CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Recipe for an Appetite.

My lad who sits at breakfast,
With forehead in a frown,
Because the chop is underdone,
And the fritter overbrown.—

Just leave your dainty mincing,
And take, to mend your fare,
A slice of golden sunshine
And a cup of morning air.

And when you have ate and drunken,
If you want a little fun,
Throw by your jacket of broadcloth
And take an uphill run.

And what with one and the other,
You will be so strong and gay,
That work will be only a pleasure
Through all the rest of the day.

And when it is time for supper
Your bread and milk will be
As sweet as a comb of honey,
Will you try my recipe?

A Fight With Rats.

During a flood on the marshes near Sittingbourne, England, a man was overtaken by the rush of tidal waters, and for safety he sought refuge in a tree. He had not been long there before he was horrified to find a number of rats swimming toward him. The rats were ferocious and excited by being driven from their haunts, and they made for the tree with a view to seeking the same shelter which the man enjoyed.

Not caring to come to close quarters with the rats, the man took off one of his heavily nailed boots, and with it he prepared to give battle. As fast as the rats came to the tree they were beaten back into the water, and so the fight continued until the creatures were either killed outright or compelled to seek a resting place elsewhere.

The victor then put on his boot, and when the waters had subsided he dropped from his perch and made the best of his way home.

Taming Humming-Birds.

My special pet is the humming-bird, and I never weary of feeding and fussing with that lovely little creature. I tame them every year, and my interest in them never flags.

Last spring my wife and I were standing on the piazza and a pair of male ruby-throats—the first arrivals—came hovering around our heads, chasing each other in seeming play, and then lighting side by side on a star jessimine vine, within a foot or two of our faces, without the slightest fear of us, which meant, of course, that they knew their ground, and when I brought out the little bottle that they always feed from, one of them came directly to it as if he had fed on it all his life. Its delightful to be remembered by the tiny creatures in this way, and nearly every season I have proof of their memory. This season at least two or three of my old pets have visited me, and all seem to be as tame as on the previous year, but the early birds that are on the migratory move I cannot induce to stay. They nearly all go further north to set up housekeeping. I never expect to keep one for any length of time until the young birds appear in the early part of June.

During the month of June this year I had two or three quite tame, but one in particular never saw me anywhere around the place but he would come hovering around me, and I never failed to take his little bottle from my pocket and give him a sip or two. I have discovered that it is best to give them but little at a time, as they are apt to over-feed themselves. I often sit on the piazza to read my paper, and when I have a tame bird I hold the bottle—with the bow attachment—so that he can sit and help himself without interfering with my reading; and this summer, as I was reading, I heard my pet as I supposed, fly up and take his seat, and I paid no attention to him for some time. I then looked up to see what he was doing, and to my surprise and delight there sat an old full-plumaged male bird—a friend of the previous year. But he never repeated his visit.—Florida correspondence, Forest and Stream.

An Alliterative Adventure.

A literative may sometimes be carried to a ridiculous excess, and many people with a liking for the curious have written whole stories or poems each word of which began with the same letter. One of our friends sends in an amusing illustration of what can be done in the way of alliterative story-telling. Following is the story, which is called: "Sam Shuns School."

Sultry September seventh Sam started seeking school. Sun shone serenely; sky soft sapphire; stream sparkled. Sam strutted, sporting Sunday suit, shoes, stockings. Soon Sam saw swallow skimming swiftly skyward. Seemingly swallow said: "Silly Sam; stay, swim, Sam." Sam sighed sadly. School suggested slate, sums, study. Sam sauntered slowly, slower; stopped suddenly; soon scudded southward speedily, shunning school. Some saucy squirrels seeing Sam scolded: "So, so, Sam's surely skipped school! Sorry sight, sorry sight! Shame! Shame!" Startled, Sam stood still. Spying squirrels shouted, slung sticks savagely. Sportive squirrels, scared, scampered.

Smiling scornfully, Sam sought shining stream. Seeing several splendid swans swimming, Sam slyly stole soft, shady seat, staring steadily. Sedate swans stemmed stream, swayed, stopped--surely superb! Suddenly Sam sneezed, spoiling silence. "Shaw!" said Sam. Swans splashing, scattered spray, swam speedily. Secondly, Sam skipped stones, sung Sunday school songs softly; soon sat still, soliloquizing, safe, snug. Silence seemed sweet. Stream smiled, slipping, sliding sleepily. Small sinner snored. Soon Sam's sister Sue, scarcely seven, strolling, saw Sam slumbering sweetly. Surprised, she said, "S-a-m, say, Sam!" Supposing schoolmaster sent Sis searching, Sam, still supremely sleepy, slapped Sue smartly. Shifting so Sam slipped, slid softly, sprawling, scrambling, snatching stones, sticks. Splash! Souse! Sam sunk, struggling stubbornly. Sister Sue screaming shrilly, sought succor successfully. She summoned Samuel Senior, seen sowing seed. Sam, striking shallow stream, started shoreward spluttering. Samuel Senior, scowling severely, shaking stiff switch, seized Sam's sleeve strongly. Sister Sue stood sniffling sheepishly. Sam stood sullen, sulking. Shoes, stockings, soaked. Sunday suit spoiled, school shunned. Such solemn situations seem sad. Surmise, severe suspense. Seconding Santiago's Spanish soldiers Sam swiftly surrendered.—Chicago Record.

Nan's Souvenir.

Nan was going to have a birthday party out at grandma's house. Ten little girls were coming to spend the afternoon and stay to supper.

There was only one thing that troubled Nan; and she went out into the kitchen, where grandma was frosting cakes the afternoon before the party, to talk about it. The cakes looked so good that Nan never could have stood it if grandma had not baked her tasters, in patty-pans, of every single kind of cake.

"Everything is too good for anything!" said Nan, leaning her elbows on the table. "Except I wish I did have silvernears for the party."

"Goodness me!" said grandma. "What's that?"

"Things for them to take away to 'member my party with for always," answered Nan. "Silvernears is the best part of a party, I think, grandma."

"Oh, yes, souvenirs—yes, I see. Well, we must see about them, then. Didn't you tell me there were twelve kittens down at the barn."

"Yessum," said Nan. "And, O grandma, you said they'd have to go, some of them anyway, cause the farm was getting overrun with cats. But, grandma, you wouldn't say so if you could see them once; they are the sweetest, cunningest, dearest"—

"Yes," said grandma, calmly; "they always are. But why not give them to the party for souvenirs?"

"O grandma, you are the dearest! You always think of the perfectest things! Of course, there'll be one apiece, and two for me; and you don't mind the two for me, do you, grandma."

And of course grandma said she didn't mind.

So the next day, when the ten little guests went away, after having the most charming time, they each took with them a kitten, in a box with slats fixed so that it could breathe. And, after they were all gone, Nan went down to the barn. When she came back, she looked very sober.

"I wouldn't have thought," she remarked, "that I could have felt so lonely without those ten kittens. I hope I'm not getting selfish."

And grandma smiled.

The next day grandma was upstairs when she heard Nan calling. And then, running up the stairs, accompanied by a chorus of mewing, she burst into the room, her cheeks very red and her eyes very bright, with ten boxes piled up in her arms.

"O grandma," she cried, "the party all came back, and brought their silvernears. They said their mammas said they were just as much obliged, but they had so many kittens now they do not really need any more; and say, O grandma, don't you think we can keep them now?"

And of course grandma, when she got through laughing, said "Yes."—Churchman.

Her Idea of Him.

"Here's an article for a woman," he said, "on 'How to Make Yourself Attractive to a Man.'"

"Before or after marriage?" she inquired, thinking it was about time to have a little sport with him.

"After, of course," he replied, promptly. "No woman ever loses the knack until after she marries."

No doubt he was, as she said, "a mean old thing."—Chicago Post.

Bones of Mammoths in the Klondike.

Alexander Stafford of Lethbridge, Alberta, who has just returned from the Klondike, reports the finding on his claim of several tusks and bones of mammoths and mastodons. One pair of tusks was nearly ten feet long and seven inches in diameter. The socket of a hip bone was eight inches across the top.

ODD FILIPINO CUSTOMS.

DEVIL DANCE FOR THE EXORCISM OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Belief in Witches and Demons Still Cherished—Modern Jacobs and Rachels—Buddhist Theory That the Soul Goes Cavorting Around Nights—Other Facts.

An English physician now living in London, who has spent many years on the island of Luzon in the Philippines, relates these superstitions and customs which prevail among the less enlightened Filipinos.

"Many of those who conform outwardly to the rights of the church," he said, "still cherish a belief in witches and demons. They believe that witches congregate at the birth of children and watch an opportunity to snatch the soul of the new-born infant. When a birth takes place the room is hermetically sealed not so much as a crack of the door or window being left open, because to do that would be to allow the entrance of the patianac, or witch, who is supposed to be able to get through the smallest hole. If the attending midwife has occasion to believe that the witches are actually at work a charge of gunpowder is blown off in the room to frighten them away.

"When the child thus bewitched is born it is placed in a draught of air in an open door or window so that the witches may have a chance to escape and the exorcism begins. Three witch candles are placed upon the little face—one on each cheek and another on the chin. These are lighted and allowed to burn until they are almost consumed. Though the child sometimes gets badly burned in the process, such an accident is considered of small account so long as the witch is expelled.

"The Filipinos have some curious customs in regard to courtship and marriage. They believe that the odor imparted to the clothing by the body has power to excite love. Those who wish to attract some one of the opposite sex will scheme to bring that person in contact with some article of clothing which has been worn by themselves. When plighted lovers are obliged to separate for a time they exchange garments with each other. The believe that by this means faithfulness is assured. So keen is the sense of smell among the Filipinos that they can tell to whom any article belongs by merely smelling of it. There is a peculiar manner of kissing in vogue among many of these tribes. Instead of touching lips they press the nose against the cheek of the person they wish to caress and draw a long, deep breath.

"There are many modern Jacobs and Rachels among the Filipinos, for it is a custom for the prospective bridegroom to serve for a time in the household of the bride's father, if he has not money enough to make a cash payment for the bride.

"One of their most interesting superstitions is the belief that the soul of a man leaves his body during sleep and goes forth on some mysterious errand of its own. This belief was doubtless borrowed from the Buddhists, and one can offer no greater insult to a Filipino than to step over him when he lies asleep, which, according to his idea, is getting between his body and his absent soul.

"The islanders have many superstitions in regard to bats, animals and reptiles. The huge caymans, which abound in the Philippine rivers, fill them with a peculiar horror. They believe that the caymans are always on the lookout for those who have sworn falsely or broken their promises, and almost any native can tell wonderful stories about the terrible fate which has overtaken liars who have fallen into the jaws of the cayman.

"The old belief, so common in Asia and elsewhere, that certain sounds have power over non-human presences is cherished by the natives of the Philippines, and several of their most powerful incantations are said to be preserved in secret manuscripts, but though the Spanish clergy have tried every means to procure these books of the devil, as they call them, their efforts have been unrewarded, and the dreaded formulæ still remain the secrets of the native priests.

"One of their customs is the devil dance for the exorcism of evil spirits. If an epidemic of smallpox, cholera or other disease occurs in a village the mischief is at once attributed to some evil spirit which has taken up its abode in a neighboring banyan tree. The particular tree inhabited by the devil is determined upon by the native priest, and on the night appointed for the exorcism the entire population of the village marches to the spot, bearing sacrificial meats and spices. They form a circle round the banyan tree and await the coming of the priest. Presently a strange-looking figure appears, clad in a long, flowing gown, and with a high, peaked red hat upon his head. Then a din begins, and the tomtoms and other barbaric instruments make night hideous. The priest takes his place in the centre of the circle, occasionally brandishing his great, curved sacrificial knife, and now and then striking the strings of his bow, which adds its deep, booming sound to the noise of the tomtoms and drums. Swaying slowly to and fro, he gradually works himself up into a state of frenzy, all the time crooning to himself strange melodies. As his movements become faster and more frenzied the noise of the tomtoms increases. Suddenly the priest leaps into the air and proclaims himself to be a god, and the wild devil dance begins. The assembled natives offer their sacrifices and pray aloud to be delivered from the evil spirit. The dancing priest becomes more and more excited and slashes his body with the sacrificial knife. The sight of his own blood seems to madden him still further, and he shrieks and dances on till nature calls a halt and he sinks to the ground in a swoon. After a few moments of utter prostration he rises from the ground, washes away the blood from his body and goes quietly on his way. The evil spirit has been driven out of the banyan tree and the dance ends."

Castilian Cuisine.

The commercial exodus to Cuba is apt to result in familiarizing Americans with bona fide Spanish cooking, something seldom seen in this country. Oil and pepper are the two things that especially characterize the Castilian cuisine. One of the favorite dishes in Cuba is "tasajo," which is simply dried meat, cooked with tomatoes, red peppers and onions. "Tripa a la Andaluza" is another preparation frequently seen. As the name indicates, the basis is boiled tripe, which is cooked with beans and potatoes, and always served with the small, red Spanish sausage known as "butafarra Catalina." A similar sausage, only black, is known as "butafarra Astoriana." "Chile con carne," which everybody eats, is nothing more than a thick stew of beef (carne) and beans seasoned with chiles. Spanish "tortillas" are corn cakes flavored with red peppers, and differ from the Mexican tortilla in that the latter, when properly made, are rolled in chopped vegetables. A salad, a la Espanola, is prepared of lettuce and celery, with a few sliced tomatoes and peppers. Served with French dressing it is very good. The Spanish soups are, as a rule, a little too heavy for the American taste, which runs more toward the consomme. They are thick decoctions, full of vegetables and look frightfully greasy. Soup, however, does not have the important role among the Spaniards that it plays in French domestic economy, and is an article of secondary importance. The dishes named are pretty apt to appear ere long on home menus, and it is interesting to know in advance what they are composed of.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Tomb of the Mahdi.

The tomb of the Mahdi, which was partly destroyed by the Sirdar's artillery for the purpose of impressing the Dervishes with the fact that it was vulnerable, is a stupendous building. It is treated as a sacred place, as honor of the Mahdi is made a part of the religion of the Khalifa and his followers. It is situated in Omdurman, near the river bank, and the Khalifa had the foundation laid with great ceremony, he turning the first sod. The building is thirty feet high, and square, thirty feet each way. The stone for its construction was brought from Khartoum. Above the square building rises a hexagonal wall fifteen feet high, and from this a dome rises forty feet, while there are four smaller domes on the corners of the main building. It is furnished with ten large, arched windows and two doors. In the hexagonal part are six skylight windows. The whole is whitewashed and surrounded by a fence of trellis work. Directly beneath the dome, and over the Mahdi's grave, a wooden sarcophagus is erected, covered with black cloth. On the sides of the wall candelabra are hung, and at the end of a long chain from the centre of the dome is pendant an immense chandelier taken from the government palace in Khartoum. A few yards from the building is a small cistern used for ablutions of visitors. It is called altogether Kubbet el Mahdi—"the Mahdi's tomb."

Ship in Port From Manila.

After an eventful trip of 140 days, in which she experienced much stormy weather, the big British ship Dalcairnie, the first vessel to reach this port from Manila since the war with Spain began, came up the Delaware a few days ago.

Considerable interest surrounds the Dalcairnie, from the fact that when Dewey's fleet entered the harbor of Manila on Sunday, May 1, she was loading with hemp and after the sinking of the Spanish fleet she sailed with a half cargo consigned to cordage works in this city.

In addition to 10,998 bales of hemp, the Dalcairnie has on board many interesting relics. The most notable of these are two cannons which were sent to this country by Consul-General Williams. One of them is from the Maria Christina, Admiral Montejo's flagship, the other from the United States steamship Baltimore, and is intended for the Monumental city. The gun from the Maria Christina is to be placed among other relics in the National museum at Washington, D. C.

Pumice-Stone Boat.

A lifeboat made of pumice-stone has been tested. It continued afloat with a load even when full of water.

Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He said he put in the best part of his life in gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half in spending dollars to get back health. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health to the overtired body and brain. It gets at the starting point—the stomach—and overcomes nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and indigestion.

Fowls are plucked alive in the public markets in England.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists

Everywhere in life the true question is not what we gain, but what we do.

Catarrh Cured

Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Health is Good.

"I was troubled for a long time with catarrh and a bad feeling in my head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me a world of good. My sufferings from catarrh are over and my health is good." Mrs. A. A. Libby, Pownal, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Choctalk.

Choctalk is, in two principal respects, a perfectly secret language. It is absolute jargon to the untaught listener, and it is fairly easy to learn if one is possessed of common-sense and a little patience. But though choctalk is learned or taught viva voce without difficulty, yet since it is almost impossible as a written language, it is extremely hard to explain it in print.

But if one cares enough to learn it to study the directions carefully, after he has mastered it, he will have no trouble in teaching his friends, and the fun of using it will amply repay him.

Firstly, then, each word of choctalk is an indication of the English word which it represents, and is accomplished in the following manner: The first letter of the English word is pronounced, not sounded, but given its full name as in the alphabet. If the initial letter of a word is c, say see; if it is h, say aitch; if w, say double-you; if a, say a. After the initial letter is pronounced, sound all the other consonants in the word, omitting entirely the vowels.—Harper's Round Table.

"I DO MY OWN WORK."

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochiette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop.

"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued.

"After a time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, in despair, I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by its use.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me.

"I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more, I am sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine.

"I shall use my influence with any one suffering as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the sympathetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her your ills.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH.
2820 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
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