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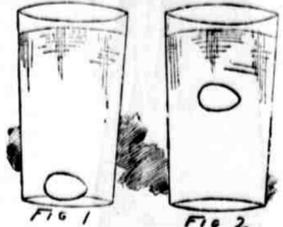
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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Magic Egg. Take a pint of water and dissolve in it as much common salt as it will take up. With this brine fill a tall glass, then fill up the remaining space with plain water, pouring it in very carefully down



the side of the glass or into a spoon to break its fall. The pure water will then float upon the brine, and in appearance the two liquids will seem as but one. Now take another glass and fill it with water. If an egg be put into this it will instantly sink to the bottom as in Fig. 1, but if, on the contrary, the egg is put into the glass containing the brine it will sink through the plain water only, and float upon that portion which is saturated with salt, appearing to be suspended in a very remarkable manner, as in Fig. 2.

Little Brown Hands. They drive home the cows from the pasture. Up through the long, shady lane, Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field, All yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick waving grasses, Where the scarlet dipped strawberry grows, They gather the earliest snowdrops And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow, They gather the elder blooms white, They find where the dusky grapes purple In the soft tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest, And are sweeter than Italy's wine; They know where the fruit is the thickest On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds, And build tiny castles of sand; They pick up the beautiful seashells— Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops, Where the oriole's hammock nest swings, And at nighttime are folded in slumber By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest; The humble and poor become great, And those whose hands are children Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman, The noble and wise of our land; The sword and the chisel and palette Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Philadelphia Times.

The Clever Raven. Most animals are no match at all for the raven's cleverness. There was once a very poor hare that allowed herself to be completely bamboozled. The raven perched at the leveret's—his baby hare is called—but the mother drove the rascal away.

But did the raven cease from troubling? Not a bit of it. He slowly retreated, encouraging the hare to follow him up, and pretending even that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led the unhappy mother to a considerable distance from the young one, and then, all of a sudden—long before the hare had time to realize the danger of the trick—rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the leveret in his beak and bore it away.

A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot, but the wicked birds turned sharply around, easily reached the dish before him and carried off the choicest bits in triumph.—Little Folks' Magazine.

An Interesting Experiment. Suspend from the ceiling a thread that has been previously soaked in very salty water and then dried. To this fasten a light finger ring and then announce that you are about to burn the thread, giving the company assembled to understand that you can perform this seemingly marvelous feat without the ring falling. This is easily done, the explanation being this: The thread burns, it is true, but the ashes it leaves are composed of minute crystals of salt, and their cohesion is strong enough to sustain their weight and that of the ring attached, provided of course that the ring is not too heavy.—St. Louis Republic.

The Very Worst. Fanny's mother had company to tea—a gentleman with whom the child was a great favorite, and at whose request the little girl was allowed, contrary to the general rule, to have a seat at the table. During the progress of the meal the little woman was unfortunate enough to tip over her bowl of bread and milk. The disaster was so appalling that she settled back in her high chair and gazed at what seemed to her utter ruin. At last, as if the full extent of the catastrophe had just dawned upon her, she drew a long breath and said, "And the best tablecloth too!"—New York Tribune.

Putting Them Away. Grandmother—Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry? Tommy—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, grandma.—H. C. Edwards in Harper's Young People.

A Thoughtful Boy. Mother—When you play marbles, why in the world do you get down on your knees and drag yourself over the ground?

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A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

"Kathleen Mavourneen" Sung by the Author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." [Special Correspondence.]

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 1.—"Oh, by the way, here is Professor Crouch, author of some songs you may have heard of. Perhaps you would like to meet him."

Would I like to meet the man who wrote the music of "Kathleen Mavourneen"? I would have traveled from New York to Portland just for that and considered myself well paid. "Kathleen Mavourneen!" There are some songs that will last forever, and here is one of them. The maiden sings it to her lover, and her granddaughter in turn sings it to her lover. Its music, touching and sweet, wakens all true love and longing and tender regrets. When we weak mortals are tempted to forget the old loves sometimes, and we hear "Kathleen Mavourneen" sung, the soft, thrilling notes waft us back to our true faith and loyalty and bring us up short.

I went to call on a friend in Portland, Miss Charlotte Thomas. Miss Thomas was not at home, but her brother, Mr. George A. Thomas was, and he it was who introduced me to the grand old song writer, eighty-four years old Aug. 1. He is Professor Frederick Nichols Crouch, Mus. Doc., M. A., F. R. S., and I don't know what all besides, but to me it is enough to know he is the author of the music of "Kathleen Mavourneen." The words, by the way, were written by an English lady, Mrs. Crawford.

Professor Crouch is a handsome old gentleman, with brilliant, beautiful dark eyes and a long, gray military mustache. He has exquisitely graceful and courtly manners, rare to see in our country. But Professor Crouch is an Englishman, who learned his manners before our "hello" telephone days.

"How long ago was the song written?" I asked the old master.

"Just before her majesty's coronation," he answered.

Her majesty's coronation occurred June 28, 1838. From 1838 to 1892 "Kathleen Mavourneen" has been warming and melting the hearts of all true lovers and all well wishers of true lovers, and when 1892 is ushered in it will still be fulfilling its sweet mission. But what will you say when I tell you that Professor Crouch has never received one cent of money for the song? Fact. Thirty-one music publishing houses in America have made their thousands of dollars off the sheet music, and never had the grace to offer the composer one dime.

The gifted, gentle old man is now living in poverty at 280 Parkin street, Bal-



timore. A gift of ten cents each from the people who love his song would give him a fortune.

But the experience of all for me was when Professor Crouch went to the piano and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," softly playing the accompaniment with his own hands. It would have given you "thrills" to hear him, just as it did me. It was touching beyond any words of mine to tell, the notes falling on the ear, now in a rich, sweet baritone, now quivering and unsteady, from the lips of the man who composed the music of the imperishable song fifty-four years ago. Do you know what I did at the close? I just put my arms around the musician's neck and gave him a big squeeze. One had to do that or else cry or run away, and I always hated crying.

I was so wrought up I quite forgot as I went home that I was walking through State street, the most beautiful highway in the state and the pride of every Maine native, with its double rows of magnificent elms, which have been "growing there forever," they say. I saw only a picture of a man standing in the doorway, looking out of a pair of brilliant dark eyes and bidding me goodbye with his grand old school bow. I heard sounding in my ears only those throbbing bars of melody, "Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking." Everybody who loves "Kathleen Mavourneen" must help his friends see to it that the dawn of happiness and prosperity shall come for Nichols Crouch.

But only a poet can do justice here. Read below the poem James Whitcomb Riley wrote about "Kathleen Mavourneen" and its author. I would have written it myself if I could:

Kathleen Mavourneen! The song is still ringing As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds; In world weary hearts it is sobbing and singing.

In paths too sweet for the tenderest words, Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it— Oh, have we forgotten his rapturous art— Our need to the master whose genius bequeathed it? Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart!

Kathleen Mavourneen! Thy lover still lingers; The long night is waning—the stars pale and few; Thy sad surrender, with tremulous fingers, Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew; The old harpstrings quaver—the old voice is shaking— In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain— The old vision dims and the old heart is break-

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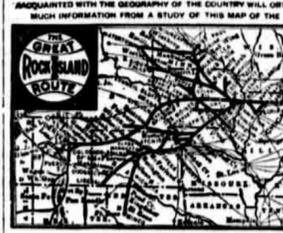
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