

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Polly's Dinner Party to Her Cats—
Preaching and Practice—Without a God—The Laziest Animal in the World—Other Sketches.

A Dead Baby.
LITTLE soul, for such brief space that entered
In this little body straight and chilly,
Little life, that fluttered and departed,
Like a moth from an unopened lily,
Little being, without name or voice,
Where is now thy place among creation?
Little dark-lashed eyes, unclosed never,
Little mouth, by earthly food ne'er tainted,
Little breast, that just once heaved and settled
In eternal slumber, white and sainted—
Child, shall I in future children's faces
See some pretty look that thine retraces?

Is this thrill that strikes across my heart-strings
And in dew beneath my eyelid gathers,
Token of the bliss thou mightst have brought me,
Dawning of the love they call a father's?
Do I hear through this still room a sighing
Like thy spirit, to me its author crying?
Whence didst come and whither take thy journey,
Little soul, of me and mine created?
Must thou lose us, and we thee, forever,
O strange life, by minutes only dated?
Or, new flesh assuming, just to prove us,
In some other babe return and love us?

Idle questions all; yet our beginning,
Like our ending, rests with the Life-sender,
With whom naught is lost, and naught spent vainly;
Unto Him this little one I render.
Hide the face—the tiny coffin cover;
So, our first dream, our first hope is over.

The Dinner-Party.

Polly wished to give a dinner-party to her cats, Diogenes, John and Brother, so her mother gave her a dime and told her she might buy three fish at the market. Polly trotted away, and when she came back with the fish she called the three cats and tried to get them ready. She tied a ribbon around each of their necks, but it was not an easy task, because they smelled the fish. Then she spread a towel on the floor and set three plates on it, and tried her best to make the cats sit down beside them. But they cried, and jumped about, and behaved so badly that at last she shut them outside the door. Then she put a fish on each plate and a little dish of catnip in the middle, and opened the door. Diogenes was the last one in, but it wasn't because he wanted to be polite, for he jumped over John, who was small, and ran right under Brother, the great big striped cat, and was first at the table after all. On the table, I mean, for he ran right across the cloth, sniffed at all three plates, snatched the biggest fish and dragged it under the stove. John took his fish into his corner behind the cupboard, and Brother carried his under the sink. After a minute Diogenes left his fish and went first to one cat and then the other, and tried to take theirs. But John slapped him, and Brother growled so that he was afraid, and went back to his own fish under the stove.

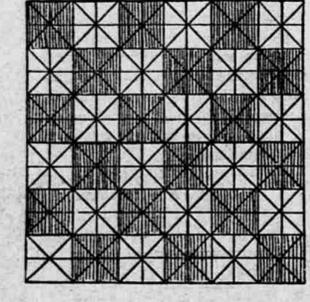
Polly was shocked at such behavior and ran to tell mother, who only laughed.

"I was afraid they'd disappoint you," she said. "But never mind. They are having a good time in their own way."

So Polly went back and picked up the plates and the towel and the catnip. And she peeped under the stove and behind the cupboard and under the sink, and she saw mother was right.

Try This Little Problem.

This is a square having within it thirty-six smaller squares, half of



which are shaded. See which of you can place the letters of the word "Puzzle," each in the center of a different square, so that no two of them will be on the same line. It may at first sight appear easy to you, but you will find that it takes a good deal of puzzling.

Award cards will be sent to the two boys or girls, one inside of Chicago and one outside, who send the first correct solutions. Names of other solvers will be published. Let's see who can work the problem.—Chicago Record.

Preaching and Practice.

A crowd of little street arabs was gathered at the door of the Clark St. mission waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty and many

of them doubtless hungry; all of them familiar with hardships. There were swarthy, black-eyed girls with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of their ragged shoes. Presently a new arrival appeared, leading by the hand two children, a little more forlorn in appearance than themselves. One had sore eyes and was apparently half blind.

"See here, fellows," was the introduction of their guide, "these two kids hain't got nobody to take care of 'em. They sleep in a box and they hain't had nothing to eat today. Can't we do sunthin' fer 'em?"

"Let's take a collection," some one suggested, and there was a general murmur of approval. A ragged cap was produced and passed around. Grimy hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies, and the collector announced the result, "seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought which were thrust into the hands of the children and they were bidden to eat. When the teacher arrived she found the "two orphans" the center of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.—Union Signal.

Laziest Animal in the World.

In the deep forests along the Amazon river in South America there dwells one of the oddest and laziest creatures in the world. It walks upside down; it rarely, if ever, drinks and it is said to feel no pain. The animal is known as the sloth, from its peculiar piping cry, or the three-toed sloth. The last name is very appropriate, for a lazier animal never lived. Often it takes less than fifty steps a day, and it will be a month or more in going a mile. It is not necessary for it to go any faster, because it lives



in the trees and its food of leaves and soft twigs is always within easy reach. Sloths have three toes on each foot, and each toe bears a strong hooked claw. When the sloth moves he simply hooks the claws over a limb and crawls about from tree to tree. In this position he can sleep hours at a time. When a little sloth is born it uses its mother for a hammock until it is big enough to climb for itself.

The sloth grows to be about two feet long. Its hair is wiry and coarse and it has no tail to speak of. The natives say that it cannot feel pain, and they prove what they say by showing how the sloth will roll itself up and deliberately fall out of a tall tree in order to save climbing down. Pretty lazy, isn't it? An uglier, more useless animal could not well be imagined.

Without a God.

Two little girls were talking together. One of them said something about God.

"There isn't any God, said the other. "My papa says so, and he knows." "But there is," said her companion. "My papa says there is, and he knows. But"—after thinking a moment—"maybe your papa hasn't got a God, and that's why he thinks there isn't any."

Then she went on to tell the other about her papa's God.

"That's nice," said the little girl whose father said there was no God. "I wish"—very thoughtfully—"my papa had a God!"

Her father—the man who had no God—heard the conversation between the children, and he began to think the matter over as never before. Without a God! He felt alone in the world, and friendless, when the full meaning of the words struck home to him. Had he been mistaken? Was there a God, after all? Night and day he thought about it. "I am in the dark," he cried. "If there is light, let me find it!" And he did find it.

The other day he heard his little girl say to her friend: "Oh, I'm so glad! My papa's got a God, too, now! And he thanked the God he had found for the childish words that set him thinking what a terrible thing it is to be a man without a God.—Eben E. Rexford.

About a Bandit Fish.

In the rivers and lakes of New York state there is a bandit fish that roams at large and makes its living by robbing the gentlemen fish. It even attacks such vigorous fish as the black bass and the pickerel, fastening itself to them and sucking their blood until they are dead. The name of this bold bandit is the lamprey. Prof. Gage of Cornell University has seen 12,000 of these lampreys spawning at one time, in the outlet of Cayuga lake alone, and he has estimated that they kill more fish than all of the fishermen of the state put together. The lamprey is about the size and has somewhat the appearance of an eel. Prof. Gage advises some means of killing them by means of traps in the stream as they go up in the spring to spawn.

THERE IS SOME HOPE.

BUT IT'S HOPE THAT MAKETH THE HEART SICK.

Durant, the Murderer, Breaking Down—
His Counsel to Make One More Effort in His Behalf—An Appeal to be Made to the Court of Last Resort.

Durant Breaking Down.
SAN QUENTIN, Cal., June 4.—Theodore Durant seems to be breaking down. A member of the death watch was seated at his side last night looking down upon him as he tossed and tumbled in his restless sleep. The warden was at once notified of the change in Durran's demeanor. Orders were issued to increase the death watch and maintain the vigil with greater care than before. Three men will watch him until he dies on the gallows.

Durran's father carried to the condemned man yesterday the news that the United States district court had denied the writ of habeas corpus and that the next fight for life must be made at Washington before the supreme court.

A special messenger will hurry across the continent, but he cannot reach Washington before next Wednesday. He will have the greatest good fortune if he receives an audience from the supreme court that day. It is probable that a hearing will not be granted before Thursday of next week, and on the following day Durran must die if the national tribunal does not exert its authority.

At 11 o'clock this morning Durran's attorneys asked the circuit court for permission to appeal to the United States supreme court. If this request is granted they will be satisfied, for they contend that it will act as a stay of execution.

M'KINLEY SPEAKS.

Talk on Tariff and Reciprocity at a Philadelphia Banquet.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—The International Commercial conference, which had its inception in the Philadelphia Commercial museum, under the auspices of which institution the conference was held, was formally opened yesterday afternoon at the Academy of Music with an address by President McKinley. Of the delegates themselves about thirty were representatives of foreign commercial bodies, principally of Mexico and Central and South America.

The commercial leaders of the Western hemisphere assembled in the great exchange room of the Bourse last night, at what was probably the most notable banquet ever given on this continent. The banquet was notable, not only in point of members, nearly 1,500 persons participating, but in the distinction of the chief guests.

The Chinese minister answered to "The Orient," and then followed President McKinley's speech, in response to the toast, "The President of the United States." He said, in brief:

"I must tell you that from first to last I have been deeply impressed with the scenes witnessed in Philadelphia to-day. I have seen the remarkable spectacle of representatives of all the American republics, with the products of their skill and their toil in one great warehouse. The first great convention of these republics was organized by the matchless diplomacy of that splendid American, James G. Blaine. Seven years ago he brought the governments of this continent together and taught the doctrine that general reciprocity in trade required reciprocity of information. And it was his genius, with that of many gentlemen I see around this board to-night, that originated the Bureau of American republics located in this city, which has already done much good, and which, I believe, will yet play an important part in our trade relations with the governments supporting it. The tariff law half made is of no practical use, except to indicate that in a little while a whole tariff law will be done, and it is making progress. It is reaching the end, and when the end comes we will have business confidence and industrial activity.

Following the president, Minister Perez of Mexico; Ferdinand of Costa Rica, the Argentine minister and Congressman Dalzell responded to appropriate toasts.

Speaker Reed Threatened.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Speaker Reed, like every other public man in high official station, has received threatening letters from time to time, but has never paid any attention to them. Yesterday, however, one was received of such a nature that it seemed to command more than ordinary attention, and the speaker's private secretary, without Mr. Reed's knowledge, turned it over to the police, who, after investigation, have come to the conclusion that it was not written by a crank, but by some one desirous of perpetrating a hoax for sensational purposes.

Spies in the Kaiser's Palace.

BERLIN, June 4.—In the trial of Herr von Tausch, the former chief of the secret political police, yesterday, a newspaper man named Kraemer testified that Von Tausch furnished most of the definite information representing Emperor William to be very ill. According to the witness von Tausch said he heard through his spies, every word spoken in the palace.

Cleveland Declines to Act.

NEW YORK, June 4.—A special to the Journal from Caracas says that President Crespo has just received a letter from ex-President Cleveland declining to act as counsel for Venezuela before the arbitration tribunal. In the letter, dated May 24, President Cleveland expresses himself as deeply touched by the honor and compliment conveyed in the recent tender of the position, but declines on the ground that having taken such prominent part in bringing about the arbitration treaty precluded him from acting as counsel for Venezuela.

INDIAN TROUBLES.

The Situation, According to Dispatches is Still Very Grave.

MILES CITY, Mont., June 4.—Sheriff Gibb returned last night from the Cheyenne agency. He says the Indian situation is very grave, indeed. He reports 200 or more Indians off the reservation and scattered in the hills. Their war whoops can be heard frequently and the dancing continues. Old settlers look for trouble.

The sheriff's posse, 300 strong, under command of Stock Inspector Smith and Captain Brown, are now stationed in small numbers in and about the settlements near the reservation to protect the remaining settlers and prevent the destruction of property by the Indians.

Indian agent Stouch would not deliver the prisoner, Stanley, up to the sheriff when called upon to do so, saying he was afraid, but he agreed to escort Stanley off the reservation Friday with the troops and deliver him to the authorities. The Sheriff placed Captain Stouch under arrest, but left him at liberty until he will be summoned by County Attorney Porter. The sheriff also has a warrant for Captain Reid, who has charge of the troops from Fort Custer located at the reservation.

LEW, Mont., June 3.—The latest advices from the scene of the Cheyenne Indian trouble are to the effect that Standing Elk has confessed complicity in the murder of John Hoover, the herdsman, implicating Philip Stanley, Sam Crow and Chief Red Bird. Captain Stouch, the Indian agent, will surrender the prisoners to Sheriff Gibb Friday, but it is not likely they will ever reach Miles City, as the settlers seem determined to lynch them.

Stanley and Red Bird, his wife, were captured by Indian police while on their way to join the Sioux Indians at Standing Rock Agency, in North Dakota, and were put in the guard house at once, under a strong guard.

In compliance with the instant demand of Agent Stouch, Chief White Bull had ascertained and made known to the agent the name of Hoover's murderer as Philip Stanley, a Cheyenne Indian, a member of his band. Stanley confessed the crime to both Chief White Bull and to his (Stanley's) father, Badger.

The settlers will commence to return to their homes to-morrow. It is certain that troops will be kept at Camp Merritt for some time, as the young bucks are not satisfied with the capture of the two Indians and may give more trouble.

John Hoover, the person killed, was the son of Monroe Hoover, who resides at Everton, Dade county, Mo. He was a young man, who had but recently come to Montana. His body was buried where it was found.

DEBS' PLANS.

The Co-Operative Commonwealth to Experiment First in Utah.

DENVER, Col., June 4.—The Rev. Myron W. Reid, national president of the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth, of which Eugene V. Debs and Henry D. Lloyd are the chief promoters, said to-day:

"The experiment will first be tried in Utah. We have chosen Utah because the Mormons have already proved that co-operation in many ways can be made a success. Our idea is to establish co-operative communities of 1,500 people in each community. We believe that in a community of 1,500, picked up as we find them, will be discovered about the right material necessary for the different vocations. When the system has been made a success in Utah its friends can proceed to carry the educational facilities into other states."

It is the intention to select a location for the first community next fall, so that the settlers may move upon the land and break ground for crops next spring. The region in Utah between the Rio Grande Western and the Union Pacific railways is advocated by some as the location of an ideal community, and others advocate a valley near Sonora, N. M. The headquarters of the brotherhood is at present in Thomaston, Me., the home of the national secretary, N. W. Lermond. The total membership has reached 1,844.

Must Pay for His Wife's Burial.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 4.—The Appellate court to-day affirmed a judgment in favor of an undertaker at Bloomington against John Scott, a wealthy man, who has declined to meet expenses arising from the burial of his wife. The wife had left her husband because of his alleged cruelty, and she depended for support upon the labor of a little son employed in a quarry. After her death and burial the undertaker charged up the expenses to her husband, and on refusal to pay the court below gave judgment for the entire amount. The Appellate court sustained this judgment and added 10 per cent damages.

A Senate Sugar Investigation Asked For.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Senator Tillman has moved that the committee on contingent expenses be discharged from the consideration of the resolution for investigation of the charges in regard to sugar speculation and that the resolution be brought before the Senate.

CONVICTS CONQUERED.

Men Tire of Solitary Confinement and Agree to Go to Work.

SAN QUENTIN, Cal., June 4.—The great revolt among the convicts at San Quentin is practically at an end. Captain Edgar, the guardian of the prison yard, has the prisoners under his complete control and has won a signal victory over the men in stripes. Yesterday afternoon nearly 100 men were released from solitary confinement and are now willing to go to work in the jute mill.

LYNCH LAW IN OHIO.

A NEGRO ASSAULTER DEALT WITH BY A MOB.

A Night of Rage and Terror in a Quiet Ohio Town—Victim of the Mob Kicked to Death Before Being Hanged—Intense Feeling Against the Militia.

URBANA, Ohio, June 5.—"Chick" Mitchell, a negro, yesterday pleaded guilty to, and was sentenced to twenty years in the state penitentiary for a criminal assault on Mrs. Eliza Gauder, the widow of the late publisher of the Urbana Democrat. The town-people were greatly incensed at the sentence, which they declared to be too light.

At 2:30 o'clock this morning a mob of citizens attacked the jail to take and hang Mitchell, and was fired upon by the militia. Two of the mob, Harry Bell and a man of the name of Higgins, were killed and eight others wounded.

At 7:30 o'clock this morning the further enraged mob broke into the jail, took Mitchell out and hanged him to a tree in the court house yard in the presence of hundreds of women and thousands of men and boys.

Mrs. Gauder was too ill to be in court yesterday, and the man was, therefore taken to her home for identification. As he entered the door she raised herself on her elbow and exclaimed:

"The brute! Hang him! How dare you face me, you brute?"

In default of \$1,000 bail Mitchell was locked up in the city prison, but on account of the feeling was removed to the county jail for safe keeping.

Last night a mob gathered and demanded Mitchell. Governor Bushnell was called on for assistance by the sheriff, but he refused to order the militia from any other place.

The crowds would not disperse. The excitement grew more and more intense. Night inflamed the excitement and the streets were thronged. Yells were heard all around the jail.

Finally, at 2:30 o'clock this morning, the mob attacked the jail. The militia fired on the attacking party and struck more innocent spectators than active law breakers. After the firing of the militia into the crowd Governor Bushnell was wired for more troops and ordered Company B of the Third Infantry, at Springfield, to proceed at once to Urbana. At 7:10 o'clock the Springfield soldiers arrived, thirty-six strong and were marched to the jail.

Angry citizens, incensed over the killing of their townsmen by the militia at 2:30 o'clock a. m., were further irritated by the appearance of more troops. Crowds gathered along the streets and greeted the soldiers with hootings and all sorts of insulting remarks.

The excitement was growing so fast that another clash between troops and citizens seemed inevitable. Mayor Ganson thereupon took the responsibility of urging the Springfield company to return to the depot. The order was obeyed.

No sooner did the crowd perceive this apparent retreat by the soldiers than their fierce demand for the blood of Mitchell grew stronger.

The local military company had previously refused to stay longer and went to the second story of the sheriff's residence and tried to sleep.

THE NEGRO LYNCHED.

With no resistance offered, the crowd at once made a rush for the side door of the jail. Two strong and determined men kicked it down in short order and gained admission to the corridor, the crowd following. There were plenty of sledge hammers, chisels and other tools in the crowd and the men went to work.

The crowd got into the jail quickly. It did not wait to unlock the door to Mitchell's cell, but burst the lock with a sledge hammer and the door soon flew open. Mitchell was standing in his cell and offered no resistance and did not utter a word. Some one in the crowd had a rope and it was placed over the brute's neck and the crowd made for the door, Mitchell following at the end.

In going down the steps on the outside of the jail Mitchell fell down and the rope slipped off his neck. The crowd surrounded him and jumped on him like a thousand hungry dogs after one bone.

The negro was kicked, beaten and almost killed. The rope was again slipped over his head and a rush made for a tree in the southeastern corner of the courtyard in front of the court-house. The end was thrown over a good strong limb and willing hands pulled the wretch up. The end was tied to the iron fence and Mitchell was left hanging there in full view of several thousand people.

The men who took part in the lynching made no attempt to disguise themselves, but it is not known who did the work. The person who attempts to find out, it is freely stated, will get into serious trouble. It is doubtful if Mitchell died from the effects of the hanging. His life had been almost kicked out of him when he fell down. It is the general opinion that he was unconscious when strung up. His body was left hanging for an hour or more, and the people of the city flocked to see it.

The feeling in Urbana against the militia is intense. Public opinion is to the effect that there was no occasion for the general shooting into the crowd, and that a little firmness on the part of the sheriff and other officers was only necessary in order to arrest the ringleaders and pacify the mob when it made its first attack on the jail.

Kansas Farmer Murdered.

INDEPENDENCE, Kan., June 5.—Last night James Pennington, a farmer living about three miles west of here, went fishing and did not return. A search was made this morning and his body was found in the stream. His head had been crushed. A neighbor, who had made threats against the murdered man, is suspected, and will be arrested.

If the landed surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, it would be found that each would get a plot of 23 1/4 acres.

An Eye to Business.
"I was directed to you as the leading huckster of this county," said Mr. Stormington Barnes.
"That's what I am," was the reply.
"An' by watching the corners closely I have built up a business in eggs and vegetables that I'm proud of."
"Of course. There are varieties of greatness. Just as I am a great actor you are a great huckster. I wish to offer you an opportunity for an investment that is right in your line."
"Tain't in a show ticket, then."
"Of course not. I want to know how much you will pay me for the sweeping-up privileges after my performance to-morrow night."—Washington Star.

More than 100 kinds of wine are made in Australia.

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Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Irish and French Canadians constitutes 70 per cent of the foreign population of New England.

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.

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To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

Greek vines nearly all turn to vinegar in summer.

Can't Sleep, Why?

Because the nerves are weak and easily excited and the body is in a feverish and unhealthy condition. Nerves are fed and nourished by pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives sweet, refreshing sleep because it purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the system.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Cures nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

A COOL BOTTLE



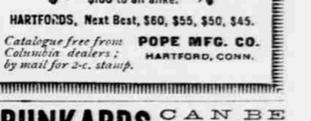
of Hires Rootbeer on a sweltering hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES Rootbeer

should be in every home, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delightful and satisfying than any other beverage produced.

Made only by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A quart weighs 2 1/2 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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Standard of the World. \$100 to all alike. HARTFORDS, West Best, \$60, \$55, \$50, \$45.

Catalogue free from POPE MFG. CO. Columbia dealers: HARTFORD, CONN. by mail for 2c. stamp.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Remova Chemical Co., 66 Broad way, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

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500 Second Hand Bicycles, all good, for sale at \$10.00 to \$15.00. New High Grade 750 models, fully guaranteed, \$27 to \$32. Special Clearing Sale. Ship anywhere on approval. We will give a responsible cash order for the balance of the purchase price. No return money. Write at once for our special offer. H. N. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Ill.

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