

## FOR THE CHILDREN

## Catching a Swallow.

It was a warm evening near the close of summer when papa and Fred went out for a stroll in the meadow to watch Rover, grandpapa's shepherd dog, drive the cows up the long lane from the pasture to be milked. The weather had been dry and fine for several days, and all the tiny insects that are found in such numbers in the country were flying near the ground, where the air was warmest. The air seemed to be thick with them.

Circling in and out after the flies, bugs and midges were hundreds of swallows whose nests were fastened in long rows beneath the eaves of grandpapa's barn. Because the insects were down near the ground the swallows flew there, too, for they were out getting their supper. Each pretty bird had its mouth wide open as it swept swiftly about. Every second or two their bills would close with a snap as they seized and swallowed a mosquito or a little unsuspecting gnat, still keeping on the wing.

Papa and Fred forgot Rover and the cows as they watched them. The swallows flew so close that one's wing brushed Fred's ear, and another saved himself from flying squarely into papa's face only by making a quick, upward turn.

"Once when I was a little boy and lived here in the country," said papa, "I came out into this same meadow just at sundown, and what do you think? I caught a swallow. How do suppose I did it?"

"I don't know," said Fred, greatly interested. "How?"

"Well," said papa, "the swallows were flying just as they are now, almost bumping against me. So I took off my hat and waited—like this—and when one came near—see! I made a swoop with my hat—so—and—why?" said papa, much astonished. "I've got one now!" His face showed more astonishment than Fred's.

Fred danced about in a circle while papa gently thrust his other hand into the hat and took out the poor, trembling little bird.

"Have you hurt him, papa?" asked Fred, his tender heart stirred to sympathy at the prisoner's plight.

"No," said papa, looking half ashamed; "I don't think so, and really, my boy, I didn't mean to catch him. I was as much surprised as he was, I am sure. It only happened once before in all my life. How strange that this one should fly into my hat as I was telling you about the other! Maybe he's the great-great-grandson of the first one I caught."

He showed Fred the beautiful purple and shoulders of the little perfectly still on the palm, not knowing he was free. Suddenly he seemed to discover that no one was holding him, and, with a twitter, he darted away and was lost to sight among his countless companions in the air.—Youth's Companion.

**McGovern's Advice to Boys.** Terry McGovern, a pugilist of some note, gives in the St. Louis Post-Democrat some instructions to boys who would be strong. He says:

My first instructions to the boy who would be strong are to place his feet tightly together, take a long breath and while inhaling as much pure air in one breath as his lungs will hold slowly move the elbows upward until they are on a line with the shoulders.

Next raise the arms clear above the head, bringing them down slowly until the arms touch the hips.

We are going through this exercise the entire body is kept under a high nervous tension, with every muscle rigid. This movement brings all the muscles in the chest into play.

Twice a day he must go through these exercises, once in the morning before breakfast and in the afternoon about an hour after dinner.



Just a glimpse of a woman's face is often all that is needed to tell the story of her daily suffering. No woman can endure for long the pangs of womanly diseases without falling off in face and form.

Women who have been cured of womanly diseases by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, frequently refer with pleasure to the gain in appearance as well as in feelings, which has come with their cure.

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"Your medicines have done me so much good I feel like a different person," writes Mrs. Mary Murphy, of Milton, Trimble Co., Kentucky. "I am now a good deal better and did not see another well day, but had made up my mind to follow your advice and give Dr. Pierce's medicines a thorough trial. I have taken six bottles of Favorite Prescription, of Dr. Pierce's Medicine, four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, two bottles of 'Smart-Weed.' Also some 'Lotion Tablets.' Have gained 15 pounds since last August. I was in the good news of some success, for it was a 'Heavenly message' to me when I found out what to do for relief."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

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Last message must be hardened and his chest expanded before he is made to do any real hard work. This will come later.

He must drink no alcoholic liquors and mustn't use tobacco in any form. This almost goes without saying, of course.

My final instructions for the day to him are to take long walks after school and to swing his arms when walking as much as possible. This may not seem particularly graceful, but the swinging motion of the arms exercises the shoulder muscles, and it's not grace, but strength and health, we're after. When a boy gets these, he can be as graceful as he likes.

**"A Daisy."**

Recently a certain professor out west was lecturing on "Nature Studies In the Schools" and was endeavoring to impress the pleasure and importance of a close observance of nature. Speaking of flowers, he was exhibiting a daisy to the class, pointing out its beauties and reminding them that the flower and mankind were creatures of the Supreme Being. He added, by way of emphasis, "The Lord that made me made a daisy." "You bet he did," spoke up some one in the background, and it was not until the audience was on the verge of convulsions that the professor saw the point and yielded the platform to the next man on the programme.

**A Moon Bath.**

Last night I saw the silver moon; It was a pretty sight. It filled the street; it filled my room With such a shining light That I could see to go to bed Without the gas high overhead.

I wish we had a silver moon Each night the whole year through. I think 'twould make a child all good And clean and pure—don't you— After the bath in the silver light?

—Annie Willis McCullough.

**London a City of Cabs.**

There would be, if all the London cabs were put in a line, a total length of 44 miles of cabs, and yet in London there is only standing room for 23 miles of cabs, leaving 21 miles always crawling about the streets. There are upward of 14,000 licensed issued to cab drivers every year in London, although there are not more than 12,000 cabs in general use.—Pearson's Weekly.

**The "Dollar" in Canada.**

An advocate of a distinct coinage for Canada suggests that we mint three gold coins, one to be called the royal beaver, the other the beaver and the third a half beaver. This idea seems to be borrowed from the eagle of the United States. But the eagle is not popular and, beaver or no beaver, Canadians would still count by the dollar.

"Eh! Why?" asked the tragedian.

"Perhaps you are not aware of it, but in the third act, where you should have cried, 'Ye gods, I am stabbed,' you shouted, 'I am punctured!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Mistaken Stranger.**

Stranger (in the street)—I hope, my boy, that you love your dear little baby brother whom I see there in his carriage.

Johnny—No, sir.

Stranger (in surprise)—Pray, why not?

Johnny—"Cause he's my sister!"—Oma-ha News.

**The Effect of Culture.**

"You don't believe in a college education, then?"

"No. It unfitts a man for everything except to sit around croaking about how much more intelligently he could enjoy wealth than the average rich man."—Philadelphia Press.

**Her Specialty.**

Mrs. Woop—If you don't stop complaining because it takes me so long to dress, I intend to get a divorce and go on the stage.

Mr. Woop—What as—a lightning change artist?—Baltimore American.

**After the Quarrel.**

Ned—She asked me to return her letters.

Jack—Well, did you?

Ned—Oh, yes, I returned them, and I dropped three or four from other girls in with them.—Somerville Journal.

**Fortune.**

"And will you not smile upon me?" faltered the man.

"No," answered Fortune sadly; "for if I do I shall get myself disliked by the women who have refused to marry you."—Detroit Free Press.

**Getting Fastidious.**

Stubb—I wonder why the old mare is staring down in the pool. She isn't thirsty.

Penn—Probably she wants to see if her hat is on straight.—Chicago News.

Little Tommy's Guess.

"Can any little boy," said the teacher, "tell me what is meant by above par?"

Profound silence, and the teacher said again, "Tommy Jones, perhaps you can tell me what's above par?"

"Ma, I guess."—Philadelphia Press.

## THE AGE OF DANDIES

RHEUMATISM OR CATARRH THROUGH THE BLOOD—COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

BEAUTEOUS ATTIRE OF THE SWELL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SILK AND VELVET COATS OF ALL THE RAINBOW WERE THEN THE REIGN OF THE ESSENCE OF ELEGANCE. GEORGE BRUMMEL.

In the glorious days of King George II men wore silk or velvet coats of the colors of the rainbow. They tripped, shoulder blades and back, mincing along upon their toes, supple glands, hawking, spitting, porting upon their heads a wheaten breath, impaired hearing, etc.

Rowful of peruke covered with a busking a perfect cure. Botanic Blood

Drugs, sprinkled with snuff, their sword knife composed of pure Botanic Drugs, trailed almost on the ground, and the swords dangled from the fifth button.

pearl colored silk stockings and red-heeled shoes completing their costume.

It seems almost as though one

had resisted doctors and patent

medicine treatment. Botanic Blood

(B. B.) cures through the

destroying the poison which

causes the awful aches in the bones,

the awful aches in the bones,