

CARL DUNDER.

He Delivers an Address to the Children of America.

DEAR CHILDREN: You vhas all right. Doan' let somebody make you belief dot you doan' hav' some good times. If I could pe some shilds again I kick oop my heels like a bird und doan' care for nopoly. I shall never be shmall again, und wear some knee-breeches und play horse mit a broom-stick, und when I reflect on dot I feels some lumps in my throat.

When a man comes along und says he vhas glad he vhasn't some shilds any more doan' you believ' him. He says dot because he doan' take any comfort and doan' want nopoly else to. He vhas lame und cross, und his bones ache, und his head vhas growing bald, und he vhas shealous of you und wants revenge.

Maype it vhas better for me dot I vhas a girl, but I doan' know. It vhas awful nice to be a sweet young girl, und to be called angels, und to hav' der poys look at you so shently like a sheep. If you vhas a girl doan' you be ashamed of it. Dot vhas all right und according to Hoyle. Maype you can't climb trees, run out nights und go in swimming py der mill pond, but if you go py a circus you vhas in der front seats, und somebody always pays for your ice cream und buys your ticket to der picnic. If I vhas a girl I keep my face so clean ash nefer vhas. I make my voice shust like music. I walk along mit a nip! nip! nip! I keep my hands white und my hair combed, und when somebody meets me und says: "Hello, Susan, how you vhas?" I answer him: "If you please, sir, my name vhas Birdie, and I vhas so weller ash nefer vhas." If I could be a leedle girl, I learn how to sew, und knit, und make some bread, und shplit wood, und bring up coal, und wash dishes, und hoe in der garden, und den when I grows oop und vhas married my husband would say: "Ah, noble womans, you vhas der capital prize in der lottery!"

How bully it vhas to be some boys. He doan' hav' some taxes to pay—nopoly talks politics by him—he doan' hav' some barns dot burn down mit no insurance. Nopoly wants to borrow money of him—no gas bills to pay—nopoly comes to insure his life. All he has to do vhas to go by der schoolhouse, play marbles, fly kites, see der circus procession, eat sweet-cakes und grow oop to be Governor.

Dot vhas all, children. Doan' you be troubled. It vhas all right. You vhas getting along better as could be expected by der circumstances, und all you hav' to do vhas to wipe off your noses und speak nottings to nopoly.—*Texas Siftings*.

much the Indians appreciate what the Government does for them. They know that the Government will support them, and as long as it does there will be a shiftless, lazy, and uncivilized race.

Joke About Gen. Harney.

The recent death of Gen. Harney, the oldest general in the United States army, justifies the republication of the following good story about the old hero. It occurred at Camp Verde, Texas, where Harney was in command of the post:

He was an intensely dignified officer, and if there was one thing he detested more than another it was undignified haste. One evening, just as he was about to hold dress parade, he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and as the weather was very hot, he said to his orderly: "Go to my quarters quick and bring my handkerchief." The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot.

"See that—scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him. If there is anything I hate it is to see a soldier running instead of marching properly. Here, my man," continued Harney to another soldier, "go after that man and tell him I say to walk, d—n him!"

The second soldier started after the first, but as the first one kept on running, the second one saw his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run. To say that Harney swore is to use but a mild expression.

"Here, Sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he doesn't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs."

The sergeant started out in a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as hard as he could.

"If all three of the scoundrels ain't running like jack rabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em." And tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity he came to a halt and walked stiffly and slowly back to the place where the dress parade was to come off.—*Texas Siftings*.

Beautiful Killarney.

The spectator at Killarney will find wood, water and mountain in every conceivable form and aspect, so diversified and in such unlimited change, that it is impossible for the eye to rest from any point upon any spot where some combination of the three does not return a picture of beauty or grandeur.

Entirely aside from historic or religious association of thought, and with every ruin, shrine or legend, so quickening to the imagination, expounded, for this simple physical fact alone, the Killarney region will ever remain the most beautiful spot in the world.

Forest is here in trackless waste, where the red deer hide, in grove, in copse; in matted masses hanging from inaccessible heights. Shrubbery is here in such luxuriance that its richness and profusion cannot be elsewhere equalled outside the tropics. Water is here in such glints and gleamings as no pen or brush can adequately depict; in lakes that startle one as if in sudden awakening consciousness of surpassing dream; in torrents solemn and mighty; in cascades filmy as streams of lace; in rivers tortuous and wild, songful and murmurous; in pools deep, dark and silent. Mountains are here with soft and billowy ascent; with crags and cliffs majestic, where eagles nest and scream; with peaks above the clouds. All these in all forms are Killarney's so tenderly, so sweetly and so full of surpassing loveliness, one can no less than throb with the loftiest exaltation and exclaim: "Here stood the great Artificer, and lovingly builded and blessed."—*Edgar L. Wakeman, in Worcester Spy*.

Reason Enough.

"Whenever you punish a child," say those wise people who find it so easy to give good advice, "always be sure that the child understands perfectly why you do so." The mother of a certain Miss Alice acted upon this principle, but is not sure that it is always successful.

The little girl was in the habit of crying upon the very slightest occasion. Finally she was warned that the next time she offended in that way she should be punished. Soon afterward she was heard bawling lustily.

"What are you crying for?" inquired her mother.

"Becauth Bridget will not let me go out to play."

The threatened punishment was promptly administered. "Now, Alice," said her mother, "do you know why you were punished?"

"Eth, mamma."

"Why was it?"

"Becauth Bridget would not let me go out to play."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Fanny—The new garters which you bought yesterday are not pretty at all.

Emma—What difference does it make? Nobody sees them.

"Ah, but it may rain."

DOLLY—I don't see how there can be any humor in your profession. Doctor—Why, my dear, a miser died on my hands last week and I had to give the cause of his death on the certificate as enlargement of the heart.

* Another pretty good story is told by a contractor, who had the contract to build \$80,000 worth of houses for the Indians. The houses were all built, but the Indians did move into them. Instead, they moved their tepees and tents next to the houses, and during the winter they tore down and burned up all the houses. This shows how

Potatoes.

That the potato is the most popular of all the vegetables cannot be denied, for there are few homes in our own country in which it does not form an important part in each day's fare. Indeed, in the majority of homes it makes its appearance at each meal, either boiled, baked, or in some of the many dishes in which it is the principal part. No matter in what way it is cooked it is generally welcome. As to its healthful properties authorities disagree, but where any harm has resulted from the use of potatoes it can usually be traced to the cooking of them. A soggy, watery potato is one of the most unhealthy things one can eat, yet this is too often the kind that is generally put on a table. To be sure, the most important thing to consider is to have the vegetable good, yet a good cook may render a very poor potato palatable, while a bad cook can render a good one positively uneatable.

There are few ways of cooking a potato as acceptable to a lover of this vegetable as boiling, providing it is done properly. It is a mistake made by many women to cut off the ends or dig out the eyes. If a nice, mealy boiled potato is wanted, it can never be obtained if the skin is broken before boiling. Always choose as good potatoes as can be had, and wash in several waters until perfectly clean, but do not cut in any part unless there is an appearance of rot, which ought always be cut out. Have the potatoes as near one size as possible, put in a pot or saucepan, and cover them with boiling water. Set on the stove and let boil, but be careful that they do not boil too fast, or they will break into pieces before they are done. Before setting on the stove, throw into the water a teaspoonful of salt. Keep the pot covered, while boiling, until the potatoes are done, which will be from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to their size. To tell when they are done, try with a fork, and if the fork goes through the thickest part of one easily, they are ready to be taken from the stove. Remove the pot from the stove and drain off all the water, then set it on the back of the stove with the cover partly off, so as to let out the steam, and shake it once or twice so the potatoes may dry equally on all sides. Serve as soon as possible, and if the potatoes are not mealy, the fault lies in themselves, and not in the cooking. Never cover potatoes tightly after draining, without first letting out the steam, or they will be sure to be soggy and watery, no matter how good a vegetable they were previously to boiling.

The above recipe is from an Irish woman, consequently it is good, for no matter how deficient she may be as to the cooking of other articles of food, she is always an expert at boiling potatoes.—*Boston Budget*.

The Closing of an Important Outlet.

The blockade of a port is not more injurious to its commerce than is even the temporary obstruction of the bowels to the health of the system. Constipation necessarily arrests the secretion of bile, impedes and disorders digestion, and poisons the circulation. The safest and most effective, as it is also the most genial, laxative and anti-bilious medicine in existence is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it is more probable that its sovereign efficacy as a preventive and remedy for intermittent and remittent fever is largely due to its restorative action upon the liver, an organ prejudicially involved in all malarial complaints. Persons with a tendency also to rheumatic, neuralgic and kidney trouble cannot better than to antagonize it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invariably checks it at the outset. The weak, moreover, are invested with strength by this fine invigorant.

Swallowing the Insult.

"You saw, sir," exclaimed the actor, choking with wrath as he rushed into the newspaper office after the evening performance was over and leaned over the editor's table, "how I was treated this evening. I was hissed, sir! I was called a contemptible scoundrel, sir! The ruffians in the gallery threw cabbages and dead cats on the stage, and a cowboy in one of the boxes shot off a lock of my hair. It's galling to my pride as an actor, sir, but I look at it in purely a business light. There won't be standing room the rest of the week. Do it up in a column article in to-morrow morning's paper, with a scare head over it, and give all the particulars. Here's \$10."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florida, Colorado, and California have each been much prescribed for sufferers from lung disease, yet thousands of the natives in those States die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one that can be used at home; a remedy which is sold, by drugists, under the manufacturers' positive guarantee that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy for consumption (or lung-scarfola) known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturer in selling it under a guarantee.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

A Suitable Occasion.

First Waiter—Did you ever have the bad luck to spill water over a customer?

Second Waiter—Yes, once; but I got out of it all right.

First Waiter—How so?

Second Waiter—Why, it was at a Baptist anniversary banquet, and the gent seemed to take it as a matter of course.—*Burlington Free Press*.

ANGRY Husband—What I wanted was a wife who would be a helpmeet. Angry wife—Huh! What I wanted was a husband who would supply meat to help.

The Beds of Royalty.

Clarence House is one of the most comfortable houses in London, and is famous for its good beds, for the only daughter of Alexander II. of Russia is, like many Muscovites, ladies, very particular about her beds, and will tolerate in her house none but the very best. Even when a mere child, and long before her marriage, she was so particular about this very important item in domestic comfort that, to insure the sheets being tightly stretched over the mattress, she used to have them sewn down, for even the slightest crease or wrinkle would entirely destroy the repose of this imperial spoilt child for the night.

Her Royal Highness used to be greatly chaffed about this weakness by members of our royal family when first she came to this country, but the Queen, who is also very particular about her beds, stuck up for her, and, although now the sheets are no longer sewn down to the mattress, they are composed of the most exquisitely fine linen that can be procured, and stretched like a tight rope over the most perfect mattresses that can be manufactured in Paris, in which capital the making of mattresses has been brought up to the level of a fine art.

A curious and amusing chapter might indeed be written about the bedrooms of illustrious personages. The ex-Empress Eugenie is quite as particular about her beds as the Duchess of Edinburgh or our gracious sovereign, and quite agrees with the first-named lady as to the fineness of the linen and the tightness of the drawing of the sheets, but her Imperial Majesty has an odd fancy to have her bed so low as to give the impression that the widow of Caesar is almost sleeping on the floor. It is, indeed, hardly elevated more than a foot from the floor, as all who have visited in old days the private apartments at St. Cloud, Compiègne, and the Tuilleries will remember. Another curious bed is that of Sarah Bernhardt. It is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the great comedienne is indisposed and receives her intimate friends reposing on her couch, she looks like a little golden-haired bird lost in a great sea of white satin.—*Modern Society*.

WHAT in the world is the use of sitting around waiting for something to turn up? You might just as well sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to come up to be milked. Get up and shake yourself and make up your mind to turn up something. If you have nothing definite in your mind, then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will tell you a thing or two that will make you jump for joy,

Hard Times.

"By Jove, but these are hard times," said a jolly fellow the other day. "I can't earn enough to give my wife and children a trip to the beach."

"That's rather hard."

"Hard! I should think so. Why, I earned only \$75 last month, and it cost \$50 for household expenses."

"I should think that out of the remaining \$25 you could have given your wife and children a trip to the beach."

"Yes, but I had to use that \$25 for club dues and the expenses of a couple of yachting excursions I took with the boys."—*Boston Courier*.

FOR washing flannels, Dobbins' Electric Soap is marvelous. Blankets and woolens washed with it look like new, and there is absolutely no shrinking. No other soap in the world will do such perfect work.

GUEST—"See here, one of your waiters has spilled a plate of soup over this lady's dress." Proprietor—"Be calm, sir. We will take the price of the soup out of his next week's wages."

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malarial and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial." W. B. BEAMISH, 201 Spring St., New York City.

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