

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Little Willie and Sister Grace.
They sat on the ground for me; I don't get nothin' new;
I have to wear his old coat, his old undergarment,
His hat and shoes don't fit me, but I s'pose they will come one day,
And then they'll come to me instead of him thrown away!

My sister Grace is twenty-two,
And she can sing and play,
And what she does is always new—
And she can't get through away!
She puts on style, I tell you what!
She dresses up just right,
She's proud and haughty, and she's got
A beaut more every night.

I never get new things to wear; I'm just a boy, you see,
Any old thing's good enough to do for me!
Mock everything that I've got on one day be-
longed to pa—
When sister's through with her fine things she
kicks 'em up to me!

B. E. Kier in Chicago Times-Herald.

Foolish, Stubborn Lulu.
Makes Everybody Unhappy Over Nothing on Eve of Her Cousin Gertrude's Wedding.

"Cousin Gertrude, I won't frown down the wares at your wedding if Maxwell Lambert is going to carry the wife; 'cause if I do they'll call Maxwell my beau."

Cousin Gertrude seemed not to notice Lulu's remark, and all Lulu's mamma said was:

"If you are through your lunch, I wish you'd go to the grocery and ask them to send over a can of coconut."

"Oh, dear; I've been to the grocery free times already this morning; besides I'm liable to get runned over crossing the street alone, papa says I is."

But Lulu climbed obediently down from her chair and reached for the every-day hat that hung upon a nail within her reach. Her pretty face wore a cross look, however.

"My foot's sore, it is," she fretted.

"Put on your old shoes before you go, if you want to," Mrs. Ford, Lulu's mother, answered.

"Do you suppose Lulu will have one of her spells tomorrow?" "Cousin Gertrude," or Gertrude Bronson, asked, when the little girl was safely out of hearing.

Mrs. Bronson was to be married the following day, and the arrangements for the wedding included having Lulu strew roses from a basket, and Maxwell Lambert, who is just a year older than Lulu, bear the ring upon a white silk cushion.

Gertrude would be very disappointed if this plan failed.

"I hope not, I'm sure," Mrs. Ford replied.

Lulu's "Spells."

Lulu's "spells" often cause unhappiness, both to herself and to others. They are simply "tantrums," which make it seem impossible to do anything with her while they last.

Mrs. Ford and Gertrude lingered after dessert merely long enough for the latter to say, "Now, Clara, you're just worn out, I know; go to your room and lie down!" I can attend to things. But do have a talk with Lulu and see if you can't keep her out of a tantrum until after tomorrow."

Mrs. Bronson, who is Lulu's second cousin, is Mrs. Ford's cousin.

"I think I will take your advice, for I have a headache," Mrs. Ford replied. So they rang the bell for Wong, the Chinese man, to come, and then left the dining-room.

Lulu, upon returning from her errand, and intending to depend upon Wong for company, went into the kitchen, which was really one of the cheeriest rooms in the house. Extra baking for the wedding, of course, was going on. What beautifully frosted cakes stood upon the table! Then there were two others, turned upside down, waiting to be frosted, and besides the cakes there were other good things, in paper bags—nuts and raisins, for example.

"Oh, Wong, give me one of those tummy little blackies!" Lulu exclaimed, as the cook took a dripping pan of small biscuits from the oven, and commenced making sandwiches of them.

But Wong refused to give Lulu a biscuit, and when she asked to be allowed to eat the frosting that clung to the bottom and sides of a certain bowl, he threw the bowl into the water.

"What's the matter," he asked, "you no want to carry the flowers for Miss Gertrude when she really tollow? I tink you heep naughty girl. You all the time say in this kitchen 'well' and 'other me'; I tell you mamma no you."

Just then Cousin Gertrude came in to mix a cake, and thereupon Lulu went up to the room where Miss Smith, the dressmaker who was sewing at the house, was at work.

Symptoms of "Tantrums."

Upon the bed lay the pink empire dress, made to reach the floor, with a train, and in which it was intended Lulu should appear on the morrow.

"Don't you think it's beautiful?" Miss Smith asked.

Lulu, being in a naughty mood, stuck up her little nose and said: "It's only wool; it ought to be silk."

"But it's trimmed in ribbon," Miss Smith continued.

"I don't believe I'll wear it, anyway," Lulu replied. "I don't s'pect to be at the wedding at all."

"Why not?" was asked.

"Cause I'd rather stay away than have 'em all saying 'Maxwell is my beau.'"

"Well, I wish you'd find your cousin and ask her if she can let me fit this skirt now," requested the dressmaker, with a quiet smile.

"I can't wait a few minutes, and then she'll have her cake baked," suggested Lulu, who pronounced some of her words in baby fashion merely from habit, though others, which are more uncommon and difficult, she pronounces correctly.

Miss Smith answered, "Yes," so by the time Lulu went down into the kitchen and delivered her message, Miss Bronson was just about to leave it. Wong looked better natured now and so she settled herself for a little stay. But presently, "Lulu, Lulu, come up here; I want to show you my things," sounded from the head of the stairs.

Lulu went and was taken into Cousin Gertrude's room, where the presents, several of which she had not yet seen, were arranged. While the china and silver and glass were pretty enough to look at, Lulu liked best to watch the goldfish, which were her own property. Gertrude, having been bought with pennies, nickels and dimes saved for the purpose, she felt like putting her hand in the water and grasping one of the slender, shining bodies, but did not do so because she was afraid it might kill the fish.

The wedding dress, which was pure white and billowy with lace trimmings, lay on the bed. Cousin Gertrude bent down and kissed the little girl, as she noticed her glancing at the snowy pile.

"Now, dear, you're going to be good in the morning and do just as we want you to do, aren't you?"

But Lulu shook her curly head decidedly

and replied: "Not if Maxwell carries the wife!"

"Well, your mamma's awake now, and she wants to talk with you," Gertrude added.

"She isn't make me change my mind," answered the provoking little messenger.

Sure enough, an hour later, Mrs. Ford met Miss Bronson, with the words: "Well, Gertrude, I don't know what we are going to do with that child. I can't make her promise she'll come in with the roses, and if I punish her now, you know it won't make a bit of difference with her actions in the morning. I'm afraid the best we can do is to let the matter rest until then, and perhaps her grandmother will be able to talk her into behaving."

No little girl has a lovelier grandmother than Lulu Ford, nor thinks more of one she has. This grandmother was coming on the early train the next day, and as Lulu had not seen her for six months, she was pleased at the thought of the meeting.

The train was on time to the very minute, and the first person Lulu saw alight was grandma.—"Not changed a particle," declared Lulu.

HIS CHOICE.
When Ma pulls all the covers up aroun' my shoulders, an' let 'em brush back my hair an' hold it wif her han'!
An' I has said my prayers, an' she let huge me to night!
An' says: "Who do you lile the best?" before she says good-night.
I lile you lile every time before I fink, it's her instead of God—sen my ma say before I lile kin stir!
"No, Willie, you lile God the best," an' nen I say: "I lile God first, an' nen lile you, an' nen I lile my pa."
I know my ma lile God, but onct she let fort- get, becuz
I ask her who she lile the best of all that ever was,
An' she say: "Why, Willie, you're the one, of course, I lile!"
You see, she let f'orget "bout God, lile lile I do at night!
My ma lile every one "at's good, 'at's what she told me, too.
But becuz I lile I want to say out loud— honest do!
When she act who I lile the best, to let speak out to ma:
"I lile you first, an' nen lile God, an' nen I lile my pa!"
—Edward Singer, in Indianapolis Sun.

RATS NOT EATEN IN CHINA.
But the T'ai-chow, and It is a Savorry Ferret, and It is a Savorry.

"The current impression that Chinamen eat rats—I mean ordinary American rats—is all nonsense," said Dr. James J. Mason, a well-known Chinese missionary, chatting about his experiences in the Flowery Kingdom to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man.

"The truth in regard to it is this: There is a small animal in China known colloquially as the t'ai-chow, that is often bred especially for food. It infests the rice fields, and is about the size of an ordinary rat, but has a longer body and a head shaped something like that of a ferret. It is a very prolific creature, and is sold in enormous numbers in all the markets of the great cities—neatly cleaned and skinned apart, and strung in bunches of 20 or 30 on bamboo rods.

"The t'ai-chow is strictly an edible animal, and feeding entirely on rice, it has very delicate and savorry flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to have relished the dish. They taste something like young squirrels, and, alive or dead, are certainly much less repulsive than many things we commonly esteem as food—eggs and frogs, for example.

"A good many of these rice field rats—I can't recall their correct zoological title—are sent over to the Chinese colonies in San Francisco, but Americans have seen them at the native restaurants, cleaned and strung on wands, as I have described, have jumped at the conclusion that they were common house rats, which do not hold out by their mouths, is ever done. It is by some very low types of coolies. A self-respecting Chinaman would shrink from such a food with as much aversion as an American."

VERY REMARKABLE FROGS.
It has been noticed that in some species of frogs living in Venezuela and the Island of Trinidad the male bears the young on its back, to which they hold by their mouths. But a German scientist has discovered a species, the young of which do not hold on by their mouths, but seem to be stuck to the papa frog's back and sides by some gummy substance which holds them in place until they are large enough to care for themselves. Like all tadpoles, they have tails which soon drop off.

Sometimes female frogs deposit their eggs on the backs of the males, where they hatch and the little tadpoles grow until they attain a certain size. But in this recently discovered species the eggs are laid on the ground and only after they are hatched, do they take up a position on papa's back.

BEHEADINGS.
The letters removed, name one of the earliest explorers of America.
1. Behead "to remove the surface from a fruit" and leave part of verb "to be."

MARY'S LITTLE FROG.

Mary had a little frog
Who would a-ride on
She says "You foolish little beast—
You cannot ride, you know!"

He said he did not care a fig,
And ride he would, he said;
The geese promptly kind him off,
And pitched him on his head,
—Arthur Layard in London Ladies' Field.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, CHILDREN?

The boys carefully marked the places for the bolts, stood the pieces of tire against a tree and put a bullet, 30-caliber, through the tire at each place marked. It was a novel sort of blacksmithing, but it worked.

INTELLIGENT INSECTS.
Their Training and Some Superstitions Concerning Them.

It has been observed that wood ants play together in sports that closely resemble those indulged in by human beings. They approach one another, moving their antennae with astonishing rapidity, while they pat the cheeks of the other ants; then having done what is apparently equivalent to shaking hands, they raise themselves upright on their hind legs and struggle, seizing each other by the mandible, feet or antennae; then immediately relax their hold and recommence the attack. They fasten upon each other's shoulders, embrace and overthrow each other; then raise themselves by various tacking their reverse without any serious mischief.

Referring to these statements, Pastimes, an English publication, in an article on trained insects or speaking of the skill displayed by the Japanese in that direction, says that a Jap, with his patience and delicacy of touch, trains insects to perform feats of strength and cunning of a most surprising nature.

Among the countless superstitions once so firmly believed in by a former generation of nearly all countries, those relating to the insect world are among the most curious and interesting, and the Japs are very concerned about their insect omens. Take, for example, the notion that bees, from their domestic character and pecuniary value, are interested in the affairs of the family to whom they belong.

In some districts this belief was so much an article of faith that, on the death of the master or mistress of the house, the melancholy event was made known to the little community with due ceremony. The common custom was to visit the hives, tap three times with the house key and say: "Bees, your master is dead; a bit of crape was then put on each hive in order that the bees might share in the family mourning. If this ceremony were omitted, it was believed the bees would die. In other districts some member of the family lifted up each hive, as the funeral procession left the house, from a notion that if this were not done the bees would desert the hive and seek other quarters.

Many other curious notions were associated with the busy little insects. For example, it was considered an honor and a privilege for strange bees to visit one's

BOWE SETTING TRAPS!
You Might Get In One Yourself, if Not Careful.

A Terrapin once challenged a Hare to run a race, shrewdly stipulating, however, that he might choose the course. The Hare agreed and the Terrapin named a route which would pass by the cabin of the huntsman who kept a pack of hounds.

JIMMY MISCALCULATES.

Tries to Jump Without Touching and Takes a Bath.

It was Saturday, and Jimmy and Tommy Bright thought they would go fishing. So they went into the garden and dug some worms for bait, which they put in a tin baking powder box.

Then they took their rods and lines and headed for the mill race, which was quite near their home. They crossed over the bridge and walked till they found a good place, and then they began to fish. But the fish didn't bite good. Perhaps the sun was too hot, or the fish were not hungry. They tried their biggest and fattest worms, and they tried the little wriggly ones, but it didn't do any good.

By and by they had walked a good ways, and then they thought they would like to get across the brook to where it was shady and cool. But the brook was wide and deep. The couldn't jump across, and they couldn't jump across; and they didn't like to walk way back to the bridge.

So they thought and thought. Pretty soon little Tommy said:

"If we could jump two times we could get over," and Jimmy said:

"I wonder if I could jump two times without getting in the water. And then he thought a little longer.

"I think we could get over two times. Just before I get to the water I can draw myself all up in a bunch, and then straighten out quick; and I know I can."

Tommy didn't say anything, for Jimmy was the oldest, and Tommy thought he knew almost everything. So Jimmy took off his shoes and stockings, so he could run faster, and went back a ways from the brook. Then he turned round and ran as fast as ever he could, and when he got to the bank he gave a big jump. Then he drew up his knees and doubled himself up into a ball almost, and just as he got to the water he straightened out quick and landed with a splash. And what do you suppose happened?

Why, just this.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PARENTAL RELATIONS.

One of the teachers in the Sunday school of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of Germantown, Pa., says the Philadelphia Record was endeavoring to install into the little girls of her class recently a due appreciation of parental affection.

COWBOY BLACKSMITHING.
"Up at my camp near the Four Peaks," said Jim Bärk, the well-known cat-

EXPENSIVE SORT OF DOG.

"What a strange dog! Is he expensive?"
"Yes, sir. We have to pay two licenses on him, one for the two ends, and one for the middle part."

PUZZLE.

A weapon attached to a rifle.
The principal European nation.
Oppressors.
A hanging bed.
People who decide questions.
Efficient.
To raise.
Persons united under a sovereign.
The initial letters will spell the name of a famous ancient musical composer.

Cross-Word Enigma.
My first is in Europe, but not in France.
My second is wine, but not in dance.
My third and fourth I will give you in butt.
My fifth is in chase, but not in suit.
My sixth is in bear, but not in cat.
My seventh is in mouse, but not in rat.
My eighth is in rum, but not in walk.
My ninth is in gall, but not in talk.
You'll surely guess, if you're quick and witty.
My whole is a Pennsylvania city.

The Octopus Defined.
Teacher (to class)—What is an octopus?
Small boy (who has just commenced Latin, eagerly)—Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.—Weekly Telegraph.

MISCHIEVOUS WILLIE AGAIN AT HIS PRANKS WITH GRANDPA.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

This charming intimacy had continued nearly two months, when one day it was observed that the white turkey was not among the rest at feeding time. The dove was also missing. Diligent search revealed the interesting fact that a nest full of eggs, under a brush pile in the far corner of the sheep lot, claimed the undivided attention of the turkey, and close beside her, upon the ground, sat her faithful friend.

For two weeks the dove remained there, day and night, never stirring save when the turkey left her nest for food. It became a matter of daily speculation, upon which the little white pigeon were in separable companions. They ate from the same dish, when they came up to be fed at the kitchen door, and they slept, side by side, upon the mother bough, in the pear tree behind the shed.

Wherever the turkey went, the dove went also, and it was amusing to see them straying along together, the dove with a little running step, and the turkey with wings half-extended, in order to keep up with the turkey's longer stride. If the turkey hunted for grasshoppers in the orchard, the dove fluttered beside her. If she took a dust bath, the dove did likewise, and when, with full crop, and an air of being satisfied with things in general, she scanned herself in the lee of the ash heap, the dove, with her wing and a leg outstretched, lay close by, apparently at peace with the world.

THE MYSTERIOUS POSTMAN.

Clever Trick of "Parlor Magic" for Evening Entertainment.

Among clever performances of "parlor magic," as recently explained by Leon Herrmann, the prestidigitateur, is that known as "The Mysterious Postman."

PARISHING THE DOG.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.

BEHINDINGS.

Both Missing.