

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## THE WATER MILL

How quickly it goes round, splash, splash, splash, with a whirring sound.  
"Any grist for the mill?"  
How merrily it goes!  
Flap, flap, flap, flap,  
While the water flows  
Roundabout and roundabout.  
The heavy millstones grind,  
And the dust flies all about the mill  
And makes the miller blind.



"Any grist for the mill?"  
The jolly farmer packs  
His wagon with a heavy load  
Of very heavy sacks.  
Noisy, oh, noisy,  
The millstones turn about.  
You cannot make the miller hear  
Unless you scream and shout.  
"Any grist for the mill?"  
How quickly it goes round!  
Splash, splash, splash, splash,  
With a whirring sound.  
Farmers, bring your corn today,  
And, bakers, buy your flour;  
Dusty millers, work away  
While it is in your power.  
Living close beside the mill,  
The miller's girls and boys  
Always play at make believe,  
Because they have no toys.  
"Any grist for the mill?"  
The elder brothers shout,  
While all the little petticoats  
Go whirling roundabout.

### No Song, No Supper.

Those men that undertake to train birds how to sing the notes of musical instruments usually teach their pupils in classes—seven birds to a class, for choice. Girls and boys that have studied under the best of masters, at the best of schools, have an enviable time compared with the poor birds, who are shut up in a dark room to start with, and are, moreover, half starved if they are too long in beginning their task of imitation. On the other hand, if they get on nicely and are fairly "quick at the uptake," the light will be gradually admitted and their hunger will be partly relieved, to reward their efforts and encourage them to higher things. As they soon come to find that a little light and food accompany song, in the long run they learn to sing of their own accord for these necessities of life. The flute is the chief instrument used in these bird classes.

### Ten Little Firecrackers.

Ten little firecrackers standing in a line.  
One thought he'd light a match; then there were nine.  
Nine little firecrackers walking very straight.  
One caught an engine's spark; then there were eight.  
Eight little firecrackers trying to spell "leaven."  
One went too near the gas; then there were seven.  
Seven little firecrackers cutting up tricks.  
One played with lighted punk; then there were six.  
Six little firecrackers glad they are alive.  
One went to have a smoke; then there were five.  
Five little firecrackers wishing there were more.  
One went to find a friend; then there were four.  
Four little firecrackers merry as could be.  
One played upon the hearth; then there were three.  
Three little firecrackers puzzled what to do.  
One stirred the kitchen fire; then there were two.  
Two little firecrackers looking for some fun.  
One met a little boy; then there was one.  
One little firecracker sat him down to cry.  
'Tis such a risky thing to live in July.  
—St. Nicholas.

**A Little Girl's Letter—Ma Has Moods.**  
DEAR DOROTHY—Sam broke one of Auntie's fern pots yesterday. Auntie was wild, but ma said it isn't no use crying over spilt milk. But when I spilt the milk at breakfast this morning ma was angrier than Auntie was. Wot ought I to think?  
—PHEBE.

### A Curious Cat.



This is the cat who lived, I'm told,  
In Chester town in the days of old;  
A puss who could such a tail unfold  
That never a rat, however bold,  
Would venture an inch into Chester city  
For fear of meeting that long tailed kitty.

### Populations.

German geographers have made a careful estimate of the population of Africa and place the total at 163,953,000, which is 42,240,000 more than the aggregate population of North and South America. Europe and Africa combined have a population of 521,332,000, though their area is not greater than that of all America. The new world has plenty of room for many times its present population of 121,713,000. The German estimate of the population of the world now is 1,480,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be increased by the year 2517 to 33,588,000,000.

### Brooms and Buttons.

Brooms were used in Egypt 2,000 years before Christ.  
Buttons were used in Troy. Schillemann found over 1,800 of gold.

## A RUINED LIFE.

### The Story of a Lost Pig and a Tramp's Downfall.

At the western hay market the other day several farmers and others were talking about lost articles, and a farmer finally said:  
"I never lost anything on the road coming or going except once. About 16 years ago, coming in one night, I lost a dressed hog weighing 200 pounds off my wagon, and though I made a grand hunt for it I never could trace it."  
There was an old tramp standing around with hungry look and yearning expression. When the brief story was finished, he stepped forward and said:  
"Was it 16 years ago this month you lost that porker?"  
"Yes, I think it was."  
"Was it a dark, rainy night?"  
"Yes."  
"You had six dressed hogs on the wagon?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And suddenly one of them was missing?"  
"Well I didn't miss it until I drove into the hotel barn. Do you know what became of that hog?"  
"I do, sir. It is singular how things come about. On that night you passed me. I was penniless and desperate. The thought came to me to steal a hog off your wagon, and it was no sooner conceived than carried out. I sold that pork to a man for \$7, and with the money I began a new career, and it has made me what I am. Yes, sir, I owe my present position to you."  
"But you—you look hard up!" said the farmer.  
"And I am, sir."  
"Tramp, ain't you?"  
"I am—a dead broke and hungry old tramp, and it's all owing to you."  
"I—I don't see how!"  
"Well, I do. I took them \$7, went to Chicago and patronized a bucket shop and was cleaned out in an hour, and from that time I have had no ambition. Yes, 16 years ago—dark, rainy night—six dressed hogs—farmer on a wagon—it all comes back to me as plain as day. I am not blaming you, but yet you did me a great wrong, and you will probably be willing to right it as far as you can. I think you ought to give me a dollar."  
"But where's my dressed hog?" shouted the farmer.  
"And where are my hopes and ambitions? I'll say a dollar, but that's letting you off very cheap."  
"Not a blamed cent! You stole my pork!"  
"And you ruined a young man's life!"  
"You pork thief!"  
"You wrecker of human life!"  
"And then a policeman had to separate them and tell the old tramp to move on. He moved, but he went grudgingly, and when he was 50 feet away he turned and gestured and cried out:  
"No home—no hopes—no money! May heaven forgive you for bringing that pork into Detroit, but I never can!"—Detroit Free Press.

### Cornelius Vanderbilt as Coachman.

Mrs. Emily T. V. Sloane, mother of the young lady whose wedding brought the plutocrats of the country together the other day, is very charitably inclined. She determined some time last week to send a package of clothes to the poor fund of Dr. John Hall's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian parish. Accordingly she had the garments done up in a nice bundle and was arranging the finalities of the transaction with one of her servants when her brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, arrived at the house and sent word that he must see her at once.  
"Can't you wait a moment?" she asked.  
"I am anxious to send this bundle down to Dr. Hall's church."  
"Oh," replied Cornelius Vanderbilt, "I am going right by the church on my way down. Give me your bundle, and I will let the sexton have it."  
Mrs. Sloane was very grateful for this kind offer, and it is in every way characteristic of the man of millions, who is never so happy as when an opportunity to be useful presents itself. So down Fifth Avenue walked brother Cornelius, bundle in arm, and when he reached the church he found the sexton there. The latter received the object thankfully, with many words of appreciation of the kindness of the great lady who had remembered the needs of the church.  
Not many days after this Mrs. Sloane herself, on coming out of church amid a fashionable concourse, happened to spy the sexton.  
"John," said she, "did you get that bundle I sent you the other day?"  
"Yes, ma," was the cheerful reply; "your coachman brought it Tuesday, mum."—Exchange.

### Also Used in Greece.

"And then," continued the traveler who had got back from Russia, "we were served with light refreshments and the guests dispersed."  
"What are light refreshments in Russia?" the inquisitive man near the door wanted to know.  
And the solemn looking man who hadn't spoken during the evening suddenly opened his mouth and said:  
"Candles."—New York Recorder.

### That Was Different.

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have intrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life." The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. "Really," he remarked, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get down town?"  
"Young man, I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Ballads of Forgotten Loves.

Some poets sing of sweethearts dead,  
Some sing of true loves far away,  
Some sing of those that others wed  
And some of idols turned to clay.  
I sing a pensive roundelay  
To sweethearts of a doubtful lot,  
The passions vanished in a day,  
The little loves that I've forgot.  
For, as the happy years have sped  
And golden dreams have changed to gray,  
How oft the flame of love was fed  
By glance or smile from Maud or May,  
When wayward Cupid was at play,  
Mere fancies formed of who knows what?  
But still my debt I ne'er can pay—  
The little loves that I've forgot.  
Oh, joyous hours forever fled!  
Oh, sudden hopes that would not stay!  
Hold only by the slender thread  
Of memory that's all astray.  
Their very names I cannot say,  
Time's will is done—I know them not;  
But blessings on them all, I pray—  
The little loves that I've forgot.  
—Life.

# THE HOUSEHOLD

## FOR BEDROOM AND BOUDOIR.

### Summer Arrangements in Which Swiss, Dimity and a New Kind of Denim Appear.

A most exquisite set for a dresser has a scarf of white bolting cloth over heliotrope silk finished at the ends with lovely creamy lace. Baby ribbons are drawn in across the sides and ends and tied in fluffy bows at each corner, making a handsome effect. Dotted here and there over the scarf are violets. A long narrow cushion with narrow ribbons drawn in and finished around the edge with a full ruffle of deep lace over a ruffle of heliotrope silk accompanies the scarf.  
Many of the cushions this season are small and circular, with full ruffles of lace over silk. Others are long and narrow like the one described in the set above.  
Dimity bedspreads are very popular. An exquisite bedroom set has flangings for the bed and dresser, window draperies, bedspread, dresser scarf, cushion, splash, etc., of white dimity scattered over with ink rosebuds. Another set has yellow chrysanthemums instead of rosebuds. With the former set yards and yards of pink ribbon of various widths were used, while yellow ribbon was used with the last named.  
A new quality of denim is now much used for divan covers, large pillows and other fancy work. It is also liked for carpeting chambers and boudoirs. It is durable and effective and bids fair to be very popular for this purpose, says The Decorator and Furnisher, in which these notes occur.

### Embroidery on White Linen.

When very bold work is in progress on linen, the outlines are not infrequently followed with a fine braid sewed on or buttoned down with thread of a second color.  
Even prettier than this is the effect given by fine cord, which is a feature of a beautiful border illustrated in Cassell's Magazine.  
Another characteristic of this pattern is the use of open fillings between the closer stitches. In this particular design flat



### Cord Outlining on Linen.

satin stitch has a large part to play, but the appearance of this is greatly lightened by the eyelet holes which are sprinkled over the broader portions of the design. Great crispness is given, too, by the clusters of closely set French knots. The whole of the design is outlined with the cord above mentioned, which serves to throw it up admirably. This scrap of work is, like so much good linen embroidery, of German origin and would form an admirable decoration for a sideboard cloth or tablecloth.

### Delicious Cherry Desserts.

No fruit is more attractive served as a nature, accompanied only by its glossy, deeply serrate leaves, than the cherry. It seems almost a pity to lose the natural beauty and delicate flavor by cooking. At the same time a writer in Good Housekeeping recalls the fact that a little variety is often desirable and gives with other good recipes the following:  
Cherry Sponge.—Beat 4 eggs very light, to the yolks add half a cupful of flour, wet with cold milk, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and a pint of hot milk; lastly add the beaten whites. Have ready in a buttered pudding dish a half pint of stoned cherries, sprinkled with sugar. Pour the batter over them and bake in a hot oven about 40 minutes. Serve as soon as done, or it will fall.  
Cherry Charlotte.—Cut in narrow strips a few slices of stale sponge cake and arrange these around the sides of a deep glass dish. Stone a quart of fine, juicy cherries and sprinkle lightly with sugar, unless very sweet. Pour these, juice and all, over the sponge cake. Now whip a pint of sweet cream very stiff; sweeten to taste, color about half of it with red cherry juice and pile it upon the cherries. Let it remain in the icebox until the moment of serving.

### Brilliant Cut Glass.

Cut glass requires special care, but even the best mistresses and butlers are frequently deficient in knowing how to preserve its brilliance. It should be plunged into warm soapsuds and all the crevices thoroughly and repeatedly brushed out with a soft brush. Shower it with warm rinsing water, and to restore its pristine luster bury each article in sawdust, out of which, in a few hours, it can be resurrected as bright as when new. Should this process prove too troublesome, the next best way is to wipe the facets with tissue paper until the glass is dry, according to The Decorator and Furnisher.

### Beef Toast For an Invalid.

From bread which is at least a day old cut two slices and trim evenly; toast a light brown and place where they will keep warm. Now broil over a hot fire a juicy steak, from which all fat has been cut, turning it constantly. Do not broil so much as for the table, and, on removing from the fire, sprinkle lightly on both sides with salt and "crisscross" it with a sharp knife. Have waiting two hot plates the same size. Lay the steak on one plate, put the other over it, and press the juice from the steak over the toast.

### Green Corn Soup.

Into a saucepan put half a pint of finely cut cabbage, a gill of chopped celery, 2 sliced potatoes, a small chopped onion, 2 small carrots sliced and add 2 quarts of water. Let simmer for an hour, and then add a pint of sliced and peeled tomatoes and boil all for a half hour longer, when put in a half pint of green corn pulp and let all boil up at once, season to taste and serve either thick or strained.

### Ham Croquettes.

Chop the ham very fine, and season with pepper or mustard. With a little flour in hand, make up small balls and dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs of bread or cracker and fry in a frypan to a light brown in hot lard.

## Cruel Imposition on a Poor Man.

"What have you got that sign, 'Pity the Blind,' hung around your neck for?" inquired the man in a fashionable suit. "Your eyes are as good as mine. You're not blind?"  
"No, sir," replied the dejected citizen on the curbstone. "I'm wearin' this 'cause the chap wot owns it stole mine an run away with it a while ago. I'll not deceive you, sir. I'm not blind. I'm deaf an' dumb."  
"I thought so," rejoined the questioner, dropping a dime into the dejected citizen's tin cup. "That's why I didn't give you this dollar. You don't deserve encouragement. You don't know the first principles. You're not cut out for fine work. You are a disgrace to the profession and ought to quit it. I'm ashamed of you!"  
And Feltre, formerly Rusty Rufus, put a large silver coin back in his pocket, brushed a speck of dirt from his coat sleeve and walked on, full of indignation.  
—Chicago Tribune.

### Touching Him Up.



Farmer Rakestraw—I'll jost tech him up so you kin see his gait!



### Texas Siftings.

#### His Suspicion.

At last the day came when he understood. It was a day when he returned unexpectedly to find her absent from their home. Idly he turned into her room, and there, upon the table, a letter lay with an unopened flap. With idle curiosity he took it up, turned it in his fingers, then laid it down. But curiosity gained the upper hand. He took it again in his hand. Mechanically almost his fingers played about the seal. Then swiftly he tore it open, and as the envelope fell to the floor she entered.  
A gleam of fear shot across her face, and she glided to his side. "What have you there?" she cried sharply. "Give it to me." He drew back and raised the missive aloft. Suspicion, sharp and piercing as a glistering blade, flashed from his eyes. Again she tried to take it from him, laughing unwearily. But, with brutal force, he pushed her from him, then tore the letter open and read. And as he scanned the lines fear shone in his eyes.  
He drew his hand across his forehead. "It cannot be true," he groaned aloud. "Then he struck the paper open in his hand. It appeared simply as print, a subterfuge to hide its dreadful purpose. "Do you deny it?" he cried. "Tell me, are you so brazen that you can say it is not true? Woman, do not deny it. You are a victim of the auction habit!"—New York World.

### A Higher Bid.

The auction room was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art and bric-a-brac being unusually choice the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation. Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his hammer.  
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocketbook containing \$300. He offers \$40 for its return."  
Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair and cried excitedly:  
"I'll give \$50 for it!"—Tit-Bits.

### Of Undoubted Gentility.

Mrs. Nevriche (patronizingly)—Were any of your ancestors men of note, Mr. Cynic?  
Mr. C.—Yes, madam, I should say so. One of them was the most famous admiral of his day and commanded the allied forces of the world.  
Mrs. N. (with altered tone of deep respect)—Is it possible, Mr. C.? And what was his name?  
"Noah, madam."—Life.

### The Shrink Would Do the Rest.

"What's that?" exclaimed the keeper. "Are we out of straitjackets?"  
"Yes," replied the attendant.  
"Well, put a close fitting flannel shirt on the patient and stand him under the shower bath."—Washington Star.

# THE CURIOSITY SHOP

## DICE, DOMINOS AND CARDS.

### Originated in the Ankle Bones of Sheep Centuries Ago in India.

Who would suppose that playing cards were originally derived from the "knuckle bones" of sheep? Yet such is the fact, according to the New York World, and if you do not believe it ask Mr. Stewart Culin, ethnologist attached to the University of Pennsylvania, who has made the study of games from the scientific point of view his specialty.  
The so-called "knuckle bones" are the ankle bones of the sheep and are four sided. Dice in Arabic are called by a name which means ankle bones. Nobody knows how long ago they were first employed for playing games.

One day it occurred to somebody that a cube was better adapted to the purpose. That must have happened in very ancient times, for the Romans of old had dice which were just like our own, even to the arrangement of the numbers on the faces.—I. e., the six opposite the one, the five opposite the two and the four opposite the three. The most ancient cubical die known dates back to 600 B. C.—that is, 2,500 years ago. It was found at Naucratis, a Greek colony in Egypt.  
Mr. Culin says that dice probably originated in India. From that country they were carried to China, whence they have been distributed all over the world. The Chinese are great gamblers. They invented a modification of the dice which is called the domino. Put two dice faces side by side and you have a domino. Dominoes are said to have been devised in the year 1120 of the Christian era by a Chinese emperor for the amusement of his wives.

Take an ordinary domino of bone or wood, enlarge it, make it of paper, and it becomes a playing card. Mr. Culin believes this is the way in which the playing card was evolved. The evolution began



### A CHINESE PAIR OF KINGS.

with the knuckle bone, which became a cubical die. The latter was transformed into a domino, and the domino, in its turn, was metamorphosed into a card. A domino with two "fives" on it represents the "ten spot" of the pack. The origin of "king," "queen" and "jack" is unknown. Possibly a little light may be thrown upon the mystery by the fact that the four sides of the knuckle bone are called in Arabic the "shah," "vizier," "peasant" and "slave." The same names are given to the numbers on the cubical die, the six being the "shah."

We in America get all our games from Europe; we invent no games. Poker is an old English game modified. Mr. Culin says that games brought out from year to year are merely modifications of old ones.  
In early times in Europe cards were painted by distinguished artists. It is thought that the first wood engraving, done in 1400, was inspired by the demand for these playthings, and from this, it is said, the art of printing came.

Dice are mostly made in Germany, of bone. But there are never two alike in size, shape or marking. When you see a die marked with dots all askew, you may know that it is a German product. The best dice are made in New York and towns near by of a celluloid composition.

### Signs and Sayings.

When walking with any one, don't let a post of a tree come between you, or you'll quarrel. To break the charm you must either retrace your steps and pass the post the right way or each must say, "Bread and butter."  
Get a letter, see a stranger.  
Kiss a fool or be in danger, if your nose itches.  
If your right ear burns, some one is talking well of you; if your left, some one is talking ill.  
If you have cramps, you must turn your shoes upside down when you go to bed in order to get well.  
A nutting hung around the neck by a red worsted string prevents nose bleed.  
A nose bleed is a sign that you are in love.  
A horse chestnut carried in the pocket prevents rheumatism.  
It's bad luck to show your wedding dress before you're married.

### History of the Potato.

When America was discovered, the potato was cultivated in all the temperate parts of South America, but not in Mexico. Hieronymus Cardon, a Spanish priest, is believed to have introduced the plant into Europe. From Spain it went into Italy and thence to Belgium. Some years later it was introduced into Virginia, and specimens were brought to Ireland about 1690. For nearly 100 years it was cultivated very little in Great Britain. In 1688 the Royal society urged its cultivation, but it is only within the last century and a half that it has been a common vegetable there. But the sweet potato was brought into England in 1563 and was called the "common potato" as early as 1597, when the white potato was first described in an English book.

### American Flags.

Almost all the flags of every description used in the United States navy are made at the Brooklyn navy yard, and 50,000 yards of bunting are used every year. It takes more than 200 ensigns and signals to fit out the flag lockers of a modern man-of-war, says an exchange.