

FOR YOUNG READERS

Little Brown Hands.
They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields.
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberries grow.
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

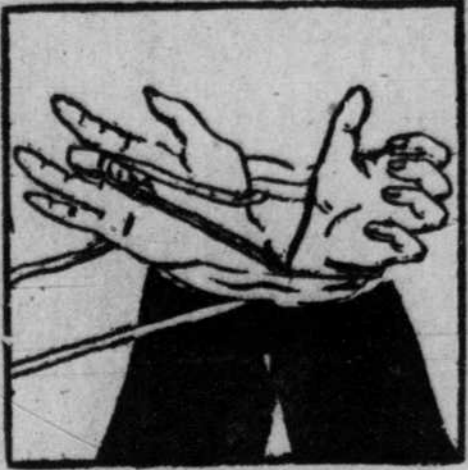
They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fair barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toll bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.
—Mary H. Krout.

The Liberated Rope.

Take a stout rope about twenty feet long, and hand it to your audience for



In Position for the Trick.

inspection. After they have examined it, let one of them bind your wrists together with a handkerchief.

This being done, have one end of the rope passed over the handkerchief, and let the cords then be held up by one of the company. Now request the person holding the ends to pull one way, while you pull the other, to show that the handkerchief is tightly tied.

There is apparently no way of getting the rope off, except when the ends are released or the handkerchief untied. You soon explode this idea, however, for after making one or two rapid movements of your hands and arms, you throw the rope off and exhibit your wrists still tied.

Wonderful as this all seems, it is very simple, and requires but little practice, as shown clearly by the accompanying illustration. The part of the rope marked "A" is rolled between the wrists, until it works up through the handkerchief and forms a loop, through which you pass one hand and then, by giving the rope a smart jerk, it comes off easily.

Anent Frogs' Ears.

Some time ago Beatrice Nathans of Philadelphia, wrote to St. Nicholas asking, "Have toads and frogs ears?"

The answer to her question included the hearing equipment of turtles and snakes as well, and was very interesting.

The ears of a frog are the thin, flat spots back of the eyes. Scientists call the vibrating tissue over each spot a tympanic membrane. This vibrates after the manner of the head of a drum—only, of course, on a very small scale.

There is no opening as in the ears of higher animals.

Turtles have similar membranes a little back of the jaws, but they are smaller than in the frog and do not show conspicuously. Indeed, unless you know just where to look, you will fail to find them, because they are below thick skin. You can usually feel this membrane by pressing with thumb and finger on both sides of the head, as an elastic spot surrounded by a hard, circular wall.

In most fishes the internal ear does not have the tympanic membrane, and the "ear" is probably not for hearing, but an organ of equilibrium (that is, of keeping right side up) only. Some salamanders do not have this membrane, but others, and all the higher amphibians, like frogs and turtles, have the membrane.

Snakes have no membrane, and the hearing is right through the bone of the skull, which we can somewhat understand by comparing it to our hearing noises or other sounds through the partition between two rooms of a house. Snakes are not charmed by music.

Lessons in Manners.

A well-known lawyer is telling a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning, not long ago, relates the Brooklyn Citizen, the young autocrat of the office blew into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down at the park to-day and I am going down."

Now the attorney is not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach

him a little lesson in good manners. "Jimmie," he said kindly, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now, you come over here and sit down and I'll show you how to do it." The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair: "Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day. If you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon." In a flash the boy responded: "Why, certainly, Jimmie, and here is 50 cents to pay your way in."

There are no more lessons in manners in that office.

Dictionary Detective.

A crime with a strange name has been committed in Dictionary Land. If you feel fit and keen you may be able to do a piece of brilliant detective work. You must find the man who committed the crime and bring him to punishment.

First, of course, you must find the crime. It was committed in BARR street in Dictionary Land. Just look sharply along there and you will find it.

From BARR street go to CAPT street and you will discover the kind of a man who did it. You will not find him, but you will find that he has departed, if you will look in VOY street. However, you can reach people who can catch him for you, if you hurry and use a great invention that you can find in CARL street.

With this you send something that you can obtain in MESSA street, and the first thing you know you will get something in REPL street that will tell you that the man you want has been caught and lodged in a place that is PRI street.

Now, which of you will succeed in this little piece of detective work?

Babies Put in Holes.

I have gone into a field in Uganda and there found one of our women at work with a hoe, writes a missionary sister in Donahoe's. I asked her where her baby, "Maria," was, and she pointed to a spot at some distance where the banana trees were thick. I walked under the shade, and in vain I sought the infant. The mother was greatly amused, and urged me to search further, assuring me that the little one was not far away and was fast asleep. I had to "give up," so the mother took me by the hand and led me to a bit of bark cloth on the ground. Under this rag was the crown of the baby's head, while the body was in a hole deep enough to rest on the ground. To my surprise and expositions she said in her own language: "This is a good custom! When a Uganda woman goes to hoe it is not good for her baby to lie asleep on the ground, as it might injure itself by rolling—or, if it awoke, it might crawl away. Therefore, we make a hole like this and line it with soft, clean leaves and put our baby safely into it so that it can neither crawl out nor roll away, and we know exactly where to find it when we come from the fields." She said it was perfectly safe from wild beasts, because it was mid-day.

Eskimo Girl's Ball Dress.

When an Eskimo young lady goes to a ball she is a gorgeous sight to gaze upon. You did not know that they had dances in her country? Well, they do, and a traveler reports just how a belle was dressed on such an occasion.

Her dress was made of the intestines of a seal, split and sewed together. This makes a transparent garment, and the girl trimmed it with elaborate embroidery of colored woads and fringed it with strings of beads. Her trousers were white and made of Siberian reindeer skin embroidered with strips of wolf skin. Her hair was braided on each side

with strips of wolf skin and strips of beads. Heavy necklaces and pendants of beads and teeth of animals hung around her neck and over her shoulders. Snow-white gloves made of fawn skin were on her hands. These fit perfectly and were ornamented with strips of skin from some animal perhaps the seal. To complete this elaborate outfit this Eskimo-belle carried in her hand—not a bouquet—but a long eagle feather. In fact, she carried two, one in each hand, which she waved as she danced. No doubt this young lady made a charming picture at least the young gallants of her set thought she did.

Bees as Acrobats.

When wax is needed a certain number of self-elected citizens gorge with honey and hang up in chains or curtains, each bee clinging by her front feet to the hind feet of the one above her, like Japanese acrobats, and there they remain, sometimes for two days until the wax scales appear pushed out from every pocket, says Country Life in America. It is not hard to understand that, since much honey is needed for the manufacture of wax, a bee after filling with the raw material would produce much more wax by keeping quiet than by using any of the gorged honey for energy in moving about and working. But the necessity of "holding hands" while the work goes on must ever remain to us another occult evidence of the close relations in the bee commune.

Stuck on it!



I always mean to stick to jam
I'm fond of it
said Tom. I am.
And goodness me
as you can see—
jam surely means
to stick to me!

Ironclads in Nature.

"The primitive whale was a primitive ironclad," asserts an expert on monsters prehistoric. "It is a fact that the earliest known ancestor of the modern whale bore heavy armor on its back, in the form of strong bony plates. It was thought at one time that these plates were the property of gigantic turtles. Not so. It has been found that they once covered enormous whales. Probably at the time when they carried armor whales were amphibious creatures, living on the coasts and needing special protection from breakers and from sharks.

This Frog Flies.

A species of frog found in Borneo has very long toes, webbed to the tip. This creature can leap from a high tree, and, by spreading its toes, be supplied with four little parachutes, which enable it to easily descend. Hence it is called "the flying frog."

How to Make a Catapult

Have you ever made a catapult? You know what that is, do you not? The word comes from the Greek language (kata, meaning "down," combined with pelta, meaning "hurl.")

When you have made one you will find that by holding the force, or lever DOWN, and placing the missile on it and then letting go of your lever, it will HURL the missile with great force a considerable distance.

Ask your father or some one else for an empty cigar box. Saw or cut a diagonal section out of it, as indicated in figure 1.

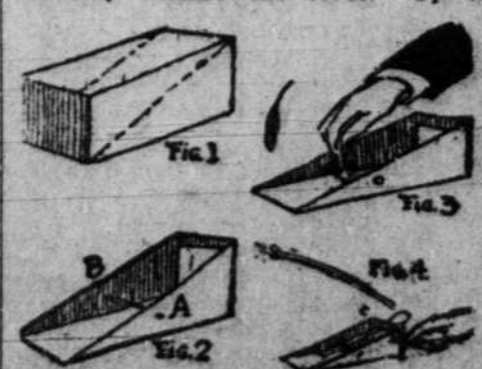
Then bore a hole through each side (A-B), take strong rubber bands and fasten it securely in place by means of these holes and large knots, drawing it fairly taut (figure 2).

Now take a small stick or paper cutter with one end broad, and place the narrow end between the two parts of the rubber band, twist the band in the direction shown by the arrow in figure 3, until you feel that it would be wise to stop.

Leave only a strip of the cigar box to cover the rear end. Carefully work

the broad end of your stick (which is now a lever) under this strip at the rear, and, behold, your catapult is made!

Now, all you have to do is to press the lever down as far as it will go, rest a paper wad or marble on it, then suddenly release the lever. Up it



will fly as far as the strip of wood which arrests its upward motion and prevents it from losing power by untwisting the rubber band (figure 4). The missile will be hurled some distance away.

Try this experiment and see how good a catapult you can construct.

UP LIGHTNING ROD IN SLEEP.

Swear Freak of Tennessee Clergyman Semnabulist.
One night while passing along the main street in a town in Tennessee, a physician was surprised to see a clergyman whom he knew pass him clad only in a nightshirt and a wide-brimmed straw hat. As the minister went by the doctor noticed that his eyes were closed, and, seeing that he was a somnabulist, followed. The clergyman walked to the county court house, opened the gate, walked around to one side of the building, seized hold of a lightning rod and began to climb up it.

Grabbing the man by the shirt, the physician tried to pull him down, but the cloth gave way and the minister continued his climb to the cornice, and then crawled up the steep incline of the roof to the ridge pole. Seating



himself on this, the domineer waited a few moments, and then slid down to the bottom of the incline, catching by a slight projection at the very edge. From this he crawled up again, and repeated the performance until the doctor became alarmed, and, seizing the rope of the court house bell, rang for help.

The people of the town gathered around the court house, but no one dared to go after the clergyman, for fear of awakening him and causing him to fall. For half an hour they watched his antics. At the end of this time he made his way to the lightning rod and descended to the ground, passed through the crowd, and returned to his home and to bed. On being questioned the next morning the clergyman declared that he knew nothing of his night's performance.

BLACK VULTURE A CURIOSITY.

Rare Specimen Found by Farmer Near Buffalo, N. Y.

Thanks to L. S. Bachus, a well-to-do farmer living near Derby, Erie county, the Buffalo zoo now owns what is believed to be the only vulture living in northern climes. What makes the story more interesting is the fact that this bird was grown in Erie county and was grown wild at that.

Mr. Bachus was doing some work in one of his fields when he noted an unusually large bird perched upon a hollow log. The bird's actions led him to believe that its home was in the hollow log, so he approached for purposes of inspection at close quarters. As he drew near the log the bird which was full a grown black vulture or turkey buzzard, flew away. Mr. Bachus then investigated the interior of the log and found a nest containing a young vulture. He did not know what the bird was, but he determined to find out, so he hitched up and drove to Buffalo.

Dr. Crandall at once recognized a rare specimen, for these parts, and he told Mr. Bachus that he never knew of but one of this species nesting so far north as this. The vulture is already a big bird, although only about three months old, being much larger than a large crow and measuring fully four feet from tip to tip of its wings.—Buffalo Commercial.

New Stamp Soon to be Issued.



The issue is about to take place of a special series of stamps by the South African Chartered Company. The stamps will be of six different colors—buff red, blue, crimson lake green, black and purple—and will have a denomination of 1d., 1-3d., 5d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. respectively.

Many Ways to Take Tea.

"Pickled tea is a Burmese delicacy," said the sailor. "A Burmah girl once gave me some. It wasn't bad. Sweetish and spiced. A cross between pickles and preserves."

"Tea ain't only drunk. Down Slam way they chew it. It is stuck together with melted sugar into little cakes and every Siamese carries one of them cakes in his pocket. A plug of tea you might say—a plug of chewin' tea."

"Some folks smoke it. An English girl once gave me a tea cigarette. I finished it, but such a headache."

"Stewed tea is the national dish of the Tibetans. Tea, fat, salt, flour and milk are cooked up together to the thickness of oatmeal and eaten cold."

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Some Simple Rules Laid Down by New York Physician.
A famous New York physician, now hale and handsome at 75, sums up his half a century of medical practice and observation in these simple rules of health: Be temperate in all things, in matters of amusement or study as well as in regard to foods and drinks. To be temperate in all things, however, does not imply that one must be a prohibitionist about anything. Don't be afraid to go to sleep, for sleep is the best restorer of wasted energies. sleep a certain number of hours every night and then remember that a short nap during the day is a safe rejuvenator than a cocktail. Don't worry either about the past or the future. To waste a single hour in the regretful past is as senseless as to send good money after that which is irrevocably lost.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Things Women Don't Do.

A loafer on the street, whose wife was probably at home getting out a neighbor's washing to make money to buy the children shoes, asked a busy man the other day if he ever saw a bald-headed woman. "No, I never did," replied the busy man. "And I never saw a woman waiting around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar in her teeth and running into every saloon she saw. Neither did I ever see a woman sitting all day on a dry goods box telling people how the secretary of the treasury should run the national finances. I have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sit on the bank all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have I ever seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town."

SAYS AMERICANS ARE LEARNING HOW TO EAT.

In America, eating is becoming more of a fine art as well as a pastime and accomplishment every day. Americans are learning how to eat. They have passed the stage of civilization where anything and everything will go and are becoming particular eaters.

Nothing but the white heart of the wheat berry (Pillsbury's Vitas) is NOW good enough for those who have tried this cereal breakfast food. It is the most economical and it is actually the "Meat of the Wheat"—Sterilized—nothing added—nothing taken away; pure white in color, it serves an appetizing breakfast dish, made in the greatest mills, of the best wheat, and by the oldest miller, PILLSBURY.

This is your guarantee.
Put up only in two-pound, airtight packages.

Look for the words, "Meat of the Wheat."

A package will make you twelve pounds of substantial family food and can be purchased at your grocers for 20c.

Ask him to-day.
He will gladly fill your order because he knows he sells you satisfaction.

Lost Pigmies.

A problem which perplexed the last generation was the long extinct pigmy race which centuries ago undoubtedly inhabited the Tennessee mountains. Legends among the Indians told of such a tribe of dwarfs, who were supposed to be of more intelligence than the red men. But these legends were very hazy. A burying ground, however, actually was discovered in the early part of the last century in which all of the skeletons were of pigmy proportions. Some of them were carried away to college museums. But as far as known no scientific inquiry has ever been directed to this question.

Here is Relief for Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weakness, Backache, Kidney and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail \$1.00. Sample mailed FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Sweet First Love.

If the truth were known the pleasant feature of first love would prove to be its memory, remarks Mr. C. J. Norris in the Fortnightly Review. It must be an exquisite sensation to see the image of the woman one first loved appear in the purple smoke of the nocturnal pipe; to relive in fancy the days that are no more, and to be able to thank Fate that things are as they are.

Interesting to Students.

The schools and colleges are now open for the fall term, and there will be many self-reliant young men and women who will be looking for a good way to earn their expenses. The Four-Track News, the great illustrated monthly magazine of travel and education, appeals to intelligent readers, and students will find it easy to secure subscriptions for it. The terms to persons soliciting subscriptions are extremely liberal, and offer a very generous margin of profit. It will pay any one interested to write to the publisher, George H. Daniels, 7 East 42d street, New York, for full particulars.

Fewer Deaths from Tuberculosis.

A remarkable decrease in the number of deaths from tuberculosis in the larger cities of Prussia within the last two decades is recorded. In 1886 the death rate in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants was 37.36 per 10,000; in 1902 it was only 22 per 10,000.

Something for a Brakeman to Say.

The hardy Boer voortrekkers had a fine sense of poetry in naming places in South Africa. In the Transvaal there is a place which rejoices in the name of Waachteenheitjebeideboesch.

LOSS OF APPETITE

Cold Sweats, Twitching Nerves and Weakness Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nature punishes every infraction of her laws, and careless habits easily lead to the condition described by Mr. Williams Brown, of No. 1019 Lincoln street, St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Brown is an expert fitter in the employ of the National Biscuit Co. He gives the following account of a trying experience:

"In the spring of 1902," he says, "while I was regularly working at my trade, I grew somewhat careless in my habits of eating and drinking, and finally found that my appetite was feeble, a bad taste lingered in my mouth, my nerves twitched and were beyond my control, my kidneys were out of order and cold sweats would break out over my body at odd times. Perhaps, while I stood talking with some one, this trembling of the limbs, and profuse sweating, and a severe chill would seize me. I became alarmed at my condition and, having read an endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I got a box and began to use them. They helped me at once. After I had used one box the twitching of the nerves, the trouble with the stomach and the cold sweats stopped and have not reappeared, and my appetite is good. I have told all my friends that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I recommend them to everybody."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Brown because nothing can strengthen the nerves except good rich red blood—and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They don't act on the symptoms. They drive from the blood the cause of anemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, general weakness and the troubles of growing girls and women. The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists, or by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Enter the Straw Hat.

Straw hats were first heard of in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the reign of James I. we learn of Lord William Howard paying the then large sum of \$18 for two straw hats.

TEA

"Wasn't it dreadful!"

"Yes."

"Did she know it?"

"Probably not."

Steam Shovels to Mine Gold.

In Alaska they do not do things by halves. Miners are now engaged in turning the course of King river so as to leave dry about three miles of its bed and to mine this auriferous gravel with steam shovels.

TEA

Tasting tea is a whole occupation; coffee another. The taster picks out your tea and puts the price on it.

In every package of Schilling's Best Tea is a booklet, How to Make Good Tea.

Hereditary Elephant Catchers.

In the Batticaloa District of Ceylon hereditary elephant catchers live. These men follow the elephants in the jungle with a moose of strong raw hide, and seize the opportunity of an animal raising its foot to slip the moose round it, and then take a turn round a tree with the other end. The victim is soon reduced to submission by starvation.

DON'T FORGET

A large 8-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 8 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

One a Day.

If you make one person happy every day, how many will you make happy in twenty-five years? Or, if you should live to be 70 how many would be happier to your having lived, at the rate of one heart gladdened a day?

TEA

There's plenty of money to smooth the little difficulties that happen; they do happen.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Preparing Needle-Books.

For needle-books flannel should not be used, as it is often prepared with sulphur, which will rust the needles. A piece of fine linen or chambray leather is better.

TEA

What is the tea mood?
Is there a tea mood?
A contemplative mood.
Would a little hurt?

Write for our Knowledge Book, A. Schilling & Company, San Francisco.

Fashion That Causes Baldness.
Many Greenland women are perfectly bald on the sides of their heads owing to their method of dressing the hair, which is pulled back with painful tightness and held in place by a ribbon.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SARRIS, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Long-Separated Partners Fight.
George Maybell and Ire Hoey, once friends and partners in business, met in the street in Fresno, Cal., the other day, after not having seen each other for twenty-five years, and at once began to fight over \$5 that one owed the other.