

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SOMERSAULT DOGS.

How They Are Trained to Do This Amazing and Difficult Trick.

Although it is by no means an uncommon thing to see dogs throw somersaults after command in stage performances, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that few people know how such animals can be taught such difficult feat.

As there is more than one way of cooking a goose, so there is more than one way of training a dog to throw somersaults. But the most practical and thorough manner is to fasten a cord around the body of the animal—close to the fore legs—and the dog should hold the end of the cord in its mouth. A third party, armed with a stout rope, takes a position immediately in front of the canine acrobat and with a flourish and masterly stroke flings the dog in the air.

At each stroke of the rope the dog springs backward, and that movement is the trick which the dog is to perform. As the dog springs backward the rope passing under the dog's body is pulled quickly upward, and although the first few attempts may prove futile, the somersault is acquired in course of time. The intelligent dog soon tires of the order of things and throws somersaults without the assistance of ropes.

When Auntie Cut His Hair.



This little boy has done his best. He has cut his hair as short as he can. He is now a little boy.



And now the boy is full of gloom. His hair is short, and he is a little boy.

Deputy and His Sister. Admiral Dewey spent his younger days at Norwich, Vt. All the old residents of that place New England always remember him. As a lad Dewey had a most congenial companion in his sister, now Mrs. Dewey. They were fine, vigorous children, with a large amount of courage and imagination. They delighted in dangerous adventures. They were fond of making believe that the boy was some mythical hero and the girl a forlorn heroine who was to be rescued by a sea monster. They put into their play some very realistic action. A neighbor who watched the scene said: "I saw Mary with out into the river where the water was high. I asked what the water was, and the little girl, with a charming lip, said: 'I was being rescued from a ferocious alligator by my brother George, who came just in time to save me!'"

The Dancing Figures. Years ago I read a description of a game which was always a source of fun on rainy days. Take a pane of glass—a broken one will do—and secure it by placing the ends between the leaves of two large books, setting the glass between two of these books from the table. Cut from lightweight writing paper or, better still, from tissue paper, dolls, dogs and other figures. Place them on the table beneath the glass. Rub the glass vigorously with a silk handkerchief, and the figures will cut all kinds of antics.

Hints on Conduct. As you enter upon life choose your friends as you would choose guides on the borders of a wilderness. Friends trace their path and determine the path, which most of us follow.

There is a distinct difference—all the difference, in fact, between sense and nonsense—between ability to converse well and ability to chatter incessantly. If you light your lamp by another's torch, do not forget that the light you borrowed is the light you owe. Forward.

Her Best Behavior. "Now, dear," said mamma to little Flo, "the Andrews is coming to see me this afternoon, so you must be on your best behavior and come into the drawing room."

"Mummy," said Flo to her mother half an hour later, "the Andrews is coming to see me, but I've put on my best pinafore and wash. I really think that it does as pretty as any pink."

Frozen Butterflies. It is a common experience among mountaineers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies, on being taken to a warmer climate, recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the north pole.

Yeuknow

The Xmas presents have to be bought—you will find a good assortment of Fancy Lamps and China. Also a full line of Dinner Sets, \$5.50 and upwards. Tea Sets \$2.50. Chamber Sets \$1.80. They are low in price. Call and see them.

Our Xmas Fruits are in:

- 3 lb. Selected Raisins..... 25c
- 3 lb. New Currants..... 25c
- 1 lb. Mixed Peels..... 25c
- Bare Lard, per lb..... 9c
- Mixed Candy 7 lb., 4 lbs. for..... 25c

—AT THE—

Golden Star, Park St., East

John McConnell

Goods Delivered

SCARCITY OF IPECAC.

It is a Sovereign Emetic for all Children

It Grows in Rio and in Brazil but the Importation of the Drug from the Latter Place is Prohibited.

Ipecac, that sovereign emetic for children, is becoming scarce. The Rio variety is well known to the drug trade here, while the importation of the Carthagena variety is prohibited by the customs authorities of Brazil. But the increasing scarcity of the Rio variety has directed attention to the Carthagena or New Granada root which, in appearance, does not materially differ from the Brazilian root excepting that the rings which characterize ipecac are less conspicuous. It is in its physiological effects that the Carthagena ipecac is supposed to differ from the Brazilian variety, the former containing less "emetine" than the latter and acting on its activity more to the active principle "cephaline," which is understood to have a different action from that of emetine. The prohibition of Carthagena ipecac is no doubt justifiable in view of the danger information regarding the physiological action of the drug as compared with Rio ipecac, on which the efficacy of ipecac as a therapeutic agent is based. It is surprising that physiological research to determine the action of cephaline, the alkaloid which distinguishes the Carthagena variety, has not been undertaken earlier. In this respect the history of the two varieties of ipecacuanha is in contrast with that of many other remedies which have been the subject of pharmacological study.

Ipecacuanha is a low, creeping, perennial plant, growing wild in Brazil, having a faint, peculiar odor and a bitter, subacid, nauseous taste, the root of which is largely used as an emetic. This root is small and wrinkled, being marked by regular protuberances or rings. Since the collection of rubber in Brazil has assumed such proportions that gathering and preparing roots for the market have abandoned the latter occupation for the former, which is more profitable and less laborious. The result has been to curtail greatly the supply of ipecacuanha, in fact, practically none is gathered.

The possibility of an earlier scarcity of the drug was foreseen by the United States dealers, who, says The Pittsburg Dispatch, have almost a monopoly of the market. Prices have been advancing steadily for 10 years. In 1883 the price a pound was \$1.25, but now it is \$4.25. In view of the great increase in price the Brazilian gatherers might, for a time, find the gathering of ipecac a more profitable employment than the collection of rubber.

Do you make "game" of a man who makes him "quail"? Iowa city has got water that is fit to drink by boring four hundred feet for it.

Carnations
AND...
Chrysanthemums

Are now in bloom for
Xmas
At The Central Green Houses

Adelaide St. 2 doors North of Park St.
Our funeral designs cannot be surpassed in the city.

YOUNG MEN WANTED
Wanted—Young men to learn barber trade. Only eight weeks required, position guaranteed. Write for circular and other information.
MICHIGAN BARBER COLLEGE,
55 1/2 Cadillac Square,
Detroit, Mich.

NOON TIDE.

From portals that glowed with the rarest splendor,
Sailed the sunbeams and the moon,
She came and passed in her grace so tender,
And noontide hangs in the silent sky.

The butterflies flit in the drowsy weather
Hither and yon in a merry way,
Or dreamily fan their wings together
To the hum of the loveliest of the day.

In signal courses the wings shimmer,
Fervid and faint in the pallid moon,
The sun leaves off and the poplars glimmer
And drowsily wait for the south wind's boom.

Aid airy and white as a wing drifts over,
Flit and fair in the silent blue,
A ghost of a cloud, through holes of clover
His shadow is trailing slowly through.

The poplars leave in the silent quiver,
Restless in slumber, while all things seem—
The birds and the bees and the shaded river—
Lapped in the haze of a noontide dream.

—Benjamin F. Lippert in Youth's Companion.

BEYOND THE GREEN
BAIZE DOOR

A Wife Forces Her Husband's Secret Chamber and Makes a Discovery.

There was mystery beyond the green baize door, tangible or intangible no body knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of the door which shut his private room at Messrs. Blakely & Stephens' bank from the narrow passage connecting it with the general offices.

Mr. Blakely was sole proprietor of the bank, which was the only one in the town and showed every semblance of the soundest financial basis.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of eccentricities. The chief fault the bank staff found with him were his indefatigability and that whenever there was business to be done in London—selling or buying stock, buying cash, etc.—he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the head cashier, who was away on a short holiday, one morning in September, when one of our clients entered the counting house.

"Mr. Boynton, look here," he said, slipping a crown piece upon the counter. "Where did you get it?"

"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?"

"Yes, look at the edge. It's quite smooth."

I passed him two half crowns, and as he went away I slipped the crown into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity, but later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed it to him.

"Curious," he muttered. "One of an experimental mint, no doubt, for it's dated 1896. Do you think we've any others similar?"

"No, I have been through them."

"Strange! Well, I'll keep it. It is probably unique."

I was disappointed with his decision. As I wanted the coin myself, however, to protect it from the hands of others, I turned up an hour or so before lunch on that day.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside the bank. Now, she drove up in her carriage, came in proudly and asked for Mr. Blakely.

I replied that if she would step into the waiting room I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private room. I am Mrs. Blakely," she said hastily.

"I recognized you, madam," I replied. "But the rule is that all visitors who ever they may be, are to be shown into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will interview them."

"Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "Such rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage, is it not?"

"You are putting me in an awkward position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the green baize door."

"Ah!" Her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green baize door which no one approaches?"

When Mr. Blakely came he did so in his habitual leisurely manner, and he walked into the waiting room, leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Blakely," she said haughtily. "I have been insulted by one of your clerks. Since when has your wife been denied the right to enter your private room?"

"Ever since she wrongly assumed that she had such a right. My wife's clerks have their orders; they obey them. You cannot blame them for upholding rules I myself have framed. What do you want? I am very busy this morning. The market is very unsteady just now."

"Tell me, Richard, had you known I was coming would you have allowed your clerk to deny me access to your private room?" Mrs. Blakely inquired.

WHY HE WAS ANXIOUS

An Amusing Story of a French Editor's Interest in his Serial Contributor.

He wanted him to Run no Chances While his Story Remained Unfinished

One of the stories of the late Victor Cherbuliez, the French-Swiss man of letters, illustrates finely the true spirit of the publisher. Balzac, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly every other year a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical.

The guests had been out for a walk, and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them, and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

This reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it with gusto.

Thereupon Balzac showed sudden and intense alarm.

"Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!"

Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Poor Authors. Here is an interesting leaf from an author's diary:

"Sold one poem and had five returned. Made almost enough to pay the butcher."

"Sold a short story and came within an ace of making enough to pay \$10 on the grocery bill."

"Wrote an obituary on an ancient citizen and had Maria's shoes mended with the proceeds."

"I must try and write enough tonight to buy a gallon of kerosene oil."

An author, being hard pressed by his creditors, wrote to an editor for whom he had done some work:

"Please send check at once, as my gas bill is due."

The candid editor replied in this brief fashion:

"So is mine. God help us all!"—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Not Tactful. Some one asked Archbishop Langley of England once what fact was. "Well," replied the archbishop, "it is difficult to say what it is. Here, however, is an instance of what it is not: Only this morning a clergyman in my diocese wrote to me, 'In consideration of your place to many infirmities and failing powers. That was not tactful!'"

Necessary to Warn Her. "When you get your groceries today," said the butcher to his wife, "don't go to that little grocer next door to my shop."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because he sent in yesterday and borrowed an old pair of my scales."

The One Flaw. "Don't you think Broughne is a perfect gentleman?"

"He would be if he didn't know it!"—INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL.

The earliest pottery which printed designs of American subjects was made at Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors, great actions are their eloquence.

The luxuries of life are the things we don't really need.

It is a busy man who does half as much as he intends to.

Many a man's reputation for goodness is founded upon his ability to conceal his badness.

A traveler says his play about the same part in a railway sandwich that truth does in a horse trade.

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in quality—the most economical for every use.

That Surprise way of washing—gives the

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weary work—much wear and tear.

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The "Slater Shoe" is designed in the twelve foot-fitting

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not the man you should be. If you are feeling tired and overworked, nervous, irritable, weak

back, you know the cause. Consult us privately before it is too late. We guarantee you a

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