

The

Children's Page

THE BEST HOUR.

"Get down on the floor here, daddy, Get down on the floor and play."

Then overboard goes the paper, And down on the floor goes daddy;

Yea, rolls with the babe and tumbles, And grumbles, and haws and gees,

And, oh, but that ship is careful; The waves may foam and curl;

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming, When labor is put aside

A JOLLY GAME.

Sometimes when Mother goes away, Father and I have such good play.

Why, even when it's time for bed, He lets me play at making bread.

(We laugh and try to fool each other, Making believe we don't miss Mother!)

I play the flour is Arctic snows, And my two hands are Eskimos

Building a little hut or trail, Then we take water from the pail

And make a soft and plumpy dough; I pat it, and I knead it—so.

Then father laughs, and shakes his head, And says, "That's funny-looking bread!"

And I laugh back at him and say: "The chickens like it, anyway!"

Father and I are truly chums; (But, my we're glad when mother comes!)

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods! Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes Where the swift wings glance and the tree-tops toss;

Spaces where myriads of creatures throng Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods, Far from the city's dust and din,

Where passion nor hate nor man intrude, Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.

Deeper than the hunter's trail hath gone, Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;

And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn To look at herself o'er the grassy brink.

A MODERN GRANDMOTHER.

I want to see a grandmother like those there used to be, In a cosy little farm house, where I could go to tea;

A grandmother with spectacles and a funny, frilly cap, Who would make me sugar cookies

And tell me lots of stories of the days when she was small, When everything was perfect—not like to-day at all.

My grandmother is "grandma," and she lives in a hotel, And when they ask "What is his age?"

She says she doesn't care to realize that she is growing old; Then whispers—"But you're far too big a boy for me to hold."

Her dresses shine and rustle, and her hair is wavy brown, And she has an automobile, that she steers, herself, down town.

My grandmother is pretty, "Do I love her?" Rather—yes; Our Nora calls her stylish, and on the whole I guess

She's better than the other kind, for once when I was ill She helped my mother nurse me, and read to me until

Yet, because I've never seen one, just once I want to see A real old-fashioned grandmother, like those there used to be.

—Helen Leah Reed in the Delineator.

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THE CARROLL TWINS.

The Carroll twins were a pretty pair of little boys, who looked so much alike that their mother had been known to mistake one for the other.

The Other Twin was not quick enough to escape a long arm that reached right through the hedge and clutched him.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the Other Twin, tremblingly. The woman stared at him. There were no cherries in his hand, no stains on his lips.

"The face I saw above the hedge looked exactly like yours," said the woman. "Are you sure you didn't pick any?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the Other Twin, and he seemed so honest that the woman believed him.

"Yes, ma'am," came truthfully from the frightened twin. "Well, I wish I'd caught the right one," said the woman, and then she let the Other Twin go.

When the Twin-with-a-Dimple heard his brother's story, he told him he must go back and explain to the cherry woman.

"So the Twin-with-a-Dimple said to the woman: 'I am sorry I picked that bunch of cherries. I didn't stop to think that they belonged to anybody. I will pay you for them as soon as I can earn some pennies.'"

"But you just told me it wasn't you who did it!" exclaimed the cherry woman. "No, ma'am—yes, ma'am, I mean," stammered the Twin-with-a-Dimple, "that was my brother."

"Oh, it was your brother that took them, was it?" "No, ma'am," and the Twin-with-a-Dimple, struggled hard rat to show it. "I mean I picked the cherries. My brother has gone on the errand, and I have come back to tell you how sorry I am."

"But why didn't you say so?" she asked. "Because I wasn't here. It wasn't I before," and his dimple showed prettily now. "You see, we look just alike."

"I declare! Are you the Carroll twins?" "Yes, ma'am, we are." "Well, well! You're a real little gentleman to come and own up. I wonder if you wouldn't pick some cherries for me. If you will, you may have all you can eat."

So, when the Other Twin came back he found his brother up in the tree; and for the first time they had all the cherries they wanted.—Emma G. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

MATWOCK THE BEAR.

Matwock, the huge polar bear, drifted down from the Arctic on an iceberg and landed one spring night in the fog, at Little Harbor Home on the east Newfoundland coast.

It seemed a colossal fatality, that iceberg. The fishermen had just brought their families back from the winter lodge in the woods, and had made their boats ready to go out on the hook-and-line grounds, for a few fresh cod to keep themselves alive.

Then a heavy fog shut in, and in the midst of the fog the iceberg came blundering into the tackle, and touched the bottom. It might stay a month, or it might drift on the next tide. Meanwhile the fishermen were helpless as flies in a bottle, for the iceberg corked the harbor mouth and not even a punt could get out or in.

Old Tomah came that day from his hunting camp far away in the interior. Grown tired of eating bear meat and smoking willow-bark, he had brought some otter skins to trade for pork and tobacco. But the fishermen were themselves at the point of starvation. So Tomah, taking his own skins, started back to his own camp.

He first climbed the highest hill to get his bearings. He was watching the iceberg with silent, Indian intensity when a mass of overhanging ice crashed down on the rocks. Something stirred in a deep cave thus laid open; the next instant his keen eyes made out the figure of a huge bear rocking his head up and down as the smell of the village drifted out of the harbor to his hungry nostrils.

Tomah came down the hill to leave a warning at the little store before he started inland on his long tramp. Matwock, the bear, landed from the iceberg as soon as it was dark, and made straight for the village. For months he had been adrift in the open sea without food, while the great berg drifted southward over the mist-

shrouded ocean. Most of the time he had slept, going back to the old bear habit of hibernation to save his strength, but when the berg grounded and the wind brought the smell of fish and living animals to his nostrils, he sprang up ravenously hungry. Straight and swift he followed his nose, ready to seize the first food, living or dead, that lay in his path.

On the outskirts of the village he came upon a huge dead-fall which the men had made hurriedly at Tomah's suggestion. The bait was a lot of offal—bones and fish skins tied together with cod-line; and the fall-log was the stump of a big mast made heavier still by rocks lashed on with cables. Matwock entered the pen, grabbed the bait, and thud! down came the weighted log.

Now, a black bear would have been caught across the small of the back and his spine cracked, but Matwock was altogether too big. With a roar of rage he dashed the pen aside and charged straight through the village, knocking to pieces the pens and fish-flakes that stood in his path.

Matwock went back to his cave angry and sore, yet with a strange timidity at heart from the first experience in the abodes of men. Down on a shelf of ice, two small seals had floundered out, fat and heavy with food. The presence of his favorite game in the strange land turned Matwock's thoughts from the village of men into which he had blundered. No boats came in and out to disturb him so he kept his abode in the ice cavern which was safe and warm, and out of which he wandered daily up and down the rocky coast.

So Matwock lived and hunted for a week, growing fat and contented again. Then the seal vanished on one of the migrations and for a week more he hunted without a mouthful. One night, when he returned late to the cave, the great berg had broken from its anchorage and drifted away, and from the harbor the smell of fresh fish drifted into his hungry nostrils. For the day had been sunny and calm, and the starving fishermen had slipped out to the hook-and-line grounds and brought back exultingly the first cod of the season.

Again Matwock came ashore, tired as he was after an all day's swim, and entered the village, rummaging the wharves and sheds boldly and leaving his great footprints at every door. When he had eaten everything in sight, he headed down the long harbor arm, drawn still by the smell of the fish.

Late at night old Tomah appeared with his otter skins and a haunch of down at the bottom of Long Arm. It was mid-night when they had smoked a pipe of Tomah's dried willow-bark, and traded the scant news from the two ends of the wilderness, and turned in to sleep.

A terrible racket in the shed aroused them—whack! bang! bang! thump! Tomah tumbled out of his caribou skins just as a barrel was flung against the door with a force that made it shiver. In the appalling silence that followed he heard the sound of some huge beast crunching the cod-fish between his jaws.

Tomah had brought his gun this time. He stole to the door and opened it cautiously, pushing the gun barrel out ahead of him. A huge white beast turned swiftly. Tomah poked the muzzle of the gun into it and pulled the trigger. There was a deafening roar; the door was slammed back in the face of the old Indian with a force that sent him sprawling on his back.

When he scrambled to his feet, his ears ringing, his nose filled with pungent smoke, there lay Matwock at the end of his long trail. He was lying as if asleep, his great paws outstretched across the threshold, his head resting heavily between them. The tail of the last codfish stuck out of a corner of his mouth.

"Plenty meat here," said Tomah, "oh, plenty," as he dragged the great head aside and shut the door and rolled up in his caribou skins for another nap.

TEDDY'S CHERRY PIE.

It certainly was a delicious pie, and the best of it was that Teddy himself had helped to make it. Every cherry that went into it had been stoned by his stubby little fingers, and when the top crust had been laid carefully in place mamma had allowed him to crimp the edges with a fork before putting it in the big hot oven.

For the next half hour Teddy hovered around, waiting for the moment when mother would pronounce the pie "done," and when it did come out of the oven with its flaky crust baked to a golden brown, and delightful little tricklings of crimson juice escaping from the tiny holes stuck in the top, Teddy thought there had never been another so tempting.

"I hope there will be enough to go round," he said, somewhat anxiously. "It seems as though it wasn't as big as when you put it in the oven."

His mother laughed as she placed it on the pantry shelf to cool, and told him that she thought his appetite had grown, and that there was no danger but that he would get as much as was good for him.

Teddy walked slowly out on the porch and sat down on the top step. Somehow, he didn't feel like going very far away from that pie. He wondered if his cousin Dorothy, who was coming to dine with him, was fond of cherry pie. Perhaps, as she was just getting over the measles, she ought not to have a very big piece. He wondered, too, if it would be polite for him to have two pieces, and he thought that perhaps he would rather have the extra piece and not be quite so polite. Hark! What was that noise? Supposing the cat should get into the pantry! He thought he had better go and see.

Now, what do you suppose made him open and shut the door so softly and tip-toe across the kitchen floor in such a quiet way?

It seemed strange, because Teddy was rather a noisy little boy, and his way through the house was usually marked by a series of bangs and thumps.

Perhaps he wanted to surprise pussy. Do you suppose that was the reason? But no pussy was there, and the pie was safe where mamma had left it.

It surely was a delightful pie. How well he had crimped the crust—almost as well as mamma. "But no, stop! There was a place where the edges were not quite together. Of course mamma would like to have the pie look well, with company to dinner. He tried to press them closer, but they would not meet."

Perhaps there were too many cherries in it? What should he do? Ah, Teddy! Didn't something whisper to you that the thing to do was to hurry right out of that pantry, quick?

Suddenly a chubby hand reached out and a little finger disappeared into the pie, and when it came out two rosy cherries came with it, and were popped into a mouth as rosy as themselves.

One, two, three times it went in, before Teddy felt sure that the edges would meet, and then he hastily pinched them together and slipped away, with a little guilty feeling tugging at his heart. This was soon forgotten, however, in the bustle caused by the arrival of his aunt and cousin, and not until dessert was served did he think about what he had done.

But when Molly came in with the pie he remembered. Somehow, it didn't look quite so tempting.

There was that little guilty feeling tugging at his heart again, and then suddenly he started! What was mamma saying to Aunt Lizzie? Teddy could hardly believe his ears, and yet he had distinctly heard her say, "Teddy had a finger in this pie!" and every one was looking at him and smiling, and, oh, how dreadful it was!

Teddy's face grew scarlet, and sliding down from his chair, before any one could speak, he ran out of the room and up the stairs to his own little room, where he hid his hot face in the cool pillow, wishing he might never have to take it out again.

How had she found out? Did mothers know everything? And then to tell it right before Aunt Lizzie and Dorothy! He felt that he could never look them in the face again.

When his mother came upstairs in search of him she found a very much ashamed little boy, who, however, bravely told the whole story, and what do you suppose mamma did? Why, she laughed and laughed at first—she couldn't help it—and then she told him that it was his own little guilty conscience that had put such a meaning into her words, for that she had meant only that he had helped her make the pie. And then, of course, she forgave him, as mothers always do when little boys are sorry. But when grandma heard about it she told him the story of "Meddlesome Matty."—Pauline Frances Camp in S. S. Times.

THE EMPEROR'S DOG.

Several years ago one of the striking figures in the Russian palace at Gatchina was Peter, the great Danish hound that stretched his powerful form in the hall leading to the private apartments of the Czar. This great dog is said to have been the largest of his species in the world, and was presented to the Czarina by her father. It is said that the Czar took a liking to the animal from the start and never went any long journey without his company.

Having but little confidence in those about him, he seemed to centre his faith in the dog as a guardian of unflinching fidelity, and the dog apparently reciprocated the attachment. At one time, when Nihilist rumors were rife and documents of a threatening nature found their way to the very table of the Czar's private cabinet, the autocrat of all the Russias permitted the hound to sleep in the hall adjoining the bedroom. For some unexplained reason the dog became very suspicious of one of the guardsmen and growled continuously when this man was put on duty as sentinel in the palace. Nothing could be shown and nothing was suspected against the man, but to satisfy the dog he was withdrawn from sentry duty. —Sacred Heart Review.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

"Fortune," said a man the other day, "comes to different people in different ways. I know a man who is now about as well fixed as most men would want to be, whose luck came to him in helping a man on with an overcoat."

"He was a page-boy then in an hotel, and one day a big man, who was big and prosperous financially as well as physically, and who had just got his overcoat out of the coat room, turned to him and said: 'Here, boy, help me on with this coat,' at the same time tossing the big overcoat to him and turning away. The boy was not big enough to do it, but this was just the big man's little joke, for he was a good-natured man; but the next minute the big man felt his coat going up on his

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shoulders all right. Turning around, he saw the youngster stepping down from a chair which had been standing near, and which the lad had grabbed on to the minute the man turned his back.

This tickled the big man very much and he took the small boy into his office and practically the boy's fortune was made from that minute, for he had the stuff in him to make good, as well as the brains to meet his luck half-way when it came."

A HIGH WIND.

Nellie and some of her friends had just washed their dollies' clothes and hung them on the little line in the yard.

"How clean our clothes look!" exclaimed Olive. "It seems like being grown-up women to have these darling clothes-pins and that little basket; but we want a clothespot, too. I'll run home and get papa's old cane for that."

No sooner was the cane brought and placed under the line than some little boys ran out of the yard.

"Let's plague the girls and pull all these clothes off the line," said Tom. "All right," answered the others. And in a few minutes the rude boys had thrown the dollies' clean skirts and dresses into the mud of the yard.

Of course the little girls felt ever so bad to see the dainty garments in the dirty mud puddles; but what do you suppose they did? Just guess.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

A peanut Chinaman, easily made by small fingers, is a funny ornament for the nursery curtain. Sketch a face upon the peanut with ink and attach a cue (of braided black linen thread) to the top.

Cut a tiny circle of red cloth for a hat, and draw through it a black thread to suspend him by. Make two green or blue trouser legs four inches long and two inches wide, fastening these to the lower part of the peanut head. Gather the bottom of the trouser legs around small peanuts (black) for the feet. Make a green or bright blue saccue, gathered about the neck, four inches wide by seven inches long with two-inch square sleeves cut in, into which tiny peanuts are thrust for hands.

TO FIND FISHING BAIT.

The boy wanted some worms for bait. He had selected a promising spot, a shady and low-lying dell, but though he had been digging now for fifteen minutes, not a single worm had his spade turned up.

"Here, sonny," said an old angler, "take this chunk of soap and make me a quart or two of soap-suds."

The boy brought the suds, the old man sprinkled them over the ground, and then he, in his turn, began to dig. It was amazing. Here, where the boy before had not found a single worm, the old man now discovered them in dozens.

"You can find worms 'most anywhere, sonny," said the old man, "if you wet the ground with soap-suds. The soap-suds draws them, the same as moasses draws flies. A weak mixture of blue vitrol and water will do the same thing also."

RIDDLES.

What mostly resembles a cat's tail? A kitten's tail. Which is one of the longest words in the English language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and the last letters.

Why is an egg a colt? Because it isn't fit for use till it's broken. What pain do we make light of? Window pane.

When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it is a bad one. What is an old lady in the middle of a river like? Like to be drowned. On which side of the pitcher is the handle? Outside.

How many peas in a pint? One p. What is the difference between a person late for the train and a school-mistress? One misses the train, the other trains the misses.

When is a baby not a baby? When it's a little bare. Why did the coal scuttle? Because the chimney flue.

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MRS. MURAL'S HIRED MAN.

"Please, Mrs. Mural, have you found a man to do your work yet?" asked Ben, in what he thought was a very grown-up tone.

"No, sonny," said the old lady, pleasantly, "men seem to be very scarce just now. Do you know of any one wanting such a place?"

"Yes, Johnny Hilt and me," said the visitor, modestly. "You see, Johnny is awfully poor, and his mother cries all the time, so I thought I'd like to help him a little."

"How old is Johnny, and what sort of a man is he?" asked Mrs. Mural. "I want some one who will be kind to the dog, and carry out ashes, and do Mary's errands, and all sorts of jobs."

"Johnny is ten, he's the nicest boy in our class," said Ben, promptly. "He's got a hundred in 'rithmetic most every day."

"But I want a man," said Mrs. Mural, "or a great, big boy of seven-teen or eighteen."

"I asked papa, and he said a boy was only half a man," explained Ben, "so I thought maybe Johnny and I would do together. I don't want any of the money, because Johnny's mother needs it so much, but I'm willing to help a lot. I carry ashes at home, and mind the baby, and lots of other things. Johnny's he's ten, and me eight, so together we would be as good as an eighteen-year-old boy. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I really couldn't say about that," said Mrs. Mural. "I am very sorry for your little friend, and I want you to bring him up to see me this very evening. I will not promise to hire you boys, but we'll talk it over."

So in the evening Johnny came in his patched clothes, and Mrs. Mural was very much pleased with him. "Do you think he could do the work, Mary?" she asked of her faithful maid.

"With me to help," put in Ben before Mary could say a word.

"And me to help, too," said Mary, heartily. "Yes, I think he'll do ma'am. He don't come in with his cap on, nor forget to wipe his shoes, I notice, so I think he'll get along all right."

So Johnny and Ben faithfully did the work about the big house as best they could. Mrs. Hilt soon had good food and a warm fire, through the efforts of the hired man, as her son and Ben always called themselves. "It takes both of us to make Mrs. Mural a hired man," they always said, "but we try to be a good one."

"We never had such clean walks and fine kindings and good work all around before the hired man came," did we, Mary?" asked Mrs. Mural one day, looking at the porch newly scrubbed. "I didn't think those little chaps could do anything, but they are real workers."

"And worth all the rest that went before," said Mary, trying her iron to see if it was hot enough. "I thought sure they would soon give it up, but I guess they're going to stick."

And stick they did till Mrs. Hilt's father came to take her and Johnny to her old home. "I don't know how I am to get along without this half of my hired man," said Mrs. Mural, kissing Johnny good-by with tears in her eyes. "I am glad you are to be so well taken care of, but we'll miss him, won't we, Bennie?"

"He was more than half of the hired man," said Ben, sadly. "He was most all of him. I'm sorry to see him go, but he's promised to come back and visit us as soon as he can. I suppose you'll have a hired man in one piece now, Mrs. Mural."

"I think I'll have to," said the old lady, gently, "but I'll never find a better one than my two-piece man has been."

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