

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

'The Child That Never Came'—Nicknames of the States—What Little Girls Are Made Of—What a Small Boy Could Do—Don't Scowl.

HE FORWARDED looked, and built his hopes, and all his earthly joys claiming as his own, a child, even if 'twas a boy. A girl he wanted, and his breast swelled with exultant bliss. As in imagination he bestowed a father's kiss Upon his darling little one, who, with angelic grace, Would cuddle in his loving arms and gaze into his face And in his hair and flowing beard her chubby fingers fix, And smile, and crow, and coo, and do all kinds of baby tricks.

He waited long; the years rolled by; the baby never came; And disappointment burned within, a high corroding flame. He envied other couples who could point with glowing pride To sons and daughters bright and gay, who charmed the ingleside. He censured God, his wife, chance, fate, the busy world around, And sought abroad for pleasure—but no happiness he found, And in this vain and fruitless search his days and nights were spent, Which brought him sore annoyance, and increased his discontent.

But when he saw, among his friends, the great mishaps of life, The deep anxiety and care, the discord and the strife, The many sad bereavements, and the frequent grief and shame The children bring to parents—e'en dishonor on their name, He thanked the Lord he had escaped the sorrow and disgrace That leave upon the heart their dark, humiliating trace, And formed the resolution to serenely be content, Whatever fortune might be his, if it by heaven be sent.

Man little knows; the Deity knows what for us is best; When we believe our weary life is by misfortune pressed, It may be that the highest good which heaven can bestow, Is to deny the strong desires that in our bosom glow The thing we so intensely crave and pray for day by day, Arrived, may be a selfish joy, and lead our souls astray. And what a weighty ill appears to our beclouded eyes, May prove, in the celestial light, a blessing in disguise. —Edgar Thorne.

Uncle Sam's Nicknames.

Almost every state in the union has a nickname conferred upon it, and a few of these nicknames are so generally known that the state is readily recognized by its nickname. For example, everybody knows "green mountain" or the "granite state, but how about the "lizard" and the "toothpick"? Some amusement, perhaps a little instruction, may be gotten from the following verses by identifying the states whose nicknames are given:

Dear little children gather 'round And I will tell to all The strange events that came to pass At Uncle Samuel's ball. The states that had a nickname Alone were asked to come, But still they made a motley crowd At yankee-doodle-dum. First in the hall room there appeared A "Lizard," long and slim, But a "Muskrat" and a "Buzard" Came quickly after him; And soon the hall was crowded With nicknamed people queer, Their names you'll find recorded Full circumspectly here.

The "Muskrat" played the fiddle, The "Buzard" played the drum; So the music was a squeek! squeek! squeek! And a grunting rum! tum! tum! The "Toothpick" danced a polka With a blushing "Wolverine," The "Tadpole," mad with jealousy, Sat sneering full of spleen, While a "Bullhead" tripped a measure With a lovely "Tarheel" there, And a "Gundint" picked a quarrel With a "Sucker" on the stair. A "Fortune-seeker" sought the hand Of a "Knickerbocker" gay, While an old "Clamhunter" danced a jig In everybody's way. There were great men in the ballroom, There were great men on the stair, But the "Wooden Nutmeg" sighed to think There was no "grater" there. The "Hoosier" and the "Jayhawk" Cast many an anxious glance In search of the refreshment room; They'd rather eat than dance; While "Hawkeye," the detective, Was here and everywhere, For he had information That a "Hardcase" would be there. By a "Yankee" and a "Creole" The dance was being led, When both were set sprawling O'er clumsy "Leatherhead." The "Spanish Indians" shouted, Throwing "Buckeyes" on the floor, While a "Beagle" chased a "Badger" And a "Gopher" yelled for gore.

Of course, this reckless conduct Shocked the wallflowers at the ball, Sitting primly all around the room, These "Squatters" one and all, Screamed to the brave "Green Mountain Boys" And the "Granite Boys" for aid, But these, though brave in battle, Of the wallflowers were afraid; They called them "Crackers" in their hearts,

"Fly-up-the-Creeks" and "Blues," And it wasn't really nice in them Such terms to freely use, In the midst of the confusion A "Gold Hunter" loudly said He'd lost a lovely "Sage Hen," And had rather lost his head, But a "Rover" smiled a knowing smile, And murmured, half aloud: "What else could he expect With those 'Foxes' in the crowd." And so the dance went onward With noises loud and deep, And the funniest thing in all the crowd Was the "Weasel" fast asleep.

Girls and Boys.

"And what are little girls made of, made of?" says the ancient rhyme, "Sugar and spice and all that's nice," runs the answer, and the boys? "Snips and snails and puppy-dog tails," continues this bit of wisdom. "I never realized what a difference there was between girls and boys until last winter," remarked a kindly old lady, "when I gave a couple of little parties for my grandchildren. The first was to be exclusively for girls, as the fashion is nowadays, and the second for boys. The party for my little granddaughters was a pleasure from beginning to end. Their delighted interest in all the preparations, the excitement in choosing the favors for the cotillon, the sending out of the invitations, and finally, when the afternoon came, their pretty hospitality and instinctive assumption of the duties of a hostess, all was as much of a pleasure to me as it was to them, while the innocent gaiety of the crowd of well-bred, well-behaved little girls was altogether charming. But the boys' party! Never shall I forget it! On the supper table I had placed at each child's place a little gift as a souvenir, and had carefully chosen what I thought would please them. 'What's this?' exclaimed one little boy. 'Hi, Jack,' he cried to the little fellow opposite, 'mind your eye!' and he flung it across the table. This was a signal for a general battle of missiles—my poor little gifts were fired right and left, without ever having been examined to see what they were, and when the supper was over were left strewn about the floor without their owners even taking the trouble to pick them up. In the drawing room it was no better. We tried games, dancing, everything—nothing seemed to amuse them but to scuffle, and the state of my beautifully waxed floor the next morning beggars description. I had to deny myself to visitors for several days in order to have the room put in its normal condition. Certainly little boys are born cubs, and the more manly they are the more fearsome are their gambols. No wonder Mother Goose made a distinction in the composition of the sexes!"

What a Small Boy Could Do. A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, according to the Prohibitionist, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chafing him a little for being so small, and said to him: "You will never amount to much, you can never do much, you are too small." The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that neither of them were able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four faces, and there seemed to be no anxiety for further information.

Sewing. Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, says a writer in the Standard, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about.

Rubber Sails. A proposition is at present in the wind to make the sails of ships of rubber instead of canvas. It is supposed that if roped strongly along foot, luff and leach, the result will be superior to the canvas sails. Surely, however, a sudden increase of wind power would expand the sail too much and cause some difficulty in governing the course of the boat. Paper pulp is again suggested as being an adequate substitute for canvas. When pressed into sheets and stitched together it would make a light and effective sail.

The Burglar Said "Hist!" It was early Sunday morning that Mrs. Frederick Horn, of Wakefield, N. J., was awakened by a burglar who said: "Hist! Don't disturb your husband." Mrs. Horn hissed so loud that the burglar broke for cover, but lingered long enough to take Horn's clothes, whereat Horn blew loudly.

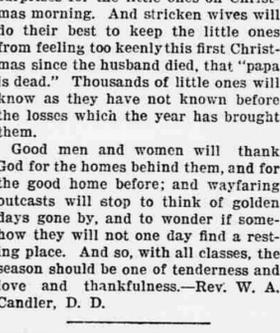


GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

HOUSANDS of the absent all over the land will be turning homeward with the coming of Christmas. The Babe of Bethlehem who was born in a manger and lived a homeless life upon earth hath set the solitary in families, and given us homes. Happy school girls have been eagerly counting the days until the holiday recess, when they will go home, carrying many dainty gifts of their deft handiwork to the loved ones there. Eager boys from college halls will go back to the fireside where anxious prayers have risen daily for their welfare since first they went away. Young men from the marts of commerce and the paths of trade will put the city, with its manifold temptations and cares, behind them to find rest and strength in the old country home. Middle-aged men and women will go to the homes of their childhood to meet again brothers and sisters in family gatherings, and to cheer once more with their presence the belated pilgrims who still tarry below, divided between the children who have gone before and those who still meet once a year around the parental hearthstone.

What joy, what memories, what hopes the Christmas time will waken! And to some the merry season will bring new pangs of sorrow—griefs they never knew before. Since last Christmas dear old parents have gone home to God, and children who used to gather about them will not go to the old homestead this year, because so much of the home that was there has vanished into the heaven. Aged mothers will watch for sons who will come no more. Bereaved husbands will walk alone the rounds of the children's rooms, trying vainly to be both mother and father in preparing the surprises for the little ones on Christmas morning. And stricken wives will do their best to keep the little ones from feeling too keenly this first Christmas since the husband died, that "papa is dead." Thousands of little ones will know as they have not known before the losses which the year has brought them.

Good men and women will thank God for the homes behind them, and for the good home before; and wayfarers outcasts will stop to think of golden days gone by, and to wonder if somehow they will not one day find a resting place. And so, with all classes, the season should be one of tenderness and love and thankfulness.—Rev. W. A. Candler, D. D.



LENNY was counting his Christmas money and divided it into little piles on the corner of the piano. There were six piles, but somehow Lenny was not quite satisfied; and when Esther came in she saw a queer little scowl on the white forehead. "Oh, what a lot of money," she said, smiling, "are you going to buy a velocipede?" "That's my Christmas money," said Lenny; "the pennies for not being late to breakfast, and the dollar grandma gave me, and my five cents for bringing in wood. I suppose there's 'bout four dollars." "Two dollars and eighty-four cents," said Esther counting it over. "And it won't divide good," said Lenny. "This pile is for papa, and this for mamma; I'm going to buy papa a ring, and mamma a red necktie like Norah's; and this is for grandma, to

buy a cap with roses in it; and this is the baby's. I'm going to get her a whole lot of chocolate creams and peanutt; and this is for you, Esther, only I shan't tell what I am going to buy." Lenny stopped, and Esther tried very hard not to laugh at the thoughts of papa with a ring and mamma in a red necktie. "But there's another pile, Lenny," she said. "Yes, that's just the trouble; seems to me I ought to have some of my money myself. I can tell you I worked hard for that money, Esther."

"Well, then, this pile is yours, is it?" "Yes, I thought so," said Lenny, slowly, "only the minister said we should remember to save some of our gifts for the poor. I think poor folks and heathen are an awful bother, Esther." And Lenny looked up defiantly, as if ready to endure all that Esther might say in answer to such a shocking sentiment. To his great surprise Esther said quietly, "So do I, Lenny; sometimes I feel about discouraged when I think what a bother they are." Lenny's fat hand reached out and transferred the sixth pile to his pocket. "There's lots of folks taking care of them, too, and giving them money and things," he said.

"Yes," said Esther, "there are people in the great cities who spend their whole time looking after these poor persons, visiting them at their homes, begging fuel to keep them from freezing, and food to keep them from starving, getting them into hospitals when they are sick, and teaching them to work. They don't do this for pay, but just for the dear Lord's sake, and they



keep on at work until they are worn out and die, and then someone else takes it up. Oh, it is a dreadful bother."

Lenny's hand crept into his pocket and fingered the money doubtfully. "And there are people who go out in the new countries, and live in miserable little cabins, and have scarcely enough to eat or to wear, and no money to buy books, or papers, or Christmas presents, or to send their children to school, all because they are trying to teach the poor people about Jesus, and keep them from growing as wicked and lawless as the heathen themselves. What a bother it must be to give up everything so!"

Lenny's hand crept into his pocket and laid about half the money back upon the piano, but Esther went on as if she had not seen him.

"And then there are the heathen; just think how many men and women have left their homes and their friends, and gone away to try to win those poor ignorant creatures from worshipping idols, and murdering their children and their sick friends, and leaving their poor old parents to starve to death. Just think, Lenny, of the fathers and mothers who have seen their dear children dying in these unhealthy regions or had to send them away from them to save their lives—the martyrs that have given up their own lives, all for these heathen. I think they are a dreadful bother. And when, besides this, I remember how much trouble 't' have been to God, and how much they have cost Him, I am sure they must be precious or He never would have given His Son to save them. For if we would give all we have, our money and our lives, we never could give so much as God gave—for them, and us, Lenny." Lenny's lips quivered a little, but he laid the rest of the money down with a bang, as he said, "There, Esther, you needn't talk any more; that's God's money in this pile, and I guess I wouldn't be mean enough to touch it."

Rev. Dr. Curry, Peabody and Slater Funds' agent in the south, is moving to have Alabama townships levy special tax for more and better schools to reach the masses.

TO RECLAIM LANDS.

"MODEL FARMS" BEING ESTABLISHED ALONG THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.

In Kansas and Nebraska—Practical Farmers in Charge of Each Station—Successfully Experimenting With Western Prairie Soil.

OMAHA, Dec. 8.—The enormous crop Kansas and Nebraska produced the past year has given agriculture such an impetus in these two states that all other industries have in a measure been overshadowed. The Burlington Railroad company has established a number of experiment stations or "model farms" in order to demonstrate the advantage of the most improved methods of soil culture and lead farmers of Nebraska and Kansas to new efforts in this direction and enable them to become independent even in the so-called "drouth sections" and "dry years." Incidentally the company expects returns from its investments in increased and regular crops, necessitating heavy freight and passenger traffic on its network of lines in the West.

John Francis has just returned from a trip over Nebraska and Kansas, where he has established model farms at Oberlin, Kan., and at McCook, Holdrege, Alma and Broken Bow, Neb. Something was done in this line by the company last year and with immensely satisfactory results. The farms consist of forty acres in each station under the immediate supervision of a practical and tried farmer of the neighborhood. Each farm will be visited frequently by one of the learned corps of Prof. Campbell, who are skilled in the new methods. Nebraska and Kansas farm staples, corn, wheat, rye, oats and potatoes, will be produced.

The farming at the experiment stations is conducted primarily on the theory that the rainfall of the West is ample and abundant for all practical farming purposes, but that owing to capillary attraction, the moisture escapes from the earth before it performs its proper and desired functions. The new method will contribute to retard the action of nature's law at critical moments and retain the moisture. Experience has demonstrated that the virgin soil of the western prairie is hard and dry to an unknown depth. However, where the surface has been disturbed and capillary attraction interfered with, the same soil, under exactly similar conditions otherwise, is moist and mellow as desired by farmers. On this theory the small grain will be drilled in lines far enough apart to permit cultivation. The surface will be readily cultivated to a depth of one or two inches. Capillary attraction will bring the moisture near the surface, where the attraction of the molecules is destroyed and the unlimited store of moisture distributed gradually to the roots of the grain instead of passing rapidly into the atmosphere. The professor's experts will spend the remainder of their time in speaking at farmers' institutes in this and adjacent states.

A Presumed Synonym. A little girl who was in the habit of using the word "guess" intemperately, was reproved by her teacher. "Don't say 'guess,' Mary; say presume." Just then a playmate came up and feeling Mary's cloak, said: "My ma is going to ask you ma for the pattern of your cloak." "My ma ain't got any pattern," answered Mary; "she cut it by presume."—Troy Times.

The Modern Mother. Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

Reflections of a Bachelor. It's a wise wife that doesn't try to know her own husband. The smallest and the biggest thing in the world is the heart of a little child.

Men would go shopping oftener with women if they weren't shamed so by the way they treat the salesgirls. The Queen of Sheba probably never overheard one of Solomon's wives ask him to get up and kindle the fire.

The man who envies his bachelor freedom is all right; it's the man that doesn't seem to mind it that needs watching.

Girls wouldn't stick the toes of their new shoes out so far in front if they knew how their skirt-tails dragged behind.—New York Press.

Watering Plants in Winter. There is far more danger of giving house plants too much rather than too little water in winter. During the short days and long nights, with very little sunlight on the soil it is hard to keep it at a temperature where the plants can grow vigorously. All the surplus water added lowers the temperature until it reaches a point where the plants barely exist without making any growth. If the soil has much vegetable matter, humic acid will be developed and a low temperature and this will poison the plant roots.

YOU WANT A FARM and we have, 20 miles west of Houston, at CHESTERVILLE, the best tract in Texas. High prairie, well drained, abundant rainfall, good soil, low prices and easy terms. Don't fail to post yourself. Write and receive our book "The Farm Lands" FREE and information as to cheap excursion and FREE FARE. Address: Southern Texas Colonization Co., John Linholm, Mgr., 110 Riado Bldg., Chicago.

Saving Dry Road Dust. One of the jobs which should be attended to before cold weather sets in, to save a few barrels of dry road dust to be used as dust baths for hens in winter. Nothing contributes more to the health of hens than this. Coal ashes will answer, but they stick to the feathers of fowls worse than road dust will, and give the birds an unsightly appearance. The road dust is coarser, and we think the fowls like to roll in it better than in the white, fine dust that comes from sifting coal ashes.

THE MAIN MUSCULAR SUPPORTS OF THE BODY WEAKEN AND LET GO UNDER BACKACHE OR LUMBAGO. TO RESTORE, STRENGTHEN, AND STRAIGHTEN UP, USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

Burial Places of the Apostles.

All that now remains of the Apostles are in the following places: Seven are buried in Rome, namely: St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James the Less, St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthias and St. Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples: St. Matthew at Salerno; St. Andrew at Amalfi, and St. Thomas at Ortona. St. James the Greater was buried in Spain. There is great dispute as to the whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist. St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy.—Philadelphia Record.

As to Trade.

Many a man who would smile indulgently at the innocence of his little child, who, planting a seed in the morning, would dig it up at night to see why it had not sprouted, is today pulling a long face over the lack of pressure of business which was to result from the sound money victory. Strangely disregarding the fact that the election did not occur until the fall trade was practically over in all the holiday lines, armies of travelers were put on the road election week to harass merchants who were in a position to buy nothing.—Dry Goods Economist.

Sick Room Literature.

The reading matter of the chronic invalid and the convalescent is a complicated subject that receives too scant attention. Absolute requirements certainly are a freedom from morbidness, something bright and amusing, that also demands little thought. It is well, too, to decide upon a story that has plenty of vigorous action—not exhausting, hairbrained escapades—in one of those healthy works that makes the reader feel as if he had been exercising himself. The enjoyment of this book will gently tire him and often superinduce refreshing sleep.

A Woman's Way.

A handsome, well dressed young woman was standing at the curb on Market street, waiting for a car. The rain was falling steadily and a deluge was pouring down through the rents of the umbrella upon her silk and plumes. "Why, you are fairly drenched," exclaimed a friend who had observed her plight. "That umbrella of yours doesn't shed a drop of water." "Oh, but see what a lovely handle it has," and she held it up admiringly.—San Francisco Post.

Features in the January number of Harper's will be: "Portuguese Progress in South Africa," by Pontney Bigelow; an instalment of "The Martian," by George du Maurier; "A Century Struggle for the Franchise," by Professor Francis N. Thorp; "Fog Possibilities," by Alexander McAdie; "Science at the Beginning of the Century," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams; "Literary Landmarks of Rome," by Laurence Hutton; "English Society," by George W. Smalley; "John Murrell and His Clan," by Martha Cullough Williams; "Indian Giver," a farce by W. D. Howells; "One Good Time," a tale of rural New England; "A Prize Fund Beneficiary," by E. A. Alexander; and "In the Watches of the Night," by Brander Matthews.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 50c

Grandma Victoria.

The journey between Windsor castle and Balmoral can be accomplished in less than nineteen hours, a rather long allowance for 589 miles, but the queen doesn't like to feel the carriage oscillate round curves, as the trains on American railways have a merry fashion of doing, says the Boston Herald. When this journey is taken, the royal children who happen to accompany grandma are not given any holiday, but are made to continue their lessons just the same as at home.

FITS stopped, free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 24 trial bottles and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Elocution should never be carried too far. The ambitious young man climbs until he considers himself out of sight.

Save Hood's Sarsaparilla. The expense of doctors' bills. Keep your blood pure, your digestion good and your system regular at this season by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LADY Manager and Agents wanted for Dr. Kay's Electric Tonic, no matter how long it has been used. "Womanhood," a valuable booklet on female diseases free. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS. Store Repairs for any kind of stove made. 1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

OPIMUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS CURED. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, 1221 1/2 N. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

PATENTS. 20 years' experience. Send sketch for advice. Free. U. S. Patent Office, Deane & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash. D. C.

BED-WETTING CURED OR NO CURE. Mrs. B. OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book and FREE. Dr. R. N. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

Indicated with Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U., OMAHA—52-1896. When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

WISCONSIN CURE FOR GUNNERS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSULTATION.