

Children's Column



A Wish.

If some good fairy were to come
To me today and say:
"One wish I have to grant to thee—
One wish. Come, say, what shall it be?
And have it while you may."

Do not think that I would ask for wealth,
Or for unbounded fame?
Nay, riches would not charm me then,
Nor power to wield a glorious pen
Would be the boon I'd claim.

But I would make this simple wish:
That I might once more stand
Back in the happy days of old
With faith in the rainbow's pot of gold
And glad belief in Fairy Land!

—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

His Prayer.

The Boston Transcript tells a story of a little boy on a visit. He had not been taught to say his prayers, and when he saw the little boys of the house say theirs he had a sense of not being "in it" at all and went to bed melancholy. The second night came and he heard the children once more go through what was to him their remarkable rigmorale, ending in "amen," and when they were done he said:

"Auntie, I want to say my prayers, too."

"Very well, go on," she answered. The boy went down prettily on his knees, and rattled off:

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country men!" Then he rose, proudly conscious of having done the right thing.

President Adams' Trees.

Thousands of Americans travel far to visit the White House and walk through its grounds, yet few of them know one of the most interesting facts connected with the place, that is that John Quincy Adams, when he was president, planted most of its fine trees. President Adams was full of energy; for months he made a practice of swimming across the Potomac every day; then he took to walking around the capitol square for an hour every morning, then he found the best exercise of all in attending to the planting of the White House grounds with trees; they were very bare in this respect, and he went into the whole science and art of plantation with an enthusiasm very like Sir Walter Scott's on the same subject. He was then fifty-eight years old, but he wrote about the growth of his oaks and chestnuts as eagerly as a schoolboy would about hunting.

A Wonderful Timepiece.

An American traveler in Japan once saw a rare and wonderful Japanese timepiece, says the Jewelers' Review. He described it as being in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom, in the rear a hill gradual in ascent, from which flowed, or seemed to flow, a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a threadlike stream glided along encircling rocks and islands in its windings, finally losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky above a golden sun turned on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passed. Each hour was marked on the frame, and indicated by a slowly creeping tortoise, which served in the place of a hand or pointer. A bird of exquisite plumage sang at the close of each hour, and as the song ceased a mouse sprang from a grotto near by and scampering over the hill in the garden, was soon lost to view.

Hector and His Family.

A few years ago, when living in a state in the northwest corner of the United States, we bought a pair of fine bronze turkeys—thoroughbreds. We named them Hector and Andromache. The names, perhaps, may account for Hector's deeds. Needless to say, they were a very devoted couple. In due time Andromache laid some nice eggs. The first were given to an old hen; and about the time these were hatched, Andromache concluded to have a family of her own. Slyly hiding her nest in an old brush pile she laid some beautiful eggs, and for some time it was thought she had been carried off to furnish a lunch for some well set of coyotes. Hector, however, serenely straitened and gobbled, and was acknowledged lord and monarch of the poultry yard. A handsome and lordly fellow he was, too, and well worthy of his name, as he proved.

One day he came strutting along, followed by his meek wife and ten beautiful turkey babies. The sight was one calculated to fill a turkey father's heart with joy. A home was

quickly improvised, and Andromache and her babies established in it. The home was a large dry-goods box, with slats nailed across the front. Alas! one night, about a week after occupying this home, a hungry coyote prowled that way, and, tearing a slat from the box, in sight of Hector, the devoted husband and father, he quickly seized and ate nine of the babies, and, throwing Andromache over his shoulder, he silently trotted away. In the morning we gazed on a pitiful sight—a desolate home, and Hector, the gallant father, hovering over his one remaining child and protecting it from the rain and cold. He faithfully devoted his whole time to caring for his motherless child, entirely forgetting his former occupation of strutting; nor did he once strut again till the wee turkey was large enough to fly up to roost. When the hen who hatched out the first turkey brood left them to shift for themselves Hector adopted them, and for weeks faithfully scratched for them or hunted bugs from morn till night. At night his broad wings protected them from the cold. When the six adopted children were large enough to fly up to roost Hector flew up with them, and, taking the small turks on each side of him, he carefully spread his broad wings over them, his one wee child, meantime, mournfully crying in the corner, till some one came to tuck him up beside his brothers and sisters. Hector lived to a good old turkey age, finally resuming his former strutting ways, and ended his days as is usual with turkeys.—Outlook.

Daisy's Afternoon Tea.

Daisy didn't quite know what to do. Mamma had a headache, and wanted to lie down, and had just asked her to amuse herself for awhile, and had given her a penny to spend at the grocery store.

Daisy thought for some time as to how she should "amuse herself." At last she said, "I will give an afternoon tea."

Off Daisy trotted to the grocery store, and with her penny bought a moist, sticky lump, twisted up in brown paper, and the grocery man, who was a great friend of Daisy's, when he heard of the afternoon tea, gave her a handful of raisins besides.

Then she went home, and Delia, the cook, gave her a glass of milk with some cookies, and a big yellow banana.

Then Daisy took her own little table and rocking chair out in the shade under the big elm, and set the table nicely with a white cloth which she had begged of Delia, and a beautiful bunch of flowers in the centre. Then she spread out her refreshments and sat down to wait for the company.

It was some time before anyone came. Finally, Daisy saw what she supposed was her own Kittie Clover, but it wasn't. It was a strange kitty, so poor and thin, and so scared and shy that it was a long while before Daisy could coax her near to drink some milk, but, when she did drink she seemed to enjoy it so much that Daisy was glad her own fat Kittie Clover hadn't come to drink it up herself.

Just as the kitty was nearing the bottom of the glass, the arrival of a new guest sent her running up the elm tree as fast as she could go. The new guest was Prince, just home from a ramble, hot and hungry; and he finished the milk with two laps of his great tongue, and then ate cookies till Daisy called him "a greedy dog," and said he shouldn't have another one. So Prince thought he would take a nap under the trees.

Daisy waited a little while longer, and was thinking she wouldn't have any more callers, when she saw a weary couple coming down the road—a man with a hand organ, and a tired, dusty little monkey.

The man asked Daisy for a drink, so she ran in to Delia for more milk and cookies, and, while the man was enjoying his lunch, the monkey perched on the edge of the table, and ate the big banana, piece by piece, from Daisy's hands. Then the man played some tunes on the hand organ, and the monkey danced and did some pretty tricks. He then politely lifted his little red cap to Daisy, and held out a tiny paw for her to shake. The man lifted his cap also, and they went off down the road.

It was almost night now, so Daisy ate the moist, sticky lump and the raisins herself. Then she ran in to tell mamma about her first afternoon tea, and how delighted all her guests were. And mamma was as much pleased as Daisy.—Babyland.

Presence of Mind.

He (just introduced)—What a very homely person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black.

She—Isn't he? That is Mr. Black.

He—How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives!

Chinese clocks have a dial that turns around while the hands are stationary. There are two dials—one for the hour, the other for the minute.

ARP WRITES OF BELL.

Bartow Philosopher Pays a Tribute to the Old Conductor.

WAS NEVER OUT OF TEMPER.

Railroad Men and Their Daughters—Are Discussed by the Cartersville Sage.

Good, gentle old Sanford Bell, the faithful veteran of the bell cord, is dead. He was the oldest conductor in the State—perhaps the oldest in long and continuous service in the United States, and maybe in the world. He was not a great man, but he was a true man, honest and faithful, and every traveler respected him. I have known him and traveled with him for forty years and always loved him, for he was patient and kind. He was firm and did his duty, but without anger or rudeness. I never saw him out of good temper or unduly excited, but duty was his watchword. No wonder he was kept in office from administration to administration, for railroad officials appreciate such men, and even when he became too infirm to swing around the curves. Mr. Thomas, that prince of railroad kings, gave him an easier berth, and saved money by it, for who could settle disputes over killed and damaged stock like Sanford. The people all along the line respected him and in most cases left the adjustment to his sole judgment. Small lawyers ceased to fatten on small litigations. "Sanford Bell says so," was the law and the verdict. What a record for an unpretending man. My regard for these true and patient men increases with my years—these tried conductors, these engineers who day and night stand at the throttle and realize the responsibility that is upon them. Like the pilots on the great steamships, they are on the lookout for danger. Their eyes seem to have grown nearer together and more searching from the strain of constant use in looking down the over-hanging track. I feel like tipping my hat to them all and saying God bless you and protect you, for my life is in your hands when I travel. If danger or disaster comes they receive the first shock, and oftentimes the last to them. How thoughtless and unconcerned we travelers ride with never a thought about the engineer in whose hands we are. Sometimes we read of a wreck and the telegram says: "Engineer and fireman killed; passengers all escaped." To any mind there is something grandly heroic in the callings of these men who move the wheels and stop them; these engineers or brakemen who have no choice of time or weather. In the bleak and wintry night they must breast the storm. "Goodby wife, goodby mother, my time is out." He kisses the children and is off. Not long ago I heard a poor, fond mother say: "My Tom is running on the railroad now and helps us with his pay. He is a brakeman on a freight train and it is a pretty hard place in bad weather, but you know there are no easy places now."

There are many kinds of manners—manners at the table and the fireside, and in the church and in stores, on both sides of the counter, and there are railroad manners, both of the officials and the travelers. Not long ago I boarded the Alabama Great Southern, of the Southern, at Chattanooga and before the train moved out an official came through the car and in a quiet, polite manner asked every one of us where we were going. He found one man who was going to Atlanta and quickly hurried him off and on to the Atlanta train. I liked that; it was good railroad manners; and was new to me. Railroad officials can hardly realize how bewildered strangers feel in a large union depot, and how grateful they are for information, especially when it is kindly volunteered. Poor, timid women, unaccustomed to traveling are so afraid they will make a mistake. I came from Florida last Monday and was impressed with the kindness and attention of a conductor, a Mr. Seabring, who runs from Tampa to Waycross. No woman was too humble or too poorly clad to receive his considerate care. He assisted them in and out and took their babies in his arms and provided them comfort 'ble seats and had his porter take water to their little ones. He not only answered questions willingly and politely, but gave more information than was asked for. Most all conductors are civil and courteous, but some answer you in a perfunctory manner and pass on. Mr. Seabring's face seemed to invite you to ask for something, so that he might oblige you. He did not know me nor that I was observing him, but I cannot refrain from saying he is the model conductor. From Waycross to Tifton we were not calm and serene. The night was cold, very cold, and the car was colder, for there was no fire and the porter did no seem to care whether we froze or not. We complained bitterly to the conductor and in an hour or so he had the porter make one. He started a small, sickly blaze in the heater and left us. It soon went out and we never got any fire until we got to Tifton and changed conductors and porters. Mr. Flournoy was as indignant as we were and never stopped his personal supervision until we were thoroughly warmed and revived. There is a difference in conductors.

And there is a greater difference in travelers. Some will politely offer to share the seat with you, while others will stretch themselves and look the other way to keep from being disturbed. They set like they had the smallpox and didn't want you to catch it. My daughter and I sat behind a bridal couple as we went down, and notwith-

standing the car was crowded and people still coming in, the selfish old rascal with his young wife occupied four seats and stuck their feet upon one and looked defiance at everybody. Women came in with little children and passed and repassed and found no seat. The old groom had long reddish-gray whiskers and the bride of twenty-five had her back hair bobbed short in an aggravating style and leaned her head upon his shoulder while she affected sleep. By and by a countryman with a little girl in his arms came in and after walking up and down a few times stopped and surveyed the couple for a minute. Still there was no sign. At last he said, with some temper, "I reckon may be perhaps if you ones would lift your feet off that seat I could find some place to set down with this child. I've toted her about a mile 'ready." They lifted them then with alacrity and tried to turn the seat, and found it locked. "That don't matter," he said, as he put down the child, "I'm not gwine to hurt ye." We enjoyed that immensely.

I wonder what makes so many of these youngish girls (youngish is a good word) marry these oldish men. Every since General Longstreet set the example every old widower in the country is hunting for a girl wife. The widows have been thrust out of the market. That is all right, maybe, if the girl is poor and the widower rich and he will settle a good estate upon her and die in a reasonable time. What curious transactions such things sometimes bring about. Some years ago a rich old widower of our county married a young wife and she was loyal to him until he died, which was in a reasonable time, and she fell heir to his splendid homestead with all the land attached, and soon married again. Not long after this she died and her last husband now steps over the rich man's land as sole owner and proprietor of that he never gave a dollar for.

Our brief visit to Florida last week was on business and I hurried home to go West on another lecture tour. It grieved me to leave Clear Water, which is lovelier than ever. It is still the sweetest town that ever grew beside the shore. Many improvements have been made since we were there and half a million has been spent by Mr. Plant on the spacious property a mile below. Everything at Bellair is on a grand scale. Its drives and walks and lakes and gardens; its grand hotel that overlooks the green waters of the gulf; its ornamental shrubbery and long lines of stately palms; its coliseum and boulevards and gas works and water works all astonished and charmed us, for it seemed as though Aladdin had been there with his wonderful lamp and done it all—not in a night, but within a year, for it has not been much longer since I was there and drove through that obnoxious scrub palmetto and saw nothing to attract me save the view of the distant islands and the foaming breakers of the gulf beyond. Another half million will make the place a paradise, but after all Bellair is artificial, the handiwork of man and money, while Clear Water is the work of nature and of God. The one is the embryo city of magnificent distances; the other a cozy village nestled on a bluff among evergreen oaks and bays and palms and cedars and climbing vines, all clad in mossy tresses, and where the beautiful homes, half hidden, overlook the placid harbor and the setting sun, and where the children play upon the beach or wade in the water at the foot of the hill. Somehow the place reminds me of those beautiful lines—

"And I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
From among the dark elms that a cottage was near,
And I said to myself, if there is peace in this world,
The heart that is humble might look for it here."

I said to my friend, Mrs. Aunspugh, who has been living there twelve years, "Has anybody died since I was here?" "Nobody," she replied, "I have not," she said. "There has not been a burial in it since we have lived here and the way to it is all choked up with saw palmetto."—Bill Arp, in Atlanta, (Ga.) Constitution.

The Likeness of Christ.

It is not merely by watching the life of Christ as illustrated by His actions, or His principles set forth by His words, that we gain likeness to Him. There is a strange power in personality to affect other natures. The child grows to be like one whom he constantly watches. He may or may not make a conscious effort for that likeness, but the likeness comes. People of larger growth, maturer, more independent development, are often strangely drawn by constant contact into likeness to one another, without so much as a thought of the process. John says: "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." What we need here is to see Christ—see Him, not merely as He was, but as He is, and we shall find the likeness taking hold upon us and fashioning us into itself.

Mammoth Gun Casting.

The largest gun casting ever made in this country was cast at the ordnance department of the Bethlehem Iron Company Thursday morning. The casting is for the tube of a sixteen-inch gun for the United States Government. It is nineteen feet six inches long, octagonal in shape and seventy-four inches in diameter.

More than 100 gross tons of metal were used in its manufacture. Three furnaces, two of forty tons capacity each and one of twenty tons, were used to prepare the metal in. The casting, which is the first and largest of its kind ever made, was a success in every way. The jackets for the big gun will be cast later.—Washington Star.

A NOTED INDIAN SLAYER.

A MONTANA MAN HAS MADE FORTY REDSKINS BITE THE DUST.

He Killed Seven in a Single Combat and Five in Another—Slates All Indians Because a Favorite Brother Was Slain by Them—Wiry Lewis Wetzel's Career.

"Lewis Wetzel, who lived in the western part of Virginia, became noted as an Indian fighter previous to and during the Revolutionary War," remarked an old-timer, who was in a reminiscent mood yesterday. "He was a large, wiry, athletic man, who became an Indian hunter because Indians had killed all his nearest kindred in their raids into the settlements of western Virginia. He possessed a frame that it seemed impossible to tire, and he was considered the best shot with a rifle in all that country. He killed Indians out of pure revenge, and he not only killed them when on the warpath, but whenever he could engage with them. He could load his rifle running, and, therefore, was a dangerous antagonist. He was one of the few men of the West who could fire at the edge of a knife and cut the bullet in two every time at a distance of ten yards. He enjoyed his prowess, and when in the settlements he was a companionable man, but hunting Indians he was morose and disagreeable, and much preferred to be alone. It is said that he even killed Indian women and children, and it is well known that he killed Indians who were ambassadors to the whites on peaceful errands. If he ever saw an Indian that he did not kill it has not been recorded. In the upper Ohio River country his name has been handed down from father to son, and many exploits have been told of him which never appeared in print. There is a county in West Virginia named after him, and romances have been written whose heroes have his character.

"Montana has a man now living whose career has been something like that of Wetzel. He has not probably killed as many Indians, but that has not been his fault. He is said to have slain at least forty redskins, and he has not been particular what tribe they belonged to or where they were. He has taken as great risks in killing Indians as Wetzel ever did. The reason of his hatred for the whole Indian race was the killing of a favorite brother in a family of seven or eight boys by Piegans. He was a good shot, and used a Winchester rifle instead of the old muzzle-loading flint-lock rifle that Wetzel carried. He is David Warcham, of Fergus County.

"I have heard accounts of but two of the battles, but no doubt a history of others would be just as interesting. He encountered five bucks, evidently on the warpath, or a horse stealing expedition. He had not his gun with him, but he went home, which was not far off, and returned with it. He sought a good spot and began firing. The Indians made light, but he dropped them so fast that two started to run away, but he was too swift for them even, and every one was killed.

"Another time he and a pilgrim were camping out, and in the night the Indians stole both their horses. They followed the Indians, who evidently did not expect a visit from them. They crept up close to the camp and found the horses tied at the camp. Warcham's horse was a pet, and whinnied when it scented its master. The Indians did not awake, and both horses were taken away. They could not get their own saddles, but got two old Indian saddles, as being better than riding bareback. Then they stampeded the Indian horses, and drove them toward Fort Benton. Passing a narrow cañon, Warcham told his companion to hurry along with the horses as fast as he could and he would wait for the Indians, seven in number, whom they had seen coming afar off. He concealed himself as well as he could and awaited their coming. When the battle was over the seven Indians had become good Indians, and Warcham had not a single scratch. After resting his horse he overtook his companion, who was nearly seated to death and almost worn out with the old saddle. They rested, not fearing any danger, and rode leisurely into Fort Benton, where they sold their stock and remained until they had recruited. It is related that neither was able to sit down for a week after arriving in the town.

"Warcham, even to this day, when he sees an Indian, fires up, gushes his teeth, and regrets that he has not his gun with him. He has never killed any women or children, but those who know him best are certain that few Indians have ever met him on the plains and gone away alive. He is now in the vigor of life, between forty-five and fifty years old, and is regarded by all his neighbors as one of the State's best citizens. But he can't conceal, and doesn't try to conceal, his extreme hatred of all Indians."—Helena (Montana) Independent.

A Stamp That Represents \$5000.

Of the 250 United States stamps which have been issued, the values have ranged from one cent to \$5000. Five dollars is the highest value among postage stamps, but newspaper stamps reach the hundred dollar mark, while a revenue stamp may represent \$5000.