

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

HOW TO MAKE A TOBOGGAN OUT OF A WIDE CHEESE BOX.

**Gargantua.** One of the "Three Good Giants," and six pilgrims from St. Sebastian—The Happy Life of the Little Archduchess of Austria.

Luxemburg castle, near Vienna, is the favorite summer residence of the crown prince and crown princess of Austria. Here they live a quiet, happy life in comparative seclusion from the turmoil of court life at Vienna. The Archduchess Elizabeth, their only child, now 4 years old, is the object of the most tender love and care of her parents.



LITTLE ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA.

Whenever the crown prince returns to town or from hunting, he first goes to the nursery, where he is sure to find the crown princess, who never ceases to watch over her daughter, a very intelligent and pretty child. The illustration shows the little princess in her donkey carriage with her mother by her side.

SIX PILGRIMS IN A SALAD.

Giant Gargantua, one of the "Three Good Giants," introduced recently and for the first time into young folk's literature, by Mr. John Dimitry, was a giant the like of which you have never before read of. Giant Gargantua not only had an enormous mouth but an enormous appetite, all of which accounts for the story of the "Six Pilgrims in a Salad." Six weary little pilgrims, all the way from St. Sebastian, paused to rest for the night between the lettuce in the royal garden where they were snatched up along with those greens and mixed into a salad by hungry Gargantua. No sooner was the salad made, than the giant began to eat the lettuce and with the lettuce to gobble up the poor pilgrims who by this time were in a great fright.

The first thing they did, on being gobbled up, was to draw themselves out from Gargantua's great teeth as well as they could, thinking that they had been cast into a deep dungeon. That was bad enough, but when Gargantua began to swallow his big drink, sending it rushing down his throat like a deluge, they found themselves in danger of being drowned, and began to hop for their lives. Leaping nimbly by the aid of their staffs, they succeeded at last in getting out of the throat and finding refuge outside of the giant's teeth. By ill luck, however, one of them, feeling here and there with his staff to know whether the country around was quite safe, gave a sudden plunge into the hollow of a bad tooth which had been troubling the giant for some time. At this Gargantua began to roar with the pain he felt. All he could think of in his agony was to call for his toothpick. When he got it he began to prod viciously into the bad tooth. At last he grew tired, and putting his finger into his mouth he hauled out one of the pilgrims by the leg, another by the waist, another by his purse, another by the arm, and the poor man who had caught all the trouble by his neck, and threw each on the ground as one might a fish bone.

As soon as they found themselves on the ground, without stopping to explain how it happened that they had been found in the lettuce bed, and feeling sure that Gargantua had not seen them, scampered away as fast as their legs could carry them.

A Wisconsin Boy's Toboggan.

The cut here shows illustrates a toboggan that can be made at a small expense of time and money. A Wisconsin boy who has one, and who claims that it can be used on almost any hill, tells in Farm and Home how to make this toboggan.

Take a wide cheese box apart and bend it out flat, being careful not to split it. (It would be well to soak it in water for a day before attempting this.) Get a board the width of the cheese box and lay it on the board made by HOME MADE TOBOGGAN, taking the box apart, so that one end will curl over to form the front, and screw them together at the bottom.

Now take a strip of wood and lash it on the front of the toboggan, and then to the board to keep it in place. You can now put on side rails or a seat, as you like. A seat can be made by nailing on three cleats. When it is finished it will look like the cut.

How to Train a Canary Bird.

Did you ever try to tame a canary bird and teach it simple tricks, such as perching on your finger or taking seed from your palm? If you possess a bird suppose you make the attempt. If you are very gentle and patient and the bird is young you will succeed. Golden Days gives the following advice on the subject:

Place the cage on a table near you; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires, near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he pecks to ascertain its quality; maybe he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food; put him away. Next day try him again. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting this familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the program by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it. Next time fasten it open, blocking against with the rest of the cage as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little; next time, tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short time, you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly to it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch. Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two or four weeks about it.

BILL NYE AS A DOCTOR.

He Reviews a Book and Gives Some Practical Advice.

Dr. Fred C. Valentine has just published a small, olive green volume entitled "900 Medical Don'ts." It is couched in perfectly plain language, so that it may be readily understood by any plain, self-made man with a \$150 cyclopaedia and dictionary of medical terms in his pocket.

In a list of articles pronounced as difficult to digest I find buttered toast, salt meat, rice, sage, stale bread and tapioca. Among those articles easy of digestion Dr. Valentine names grapes, grouse and partridges. So that poor people who wish to be well and strong and avoid indigestion should avoid buttered toast, salt meat, rice and stale bread and subsist mainly upon grapes, grouse and partridges.

This is really the first time that a New York physician has had the moral courage to come out and show people how to keep well and avoid doctors' bills. There can be no doubt that people in the lower walks of life are too prone to load themselves down with toast and tapioca, when a light lunch of grouse with a few pounds of hot-house grapes or a brace of partridges and a dozen nightingale's tongues, with a little turtle soup and Neapolitan ice cream, are all they need.

Poor people often wonder why their doctors' bills are so great while the wealthy are rarely ill. This is due to the fact that poor people are too prone to eat salt pork and bread on an empty stomach and then neglect exercise. A workingman who has been assisting in digging the large subway tells me that he attributes his poor health to those causes, and says that if he had confined himself to grapes and grouse for the past ten years and then taken a canter across country every forenoon on the hot trail of a light running and domestic fox, instead of eating so much fried pork and bread, and then working instead of taking regular exercise in a Victoria, he might have been alive today.

There are many other suggestions in this little book worthy of a place in every household, such as the Don't, No. 534, which reads: "Don't endeavor to remove substances from the nose with pins, hairpins, etc." A person who will put kernels of corn, unanswered letters or carpet tacks up his nose should call a physician and not undertake to remove them himself, as he might tear a hole in the roof of his mouth. Don't bathe immediately after a hearty meal in rivers infested by crocodiles. This is an extract from a book of my own.

Don't sleep during the summer months with your feet out at the window. It closes the pores of the feet too suddenly, especially if the sash comes down on them in the night. Don't sleep in an elevated railway car with your head on the shoulder of a lady on whom you have not called, especially if you are very fat and partially drunk. Even if you have lived in New York for years and feel that you own the town and that too many people are coming here without getting a permit from you, it is a bad practice to lean on the shoulder of a lady who is not acquainted with you while you sleep off your drink, for she might have to leave the car suddenly when she gets to her station and thus thoughtlessly perhaps break your neck.

Don't talk above Don't's are suggested to my mind as I go along.) Don't try to blow the breech pin out of an old gun unless you have a very strong breath and more brains than you require for ordinary business purposes. Don't try to wrench loose the tail of an infuriated lion because you see it hanging out of his cage. They are putting the tails on lions this year more securely than ever, and he has the right to wear it outside his cage also, if it is more becoming that way.

Dr. Valentine says: "Don't allow a meal to pass without a joke between each mouthful." This will enhance the value of American humor to a great degree. Dinner will move along something like this: Mouthful of soup—"Did you ever see a horse fly? Ha ha!" Mouthful of bread—"I think that the Archduchess ought to be Americanized. Ha ha!" Bite of celery—"How did Eve get into the Garden of Eden? Give it up! Got in by Adam's Express wish? Great laughter. More bread and silent mastication—"How did she get out? Give it up! Got snaked out!" Screams of mirth, flukes of laughter and bread crumbs pervading the air. Mouthful of roast duck reminds domestic humorist of something. "Do you know why a duck goes into the water?" Large gobs of silence and more pensive eating. Domestic humorist answers it himself as follows: "For divers reasons." More bread, ice water and general good feeling. "Why does he come out?" No answer, and no sound but that of an old joke under the table cracking its knuckles and getting ready to spring out and hit its heels together. "For sun dry purposes!" explains the ready and brainy man, looking casually at a memorandum on his cuff.

More dinner, and then "Why does he go in again?" Nothing can be heard but the low rumble of a thinker, perhaps, as it grapples with the great problem. "To liquidate his bill!" Yells of laughter, screams of delight and astonishing feats of digestion promoted by mirth. "And why does he again come out?" More thought and mastication, then the gastric jester says: "To make a little run on the bank," and amid a general shower of vest buttons and wads of mirth as big as hickory nuts the genial, all-around tonic humorist and joy promoter goes on. Pleasant little dinner parties one of these days will telephone for a caterer or marshal of the day to inquire what will be the price per plate at his place, including appetizer, dinner, wine, fruit, dessert, finger bowls, cigars, toothpicks and Hygienic Humorist.

Brothers of the American press, the hour of our emancipation is at hand. The time is rapidly approaching when Little Tom Tucker may joke for his supper. Avant pumpkins on subscription! Avast there muskrat pelts for pay locals! Adieu thou economical party that seekest to win the indorsement of the press by laying a double yolk egg on our table with a wild cackle of delight, for we see our opportunity looming up in the distance.—New York World.

A Striking Exception. Somebody says that the more a man has the more he wants. There are striking exceptions, however. No matter how small amount of poverty a man may have, he doesn't want any more.—Norristown Herald

Senator Vance's Story.

Senator George, of Mississippi, is one of the most bowlegged men in congress, and, by the way, there are a great many of them. It is one of the traditions of the country where he comes from that his trousers are cut by a circular saw. The result is that these garments are usually conspicuous for a baggy appearance where they are widest. Senator Vance called the attention of a group of his colleagues standing in the lobby of his hotel to this interesting phenomenon and then remarked:

"I never get a rear view of my old friend George without thinking of the story of an old car lost down in North Carolina who went to a circus for the first time in his life. After that memorable event he was sitting around the tavern fire one evening relating his experience to a group of his cronies, and regarding them with an air of superiority, under which they were meekly inquisitive. One of them timidly asked:

"'Did you see the bar at the circus, Uncle Zeke?'  
"Uncle Zeke? Did you see the bar?"  
"'Yaas,' responded the old man solemnly, 'I done seen the bar.'  
"'What sort of a bar was it, Uncle Zeke?'  
"'Waal, I never done seen a bar afore, but I 'low that it might be a right smart of a bar.'

"'Did you see the lion, Uncle Zeke?'  
"'Yaas, I done seen the lion.'  
"'What sort of a lion was it, Uncle Zeke?'  
"'Waal, I never done seen a lion afore, but I 'low that it might be a right smart of a lion.'  
"'Did you see the camel, Uncle Zeke?'  
"'Yaas, I done seen the camel.'  
"'What sort of a camel, was it, Uncle Zeke?'  
"'Waal, I never done seen a camel afore, but I 'low that it might be a right smart of a camel.'  
"'Did you see the elephant, Uncle Zeke?'  
"'Yaas, I done seen the elephant.'  
"'What sort of an elephant was it?'  
"'Waal, I never done seen an elephant afore, but I 'low that it might be a right smart of an elephant; but it 'peared to me like as if he had a heap 'o' slack leather about his pants.'—New York Tribune.

A Reporter's Queer Call on Dr. Parker. While the Rev. Dr. Parker was staying at the Everett house, just before his departure for England, a reporter for a Brooklyn paper which had abused the English preacher since his arrival in this country sent up his card to the doctor with a request for an interview. The reporter did not expect to be successful, and was much surprised when the bell boy came down and handed him a card, on which were the words:

"'I will come down to the parlor in a few minutes and will be delighted to see you.'  
A little dazed by this unexpected reply, the reporter made his way to the parlor. As he entered he beheld a tall, handsome lady, with a blanched face, standing just inside the door and staring at a card which she held in her hand. A suspicion flashed across his mind. He took the card from his pocket, read the message again, and on turning it over he read the name of the wife of a well known member of Plymouth church. The reporter was a gentleman, and to save the lady any embarrassment, as well as the bell boy, who had mixed the cards, his position, he at once effected a change. On the card intended for him he read these ungracious words:

"'I will talk with no more scribbblers, for the truth is not in you.'—New York Sun.

The Right of Way Settled. "Beverly" writes to The Boston Globe inquiring "which has the right of way, the United States rail or a steam fire engine?" It is a question which by unanimous consent will be referred to the debating societies that will shortly organize for the winter. It is interesting to note that a quiet, inoffensive royal Bengal tiger has the right of way against both. That point was settled at the late fire at Bridgeport which made such sad havoc with Mr. Barnum's collection of wild beasts and related brio-a-brac. A tiger that had been set free by the casualty in question was sauntering up the main street of the town just as a United States mail wagon was coming down. The driver must have been certain that the tiger had the right of way, for all the witnesses of the incident agree that no sooner had he laid his eyes upon him than he promptly turned into a side street without a word of protest. The driver of a steamer on its way to the fire not only followed the example of the mail driver, but got four miles back in the country before he pulled in his horses.—New York Tribune.

A Domestic Scene. The young mother sat in a low, easy rocker before the fire, her babe sleeping quietly on her knee, and, although all was serene and blustering without, everything was cozy and quiet within. Gentle peace reigned in the household that night.

"My dear," said the lady, turning to her husband, who was calmly enjoying his evening paper, "Isn't a curious thing that you should sing just before they are going to die?"  
"No more so," he replied, gazing at his infant's face with anxious fear, "than that babies should smile just before they are going to raise the roof off with colic."  
And presently all was fierce and blustering within.—New York Sun.

A Manly Epitaph. "We wish," says a Colorado editor, "to retract our statement made last week that our esteemed fellow citizen, Hon. Mr. Plumley, never was known to keep his promise. After reading the item in question Mr. Plumley happened to remember that during the heat of the recent political contest he promised to kick us out to the fair grounds, and he immediately came up to the office and executed his promise. In fact, he not only kicked us all the way out there, but he kept it up most of the way back, and if he had not run out of breath we think he would have been kicking us yet. Mr. Plumley is a gentleman of his word, cultured and polished, and can kick like an Asiatic elephant."—Chicago Tribune.

A Narrow Escape. Bunco Man (to stranger)—Aren't you Mr. Smith, of Smithville?  
Stranger—No, sir. My name is Pressure, of Philadelphia. I am forming a stock company to raise funds to develop the new and wonderful phenomenon which has been unfolded to my friend, Mr. Keel.—  
But by this time the bunco man was blocks away.—New York Sun.

Under the Weather. Mother to Bobby, who is slightly under the weather)—Papa will be sorry to hear that his little boy is sick, Bobby.  
Bobby—Do you think he'll give me anything, Ma—a penny, perhaps?  
Mother—I shouldn't be surprised.  
Bobby—Then I hope I won't get well until he comes home.—P. H. Welch in The Epoch.

A Broken Heart. "Papa," she said, as the old man came in late, "young Mr. Sampson offered himself to me to-night and I refused him. And oh, papa, I am afraid his heart is broken."  
"He told me about it," said the old man.  
"Then you met him?"  
"Yes, he's down at the Eagle playing billiards."—New York Sun.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

Do Americans Eat Too Much Beef? Bathing the Sick—Pure Milk.

That a large proportion of our steadfast people who do not drink at all, ruin their health by eating, is affirmed by a well known American journalist. He says: A few years ago I took dinner with an old French wine merchant. He had four pints of wine set out in the snow. When it came to the Burgundy, I turned down my glass, saying that it went to my feet. "No," said the old man, "I drink wine all my life. I have never had the gout, but I never eat meat more than once a day. The Americans eat too much beef. It makes too much blood for them, and that brings on the gout."

"What do you eat?" said I.  
"I eat fish and chicken and birds; light viands. I take veal in preference to beef, as it has less blood in it."  
A gentleman who has been much abroad is of the opinion that the intensity and want of serenity and peacefulness in the American nature is due to its carnivorous habits. He remarks: "I have been studying for some time the natural history of animals, and I notice that those animals which resemble the Americans in their avidity, their leaping at business or breakfast in the same way, are the meat eaters. We are a carnivorous people; and if we confined ourselves more to farinaceous food, herbs and oils and such things as have been approved by antiquity, we would be a happier race."

How to Give Baths. Sulphur baths are sometimes ordered for persons suffering from rheumatism. Good Housekeeping tells just how to give these and other baths. A quart of a pound of sulphurated potash is added to about twenty gallons of hot water—enough to completely immerse the body. The temperature of the water should not be allowed to fall below 98 degs. The patient should be wrapped in sheets and placed in the bath, remaining there for some time. The head must be kept cool with cloths dipped in ice water. A warm blanket must be ready to receive the bather when the bath is finished. Sponging with salt water is often recommended as a tonic for delicate persons. A pound of coarse salt is dissolved in four gallons of water, and the body well sponged with the solution. After drying, brisk friction should be applied over the whole surface.

A vapor bath can be given by seating the person in a cane bottom chair, putting a blanket around the neck and letting it fall to the ground on all sides. Under the blanket place a large pan, two-thirds full of boiling water; into this plunge hot bricks, one at a time (two or three will be enough). In a short time the patient will be in a perspiration. Dry very warm towels and put him to bed. This is effectual treatment for a bad cold, if the sufferer can be kept warm the next day.

Milk in the Sick Room. Milk is the sovereign food upon which physicians depend to nourish their patients through serious illness. Go into the room of the average patient, says Journal of Health, and you will find somewhere in it—on a chair at the head of the bed, on the "window sill," or a convenient table—milk which has been standing in its glass for a longer or shorter time, possibly for some hours. To leave milk in the sick room is one of the worst habits a nurse can have, and only the most slovenly are ever guilty of it. When your patient wants milk, go to the ice chest, or suitable place, where it is kept, and pour out into a glass, made as clean as possible, the quantity which you think is needed—no more. Let him take what he wants, and then at once throw what remains away, and wash out the glass. Never leave it in the sick room a minute. The same rule holds good with all invalid's foods.

Whooping Cough. Dr. Wittmaier recommends for whooping cough a small pouch attached to a string to be worn around the neck next to the skin, so that the lower part will rest upon the breast bone. The pouch, which is open at the top, is to contain a piece of absorbent cotton, on which ten drops of eucalyptol oil are to be placed every morning. The idea is to surround the patient with an atmosphere of eucalyptus.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

Forms of Entertainment That Are Now Fashionable.

According to Art Interchange, the name of "High Tea" is given to what many people call supper, or the meal which is taken from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening, and at which tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, cold meats and griddle cakes are often eaten, and which, being a most informal function, only the family and most intimate friends partake of. Five o'clock teas or kettle drums take place at the hour which gives them their name, and are generally informal receptions at which the only refreshments offered are tea and cakes, with sometimes the addition of crumpets, muffins and sandwiches. Afternoon receptions or "at homes" are more formal entertainments, where the refreshments offered are of a more expensive kind, and where a table is set as if for a ball supper. These receptions, which generally last from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, and sometimes later, often end with an impromptu dance and sometimes with a German. Musical afternoons will be fashionable this winter, and these take the form of an "at home" or a "tea," according to the wishes of the hostess; the only difference being in the form of the invitation and the quality of the refreshments. The invitations for a kettle drum or 5 o'clock tea are issued by writing the date and "tea at 5 o'clock" on the ordinary visiting card. The invitations for an "at home" are always engraved in copper plate on a large square card.

How to Answer Invitations.

All invitations on which R. S. V. P. is inscribed, all dinner, dance or others where it is necessary for the hostess to gain some idea how many guests she is to have, require a written answer, affirms authority on social etiquette. A card alone is necessary, however, for all afternoon receptions, teas, wedding ceremonies and receptions where the latter are general ones. A card simply signifies acknowledgment of the courtesy of the invitation.

Simple Politeness.

It is, of course, very pleasant and polite, if one has a chance, to say to a hostess: "I thank you for a very pleasant evening;" but it is not necessary nor is it fashionably requisite. Harper's Bazar suggests that to bow and say "Good night" simply is far better, and in most crowded parties one bows to the hostess on entering, but retires without saying good night, as she is apt to be busy.

Social Wisdom.

It is always easy to say a rude thing, but never wise. To live with our enemies as if they may sometime become our friends, and with our friends as if they may sometime become our enemies, is a maxim of etiquette whose worldly wisdom, at least, is unquestionable.

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