

**YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.**

**THE SECRET OF THE HANDKERCHIEF-CHIEF TRICK EXPLAINED.**

**A Short but Merry Game Known by the Name "Birds Fly"—A Brief Description of Mount Vesuvius, the Well Known Volcano.**

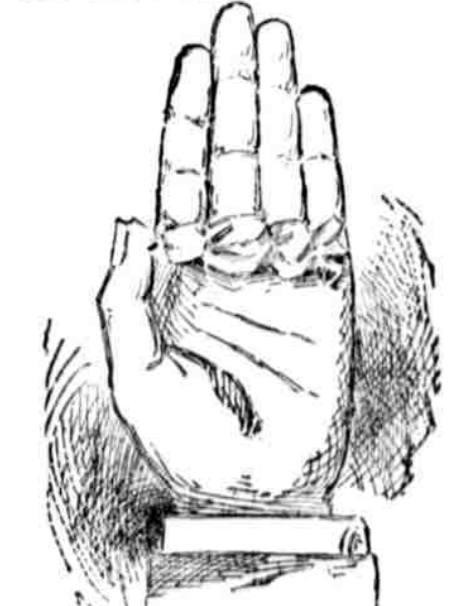
The Bay of Naples forms a crescent. The beautiful city of Naples is at one horn, and at the other, nine miles to the south, rises the well known volcano Mount Vesuvius. Vesuvius is a solitary mountain, rising majestically from the plain of Campania, having at the base a circumference of about thirty miles and dividing at a certain height into two summits. The height of Vesuvius is about 4,000 feet.



**VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.**  
The first eruption recorded in history occurred in the year 79 A. D. Previous to this Vesuvius was not suspected to be a volcano. Its sides were covered with famous vines, and its ancient crater, partly filled with water, formed the stronghold of the rebel chief, Spartacus. It was at this eruption that the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried in the torrent of wind and ashes which was ejected, and that the older Pliny was suffocated in the sulphurous vapor. Since that famous eruption Vesuvius has been an active volcano, and has been frequently in eruption, some sixty great and numerous small ones having taken place. Numbered with the most remarkable eruptions is the one that occurred in 1779, when Vesuvius, not content with rumbling noises and puffs of smoke, began to pour forth lava, then jets of red hot stones and ashes made their appearance, and increased in number and intensity until great volumes of white clouds rose from the crater to a height of four times that of the mountain. Following these clouds came columns of fire and streams of burning lava. A brilliant eruption, but one much less destructive than that above, occurred in 1878.

**The Game of "Birds Fly."**  
"Did you ever play 'Birds Fly'?" so asked one of Golden Days readers, and at once the rest were ready.  
The leader laid the palms of his hands on his knees, and then lifting them suddenly exclaimed: "Birds fly! You must all follow me, he said. "Now then, birds fly, crows fly, bees fly, cats fly."  
He lifted his hands as he mentioned each animal, and the company did the same.  
"No, no," he cried, "cats don't fly. You must only lift your hand when it is something that flies. Try again. Birds fly, geese fly, hawks fly, brickbats fly."  
We were cautious this time and did not lift our hands at "brickbats fly," so we had to pay a forfeit, for brickbats do fly. Again we tried:  
"Birds fly, swallows fly, horse-fly."  
Again we were caught, the smart young man declaring that he only mentioned the creature's name, and did not say it flew. He was bound to make it wrong whichever way we did. There was very little to do. It was short but merry.

**A Handkerchief Trick.**  
The trick illustrated in the cut and described not long since in Golden Days, is an old one, but will be new to many of our young readers, and is furthermore an easy one to perform.  
The performer borrows a handkerchief with which to play a trick. He asks permission to mark it so that the owner may know it again, but does this in an unexpected manner and to the distress of the owner, by apparently snipping a piece out of the center with a pair of scissors.  
Perceiving the owner's anxiety, the performer says: "Really, I am extremely sorry to have alarmed you, but there is no occasion for distress, I can easily repair the damage done," so saying he gives the handkerchief a rub between his hands and spreads it out. **and shows it uninjured.**



**THE HANDKERCHIEF TRICK.**  
The secret lies in the fact, as many of our wide awake readers doubtless suspect, that the handkerchief was not cut at all. The performer has previously provided himself with a little piece of cambric, four inches square. This he takes by the center, with the corners hanging down, and places it in the left hand, clipped between the lowest roots of the fingers and the fleshy part of the palm, and with the folded angle pointing upward (viz: in the same direction as the thumb) as shown in the cut. Taking the borrowed handkerchief by the center with the other hand, he transfers it to the left, the center lying just over the little piece of cambric. He next, with the right hand draws up apparently the center of the handkerchief, but really the little piece of cambric, about an inch and a half beyond the hand, and snips this off with the scissors. In order to "restore" the handkerchief, therefore, all that is necessary is to get rid of the remaining portion of the little piece of cambric, which will be a very easy thing to do.

**PARAGRAPHS WORTH READING.**

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder goes to China, Japan and India to teach the orientals how to laugh.

Ex-President Grovy is about to write a book about his career as president of the French republic.

Patti has been giving "farewells" in London, previous to her departure for South America, where she expects another hundred thousand or two.

Mr. Richard Schultz of the Hamburger Bicycle club rode nearly four and a half miles in half an hour upon a unicycle fifty-two inches in diameter.

Historian Bancroft says that it would be presumptuous for a man of 88 to attempt a history of President Polk and his times, a work which he has been asked to undertake.

Augusta Evans Wilson, "Beulah," was a Florence Nightingale during the war and no name is more revered in the south. She was the friend of the sick and wounded and the beloved of all.

Bernhardt has lost her pet tiger cat, Tigrette, which she brought from America. The animal had swallowed a piece of the rough outside covering of a coconut. Its stomach at once swelled to a great size and death soon ensued.

The great financial king of New Zealand is Johnny Jones, of Dunedin. His wealth runs up into the millions, and the greater part was made in steamboating. He is a native, and once earned scant wages as an oarsman on a ferryboat.

Baron Hirsch has actually given \$10,000,000, deposited in the Bank of London, under the trusteeship of Baron Rothschild and Baron de Worms, for the education of the poor Jews of Russia. It is the most munificent gift of charity in the history of the world.

It was a queer coincidence that the venerable Dr. John D. Ogden, of New York, should have died "the night before Christmas." He was twice married, both of his wives being the daughters of Clement C. Moore, the author of the poem, "The Night Before Christmas."

Frederick Villiers, the well known war correspondent and artist of the London Graphic, Archibald Forbes through the Franco-German, Servian and Russo-Turkish wars, and has a great fund of interesting experiences, which he relates with graphic eloquence.

F. A. Merrill, called by certain African tribes "Little Livingstone," has come to this country from Bechuanaland to sell a valuable collection of elephants' tusks. He says that the queen of Tongaland, with whom England has just completed a treaty, is the original of Haggard's "She." She is a handsome woman in feature and not very dark in complexion.

Sir Kenneth Cummings, the son of Gordon Cummings, the great lion slayer, is back in this country after a year's absence, during which he visited Central Africa and killed three lions and several leopards and other big cats. He is largely interested in land schemes near the City of Mexico.

Engineer Kittridge, inventor of the cantilever bridge, is living in Hartford, Conn., in laudable style. His wife is a native of that city. Mr. Kittridge's success as an inventor has made him rich. He began life in an humble way, but by energy and ability has gained a high place in the civil engineering profession. He is a tall, fine looking man, and he has traveled extensively in this country and Europe.

John L. Sullivan recently said to a friend that he had never resisted a policeman. With a thorough appreciation of his own prowess he remarked: "I'm different from everybody else in that. If a policeman should try to arrest you and you resisted he might knock you down with his club, but if it was me and I resisted he would shoot me the first thing. No man would take me without his hand on his revolver. And so I go with a policeman quietly the first time he speaks to me, without making any fuss."

Both the sons of Garibaldi are now deputies. Ricciotti, the younger, having been elected to represent Rome in May, 1887. Menotti Garibaldi, who for many years has represented the district of Velletri, is generally popular with men of all parties, and is a plain, honest soldier, who, although of course a member of the Left, is distinguished for good common sense rather than extreme radicalism. Ricciotti Garibaldi was educated in England, and has an English wife. He entered parliament as a workingman's candidate, but it remains to be seen whether he will really prove to be as much of a radical after his election as he was before it.

Mr. Manton Marble, formerly chief editor and proprietor of The World, is one of the very few men in this city who have ever retired from the editorship of any daily paper under their control. Greeley, Raymond and Bennett, who were Mr. Marble's contemporaries a quarter of a century ago, worked in harness to the last. So did Bryant, Brooks and Hastings. Not only did Mr. Marble himself retire from daily newspaperdom, but nearly all the chief members of his editorial staff did the same thing about the same time, such men as Huribut, Evans and Croly, all of whom are yet alive.

**Killed a White Deer.**  
One of the rarest of wild animals, a white deer, was killed a few days ago near Snowshoe mountain, Clinton county, Pa., by Prothonotary Mann, of Sunbury. It was nearly pure white, and one of the largest does ever killed in the region. But three white deer were ever killed before in this part of the state. Old hunters generally believe in the backwoods superstition that to kill a white deer forbode evil to its slayer, and all who have heard of Prothonotary Mann's deliberate defiance of the superstition are against it in their hearts and profess all sorts of bad luck for him. He will have the magnificent skin of the animal stuffed and mounted.—Chicago News.

**Emperor William's Travels.**  
On all the German railroads—and the emperor, he it stated, always travels by extra train—he pays the regular tariff fare for his person and suite, as well as for the baggage. The average rate is six marks per kilometer for every axle, and in view of the fact that his majesty travels many thousand kilometers in the course of a year, the railroads have a good customer in him.—The Argonaut.

**Porter and Professor.**  
The Lewistown Journal says that the porter that takes care of Senator Stanford's private car gets \$300 a month, and that the porters in one of "our Maine colleges" receive \$150 a month each. It's very doubtful if they'd be worth even that as porters in palace cars. Nevertheless they ought to get more money as college professors.

The London Field says that a man who can ride with hounds when they cover eight or nine miles within an hour "accomplishes a feat which takes him and his horse out of the common herd."

A New York house has received an order for 2,000,000 five-cent postage stamps for use in China.

**PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.**

**Poisoned by Eating Nutmegs—The Increasing Use of Morphine, Chloral, Etc.**  
Foreign medical journals have reported several cases of nutmeg poisoning during the past summer. In four of the cases a whole nutmeg was taken, and in the fifth case five whole nutmegs.

The following instance is particularly noteworthy, first for the small quantity (rather over half of an ordinary sized nutmeg) which produced the symptoms, and secondly, for the very marked effect on the heart and circulation. The patient, a strong, healthy woman, grated the nutmeg, and mixed it with a glass of hot ale, which she drank at bedtime. An hour after she felt some nausea, but got to sleep. Awakened about 2 a. m., feeling very cold and with a sensation of pricking in the skin, and with her "heart beating at a racing speed." When a physician, Dr. Pincock, of Victoria, Australia, saw her, two hours later, the surface of the body was everywhere cold and pale; pupils dilated, respiration sighing, and pulse almost imperceptible and uncountable. The doctor gave her hot brandy and water immediately, and mustard applications to epigastrium and extremities, also a mustard emetic. As this did not act, he gave her, about fifteen minutes subsequently, one-tenth grain apomorphia, which produced free vomiting in a few minutes. The vomited fluids contained nutmeg unmistakably. After this the pulse strengthened, became more steady, and warmth returned to the surface. Much drowsiness continued; and, after taking some more hot brandy and water, she went to sleep. Next day she was much better, and the day after was fully recovered, and able to attend to household duties.

Dr. W. T. Dodge, of Michigan, reports in Medical Record that two children, a girl about 4 years of age, and a boy about 8, who had been left at a farm house alone all day, were discovered acting strangely on the return of the family in the evening. An investigation discovered pieces of nutmegs about the house, and the little girl stated that she had eaten one, but had vomited, and that the boy had eaten two. He was in a semi-comatose condition, and in spite of all that could be done by the physician the little fellow died early the next morning.

**The Habitual Use of Sedatives.**  
Every little while occurs some sad instance of the folly of a reckless or careless use of narcotics. It is almost to be regretted, says London Lancet, that so many agents capable of producing mimic, or poisoned, sleep are known to the profession and to the public.

It is now the exception, instead of the rule, to find a man or woman of middle age who is not more or less addicted to the abuse of morphine, chloral, bromide of potassium, or some of the many sleep inducers or pain relievers which the Nineteenth century has distinguished itself by evolving for the care and comfort of our less enduring and increasingly sensitive and excitable humanity. It is nothing to the purpose that the deleterious effects of these potent drugs, when taken habitually, even in small quantities, have been again and again exposed. Those who have learned to purchase unconsciousness or ease at what seemed to be a very small price, are only too ready to renew the experience when any fresh cause of sleeplessness or pain arises.

The victims of the abuse must not simply be counted by those who die of it, but by those who are left to drag out miserable lives, the victims of "cravings" and nameless and numberless sufferings which morphine, chloral, bromide—now cocaine—and a host of insidious poisons are the active agents in producing.

Sooner or later some strong measure will need to be taken with the view of arresting this really serious "habit" of taking sedatives, which is extending its influence and gaining strength year by year. Meanwhile, we do very earnestly counsel our readers to refrain from having recourse to these drugs.

**Flannels for Day and Night.**  
"Never sleep in the same flannels that have been worn during the day," is an old repeated piece of advice, as often unheeded. The habit of wearing the same undervest day and night is an unhealthy one and repugnant to a nice sense of cleanliness.

**Care of Perspiring Feet.**  
To remove the odor of perspiring feet, wash them daily. If something more is required, take one part of salicylic acid and five parts of powdered starch, and sprinkle on the soles of the stockings.

**SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.**

**Manners and Customs That Prevail at Balls and Dances.**

Balls and dances being now in full sway, as good authority as Mrs. Sherwood notes, in The Mail and Express, a few points that may be of assistance to those not quite familiar with the social requirements of such occasions:

In going into society an unknown young man, who receives an invitation to a ball, must seek an introduction to a young lady through her chaperon. In our crowded ball-rooms, where there are often three ladies to one gentleman, the chaperons are generally very happy to accede to this request.

Nothing can excuse a young man for the absence of good manners, and he should remember that a ballroom introduction means that he is intended to dance with the young lady, and that womanhood should always command respect, although he may be somewhat annoyed, perhaps, by the persistent efforts of some ambitious wall flowers that he should "take her out" whether he will or no, he must never forget his good manners.

While it is considered very proper to ask for invitations for gentlemen to a dance, it is not considered proper to ask for invitations for ladies. The hostess, however, has always the refuge of saying that her list is full. No offense should be taken if this request is refused.

At all public balls there should be a committee of ladies to receive. The elegance of a ball depends very much upon the presence of a recognized hostess.

A young girl should not forget or break her ballroom engagements. To do her justice, she is not apt to do so, but there are some who are careless and in the feelings of modest young men. To hurt any one's feelings unnecessarily is to prove one's self not a gentleman.

**Ranson Carbon Light.**



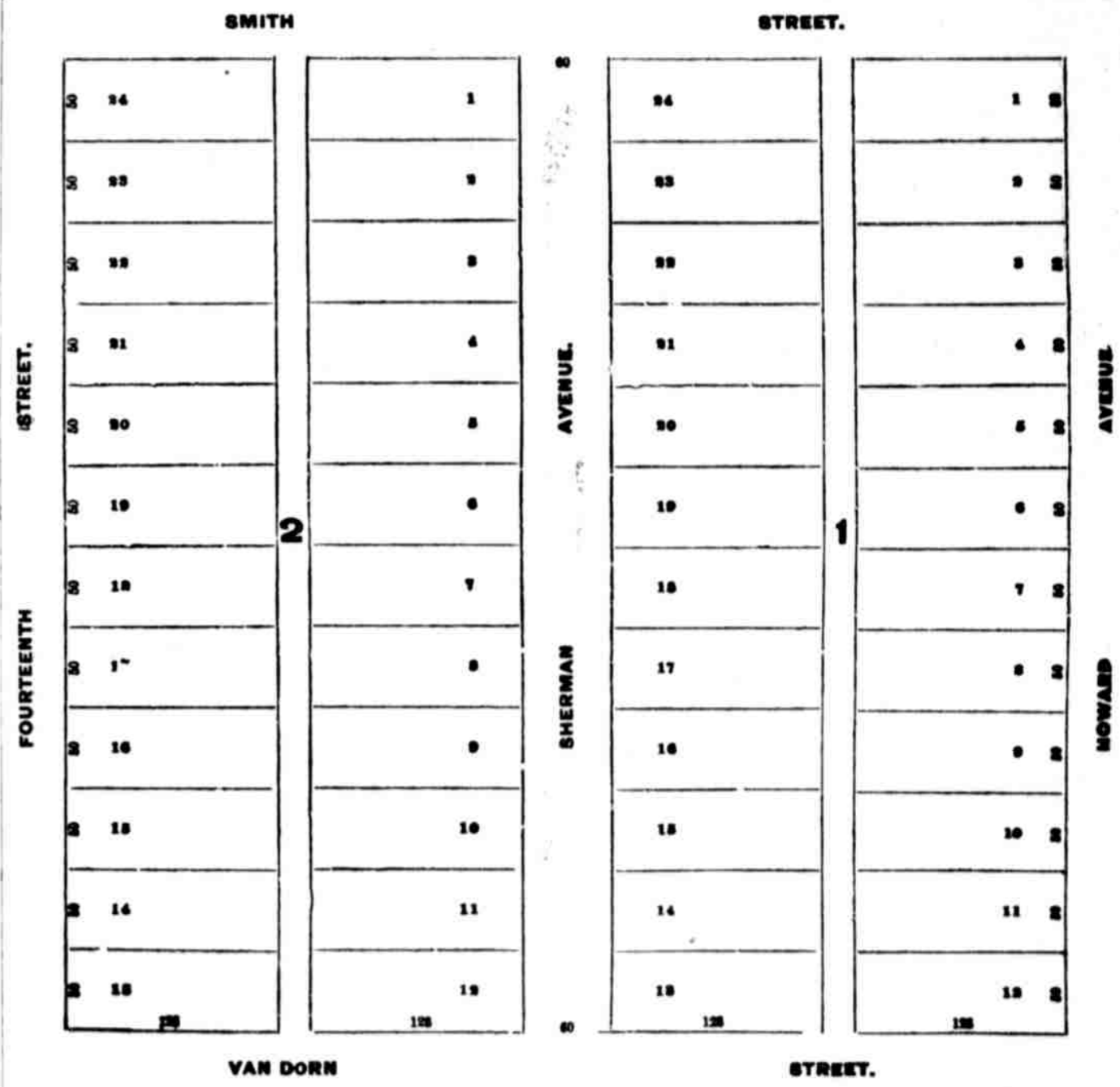
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