

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The American Boy.
I wonder if the boys and girls
Who lived in olden time
Were like the boys and girls we know
In our age and clime.
I wonder if the girls had dolls,
Or did the boys play ball,
Or did good little Samuel
Know how to play at all?
I love the sweet babes in the Wood,
And oh, how my heart grieves
To think they slept upon the ground
With cover made of leaves!
I love the Princess in the Tower
In curls and ruffles fine,
I hate their wicked uncle, too,
I'm glad he isn't mine!
I wonder if they laughed and talked,
Or were they always sad,
I'm sure I would be if I had
An uncle half so bad.
With my brave company of boys
I wouldn't take one hour
To capture him, and rescue both
Those Princess in the Tower.
O children of the olden time,
I read of you in books,
I see your pictures on the walls,
And love your gentle looks.
Your sad eyes seem to follow me
About where'er I play,
As if you longed to have the fun
We children have today!
J. Zitella Cooke, in Youth's Companion.

A Little Queen's Greatest Treasure.
"Like all children," Professor J. H. Gore says in the Ladies' Home Journal, "Wilhelmina has had her favorite playthings. On her first visit to Switzerland this demure little lady was seen carrying a small hand-bag, and when she declined to trust this precious burden to any one else thought it must contain her birthright to the throne of the Netherlands or its regal crown. But it contained neither, in it was her pet doll whom she was taking with her to enjoy the summer vacation."

How Butterflies sleep.
Walking through a field some evening, you may notice on the long flowering stalks of grass what look like small blossoms hanging to the sprays. Looking more closely one sees that they are butterflies asleep. Thus dozens of these dainty creatures slumber until sunrise announces that it is time to awaken and get to work. One cannot but marvel at the instinct which guides the frail butterflies to so safe and comfortable a sleeping place, for should a storm arise the slender grasses bend in the gale, and the butterflies are rocked as if in aerial cradles. If the butterflies rested on shrubs or trees, a blow from a leaf flapping to and fro in the wind might injure them very seriously.

It is always interesting to know that when they settle down for a nap the butterflies fold their wings tightly together, that the bright colors may not attract the attention of some hungry bird with a weakness for butterflies for supper.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

The Penguin Town.
When I was a little girl I thought that all birds could fly, but now I know that some birds, such as the ostrich and the emu, cannot fly. They can run very fast, but they cannot fly at all. Now, I will tell you of another bird that not only cannot fly, but that cannot even walk, but hops or jumps from rock to rock, where it has its home. This bird is called the penguin, and it is found in the region of the Southern ocean. It can stand bolt upright on its hind feet, and thousands of them stand shoulder to shoulder on the rocky cliffs. Seen from the deck of a ship the penguins look more like dwarf soldiers, dressed in white and black uniforms, with yellow plumes in their hats, than like birds. They plunge from the rocks into the water from which they get fish to eat. They live in the water the greater part of their lives. A man who studies about birds tells us about his visit to a penguin town. He followed the tracks made by the penguins until he came to a grass field. Here the birds had their nests; these were placed side by side like the houses in a city, and there were streets leading from nest to nest all over this strange town. When the visitor walked up the main street the penguins gave him the "right of way," but as soon as he left the main road and came near their nests, they all attacked him at once, and bit him with their very sharp beaks.

The king penguin, which stands nearly half as tall as a man, builds no nest, but puts its eggs in a pocket and hatches them there. The mother takes care of the young birds about a year, and teaches them every day the many, many things she knows. At first the baby penguin is very much afraid to go into the water, so the mother coaxes it to some low rock very near the water and pushes it in. This she does very often, until it likes the water and wants to go in without being pushed.

While the penguins are shedding their coats or molting, they look very ragged and dirty, and they seem to be ashamed of themselves and of each other. But when they get their new feathers they get together and admire themselves and each other, and will not let any bird that is not newly dressed come among them. It is very amusing to see them looking down at their front and sides and as far back as they can bend their necks, to see their glossy feathers, smoothing them so keep them nice.

When the penguin thinks any one is trying to catch it, it turns itself into a four-footed animal by throwing itself on its breast and getting away fast upon its feet and stumps of wings which it uses as forefeet until it gets to the water. When it gets there it is safe, for it is a very fast swimmer and no one can catch it.—Weekly Boy.

Potehee Goes Visiting.
We were going to lend the "blonde" Potehee to a friend, who said he was troubled with rats—great big ones that lived in his barn, ate up the feed and frightened the horses.
"Why, of course you can have him," said "the man who is fond of animals" to the man who wanted to be rid of rats. "Here, just take him into the carriage with you and carry him home. Then let him out in your barn and—" But the man who wanted to be rid of rats by this time was sitting up on the carriage seat with his legs drawn under him, and looking with positive alarm at our blonde Potehee, who was cowering wildly about in the bottom of the carriage squealing and scratching with his long claws, in no mood to go a-riding.
"Hurry, hurry, better put Potehee in a covered basket?" said I, coming forward just then to the rescue of poor Potehee. "See, he is afraid of the horse. You must hold him in your arms like this," and I took the trembling Potehee, who clung wildly to my neck with all four paws, tore my dress, scratched my hands, and hid his long, pointed nose under my arm. "You must let him cling to you like this and pat him so, and call him nice Potehee and 'good Potehee,' and scratch his ear."

The man who wanted to be rid of rats looked as if he would do a great many things before he could bring himself to touch Potehee, but as he was very anxious to be rid of rats, he let me tie Potehee in a basket, and consented to take him home after he had been firmly tied down.
How that basket did wobble when the carriage finally drove off! Why it almost hopped out on the ground. The man who wanted to be rid of rats put his feet on it hard, and poor, trembling Potehee was carried away, protesting with all his might from the depths of his prison.

"How long do you think they will keep him?" I asked of the man who liked animals.
"Oh, for a day or so," answered he, looking meditatively at the carriage which had just bobbed out of the gate.
"I will give him until tonight to return," said I, and then dropped into the hammock to have a good laugh over the whole affair.
Late that evening I went to the door to see some one, whose voice from the darkness informed me hastily that the "Potehee" was down a coal hole, that he had gotten away, in fact, was being guarded that moment by eight small boys with clubs and a stable man. The voice said that he could not remain longer, as he must return with all speed to watch the escaped animal, and would the "man who was fond of animals" please come as fast as he could.

I recognized the voice in the dark as belonging to the man who wanted to be rid of rats, and reassured him, telling him that "the man who liked animals" would come right down and attend to the capture of the "Potehee" as our friend called him.
And so he did go right down—the man I know who likes animals—even as far down as into the coal hole itself. I did not see it, but they told me how some boys held him tightly by the heels, and how watch, paper and keys dropped from his pockets as he hung upside down in the coal hole and secured poor, trembling "Potehee," who by this time was almost frightened to death.

They brought our poor blonde pet home, and put him in the cage again, and he is there now, running up and down, rubbing his nose against the bars.
As for the man who wanted to be rid of rats he says he wants no more "Potehees" to help him, and that, for his part, he would rather have the rats.

As for the man who likes animals, he is still laughing over the adventure.—Amy E. Hope, in N. Y. Examiner.

Traveling Companions.
Travelers often prove by their experiences that under certain conditions all men are equal. A German banker, traveling by rail in a first class carriage toward Vienna, Austria, had as a fellow-traveler at one of the intermediate stations an old gentleman, who entered into conversation and proved very pleasant.
The banker got out before his companion, and as he did so asked the gentleman how far he was going. The gentleman replied, "To Vienna."
"I have a daughter very well married there," said the banker. "I would like to give you a note of introduction to her."
"I have also a daughter very well married there," said the other.
"Would it be too great a liberty to ask the name?" inquired the banker.
"My daughter," the gentleman answered, "is married to the Emperor of Austria." It was the old king of Bavaria.—Youth's Companion.

Color in Schoolrooms.
The color of school exercise boards, notwithstanding its great importance, is a consideration which has been strangely neglected—the fact being that from time immemorial it has been a matter of common knowledge, even among uneducated people, that black is the worst of colors for the eyes—hence the custom, so long common with tailors, to charge more for making a black suit of clothes than for any other color. For many years a much study has been given by experts to school-room hygiene, and the conclusion is that exercise boards used therein should not be black, the color best adapted for such purpose. It is considered, being some shade of cream white, a dead surface of soft, mellow tint varied in its degree of whiteness to suit the quantity of light afforded; further, the crayons should ordinarily be of a clear sky-blue color.—New York Tribune.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

For Cold Mornings.
For cold winter mornings nothing can exceed in comfort a pretty morning jacket of soft wool eiderdown. As here represented, pale blue was the



WOMAN'S HOUSE JACKET.
color chosen, the edges being neatly finished with a bias binding of satin in the same shade, which is machine stitched on its inside and upper edges. The gracefully pointed collar is a picturesque feature of the garment, and is included in the neck seam with

under-arm goras and centre-back seams gives a trim effect.
The sleeves are two seamed in latest cut, gathered at the top and completed at the wrists by bands of velvet.

The skirt comprises five gores; the trimming of narrow and wide ribbon velvet outlines the front gore to the lower edge extending all around the foot. The top is fitted closely and below the hips it flares fashionably to the lower edge.
The mode is characterized by a stylish air which will hold when fashioned in any of the season's new fabrics in plain or mixed weaves.
Velvet, silk or mousseline can be used for the yoke and collar, or lace may be applied over some constricting bright color.

The revers may be of the dress goods decorated with braid, gimp, velvet, passementerie, insertion or applique trimming and various combinations may be charmingly developed in this style.

Ladies' Sleeves.
A sleeve that is exceedingly pretty for thin fabrics and one that can be made up in the heaviest material is here given. The sleeve cap may be used over either sleeve or dispensed with altogether, as preference dictates. No. 1 has a full upper and under portion, gathered in spaced shirrings and arranged over smooth linings, the

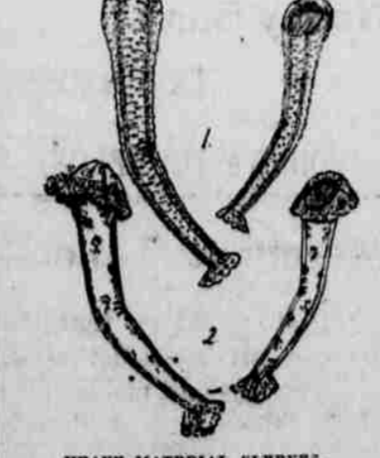


FOR A MISS OF FOURTEEN.

a comfortable rolling collar, that completes the neck.
The shaping is very simply accomplished by side seams, that end just below the waist line, underarm gores and shoulder seams, the fronts being closed invisibly in centre, under small decorative bows of satin ribbon.
The sleeves are two-seamed, in regular coat shape, the becoming fullness gathered at the top, and the wrists bound with satin. Although especially designed for eiderdown, any woolen fabric may be chosen to develop this neat and trim house jacket, flannel, camel's hair, ladies' cloth or cashmere being pretty when trimmed with ribbon, lace or insertion.
To make this jacket for a woman of medium size will require three and one-half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide.

A Fetching Suit.
Checked novelty wool suiting in brown and chamois shades showing a silk thread of pale blue woven in with the line of darker brown that forms the check is the material chosen for the fetching suit shown in the large engraving.
Brown ribbon velvet is used for trimming, the revers of piece velvet to match being overlaid with creamy point de Venice lace. Three handsome steel buttons decorate the front, a steel buckle being used to clasp the belt of velvet at the waist line.
Hat of brown felt faced with shirred chamois, colored satin and crushed cream roses under the brim at the left side. Handsome brown shaded tips, roll and loop of satin ribbon.
The yoke and collar are of finely tucked cream colored taffeta that comes already tucked for this purpose.
The yoke may be at both front and back or in front only, and the revers may extend in Bertha fashion on the back or be out off at the shoulders. The closing may be in front or at centre-back, and the box plait can be omitted as shown in outline sketch. A body lining fitted by single bust dart,

row of shirring being covered by bands of insertion or gimp. The wrists are finished by frills of lace or chiffon. If a transparent effect is desired it is best for the amateur to make the sleeve over a cheap lining and cut it away from underneath after the sleeve is finished. This gives firmness to the seams and retains the proper shape and set of the sleeve.
No. 2 has only slight fullness at the top and the lining is shaped exactly like sleeve. It is illustrated in gray brocade, trimmed with embroidered chiffon and silk applique. The back



HEAVY MATERIAL SLEEVES.
seam is opened for two inches at the wrist to allow the frill of chiffon to fall gracefully through. The pretty shaped sleeve cap is bordered to match gathers grouped at the shoulder, causing the becoming fullness.
To make No. 1 will require one and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. To make No. 2 will require one and one-fourth yards of same width goods.
Lace Insertion For Decoration.
Lace insertion and tiny silver buttons used to decorate linen gowns are most effective.

HOW THE WAR BALLOON FELL.

A Man Who Went Up Didn't Fare Much Better When He Came Down.

A private letter received from Sergeant Thomas C. Boone of Company K, Second regiment, whose experiences in the war balloon ascension in front of Santiago on July 1 were told in a letter from him to the Springfield Republican, and who is now in the government hospital at West Tampa, Fla., gives for the first time the particulars and extent of his injuries, the result of the sad mistake in sending the balloon up from the skirmishing line instead of from the rear. The surgeons at the hospital say that Mr. Boone's right kidney is turned around and that an operation is necessary to put it in place. He also sustained severe internal injuries on his left side, near the stomach, where several cords are said to have been severed. Mr. Boone's letter in part says: "I have not told you of my accidents before while in Cuba, because I did not care to arouse the anxiety of my friends at home, and although I have been unable to walk for some time, still I did not consider my condition as serious as the surgeons here claim it to be. I will tell you how I got hurt. It was a streak of continuous bad luck. On the first day of July I went up in the balloon on the battlefield at 7 a. m., and the balloon was being moved all over the field when shot to pieces eighty yards from the Spanish line at 1 p. m. We thought our height, together with their bad marksmanship afforded us protection. We were badly mistaken. At least 200 bullets and four shrapnel shots went through the inflating bag, allowing the gas to escape, and we came down with a rush, striking the top of a tree alongside a creek, throwing us out. In falling I was caught in the abdomen by a point of the anchor of the balloon, was suspended for a moment—it seemed a lifetime—then dropped into the creek, with the water up to my shoulders. I was badly bruised and shaken up, but owing to the excitement of the time I did not notice the pain.
"Three of our detachment were killed and four wounded out of twenty-one men, which shows that we were in a pretty warm place. Well, I did not go to the hospital about my injury until July 14, and I was then so weak I could scarcely walk. The surgeons at the field hospital placed me in an old army wagon without springs at 9 o'clock one night to be taken to another hospital seven miles away, over the worst road in the world, without doubt. We had gone about half a mile when the wagon turned completely over, the wagon body catching my neck under its side and the corner of a box catching me in the abdomen. I was unconscious for two hours. My neck is still very sore. When I regained consciousness I was placed in the wagon, but the bumping over ruts and rocks fairly drove me mad, and I said I could not stand it. I was told that I could walk, which I did. The wagon went on. I reached the hospital at 7 o'clock the next morning after a night of agony. At this hospital I was told that I was injured internally and that they could do nothing for me, that I would have to go to the United States for an operation, and here I am."

An Extraordinary Case of Usury.
Aristide M. Lapierre of Buckingham, Quebec, loaned David Nailon, an illiterate farmer, \$25, the interest of which accumulated at such a rate that, after making several payments, on Feb. 13, 1895, Nailon gave Lapierre his note for \$125 bearing interest at 2 per cent per week, upon which note Lapierre brought action March 2, 1895, and judgment was rendered by default for \$125 with interest, costs, \$25.60, and sub-costs \$8.25. To a seizure effected by Lapierre, Nailon filed an opposition, claiming he had overpaid Lapierre, and in fact he had paid him \$217.05, besides other sums from time to time for interest, and so on, which opposition was maintained by the superior court of Quebec, but Lapierre appealed to the court of queen's bench, appeal side, which reversed the judgment of the opposition, sustaining the judgment of the superior court in the original action for the \$125, upon which this interest accrued until Feb., 1898, amounting to the sum of \$338.03, the court of appeal judgment also condemning Nailon to pay the costs of appeal and the costs of the superior court on his opposition, which amounted to \$292.70 additional, making the whole debt for the original loan of \$25 amount to \$779.50, the interest on the \$125 still accumulating at the rate of 2 per cent per week. The question is up before the superior court at Hull by way of additional oppositions, in which the children of Nailon the one undivided half interest, their deceased mother's share in the farm of Nailon, which farm is in process of being sold by Lapierre. Nailon alleges that he never intended to sign any such contract as that upon which Lapierre brought his action.—Toronto (Ont.) Globe.

Pocket Filter for Cyclists.
A simple pocket filter, which may save cyclists and travelers from disease germs, is a short rubber tube with a mouthpiece at one end and a wire netting at the other. Inside the netting is a small portion of powdered charcoal in a little net cell. When the charcoal end of the tube is inserted in the water, the germs are not allowed to pass, and the charcoal frees the water from all impurities which may be contained in it. The tube acts as a straw, through which the water is drawn, pure and clear. It is a handy way to drink from a brook.
In taking a ride through the country one cannot be sure of the purity of the water in strange places, and the filter is a safeguard against all possible trouble.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.
Grain Flour and Feed.

WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	7 1/2	72
No. 2 red.....	6 1/2	70
CORN—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	34	39
No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	37	38
Mixed ear.....	36	37
OATS—No. 2 white.....	29	33
No. 3 white.....	18	23
RYE—No. 1.....	60	61
FLOUR—Winter patents.....	4 60	4 10
Fancy straight winter.....	3 65	3 75
Eye flour.....	3 19	3 30
HAY—No. 1 timothy.....	8 71	9 01
Clover, No. 1.....	7 51	8 03
FEED—No. 1 white mid, ton.....	17 00	17 00
Brown middlings.....	13 53	14 00
BRAN—Wheat.....	12 00	12 51
Straw—Wheat.....	5 10	6 00
Oat.....	6 25	5 00
SEEDS—Clover, 60 lbs.....	2 50	3 00
Timothy, prime.....	1 29	1 40

Dairy Products.

BUTTER—Egin creamery.....	24 1/2	25
Ohio creamery.....	22	23
Fancy country.....	17	18
CHEESE—Ohio, new.....	9	10
New York, new.....	9	10

Fruits and Vegetables.

BEANS—Lima Y of qt.....	18 1/2	20
POTATOES—Rose, 4 bbl.....	1 64	1 70
CABBAGE—Per bbl.....	63	65
ONIONS—Choice yellow, 4 bbl.....	45	60

Poultry, Etc.

CHICKENS—Per pair, small.....	25 1/2	27
TURKEYS—Per lb.....	15	16
EGGS—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	16	17

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR.....	3 05 1/2	3 55
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	63	71
RYE—No. 2.....	37	44
CORN—Mixed.....	24	24
DATS.....	26	26
EGGS.....	14	14
BUTTER—Ohio creamery.....	18	18

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR.....	3 60 1/2	3 83
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	72	78
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	37	38
DATS—No. 2 white.....	29	30
EGGS—Creamery, extra.....	23	23
EGGS—Pennsylvania firsts.....	17	18

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Patents.....	3 05 1/2	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	63	71
CORN—No. 2.....	30	30
OATS—White Western.....	40	40
BUTTER—Creamery.....	15	23
EGGS—State of Penn.....	16	22

LIVE STOCK.
Central Stock Yards, East Liberty, Pa.

CATTLE.		
Prime, 1300 to 1400 lbs.....	5 10 1/2	5 23
Good, 1200 to 1300 lbs.....	4 75	4 95
Tidy, 1000 to 1100 lbs.....	4 60	4 75
Fair light steers, 900 to 1000 lbs.....	3 19	3 45
Common, 700 to 800 lbs.....	3 63	3 81
HOGS.		
Medium.....	3 75	3 80
Heavy.....	3 65	3 70
Roughs and stags.....	3 03	3 40
SHEEP.		
Prime, 95 to 105 lbs.....	4 40	4 50
Good, 85 to 90 lbs.....	4 40	4 50
Fair, 75 to 80 lbs.....	3 80	3 29
Common.....	3 00	3 60
Veal Calves.....	5 50	7 20
LAMBS.		
Springer, extra.....	5 75 1/2	6 00
Springer, good to choice.....	5 25	5 75
Common to fair.....	3 50	5 25
Extra yearlings, light.....	4 70	4 80
Good to choice yearlings.....	4 50	4 70
Medium.....	4 00	4 60
Common.....	3 00	4 00

TRADE REVIEW.
Rumors of War Affecting the Markets of Europe
—Good Demand for Iron.
R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade reports as follows for last week. Business has been more affected by foreign affairs than many realize. London's apprehension of war first caused advance in wheat and fears of monetary pressure here. Then came confidence in London, with a flight of French money across the channel, and stock markets advanced, while wheat fell. Mobs in Paris did not mean to injure American interests from New York to San Francisco, but electric wires have made the world small. So the wires moved a cargo of wheat from the Pacific coast, started \$2,500,000 more gold from Australia to this country on London account, and the selling of American securities one day and buying the next.

Wheat rose 3c from Friday to Monday, and then fell 4 1/2c to Friday. But such changes do not represent actual conditions, and with western receipts for the week 9,558,295 bushels, against 6,996,487 last year, nobody can pretend that holding of stocks by western farmers is an important factor. The Atlantic exports of wheat, included, amount to 2,796,820 bushels, against 1,864,649 last year, and Pacific exports 825,994 bushels, against 1,326,808 last year, making 16,607,362 bushels in four weeks, against 16,418,547 last year, when the foreign demand was far beyond all precedent. In four weeks the western receipts have been over 40,150,699 bushels, against 39,723,288 last year, and yet prices are 25c lower. This clearly indicates much larger supplies and greater readiness to part with them than was seen a year ago, when nobody doubted the magnitude of the foreign demand. Corn refused to follow wheat, but slightly advanced.

Cotton rose to 3 1/2c last week, but has fallen to 2 3/8c in spite of heavy frosts in part of the growing region. This expresses strongly the belief that no curtailment of yield is possible that will affect the surplus more than the closing of eastern mills one month in three, and the reduction of consumption abroad. For European mills, as well as those of this country, have surplus stocks, produced from the high-priced cotton of last year, which they cannot profitably market. There has been some closing of mills at the South, and also some reduction of wages.
Wool dealers have reached the conclusion that, with the heavy stocks on hand, it is no longer a question of profit, but of avoiding losses and concessions that has brought a big increase in sales for the week, though for four weeks the aggregate has been only 14,896,900 pounds, against 36,394,988 last week, 23,520,100 in 1894 and 26,535,583 in 1892. New Ohio holders are selling 263 cents less than a month ago, having 75 per cent of fine and 40 per cent of medium wool yet on hand, while 10,000 bales of wool are offered to foreign bidders, who may decide to export it.

The iron manufacture has still a good demand, late as it is, but the makers are depressing prices by bidding against each other, although in the average of all quotations the decline has been less than half of 1 per cent from the highest point. Here the wire nail manufacturers have reduced prices 5 per cent and the rail manufacturers, according to current reports, have decided not to advance prices, and there is a prospect that heavy demand for products will be further encouraged by the later quotations.
Failures for the week have been 226 in the United States, against 219 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 35 last year.