

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

ENTERTAINMENT OF VARIOUS KINDS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Original Story of "Little Jack Horner," Which Dates Back to the Year 1530 and Has to Do with English History.

Many nursery rhymes are very old; so old, that mothers must have repeated them to their children, in the forests of Germany, long before Saxons or Angles invaded Britain, for they are to be found nearly the same in both German and English; but there are some rhymes of a more recent date, and peculiar to England. The story of "Little Jack Horner" and the rhyme about him is founded on a real incident.



THE ORIGINAL LITTLE JACK HORNER.

When the monasteries were dissolved and their property seized by Henry VIII, in 1530, Abbot Whiting, of Glastonbury, refused to surrender his monastery, so he was ordered to send all his title deeds to the royal commissioners in London. After some delay the abbot resolved to send them, but he was at a loss how to do so without the risk of their being seized on the way. At length he hit upon the novel idea of putting them in a pie and sending it as a present to the commissioners. He chose for his messenger a boy named Jack Horner, the son of poor parents living in the neighborhood, thinking that no one would interfere with a poor lad carrying a pie tied up in a cloth.

So Jack set out with his pie on his journey to London, which was a long distance from Glastonbury. He grew tired and sat down by the wayside to rest, and, worse still, he grew hungry. He opened his parcel and looked longingly at the pie with its high raised crust. There must be something very nice inside, he thought—perhaps plumage! Could he not get one out without the pie being any the worse? He would try. So he put in his thumb and pulled out a rusty, old, folded-up piece of parchment! Such was Jack's astonishment and disappointment he peeped into the pie, and found beneath its upper crust nothing but parchments. Now Jack could not read, but thinking that the parchment he had pulled out might be worth money he put it in his pocket, tied up the parcel and made his way to London, where he delivered up the pie.

When the commissioners opened the pie they found that the most valuable deed—the one relating to the abbey—was missing. It was believed that the abbot had purposely withheld it, so he was hanged without a trial. An old parchment was afterwards found in the possession of the Horner family, which proved to be the missing title deed, and the circumstances of its preservation are believed to have suggested the rhyme:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating his Christmas pie; He put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

In the Swing. Here we go to the branches high! Here we come to the grasses low! For the spiders and flowers and birds and I Love to swing when the breeze blows. Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough; Swing, little spider, with rope so fine; Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now; But none of you have such a swing as mine.



COME AND SWING WITH ME, BIRDIE DEAR.

Dear little bird, come sit on my toes; I'm just as careful as I can be; And, oh, I tell you, nobody knows What fun we'd have if you'd play with me! Come and swing with me, birdie dear, Blight little flower, come swing in my hair; But you, little spider, creepy and queer, You'd better stay and swing over there! The sweet little bird, he sings and sings, But he doesn't even look in my face; The bright little blossom swings and swings, But still it swings in the self same place. Let them stay where they like it best; Let them do what they'd rather do; My swing is nicer than all the rest, But maybe it's rather small for two. —St. Nicholas.

John Milton's Day. John Milton, when writing "Paradise Lost," thus divided his day—recollect, he was then blind. When he rose he heard read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then he studied until 12. After an hour's exercise he dined. After dinner he devoted himself to music, playing the organ or singing, and then studying until 5 o'clock. Visitors he received from 6 to 8, then he supped, and, having had his pipe and glass of water, he retired for the night.

President Carnot's Salary. The president of France receives 600,000 francs salary, with an allowance of 600,000 francs for his expenses. He has the palace of the Elysee as his residence, and at least one park is kept for his pleasure. One million two hundred thousand francs amounts to about \$400,000.

YOUNG FOLKS' CHATTER.

A Few Points on Etiquette Given by a 15-Year-Old.

There is a 15-year-old boy in Cambridge who is a great "society man," and who is referred to by his friends on all points of etiquette. He was overheard one day giving some "pointers" to a boy about his age, but who had, apparently, none of his friend's aplomb. Boy No. 2, whom we will call Fred, was saying anxiously, "But I never know what to say to a girl at a party. What do you talk about, any way?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," replied the society man. "First you say that it's a lovely night for a party; then you ask her if she doesn't think the rooms are a 'little warm.'" "Yes!" interrogatively, from Fred. "Well, then ask her if she's fond of waiting; then—then—oh, say that the floor is very slippery."

"Well, what next?" "Oh!—evidently a little strained—'tell her you like her step; then—sudden inspiration—'ask her if she doesn't want a glass of water; be a long time getting it, and by the time you get back some other man'll be with her.'"—Boston Gazette.

Tested Practically. Johnny, who is four years old, was playing in the yard one day, and a lady who lives close by wished to have the eggs, if any were laid since her last visit to the henery, brought in. She said to the little boy: "Johnny, will you go to the henery and see if there are any eggs there? Don't bring in the china ones; leave them there, but if there are any others bring them in."

Johnny started to do the bidding, and soon returned with two or three broken eggs, and his pinafore soiled. The lady, seeing him coming, exclaimed: "Johnny, how did you break the eggs?" Johnny looked at her in surprise and said: "How should I tell whether they were china eggs or not if I didn't try them?"—Boston Globe.

An Exceedingly Expressive Answer. A lady who dressed elegantly and belongs to the high porch of social plumage made a formal call recently upon a lady of her acquaintance and waited in the parlor while her card was sent up. A tiny specimen of a girl was present, who eyed the elegant visitor very closely and seemed much interested in her appearance. "Well, my dear," remarked the visitor, with approval, as she smoothed out her silks and laces, "what do you think of me?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with the charming candor of childhood, "I've seen flounces before!"—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Want It Without Rain. While the cannon was being fired last evening a little girl of 4 years, who had never heard a salute fired, became frightened, and said: "Mamma, I don't like to have them make that noise now; it is well enough when it rains."—Burlington Free Press.

Promptly Answered. "Flossie," said her mamma, "why do you keep up such a constant chatter, chatter, all the time?" "Tause I've got lots to say," explained Flossie.—Epoch.

A Warranted Suspicion. A little 2-year-old, noticing a cow one winter morning and observing her breathe, said: "Mamma, does the cow smoke?"—Babyhood.

Courage. Bennie was asked if he was afraid of the dark. "Oh, no," he said, "I go in great piles of dark!"—Children at Home.

Trouble with Neckwear. "Well, Bob, what do you look so mad about?" "Oh, I've been tussling away for half an hour trying to fix on this necktie. These new fangled fixings are enough to drive a man's reason from his throne."

"Don't let that little thing worry you. A friend of mine had so much trouble with a necktie that he died!" "How was that?" "The sheriff adjusted the tie."—Lincoln Journal.

Wasn't Growing Old Gracefully. He stuttered terribly, and one day he began to tell a story, prefacing it by saying that it was "im-mense."

He kept at it a long while, but succeeded in getting only a little way along in it, and at last a comely cousin, from Wayback Center, rang the bell.

"W-w-what you r-r-ringing your d-d-darned old b-b-b-bell f-for? I-t-tell you this s-s-s-t-story's a b-b-b-brand n-n-n-n-one!" "Perhaps it was—when you began it," replied his tormentor.—Time.

Gets Everything in the Lease. Magistrate to prisoner arrested for assault—You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose? Prisoner—Yes. Magistrate—Don't you know you had no right to do that? Prisoner—No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it down in the lease.—New York Sun.

The Cashier Got in Ahead. Missionary—Aren't you sorry you broke into the bank, my friend? Convict—Betcher your life I am. Yer don't s'pose I'd a done it, does yer, 'f I'd knowed de cashier'd had two hours the start o' me!—Judge.

Paying Him Back. "One good turn deserves another," said the sleeping car porter as he turned over the mattress of the passenger who had fed him him liberally.—Hotel Mail.

Taking a Hopeful View. Mrs. Jenks (at dinner)—Would you like some of this oyster plant, Mr. Prim? Prim—No, thank you; I'm a strict vegetarian.—Life.

A Regular Boy. He was not at all particular To keep the perpendicular; While walking he either skipped or jumped; He stood upon his head awhile, And, when he went to bed awhile, He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit; The lockers on thought ill of it; He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom, And did some nice trapezing, Which was wonderfully pleasing, On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute insanity The cat approached insanity To see him slide the tanager so rash; But once on that mabogany, While trying to toboggan, He upset his calculations with a crash.

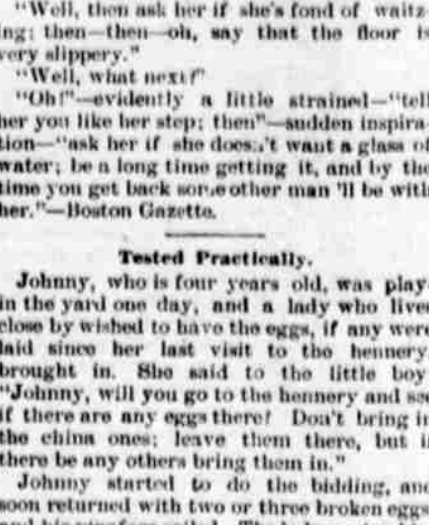
And since that sad disaster He has gone about in plaster, For Pat, like a nice Italian boy, But the kind the doctor uses. When the bumps and cuts and bruises Overcome a little, regular, live boy. —Brooklyn Standard-Union.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

POPULAR SCIENCE NEWS FROM MANY SECTIONS.

A Curious Japanese Wax Tree, the Fruit of Which Yields a Vegetable Wax Closely Resembling the Product of the Honey Bee.

The Japanese wax tree, illustrated in the accompanying cut, is found in Japan, China and throughout the East Indies generally. It belongs to the rhus or sumach family, and has the specific name Succiadana. In the Japan language it is called hase.



THE JAPANESE WAX TREE. The tree begins to bear fruit when five or six years old and increases its product every year. Until at fifty years a single tree will produce 150 pounds of berries, from which about seventy pounds of wax can be obtained. This wax, says Nature, is formed in the middle of the berry, between the seed and the skin, like the pulp of a grape. It is extracted by boiling the berries in water, and allowing it to cool, when the wax separates out in a solid cake.

This vegetable wax closely resembles the product of the honey bee. It is readily bleached, is not greasy to the touch, has the high specific gravity of 0.97 and melts at 131 degs. F.—a little lower than beeswax, which melts at 149 degs. It is largely used by the Chinese in the manufacture of candles, which are composed either entirely of wax, or mixed with tallow or other fat. The principal port of export is the city of Osaka, where, in 1895, nearly nine million pounds of the wax, worth about fifteen cents a pound, were shipped to London.

A tree of this same family, the Rhus venicifera (Japanese varnish), also grows in Japan, and produces the resin or gum used in the manufacture of the famous lacquer ware. In this country the use of sumach in tanning is well known; and notwithstanding those "black sheeps" the poison ivy and dogwood, the Rhus family must be considered as very useful and valuable members of the vegetable kingdom. In the cut are represented the flower, leaf and fruit of the Rhus succedanea, or Japan wax tree.

Artificial Rubies. Mineralogists and connoisseurs have of late been considerably interested over the excellent imitations of rubies wrought by modern science. Numerous analyses, says Jewelers' Circular, show that these artificial rubies did not retain a trace of barytes, and that they were formed by pure aluminum colored by traces of chrome. The crystals are regular and of adamantine luster. They are of perfect transparency, as hard as natural rubies and cut topaz. Like the natural rubies, they turn black on being heated, but resume their color after getting cold again. Having thus produced by synthesis rhombohedral crystals of rubies with all the physical and chemical properties of the most beautiful natural rubies, and forming them in a matrix which may be compared to that inclosing the natural mineral, Fremy and Verneil believe they have definitely settled the question of the origin of rubies. So far, the experiments have been made with 50 grams of material only, and the crystals have therefore been comparatively small, not exceeding 0.02 of an inch in diameter. The authors, however, propose to continue their experiments on a larger scale, and expect to be able to make rubies of large dimensions.

A Pneumatic Amusement. Numbered with other pneumatic amusements is the trick of putting a lighted candle under water. This is not only an amusing entertainment for the parlor, but an instructive one to the younger members of a family.

Procure a good sized cork, or bung; upon this place a small lighted taper; then set it afloat in a pail of water. Now, with a steady hand, invert a large drinking glass over the light, and push it carefully down into the water. The glass being full of air prevents the water entering. You may thus see the water rise to the surface, still alight. This experiment, simple as it is, serves to elucidate that useful contrivance called the diving bell, being performed on the same principle.

A Lighted Candle Under Water. The largest drinking glass holds but half a pint, so that your diving light soon goes out for the want of air. As an average, a burning candle consumes as much air as a man, and he requires nearly a gallon of air every minute, so that, according to the size of the glass over the flame, you can calculate how many seconds it will remain alight; of course, a large flame requires more air than a small one. For this and several other experiments, a quart bell glass is very useful, but, being expensive, it is not found in every parlor laboratory; one is, however, easily made from a green glass pickle bottle; get a glass to cut off the bottom, and you have a bell glass that Chilton would not reject.

Foot trimmings on skirts are being revived, and occasionally a single flounce of considerable depth is seen.

THE UNEXPECTED.

She was the reigning belle! Straightway in love I fell; Put out became the spell— Too plain for masking— Then for a time I wooed— For her sweet favor sued, Till I'd my courage screwed Up to the "asking."

Out of the glare and heat Where to the music's beat Tripped the entrancing feet Of the gay dancer, Gently I led my fair Partner, so debonaire, Told her the whole, and there Waited her answer.



Sweet was the flowers' perfume— Weird the enshadowing gloom; From the gay, lighted room, Sweet strains came faintly, Turning, she smiled and blushed, Murmured surprise, and flushed, Then, in the silence hushed, Answered me quaintly.

Doubtless you think she said, When she had raised her head, That which all lovers dread: "She'd be my sister!" That's where you've made a guess Wrong, as you must confess; For she said softly: "Yes!" Yes! and I kissed her!

Not Familiar with the Game. Citizen—Do you know anything about baseball? Stranger—No, sir, I do not. At least, so my friends say. Citizen—Then you don't take any interest in the national game? Stranger—A little. I'm manager of a club. —New York Sun.

Thoughtful of Others. Tramp—Can you give me a place to sleep, ma'am? Woman—You can sleep in the barn if you like. Tramp—Couldn't you give me a bed in the house? I'm a heavy sleeper myself, ma'am, and I wouldn't feel right if I should keep you waiting for breakfast.—The Epoch.

Where It Is Stored. "Is there any such thing as law in this country I should like to know?" said an irate individual as he rushed into the prosecuting attorney's office. "Yes, of course there is," was the reply. "Whereabouts?" "Just glances through that copy of the Revised Statutes over there."—Merchant Traveler.

Calm Advice. Enraged Husband—Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out! Wife (calmly)—Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets.—Chicago Tribune.

A Terrible Threat. "Then you absolutely refuse to marry me?" said he. "I do," was the young lady's firm reply. "Have a care, Miss Kojones," said the young man, with a dangerous glitter in his eye, "consider the matter well. I am the publisher of an elite directory that is almost ready for the press."—Chicago Tribune.

A Valuable Instrument. A New York man owns a piano which cost \$46,000. It is not stated what makes it so valuable, but probably it refuses to give forth a sound when struck before 7 a. m. or after 9 p. m., or when the neighbors next door have the windows open.—Norristown Herald.

The Shiftless Swiss. Omaha Councilman (traveling in Europe)—What's them bluffs? Native—Those, sir, are the Alps. "Humph! They need gauding badly."—Omaha World.

Trouble in the Neighborhood. Visitor to Mrs. McMolligen, bruised and battered—You are not looking very well this morning, Mrs. McMolligen. Mrs. McMolligen—No, ma'am, but haven't rest yer soul, me laddy, wait till ye say Mrs. Conn Kelly in the shanty beyond.—Judge.

An Excellent Recommendation. "Could you direct me to some restaurant?" "Yes, sir; go up the street two blocks and you'll find the best place in town." "Best in town? Really?" "Yes, sir, I board there myself." "Is that a recommendation?" "I should say so. I'm the owner of the establishment."—Nebraska State Journal.

Quite a Difference. Citizen to small boy outside the Polo grounds—Are the New Yorks playing ball to-day, sonny? Small Boy (witheringly)—Naw, dey ain't playin' ball; dey just thinks dey're playin' ball.—New York Sun.

All Run Down. Smith—Squignens has broken himself completely down. Brown—Ah! how so? Smith—Practicing on the health life.—Detroit Free Press.

A Terrible Disease. A boy of 13 years in Oil City, Pa., is a somnambulist, and his disease assumes the form of getting up in the middle of the night to play the piano. It is undoubtedly the worst case on record.—Lowell Citizen.

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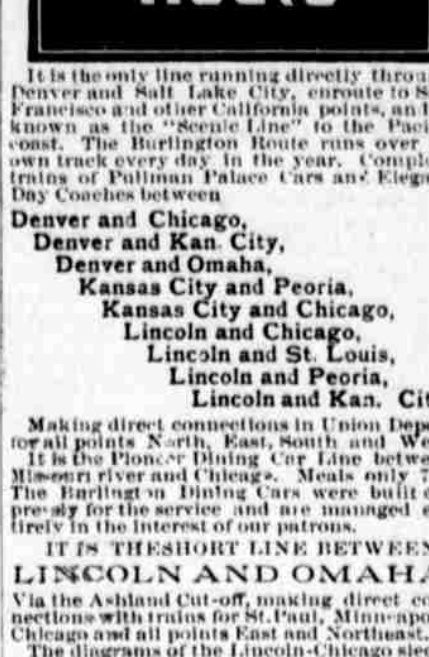
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