

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

From Widdleton to Widdleton. When we set out a-journeying, my baby girl and I.

It really is a wonder how the way goes fleeting by;

The course is from the sitting-room, her charger is my knee,

And the minstrel music with us is her little laugh of glee.

"Oh, from Widdleton to Widdleton it's eighteen miles,

But from Widdleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles."

(Which is just a freak in distance which my conscience reconciles)

With the theory that baby songs are full of tricks and wiles—

"Oh, from Widdleton to Widdleton it's eighteen miles."

Her grandma is so jealous when we set about our trip,

She claims to see a tear shade in the quiver of her lip.

She says the way is rocky and the steed is roughly shod,

But we tell her of another path that's smooth and clear and broad.

We never have arrived at where we set about to go,

For always on the journey baby's curly head drops low,

And then I draw her closer, closer, closer to my breast,

And the steed is turned to pasture and its rider is—undressed.

"Still from Widdleton to Widdleton it's eighteen miles,

And from Widdleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles,

And the breezes bring a murmuring from drowsy afternoons,

And a little prayer is uttered for a life to know no trials—

"Oh, from Widdleton to Widdleton it's eighteen miles."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

#### The Gynograph.

This engraving shows a novelty in tops recently added to the long list of interesting modifications of this old-time toy.

The novelty in the present case consists in making the point upon which the top spins produce a record of its movements.

The top consists of a heavy disk of iron secured to a spool on which to wind the string. The spool is bored axially to receive a pencil which forms the point on which the top spins. The handle is swiveled so that the top may be spun while the handle is held in the hand. After the top is set in motion, it is placed on a paper in the position shown in the engraving. The pencil point then traces the intricate curves as shown.

If desired, a slate pencil may be substituted for the lead pencil. The manufacturers state that a well centered hard pencil with the lead cut square across gives the most accurate curves, though not necessarily the most beautiful.

#### Johnny's Stilts.

"Just look at that boy!" exclaimed Grandma Peters, with a contemptuous snarl, dropping her knitting in her lap and peering out the window at Johnny, who was painfully stalking about the yard on stilts.

"What's the sense of walking on them things when it would be a sight easier to walk on the ground? It's perfectly ridiculous!" and her knitting needles flew faster than before to make up for lost time.

Mamma looked out the window, too, and laughed good-naturedly.

"It does look rather useless, doesn't it, grandma? But I guess boys always have a time of walking on stilts, and it's very innocent sort of fun if they don't get hurt."

Grandma gave another little snarl. "Boys are queer," she said.

Johnny kept on practicing every day, till in a short time he could go quite fast, while grandma would look out now and then and say how foolish it was.

One day it rained and rained from morning till night, and Johnny had to stay in the house because his everyday shoes leaked so badly, and mamma said it was too cold to go barefoot.

Just before supper time mamma discovered that the tea caddy was quite empty; and what was to be done, for how could grandma get along without her cup of tea?

"I'll go after it, mamma," said Johnny.

"But you'll get your feet so wet," said mamma.

"Ho, I won't get my feet wet!" Johnny cried; and running out into the shed, he got his stilts and was soon stalking off in the wet grass.

So grandma had her cup of tea the same as ever, and after that she didn't say anything more about the stilts.—Youth's Companion.

#### How to Tell the Key.

Amateur musicians often are somewhat embarrassed by the unexpected query as to what key a piece of music

is in when playing in company. They marked a well-known teacher. "They can tell on a little reflection, but an array of five sharps or flats is apt to temporarily confuse the best of them."

"Here is a simple little guide or reminder, which, if rehearsed a few times, will always keep them right and ready to make a quick response to such a question."

"In sharp just dot down this sentence, the capital letter beginning each word representing an additional sharp, from one to six: 'God Deluged All Earth By Flood.'"

In flats the same rule obtains in connection with this amusing line, "Fanny Baker Eats Apple Dumpling Greedily."

Points on Etiquette.

You know that it is not considered polite to ask to be helped twice to any dish when you are at a stranger's table, but did you know that when friends are visiting you it is correct form to say: "May I help you to some of this?" ignoring the fact that the person addressed has been served with it. It is one of those minor points of good breeding which distinguish the lady from the good-hearted but ignorant hostess.

True, Whoever Said It.

A story attributed to various distinguished men is going the rounds. It is a bit of advice given to one who could never find any occupation which suited him and is as follows: "My dear boy, observe the postage stamp; its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

Papa's Little Man.

The father, having grown tired of the noise made by his little 3-year-old, took him in his arms and said:

"Lie down, my little man, and I'll quiet."

"I don't want to lie down, papa," said Stuart, "I want to lie up."

Matchmaking Mothers.

Match-making mammas have been the subject for many a newspaper jokelet and much serious condemnation, by no means all of which is deserved. There is a kind of match making which is not only commendable, but a positive duty on the part of the mother of girls, though, of course, it has its strict limits.

American girls of 20 or thereabouts, are apt to feel that the earth and the fullness thereof are made for them, and to believe that they can guide themselves a great deal better than their mothers can guide them.

The match-making duty of a mother resolves itself into a simple matter of introducing to her daughter young men of good moral character and who are in a position to marry. No mother has the right to attempt the smallest coercion or even persuasion to bring about the most desirable marriage, but she grievously fails in duty if she does not use every means in her power to prevent an evil one.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Twain Just Wanted to Yell.

Mark Twain, who recently started on a tour around the world, told a recent interviewer how he often felt a desire to "cut loose" from civilization and to get away by himself, where he could run and yell to his heart's content. In this connection there is a story about the humorist and Canon Kingsley. Walking along the street one day, Mark felt the impulse to yell coming on him with irresistible force, and said to Kingsley: "I want to yell; I must yell."

The canon said: "All right; yell away; I don't mind." "And with that," said Mark, "I stepped back a few steps, and, throwing my arms above my head, let out a war whoop that could be heard for miles, and in less time than you can count Canon Kingsley and myself were surrounded by a multitude of anxious citizens, who wanted to know what was the matter. I told them nothing was the matter; I just wanted to yell, and had yelled."

A Little Girl's Wish.

Speaking of little girls, there was a cabinet officer here a few years ago who had a little girl about 7 years old. The nurse took her one day to find the washerwoman. They found her in a little frame shanty of only one room, which seemed a great novelty to the child.

On returning home she was telling her mother about the wonderful house which had just one room. With a sigh and an earnestness born of deep longing, she said:

"Oh, mamma, how I wish we lived in that house."

"Why, my child, why should you wish such a strange thing?"

"Then, don't you see, when I was put to bed at night I could hear everything that was said, because you wouldn't have any other room to sit in!"—Washington Star.

What's the Matter with the Empress?

The Dowager Empress of China is said to be very much subdued of late. She was formerly an arrogant, aggressive woman, who believed that she was the center upon which the universe turned. Recent events have had a strong influence upon her and she has aged very rapidly. Her domineering ways have disappeared, and she listens humbly to words of advice from people who used to fear to address her.

Bitten by a Wasp.

George Holbrook's 3-year-old child, while playing near the home of its parents in Letcher County, Missouri, was stung by a yellow jacket. The little one screamed and its mother ran to its assistance. The sting had entered its left leg below the knee. The limb began to swell rapidly, and in ten minutes after the insect had stung it the little one died.

An Appropriate Keepsake.

"Isn't this coat too big for me?" he asked of the tailor.

"It is, sir," replied the enterprising clothier, "but I am something of a phrenologist and I can foresee that it will not be long before you are a big man."—La Sprema Folio.

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## LET US ALL LAUGH.

### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

He Was All Right.

First Yale Student—Have you telephoned to the old man for money?"

Second Yale Student—Yes.

"Got an answer?"

"Yes, I telephoned the old man: 'Where is that money I wrote for?' and his answer reads: 'In my inside pocket.'—Texas Siftings.

A Fiend Incarnate.

Wickwire—That kid across the street must be a perfect fiend.

Mrs. Wickwire—Why, he seems to be one of the nicest little boys I ever saw.

"No use to tell me what he seems to be. I actually saw his old grandmother giving him a licking the other day."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Hint.

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