

# TIDDLYWINKS.

A Children's Story.

**A** FRAID? O, no! I'm not afraid of any four-legged creature that ever grew!" said Tiddlywinks.

Tiddlywinks was a Partridge Cochlin, a tall, fine-looking fellow, with beautiful red and gold plumage, which glistened brightly in the spring sunshine.

His tail feathers were long and glossy, proudly arched above his back, with a graceful droop towards the ends, and he had a handsome red comb, which little Rosy declared looked like a scarlet poppy. Tiddlywinks was quite a favorite with little Rosy, but he was not much liked in the barn-yard, on account of his tyrannical disposition, and his boastfulness. He pecked the Guinea-fowls unmercifully, picked a quarrel with the White Pekin duck on every possible occasion, and would not allow the younger fowls to eat a morsel, until he had crammed his own crop with all the corn or oats it would hold.

He kept a respectful distance from old Fadladden, the bronze gobbler, and the White Leghorn rooster, who were larger and stronger than himself, and would not have hesitated to give him a good drubbing if they had caught him at his pranks; but he was selfish and cowardly enough to seize a fat bug, or a fine, plump cricket which some poor pullet had industriously scratched up, and devour it himself, before her very eyes.

And when one of the hens laid an egg, Tiddlywinks would invariably cackle louder than she did herself, and make so much noise you would have thought he had laid the egg himself!

Then, too, he was always boasting. He was standing on one foot, under a tall pokeberry bush, one warm day, recounting some of his own brave exploits to a group of fowls who were gathered near. Some were pluming themselves, others taking a dust-bath in the side of the ash heap, and others again leisurely picking gravels from a pile of sand, which had been dumped in one corner of the barn-yard, expressly for that purpose.

"No," said Tiddlywinks, holding up his head and looking proudly around. "I'm not afraid of any four-footed creature that ever grew! Why, if a fox were suddenly to pounce over the fence into the barn-yard, do you know what I would do?"

"I know what I'd do," said a snuff-colored hen, who was wallowing in the ash-heap. "I'd run into the hen-house and scramble up on the roost as fast as ever I could!"

"And I," said Queen Anne, a motherly old hen, with a black top-knot and a ruff around her neck, "I'd fly up into that big oak tree, double-click."

"Click! click! I'd hide under the Burdock bushes, with my chickens under my wings," said Madame Featherleg, anxiously.

"I dare say," sneered Tiddlywinks. "You are old hens, you know, and its the nature of hens to be cowardly. But I would not show the white feather! I'd just—"

"Cut, cut, cut!" cackled a long-legged pullet, running full tilt from behind the barn. "Cut, cut! O! I've had such a fright!"

"What—what—what—what was it?" stammered Tiddlywinks, while the hens clustered anxiously around him, as if for protection?

"O, dear! I don't know," panted the pullet, still trembling with fear. "I—I was scratching—near the barn—when it pounced right at me! Such a terrible creature, with legs and teeth! And it opened its mouth, and went 'gr-r-r-r-r!' and I ran away so fast I—I've lost my breath!"

be quite as much frightened as the hens. He was just flapping his wings to fly up into the oak tree, when the strange animal made a sudden dart at his toes.

"Boo—woo—woo! Gr-r-r-r!" it cried savagely.

And flop! went Tiddlywinks, sprawling his long legs, while "bee—wée—woo!" went the enemy, diving past him and seizing a respectable top-knot hen by the tail.

"Squawk!" cried the hen who had a temper of her own, and ruffling up her feathers she flew at the saucy stranger, and gave it a savage peck between the eyes.

"Take that for your impudence," she cried.

"Yelp," howled the aggressor, half frightened out of his wits, but spying Tiddlywinks streaking towards the hen house as fast as his long legs would carry him, it suddenly turned and scampered after him.

"Boo—woo—woo," it cried in such a shrill voice that the poor Cochlin stood still with terror, while the savage foel seized him by his handsome tail feathers and stood shaking them and crying, "gr-r-r-r!" triumphantly.

Poor Tiddlywinks, more dead than alive, could do nothing but stand stock-still and cry "Squak! squak-aw-aw!" at the top of his lungs. The hens cackled in sympathy, making such a racket that Aunt Peggy looked out of the back door to see what on earth could be the matter.

"Run, Rosy," she cried, "Something is disturbing the fowls!" And little Rosy ran quickly to the rescue of her feathered favorites.

But when she reached the barn-yard and espied the tall Cochlin squeaking with terror, while a tiny shepherd puppy stood holding him by the tail, and growling savagely, she burst into a hearty laugh. "Come here, Roy," she cried, and the fat puppy let go his victim's tail, and went frisking to her with a shrill little bark of delight.

"For shame, Tiddlywinks," said Rosy. "To be afraid of a little bit of a dog like Roy, who only wanted to play with you!"

But Tiddlywinks, finding himself free, hurriedly sneaked off around the barn, and began pluming his ruffled feathers. He was well twitted by the other fowls, when they ventured to come forth from their hiding places.

"You wouldn't run from a fox, would you," sneered the snuff-colored hen, maliciously?

"Of course not," put in Queen Anne, shaking her feathers, and hopping over the pig-trough to pick up a grain of corn on the other side. "He is not afraid of any four-footed creature that ever grew!"

"Quack, quack, quack," said the Pekin duck, waddling out from a bunch of tall grass, where she had been hiding during the affray. "Pray, Mister Tiddlywinks, do tell us what you would do if a fox were to pounce unexpectedly over the fence?"

"It's only natural for hens to be cowardly," said a yellow-legged pullet, who owed the Cochlin a grudge for robbing her of a dragon-fly that morning.

# ALL THINGS WERE FREE TO HER.

An Indian Princess Who Saved Seattle and Expressed Her Gratitude.

The princess of Wales is not cramped for pocket money, and various other royal ladies have all they want to spend, but the Princess Angeline was probably the only princess in the world who never had to pay for anything or even utter the magic words "Charge it," says the New York World.

The Princess Angeline never had to pay for anything; she could buy all her soul desired—a bill was never sent her nor to her brother nor to any other member of her family, and she was only an American Indian princess.

Recently Angeline died, aged at least 100, and it is supposed considerably more. She never told her age, for the reason that she didn't know it. She was the daughter of old Chief Seattle, the gentleman after which the town of that name is called. Once Seattle was owner of all the territory along the shore of Puget sound, now in the United States. In those days the Duwamish tribe was a populous and warlike nation, and it was while the white settlers were still weak and scattered that the Princess Angeline did the work that made her able to trade on her face in the town of Seattle.

When the whites began to encroach on the Indians' hunting grounds the usual friction arose and it was not long before a conspiracy was formed to overwhelm the whites dwelling along the shores of Puget sound at one blow. The Princess Angeline had been kindly treated by the settlers and at the risk of her life set out to the hamlet of Seattle to warn them of their danger.

The white men, thus prepared, armed themselves for an attack and had no difficulty in repelling their savage foes. They realized the danger they had so narrowly escaped, however, and were properly grateful to the Indian woman, which was a bit odd. The citizens of Seattle in a body offered to build her a house and support her in what an Indian would consider luxury for the rest of her life. But she preferred the free life of the wilderness and went back to her people. Nevertheless she accepted the freedom of the city of Seattle, and orders were left at all the shops that she should have whatever she took a fancy to, no matter what the cost might be. The richest men of the town stood ready to defray the bills.

Thus the Princess Angeline gradually became a public character and a living monument to what is said to be extremely rare—the gratitude of a city. Her face was familiar to every one in the northwest. It was stamped on spoons, used for advertising purposes and on every article in the nature of a souvenir of Seattle and the vicinity.

During the last few weeks of her life she suffered greatly, but would submit to no medical treatment. She fought so desperately when an attempt was made to take her to a hospital that it had to be given up. Her life, which with care might have been prolonged, was thus sacrificed by her superstitions.

A Hitch at the Royal Wedding.

What caused the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Winchester a very bad quarter of an hour's anxiety took place at Buckingham palace on Wednesday immediately before the royal wedding, and the contretemps might have had a very serious result. We have made every inquiry, and we learn that the following is the true story: Both the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Winchester forwarded their clerical robes early on Wednesday morning to Buckingham palace, directing them to be sent to the robing room which had been set apart for the assembly of the clergy and where they were to dress for the wedding service. The two high dignitaries of the church arrived in good time in order to robe, but not a vestige of their surplices or other canonicals could be found. The archbishop was extremely anxious, and so also were all the palace officials, and the time was drawing nigh for the clergy procession to the chapel, and yet the missing lawn was not to be found. At last Lord Edward Pelham Clinton was informed of the impending catastrophe, and he at once set a complete army of court officials to search every room in use for the missing robes. These were eventually found in another room, but only just in time for the archbishop and bishop of Winchester to dress and hurry to the chapel. The other clergy had brought their vestments with them and so were ready long before the time. The archbishop, it is said, was very much upset by the contretemps. Some servant or another, not knowing the robing room, had placed the portmanteau bearing the robes in the wrong room.—London Chronicle.

The Wheel in the Army.

The bicycle will soon be put to practical test in the army. A detachment of eight men of the Twenty-fifth infantry has been mounted on wheels and in charge of a lieutenant will ride over the Montana trails. A bicycle repair shop has been established at Fort Missoula, where the men are stationed, and the instruction in regard to riding includes lessons in repairing under an expert bicycle mechanic. The wheel will be thoroughly tested in rapid conveyance of messages from Fort Missoula to other forts, with and without relay; practice rides with rifles, blankets and shelter tents; road patrolling and reconnaissance.

A Tutor.

Sandford—What did she say when you told her you were a tutor in Yale? Merton—Asked me if I'd too for the coaching party her friends were getting up.—Truth.

# Pleasing Old Maids.

The man who told this story prefaced it by saying that it was the sort you could tell only to a young woman or a married one. Whereupon his listener remarked that she was indeed glad to hear a story of that kind, as, according to her previous experience, all stories were divided into two parts—the kind you could tell to young women and the kind you could not. The story was as follows:

"A certain man had, somewhat late in life, taken unto himself a wife who was, to put it temperately, not precisely in the first bloom of her youth. At the wedding the man's mother, a typical Yankee, took occasion to say: 'Yes, I'm real glad to see John married and settled at last. An' I'm real pleased at the choice he's made, too. He couldn't a suited me better. Ye see, young girls are skittish an' hard to manage, an' widders are sot in their ways and ye can't manage 'em, but old maids are thankful and willing to please."

Ten Tobacco Spill and Smokes Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten rounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Popular Blouses.

Verily, until the crack of doom shall we wear the blouse. The latest and now prevailing adornment of these, runs in the direction of frills of the material, plain and unadorned. One in blue and green shot silk, which opens with a decided V down to the waist, shows a vest of leaf green chiffon, and round the V are two closely kilted frills, about two and a half inches in width. Quite half the blouses are finished at the throat by fancy turnover collars and cuffs, while the remaining half divide their favors between deep ruffles or the material wrinkled down to the wrist. A black and white muslin looks effective with a ruche at neck and wrists, edged with narrow white valenciennes.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Wadling, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

McClure's Magazine for October will contain a biographical and personal study of Ian Maclaren, the author of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush," by the Rev. D. M. Ross. Mr. Ross was associated with Ian Maclaren in a circle of students who lived in special intimacy at Edinburgh university, and has lived in intimate relation with him ever since. The paper will be illustrated with portraits of Ian Maclaren, views of his various homes, and scenes in and around "Drumtochty." The S. S. McClure Co., New York.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

Cleaning Soiled Books.

Ink stains may be removed from a book by applying with a camelshair pencil a small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, and then use blotting paper. Two applications will remove all traces of ink. To remove grease spots, lay powdered pipe clay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching. Sometimes grease spots may be removed from paper or cloth by laying a piece of blotting paper on them and then pressing with a hot iron. The heat melts the grease and the blotting paper absorbs it.

Coe's Sough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Not So Certain.

"This is one thing you don't have to do, anyhow," growled Mr. Wipedunks, through the lather that covered his face, as he proceeded to strap his razor. "You're always complaining about your hardships. You ought to be mighty thankful you haven't got a beard to bother you."

"I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Wipedunks. "If I was a bearded lady I believe I could make a better living for this family than you are making."—Chicago Tribune.

# Poor Old Spain.

Between the despotism of the church and that of the state, the only wonder is the insurrection in the Philippine islands did not break out sooner. Cuba has been a heavy drain upon Madrid's pocketbook, but the revolt in the Philippines will be greater still. There are on the islands about 2,000,000 Malays and Chinese, the former race in particular being renowned for its ferocity, as well as for its bitter hatred of all white people. Moreover, as the islands are more than 9,000 miles farther away from Spain than Cuba, the difficulty in getting troops to Manila before the rising has had time to extend all over the islands is practically insuperable. Then, Japan may not be neutral.—Lewiston Journal.

Architectural Dream.

Silesian glassmakers are making possible the realization of an architectural dream. They are producing substantial glass bricks for building purposes. Since glass can easily be made translucent without being transparent, light may be evenly diffused through a building of glass, while its occupants and contents remain invisible from the outside. It does not require a very lively imagination to perceive that many pleasing effects may be produced when glass is used as the material for dwellings and other structures. Besides, people who live in glass houses will not be struck by lightning.

The Web of Life.

The web of our life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern we do not know, but God knows, and our heart is the shuttle. This being struck alternately by joy or sorrow carries back and forth the thread that is light and dark, as the pattern needs, and in the end when the garment is held up and all its changing hues glance forth it will be seen that the deep and dark hues were as necessary to beauty as the bright and high ones, and the mystery of life will be unraveled.—Rev. J. K. Montgomery.

When bilious or constive, eat a cascade candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

The motives which prompt a woman to accept a proposal of marriage are often to see what will happen next.

# A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medicinal discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on the liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, ever, habitual constipation and indigestion. Please buy and try a box of C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

She Knew That Such.

"Well, there's one thing that I know about the convention," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "and that is that McKinley hasn't got all of the delegates."

"No?" replied Mr. Snaggs in an indulgent tone.

"No, he hasn't for I read in the paper something about delegates-at-large."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

That Joyful Feeling.

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

All husbands are not alike, because some husbands are ridegrooms.

# IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine value. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd puffery, or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit!

50 YEARS OF CURES.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



"How happy could I be with either Were the other dear charmer away."

# Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

W. K. ROBER'S, who is widely and favorably known in banking and business circles of Omaha, Neb., writes on March 7th, 1895: "I have been troubled with NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, cold feet and hands and lack of circulation, loss of flesh, etc. I commenced taking Dr. Kay's Renovator Jan'y 18, 1895, and I continued to improve from the third day, and have found this medicine most pleasant, no griping, no soreness at the stomach; but a complete Renovator, and I voluntarily, without the Doctor's request, recommend this to any one afflicted with indigestion and nervousness which follows. I now eat well, sleep well, and have gained about twenty-five pounds in weight, am free from cold feet or hands, circulation good, and I feel better than for many years, and I attribute this to Dr. Kay's Renovator. The fact box will convince anyone that it surpasses the whole train of pills and cathartics usually taken. I now only take one little tablet when I overload my stomach and it will relieve me at once." A FRESH TIME OF THE YEAR! It is invaluable, as it renovates and invigorates the whole system and purifies and enriches the blood, giving new life and vigor to the whole body, curing spring fever, dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases and all nervous and blood diseases, headache, biliousness, etc. It is the best nerve tonic known for worn out business men. It has 2 to 4 times as many doses as liquid medicines, selling for the same price. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25c and \$1. Send for free sample and booklet; it has many valuable recipes gives symptoms and treatment for nearly all diseases, and many say it is worth 50¢ if they could not get another. Address: Dr. J. J. Kay Medical Co., (Western Office) 200 So. 15th Street, Omaha, Neb.

150 DOSES \$1.00.

# Dr. Kay's Renovator

FOR DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, LIVER & KIDNEYS. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.



HOLDING HIM BY THE TAIL.

legged pullet, running full tilt from behind the barn. "Cut, cut! O! I've had such a fright!"

"What—what—what—what was it?" stammered Tiddlywinks, while the hens clustered anxiously around him, as if for protection?

"O, dear! I don't know," panted the pullet, still trembling with fear. "I—I was scratching—near the barn—when it pounced right at me! Such a terrible creature, with legs and teeth! And it opened its mouth, and went 'gr-r-r-r-r!' and I ran away so fast I—I've lost my breath!"

"Was it a—a fox," gasped Tiddlywinks, looking up at the oak-tree as if he were calculating the distance to its lowest branches?

"No, it wasn't a fox. It had a short tail," said the pullet. "Perhaps it was a 'possum," suggested the snuff-colored hen, ruffling her feathers.

Too Greedy.

Walker—This "middle-of-the-road" platform won't catch any of the bicycle vote. Wheeler—No? Walker—Now they want the whole darn road and the sidewalk thrown in.—Cincinnati Enquirer.