

Children's Column



Good for Nothing.
"Just look at these pennies," said roguish Dan
To his sturdy companion Roy:
"My mother gives me a penny a day
Whenever I've been a good boy."
"I wouldn't be paid just for being good,"
Said Roy with a toss of his head;
"I'd just as soon, and a little rather,
Be good for nothing," he said.

Story of a Caterpillar.
This is the time of year when a certain fuzzy little caterpillar goes camping. It chooses for its summer outing the convenient crotch of a cherry or apple tree, and there sets up its tent. The tent is beautifully spun of the finest web, and is so formed that it will keep out the wet and cold fully as well as the larger canvas tent with which you will go camping this summer. At first the caterpillars are very small and weak. They are covered with little short hairs, and there is a long white streak down their back. The lower portions of their bodies are black, and their sides are sprinkled with yellow and blue. So you see they can lay claim to being very aristocratic and well-dressed caterpillars.

After building the tent the caterpillars, led by their king, choose some warm afternoon and crawl out along the limbs of the tree and begin to eat the tender young leaves. They take everything as they go, veins and all, but they do not try to eat the stout mid-rib of the leaf. Very busy eaters they are, and as long as the sun shines they remain at their meal, but if a rainstorm comes up, somehow the caterpillars find it out in time to crawl back to their tent, where they can keep their nice clothes from getting wet. They also rest every night like civilized folk, and they have regular times for meals.

From the very first they grow rapidly, and presently their tent will no longer hold all of the family. Accordingly the best workmen set about and spin additions and lean-tos and dormer bedrooms. In a few weeks' time the caterpillars have grown to full size—about two inches long—and they are very handsome as caterpillars go. They have also eaten all the limbs off the farmer's trees and spoiled his crops, perhaps, but that doesn't trouble their consciences at all.

Like a grown boy, the grown caterpillar wants to go out and see the world, and so, some sunny day, he crawls down out of the trees and begins his travel. Sometimes in June thousands of these adventurous caterpillars find some convenient chip or fence rail or bit of bark under which to spend the night. If he likes the spot, perhaps, he determines to settle there permanently, and builds himself a permanent house or cocoon, beautifully soft and oval, and rolls himself inside of it. No doubt more than one boy and girl has found these little yellow caterpillar houses and wondered what they were. Inside the cocoon the caterpillar goes through many marvelous changes.

In two or three weeks' time, if you were to hold the yellow cocoon close to your ear, you would hear a rustling inside, as if something was trying to dig through. Presently a little hole appears at one end of the cocoon and a reddish-brown moth, with moist wings, crawls out. If it is daylight the moth stands quite still and slowly moves her wings to get them dried out. As soon as darkness comes she flies up in the air and begins a happy, care-free existence, enjoying to its utmost the warm July weather. Two or three days she flutters about and then she finds an apple tree in some farmer's yard, or in the woods a wild cherry tree. No one knows how it happens that she can find the right kind of a tree, where there are so many to choose from all about her, but she never makes a mistake.

On some convenient little twig the moth lays a great number of eggs, which she forms into a smooth, rounded mass. Over them she spreads a fine varnish, which dries hard and smooth and keeps out the rain. The eggs are laid in July, after which the moth, having finished her work, soon dies. But the eggs remain in good condition all the rest of the summer and all of the following winter. In May of the year following, as soon as the sun grows warm and bright, they hatch out into the little, fuzzy caterpillars, who go at once to the work of building a tent.

And this is the whole story of the tent caterpillar, which is one of the commonest insects around Chicago, and the story has been repeated year after year, for nobody knows how long.—Chicago Record.

How Pussy Blue Eyes Was Lost.
Pussy was lost! The family were all looking for her. They went down cellar and up to the top floor; they went out into the garden and peeped under the bushes and called: "Pussy, pussy, pussy! Where are you, pussy?" and still there was not a mew.

Now this was very strange, and frightened little Mercy very much, for Pussy was Marcy's own kitten, without a spot on her, and a ribbon and bell about her neck.

There never was such a kitten, Mercy declared—and so clever. Once when she followed some one down cellar and got into the coal pile and came up as black as a cat could be, tail and all, Mercy did not know how she should ever wash her clean; but Pussy did not wait for that; she just sat down on the hearth, after Mercy had taken off that dreadful dirty ribbon, and licked herself clean with her little red tongue.

That was the only time Pussy Blue Eyes was ever soiled in all her little life, or ever worried Mercy about her until the day she was lost. Now, everybody was wild over it. There were mamma and papa and grandma. And grandma would have been worried, too, if he had not gone down town very early on business. Grandma was an old-fashioned gentleman who believed that "early to bed, and early to rise, made people healthy, wealthy and wise," and he got up very early to have his breakfast.

Perhaps he had seen Blue Eyes that morning. Eliza Jane, who served grandma's breakfast, said she could not remember whether she had or not, she was so busy. But Jane, the cook, declared that she had wondered why that kitten cried so, and supposed some one had trodden on its tail.

"As soon as I had baked all the griddle cakes Mr. Gresham would eat, I came to call Blue Eyes to get some milk," she said, "but she wasn't crying then and I couldn't find her."

Then the rummage I have described began, and I do not think that any spot from the book-case drawers to the little closet where the preserves were kept was left unexplored. And Ann Eliza even opened the big hand box that had come home with her new bonnet to see if Pussy Blue Eyes might be hidden away.

"The tricks of a cat will puzzle the wisest," she said, "and once I did find one in that same place, and four kittens with her."

But when they had looked there, there seemed to be no other place left, and they decided that Pussy Blue Eyes had run out to meet the milkman, as she sometimes did, and that some wicked boy had stolen her.

"She is so pretty!" said Mercy, as the tears ran down her face.

"And a real good bell on her neck ribbon," said Ann Eliza.

Grandma shook her head and said that little boys grew worse every day, and that she thought that their parents spoiled them.

And, though Mercy was very fond of griddle cakes and honey, she could not enjoy breakfast the least bit, thinking that her poor Pussy Blue Eyes might be in the hands of some wicked boy who would pinch her tail and pull her ears and steal her neck ribbon and golden bell, and perhaps end by drowning her in the well, as Johnny Green drowned the pussy cat in Mother Goose's famous story, and with no Johnny Stout anywhere near to pull her out and save her.

Mercy was a very sad little girl all day, and in the afternoon she felt so badly from crying so much that Mamma told her that she would take her out with her, and that they would go to grandma's office and see if he could remember anything that would give them an idea where to look for Pussy Blue Eyes.

"I don't believe he can," said Mercy, "but it will be something to do." So before long they were both in a car which passed straight by grandma's office window, and out they jumped and upstairs they ran, and very glad grandma was to see them, though of course he was very sorry when he heard that Pussy Blue Eyes was lost.

"I remember seeing her at breakfast time," he said. She came and rubbed herself against my foot and after that I heard her crying. Dear me! I should have looked to see what ailed her, but I never thought. Perhaps she has run away, but if so, she'll come back. Cats are fond of the house they live in. Let's hope she will."

"Here, Tom," he called to the office boy. "Go and tell them to send us some plates of ice cream from the restaurant, and get one for yourself—four of us. I've change in my hand-bag," said grandma, "so best not change a bill." Then he stooped under the desk, pulled out his bag, opened it, and cried out: "Oh, dear me—dear me! What's this?"

And Mercy ran to look, and so did her mamma, and so did Tom, and they saw lying flat in the bottom of grandma's big hand-bag little Blue Eyes flat, as if she had been a piece of fat and quite still and quiet.

Mercy screamed and mamma clasped her hands and grandma fished her out in a hurry. At first they thought she was smothered, but she was only very sound asleep, and pretty soon she stretched one paw and then the other and opened her mouth and gave such a wide yawn, and then Mercy began to cry for joy, and grandma to laugh and tell how he had heard a cat meowing all day but could not think where it was. He had left his bag open on a chair and the little creature must have gone to sleep and he had shut her in without knowing it. After that they had the ice cream Tom brought in and Mercy carried her lost pet home and astonished every one there by telling them the story.—New York Ledger.

The Split in the Party.
"Have you heard about the split in the Prohibition party?"
"No; has there been a split?"
"Yes; I've left!"—True Reform

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Peach Shortcake.
Peach shortcake is delicious, made after the following fashion: Make a rich baking powder biscuit dough, with plenty of sweet butter shortening. Roll four circles of the dough to quarter inch thickness, and place two together in the pie pans, slightly flouring the sides that meet. Bake to a delicate brown. Have the peaches chopped and well sugared, separate the cakes, and make into layers with the peaches.

Turnips With Butter.
Procure some young fresh turnips. Wash and peel them. Cut them into shapes like large olives. Put them into cold salted water. Bring to boil. Then drain off the water, rinse the turnips, and dry them in a clean cloth. For each pound of turnips weighed before cooking put two ounces of butter into a stewpan. Melt and beat the butter, put in the turnips, sprinkle over them one tablespoonful of lemon juice and a dust of salt. Lay a piece buttered paper over the vegetables. Cook very gently till they are quite tender. They will take probably from twenty to thirty minutes. When done shake all over two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley. Place in a hot dish, with the butter and parsley poured over.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mock Pate de Foie Gras.
Lard a calf's liver thickly over the top and set it in a stewpan with two small, fresh onions chopped fine, a blade of mace, half a dozen pepper corns, two or three bay leaves, half a dozen whole cloves, a saltspoonful of salt, a lump of loaf sugar and one pint of stock. Cover the pan tightly and simmer the contents slowly for three hours. When done remove the liver, cut it into slices, place these in a deep dish and strain the liquor over. Let this stand overnight and in the morning pound the liver to a paste, adding a teaspoonful of salt, the same quantity of white pepper and eight ounces of melted fresh butter. After mixing all the ingredients more thoroughly together, press all through a sieve. Pack into small jars, flatten the top and pour melted clarified lard over. This potted meat will keep two or three weeks and is always popular.

Huckleberry Pie.
Make a good plain crust with half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of lard, a level teaspoonful of salt, and ice water enough to mix together. Have all your materials as cold as possible, sift the flour into a bowl, add the lard and salt and chop it with a knife. When thoroughly mixed, moisten with the water, a little at a time. Take the dough out on a floured board, cut it in two pieces and roll out one of them for the bottom crust. Line your plate with the crust, dip a small five-cent paint brush, which is kept for that purpose, in the white of an egg, and brush the crust all over. This will keep the juice of the berries from soaking into the crust. Put in your huckleberries, one pint, and a small piece of butter and a quarter of a cup of sugar, cover with the top crust and bake in a very quick oven. When rolling out the top crust, cut a hole in the middle of it so that the steam may escape, or the juice will run out of the pie into the oven. For a plain family pie, tuck the top crust under the bottom all around the edge, and press them together with the thumb, and this prevents the juice from escaping. All fruit pies should be eaten the day they are baked, or the under crust will be heavy.

Household Hints.
It is a great annoyance to any one to have a borrowing neighbor.

Irons that have once been red-hot will never retain the heat so well again.

All housekeepers should know the value for household purposes of powdered borax.

Morning headaches may frequently be avoided by having the bedroom properly and thoroughly ventilated.

Irons should never be allowed to remain over the fire longer than is necessary, but should be put at once in a cool place free from dust and smoke.

Red pepper tea is very good for carpet pests. If the floor is washed in a solution of one-quarter of a pound of red pepper to one gallon of water it will do much to drive them away.

Colors that have been taken out can be sometimes restored by sponging with weak vinegar. If the color has been taken out by an alkali, sponging with chloroform is often effective.

Chamois-skin makes a soft, durable duster. It can be kept clean by washing. It must be dried in the shade and rubbed soft. It will hold a little dampness, if desired, which is a satisfactory quality in a duster. Imitation chamois may be used.

When having occasion to hang out clothes in winter where a frost is likely to stiffen them and injure the fabric, this can be obviated by putting a handful of coarse salt in the last rinsing water and letting it dissolve before putting in the articles under treatment.

In buying poultry in the summer select that which is plump and firm. As soon as it comes home from the market dry it thoroughly on a coarse linen cloth. Then dress it ready for cooking. Young broiling chickens are the only ones fit to be eaten in summer.

A successful palm grower says he has found that these plants thrive best when they are often treated to a milk and water sponge bath instead of one of clear water. The leaves then are not so likely to become defaced by withered brown spots, but will keep glossy and fresh.

There are twenty-three acres of land to every inhabitant of the globe.

Oldest German Newspaper.

The Magdeburg Gazette, probably the oldest newspaper in Germany, last month celebrated its 250th anniversary. It is still conducted by representatives of the Faber family, which founded it in 1647, just at the close of the Thirty Years' War. The present heads of the venerable journalistic dynasty are the two brothers, Robert and Alexander Faber, perpetuating a line almost a century and a half older than that which rules over the London Times, the greatest if not the oldest of newspapers. Magdeburg took on the decorations of holiday in honor of its venerable Gazette, which well deserved them.

Coffee and Wine.
Brillat-Savarin long ago stated that the great Frenchmen Buffon and Voltaire drank enormous quantities of coffee, to their deadly hurt; and he declared that a person might take two bottles of wine a day without injury during a long life, but that by a similar indulgence in coffee he would become an idiot or die of consumption. The inordinate use of tea and coffee is now well-known, and is admitted, even by temperance physicians, to be more dangerous than that of alcohol. Dr. Alfred Crespi, in the Health News, has just been adding his testimony to that of others.—London Caterer

B and O Improvements.
The work of straightening the track and reducing the grade on the station on the second division of the B. and O. was completed Monday afternoon, and the first train to use the new line was No. One, the New York and St. Louis west-bound package freight train. The curves have been eliminated by this work. A mile east of Meyer's Hole, a similar improvement has been in progress for months, and it will be completed and ready for trains next Sunday. Several reverse curves and a nasty and dangerous dip are done away with at this point. Near Meyer's Hole, the alignment of the track is being materially changed, and as in the other two improvements, had grades and sharp, annoying curves are being removed. This part of the work will be done in sixty days and then a series of improvements will have been completed. This work in its entirety means the hauling of several additional cars in each freight train, besides reducing the danger of derailments to almost nothing. The second division, running from Cumberland to Brunswick, will soon be in a first-class condition and more cheaply operated than ever.

A Klondyke Opportunity.
The rapidly with which the Klondyke excitement has spread over the country is astonishing. It is but three weeks since the first of the treasure-laden ships reached port, yet the interest already extends from ocean to ocean. These Klondyke discoveries and from all accounts among the most wonderful in the history of mining; and certain it is that there has been no other opportunity for quickly acquiring a fortune since the early days of California. But the danger is that numbers of companies and expeditions will be organized by enthusiastic but inexperienced persons, who will lose their own money and that of their associates in ventures of which they have had no previous knowledge or experience. Therefore, those who cannot go to the gold-fields must be careful to associate themselves with people who have had experience in mining and prospecting.

It is well known that Colorado Springs people have had a very large and successful experience in such operations. Among the Alaska companies formed in that city, the most prominent is the Alaska-Klondyke Gold Mining and Development Company. This company's expedition is already in Alaska, under experienced leadership; and by reason of its superior equipment, strong financial resources and other special facilities which the forethought of the management has provided, should reach its destination and begin operations far in advance of the general run. This company is capitalized for 1,000,000 shares of a par value of one dollar each; and block of its stock is now offered for a short time at fifteen cents per share. In this connection notice is given that on Sept. 10th the price will be advanced to twenty-five cents, being full-paid and non-assessable. This stock is forever free from any possibility of assessment. Orders for the stock, accompanied by remittance covering the amount, should be sent to Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., Colorado Springs, Col., the financial agents of the company, who are desirous of entering into arrangements for the sale of stock with responsible agents throughout the country.

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A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions on all parts and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25 cents. Trial package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLINSTEAD, LeRoy, N. Y.

\$100 Reward.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is starvin' Hall's Catarrh Cure, and the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Starvin' is a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.
Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25-cent bottles and fruit-free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. Softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, etc. a bottle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is a No. 1 Asthma medicine. W. H. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

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On August 17th, Sept. 7th and 21, Oct. 5th and 19th, the Wabash R. R. will sell Home Seekers Excursion Tickets to the principal points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at very low rates. For particulars see agents of connecting lines.
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Giving Away Brides.

Among the novel means by which some people of London subsidize is that of giving away brides at the altar. The custom has grown to considerable proportions of late, and a member of a firm of fashionable costumers, in speaking of it recently, said: "You, of course, recognize the fact that in this great city are scores of hard-working girls who are miles away from their relations and who have always been too busy to cultivate many friends. Well, when these girls are about to marry young fellows who are similarly circumstanced the question arises as to who shall give away the bride."

"I can answer that question for them at once, for I have connected with my business an ex-major in the army, a member of an ancient family and a man, too, of unimpeachable character. He is poor, but he dresses well, has beautiful white hair and looks the kindly father to perfection. I introduce him to the bride and bridegroom, and he, for a moderate fee, gives the former away. Sometimes he takes the whole arrangements of a breakfast and so on upon himself, and he is a fine speaker on occasion. He is always a welcome guest with these people afterward."

The wisdom displayed by Receiver Oscar G. Murray, of the B. and O., by making a traffic alliance with the Great Northern Steamship Company through Fairport and the handling of Chicago and Milwaukee freight by way of the Owen Line of steamers has been demonstrated by material results. Up to the first of July the west-bound package freight receipts at Fairport increased about 2,000 tons, and the east-bound increased about 3,000 tons. The total increase of business was about 25 per cent.

There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-quarter as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.

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If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.



It is a fact which admits of no argument that a school teacher's task is a severe one indeed, and it requires a perfect system and steady nerves to be able to conduct a class-room in a proper manner. That Ripans Tablets help to keep the system in perfect order and strengthen the nerves is testified to by a prominent school teacher in Philadelphia, who says: "I have been teaching the Ninth Grade in the George M. Wharton School for the past eight years, and it is a hard matter to comprehend what a task I have every season when I get in a new set of pupils from the lower sections. You see it requires great patience and assiduity to discipline and educate boys, and the task is a very arduous one. Especially is this the case during the examinations, when the work is very exacting and the drain on the system extensive. From leaning over my books and marking up papers for five or six hours at a time I get a headache and my entire system gets shattered, but a Ripans Tabule always straightens me up, and next morning I am ready for the task over again, feeling as fresh as ever from the effects of the magic Tabule taken on the previous night. It is certainly a wonderful remedy for nervousness and invigorating a wasted system, and in this I voice the sentiments of all the teachers in my section, every one of whom has used them with equally beneficial results."

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS in a paper container (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—25c per packet. This new style is intended for the poor and the economical. The glass of the five-cent container (the tablets) can be used by mail by enclosing 10c per packet to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single container (THE TABLETS) will be sent for 5c extra.

"Good Wives Grow Fair in the Light of Their Works," Especially if They Use

SAPOLIO

SUFFERING WOMEN.

How Many of Them Have Quietly Obtained Advice That Made Them Well.

My sister, if you find that in spite of following faithfully your family doctor's advice, you are not getting well, why do you not try another course? Many and many a woman has quietly written to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., stating her symptoms plainly and clearly, and taken her advice, which was promptly received. The following letter is a pretty strong confirmation of our claims:



"I had been sick for six months; one doctor told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would get well. I had female troubles in their worst form, suffered untold agonies every month; my womb tipped back to my backbone, had headache, hysteria, fainting spells, itching, leucorrhoea.

"My feet and hands were cold all the time, my limbs were so weak that I could hardly walk around the house; was troubled with numb spells. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of her Blood Purifier, one package of her Sanative Wash, and am entirely cured. I have not had one of those numb spells since. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"—MRS. LUTHER PLACE, 650 Belmont St., Brockton, Mass.

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