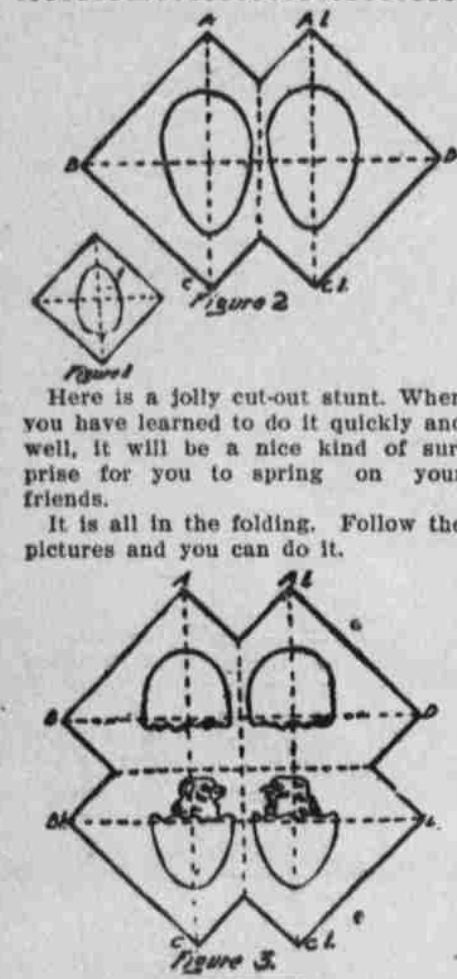


FOR YOUNG READERS

The Land of Nod.
Bye, little baby, lullaby.
The cradle is baby's boat.
Close your eyes and softly sigh,
And away, away we'll float.
A sail! a sail! on a sea of dreams
In the beautiful boat called Sleep.
Afar where the silvery moonlight gleams
And the silence is vast and deep.
The boat is here with gossamer beams
And the argent sails are wide a-sweep.
And we're off for the land of nod.
A sail! a sail! through the fragrant dark,
Where the poppies of sleep are red.
You may hear the wavelets, listen and hark!
To the sandman's stealthy tread:
He is coming to guide the wonderful bark.
And the silvery sails are spread,
And we're off for the land of nod.
A sail! a sail! and the boat speeds on,
But never a spheny blows;
The waves and the sky are the color of dawn,
And the foam the color of rose.
And the stars above us stretch and yawn,
And the reason no one knows,
And we're off for the land of nod.
Bye, little baby, lullaby.
The cradle is baby's boat:
Close your eyes and softly sigh,
And away, away we'll float.
A sail! a sail! and we near the land,
The wonderful land of nod.
That skin o'er the velvet sod,
And welcome us there on the golden strand,
Where the wakeful have never trod—
In the wonderful land of nod.
—Chicago Chronicle.

Surprise Cut-Out



Here is a jolly cut-out stunt. When you have learned to do it quickly and well, it will be a nice kind of surprise for you to spring on your friends.
It is all in the folding. Follow the pictures and you can do it.
Little Russian Girl's Bath.
When a little Russian girl wishes to take a bath she does not use a porcelain bath tub or any of the modern appliances to which you are accustomed, for she bathes in steam, not water.
In the poorer villages there are bath-houses, which are used in common, but every wealthy family has a private bathhouse, a small building, standing a few steps from the house.
This bathhouse is quite bare inside, a great brick oven-like stove at one end, and some shelves, ranged one above the other, along one side, being the only furnishing it can boast.
Every Saturday a fire is made in the stove, and when the bricks are very hot, water is poured on them until the room is filled with steam.
The little lady who is to take a bath lies on the lowest shelf first, and soon gets so warm that the perspiration starts out all over her body. She is then placed on a higher shelf and more water is poured upon the bricks and more steam raised. This makes her still warmer, but nevertheless she tries higher and higher shelves, getting hotter and hotter, until the water fairly runs from her body.
She looks more like a boiled lobster than anything else now, but she does not care for that.
Then when she has been steamed enough, she is slowly cooled off, by having first warm and then cold water poured over her.
After this, she is rubbed down and you may be sure she feels as sweet and fresh as a flower.—Montreal Herald.

"Revolving Serpent."
Here is a very ingenious toy that can be constructed with a little care. It is also an interesting experiment, for it proves that heated air rises. The "revolving serpent" looks dangerous, but you will find it harmless and without a sting.
To make the reptile, take a piece of thin cardboard, and on it draw a spiral with a pencil, as shown in the cut. Then, with a pocketknife, cut out the spiral, leaving an extra point to represent the tongue, which you may make forked, if you like.
Now with ordinary paint—the cheapest water colors will do—paint the spiral in a design of diamond shapes spotted with dark ovals. Then paint the eyes, and a more solid effect for the head. Use green, yellow, red and blue paints, with an occasional dab of steel gray, and you will have a brilliant specimen of the dreaded reptile.

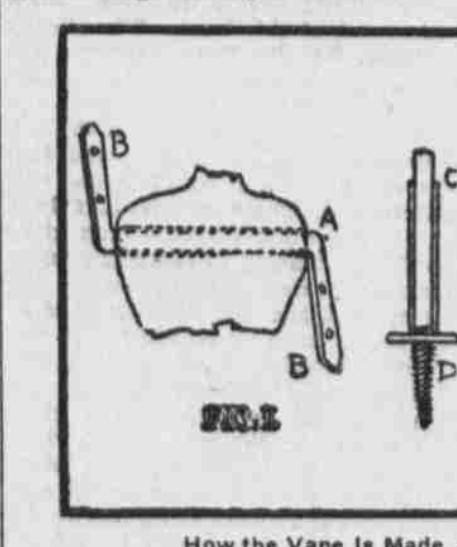
Now make a little stand of a straight, slender piece of wood, and in the top of it put a needle. Fasten the tail of the serpent to the other end of the needle, and the spiral will open as you see it in the picture.
Suspend the serpent by means of a piece of string attached to a tack. If you now hold a candle under the top, or hold the toy over a stove or a lighted lamp, the heated air will cause the serpent to revolve, making a very amusing spectacle.
If you make two serpents, cutting the spirals in opposite directions, they will revolve in opposite directions, their heads pointing toward each other.

An Amusing Trick.
All that is necessary is a napkin ring. At the table is a good time to try it—if you are allowed.
Insert the two forefingers into the ring from different sides and turn the fingers around each other slowly, letting the direction be away from the body. Close the finger and thumb of each hand around the ring and bring the tips of the four together. Open them and drop the ring. This sounds simple, but if one succeeds in a half dozen attempts it is astonishing. The important fact to get into one's head is, when the tips of the fingers and thumb are brought together, the tips of the fingers of the right hand must rest on the thumb of the left, and vice versa. In opening keep the fingers and thumbs joined together, perfectly still, and the ring will at once be free.
Capital fun may be had with this trick if one not knowing the secret endeavors to do it.

John Dory.
This respectable name belongs to a fish that is quite common in the Mediterranean and is sometimes caught off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall. Though not a beauty it is very good to eat. It has a black spot on each side, which was caused by the finger and thumb of the Apostle Peter. For this reason it is often dried and hung up in churches in Greece. Its name has given rise to discussion. The most usual explanation is that it is the French *jaune doree*, "golden yellow," in allusion to its colors. But some folk, who think this too simple, insist that it is a corruption of the Italian *il janitore*, "the doorkeeper," its name on the Adriatic, in reference to Peter's post as keeper of the gates of Heaven.

A Camel's Stomach.
The stomach of a camel is divided into no less than four compartments, and the walls of one of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by means of powerful muscles.
Now, when a camel drinks it drinks a very great deal. Indeed, it goes drinking on for such a very long time that really you would think that it never meant to leave off. But the

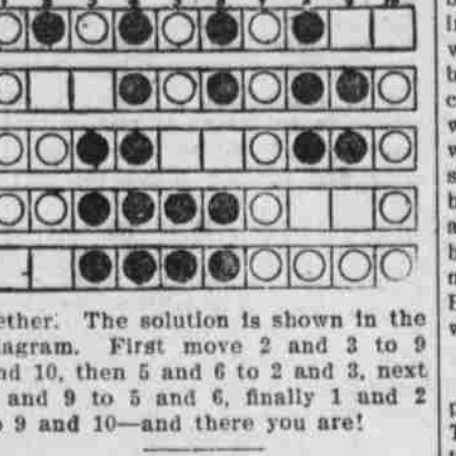
fact is that it is not only satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with water, and as soon as each is quite full it is tightly closed. Then, you see, when the animal becomes thirsty, a few hours later, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.



How the Vane is Made and as it Looks at Work.
Jack is from a foot to 15 inches in height, and very little knowledge is required to carve him from a piece of straight-grained pine or hard wood. When you have completed this operation drill a hole from shoulder to shoulder, and then drive in a piece of brass tube to form a smooth bearing for the iron rod (A, Figure 1), which carries the arms. This should be at least an eighth of an inch thick and bent into a crank form after being placed in the tube, and the ends can then be warmed up and hammered

flat to allow of drilling a couple of holes, B B, by which the arms, cut from a sheet of zinc, can be riveted on. See that when secured they are properly balanced, and if necessary trim a bit off one until they are equal in weight.
Then give the flag ends a slight twist so that they work at an angle and it is ready for painting in bright oil colors, the brighter the better, but take care none gets into the tube A, or it might stick the arms fast and prevent them working. A drop of olive oil should occasionally be put in the tube to make the arms run easily.
You can now mount him on a vane with his face to the arrow, as shown

Riddles.
A riddle, a riddle, you may suppose,
A dozen eyes, but no mouth nor nose.
Long legs, crooked thighs,
Bald head and no eyes.
Answer—Tongue.
Puzzle.
Place four pennies and four nickels alternately in a row. The puzzle is, in four moves, and moving two side by side coins at a time, to place the nickels together and the pennies together. The solution is shown in the diagram. First move 2 and 3 to 9 and 10, then 5 and 6 to 2 and 3, next 8 and 9 to 5 and 6, finally 1 and 2 to 9 and 10—and there you are!



The Quarter Test.
Hand a silver quarter to each player, together with a sheet of paper, on which he should be asked to write his answers to the following questions, all bearing on things that can be found on a silver quarter:
Name part of a river—Mouth.
A hunted animal—Hare (hair).
An outline—Profile.
An Eastern fruit—Date.
Dutch flowers—Tulips (two lips).
Edge of a hill—Brow.
Center of crime—Eye.
Twinkling lights—Stars.
Impudence—Cheek.
Meaning of "understands"—Knows (nose).
The greatest country in the world—The United States of America.
An American coin—Quarter dollar.
A large bird—Eagle.
Part of sentence—Clause (claws).
What angels have—Wings.
One out of many—E pluribus unum.
What American citizens enjoy—Liberty.
Part of the human face—Ear.
Indian weapons—Arrows.

AMUSING WEATHER VANE
People look at the ordinary weather vane with no thought of amusement, and the only satisfaction they may receive from the sight of it is a knowledge of which way the wind blows. They are apt to turn away impatiently if the vane forecasts bad weather. Anyhow, the vane doesn't leave them in a joking mood in that event.
Suppose weather vanes were different in shape—suppose some were made like the one described below—then people would like to watch the vanes, because it would make them laugh, just as this one—Uncle Sam, the Weather Man—will make your friends laugh when you build it.

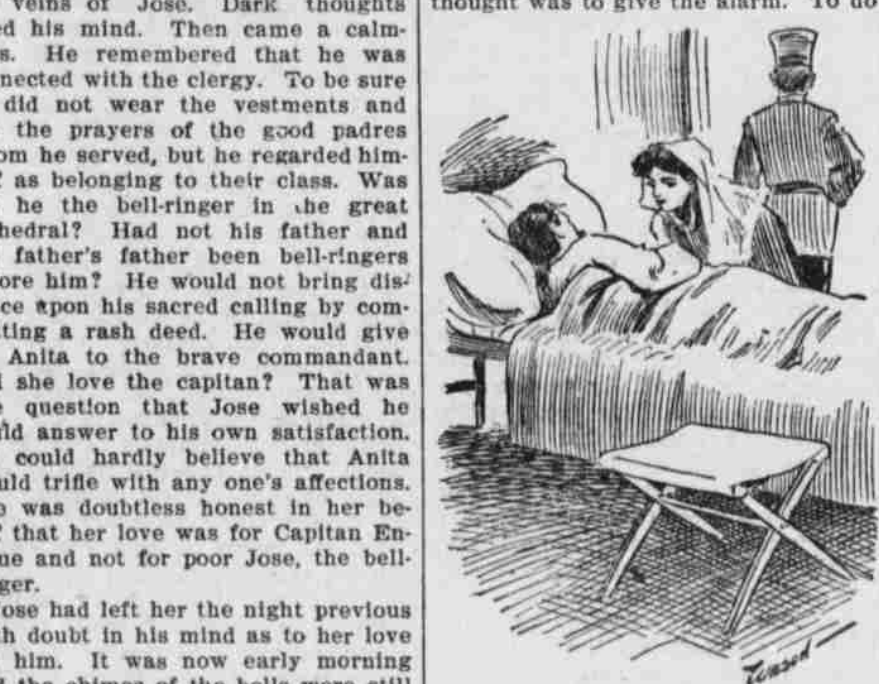


How the Vane is Made and as it Looks at Work.
In Fig. 2, and this lively little man will be constantly on the move.
The vane has a brass or iron pin fixed to the other side of it and left projecting about four inches, and the top end of it is screwed and helps to support the figure if screwed well up into it.
The lower end revolves in a piece of brass tube C, Fig. 4, which has a small flange, and a large sized screw is soldered in as at D, by which the whole affair can be attached upright wherever you desire to place it.

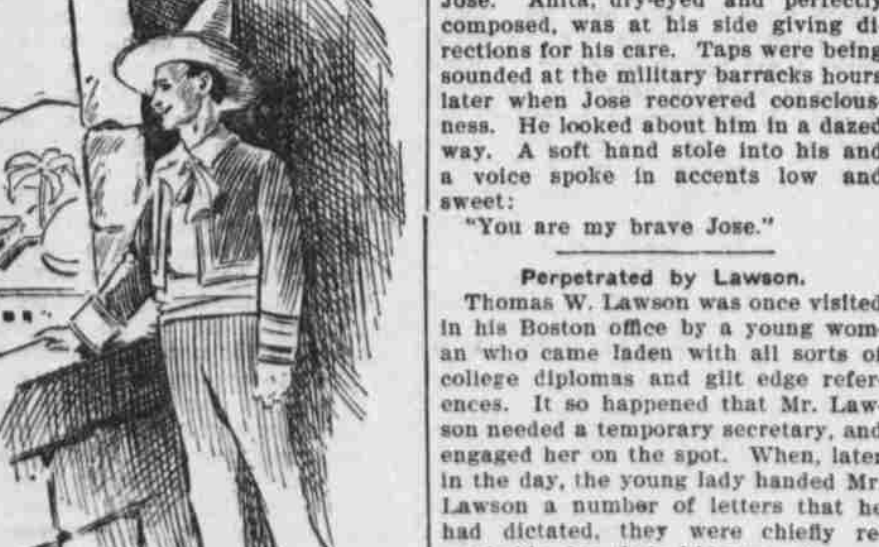
Love and Lightning
Love built a cottage of delight
Where summer blooms were bright'n'ing,
But, flash on flash came lightning bright
And so love fled the lightning!
(Well! Well!
How sad to tell!
But love will not with lightning dwell.)
He passed from all the singing hills
To misty heights—I wonder!
But—earthquake thunder shook the hills,
And so love fled the thunder!
(Well! Well!
How sad to tell!
But love will not with thunder dwell.)
Then love in deserts made his home
Where not a voice reproved him;
Birds fed him fruits and honeycomb,
And even the lions loved him!
(Well! Well!
How strange to tell—
That love should with the lions dwell.)
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE BELLRINGERS' HEROISM

Jose stood at the window of the bell-ringer's loft of the great cathedral and looked down into the city to the adobe building that marked the spot where lived the one he loved. His thoughts were not altogether pleasant as he viewed the magnificent panorama that was spread out before him. He remembered the incidents of the previous night at his meeting with Anita on the Alameda. How vividly he recalled the conversation that set his brain afire with the possibility of losing her. Could she have meant it when she told him that he was not brave? Did she love Enrique, the commandant of the Rurales? If not, why had she taunted him last night when he urged her to marry him? Had she not told him that it is only the brave who are deserving of the fair, and when he had charged her with being in love with a soldier, had she not confessed that Captain Enrique Bonalez had played her under her window for many nights?
"Do you love him?" Jose had asked.
The only answer was a shrug of the pretty shoulders of his adored one. The hot Latin blood surged through the veins of Jose. Dark thoughts filled his mind. Then came a calmness. He remembered that he was connected with the clergy. To be sure he did not wear the vestments and say the prayers of the good padres whom he served, but he regarded himself as belonging to their class. Was not he the bell-ringer in the great cathedral? Had not his father and his father's father been bell-ringers before him? He would not bring disgrace upon his sacred calling by committing a rash deed. He would give up Anita to the brave commandant. Did she love the captain? That was the question that Jose wished he could answer to his own satisfaction. He could hardly believe that Anita would trifle with one of his affections. She was doubtless honest in her belief that her love was for Captain Enrique and not for poor Jose, the bell-ringer.
Jose had left her the night previous with doubt in his mind as to her love for him. It was now early morning and the chimes of the bells were still echoing in the distance when Jose leaned out of the window of the bell-ringer's loft and breathed deep draughts of the fresh morning air that blew in from the mountains. Did he long to be brave that he might come up to the standard of Anita's thoughts of Captain Enrique? No such thought was in Jose's mind. He did not belong to the recognized class of the brave. That was left to the soldiers. He looked down into the street below and watched the women as they left their homes and hurried silently along and entered the worship room of the great edifice to attend early mass. He knew that Anita would be among them. Many, many mornings had he stood at this same window and watched his loved one as she left her home and wended her way to the cathedral to offer up her daily prayer. Perhaps it was not altogether right and proper, but many love signs had passed between them as she passed along the street below. On this morning there was such a soreness in his



"You are my brave Jose."
this he must reach the ground before the bell could fall. There was but one way down, and that was by the ladder that followed the narrow opening directly underneath the great bell. Without a moment's hesitation Jose sprang for the ladder and went down it with the agility of one long experienced in such descents. The safety of the worshippers depended upon his quickness. He had no thought of the danger that threatened his own life. He reached the stairway that led into the large worshiping room when there was a terrific crash above him.
"The great bell has fallen," he cried. "Fly for your lives."
His words of warning caused the worshippers to rush pellmell from the place, and a moment later, with a crash that shook the old structure, the bell with its enormous weight tore through the narrow opening, bringing down stone and timbers with it and filling the room with dust.
Friendly hands removed the debris from the stunned and torn body of Jose. Anita, dry-eyed and perfectly composed, was at his side giving directions for his care. Taps were being sounded at the military barracks hours later when Jose recovered consciousness. He looked about him in a dazed way. A soft hand stole into his and a voice spoke in accents low and sweet:
"You are my brave Jose."
Perpetrated by Lawson.
Thomas W. Lawson was once visited in his Boston office by a young woman who came laden with all sorts of college diplomas and gilt edge references. It so happened that Mr. Lawson needed a temporary secretary, and engaged her on the spot. When, later in the day, the young lady handed Mr. Lawson a number of letters that he had dictated, they were chiefly remarkable for their hideous orthography. He called the girl's attention to her blunders, whereupon she replied with a giggle:
"Really, now, I think I must have been bewitched."
"Quite so," said Mr. Lawson; "some fairy must have cast a bad spell over you."—Success.



Judges Display Wisdom.
The judges at a Nevada (Mo.) baby show gave every child a prize. As the mothers of the babies were all there, they didn't care to do otherwise.
Looked down into the city.
heart that he thought only to get a glimpse of her and then he would go back to his task of sounding the chimes over the city. The first rays of the rising sun were just beginning to glint over the mountains and reflect themselves upon the scattered clouds that hung above their tops when Jose saw Anita leave her home and walk towards the place of worship. He welcomed the smiling nod of recognition

NO JOKE TO BE A GIANT.
Things of Comfort for Ordinary Men Are Uncomfortable for Him.
George Auger, the giant from Cardiff, Wales, is a freak who will testify to the drawbacks of the life he leads. In his own words, "It's no joke to be a giant." Auger is only 23 years of age, yet he has attained a height of 7 feet 8 inches and a weight of 320 pounds. His great size is a constant trouble to him.
When he stops for the night at a hotel it is necessary for the management to see that three beds are placed side by side in his room, so that when he retires he may be able to rest by stretching his huge frame across them. All doors are too low for him and unless he constantly has in mind the fact that he must bend before he enters a room he receives a stinging blow as a reminder and his headgear suffers considerable damage. It is said that he spoils three hats every month in this way.
Then, too, his bulk is so unwieldy that he can not ride in a cab with any degree of comfort, and is forced to patronize the trolley. He is obliged, however, to remain on the platform, because it is so difficult for him to squeeze through the door. He has to be careful about what chairs and sofas he sits upon, for fear they will give away beneath his weight.
All of Mr. Auger's clothes must be made to order. His gloves must be No. 15 and made large enough to cover hands measuring ten inches from wrists to finger tips and five inches across.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Bachelor's Hard Lot.
It is hard to be a bachelor in America. The President abuses you in a few well-chosen words. The women of the country hold a congress and debate upon you. Even the Senate joins in the fray. Senator Beveridge, through the medium of a Philadelphia paper, has been telling the bachelor what he thinks of him. President Roosevelt chastised the unhappy man with whips, but the Senator takes to scorpions. "You are nobody," says he, genially, "if you are merely an individual. Both Nature and society have use for you only as one of a pair. If your arm is not strong enough to protect a wife, and your shoulders not broad enough to carry aloft your children in a sort of grand gladness, you are really not worth while." This doubtless is so. And yet the fathers whom one occasionally meets in the street carrying aloft their children do not seem to be feeling a very grand gladness. That probably is their mistake. When Presidents and Senators puff matrimony like this, we realize how much valuable exhortation we lose by making a bachelor our Premier.—London Telegraph.

A Maid of Honor in Fact.
The late Lady Bloomfield was a maid of honor and published a book of reminiscences relating some very intimate incidents of her years at court. The result, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells, was that the queen forbade her ladies to keep dairies while they were in waiting, and from that rule grew one of the neatest repartees that the heart of the professional diarist could desire. A young lady who had just been appointed a maid of honor was receiving congratulations at a party, and her host said: "What an interesting journal you can keep!" The girl told him that journal keeping was forbidden, and the answer was: "But I think I should keep one all the same." "Then," said the girl, "whatever you were you would not be a maid of honor!"

Infant Monstrosities.
The so-called "man-boys" are characterized by extraordinary development in infancy. In respect to mere physical growth history gives us many instances of rapid development. We read in the "Natural History" of Pliny that Euthimedes had a son who grew to four and one-half feet in three years.
Phlegon says that Craterus, the brother of King Antigonos, was an infant, a young man, a matured man, an old man and married and a father before he was 8 years old. It is also recorded that King Louis II. of Hungary was born so long before his time that he had no skin, was crowned in his second year, reigned in his tenth year, had a full beard in his fourteenth year, was gray at 18 and died at 20.—New York Sun.

In the Old Country.
Rushes that grow by the black water,
When will I see ye more?
Land of the green, green shore?
When will the field and the small cabin
See us more
In the old country?
What is to me all the gold yonder?
Her that bore me is gone;
Knees that dandled and hands that
blessed me
Colder than any stone,
Stranger to me than the face of strange
are
Are my own
In the old country.
Vain o my heart, from the lone mountain,
The smoke of the turf will die!
And the stream that sang to the young
childer
Run down alone from the sky;
On the doortone, grass—and the cloud
crespin!
Where they lie
In the old country.
—Westminster Gazette.

Visits Alaskan Tribes.
Accompanied only by Indian guides and interpreters, Dr. George B. Gordon, curator of the section of American archaeology and general ethnology of the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania, will spend the summer among the wild tribes of unexplored Alaska. Dr. Gordon, who is to travel more than 6,000 miles, is being sent out by the department of archaeology to bring back specimens for the museum.