CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Idlers.

A little green worm and a little black bug
Sat down to have a nice chat;
It was early yet, and they'd work to do,
But they paid no heed to that.

And soon came a chicken with eyes so sharp,
Hunting for something to eat;
He picked them both up, and ate them, too,
In a way both calm and neat.

There's a moral attached to this story short;
When there's something to do, don't shirk,
But whatever the task at hand may be,
Begin at once and work.

—Bertha May Bemis.

A Story of Prince George.

A good story is told of Prince George of Wales. While he was on board a torpedo boat at Plymouth a gentleman had an invitation to view the boat, and dressing himself in a spotlessly white yachting suit, he crossed the gangway and accosted a merry-eyed, grimy faced young sailor, who was beating his heels and whistling by the companion way, as to the likelihood of seeing Prince George, from a distance, of course.

The sailor, looking at the visitor's immaculate "get up," said genially: "I say, mate, you should not have come on board a torpedo boat with those white things on. You'll be too nice and black and greasy in a few minutes for even your mother to know you. As to seeing Prince George—well, there's little or no chance of it. He wears a black veil these days, he's that shy. By the bye, you don't happen to have anything very nice in the way of tobbaco with you I s'pose?" Choice gold flake having been handed over to the insinuating young sailor, the visitor followed the guide below, and when he once more came on deck he was as black as the ace of spades and somewhat disappointed at not having recognized the prince among the many he had seen on board. Catching sight, however, of his previous acquaintance to whom he had given tobacco, he remarked to an officer, "Casual young men your sailors are here, 'sort of hail fellow, well met'—that young man over there for instance."

A look of astonishment replaced the appearance of interested attention in the officer's face as he said, "That is his royal highness Prince George himself."—Trenton (N. J.) American.

A Devoted Pigeon.

In the animal kingdom there are many strong examples of mother love, and the birds are particularly noted for displaying it. A remarkable instance of this maternal instinct was recently noticed near Elwood, Ind. A mother pigeon whose young one had mysteriously disappeared searched unceasingly for weeks for the little one and one day last winter she was seen flying violently against the side of a frame building in the city.

Each time she came in contact with the house she clipped off a small bit of wood with her bill. For nearly two days the old bird kept this practice up, often during that time falling exhausted from the repeated shocks and fatigue. In the afternoon of the second day she had pecked a hole in the wall, the wood of which was old and soft from the weather. This hole was large enough to admit a man's head, and through this the mother bird went and came.

Every time she entered she carried grain or seed or grass. Some curious people investigated the hole while she was absent, and there they found the little lost pigeon, just below the hole, wedged in between the weather boards. For two days more the bird continued to bring the little one food, and would stay fluttering near the hole, chirruping and trying to cheer the little prisoner up. Many times it entered, and seemed to be trying to extricate its young, but it could not succeed in doing so, try as it would. The prisoner had flown into the building, which was empty, and managed to get between the weather boarding, near the top of the inside. Falling a considerable distance, it lodged in the narrow space, which did not permit it to use its wings in rising again. Its plaints had reached the mother, and she, not being able to reach it from the inside, had cut through from the outside. An admiring man thrust his hand through the hole and brought out the fluttering young thing, to the great delight of the anxious mamma bird.—Chicago Chronicle.

Bruno and Piggy.

Mr. Kane's Bruno is a great Newfoundland dog, so large that, when he stands on his hind feet, he can rest his paws on Mrs. Kane's shoulders. But, though so tall, he is only a year old, merely a puppy, and as full of fun and play as you can think.

Mrs. Kane and he are great friends, and he seems to think she belongs entirely to him.

For a long time she had no other pet, so Bruno was petted to his heart's content.

But one day Mr. Kane brought home a pig—a little, pink-skinned fellow with white bristles, looking pretty enough for any lady to take into her lap.

Mrs. Kane was charmed with the pig, and made a pet of him at once much to Bruno's disgust. He would act as sulky and jealous as could be whenever Mrs. Kane petted piggy, and would never notice the little fellow, unless to give him a spiteful little nip whenever he had a good chance.

Piggy was so little that they gave him the run of the yard. One day Mrs. Kane heard a fearful squealing, and stepped out to see what was the matter. What do you think?

Bruno had the poor, little fellow in his mouth, and he carried him to a puddle of black, sticky mud, and dropped him into the very middle, where he stuck fast, squealing louder than ever. Then Bruno came running to his mistress, with his tongue lolling out and his brown eyes twinkling, as much as to say, "I've fixed that little dunce now, haven't I?"

"Shame on you, Bruno!" said his mistress. "A great dog like you teasing that poor, little piggy! Go straight and get him out!"

Bruno turned and scampered back to the puddle. He fished out the little pig, brought him back, and laid him at his mistress's feet, the dirtiest little pig you ever saw.

She had to get warm water and a broom and scrub him. And all the while Bruno sat there, with his head on one side and tongue hanging out, watching her.

And I almost think I could see that dog laugh!—Our Little Ones.

"I Forgot."

Max was a very bright-looking boy. "I think I never saw a finer brow," said Uncle Will, "or a pair of clearer blue eyes; can't imagine any trouble about his remembering things." This was in answer to mamma's troubled question. It seems Max would say, fifty times a day, "I forgot," until his poor mother, who had three little girls to care for, and no help while nurse was sick, was nearly worn out finding his school books, searching for his cap, running half a block after him with his luncheon. He was always very sorry, would give her a loving kiss and say, "I forgot I put them there," or "I forgot to hang my cap on the rack," and so on, until the day of which I am writing came, and after Uncle Will had gone to see his patients mamma called him and said: "Max, this has gone on long enough; it will not do to say 'I am sorry I forgot,' you must learn to remember. I love you very dearly, but I am not going to find things for you any more: you must use your own memory." He saw that mamma looked very grave, but her behavior the next day puzzled him very much. "O mamma!" he called, while he was dressing in the morning, "I can't wear my blue blouse, the string is out." "I forgot to run it in," she answered, "wear another." Then, at breakfast, "Can't I have some cream on my oatmeal, mamma?" "I forgot to buy enough, so you must take milk this morning," and, at the last minute with a glance at the clock, he exclaimed, "O mamma, it is 10 o'clock! I'll get a bad mark for being late, hurry and give me my luncheon," to which she only answered quietly, "I forgot to wind the clock, so it stopped last night, and I forgot you wished any luncheon, but never mind today, as you will be late if you wait for it." Max felt he never had known such a provoking day, but thought, "I'm going out to grandpa's farm on Saturday, and then I know I'll have a jolly time." Judge of his disappointment when that evening mamma said: "Max, I forgot to tell Samson, when he brought in the vegetables, to stop for you tomorrow, so you must wait until next week." This was too much, and in spite of his seven summers, down went the curly head on mamma's shoulder, and sobs shook his little body as he said: "O mamma! all this day you have said 'I forgot! I forgot!' and it has been dreffully hard for poor Max," but just then a brisk step was heard, and Uncle Will's cheery voice called out, "Hello little man! The shoe was on the other foot, wasn't it? Did you ever think how 'dreffully hard' it has been for poor mamma many days when Max said, 'I forgot?'"

From that day mamma seldom heard these words; he did not always remember, but he tried very hard, and when he came back from a long holiday spent at his grandfather's, mamma said, "I am so glad to have him at home again Uncle Will, he helps me in so many ways, because he remembers."—New York Observer.

Dewey Not Heroic in Appearance.

"In person Dewey is not the naval hero of popular imagination," says L. A. Coolidge in McClure's. "He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiselled face, and hair sprinkled with gray, while his firmly set lips and clear eye would mark him as a gentleman and a man of the world. While in Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in evening dress; just the kind of a fellow, in short, that some have in mind when they inveigh against the 'dudes' of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing and decisive in action."

RAMS IN NAVAL BATTLE.

MOST FEARFUL WEAPON IN THE GRASP OF A SEA POWER.

The Katahdin Is Expected to Demonstrate Terrible Effectiveness When the Opportunity Comes—Administering the Coup de Grace to an Enemy's Fleet.

The fight in Manila bay gave no opportunity for use of the ram, but the men who built the Katahdin and those who advocated her building are not discouraged. They hold now, as then, that she is the most fearful and certain weapon ever placed within the grasp of a sea power, and they expect her to demonstrate it when occasion arises. The Katahdin, it may be explained, is a ram pure and simple. Her enormous beak of steel is capable of crushing its way through armor thicker than any hull would float, and she depends upon it entirely for her offensiveness. She is, of course, protected by plating, but she is not heavily gunned. Any buoyant thing struck by her while her thousands of tons are ripping through the water at a speed of more than twenty miles an hour will go to the bottom. That much seems to be fairly a certainty.

Captain Mahan calculates that in open sea fleet action—action between fleets of approximate strength and numbers—one-half of the defeated fleet will be sunk and one-half captured. Of those sunk he credits two-thirds to the ram, one-sixth to the gun and one-sixth to the torpedo. This calculation shows the importance attached to the ram by naval experts. Of the one-half of vessels to be captured the ram is credited with a third. The value of the ram exceeds that of all the vessels' guns at the opening of the duel in the single combat which is expected to form so large a part of the naval combats of the future. Later in the action the ram becomes of less importance, and the guns are relied upon to achieve victory. It is thought to be certain that as the world grows older and battleships more frequent fleet actions will decrease in number and single combats and "two to ones" become more common. The ram is designed specially for use in affairs of this kind. It will not be used, however, as was the original intention, to administer the coup de grace. Its blow will be delivered, if possible, at the beginning of the engagement. It will open the fight and not close it. The rule in modern sea fighting is to sink or destroy the adversary. Capture is a secondary consideration and does not enter into the preliminary intention.

The force of the ram varies directly as the weight of the ship and the square of the velocity. High speed is, of course, an essential. Into ramming vessels are placed the most powerful engines, and to them are attached the best models of propellers. The ram itself is made as sharp as is possible consistent with massiveness and crushing strength. There is no ram now afloat incompetent under fair conditions to tear a hole below the water line of the strongest battleship. In the shape of the vessel everything is sacrificed to strength, speed, and, above all, handiness. To be able to get quickly under weigh, to attain a high rate of progress in a limited distance and to turn quickly in response to the helm are absolute necessities. It is believed that the Katahdin meets these requirements more fully than any boat owned by foreigners.

It is evident that the success of the ram in its duels will depend almost wholly upon the captain. It is not a question of markmanship or bravery, or even of high discipline. It is a question of coolness, steadiness, good judgment and skill in maneuvering. That vessel which strikes the broadside of the other vessel head on, or even partly so, is the vessel which wins. The ram may be likened to a foil in the hand of its commander, and he must know how to use the weapon which his countrymen have given him. He must know his ship. He must know what she will do at various speeds and with different helm angles—what she will do while backing with headway on and while going ahead with engines reversed. He must know her turning area to a foot and the exact force of her striking capacity with a given distance and number of screw revolutions. He must practice. From her conning tower he directs her every movement, and he alone is responsible for the result.

The rules for arming, driving and steering a ship which is to use its ram to best advantage are few and simple. She should have twin screws and steam or hydraulic steering gear. The bow and stern fire should be strong, and the bow guns should have a wide arc. It should be possible to discharge both broadsides or either from the conning tower. There should be capacity for high speed all through the action. The attack should be made from windward, on account of smoke from guns and funnels veiling movements. Of course the first ship to enter the turning circle of the other, bow on, obtains an immense advantage, and it will be the duty of the commander to get this vantage if he can. A hundred years ago it was the Anglo-Saxon maxim in sea fighting to "get the weather gauge and board." Most of the English and American fights were won in that way, but ocean combats between steam driven and steered armored vessels have become much more complicated.

The use of the ram in naval warfare is as old as history itself, but it had sunk into abeyance in late centuries. Recognition of its high value and its deadliness was forced upon the attention of the powers by the success of the confederate iron clad Merrimac in Hampton Roads. A slow, uncouth, cumbersome craft she was, but a veritable besom of destruction to the wooden ships opposed to her. The offensive power of the ram has been developed as rapidly as the defensive power of ships, and it is likely to furnish some startling instances of its destructiveness before the year is out.

EQUIPPING THE ARMY MULE.

Packing Is a Science, and the Man Who Is an Expert Can Make Money.

Packers at Tampa, Fla., are engaged in sorting out mules for use in the army and fitting the pack furniture. Most of the mules will be fitted with the Mexican aparejo, which is to be preferred to the saddle with "trees and sawbuck."

It consists first of two or more thick felt blankets, folded large enough to nearly cover the mule from shoulder to rump. Over this is placed a huge pair of leather bags united by a broad band of the same material, the cavities stuffed with soft hay.

This is girthed to the mule by a cinch nearly a foot in width, which is drawn as tightly as possible by a strong man, pulling with both hands, and with a foot against the animal's ribs to give him a greater purchase. On each side of the spine the articles to be carried are placed and lashed by a rope about fifty feet in length, which has at one end a broad webbing belt to pass under the belly as was done with the others. Another "squeezing" is given and the rope is crossed in different directions over the load, tightened at every crossing, and finally fastened in a knot loosed by one pull.

"Packing" is a science and as such commands good wages. I have known a "chief packer" to be paid a salary of $150 per month on the frontier, and his services were worth the money paid. The duty is taught to cavalrymen as part of their drill and many of the soldiers become very expert in it. At a pack drill of the Ninth cavalry a few days before it left Montana one company packed its mule in 1 minute and 54 seconds and others were but little slower.

Thirty mules generally constitute a "train," and are managed by three men. They are trained to follow a bell, worn by a horse, white preferred, as being more readily seen. They are not confined in any way except when first put into the train; then, any straying from it is punished very severely and Mr. Mule soon learns his place and that it is best to keep it.

Each man with the train carries a diamond-shaped leather blind with leather cords attached to the ends and knotted together. If a pack becomes disarranged two of the men lead the mule out of the trail, blindfold him with this blind, rearrange his load, remove the leather and allow him to rejoin his fellows. He is never struck when started, and pack mules are never misused by good packers.

Where the Soldiers Come From.

It was an earnest and enthusiastic company drilling in Cass park. There were not to exceed a dozen in the ranks, and the average age was about six years. Broom handles crossed their shoulders at various angles and elevations, a few had toy pistols, and a little chap with an 8-inch snare drum furnished the music.

"Get off that grass!" shouted a big policeman just as a particularly difficult evolution was being executed.

"Halt!" screamed the little carly-haired captain, just in time to avert a disgraceful stampede. "Make ready. Take aim. Fire!" and the report of three paper caps "rang out on the startled air."

Every little body was fairly rigid in its determination to fall back in good order while loading, when the policeman joined in the laughter of a score of other witnesses.

An old gentleman, bent with years, walked over to the brave captain, patted him on the head and turned with beaming face to those about him: "And yet other nations wonder where our soldiers spring from when the country needs them to fight its battles."—Detroit Free Press.

Murphy's Natural Mistake.

Officer (to new servant)—Murphy, I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled.

Private Murphy—Very good, sor.

Officer (later in the day)—Did you take those boots, Murphy?

Private Murphy (feeling in his pockets and putting on the table 18 pence)—Yes, sor; and that's all I could get for them. The corporal who bought them said he would have given two shillings had it been pay day. (Collapse of officer).—Tit-Bits.

Kite flying has been popular in Japan for many centuries, the kites depicting the most absurd figures, generally of aged gentlemen, birds or puppy dogs.

Either Way.

When I go to see Dorothy I never can get away from her." "Well, Maud, why don't you have her visit you?" "Then she never goes home."—Chicago Record.

What will Become of China?

None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the going to pieces of this ancient but unprogressive race. Many people in America are also going to pieces because of dyspepsia, constipation, blood, liver and stomach diseases. We are living too fast, but strength, vigor and good health can be retained if we keep off and cure the above diseases with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

In Costa Rica canary birds, bullfinches and paroquets are special table dainties.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Of the population of Spain more than 30,000 are gypsies.

You Can Get Tired

By working hard, and then you can get rested again. But if you are tired all the time it means that your blood is poor. You need to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great cure for that tired feeling because it is the great enricher and vitalizer of the blood. You will find appetite, nerve, mental and digestive strength in

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America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion. 25c.

A Wonderful Clock.

In one of the town halls in a Japanese treaty port there is a remarkable time-piece. It is contained in a handsome frame, three feet wide and five feet long. It represents a noonday landscape, very cleverly carried out. In the foreground plum and cherry trees appear in bloom, while in the rear a hill is to be seen, from which flows a pretty cascade, imitated in crystal. From this cascade flows a tiny stream, which wends its way between rocks and islands and finaly loses itself in a stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on a silver wire, striking the hours on a silver gong as it passes. Each hour is marked by a creeping tortoise. A bird of rich plumage warbles at the close of the hour, and, as the warbling ceases, a mouse suddenly makes its appearance, and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view Altogether it is certainly a wonderful piece of mechanism.—San Francisco Chronicle.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]

A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illogical, unhappy and frequently hysterical.

The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that mere force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for woman's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 6708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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