

BOYS AND GIRLS

Baby.

Wee tow-headed baby,
Like a butter ball,
Half inclined to laughter,
Half inclined to squall,
Dimples in your elbows,
Dimple in your chin;
Looks like God had made you
To put dimples in!

Looks like God had made you,
Roly poly boy,
With your mouth a-pucker
Eyes a-dance with joy,
Just to carry dimples.
What—have you a pain?
Dear, such twisty faces
Are a sign of rain.

Half a laugh, half crying,
Don't know what to do,
Gulping, sobbing, sighing,
Tell you, baby: You
Stick like that to mother
Always when in doubt—
All the years of all your life,
And you can't lose out.
—Houston Post.

Making a Cork Walk.

Lots and lots of boys and girls have seen a match box, a horse fly, a stone fence, and even a board walk, but we are pretty sure that very few of you have ever seen a cork walk. Still, under certain circumstances, a cork can walk, and this is the way to bring about that unusual spectacle.

Get as large a cork as you can find, and stick side by side in one end a pair of flat-headed nails. Then get two forks and insert them, one in each side, near the other end of the cork, as shown in the picture.

Now get a strip of wood four or five feet long and about two inches wide, and make an inclined plane of it by piling books or boxes under one end. Place the cork on this, standing it on its nail legs, with one fork hang-



Cork Walking Down the Board.

ing down on either side of the strip of wood. Start the fork swinging from side to side, and you will see the cork walk jerkily down the board, taking ridiculous stiff-legged little steps on its nail legs.

A Bird Tragedy.

"I was sitting on the back veranda, sewing, one bright morning last week," said a lady living in a second-story flat, "when something flew swiftly past me, almost within reach. Startled, I glanced up just in time to see a beautiful robin alight under the eaves of the house opposite. A long straw in his mouth showed me he was busily at work building a nest.

"As I sat watching, his mate hopped in sight from under the hidden roof, and seemed most interested in the building process, to which in the mean time the builder had added bits of wool and straw. Much pleased with his progress, my little friend hopped upon a branch of a maple tree close by and poured forth a short strain.

"Suddenly a small boy strolled along and, espying the bird, stepped into the road and gathered a few pebbles. Advancing stealthily, he crept closer to the little songster, and in breathless anxiety I watched him

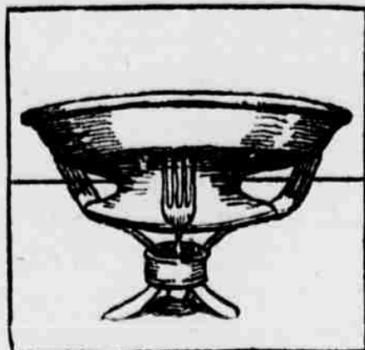
fling the stone. O, happy chance! A breath of air at that moment lifted the branch, and the stone went wide of its mark. The little nest builder, startled by the missile, flew off into the distance; but, after sailing in mid-air for a moment or two, he returned and lit upon a neighboring roof.

"Again the boy took aim, and again I awaited in breathless suspense; but this time the aim proved too true! There was a fluttering of little wings and all was still.

"Alas! thought I, for the snug little half-built nest under the eaves which was never to be completed, and, alas! for the mother bird that would wait in vain for her mate's return."

A Tripod on a Tea Table.

Some time, when tea is late and the family is all about the table waiting,



The Tripod Complete.

you may surprise all by a very clever and at the same time simple and easy trick.

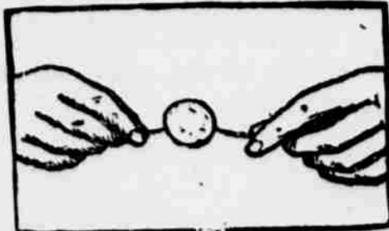
Take a napkin ring and through it pass three forks with the points upward and rest their handles on the table. Spread the tops of the forks apart and inside them place a plate or any round dish which will fit within the space they afford. This will surely lock the whole thing, and a heavy dish may be placed upon the plate without fear of its being broken.

Feeding Captive Birds.

The secret of feeding birds in captivity is to give them as great a variety of wholesome food as you can. For seed, they should have a mixture of canary, rape, flax or linseed, small groats and a little hemp and millet. In cold weather more hemp and some maw seed, and a little lettuce seed occasionally, particularly if there is any diarrhoea about. For green stuff, lettuce, watercress, groundsel, chickweed and nearly any sort of fruit, but it should not be given to them wet. Once or twice a week, for a treat, a mixture of hard-boiled eggs, chopped small, and powdered biscuit will be greatly appreciated. In feeding them don't make things too easy. Remember that birds dearly love occupation of any kind. I knew a lad once who used to chop up the watercress, "to save the poor dear things the trouble of biting it off!" But it is scarcely necessary to say that this is a great mistake.

A Pin and Coin Trick.

Here is a very simple little trick, which looks not at all easy and quite as if the performer must be very skillful indeed. Take a silver coin, a quarter or a half dollar, and pick it up by placing the points of two pins,



How to Hold the Coins.

one on either side of the coin's edge. You may hold the coin securely in this position if you press firmly with both pins.

Now, blow smartly against the upper edge of the coin, and it will fly around and around, revolving with great rapidity between the pins.

THE ODD CORNER

An Appeal to Maud.

Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how the weeds have grown.
They're getting so thick,
And growing so quick,
I can't pull 'em all alone.
So come into the garden, Maud,
And give me a helping hand.
There's a lot of witchgrass
In the lettuce, alas!
And it's growing to beat the band!

Come into the garden, Maud,
And do weed the onions first!
The lettuce is bad,
And the beets make me sad,
But the onion bed is the worst.
So put on your bloomers, Maud,
And tackle the pesky weeds
Without any fuss,
For woe is us,
If ever they scatter their seeds!

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
There's plenty of work,
So don't try to shirk
And leave it to me alone.
Just quicken your motions, Maud,
And banish that haughty sneer
And kneel down in the dew,
For it's right up to you
To help get this garden clear!
—Somerville Journal.

A Novel Team.

The owner of a large ostrich farm in southern California has trained a pair of these huge birds to drive as he would drive horses, hitching them to a light buggy or trotting cart, which has in its design a third wheel. This is to prevent the vehicle from turning over. It is by no means an easy task to drive such a wild team, as you can not pull up your "horses" by reins. If you did it would probably result in serious injury to the valuable birds. The only way to guide the conveyance is to hit the offside bird on the opposite side to that which you want him to go. Another objection to this kind of "horse" is that if he should catch sight of a bit of banana peel, or something equally attractive, he does not hesitate to make a dive sideways for it. As ostriches go like the wind, and can make a sudden dead stop, the jerk the rider receives is not a pleasant one, if a piece of orange peel should happen accidentally to meet the eye of his strange "horses."

A Chemical Detective.

Truly the way of the transgressor is hard and his ingenuity is kept busy eluding the constantly increasing methods of detecting him. The latest device is extremely subtle, and it will be a clever thief who can see his way clear out of the trap which a scientific mind has prepared for him.

It was invented by a chemist of Budapest, and is a chemical powder, of a yellow color, which has the curious property of dyeing the skin of the person touching it a deep blue. The color is not removable by any known means, and washing it only makes the color deeper. However, after about a fortnight it begins to wear off, and at the end of about three months all traces of the coloration will vanish.

Sword 276 Years Old.

Dr. J. W. Peck of Amoret, Mo., in Kansas City yesterday, has an heirloom in the form of a sword 276 years old. Dr. Peck declares it is the oldest sword in the United States. It was brought to this country by his great-grandfather more than 100 years ago, and has been handed down in his family through the succeeding generations.

The sword bears the date 1629, during the time when Christian, king of Denmark, was carrying on his thirty years' war with Sweden. It bears a picture of the warrior monarch. On one side is an inscription in German as follows: "I am a good blade if you use me well." Another inscription on the reverse side says: "He who hath no love for the beautiful hath no heart in his body."—Kansas City Times.

Tune of "Yankee Doodle,"
As for the origin of the tune of

"Yankee Doodle," over which there is much controversy, this can be said, that most of the views expressed about its origin are right, but only partly so. It is true the tune is the same as that of "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," "Yankee Doodle Came to Town," and that of the Dutch reapers' song, "Yonker Dudal, Dudal Daun," but it is also identical with the old Biscayan "Danza Esparta" (sword dance) and that of a German song which was published at Cologne in the year that Columbus discovered America.

A Queer Pet.

Many people have wondered why the Empress Eugenie always carries about with her, wherever she goes, a little wicker basket, and many speculations have been made as to its contents. The basket is lined with cotton wool, and in that soft substance nestles a hedgehog! It is the empress's only pet, and she would not dream of allowing it to be attended by any one but herself. She has rather a superstitious attachment to the curious creature, and believes that it has a talismanic power of insuring her safety and general well-being.

Clock is Perverse.

About twelve years ago a clock, more ornamental than useful, was given Miss S. A. Bailey of Peacham, Vt. For a year, perhaps, by much coaxing, it told the time more or less correctly, then stopped. No amount of shaking could persuade it to start, and after a time it was removed to a beam in the shed. There it was forgotten, and for the last five years probably stood utterly silent, until a few days ago it began to tick and the hand to move, and it continues to do so.

A Soldier's Stratagem.

An amusing story is told of a soldier, a Virginian by birth. When he was going on a marauding expedition he used to stop at a friendly blacksmith's to have his horse's shoes reversed. By this means his enemies, seeing the track of the horse's hoofs going in a certain direction, would pursue him that way, whereas the sly old soldier and his horse would in reality be safely out of danger by an exactly opposite direction.

Passing of Princeton Alumni.

The necrological report of Princeton theological seminary contains the names of 66 of the alumni who died last year, of whom the oldest had reached the age of 93 years and 8 months; one other had passed his 91st year; 19 others their 80th; 22 others their 70th, and 11 their 60th. The youngest died at the age of 29 years and 6 months. The average age of the 66 was 70 years and 11 months.

Bulls Fatal to Family.

It is a remarkable coincidence that on the same day that John Stewart of Westford, Vt., was killed by a bull on his farm his brother, W. D. Stewart of Bakersfield had a narrow escape from death by an enraged bull on his own farm. W. D. Stewart saved himself from the attacks of the infuriated animal by dodging around a hay crib built for sheep to feed from.

Well Paid English Lawyer.

Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., is said to be the best-paid professional man in England. He distinguished himself in the baccarat case, the Bartlett case and the Jameson case, is a member of parliament, and was for six years solicitor general. His earnings at law are about \$217 an hour. If he works ten hours a day, 300 days in a year, his income is \$651,000 a year.

Benevolent and Useful.

Deacon Arland Eaton has caused to be placed by the roadside, near his farm buildings, in Hancock, N. H., a stone watering trough to furnish a public water supply from a never-falling spring. It is inscribed, "Eaton, 1797-1904," and is intended to commemorate the settlement of his family in town.