



Three Silly Sailors.

Three Silly Old Sailors went out for sport:
Went out for sport one day;
They bundled into a small boat,
On a busy wave they were soon afloat.
They fished in 'Buffing Bay,
But not for fish of a common sort,
'Oh, no,' said they, 'we'll have rarer sport.'
So they fished and fished for mermaid hair,
With shiny green tails and golden hair,
Each baited his line
With a trinket fine
That made the mermaids stare.
'Tra la la, tra la la.'
The mermaids say:
And the Silly Old Sailors laughed with glee
As they fished in 'Buffing Bay.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

PRYING WALTER'S MISHAP

His Inevitable Curiosity Results in Scaring Him Nearly Out of His Boyish Wits.

Seven children were gathered together in the car that glided almost noiselessly over the tracks leading to a Portland suburb. Two sisters, with their brother, occupied one corner. Directly across from them sat a little boy, nicely dressed and with "U. S. S. Oregon" printed in gold letters upon the band of his middle cap. Near him was an exceedingly pretty little girl, not over 4 years old, while in the corner, diagonally across from the group of three, were a colored boy and girl, probably brother and sister. Each of the two white sisters wore a brand-new Spring hat and was carrying her old one home in a paper bag. Between the colored boy and girl stood a market basket, stuffed with groceries, the uppermost sack containing taffy, pinocle, caramels and several other kinds of candy. The boy, whose soft, dark eyes made him attractive to look at, in spite of his ragged clothes, carried an egg. It was chocolate, with white trimmings, and was quite small in comparison with the fine white ones into which one may look and see pretties—flowers, gardens and fountains and fairies, perhaps.

The brother and two sisters had the best sort of a time, giggling and talking together. That their names were Stanley, Mabel and Marjory could be learned from hearing them address one another. Marjory, the youngest, seemed a mere baby, yet evidently she considered herself so, for she took an important part in the talking and giggling. The colored children, having each other for company, got along very nicely, while the pretty little girl seemed content with looking out the window or about the car. But the little boy with "U. S. S. Oregon" on his cap band felt the need of entertainment.

Tries to Scrape Acquaintance.
He tried to get acquainted with Stanley, Mabel and Marjory, by way of taking an interest in whatever they said or did; by giggling whenever they giggled, and by occasionally saying something to them. Walter, as he was called by the half-grown girl who had him in charge, might have succeeded in his undertaking had not the two sisters and their brother been disposed to make fun of him—not outright, to be sure, but in a way which he understood. He, however, showed himself not at all timid by addressing a stranger so cross-looking that not one in 20 little boys would have dared to speak to him. And the very reason he looked so cross was because this boy had made him nervous by turning, fidgeting and rattling the windows.

"Mister, will you please tell me what time it is?" Walter requested. But the cross-looking man paid no attention whatever to him, and the girl in whose charge he was said:

"You must sit still and behave yourself, or else I'll tell your mother how bad you were." This did not prevent Walter from asking, "Is it 5 o'clock yet?" of the conductor when the last train passed.

"No, it's only 4:30," the conductor re-

plied. But the man paid no attention beyond looking crosser still and turning the pages of his paper.

"What's in that sack?" Walter queried. The sack was a burlap bag that the colored children carried, in addition to their market basket.

"Well, little boy, I guess we're both glad our life is nearly finished." "Yes, sir; it ain't a bit good time," Walter replied. AMY MAGUIRE.

"THE CHINESE EGG."
Clever Trick of Parlor Magic, When Properly Performed.
Among several clever tricks of legend-magic recently explained by Wizard Leon Herrmann, that of L'oeuf Chinois (the Chinese egg), is one of the best.

This trick seemingly causes an egg, previously placed in an empty goblet, to disappear, or change into a colored handkerchief, which later will be found in its place upon uncovers the goblet. It requires some preparation. First, prepare yourself with an eggshell which has been emptied of its contents. This is easily prepared by withdrawing the egg meat by suction through a pinhole. Then secure two small figured handkerchiefs—duplicate—one large white silk handkerchief and an empty goblet. Attach a small white string or heavy white thread to the hollow eggshell and sew the other end of the string to the center of handkerchief. Excuse yourself presumably to get the egg, which has been purposely left in another apartment.

Place the egg on top of your closed right hand, with the folds of the white silk handkerchief, to which it is already attached, hanging loosely and held concealed in the palm of the hand. Do not allow the colored handkerchiefs. Place the other figured handkerchief next to the empty glass, assuming, of course, that there is but one colored handkerchief. Take the folds of the handkerchief in the left hand and cover the right hand completely, at the same time placing the egg in the glass in full view of the company, but being dexterous enough not to allow them to notice that you place the colored handkerchief in the goblet at the same time that you do the egg. Be sure that the colored handkerchief rests on the bottom of the glass.

You may then shake the glass and the egg will rattle, thereby proving its presence in the glass beyond any doubt. Then pick up the exposed colored handkerchief from the table and place it in the left hand, to a far corner of the room. Fold the colored handkerchief into a very small compass, ask some one to again shake the glass right before the company, and the attention of the company to the goblet during which time you must get rid of the small colored handkerchief by palming it, placing it in your pocket, or dropping it behind a place where it is unobserved, which is very easy if the company's attention is distracted.

Then rub your hands mysteriously together, show that they are empty, cross over to the table and pick up the white silk handkerchief by the center, draw it slowly and carefully from the glass. The eggshell being attached to it, it will be drawn from the glass and rest in the white silk handkerchief, and the colored handkerchief will be disclosed lying in the glass, where the egg had been previously deposited. Be sure to throw the white silk handkerchief aside immediately after finishing the trick, where no one will pick it up and discover the egg. Place it in a loose pocket or excuse yourself and carry it out of the room again on some pretense.

While doing tricks of this kind, keep up a running conversation all the time, making it of a humorous nature, if possible, and always select the most pleasing persons in your company to use as a foil whenever necessary. When using a confederate never select any one unless you feel sure of his power of self-composure.

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was willing enough now to talk with him across the rooster, but he would have nothing to say. There was such a marked improvement in his conduct that even the cross-looking man, before leaving the car, spoke to him quite kindly, remarking:

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BOBBY'S FIRST WATCH.
Took the Best of Care of It, But It Wouldn't Go Right.
When Uncle John came home from Europe what do you think he brought to Bobby? Why, a watch, a really, truly watch that would keep time. Of course, Bobby was only 5 years old. He was rather young to take care of a nice watch like that, but Uncle John showed him how to wind it and set it, and so Bobby

said to be capable of communicating the infection to human beings. A large number of the canaries that die in captivity fall victims to the same disease. Parrots suffer from a malarial prostration of themselves. The bacillus that causes it is thought to originate pneumonia in man. Cats have been known to be the carriers of diphtheria and possibly of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases.

Great care should be taken during an epidemic to keep pet animals out of the reach of infection, or else away from the children, and at any time a bird or animal that seems ailing should be at once isolated.

TEMPEST IN A BARREL.
Honour Has Decidedly the Best of This Surprise Party.



"I'll hide and sneer pop."



"I'll ambush the cat."



"I'm laying for rats."



"We've got 'em!"

ed into the house, and throwing herself across her mother's lap, exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, take off some of my clothes. I'm a whole petticoat too hot!"
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.
Young Newspaper-Carrier of Illinois Rescued From a Flood.
A most remarkable case of intelligence in a horse came to light in La Salle, Ill., during recent high water in the Illinois River. Edgar Bray, a paper-carrier, is the owner of the animal, which saved him from almost certain death.

Bray, who is 13 years old, carries the La Salle Daily Tribune through a sparsely settled territory across the river. He had been riding a great gray horse of uncertain age. One day, with the river 25 feet out of its banks, Bray left La Salle for the route over which he daily travels. He had found some trouble in reaching the city, because of the river overflowing the road at several points. Nevertheless, he started for the bridge over which he was accustomed to cross the river to deliver the papers.

When he reached the half-mile stretch of road that leads across the level bottom land in the valley, he found heavy cakes of ice crossing, swept along by the current of the stream. An older rider would have gone back. The boy went forward and entered the dangerous flood. When midway, a huge chunk of ice struck the horse. It plunged wildly and lost its footing. It was at once carried off the road over 30 feet of water. The horse realized the

TRAINS WATCH DOGS.
Instructed to Attack Burglars and Guard Property.
In Berlin one Herr Straus has established an academy from which watch dogs are turned out by the hundred every year. His system is education, and is applied to almost every kind of dog. He first teaches the animal obedience by training it to perform certain "tricks" at command, and then trains it to distinguish between a visitor and a burglar, and what part of a man's body should be attacked to render the man helpless.

Outside of the gate the trainer places a dummy representing the burglar, and to the latch is attached a string. By means of the string the gate is opened slowly, until the head of the dummy becomes visible through the hole. The dog is taught to fly at his throat. Herr Straus is very particular about this; he makes his dogs attack the throat or the upper part of the body of a burglar. Sometimes a real man, well padded, takes the place of the dummy, and of course, he is well paid for his services.

All dogs, it seems may be made good watch dogs, but the St. Bernard and the Russian wolfhounds are the best where property of great value is to be guarded. For dogs not so fierce as they are a different system of training is used. They are taught to guard anything committed to their care, but are not so quick to attack an intruder as the fierce dogs are.

Rock-a-by Land.
He and away for the Rock-a-by land—The rollicking, rollicking Rock-a-by land.
Where the little ones go on the hush-a-by cars To play peek-a-boo with the stiver stars.
The stiver stars are the finest land that I know—Is this land where the dollies and sugar plums grow.
The dream train is ready, with love in command.
For the

Rock-a-by Land.
Sweet fairyland!
Dancing and singing while bluebells are ringing.
Close your eyes, little one,
On the borders of far-away Rock-a-by land.
Such a queer little car for the Rock-a-by land—The rollicking, rollicking Rock-a-by land.
The wheels are the rockers, 'tis deep and 'tis wide.
All quilled and cushioned for baby's long ride.
Then out through the shadows we dreamily go, Pastumberland hills and the heights of By-lows.
We are off on a journey delightful and grand.
For the

Rock-a-by Land.
Dear Rock-a-by land!
Stars are a-gleaming while baby is dreaming—Dreaming sweet dreams
Of a fairyland.
In the far away beautiful Rock-a-by land.
Oh, what a trip to the Rock-a-by land—The rollicking, rollicking Rock-a-by land.
There's dancing and singing and music that's sweet.
All peep-a-boo dreams that are tiny and fleet.
We glide past Love's river, which ripples and gleams
Through blossoming meadows in silver streams;
At Sound Asleep Station we finally stand.
For the

Rock-a-by Land!
Charming Rock-a-by land!
Fairies are winging while baby is swinging.
Nestle close, little one!
New hair-band!
We'll wander and dream in the Rock-a-by land!
—E. A. Brainstool in Atlanta Constitution.

Character Shown in Hair.
If your hair is fine, it denotes gentle birth; if the ends cling together, it is a sign of great intellectuality, and a tendency to curl shows inherent grace and a poetic nature, says the New York Press.

These are some of the things set forth by the new science of hair reading, yet undeveloped, but likely to "give us away" in a manner often more accurate than pleasing. This new science tells us, too, that the person with straight hair has a firm, positive and practical disposition. Color shows the temperament. For instance, it is well to watch out for the person with black, lustrous hair. He is apt to be treacherous and jealous. The lighter the hair, the more sensitive and "touchy" its owner. Brown hair belongs to him who has common sense, good judgment and reason in high degree, which would indicate that humanity isn't even half bad. Red hair shows honesty and cleverness.

How Hot She Was.
It was one of the first warm days, and little Mabel, aged 4, who had been playing about with some neighboring children, rushed

ed into the house, and throwing herself across her mother's lap, exclaimed:

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It was one of the first warm days, and little Mabel, aged 4, who had been playing about with some neighboring children, rushed

All They Knew.
An aristocratic young pug,
With countenance smirking and smug,
Would turn up his nose,
And posture and pose,
For he slept on an imported rug.
There was a gun that knew a new way
For guns to earn \$4 a day;
But no other gun knew
What that new gun knew,
So the old gun won the old war.
—Philadelphia Press.

ROELOFF AND LAD PIETER

Tragic Story of the Casting of the "Poor Sinner's Bell," Five Centuries Ago.

It was the 17th of July, 1338. For months the skillful bell founder, Roeloff, had had in his thoughts to make the most perfect and sweetest-toned bell that the world had ever seen or heard; and for weeks, while preparing for the casting, he had gone about with scarce a word for any man, so intent was he upon the task which he had set himself to accomplish.

His wife, who had a ready tongue, spoke in his presence every day, the gossip of the neighborhood, but he gave no heed to the pretty tales, and it is doubtful if he knew oftentimes that she stood by and talked to him. His children questioned him concerning the ways of the men of the forest in the old time, when the chase and the banquet were known to beside the Oder, and clamored for stories of the monarchs of whom the people used to sing—

Henry the Lion, and Albert the Bear,
Theodor Precht with the red hair,
Three lords are they,
Who could change the world to their way,
But he swept the little ones aside with



JUST OUT—EASTER EDITION.



—Mary Miller.

danger of the current, and soon jumped back into the water, swimming toward the fringe of willows that marked the great island of questioning, he will not be a poor man brought safely through to the boat.

A remarkable feature of the affair was that the younger rode back to La Salle and crossed the river on the big bridge of the Illinois Central Railroad, delivering his papers on time. The bridge used is closed to all but foot passengers, for which it has a narrow walk on each side. On this occasion the boy eluded the bridge-tender and led his horse across in safety. It is the first time in 20 years that the railroad bridge is known to have been used for the passage of a horse or other animal. The boy was reticent about telling of his adventure, but the story finally leaked out from his home.

Well Pleased Was Roeloff.
And that very day Pieter began to assist the bell founder, as he worked in the furnace-room, and well pleased was Roeloff with the widow's son, for not a word passed the lips of the boy from morning until night, save the like or which the world has never seen or heard, and he is so veiled because he cannot find man of boy with a quiet tongue to assist him with the fuel for the furnace. His own children are fond of questioning, he will not have them about him, and all whom he has tried as helpers have sorely disturbed the poor man with their talk. Now, so says the widow, you can work and have your tongue, and when the famous bell is cast, I am sure the good Roeloff will reward you well, if you will work to please him.

Reminded the Hen.
"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddy, his face all grim,
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You will never guess it, I know."
"The little brown hen was there clucking:
'Cut-caw-caw, cut-caw-caw,'
Then 'Cut-caw-caw, again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.
'And then she would say it all over,
She did look so mad and so vexed;
For mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The words she was meant to cluck next."
"So I said 'Ca-daw-caw, 'Ca-daw-caw,'
As loud and as strong as I could,
And she looked round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good."
"Then she flapped and said, 'Cut-caw-ca-daw-caw!'"
"Remembered just how it went, then,
But 't'was well I ran into the garden—
She might never have clucked right again!"
—Bessie Chandler in New York Tribune.

Enigma.
My first is in eel.
But not in fish;
My second is in spoon,
But not in tin;
My third is in inch,
But not in man;
My fourth is in better,
But not in hat;
My fifth is in land,
But also in nation;
My sixth is in pain,
But not in sensation;
My last is in knot,
And also in tied;
My whole is a kingdom
Known far and wide.
—New York Herald.

Frightened Pieter.
Frightened then—oh, that the fright of all maddlers might come with the temptation rather than at sight of the mischief they have wrought—the boy called loudly to Roeloff for help.

The bell founder rushed in with a look of consternation on his face, and when he saw what had been done, and fearing that all his work for many weeks past had been in vain, he struck the boy a blow which felled him to the floor, and from which he shortly after died.

Later, when the bell was taken from the mold, it was found to be all that Roeloff had hoped for—a piece of perfect workmanship and of a tone marvellously sweet and clear. Then Roeloff, filled with remorse because of his hasty action in dealing the blow which had taken the life of the boy Pieter, gave himself up to the magistrates. He was tried and condemned to death, and on the day of the execution it is said that the sweet-toned bell was rung to call a mass to pray for the poor man's soul.

From that day to this it has been called the Poor Sinner's Bell, and it hangs today in the tower of St. Mary Magdalene's Church in Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia. For five centuries its tones have carried to the hearts of men the thought:

Judge not hastily the fault of another,
lest thou become a more guilty man than he whom thou condemnest."—Brooklyn Eagle.

IT WASN'T BOILED.



Richard (decorating Easter eggs)—There! I guess that will do!



New Arrival—Yes; very good job. Thanks!

BRIGHT COLORADO GIRL.
Buils Models of War Vessels and is Otherwise Clever.
In the green-shedding camp of Leadville, Colo., lives a bright little girl. Her name is Florence Fulton, and she is 12 years old, but she is so small of her age that she doesn't look a day over 9. Among her accomplishments is that of shipbuilding.

On both sides of the street where she lives runs a ditch. The monster pumps at the houses, says the Denver Post, force the water up and send it down through the ditches of the town in a mad rush. In these ditches Florence has naval paddies.

The finest piece of work that Florence has ever turned out is the gunboat Nashville. She built it without assistance or advice from any one, copying from pictures of the real Nashville in old magazines. It has portholes made of eyeglass rise tall and majestic, as if they really carried clouds of black smoke from panting funnels below. All the fittings of the miniature war vessel took time and skill. There were masts to carve out and ropes and spars to adjust, and all the details of a big fighting ship to arrange. It was only after many days of hard, patient work that Florence, by adding improvements here and there, at last turned out a clever copy of the warship.

Florence also draws well, and she has a good ear for music. She was taunted one day with not doing things that little girls should, such as sewing and doll-making. In her disgust she said nothing, but a few days later presented her doll to her mother, completely dressed as a boy, having even made a pair of kid boots for it.

Manners.
Mother says that we must try
And study while at school,
To learn politeness, and of good
Society the rules.
We must not bounce into the room;
We mustn't scuffle out,
Nor ever slam the parlor door,
And girls must never shout.
There's many a thing for boys to learn
Before they will behave;
They must not ask old gentlemen
Why their heads are shaved.
They always ought to scrape their shoes
And wipe them on the mat;
They should not steal the custard pie,
And say it was the cat.
You should answer when you're spoken to,
At least if you are able;
The place for elbows, you must know
Is not upon the table.
Then mother ends her lecture with,
"Remember, if you can't try
This little saying, that—
'The manners maketh man.'"
—Luc Vernon.

Where Nothing Grows.
A Scotch mother was assisting her little boy with his geography lesson, when they came to the word "desert," which he could not understand. She explained that it was a barren place—a place where nothing would grow.

The boy's face brightened up at her words, and, feeling sure that he had solved the difficulty, she asked him to explain the meaning, and the prompt answer came: "My father's bald head."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Don't Hug Sick Pets.
Dogs and monkeys, says the Home Journal, are subject to tuberculosis, and are

kept his watch in first-rate order. But one day he noticed a speck of dirt on its face. "Ho, ho," said Bobby to himself, "I don't want my nice, new watch to have a dirty face. I'll wash it."

So he went up in the bathroom and he put the watch in a bowl of warm water and rubbed plenty of soap on it. He even took a little brush and scrubbed the inside works, so there shouldn't be a speck of dirt about it anywhere. Then he wiped it dry with a clean towel and put it back in his pocket.

Well, after that it didn't seem to go as well as usual, so Bobby decided it needed oiling. He got his mother's oil can from her sewing machine, and carefully oiled all the wheels of his watch. But still it didn't seem to go right.

Then Bobby happened to think that perhaps the weather was too cold for it, so he went out in the kitchen and put it in the oven for a while. It got so hot he had to take it out with a pair of tongs, and then he put it out of doors in a big snowdrift to cool off. But, do you know, even after all that careful treatment the hateful old watch wouldn't go right, so

pled, putting back his watch.

"Well, I wish it was 6 and we was home eating dinner." After this remark Walter asked questions about things he saw from the car window—Mount Tabor reservoir, the orchards, the horses and cows grazing in the fields, and the bicyclists, with bunches of wild currant and dogwood tied to their handle-bars. Some of these questions were sensible and others were very foolish; several were so difficult that the big girl could not give the answers. In these cases, Walter turned to the cross-looking man, saying: "Would you please

walk the girl to the colored boy. "Let's walk the rest of the way."
"All right," he replied. So the car was stopped and they left it.
The pretty little girl was the next to go. She had seemed so bashful that people were rather surprised when, at the door, she turned around and said to every one in the car:
"It frightened me; it frightened me almost to death."
As for Walter, although he rode nearly to the end of the line, he gave no further trouble. Stanley and Mabel and Mar-