

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When I Was a Boy—The Price He Paid
—The Boy Is the Father of the Man—True Bravery—The Voice Within—O Child of God.

UP in the attic where I slept When I was a boy, a little boy, In through the lattice the moonlight crept, Bringing a tide of dreams that swept Over the low, red trundle-bed, While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek— When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed When I was a boy, a little boy! For the grace that through the lattice streamed Over my folded eyelids seemed To have the gift of prophecy, And to bring me glimpses of times-to-be, Where manhood's clarion seemed to call— Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all, When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep When I was a boy, a little boy! For in at the lattice the moon would peep Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep The crosses and griefs of the years away From the heart that is weary and faint to-day; And those dreams should give me back again The peace I have never known then— When I was a boy, a little boy!

The Price He Paid.
Eden E. Rexford tells the following story in the New York Observer: "I made the boss trade to-day," said Johnny to Hugh, producing a pocket knife which he exhibited with great satisfaction. "Big and little blade, and real pearl handle—didn't cost less than a dollar, and just as good as new. But it didn't cost me that," with a wink at Hugh. "No, sir, I swapped that old chain that I got of Tom Shepard for it. Brass, you know, but I put a polish on it, and made George think it was gold. 'Good stuff in it,' said I, when he offered to let me have his jack knife for it. 'You couldn't buy a chain like that at the jeweler's for what the knife cost you. And he couldn't, you know,' with a wink and a chuckle, 'jewelers don't keep brass chains like that, but some cheap notion stores sell them at about a dollar a dozen. I kept talking off, but at last, just to please him, you know,' with another chuckle, 'I said I'd trade. My, won't he be mad when he finds out how he's got sold? Didn't I get the knife cheap, though? It's just a little beauty, isn't it?'
"I think it cost you more than I'd like to pay for it," said Hugh, gravely.
"Why, you don't think I got cheated, do you?" asked Tommy in surprise.
"Yes, I do," answered Hugh. "You couldn't afford to pay the price you did for it, for you had to tell a lie."

The Boy Is the Father of the Man.
When John Coleridge Patteson, who became the devoted bishop, was a lad at school he was one of the cricket eleven. At the supper, after the matches, the boys became, unhappily, accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth; silly, harmless jokes were circulated, and the talk sometimes became bad. Patteson at last could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination: "I must leave the 'eleven' if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in it, nothing is left me but to go."
His companions did not want to lose one of their best players, and the hurtful talk was stopped. Patteson, when he grew to be a man, showed only too well that he could be physically brave.

True Bravery.
In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for, after the excitement had passed away.
"I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said, "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."
"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong doing, to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.
"How?" asked Robert.
"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."
Now, says the Observer, Robert was very much like the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong—forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over, the more he felt that he ought to say just that.
"It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and I don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

rade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

The Voice Within.
When Dr. S. H. Tyng, the eminent preacher, was a young man, he received from some one a stinging, provoking letter. After reading it he wrote a reply filled with words quite as sharp as those which had come to him; for he was abundantly able to hold his own in such a controversy. Starting to the postoffice to mail his letter, he heard on his way a voice as if some one spoke to him, saying: "Stephen, that won't do."
He looked about him, but there was no speaker to be seen; and yet the voice had reached his heart.
Said one good man, when speaking of certain things which other people sometimes practiced: "I cannot do such things; if I do there is some one inside of me who talks to me nights."
How many have been withheld from sin, from folly, from rashness and bitterness by that voice within?

A Child of God.
There was a ripple of excitement all through the orphan asylum, for a great lady had come in her carriage to take little Jane home with her.
Jane herself was bewildered with the thought. The kind matron led her down the wide stairway, and as she passed the hall door she saw the shining carriage, the fine horses, the liveried servants, and it seemed like a dream.
"I hope she is glad to go," said the great lady, in her gentle tone. "Do you want to go home with me and be my child, my dear?"
"I don't know," said Jane, timidly.
"But I am going to give you beautiful clothes, and a gold ring, and a box of candy, and books, and dolls, and blocks, and a swing. Now, do you want to go?"
"I don't know," said the child, still frightened.
"You shall have a little room of your own, with a beautiful bed and table and chair; you shall have a bird in a cage, and a little dog with a silver collar. Don't you want to go with me, Jane?"
There was a moment's silence, and then the little one said, anxiously, "But what am I to do for all this?"
The lady burst into tears. "Only to love me and be my child," she said, as she folded the little girl in her arms.
God finds us orphaned and desolate and defiled with sin, and poor and naked and blind. He adopts us into his family, and gives us all that we need in this life, with care and protection, and his own name, and forgiveness, and the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and an inheritance in glory; and all that he asks in return is that we should love him and be his children.

Those Astounding Adverbs.
One evening a gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town in a car with a noted wit, whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter that had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."
The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said: "Why, papa, I should think that you were out of your head."
"Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef!"
Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

Paper Furniture Coming.
Just at present an experiment is being made of building furniture of compressed paper. This does for the living rooms what aluminum has done for the kitchen—literally decreases the weight to a point where a child is able to move the largest piece. It is not proposed in this process to detract in the least from the beauty of shape or grace and elaborateness of ornamentation, but to lessen the price as well as the weight. The first products in the way of paper furniture were finished in enameled paint, and a double colonial bed of paper, with all its clothing, its pillows and mattresses—was lifted by a 16-year-old girl. "But will this new material wear?" is the query sure to be asked by housekeepers who are hopefully testing the new pressed paper and aluminum bath tubs, and finding them much to their liking.

Made from Potatoes.
Great quantities of buttons, as well as billiard balls, are now made from potatoes. It is not generally known that if the substance of the common potato be treated with certain acids it becomes almost as hard as stone, and can be used for many purposes for which horn, ivory and bone are now employed. This quality of the potato adapts it to button making, and a very good grade of button is now made from the well-known tuber. The potato button cannot be distinguished from the others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since it can be colored to suit the goods on which it is used. It is every whit as good looking as a button of bone or ivory. The cheapness is a great recommendation, and will no doubt lead to a much larger employment in the future.



A PUMPKIN LARK.
AY, Bill, 'sposo we fellows give Widow Gray a regular surprise party Thanksgiving eve.
"I heard those Maitland boys bragging to little Tom Gray what a splendid Thanksgiving they were going to have, and Tom said, 'I guess we used to have as good a time as anybody when father was alive; but mother says we mustn't expect a turkey or a mince pie this year.'
"I lay awake last night ever so long, and planned it all out. You and I will go to 'Squire Fiske—father says he's got a big heart—and I shouldn't wonder, if we tell him how hard Widow Gray works to get along and keep the boys at school, if he'll give the turkey, and then the biggest thing of all will be off my mind."
"Then I want at least six pumpkins, and here comes in the fun—these 'surprise pumpkins' will be such pumpkins as you've never seen in all your life. You just come up to our barn to-night, at seven o'clock, and bring your pocketknife, sharpened up, and I'll show you what I mean by 'surprise pumpkins.'"
And seven o'clock that November night found as jolly and happy a half-dozen boys as you'd wish to see, collected in Mr. Emery's barn. Six of the biggest pumpkins—one oval in shape—and six boys and six knives busy at work on the straw-covered floor.

Let Us Be Thankful.
HOME from Hamlet and city, Home o'er river and sea, The boys and girls are coming To keep Thanksgiving with me, Hugh is a judge, they tell me, And John is a learned divine. They were always more than common, Those sturdy lads of mine.



THIS WAS THE PROGRAMME.
First the pumpkins were cut in two parts, about two-thirds from the base; then both parts were scooped out, leaving the yellow rind about an inch in thickness; then a green willow withe or switch was cut the right length and put into the smallest part of the divided pumpkin (the cover), for a handle. Then the boys put a thin coat of varnish over their work, and left to dry on a shelf in the barn a row of splendid new-fashioned orange-colored dishes and covers!
The next three days were busy days, I can tell you, for the surprise party; but 'Squire Fiske gave the turkey and the "fixings"—celery and cranberries—and Joe's mother made a real Yankee plum-pudding; and Will's sister made two such pies, as Will said—mince and squash—and the other boys' mothers and sisters made doughnuts

and cookies and all sorts of "goodies" for the Thanksgiving tea.
On Thanksgiving eve, at eight p. m., might have been seen a torchlight procession moving across the meadow from Mr. Emery's barn, and along the lane that led to Widow Gray's cottage at the other end of the village. And this was the programme:
Two boys with Chinese lanterns; two little Chinamen bearing on a pole between them a real Chinese tea-chest filled with tea and sugar; wheelbarrow, alternately wheeled by Joe Emery and Will Somerby. On each side of the barrow two pumpkins containing pies, doughnuts, etc. One pumpkin in front with celery and cranberries; large oval pumpkin in the center with turkey, decorated with laurel sprigs; spaces filled up with white potatoes and sweet potatoes; at the head of the barrow, on pole, a little banner—"A Thanksgiving greeting from the friends of Mrs. Gray."
Now, don't you think Joe Emery's was a new and jolly "pumpkin lark?" B. P.

Thankful.
"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the occasion."
"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply. "I never went to a football game in my life that I didn't feel tremendously thankful that I wasn't one of the players."—Ex.
The above goes very well with the experience of the little girl, who, locked up the dog in a dark closet while the family were at church Thanksgiving Day, so that he might be thankful when they came home and let him out.

Tarkey Humor.
Old Turkey—Are you trying to let anything by this year?
Young Turkey—No, I shall be satisfied if I can only keep ahead until after Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING MENU

Cream of Chestnuts	Croutons	Hominy	Brussels Sprouts
Fricassee of Oysters		Apple and Celery Salad	
Olives		Cheese	Wafers
Roast Turkey	Giblet Stuffing	Thanksgiving Plum Pudding	Hard Sauce
Cranberry Sauce		Squash Pie	Mince Pie
Mashed Potatoes	Diced Turnip	Fruit Nuts	Confectionery
New Cider	Apollinaris		Coffee
White Velvet Sherbet			
Roast Duck	Currant Jelly		

His Grip on Fame.
The Chap Book tells a story of a well known huckster in London who in her own drawing room introduced John Drew to a gentleman named Montefiore. She eulogized Mr. Drew's abilities and the genius of his acting; the Drew family's talent, and after she had said all that was possible about him she thought it was necessary to say something nice about Mr. Montefiore. She hesitated a moment, and then, turning to Mr. Drew, remarked, "You may remember that his favorite uncle was frightfully mangled on the underground last year."

Two bottles of Fiso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 26, 1895.
General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Christmas Century, deals with General Grant's demeanor during the battle of the wilderness. General Porter says that even during the most critical moments, General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but that he was visibly affected by the sight of blood. During the second day of the battle Grant smoked about twenty strong cigars, his highest record in the use of tobacco.
When bilious or costive, eat a cascade candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.
How to Use Fer.
If any one happens to have on hand some short, broad pieces of fur which are not heavy in appearance, she may utilize them, especially if they should be ermine, for the bolero fronts of an evening waist. One of the loveliest frocks I have seen this winter was trimmed in that way.

Alligator Fashion.
"I like the looks of the high staid collar," said Cholly. "The only objection I've against it is that when you chew gum you have to hold your jaw still and move the whole top of your head, you know."—Chicago Tribune.
Coc's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.
To give and grudge is no better than not to give at all.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents bottle. There are 1,500 women postal clerks in England.

"It will go away after awhile."
That's what people say when advised to take something to cure that cough.
Have you ever noticed that the cough that goes away after awhile takes the cougher along? And he doesn't come back!
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

HIS IS THE TIME
of year . . . when men . . . and women . . . become weak . . . of the wealth . . . er, and run . . . down generally . . . The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY
known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of

Warranted Safe Cure
It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made women brighter and happier; it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Comfort to California.
Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington route.
It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs, and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed, efficient porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.
While no other as expensive bushest car as this to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good for the second class travelers are bounded and the price of a berth wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$2.50.
For a folder giving full particulars write to
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The best fruit section in the West. No droughts. A failure of crops never known. Abundant of good pure water.
For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral, Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South Missouri, write to JOHN M. PERDY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, Neosho, New York, Mo.
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As a special offer The Youth's Companion will be sent free, for the remainder of the year 1896, to all new subscribers. One of the most beautiful Calendars issued this year will also be given to each new subscriber. It is made up of Four (four) Clinging Pictures in color, beautifully executed. Its size is by 2 1/2 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than one dollar.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Rev. J. C. Nacke of Carroll, Iowa, writes on Nov. 11, 1896:
"Let me acknowledge the receipt of your enquiry regarding your medicines: I find your Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm excellent articles. I should judge it a rather lucky proviso to have these remedies constantly on hand."
Dr. Kay's Renovator
It is a positive cure for the worst cases of dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases and all nervous or blood diseases. At this time of year it is invaluable as it renovates and invigorates the whole system and purifies and enriches the blood. The very best nerve tonic known. It has two to four times as many doses as liquid medicines selling for same price. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, 75c and \$1. Send for our booklet; it treats all diseases; sent free from our Western Office. Dr. R. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

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