

J. M. A Story of Seven Baby Chickens and a Berry-Picking.

By HENRIETTA PRATT TABER

Once upon a time, as all good stories begin, there lived under the corner of the barn an old hen with seven baby chickens.

She was a very wise old hen, and, although her babies were quite three days old, she had not taken them from home.

But one afternoon she called them to her, saying: "Children, if you will leave close by me I will take you for a walk into the garden, where I will look for some fresh bugs."

"Peep, peep, mother, we will," they all cried, for they were very glad to go out and see something of the world.

So she washed each one's face and combed its hair, until seven fine-looking chickens would be hard to find, and all started gaily down the path.

Now, all but one were well-behaved chicks, minding their mother and keeping close to her, as they had been told.

John, the gardener, had been digging up the berry beds, and into these Jim scampered. He began scratching as fast as his little yellow legs could fly, and sure enough there was a worm.

farther away, and as soon as she dared she told them about the fox. Under the barn they ran, safe at last.

"Where are your berries?" asked Papa Rooster. And they told him of the fox.

"Nonsense!" he said. "There are no foxes around here. I am ashamed of you all for being so afraid. I will go and get your berries, and show you there is nothing to be afraid of."

But Mr. Fox was waiting for something better than berries.

Pounce! Mr. Fox had him; and how Papa Rooster did scream and struggle!

A boy was hunting in the woods that day, and he heard Papa Rooster's cries. He knew that some animal must be in mischief, so he crept through the bushes quietly, till he saw Papa Rooster's plight.

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most artistically carved, and is enriched with red velvet and embroidery. One each side two enormous warriors carved of wood mount guard and on the top of the canopy stand four enormous silver lions, emblems of sovereignty.

AN ARIZONA RATTLER.

It Was Not as Dangerous as the Snake. "They say that a man takes his life in his hand who sleeps on the ground in Arizona," said a young civil engineer the other day.

"I am a rattler here," said the man, "and one night we were obliged to go down upon our backs, and our overcoats stretched on the ground. We were too tired to be afraid."

"What's the matter?" I asked, sleepily. "There's a rattler here," he said, "and I listened and heard nothing."

"I don't hear him," I said. "Guess you've had a nightmare." So we settled down again. In a few minutes my friend leaped to his feet and said: "Well, I believe I've been bitten."

"There is a rattler here, sure's fate, and you'd better get up! I believe he's under my coat!"

"I'm a queer that I couldn't hear it if it was so near. I cautiously extended my hand, feeling along the ground. Yes, I know it was a foolish thing to do, but we don't always stop to think. Suddenly I burst out laughing."

"Yes," I said, "there is a rattler here, in your coat pocket, too! You tell your sweet-heart not to write you letters on such snip paper!"

"We slept soundly for the rest of the night, but often since then I have gazed him about my 'rattler'."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Papa—Never be mean, Johnny. You know the story about the dog in the manger that couldn't eat the hay and wouldn't let the horse eat it?

Johnny—Oh, yes! The horse was no good, was he?

The minister, with his little son Charles, was calling on an old parishioner, who poured her troubles into his sympathetic ear, ending with the remark, "I've had my nose tucked to the grindstone for thirty years."

Charles, who had been looking intently at the old lady, instantly remarked, "Well, it's worn the mole on the end of it off."

The biggest little girl had been doing something that displeased her little girl mother. Like other girls, big or little, she felt that to her sister it was well to express an opinion. With this little girl it was in the nature of a warning. Being a great admirer of her paternal parents, she was used as an example, and his austere qualities held up in admonition, and the other people in the family.

"You'd better look out what you're doing, Jennie Smith; if you don't my father'll be after you, and there ain't no fooling about my father."

Emma, a little girl of 7, was left to take care of her younger brother and sister while her mother was out. She was a very good girl, and she was to put them to bed, says Harper's Bazar.

Her mother returned, and on looking after the welfare of her children, she found them in bed with the hot-water bag, although it was a hot night in July.

"Why, Emma," she said in surprise, "why do you have this hot-water bag when it is so warm?"

"Well, mamma," said Emma, "you put hot water in it in the winter to keep us warm, and I have done it with ice water so that it will keep us cool."

A little boy from California, who has been about a great deal in spreading the holidays with his Washington cousins, says the Post. He has enjoyed the sights of the capital, but he hasn't permitted himself to be in the slightest danger of catching a cold.

He has seen his cousins look him—'carried' him, they said of it themselves—to the National museum one day, and called his attention to a great many things which were just outside the door. The little Californian had been a little depressed, but he brightened up at the sight.

"I've seen a whole tree like that," he said.

The Washington cousins maintained their composure.

"We've got a whole forest of trees like that out west," went on the young westerner. Still the Washington boys were not at all impressed. The Californian drew a long breath.

"We've got a whole woods of puffed trees," he said; "yes, and they're puffed birds sitting on 'em, and—ah—with one last effort to distract the mind self-satisfaction of his companions, they're singing puffed songs, too."

Any pretty and amusing incident of the civil war is especially welcome as a sharp contrast to the many sad and painful stories told of that time, says the Youth's Companion. One such pretty incident was recounted not long ago by an officer who witnessed it.

Generals Sill and Dumont, with their forces defeated, and drove from Shelbyville, Ky., the Confederate armies of Generals Smith and Claiborn.

Just afterward the two union generals with their staffs were riding along through the main street of the town when they heard the cry, "Halt!" in loud, martial tones, issued from the mouth of a sturdy little boy, apparently about 6 years old. The two men, in a mood to be pleased with anything, halted promptly.

"Who are you?" cried the small challenger, looking fearlessly up at the soldier who had obeyed his order. "Are you feds or unions?"

"We are unions," returned the general, gravely.

"All right," said the boy, removing his diminutive finger a little to one side, to leave the way clear, "you may pass!"

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

"Only give my client time," pleaded the lawyer, "and I will win the case."

And the judge gave him seven years.

A Missouri justice of the peace at the close of a case pronounced his general opinion will hold this case under advisement until next Monday morning, at which time I will render judgment for the plaintiff."

It is said of an Illinois judge who, as an attorney, had been somewhat noted as an objector, that during his first term on the bench when an objection was made by a lawyer, he exclaimed, "I object." As the hilarity in the court room subsided, he said, with great dignity, "That objection is sustained." No one took exception.

Starting Prices—Wonderful Selling.

The third week of the greatest Removal Sale of household goods ever held in Omaha begins tomorrow. Thousands of dollars worth of good, salable merchandise has been sacrificed in the past two weeks—not that we liked to, but because we had to do it. We place on sale this week (6) six big lots of household furnishings, each item in every lot representing a money-saving opportunity never before offered.

A Golden Opportunity Which Will Not Last Long.

Table with 3 columns: Lot No., Item, Price. Includes categories like Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Stoves, etc., Crockery, and Miscellaneous.

Advertisement for People's Furniture & Carpet Co. with text: 'We Move On or about Feb. 20 to 16th and Farnam—the building formerly occupied by the Morse Dry Goods Co.'

SALMON FISHING OUT WEST

How the Salmon Streams Are Guarded by the Government.

FISHERMEN'S CATCH IS LIMITED

Regulations for Canneries—Method of Cleaning, Canning and Cooking the Fish—Testing to Insure Perfection.

W. F. Beck of San Francisco, who is stopping in Denver, told a reporter of the Republican that the details of salmon culture on the Pacific coast.

"The Sacramento river in California," said he, "is used to be famous for its salmon. But the fishermen put such havoc with the salmon, catching them for the canneries, that in 1890 the supply was practically played out. There were just enough left to supply fresh salmon for the San Francisco market. Two years later the United States fish commissioners decided to re-stock the Sacramento river. A hatchery was accordingly established at Cottonwood, on Cotton creek, which empties into the Sacramento river and is sixty miles from the base of Mount Shasta. The Sacramento river is now simply full of salmon. Four years ago the government authorized, who maintain an armed patrol along the river from April to September. These guards do not allow the fishermen to catch more than a certain number of fish for the canneries during the season. When the government inspectors find that the number of cans used up to a cannery during a season are used up, the cannery is compelled to shut down for the remainder of the season. In some cases, however, the fishing season may not be more than half over. This, of course, is done in order that the supply of fish in the river may not diminish."

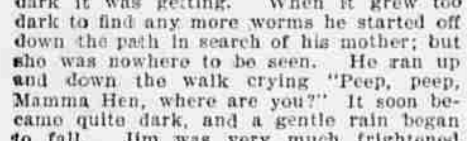
COST OF RESTOCKING. "It cost the government \$150,000 to re-stock the Sacramento river, but the job was beautifully done. The hatchery is on the bank when an artificial dam was built. They were a week old and an inch long, and exceedingly troublesome fellows to ship, more so than trout. In a United States fish hatchery car are placed twenty cans, shaped like milk cans, only much larger. In these are placed the little salmon, and ten men are detailed to look after them while on the road to their destination. Salmon seem to need an unusually large amount of fresh air. An attendant takes a dipper with a screen over the top of it, with the dipper water out of the can and then pours it back again, thus sending bubbles of air down to the fish in the very bottom of the can. The screen over the top of the dipper prevents any fish from getting into the dipper and from being scooped up with the water, as this would injure them. The attendant keeps up this operation all the while. If he were suspended for half an hour the salmon would die."

"A salmon net," continued Mr. Beck, "costs \$400. The United States law provides that the meshes shall be of such a size that a small salmon will slip through, but that a larger one will not. The canneries do not use any under twenty pounds. These measure three feet in length. Fishermen are paid by the canneries so much a pound for their catch."

"When a salmon has been delivered to the cannery the process of canning it is as follows: One man washes and then cleans it, removing also the head and tail. On the next table the scales are removed. Then it is washed again, after which an automatic cutter chops it into pieces or steaks of just the proper size to fit into a can. After another washing

Advertisement for The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. with text: 'First in Improvements. Honest Construction and all High Grade Typewriters. Essential. Most Durable Machine Made. Branch Office, 17th and Farnam Sts. Omaha.'

MAMA HEN AND THE CHICKENS GO WALKING



much a baby as the others. Why, I am large enough to take care of myself," he thought, with a wag of his little head.

FAMOUS THRONES.

Chairs of State Occupied by Ruling Monarchs.

The throne has always been a symbol of power as well as an official chair for the sovereign of the nation. Generally it is a marvelous expression of luxury, and frequently it is a work of art. The most beautiful and famous thrones of the present day, with the exception of the dragon throne of China, are those of Russia, England, Germany, Holland, Denmark and Spain, and that of the pope.

The emperor of Russia owns several thrones, but the most magnificent of all is in the Kremlin in Moscow. The rich chair stands upon a high dais flanked by four columns supporting a beautiful arch, above which is a kind of pyramid surmounted by a massive ornament. The throne is made entirely of gold, incrustated with precious stones encircled with ivory carvings and ornamented with beautiful pictures and superb embroideries. Above and behind the throne two gorgeous eagles spread their wings. Although half Russian and half Oriental in style, this throne was a gift from the court of Persia to the czar Alexis in 1660.

Queen Victoria has three thrones: One in Windsor, one in Buckingham palace and one at St. James. The one at St. James is, perhaps, the most important. The chair is of massive gold, beautifully carved, and is surmounted by a crown. The sides and back are covered with superb brocade. Before the dais three life-size silver lions keep perpetual guard.

The throne of Germany is likewise a twin throne. The two chairs are of massive silver and stand on a dais ornamented by eagles and crowns. Above them is an ornate canopy of silver and gold which was presented to Frederick William IV by the citizens of Berlin. There is a superb crystal chandelier before the throne, which it is said Luther brought from Worms.

PAPA ROOSTER'S ADVENTURE WITH MR. FOX



side out, but she ran on crying: "Cluck, cluck, cluck, Jim, my little Jim!"

Way over in the corner she heard his little "Peep, peep, Mother, mother!"

She hid him in her arms and covered him with her shawl in a minute, for he was very cold and wet.

When they reached home he had a chill, and they sent for old Dr. Gobbler. The doctor shook his head, and said that Jim was very ill. They gave him some bad medicine, and Dr. Gobbler said he would have to stay in bed several days. This was hard for Jim, for he liked to be out every day and eat all the fat bugs the first day you go into the world."

THE BERRY PICKING.

The first fine morning Mother Hen decided to take the children berry picking. She put up a luncheon in a big basket, and directly after breakfast they started merrily for the woods. All but Papa Rooster and baby Jim. Jim was still in bed, and Papa Rooster had to stay at home to take care of him.

The berries were plentiful, and they had great sport, running from bush to bush, trying to gather them all. Soon they became tired, and all sat down under a large tree to eat their luncheon, when Mother Hen heard a noise behind her. She looked back and saw a big fox with a very bad eye.

Now she knew she ran at once to take the children berry picking. She put up a luncheon in a big basket, and directly after breakfast they started merrily for the woods. All but Papa Rooster and baby Jim. Jim was still in bed, and Papa Rooster had to stay at home to take care of him.

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RELIGIOUS.

Some southern Baptist clergymen have attempted to drive from their churches members who take up the teachings of "Christian science."

Rev. William W. Browne, a colored clergyman, who died recently in Richmond, Va., left property valued at \$20,000. The estate goes to his widow.

Mr. Algernon Stanley, brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley and formerly an Anglican clergyman, has been made a prothonotary apostolic by the pope.

In London there are fifteen churches where the sexes are divided during divine worship. In All Saints' church eye husband and wife are not allowed to sit together.

Last week a Brooklyn Methodist church found that a woman who for twenty-five years had been a pensioner on the charity had more than \$4,000 hidden away in her house and credited to her in banks.

Bishop Warren of Denver will leave this month on a missionary tour of the South American countries, where he will take formal possession of \$200,000 worth of property donated recently to the Methodist Episcopal church.

Rev. Caroline B. Crane, the well known Unitarian minister of Michigan, who some years ago, gained national fame by extending his hand of good fellowship to the negro, has decided to retire from the pulpit.

The receipts of the board of education of the Methodist Episcopal church for the past year were \$93,322, an increase of \$8,589. The number of students helped was 1,784, two-thirds of whom were preparing for the ministry or for missionary work.

C. J. Scofield, ex-circuit judge in the old Illinois judicial district of Illinois and appellate judge in the Mount Vernon district, has accepted the pastorate of the Christian church in Carthage for the ensuing year. He will continue to practice law as a senior member of the firm of Scofield, O'Hara & Scofield of Carthage.

The experience of Wichita, where the Masons, who a few years ago bought the First Baptist church at foreclosure sale, recently purchased the Young Men's Christian association building under similar conditions, gave point to the words of a Topeka clergyman, who said that the lodge room was superseding the church in Kansas.

In the Roman Catholic church of England and Wales there are seventeen archbishops and bishops, 2,698 priests, and 1,423 churches, chapels and stations; in Scotland, seven archbishops and bishops; 421 priests, and 359 churches; and in Ireland, twenty-seven archbishops and bishops. The estimated Catholic population of the United Kingdom is nearly 5,500,000.

The eloquent Thomas Hinney once declined to preach in some Methodist church because there was no pulpit in it, one of the brethren said to him: "As you come all the way from London to preach the gospel of Christ, the least you can do is to go to the meeting and explain why you don't do it." He yielded and preached one of the most powerful sermons that ever fell from his lips.

Hoffman's Catholic Directory for 1898, just issued, shows that the Catholic population of the United States amounts to 3,856,322 souls. The largest diocese in the United States is that of New York, as it comprises within its domain 825,000 people. Chicago is second with 450,000; Boston comes third with 600,000; Brooklyn is fourth with a population of 500,000 souls. Then comes Philadelphia with 450,000 souls. St. Louis has 219,129. It shows that there are 10,911 archbishops in the United States, seventy-seven bishops, 2,774 clergymen in religious orders and 8,127 of the secular denomination, making a total of 10,911 Catholic priests. There are 5,946 churches, with resident priests and 3,472 missions, with churches, making a total of 9,776 churches.

Danced to Her Death. "I could die dancing," Mrs. Mamie Shelly, 56 years old, of 217 West Sixth street, New York, often told her friends. She has hit bills of the various lodges to which her husband belongs and the many modest parties given by her friends always found Mrs. Shelly present, the life of the gathering. Mrs. Shelly, on Sunday night last, had some of her acquaintances as guests in her flat, and the party spent the night dancing. She was said at last, and before retiring Mrs. Shelly secured her husband's watch and a lovely time, and "could die dancing." When her husband arose to go to work Monday morning Mrs. Shelly complained of being tired, and her husband told her to remain in bed and he would get his own breakfast. When he came home that night he found the door locked, he scarcely knew what to make of it. He forced an entrance. His wife did not meet him, as was her custom, and he hurried to her bedroom to see if she was ill. He found her just as he had left her in the morning, but she was cold in death. She had died a few minutes after he left, said the doctor, death resulting from heart failure, the result of the dancing the night before.

A PUPPETS' IMPERIAL WINE EXHIBITION