiped his eyes on his pinafore. "Why? Why? Why?" wailed the chorus. "Because," said mamma, firmly, "it is the most merciful thing to do. We can't keep five cats; and I'm sure you don't wish to give up old Tabby even for one of her kittens. It is better to drown them while they are little than to send them away to be starved or neglected."

"Wait till they get just a little bigger, and let me try to find homes for them," begged Bertha. "Well, you may try it," said mamma.

So, after a few weeks, Bertha wrote five little notes. This is what each one said: "I am a poor, little, homeless kitten. Please give me a morsel of milk and a corner of the hearth to sleep." One note was signed "Snow," one "Snowflake," one "Snow White," one "Snowdrop," and one "snowball." "People will know that's each one's name," said Bertha.

Then she tied the note around each kitten's neck with a pretty ribbon. One day Bertha took a walk, with five kittens in a basket; and when she came back the basket was empty. "I left Snow at old Mrs. Gray's," she said. Old Mr. and Mrs. Gray have nothing to amuse them, so I guess they will keep Snow. I took Snowflake to Mrs. King's door. Jimmy King is lame and I'm sure he will be glad to see Snowflake. I put Snowdrop into Miss Spinster's window. It was open. There isn't a soul in the house besides her, and Snowdrop'll be splendid company. I left Snowball in the yard of the house where the two pairs of twins live at the end of the road. If they only want pull her tail! Then I stopped at Aunt Susie's for a drink of water. And I told her all about it; and she laughed, and said she'd keep Snow White herself. Snow White's the prettiest." And, strange to say, the kittens did really find a welcome and good home just where Bertha's loving hands had left them.

The Business Was Stopped.

Catherine had been indulging in a drink of milk during the night for so long, that, when about three years of age and visiting friends, her parents decided that her crying and persistence in wanting the milk, which was then so inconvenient to procure, had become decidedly a nuisance. A few days later she was left with her grandparents, while her father and mother went to New York. Some plan had been decided upon between her mamma and grandmamma, by which the little lady's proclivity for night imbibing should be abolished. As soon as her mamma was gone, her grandmamma said: "Now, Catherine, we are going to stop this milk business and this night business," and added a few more words emphasizing the proposed amendment.

A Troubled Conscience.

The boy was in bed, but not asleep. He tossed about and sighed. Presently he sat up and listened to the music from the room below. His mother had a party, and his sister had been allowed to sit up, though he had been sent to bed at the usual hour. But that was not the cause of the boy's trouble. "Mudder must have forgotten," he said, presently. He sat thinking for some time; then he rose and scrambled out of bed. He tried to put on his clothes, but his nurse had always dressed him, and he could not manage the fastenings. He did not like to appear in public without an extra garment; so he put on his overcoat, and, grasping the tail of his long night dress with one hand, and holding his coat closed with the other, he made his way down stairs to the drawing-room.

His mother was singing, "The Lover and the Bird," but at the sound of partly suppressed exclamations from the guests she turned round on the piano stool and beheld her son. "Mudder," said the boy, hastening to her side; "mudder, my od-

der clothes is not on because dose buttons don't fit. But truly I did have to come down, mudder, for you said, you said, you would spank me at bedtime, and—and, I don't want my own mudder to say a fib. But, mudder, I comed down and toled you, and—and—don't you flink you better spank soft?"

TERENCE V. POWDERLY.

The Noted Head of the Knights of Labor Recently Retires.

At the recent session of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, in Philadelphia, General Master Workman Powderly resigned as the head of the order and his resignation was accepted. Mr. Powderly steps down and out as the result of differences between the leading knights and himself. J. R. Sovereign, State Labor Commissioner of Iowa, was elected to succeed him. Mr. Powderly says that he has the good of the order and mankind in general at heart, and will "labor hard to build the Knights of Labor up to the height it



TERENCE V. POWDERLY.

occupied before factional fights and internal dissensions reduced it to its present level. At one time, he continued, "our numerical strength was not below the 500,000 mark, and now it is barely 60,000; but then, rises and falls have ever been the portion of empires. We will again rise, perhaps higher than ever."

Terence Vincent Powderly was born in Carbondale, Pa., in January, 1849, of Irish parents, and he was the eleventh of twelve children. His father was a day laborer. He had but six years' education in the public schools, and at the age of 13 found employment with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. In 1870 he was invited one night to attend a meeting of a local branch of the Knights of Labor, Assembly No. 88. He joined. The movement was then in its infancy, and meetings were held in secret, members being required to take an oath at initiation. At about this time labor-saving machinery was being introduced in an alarming way. Mr. Powderly became active among the Knights. In January, 1878, he was elected to represent one of the seven districts of the order at its first convention, which was held in Reading that month. Uriah Stephens, of Philadelphia, was elected General Master Workman and Powderly to the next office, which was called General Worthy Foreman. At the next meeting, held in St. Louis, Mr. Stephens recommended that Powderly be elected to fill his place, which was done.

In April, 1878, Powderly was elected Mayor of Scranton, Pa., to which office he was twice re-elected, and then he declined a renomination. The first thing that Mr. Powderly did as Mayor was to discharge the whole police force of the city. When he retired from office he gave his whole time to the Knights. As Grand Master Workman, Powderly traveled much and spoke on platforms all over the country. During some of the great railroad strikes of the past he was on many occasions the biggest man in the country in the eyes of the public for the time being.

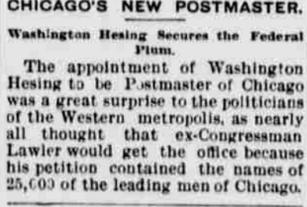
CHICAGO'S NEW POSTMASTER.

Washington Hering Secures the Federal Plun.

The appointment of Washington Hering to be Postmaster of Chicago was a great surprise to the politicians of the Western metropolis, as nearly all thought that ex-Congressman Lawler would get the office because his petition contained the names of 25,603 of the leading men of Chicago.

Washington Hering is 44 years old and a native of Cincinnati. He has lived in Chicago since he was 5 and was graduated from Yale College in 1870 with the title of B. A. He has been manager of the Staats-Zeitung for many years and wields great influence among the Germans. He served several years on the city and county boards of education and was a candidate for the Mayoralty nomination when Carter Harrison ran the last time.

WASHINGTON HERING.



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BAGS—Buskin is, without doubt, the most realistic and artistic actor in the world. Fangs—Why do you think so? Bags—When the audience called for him after his death scene he was carried before the curtain in a coffin.—Puck.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

A WALL STREET squeeze seldom means a friendly pressure.—Lowell Courier.

LABEL a man dangerous and most girls of 16 see a halo around his head.—Aitchison Globe.

SOME nervous people waste almost half their time getting there too early.—Dallas News.

If you'll notice, the man who can sleep like a top is pretty apt to be a hummer.—Buffalo Courier.

WILLIS—Which is the best position in which to sleep? Wallace—On the police force.—Brooklyn Life.

THE most majestic manner cannot be maintained when its possessor is obliged to sneeze.—Kate Field's Washington.

DYING by inches is fast enough, but it's unfortunate when football players die by the foot as it were.—Philadelphia Times.

NELL—"Miss Pussie hasn't a very beautiful form, has she?" Belle—"No, but she makes up for it."—Philadelphia Record.

THE ears are eyes to the blind, says an observer. According to this view a blind person must be an ear-sighted person.—Boston Courier.

"I AM a miss-guided youth," said the boy whose big sister compelled him to help wash the dishes.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

"PARKER is awfully conceited. He doesn't seem able to get away from himself." "That's because he's stuck on himself."—Harper's Bazar.

MOLLIE—"That old man Hattie is going to marry isn't worth a dollar." Sarah—"Of course not; he's only a remnant."—Detroit Free Press.

"You have faith that your husband will become a great artist?" Wife—"I can't tell yet, you see; he has only been dead ten years."—Inter Ocean.

A MAN can always tell where he got his cold just as easily as he can't tell where he left his umbrella two or three days before.—Somerville Journal.

"YOUR neighbor appears to have failed a good many times." "Just twenty-four times. The next will be his silver-bankruptcy."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A ROUGH ESTIMATE.—Miss Sears—"What should you imagine her age to be?" Miss Knox—"I'm not very good at a guess; possibly the carboniferous."—Vogue.

It isn't always sure that a young man is religious because he goes regularly to prayer-meeting. It may be the girl who is the religious one.—Somerville Journal.

BERTHA—"Oh, dear, I've got to go to the dressmaker and be fitted." Maud—"I sympathize with you, for I know you will have a trying time."—Rochester Democrat.

CUSTOMER—Have you a copy of "Fifteen Decisive Battles?" Bookseller—No, sir; we are sold out, but we can give you "Reflections of a Married Man."—Tit-Bits.

"It's wonderful," remarked the editor, "how proud a man acts when he is going to have his picture published, and how humble he feels after it has happened."—Washington Star.

WHEN a man is accused he begins by saying: "These attacks of my enemies will not injure me. I have lived here too long to need a defense," and then proceeds to give one.—Aitchison Globe.

INDIANIAN—Yer offerin' the boss mighty cheap. Do ye own him for sure? Kentuckian (looking anxiously toward the ferry)—Yes, he's mine, an' I'll never go back on him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FEATHERSTONE (waiting for Miss Slinson to come down)—Willy, that clock of yours is half an hour fast. Willy—You'd better not tell sister so. Featherstone—Why not? Willy—"Cause she thinks you don't know it."—Puck.

MR. JONES—So you are the new servant my wife has hired. I suppose you had good references? New Servant—Yes, indeed. I was in my last place three years and they gave me a time allowance of nine months for good behavior.—Texas Sittings.

CHIEF MILLER—Say, Sleuthpup, did you catch that thief? Detective Sleuthpup—No, sir. Chief Miller—Well, why didn't you catch him? Detective Sleuthpup—I don't know, chief, unless it's because I've just been vaccinated.—Philadelphia Record.

MRS. O'HAGAN—I don't like the looks of the b-l-r-d. Street vender (with suppressed anger)—Are yer a buyin' a turkey for its looks or its flavor? (Ironically.) If I'd a knowed you'd a wanted a pooty bird, I'd a filled me wagon with birds o' paradise.—Life.

"DEAR me," said the girl with black snappy eyes, "I wish I was a football player." "What do you mean?" asked her mother aghast. "Just what I say. I wish I was a football player, and that hateful, snippy little Sallie Giggles was on the other side."—Washington Star.

MRS. MEADOW—I heard those city people say something about taking rides in traps. What kind of wagons are they? Mr. Meadow—Huh! Anybody might know you'd never been to York. It's a black-covered carriage that ye git into expectin' to pay 10 cents fare—and ye git charged \$6.—Puck.

A GOOD DOG STORY.

A Mastiff Who Was Not to Be Won by a Short Acquaintance.

A writer in St. Nicholas tells of visiting a party of friends in the Bendigo gold fields where he was cordially welcomed. "Among the valued possessions of my friends," he continues, "was an English mastiff named Rex, which belonged to one of the gentlemen. The good understanding between myself and the mastiff appeared to have become so well established during the evening that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent, without the least misgiving as to my reception by him.

"Rex, who was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and, so far as I could see, showed no interest in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea. But when I started to leave the tent with the kettle in my hand, imagine my astonishment when I saw the supposed friend Rex facing me, and showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seated myself on the edge of the camp-bed and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all. The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere notion, but, on the contrary, a real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it.

"I talked to him again, set down the kettle and attempted to leave without it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts and determined to give his masters the benefit of them. There was no help for it; I was held a prisoner, and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for one of the party to come to my relief. No one came until nearly an hour later, by which time my long absence had caused friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go and take whatever I wished."

Pretzel.

It is remarkable that the superior merits of pretzels are just beginning to be recognized in this country. For a long time they have been a standard article of food in Germany, and no country in the world ranks higher than Germany in the mental power, the physical strength and the thrifty life of its inhabitants. In the United States, especially, pretzels have been undervalued and their uses misunderstood. Because of their cheapness they have been considered crude, and because of their being introduced by the humbler classes of Germans in connection with saloons they have been considered coarse. But now even the luxurious classes here are taking notice of pretzels, and the careful students of dietetics offer willing praises of their healthful qualities. Pretzels must be baked properly. The best made are baked on wire pans over an open fire; the effects of the process are similar to the effects of toasting bread or broiling steaks. Pretzels are salty in taste, easily digestible and extremely nutritious, and their keeping qualities far exceed any variety of crackers.—Boston Transcript.

Many people suppose that snuff is made by grinding up cigar stubs and refuse tobacco, but this is a great mistake. The manufacture of snuff is a process that extends over several months. The dried leaves are sprinkled with water and left to ferment, a process that sometimes takes ten or twelve weeks. They are then ground to powder, wet with seawater and allowed to undergo a second fermentation. Some flavoring matters are added to produce particular brands, and, after a thorough stirring, the snuff is ready for the consumer's nose.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

P. N. U. I. PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination of inventions, and advice as to patentability of inventions, sent for Inventors. Ordinal or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. "We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks' Association of the United States. Includes illustration of a woman and a child.

Short Sermons.

The fellow who looks at the sun through smoked glass can't see any brightness.

Every community is crowded with people who want the best of everything except religion.

The only people who refuse to walk in God's way are those who have the devil's shoes on.

The man who thinks he knows it all can never walk arm in arm with knowledge of any kind.

Blessed are the merciful. Don't forget it when you have a mortgage on the property of a widow.

Very few people ever find out this side of the grave just how much of the devil they have in them.

Getting a man's heart right is better than putting a stronger lock on his neighbor's chicken house.

All people take their heads with them when they go to church, but some of them leave their hearts behind.

The violation of an eternal law must carry with it eternal punishment. A law without a penalty is no law.

A Cyclone Story.

One of the most peculiar results of last Sunday's cyclone can be seen in East Jacksonville. A large oak tree was twisted by the force of the wind half way round, yet remained upright, and there are no splits or cracks visible upon its surface. This in itself would not be so peculiar were it not for the fact that the tree still stays in its new position, and the limbs which were previously on the west side are now on the east. The body of the tree is probably split so that it will eventually die, but the bark seems to have remained unbroken and intact, and therein lies the peculiarity.—Florida Times-Union.

LITTLEIGH—It was an unfortunate thing the devil tempted Eve in the form of a serpent. Littleigh—In what way? Littleigh—Well, if he had approached her in the form of a mouse Adam would never have tasted that apple.—Puck.

CURES OTHERS

A prominent clergyman of Mississippi recommends "Golden Medical Discovery" to suffering humanity everywhere. The "Discovery" builds up the strength and solid flesh when reduced below a healthy standard.

DYSPEPSIA AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

REV. A. H. MEVS, of Florida's Palatka, Oshkosh (Wisconsin) writes: "Having suffered for a number of years with dyspepsia, torrid liver and general debility, and having tried several physicians with little or no benefit, I resolved, as a last resort, to consult your specialists at the World's Dispensary. Being advised by them to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, I did so, and after using several bottles, I feel entirely restored to health. Now, I take great pleasure in recommending your medicines to suffering humanity everywhere."



REV. A. H. MEVS.

WHY NOT YOU?

Hard Times Fertilizers. To meet the present Hard Times on Farmers we will sell our direct for cash good Fertilizers at the following lowest wholesale prices.

Fertilizers for corn, cotton and peas at \$13.50. Fertilizers for tobacco, pumpkins and potatoes at \$14. Fertilizers for melons, watermelons and cucumbers at \$15 per ton. W. S. Powell & Co., Fertilizer Mfrs., Baltimore, Md.

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