

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Robert's Pet Goose—A Boy Who Helped
—Jack and Jill, Their Story Is Ages
Older Than the Mother Goose Rhymes
—Pussy Understood.

What the Chimney Sang.
Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped, as her babe she
tossed,
And thought of the one she had long
since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she
forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer
drew,
"Tis some witch that is cleaving the
black night through,
Tis a fairy trumpet that just then
blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth
below,
Said to himself: "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
was man and woman and child, all
three,
And said: "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."
—Dret Hart.

Robert's Pet Goose.
"Honk! honk!" cried the wild geese
as they flew over little Robert's house
on their way south to spend the winter.
When Robert heard the loud
"honking" he would run out, and look-
ing up to the sky see the long line of
geese, and wish so much that he could
have a wild goose, but one would
alight in his yard; that they flew right
over. Not far from Robert's home was
a large lake and here the wild geese
often stopped, and many hunters went
out and shot them. People liked them
to eat very much. One day Robert's
father went out to get some of the
geese, and when he came back he
brought one live goose that had been
hurt only a little. "See here, Robert,
boy, what I have brought you," called
his father. "A fine live wild goose. It
is hurt so little that I think it will live
all right, and you can have it for your
own if you want it." Robert was de-
lighted, and took the best of care of
his big new pet, and soon it was well;
and after his father clipped its wings
it was let out in the yard with the hens
and chickens and seemed very well
contented. It grew very tame, and
Robert played with it a good deal, and
the goose would come at his call and
really seemed to know the little boy
and be fond of him. "Come home with
me and see my goose," Robert would
often say to his schoolmates, and the
children were very glad to visit the
odd pet. One fine day early in the
spring Robert was out playing in the
yard and his dear goose was walking
close by him as usual, when a big flock
of wild geese went over, going north
this time to build their nests and rear
their little ones. Robert was so busy
looking up at the flock and trying to
count the geese, and listening to their
loud honking, that he did not notice
that his own dear goose was looking up
also, and suddenly, before he could
stop her, she rose quickly in the air,
joined the flock of her wild relations,
and off she went. Little Robert stood
for a moment too surprised to speak
or move, but when he found his dear
pet was really gone, he burst into tears
and ran crying into the house. "O
mother," he cried, "my goose has flown
away! She went off with that big
flock that just flew over. Oh dear, oh
dear!" and he cried as though his heart
would break. "Don't cry so," said his
mother. "I am so sorry, dear, but try
to think how happy your goose is go-
ing to be with all the other geese, fly-
ing, flying along through the bright
blue sky. Perhaps she was lonely with
you."

"I am afraid somebody will shoot
her," sobbed Robert. "We will hope
they will not," said his mother, try-
ing to comfort him. "Well, now, who
would have thought of it?" said Rob-
ert's father when he came home at
night and the little boy ran to tell him
his sad tale. "I suppose I ought to
have clipped her wings again. But
don't cry any more, my boy; perhaps
I can get you another goose next fall.
I will try to, anyway."
"But it won't be my own dear
goose," said Robert; "and I thought
she loved me and liked to stay with
me."
"I guess she loved her own kind
of geese best," said Robert's father, smil-
ing. Robert often thought of his goose
during the summer, and he and his
mother used to talk about her and
wonder what she was doing in her far-
away northern home, for he did not
know much of the habits of wild
geese. "Do you suppose she ever
thinks of me?" Robert asked his
mother. "I am afraid geese cannot do
much thinking, but if she could, I feel
sure she would like to think about one
who was always so good to her and
loved her so dearly," answered his
mother.

When the geese began again to fly
south, Robert often watched the flocks
and wondered if his goose were there.
And one day—you can hardly believe
it, but this is a true story—Robert's
goose did come back; she flew right
into the yard and brought two dear
goslings with her! Oh, how delighted
Robert was! And the goose seemed to
know him, and came right up to eat
out of his hand just as she used to do.
"Well, well," exclaimed Robert's father,
"to think of that goose's coming

back! I think it shows that she loved
you pretty well, after all, my son." The
goose never went away again, but
she and the goslings lived all their
lives with Robert on the pleasant farm.
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

A Boy Who Helped.

In every conflict with foreign pow-
ers, some of those who perform the
most important services are persons
who for one reason and another have
been compelled to remain at home. As
a striking illustration of this truth, the
Pilgrim Teacher recalls an anecdote of
revolutionary times. Luke Varnum
lived in a small village among the
Green mountains. He was fifteen years
old and was lame in his left foot. So
when every other boy and every man,
old and young, shouldered his flocks
and marched off to join Gen. Stark and
fight the Hessians at Bennington, Luke
was left behind. He limped out and
held the stirrup for Lieut. Chittenden
to mount, and then he had to stay at
home with the babies and the women.
The company had been gone an hour
and a half, more or less, when three
men galloped upon horseback. Luke
went down to the rails to see who they
were. "Is anybody here?" asked one
of them. "Yes," said Luke, "I am
here." "I see that," said the man,
laughing. "What I mean is, is there
anybody here who can set a shoe?" "I
think I can," said Luke. "I often tend
fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows,
and I can hold a horse's foot. Anyway,
I will start up the fire." So Luke went
into the forge and built a fire. He
hunted up half a dozen nails, and he
had even made two more, when a
fourth horseman came slowly down on
a walk. "What luck," said he, "to find
a forge with a fire lighted?" The
speaker threw himself off the horse
meanwhile, and Luke patted the hoof
of the dainty creature and measured the
shoe, which was too big for her. He
heated it white, and bent it to the
proper size. "It's a poor fit," he said,
but it will do." "It will do very well,"
said the rider. "But she is very ten-
der-footed, and I do not dare to trust
her five miles unshod." For pride's
sake, the first two nails Luke drove
were those he had made himself. When
the shoe was fast, he said, "Tell Jonas
that I lit up the forge and put on the
shoe." "We will tell him," said the
colonel, laughing, and he rode on. But
one of the other horsemen tarried a
minute and said: "Boy, no ten men
who left you today have served the
country as you have done. That is
Col. Warner." And when we read how
Col. Warner led up his regiment just
in time to save the day at Bennington,
we may think of Luke Varnum, who
bravely helped his country.

Jack and Jill.
The Icelandic Edda contains a leg-
end about Mani, the moon. It is said
that Mani once stole from the earth
two children, a boy and girl, named
Hjuki and Bil, who had been drawing
water from the spring Byrg and were
carrying it in a bucket suspended from
a pole which rested on their shoulders.
Mani placed these two children, to-
gether with their bucket, in a con-
spicuous place in the heavens where
they could be seen by all men. This
undoubtedly refers to the spots on the
moon, and it is said that to this day
the Swedish peasants point to two of
these spots as a boy and a girl carry-
ing a bucket of water between them.
Now "Mother Goose"—whatever may
have been the age in which this deli-
cious old lady lived, and this matter
is as uncertain as the age of Homer—
undoubtedly had heard this story of
Mani, and that is how she came to
make up the rhymes about Jack and
Jill. She changed the name Hjuki into
Jack and turned Bil into Jill, to pre-
serve its feminine character, and the
story about the mishap which befell
the children was easily invented. In-
deed, we can see, the accident happen
in any month, if we will watch the
moon through its various phases, for
as the moon wanes its spots succes-
sively disappear: "Jack falls down
and Jill comes tumbling after."

Pussy Understood.
This story may sound a little bit like
a fairy story, and you may think it
safer not to believe it, but it is just
as true as can be, for the owner of the
cat said so himself. He was a fine,
black Persian cat, and came proudly
marching into the house one day with
a poor, little sparrow in his mouth, for
pussies will catch birds, no matter how
fine their family blood may be. After
showing his prize, Pussy went to the
front door, and, thinking the mat there
would make a nice table, commenced
his meal. Of course he scattered a
great many feathers around and made
the front entrance look anything but
tidy, and the cook was not pleased at
the litter Pussy had made, and told
him so, and said that the next time
he chose to dine there, he must turn
the mat over on the wrong side. And
following his own text, cook turned the
mat over. About two weeks afterward
Pussy brought another bird to the
front door, and, though the mat was
quite heavy for him, took his claws
and turned it over as cook had told
him to do. Then he proceeded to en-
joy his feast.

Small for His Age.
"Grandfather," said a saucy little
boy the other day, "how old are you?"
The old gentleman, who was much un-
der the ordinary size, took the child
between his knees and said: "My dear
boy, I am 85 years old, but why do you
ask?" The little fellow replied:
"Well, it seems to me you are very
small for your age."

Cocoa fiber is used in manufactur-
ing the Bombay rug—a kind of heavy
matting especially made for use in a
smoking-room. It keeps clean longer
than a woolen rug.

Financiers Fond of Funny Stuff.
The man whose daily life runs in the
channel of finance frequently resorts to
diversions which are antipodal to his
business. The head of the finance
of the nation, Secretary Gage, is fond
of humorous literature after he has quit
his office. The writings of several of
the more prominent authors of this
class are marked as they appear in the
daily prints and are laid upon the sec-
retary's desk. The work of the clever
cartoonists of the day are also clipped,
credited to the paper in which it ap-
pears, and put under the proper paper-
weight on his desk.

JASON CROW, OSCARVILLE, GA.
Writes us, May 31, 1899: "I feel it my
duty to write and let you know what
your medicine, '5 Drops,' has done for
me. I have had rheumatism about
eighteen years, but was able to be up
most of the time until a year ago last
May, when I was taken down and not
able to move about. About six weeks
ago I saw your advertisement and
wrote for a sample bottle. After tak-
ing a few doses it did me so much
good that I ordered some more for
myself and friends, and in every case
it has done wonders and given perfect
satisfaction."
"Dr. Woodliff, my family physician,
who has had rheumatism for fifteen
years, is taking the '5 Drops,' and says
it is the most efficient rheumatic med-
icine he has ever used."
"5 Drops" is the most powerful spec-
ific known. Free from opiates and
perfectly harmless. It is a perfect cure
for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia,
Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Catarrh,
La Grippe, Neuritic Headache, etc.
If you or any of your friends are suffer-
ing, do not delay, but send for a
bottle of "5 Drops." Large-sized bot-
tles (300 doses), \$1. For the next
thirty days we will mail a 25-cent
sample bottle for 10 cents. SWANSON
RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 E.
Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Most men begin to save after they
have spent all.

For Every Household.
The sewing machine bargain adver-
tised by the John M. Smyth Co. in an-
other part of this paper should in-
terest every housekeeper. The firm is
thoroughly reliable, having been es-
tablished in Chicago over 30 years and
anyone dealing with them may be
assured of square treatment. Get their
mammoth catalogue of everything to
eat, wear or use.

Some men cut acquaintances while
scrapping them—barbers, for example.

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made

a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM, No. 64-92]
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is
my duty to write to you expressing
my sincere gratitude for the wonder-
ful relief I have experienced by the use
of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound. I tried different doctors, also
different kinds of medicine. I would
feel better at times, then would be
as bad as ever.
"For eight years I was a great suffer-
er. I had falling of the womb and
was in such misery at my monthly
periods I could not work but a little
before I would have to lie down. Your
medicine has made a new woman of me.
I can now work all day and not get
tired. I thank you for what you have
done for me. I shall always praise
your medicine to all suffering women."
—MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
and used two packages of your Sanna-
tive Wash, also some of the Liver Pills,
and I can say that your remedies will
do all that you claim for them. Before
taking your remedies I was very bad
with womb trouble, was nervous, had
no ambition, could not sleep, and my
food seemed to do me no good. Now I
am well, and your medicine has cured
me. I will gladly recommend your med-
icine to every one wherever I go."
—MRS. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

Transvaal Stamps More Costly.

The price of old Transvaal stamps
seems to be rising in value. Among the
First Republic Transvaal stamps dis-
posed of at a sale in London a few
days ago were a 3d (1877) stamp, sar-
charged at back, £7; a 1d error,
(1877-79), surcharged "Transvaal,"
£29; a 3d lilac on green of the same
period, without surcharge, £15 10s.
Among the Second Republic stamps
was a half-penny on a 6d stamp with
queen's head, £16. At the same sale a
15c reunion, first issue, brought £23, a
30c reunion, first issue, £46, and a pair
of 2d Mauritius, £43.

In a recent talk about the Algon-
quian language, Dr. Edward Everett
Hale observed that 600 words of any
language are enough for human com-
munication. "Six hundred words," he
said, "are said to be sufficient for the
couriers of Europe, and it is the out-
side limit of the vocabulary of Italian
opera. It is true that this is the min-
imum of human intelligence, in both
cases, but still it answers for the con-
veyance of thought. In the book of
Judges, for instance, there are not 700
different words.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee.
Recently there has been placed in all
the grocery stores a new preparation
called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains,
that takes the place of coffee. The most
delicate stomach receives it without
distress, and but few can tell it from
coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth
as much. Children may drink it with
great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents
per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

New Inventions.

Four hundred and ninety-six (496)
inventors received patents during the
past week. Of this number 51 per cent

were able to sell their inventions be-
fore the same were patented. Amongst
the curious inventions were found a
machine for thinning seed sprouts; a
cap which can be converted into a turban;
an automatic lamp extinguisher; a milk-
pasteurizing apparatus; a smoke purify-
ing pipe; a revolving shed for storing
bicycles; and an automatic rolling cut-
ter for plows. Amongst the gruesome
inventions is one for a coffin hinged in
sections so that the corpse can be raised
into a sitting position, while an
Omaha inventor obtained a patent for
a trolley which cannot jump or become
detached from the trolley wire. The
last named invention patented was pro-
duced through Sues & Co., Patent Law-
yers, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

The only tea gardens in the United
States are at Pinehurst, S. C. Dr.
Shepard's estate comprises about 700
acres, of which between 50 and 100
acres are now planted to tea.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any
case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's
Catarrh Cure.
E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney
for the last 15 years and believe him
perfectly honorable in all business transactions
and financially able to carry out all obliga-
tions made by him by their firm.
West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,
O.; Waddington, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-
ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price
50¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Care-not is a greater hindrance to
success than cannot.

THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets remove
the cause that produces La Grippe. E. W.
Grove's signature is on each box. 25¢.

The first thing you see in boiling
water is the scum.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Con-
sumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan,
Flumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

The individual who tells the truth
with deliberate caution isn't believed
half so often as the fellow who can
lie gracefully.—Chicago News.

The moon revolves from one point
in the heavens to the same point in
27 days, 7 hours and 43 minutes.

Wilson Barrett's New Play.

In "The Sign of the Cross," Wilson
Barrett reversed the usual process by
first writing a play and then making
a novel of it. Now in producing a new
novel, "In Old New York"—in which
he has the collaboration of Mr. Elwyn
Harron, of Chicago—he returns to the
customary plan of procedure, if, indeed,
it is customary to look forward defi-
nitely to dramatizing a novel of your
own production. This is what he pro-
poses doing with his "In Old New
York," soon to be published, and fur-
ther intends to act the resulting play
when next he comes to America.

How to Save Money on Shoes.

Members of the United States Co-op-
erative Boot & Shoe Purchasing Associa-
tion save 33½ percent on all purchases
of shoes.
Mr. E. H. Tilton, Secretary of the As-
sociation, 105 Summer St., Boston, will
send an illustrated book on shoes, in-
structions how to join the association and
full information concerning it to
anybody upon request.

A Big Fill

On the Deadwood, S. D., branch of
the Burlington Railroad is a gulch 700
feet wide, known as Sheep's Canyon.
This was crossed, until recently, by a
wooden bridge, 126 feet high, which
took over 240,000 feet of lumber in the
building. Recently this trestle was
filled in, and the great undertaking at-
tracted the attention of railroad men
all over the country. It took twenty
weeks to accomplish the task. It was
necessary to haul 2,800,000 cubic feet
of earth one and one-half miles up a
two per cent grade and unload off the
high bridge. This required 1,486 trains
of fifteen cars each; 22,000 carloads in
all. It was a stupendous undertaking,
but now the bridge can't burn, and it
doesn't cost a lot of money every year
for repairs and watchers.

Christians are like eggs, there are
no medium ones.

Taxes on Patented Inventions.

A. C. L. Steamboat Rock, Ia.: Your
inquiry concerning taxes due in towns,
counties, cities and the state from in-
ventors who make and sell their pro-
ductions is received.

Materials used for manufacturing in-
ventions and thereby increasing the
value of such personal property is tax-
able. Towns and cities may therefore
have ordinances to regulate sales.
Peddlers are subject to a license tax.
But county supervisors may remit the
tax on articles of an educational nature
or on account of the age and infirmity
of the sellers. But "persons selling
their own work or production, either
by themselves or employees," "who have
served in the Union army or navy," are
exempt from license tax as set forth in
Section 1347 of the Iowa Code.

Your patent clothes pounder is your
own invention and manufacture; you
can therefore sell it without a pedler's
license.

Where town and city ordinances call
for a license for the tax may be re-
mitted upon petition or proper presen-
tation of the case to the mayor. But it
will cost less to comply with such or-
dinances as a rule than to ignore them.

Consultation and advice free.
THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO.,
Registered Patent Attorneys,
Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 11, 1899.

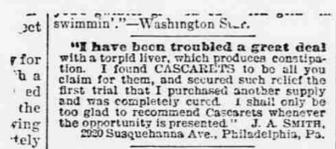
The world-speller has no use for the
steady toiler.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL.

A DOLLAR STRETCHER One lady writes that the greatest "Dollar Stretch-
er" she has ever found is the new and original
method by which J. C. Hubinger is introducing his latest invention, "Red Cross"
and "Hubinger's Best" starch. She says: "With your Endless Chain Starch
Book, I received from my grocer one large package of 'Red Cross' starch,
one large package of 'Hubinger's Best' starch, and two beautiful Shakespeare
panels, all for 5c. How far my dollar will go, I am unable to figure out. Ask
your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

Lazy Liver

You know very well how you feel when your liver don't act. Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated and your whole system is poisoned. A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability and despondency and bad feeling. CASCARETS act directly, and in a peculiarly happy manner on the liver and bowels, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by increased appetite for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste. Beware of imitations!



swimmin'—Washington Star.

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH, 2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

"He did it quickly and systematically and

at a main hap. I jus the hat clat stor

Cascarets

ANNUAL SALES, 5,000,000 BOXES.

10c. 25c. 50c.

DRUGGISTS

THIS IS THE TABLET

CASCARETS are absolutely harmless, a purely vegetable compound. No mercury or other mineral pill-poison in Cascarets. Cascarets promptly, effectively and permanently cure every disorder of the Stomach, Liver and Intestines. They not only cure constipation, but correct any and every form of irregularity of the bowels, including diarrhoea and dysentery. Pleasant, palatable, potent. Taste good, do good. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. Be sure you get the genuine! Beware of imitations and substitutes! Buy a box of CASCARETS to-day, and if not pleased in every respect, get your money back! Write us for booklet and free sample! Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.