

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Good and Bad Children.
Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow tall and stately
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewilderings,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
There is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gables,
Hatred, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

About Dolls.

The origin of the word doll is curious. Centuries ago, when saints' names were much in vogue for children, St. Dorothea was the most popular, and her name the best and luckiest that could be given to a little girl. The nickname was Dolly, or Doll, and from giving babies the nickname, it was an easy step to pass it on to the little images of which the babies were so fond.

The word doll is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and as far as can be discovered, first appears in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1751, in the following: "Several dolls, with different dresses, made in St. James street, have been sent to the carina, to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."

Previous to this the word used to describe the favorite plaything of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "puppet," or "puppet," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.

The wax and china doll originated in the middle of the seventeenth century. There were no ladies' fashion papers as now, and in order to show what was being worn on the continent dolls were beautifully and expensively dressed and sent to the various European countries, and from the models orders were taken. The dolls, to show off their costly garb, must be made of more precious stuff than wood, so wax and china and even ivory ones were made.

Thuringia is the land where most dolls are born—puppetland, it is called on this account. About 200 years ago most of the dolls were made in Flanders, and they were called, not dolls, but Flanders' babies. There used to be an old English couplet which ran thus:

The children of Holland take pleasure
In making
What the children of England take
pleasure in breaking.

At one European doll factory of the present day 100,000 dolls are produced annually, some 500 men, women and children being employed. To make one talking doll requires the joint labor of thirty men. Dolls' eyes are made in underground rooms, into which the sunlight rarely peeps, and violet orbs are the most difficult color. There is one town in Germany where three-fourths of all the dolls' eyes in the world are made. Only in the case of the most expensive dolls is human hair used. In a doll factory are wood-carvers, headmakers, leg and arm makers, eyemakers, portrait artists, hair dressers, doll sewers and doll stuffers, also a small army of fashionable dressmakers and milliners.

The Hindu child is probably the only doll-less child in the universe. The little Egyptians have their wooden "Ushabi"—the same in style as 4,000 years ago. These were sometimes made of porcelain. When a child died its dolls were buried with it, in the expectation that their spirit forms would rise and do service in another world.

The paradise of dolls is Japan, where they are most elaborately and gorgeously attired affairs; so are the dolls of Kioto—"genroku," as they are called. They are often valuable wood carvings, enameled in colors, or statuettes of great artistic merit.

One of the most interesting collection of dolls in this country is that belonging to the bureau of ethnology, Washington. They are dolls of the Zuni Indians of Arizona, and are made from the roots or subterranean branches of the cottonwood tree, being whittled out with knives; they are decorated bright red, yellow, green and represent the gods of the tribe—the god of the snow; the god that eats up the rain clouds; the fire god; the sun god and the corn goddess. The Zuni children play with these dolls as other children do. Any one who goes into a Zuni habitation is certain to see a row of these dolls suspended from the ceiling—not being in use they are hung up until wanted.

La Infanta is a doll with a history. It is made of clay and is considered by its owner—a Mexican lady—and by hosts of other people, to be a worker of miracles, and quantities of costly gifts are constantly being offered to it. A room in the house of its owner is set aside for its exclusive use; here it reclines in a canopied bed of solid silver; it has beautiful tresses and rich jewelry, valued at thousands of dollars. Among its latest gifts is a magnificent piano, which is played by

those who visit the doll, as a part of the service of adoration paid to it.

A Criminal Tree.

We hear many stories of many trees, but they are not often endowed with human characteristics; but you must take Uncle Abner's word for it. He was sitting on his porch telling it to the young man from the city, who had leaned his bicycle against the gate, and was resting on Uncle Abner's step.

"You see that tree by the snow-ball bush, do you? The one out there beyond the pump that looks sort o' sick and gully like? You notice some of the limbs drag down a little, as if it wasn't very well. Don't you take any stock in it. That tree is just pretendin' in. It's laying low and thinkin' of some dishonesty. It's the sharpest tree in the yard, and as I said to Ab'gail, there ain't an honest leaf on its top."

"You know what a dry season it was last summer? Well, the grass in the yard dried up, the trees began to shed their leaves in June, and in August they looked just as if they had stepped out of a brush heap, as I remarked to Ab'gail. All 'cept that these maple tree I'm talkin' 'bout. It never withered, nary a leaf dropped off. The hotter and drier it got the greener and perter got that tree. While the other trees were drooping and hanging their heads that tree just stood up there as chipper as you please, and waved its limbs and rustled its green leaves in the hot wind as if it was the middle of May."

"Says I to Ab'gail, I wouldn't take a plumb thousand for that tree."

"I was proud of that tree, and called in all the neighbors to see it, and bragged 'bout it all summer, and got the editor of Grit to speak about the 'strange phenomenon' at my place. But all the time I was harboring a vegetable viper in the bosom of my yard—as the schoolmaster remarked."

"The summer went on and that tree never withered, and its leaves didn't drop off until snow flew. Along in December the pump gave out, and I sent for Lon Rogers. Lon can fix anything; he's best on watches and grindstones and such things with wheels in 'em, but he's good at pumps, too. He said it needed new valves, and he went to the tannery and got some leather, and he fixed it and charged me six shillings, which I paid. Still, couldn't get no water. So I went for Lon. This time it was the piston all wore out, so he fixed that, and charged me a dollar forty, which I likewise paid."

"No water, however. So I went for Ben Harkaway, and he pried off the cover of the cistern and went down in, and hollered up there 'wain't any water, which was the reason the pump wouldn't pump. I had never known that cistern to go dry before in twenty years, so I says to Ben: 'Somethin' wrong. Look about and find it.' He snooped around a minute, and says he: 'Well, if there ain't a pesky tree root 'most as big as my arm come through the side, and put out morn'n a million little roots, and drunk up all the water slick and clean.'"

"Then I saw what that scand'ous maple tree had been doing all summer, while I was bragging 'bout it—sucking the life-blood from my cistern like a South American what-d'ye-call-it—vampire—as I said to Ab'gail."

Some Good Advice.

If I felt tempted to do a young person a good turn I should arm him with a pair of scissors, sheathed for his pocket in a neat case, and add thereto the simplest and cheapest form of indexed file or portfolio. Then I would ask the young person what subjects really interested him. They might be anecdotes of uncommon intelligence in the animal world, new facts in amateur photography, ingenious applications of the electric current, or fresh triumphs of mechanical ingenuity. Or these, or any other attractive themes, I would ask him never to miss the prompt clipping out an article from his newspaper; then, in the course of every year he would have a budget of information on a subject near his heart which would astonish him, whenever he gave an hour or two reviewing it, by showing him how much richer he was than if he had never started this savings bank of knowledge. Scores of valuable facts and hints which, at the time of first reading, he felt sure he would never forget, here confront him with all the surprise of new found treasure. And as the clipping habit becomes confirmed, it redeems the newspaper reader from the utter gainlessness of the desultory skimming of articles and paragraphs. Empty, indeed, must be the Clarion of the cross-roads that doesn't yield some small spoil to the eye alert for accumulation. It may be no more than the weight of a prize pumpkin, or the results of introducing a Norwegian apple, but shall it not fit into the B compartment in which botany has its due garnering? That compartment, doubtless, is already swollen with new facts intended to be presented in an essay on "Acclimation" for the local horticultural society. It is the intention to use one's store that gives zest to its gathering. Hence the cardinal importance that the young person should at first be sparing, rather than lavish in clipping.—Geo. Iles.

The hyer yoo climb up the mountain ov suckness, the colder yoo find yooor surroundings. A millyunair kin freezez a man out ov a job with wun ov his lickwid air frowns.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Slumber Bug of Elderdown.
Elderdown bought by the yard makes a pretty couch covering or slumber rug. It should have a thin sheet of French wadding added and a lining of silkolline. The edges may be bound with two inch wide satin ribbon.

Mahogany Imitation.

The revival of massive old-fashioned furniture for everyday use is on the increase. Many people, however, are purchasing bits of so-called mahogany that are really another kind of wood that never saw San Domingo or South America. Unless an expert in the grain of wood one cannot tell the difference after it leaves the furniture maker's hands.

Art Glass of Home Make.

Lovely lamp shades are made of pieces of stained glass leaded together. The lead may be bought already pinched into the groove, and with a tool or so is easily manipulated. Then the pieces of glass can be purchased, too. All that is lacking for the home-made lamp shade is the frame, and that ought to be obtainable, as well as the foundations for square to hang in screen fashion in front of the lamp or to adjust to the window. The scheme is attractive at present giving time.

Color in the Kitchen.

The kitchen, it goes without saying, should be the first department settled. Make that part of your apartment comfortable, and the rest of the machinery will be sure to run well. A certain sense of equity should prompt the householder to do this.

White makes the ideal kitchen, the introduction of blue, in either tiles or china dishes, producing a charming and delightful result. White tiles are beyond the means of most persons, though the bath enamel or the white oil cloth can give effects almost as good. Next to white and blue comes yellow—white woodwork and yellow walls.

Green is always cool and refreshing, and with the imitation oak woodwork seen in every flat, makes a good combination. Stained floors in most apartments are desirable, although the white linoleum is a great addition.—Harper's Bazar.

Always Ready for Company.

The first time my husband walked in with three extra people for dinner nearly brought me to the verge of nervous prostration. My dinner, already cooked, consisted of four lamb chops, six potatoes and two cups of custard. It meant a scramble and a polite refusal of every dish on the table by my husband and myself.

After that day I added what I called an emergency shelf to my pantry. On the shelf will be found one bottle of salad dressing, one can of lobster, one can of salmon, one can of deviled ham, three cans of assorted soups, several bottles of fancy pickles and a package of banquet wafers. Canned vegetables are, of course, a necessity. As soon as anything is used, replace it at once.

The housekeeper who once starts an emergency shelf will never let it drop out of the pantry. She is amply repaid by having friends say they are always certain she is prepared for company. Chopped celery, ready for a salad, can also be added; it makes a nice addition to the list, as salads are generally liked by all people.—Good Housekeeping.



Grape Sherbet—Mix a quart of grape juice with two cups of orange juice and two cups of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved turn into a freezer. When half frozen take out the dishes and mix in the beaten whites of two eggs. Pack and set away to harden.

Spiced Beef—Remove all fat from four pounds of the round of beef; chop it fine; add to it four eggs, three dozen small crackers, rolled fine, one-half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one tablespoonful of ground mace, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of melted butter; mix well; pack firmly in a tin pan and bake for two hours in a moderate oven, basting frequently with butter and water.

Fricasseeed oysters—Heat the oysters in their own liquor. Put one heaping tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and blend in one heaping tablespoonful of flour; when smooth add one cupful of hot milk, stirring until it boils, then add the oysters, one-half cupful of their liquor and pepper, mace and salt to taste. When it begins to boil again, remove from the fire, stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and one teaspoonful of minced parsley and serve.

Jellied Chicken—Boil two chickens until the meat leaves the bones; let the water be reduced to one pint of boiling; remove all skin, fat, gristle and bones, and place the meat in a wet mold in alternate layers of white and dark meat. Skim the fat from the liquor, add pepper, salt and lemon juice to taste and one-half ounce of gelatine dissolved in water; let it come to a boil and pour over the chicken while hot. Let cool and garnish with celery leaves and slices of lemon sprinkled with parsley.

To copy nature seems to work well. The Holland submarine boats are built in the shape of a whale.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

For the last ten years there has been an increase of 2,000 annually in the number of Great Britain's insane.

WHAT IS OVARITIS?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money, and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms.



Mrs. ANNIE ASTOR.

Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is a letter from a woman who is thankful for avoiding a terrible operation.

"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—Mrs. ANNA ASTOR, Troy, Mo.

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Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

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Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends.

One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, and points to a speedy cure of the most distressing cases when physicians and all else fail.

Cured by Cuticura

I WAS troubled with hands so sore that when I put them in water the pain would near set me crazy, the skin would peel off, and the flesh would get hard and break, then the blood would flow from at least fifty places on each hand. Words never can tell the suffering I endured for three years.

I tried at least eight doctors, but my hands were worse than when I commenced doctoring. I tried every old granny remedy that was ever thought of without one cent's worth of good and could not even get relief.

I would feel so badly mornings when I got up, to think that I had to go to work and stand pain for eight or nine hours, that I often felt like giving up my job, which was in the bottling works of Mr. E. L. Kerns, the leading bottler of Trenton, N. J., who will vouch for the truth of my sufferings.

Before I could start to work, I would have to wrap each finger on both hands, and then take two hours and the flesh would break and bleed. Some of my friends who had seen my hands would say, "If they had such hands they would have them amputated"; others would say "they would never work" and more would turn away in disgust. But thanks to Cuticura, the greatest of skin cures, it ended all my sufferings.

Just to think, after doctoring three years, and spending dollar after dollar during that time, Cuticura cured me. It has now been two years since I used it and I do not know what sore hands are. I never lost a day's work while I was using it or since, and I have been working at the same business, and in acids, etc., as

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Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor.

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood.

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Assisted by Cuticura Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafing, or too free or offensive perspiration in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, and the most refreshing of flower odors. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties with its great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and is compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP what other people have sought in five or six.

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BLIND MAN'S BUFF is a good game to play. But you cannot afford to play it with coffee.

Know what you are drinking!
Know what you purchase!

Uncover your eyes and see whether you are getting

LION COFFEE

or some cheap glazed substitute that has been treated with polishing materials, in order to hide imperfections. Look at the package! Is a lion's head on it? **LION COFFEE** is the coffee of purity and strength. Try it once.

In every package of **LION COFFEE** you will find a fully illustrated and descriptive list. No housekeeper, in fact, no woman, man, boy or girl will fail to find in the list some article which will contribute to their happiness, comfort and convenience, and which they may have by simply cutting out a certain number of Lion Heads from the wrappers of our one pound sealed packages (which is the only form in which this excellent coffee is sold).

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