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One square, one insertion	$1.00
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Spinning-Song.

She sang a song the hearth-fire, and plied
her spinning-wheel,
And blithely sent her little foot to tread
the treadle
I watched her from my place as shuttle flew
this way
And as she lightly drew the thread I felt my
heart grow
O love, love, love,
To every man a season,
Life of your stalks,
Prime thought but snares
Or shun me as I run.

She sang beside the fire, as they of old were
wont to,
Her song had lost some of shadows and wild
regret
Breath in its meter,
The happy shadows seemed to chase the
frolicker for her amusement
And merry shadows round the wall in silent
sight went with me
O love, love, love,
Be happy as I give!
To every man a season
Of joy and pleasure
Where are the years?

She sang, and as I watched and listened
I felt
It may have was the song, or her face, or
time that I felt
Her song and face seemed to come on the wheel
from
And as I turned to leave the room
O love, love, love,
Of love, love, love
Life is a season
Indulgence and pain
Do not mind, Nature
Indulgence and pain
Do not mind, Nature
Indulgence and pain
Do not mind, Nature.

LOST: A BABY.

One morning Mrs. Sackett put Jimmie safely into her carriage. She packed him up with toys, marbles and sweets. Meg often wondered how the baby could breathe. But Julia was fat and heavy, and Meg knew that she grew heavier as the months went on with her.

"Keep close to the gutter and square, and take care of baby," said Mrs. Sackett.

She said this every day. Meg took as much care of Julia as she would of a precious little baby. At the crossing she thrusted the carriage down into one gutter and dragged it out on the other. The baby was used to this, and only opened her eyes wide and gazed on arriving at the opposite side.

Meg was just turning the corner when she heard her mother's voice.

"Meg!"

"Ma'am!"

"Stop at Hurd's and send home the pound of butter and half pound of tea!"

"Yes'm!"

Meg turned for a glance through the bundle of the baby carriage and confided a sigh. Mrs. Sackett's favorite partner, Mrs. Smith, had a tale under way.

Hurd's was a corner grocery, with a door opening on each of the two streets. Meg wheeled the carriage close to the show window and fastened the wheel with a stone so that it couldn't roll off.

Julia sat still, as well with attention at the resplendent advertisements of Lenox soap and Tompkins' ginger, although he must have known these placards by heart. Babies have very little comfort which they do not understand that it is not impossible that they become philosophers.

Hurd's was crowded, as it always was in the morning, but Meg did not object to waiting. She chatted with Kate Allen and Lena French, and even drew out her tidy and did two rows before the clerk had time to attend to her.

Then she ordered sugar and tea with as grand an air as that worn by Mrs. Pomeroy, who "resided" in a four-story brown-stone house on a stylish avenue, while Meg lived in a cottage flat.

"Wait for me!" said Kate Allen.

"I've got to go to the butcher's."

"All right," answered Meg.

She waited, and when Kate started she walked with her, talking. Suddenly, down the street almost in front of her she suddenly cried, "Oh, I forgot the baby!"

"What baby?" asked Kate.

"Why, I had our baby with me, and I've come and left the carriage outside the store."

"There wasn't any baby at the door when we came out," replied Kate.

"Sure enough," said Meg, "there wasn't."

She gazed in bewilderment at Kate's round eyes, and then cried:

"Oh, I know. I came in at the other door—that's it. She's round on Harrison street."

The girls ran laughingly back and turned the corner. There was no baby nor carriage there.

They stared at each other, and Kate would have laughed, but that Meg looked so serious.

"Perhaps you didn't leave her."

"Yes, I did! I'll bet you I didn't know I did!"

"Could the carriage have rolled down the street?"

Meg looked up and down the street in vain. No carriage was in sight.

"Perhaps a policeman thought she was lost and took her to the station-house," suggested Kate.

Meg began to cry. Kate's word seemed cruel.

"Run home quick and tell your mother about it!"

Meg took Katie's advice. She ran fast, for she was frightened. Mrs. Sackett heard her story, and gave her a severe scolding for carelessness.

"Some boy took it to scare you. It must be about the neighborhood. Go and look!" she ordered. She was a hard-working woman, and treated thieves in a better effect way.

But when Meg came back to report that no one had seen a baby or carriage anywhere, Mrs. Sackett became alarmed. She forgot to scold this time. She put on her bonnet and searched the street thoroughly. She inquired at all the stores, and even went to the police stations.

Coming back from her fruitless expedition she dropped wearily into a chair by the door. Meg could not bear to see her mother's white face. She picked up her hat and crept down stairs.

An organ man was playing a lively tune, and Lena French, little always at a dancing by the music. "Here comes up to ask Meg if the baby was found," and Meg, without looking at them, ducked and rushed down the street. She walked on in a breathless state for several blocks, and happened to pause for breath just where there was a door-step, a boy about two years old, with a woebegone and tear-stained face.

Meg looked at him and asked abruptly, "What's the matter? Have you lost a baby?"

"Lost a baby?" echoed the boy, in astonishment. "Now, I wont out of this."

He seemed to look as if he thought she was making sport of him.

Meg asked the question. She had indeed given out of the abundance of her thoughts. She waited going on, wishing absently the windows she passed. She wondered if all the babies who lived in those houses were safe, or if their parents were hunting for any of them in grocery stores and police stations.

At the next corner she stopped again. Three women stood there talking. Said one of them, a small woman:

"I told her, say I, Mrs. Smith you'd better report it at the station-house. It belongs to somebody that's looking for it, of course! say I."

"She wouldn't take the trouble, She's too cheap!" remarked a stout woman, sarcastically.

"That's so," replied the first speaker. She said, "I told them that last week, for it. Jimmie brought it home, and he'd have to nurse it till the mother comes." "It serves Jimmie right, though," the stout woman added, decidedly. "A pretty trick to wheel home the wrong baby!"

Meg felt faint. She leaned against the railing. Whose baby were they talking about?

"Where was his own?" asked the third woman, who didn't seem to understand the circumstances.

"Why, you know he left it beside a store while he played marbles, and someone came along and took it home to frighten him!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You may depend she was mad, though, when he brought home a strange baby."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Could it be true, could it be true, Meg stood in doubt a few moments, while the two women discussed the story. She remembered the little boy whom she had seen up the street and stepped boldly up to the talkers.

"Will you please tell me who's found a baby?" she asked.

The eyes and tongues of all three were directed at her at once.

"Why!" "Well, have you lost one?" "Mercy on us! do you know whose it is?"

Meg sobbed, but stood her ground.

"Some boy who had our baby away while I went into a store on an errand," she explained. "We've been looking for boy all the morning."

The three women were delighted. They all tried at once at counting Meg down the street and into the right house. The maternal three took across the front steps, the attitude showing her through Regina, with life.

"You'd better get up and take care of your twins, dummies!" laughed the second woman.

Jimmie looked at her, his countenance expressing unutterable things.

"Come, dinner, come," cried the sharp little woman, "take up your twins, we want to see your twins."

"This young lady has lost her baby, Jimmie," said the tall woman kindly. "Perhaps it's the one you've found."

Jimmie's face brightened. He made a glance at Meg, remembering she had spoken to him. He turned into the house and led the way upstairs.

"There's somebody come for that baby!" he announced gaudily.

He threw open the door and immediately got behind it, whence he could easily observe proceedings, or escape if he should find it prudent.

"I thought somebody would come," exclaimed a drawling voice. "I knew the child would be called for. She evidently belonged to nice people."

The speaker rocked herself in a boy's chair. Her hair was in papers, and she wore a pink wrapper. In her lap lay an embroidered robe, at which she took long and stitches. It must be recorded here that Meg took up tidies from that day.

She did not stop to examine the baby, however, but searched up one of the two babies who crowded about the door and hugged and kissed Julia more lovingly than she had ever done before.

Jimmie, behind the door, was crushed. He wondered if he should feel the same affection for Lucretia if she were lost for three hours.

The three women all talked together. The lady in the rocking chair listened complacently, convinced that she had done all that could be expected when she allowed the strange baby to creep on her carpet till called for.

"I told Hannah," she finished, "she'd have your babies twice as cute as this, if she ought of one."

Jimmie had disappeared into the hall.

"I think I'll take the baby home to mamma," he thought, aloud. "Come, said Meg, holding the baby tight. "We were much obliged to you for taking care of her."

Mrs. Smith bowed politely. She motioned with her forefinger when Meg would find the baby's clothes and wraps.

Meg dressed her and carried her carefully down stairs, followed by a cheerful good-morning from Mrs. Smith. Within a few hours she locked Julia once more into her carriage, Jimmie stood watching her from the door.

"Now!" he cried. "Are you really glad to get that bad baby?"

Meg laughed out of her gladness. "Why, of course!"

"Didn't you feel awful bad when you found she was gone?"

"Of course," said Meg again. "What made you do such a stupid thing as to wheel home the wrong baby?"

"Oh," he said, grieving, "I didn't bring her home!" He lowered his voice. "I was playing with Bob Price, and I met another boy, and he didn't know how you said."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Meg, looking at Jimmie with a horror.

But Jimmie was bursting with his wrongs.

"Perhaps you think you had the hardest time of it, but if you had to answer an extra baby, there I guess you'd know matters a little worse than I came on."

Meg was so impressed with his sense of conviction that she said not a word.—[Missouri Star.

A Big Spider.

In the jungle of Sumatra is found an enormous spider, which measures three inches across the back and six inches in the legs. It is black in color, with red and yellow markings. It spins a geometrical web about four feet in diameter between two trees, which web is strong enough to knock off a pitch bat. In one case the web was attached between trees at least twenty feet apart by a system of guy and tow, of which no one was in any way out of place, and besides, was stretched in a vertical direction by two small sticks or pieces of wood—one of them at the spot to its lower margin. Some of the Sumatran spiders are of such extraordinary and grotesque shape that with drawings could give an idea of them. Their eyes, about the size of the head of a pin, are a bead, shiny black, with a pear-shaped protuberance on each side, which, as well as the body, is covered with spikes.—[Pioneer.

How to Test Death.

The difficulty of determining certain forms of unconscious sleep from real death has suggested all sorts of ingenious tests, such as holding a bright lamp close to one of the nostrils, or forcing a sharpened wire against the closed eyelids. A still more decisive experiment, however, consists in injecting the pulp cells of the upper arm with a strong solution of ammonia. It is stated that if the injection is made in the epigastric or a red spot.—[New York Telegram.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

[illegible]

She had dressed Katie in the window-seat,
And watched with her childish impatience
eyes,
The countless drops of the beating rain,
And the leaden, relentless skies—
At length, when the dreary day was done,
She told her theories in the twilight
gray
"You know there's a lunatic in Washington,
Where weather is stored away.
"And when it's stormy and cold and wet,
I'm sure that they are thinking about
Not bringing some other drawer out out
A different weather out."
[Hattie Lindsay, in St. Nicholas.

[illegible]

I know how much cats get love dogs and animals, so here is a funny story about a dog that is perfectly true. I have seen the dog.

His master trained him to bring his shoes to him every day.

One day the gentleman went with his dog to a friend in the country, where every one put his shoes out in his door to be blacked.

In the morning when the guests went to dress no one had a shoe.

The dog had gone up and down the long halls and carried every pair of shoes he could find into his master's room and piled them all up beside his bed.—[New York World.

[illegible]

For years past the children in the neighborhood of 577 Twelfth street, Washington, northwest, found a good friend in the person of Charles P. Bolmeadick, who died recently. Mr. Bolmeadick was a general favorite with the children, the Washington Post says, and was never happier than when he had some of them in his room, where he would have them talk to his parrots. The conduct of his pets furnished him a great deal of amusement, and when he was confined to his bed more than a week ago the parrots would call out, "Poor pop!" and day and night would keep up the cry. Neither of the three parrots has spoken a word since Mr. Bolmeadick's death.

[illegible]

Did you ever give a dog tally? That is what amuses Broadway loungers and the noted bull terrier of the blind man on the corner. A wag and the blind man and the tale drew a crowd around the other evening. The bait, mackerel, tail stuck in the beggar's mouth, and his faithful companion felt it or to get his fool on it or to dispose of it in some way were comical and caused intense delight among his audience. His antagonist did not prevent him from seizing all he could get.

Just as he had securely stuck his teeth together a passing poodle attracted his attention and he made the usual jump, the length of his tether, but his powerful jaws absolutely refused to work. They had lost their snap. The poodle stared at him with impudent amazement, while the look of pain and humiliation that passed over the terrier's face was almost human expression. Samson walked up to and his hair nearly bristled was nothing left.—[New York Herald.

[illegible]

In Central Asia they have musical kites. They delight the ear by an enormous soft, melodious hum, at the same time that they please the eye with their graceful birdlike motions.

Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of a theorbo. Light as harps, and thus the flight and the sound of wired wurbles are both imitated in the winged plaything. Each kite is a square formed of two diagonals of light wood whose extremities are connected with a light string, forming the sides of the square. Over the whole paper is pasted.

A bow string upon the upright diagonal receives the strong by which the kite is to be held, and the tail is fastened to its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal, or cross stick, is then bent back like a strong bow, and fastened by a string of catgut.

Of course, every time—that passes the air vibrates this light wood, and vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite. And as members of these kites are let flying in the dead night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous but full of melancholy interest.—[New York Recorder.

Without an Incentive.

Prince Jenkins, the lawyer, is very happy in addressing a jury. Why can't he be as happy after dinner speaks?

Seconds. Because in the latter case his dinner doesn't depend upon his speech.—[Life.

AN ANIMAL TRAINER.

He Quit Teaching Boys to Join a Circus

His Remarkable Success With Rats and Mice.

Signor Dominico, biographer of clowns, bareback riders and circus people generally, has written a curious list of reminiscences of the Russian Duroff, the most famous trainer of trick animals in the present generation.

Duroff was originally an instructor in Latin and modern languages in a Russian high school. He practiced then his powers over domestic animals—first of all, hardly—and decided that the docility of dogs, cats and geese was far greater than that of school children. He has never altered his judgment in this respect. He quit teaching boys, therefore, and joined an itinerant circus, to the astonishing of his former colleagues.

Dominico met him one morning in the empty ring of the Circus Schumann. After lacking a few minutes Duroff said:

"And now you must excuse me for an hour as I have a class to instruct at this time."

"But surely you haven't gone back to teaching?" exclaimed Dominico.

"No, no; you don't understand. I teach just because teaching, in fact. The deviation in question is by my rats and mice."

Dominico permission to listen to the conversation. Duroff fetched a small box he had set it down in the middle of the ring, lifted the cover a little and then began chirping, trilling, and whistling on a low dead tone. A mouse stuck its head through the crack under the cover, nimbled out and trotted gaily over to Duroff's feet. Another mouse followed, and then a big rat planted out into the ring. It marched gravely up to Duroff and scrambled round the bottoms of his trousers. More rats and mice followed till some thirty were scrambling and squealing at Duroff's feet. The crowd stepped a few yards backward and his little dog followed. He fed them cake and retreated again. They followed and he rewarded them as before. Then he led them round the ring several times. When three or four of them fell behind the procession to play or fight, he attracted their attention by tossing sand at them. Finally he invited them to come up, and in an instant they were on his shoulders, in his coat pockets, and racing up and down the back of his head. He caught three rats by the tail, swung them round, and let them shoot off into space. The instant they struck they were back again. They ran back to Duroff, climbed to his shoulders and got the same treatment again. After an hour of this the flute was laid aside and the rats and mice were packed away for the day.

Duroff was the first man to train a pig to grunt accompaniments to songs, dance round a ring, and jump and waltz to orders. He had then also taught a rooster to crow at command, and had instructed successfully a goose in the business of fetching and carrying. Dominico, after discussing these triumphs of training, asked Duroff whether or not he ever tired at his new occupation and wished to return to instructing boys, as he had once done in the Russian high school. Duroff did not catch Dominico's exact words, and answered:

"Instruct children? Instruct animals? These are two processes which can hardly be compared. The difficulties vary so—there is no comparison."

"You misunderstand me," explained Dominico. "I mean to inquire that your work now is much more difficult—"

"More difficult! More difficult!" shouted Duroff. "You must be crazy. Why, it is easier, it is certainly easier. I would rather teach ten pigs than a single child. I would rather teach two geese than a boy. A pig or a goose never forgets, is never impudent, is never noisy. But a child! When you never know where or how to begin, and when you stop—jump! all forgotten."—[New York Sun.

Poison of the Teeth.

Eating the nails is an exceedingly dangerous practice, as the boy never knows when to stop, and many instances are on record of his being "the quick" and causing blood poisoning. Even when the nails are taken of the teeth, a poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the passage of a snake's tooth.—[Chicago Inquirer.

The Forestry Building at the World's Fair.

Chief Buchanan has sent out letters to all the state boards of agriculture advising them as to the design of the proposed forestry building at the World's Fair. The building will be about 200 by 500 feet, and will occupy a commanding position on the lake shore. It will be designed to illustrate in its construction and arrangement the forestry wealth of the world. The architecture is of a rustic character and will make a beautiful effect. A feature will be the wide colonnade along the front of the building and across either end. The supporting columns of this colonnade will be trunks of trees with the bark on, representing the characteristic woods of the United States. This will not only add to the unique beauty of the structure, but will furnish the states an opportunity to show specimens of their trees. These tree trunks will be twenty-five feet long, about twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering gradually to the top. To each will have attached to it a tablet on which will be engraved the name of the state furnishing it, the name of the tree, and the estimate of the quantity of such timber in the states or territory. Chief Buchanan asks each state board of agriculture to send him three of such trunks.

Nine Rules For Bathers.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid coming altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hand and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the surface by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for most is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other signs of disease of the heart, should not bathe.—[St. Louis Republic.

"The Cart Before the Horse."

The following are specimens of curious composition: "A man was killed by a railway engine running into Victoria, supposed to be dead." A man writes: "We have decided to erect a school house large enough to accommodate our children five stories high." On a certain railway the following business direction was printed: "Travelers when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, always will be requested to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other." "Wanted, suitable horse for lady weighing one pound." An editor says: "We have received a basket of grapes from our friend Wy, for which he will accept our compliments, some of which are four inches in diameter." A newspaper contained this: "We have two school rooms sufficiently large to accommodate pupils of one sex only."—[London Tit-Bits.

Toughening Glassware.

A simple method of toughening glassware is to immerse it in a pan or pot of cold water in which a handful of salt has been dissolved. As the water boils thoroughly, then fill the kettle of the fire and allow it to become perfectly cold before you remove the glass. When the water is perfectly cold take out the glassware, wash it and wipe it dry. Glass treated in this way is protected against changes of temperature and sudden drafts which, striking again an overheated lamp chimney, are liable to crack it.—[New York Tribune.

A Harp of Wood.

Two Frenchmen, the brothers Ferre, have invented a new kind of harp, made entirely of wood. Instead of strings, the inventors use strips of American fir. The sound is produced, as in the ordinary harp, by contact of the fingers. But the players wear leather gloves covered with resin. The tone of the instrument is of remarkable purity.—[Boston Transcript.

Don't Kick.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Concerning a Crowbar.

[illegible]

The Oldest Mail Carrier.

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] who carries the mail from [illegible] to Ashmore, Ark. He is at [illegible] years of age. Walks about the country with the agility of a boy, and carries the mail six days in each week with the utmost punctuality. He is a native of Tennessee and fought in the Mexican war.—[Chicago Herald.