

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 Harte.

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 looking 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; but 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 delighted, 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 going to be with all the other geese, flying, 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, trying to comfort him. "Well, now, who would have thought of it?" said Robert'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, smiling. 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 powers, 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 firolock 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 tender-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 legend about Mani, the moon. It is said that Mani once stole from the earth two children, a boy and girl, named Hjúki 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, together with their bucket, in a conspicuous 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 carrying a bucket of water between them. Now "Mother Goose"—whatever may have been the age in which this delightful 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 Hjúki into Jack and turned Bil into Jill, to preserve its feminine character, and the story about the mishap which befell the children was easily invented. Indeed, 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 successively 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 enjoy 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 under 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 manufacturing 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 secretary's desk. The work of the clever cartoonists of the day are also clipped, credited to the paper in which it appears, 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 taking 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 medicine he has ever used."
"5 Drops' is the most powerful specific 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 suffering, do not delay, but send for a bottle of '5 Drops.' Large-sized bottles (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 advertised by the John M. Smyth Co. in another part of this paper should interest every housekeeper. The firm is thoroughly reliable, having been established 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 scraping 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 wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 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 sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery that 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 Sannaive 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 medicine 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 disposed of at a sale in London a few days ago were a 3d (1877) stamp, surcharged 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 Algonquin language, Dr. Edward Everett Hale observed that 600 words of any language are enough for human communication. "Six hundred words," he said, "are said to be sufficient for the couriers of Europe, and it is the outside limit of the vocabulary of Italian opera. It is true that this is the minimum of human intelligence, in both cases, but still it answers for the conveyance of thought. In the book of Judges, for instance, there are not 700 different words."

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 before 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 purifying tobacco pipe; a revolving shed for storing bicycles; and an automatic rolling roller 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 procured through Sues & Co., Patent Lawyers, 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 any obligations made by their firm.
West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces 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 Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, 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 Barron, of Chicago—he returns to the customary plan of procedure, if, indeed, it is customary to look forward definitely to dramatizing a novel of your own production. This is what he proposes doing with his "In Old New York," soon to be published, and further intends to act the resulting play when next he comes to America.

How to Save Money on Shoes.
Members of the United States Co-operative Boot & Shoe Purchasing Association save 33 1/2 percent on all purchases of shoes.
Mr. E. H. Tilton, Secretary of the Association, 105 Summer St., Boston, will send an illustrated book on shoes, instructions 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 attracted the attention of railroad men all over the country. It took twenty weeks to accomplish the task. It was necessary to haul 2,880,000 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 inventors who make and sell their productions is received.
Materials used for manufacturing inventions and thereby increasing the value of such personal property is taxable. Towns and cities may therefore have ordinances to regulate sales. Pedlers 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 remitted upon petition or proper presentation of the case to the mayor. But it will cost less to comply with such ordinances 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-spiller has no use for the steady toiler.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL.
A DOLLAR STRETCHER One lady writes that the greatest "Dollar Stretcher" 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 mah Thap hap. I jus the hat clat stor."

ANNUAL SALES, 5,000,000 BOXES.
10c. 25c. 50c.
DRUGGISTS

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
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 grip. 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.

My Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, whooping-cough, hard colds; \$1.00, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

DR. ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. PREVENTS CONSUMPTION. All Druggists, 25c.
Mention this paper to advertisers.