

Verse by CAROLINE WETHERELL

THE JOLLY JOBBERNOWLS GO UP IN A BALLOON.

(Copyright, 1899, by Caroline Wetherell.)



The Jobbernowls one day prepared to build a big balloon. They said in it they'd sail the air, away beyond the moon.



A big balloon they quickly made to soar toward the skies. They filled it full of heated air, which was to make it rise.



Said Hans: "We'll go to Comet Land; it can't be far away. 'Aye-aye!' the others cried as one, 'We'll see them at their play.'"

Illustrations by ALFRED W. SCHWARTZ

FUSS AND THE CANARY.

Mirko's little pet canary chirped and sang to her. "Fussy old, do you hear that?"

Mirko's little pet canary killed and eaten too. "Fussy old, do you hear that?"

So she tied the squabby kitten to the garden seat. "What am I to do?"

Printing by magic is great fun. Take a mustard tin and half fill it with boiling water.

Now get some papers with pictures; paint a very little of this jelly over the picture, spread a clean sheet of paper over it and then press it hard.

Have you ever tried coloring the pictures in periodicals or papers or even advertisement pictures with colored chalk?

Then I wonder if you know that it is possible to buy boxes of modeling clay (red and gray are the nicest).

The clay can be used in many ways and again, and as it is only just moist enough to mold and not moist enough to be messy.

Another game is "My House." For this you want some advertisement pages containing illustrations of chairs, tables and any articles that would be used in furnishing a house.

Cut all these things out, and then either arrange them on a table or the floor or stick them into a scrapbook till all the house is furnished—the dining room with its tables and chairs, and so on.

Dear me, Willie, said the little boy's mamma, "nurse has put on your stockings wrong side out this morning!"

"Yes," replied Willie, "I s'pose she did it so the hole on the other side wouldn't show. She doesn't like to darn them."

Two halves make a whole. Mother—Bobby, how many sisters has your new schoolfellow?

Bobby—He has one, mamma. He tried to make me believe he had two half sisters, but he doesn't know that I'm studying fractions.

Occasionally you notice a round opening, and, looking into it, you find that the hollow walls are filled with bones.

If these bones all belong to the martyred companions of St. Ursula, they must have numbered nearer 11,000,000 than 11,000!

Because it is quite richly adorned with gilt, is the shrine of St. Ursula. Skulls adorn the shrine—skulls inlaid with pearls, rubies and emeralds.

The effect is indescribable. It very nearly verges on the ludicrous. Father Stein, who shows visitors around the church, calls each of the skulls glibly by name, and even gives anecdotes concerning some of the persons.

While much of false tradition is interwoven with the stories which he tells, the fact remains that St. Ursula's is the only church of the kind in the world—a church of bones and skulls.

The news comes of the reappearance of the "Immortal J. N.," an eccentric character known to every old railroad conductor from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Several months ago was reported that "J. N." was dead, but that individual has again appeared to prove, in the language of Mark Twain, that the reports of his "taking off" were greatly exaggerated.

The "Immortal J. N." has been a prominent character since the civil war. His mind became addicted trying to solve the problems involved in that great struggle, and he has since been a wanderer of the earth.

One of his eccentricities is to go into a newspaper office and write a column editorial about removing the press.

His efforts are never printed, but this does not discourage the "Immortal J. N.," and perhaps he will submit another communication to the same paper at the time of his next visit.

The name of this eccentric character is not known. Years ago the general manager of an eastern railroad gave him a card instructing his conductors to "Pass J. N. Free."

This led to the belief that his name was Free, and that is the name he has gone by since that date.

The Brains of the Family. Professor Axenfeld of Perugia has discovered that three-fifths of all men of distinction are first born children.

The other two-fifths are either second or third children, or else the youngest of very large families.

Among the first he points out Luther, Dante, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Copernicus, Helmholtz, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Aristotle, Mohammed, Schiller, Erasmus, Milton, Byron, Moliere, Carlyle, Rossetti, Talleyrand and Buffon.

Among the last he points out Louis XIV., Voltaire, Schuberl, a fourteenth child, and Voltaire, a seventh child.

The professor thinks this arises from physiological reasons and a law of nature.

Since the death of Prince Bismarck the Hamburg holiday trippers have received anything but a friendly greeting at Friedrichsruh.

But little welcome was given the promenading Hamburgers even while the prince was living, but such open opposition as at present has never before been experienced.

Prince Herbert von Bismarck has entirely closed many of the paths in the beautiful Saxon woods, among the rest the path from Friedrichsruh to Assum.

This was the only path from which one could see the palace and the death chamber of the ex-chancellor. The Saxon park has also been closed.

These, among other orders ascribed to Prince Herbert, the Hamburgers, who think almost as much of their Saxon woods as of their Prince Bismarck, have had to swallow in silence.

Added to this comes the nonacceptance by Prince Herbert of the wreath presented for the museum of his father by the women of Hamburg.

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During a holy year the number of pilgrims to Rome is greatly increased. On Dec. 25, 1899, the new consecrated year of the church will begin, and on that day will be performed the curious ceremony of opening the holy door.

During all but holy years the holy door is kept walled up. On the first day of each holy year this door is opened in order to allow the faithful to pass through and receive the special blessing of the pontiff.

All pilgrims who wish to enjoy the plenary indulgence of the pope will be obliged to pass through this door. At the end of 1900, the holy year, the door will again be walled up, to remain closed until another holy year.

BERTIE AND UNCLE BELAM CROSS THE OCEAN.

Bertie Hunt had expected to have a good time seeing the sights in New York. He had come from his home in Florida in charge of his Uncle Belam, who had business to attend to there and expected to stay a few weeks, but when they reached their New York hotel Uncle Belam found a telegram that informed him that he must go at once to England.

Bertie was delighted, for his uncle, who was also his guardian, said that he would take him along. Any boy would be pleased with the prospect of a long trip across the ocean and the chance to see foreign lands.

As the business was pressing, Uncle Belam said he thought they must start at once, so he secured passage for them on the American line steamer New York, that was leaving for Southampton the next day.

They drove down to the dock at the foot of Vesey street, New York, one Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock. The steamer sailed at 10, therefore they had an opportunity to watch the bustle of embarking. At 10 o'clock a bell rang, and the tug that was attached to the ship hauled it out into midstream. It swung gracefully round and pointed its prow down the bay. Then the tug let go. Bertie watched with great interest the buildings on each side of the river slipping away from them. On board the ship it looked as though the shore, and not the vessel, were moving. The tall, slender structures looked like monuments. They passed Governors island, where the fort keeps grim watch over

the city; down past the statue of Liberty, holding her electric torch aloft; past Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, and until they were out in the open sea and the pilot's boat how to take off



DOWN PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

the pilot, who only was needed to take them out of New York harbor. Bertie began to look about him for amusement. His uncle and he were first cabin passengers and were there-

fore allowed to go all over the ship. Passengers in cheaper parts of the vessel who had not paid so much were not allowed to do so.

The captain was a very dignified man whom Bertie did not dare to approach, although his Uncle Belam did not seem at all afraid of him. Bertie soon became acquainted with some very nice sailors, who were simply mines of interesting stories about whales and icebergs and storms and shipwrecks and sea serpents and flying fish and porpoises. I am inclined to think that some of their stories were more fact than fiction, but as they served to while away the tedium of the voyage why be critical?

There were several very nice boys on board. One of them, Willie Dunlap, Bertie very soon became acquainted with. They roamed all over the ship, getting into all sorts of places where ordinary passengers did not think of going.

Uncle Belam one day took them down into the stowage, where they saw how the very poor people traveled. The stowage was a very dark, close place far below deck, with the berths in little compartments that looked something like cupboards. After the stowage they went down into the engine room to see the enormous machinery that made the ship go.

In the evening all the passengers gathered in the saloon, and there was music.

The people on board the ship amused themselves in playing games, in lounging about the decks and in reading.

Once they passed a school of porpoises playing in the water. Again, they sighted a group of flying fish, beautiful creatures with glistening scales and slender, graceful bodies, on which the wings were only very large fins. The fish darted through the air

for about 200 yards, never rising more than a few feet from the water. Uncle Belam said they sprang out of the water to escape their enemies of the ocean, larger fish, who would like to make a meal of them. Otherwise the journey was without incident, and it was with a good deal of relief that Bertie saw in the distance the white cliffs of England. The ship now moved more slowly through the water, and they began to



AMUSED THEMSELVES IN PLAYING GAMES AND IN READING.

meet other ships on their way across the ocean. In a few hours they reached Southampton. Bertie was much interested in the quaint old place, for he knew that it was from this port that

the pilgrim fathers had taken passage on the Mayflower for America. Uncle Belam told him that the expedition of the pilgrim fathers was not the only one of importance that had started from this town. Here, away back in 1345 and 1415, King Richard of the Lion Heart had embarked with his army to conquer the Holy Land. This, too, was the place where Canute, the wise old king of England, had rebuked the courtiers for their flattery when they told him that even the waves would obey him. He placed his throne on the seashore and commanded the tide to stand still. As the tide paid no attention to the command, but came right ahead, as usual, King Canute had an excellent opportunity to lecture the courtiers roundly for their folly.

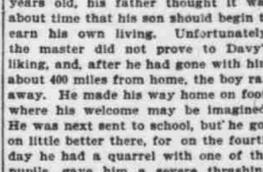
Indeed there were so many interesting incidents connected with the city that the two travelers hated to leave it, but Uncle Belam's business would not admit of delay, so they boarded the queer little English compartment cars and were soon in London. It was too dark to see out of the window, and no one entered their compartment during the trip. Indeed Bertie would not have noticed had it been otherwise, for he slept nearly all the way. It was quite late when they arrived at the great Waterloo station and took a cab to the Hotel Metropole, where Uncle Belam had engaged accommodations by telegraph. In less than an hour Bertie was in bed and asleep, his voyage across the Atlantic ended.

Jumbled Names of Measures. ILLTRMEIIL ADYR. EAMTRDEEK ALNI. EOERKTEML UDAQTRR. NHIC. EREDEG. CEAR. IEML. HICNA. ORD. ULNFGOR. ODRD.

THE YOUTH OF FAMOUS FOLK.

Davy Crockett.

David Crockett, or Davy Crockett, as he is better known, was one of the most famous pioneers in the history of this country. He was born in Limestone, Greene county, Tenn., and was killed in Texas, March 6, 1836. His father was an old Revolutionary soldier, who moved to eastern Tennessee after the war and opened a small tavern on the road from Knoxville to the road from Abingdon. Davy was a lively, good natured boy, whom every one liked, but who had a great faculty for getting into trouble. When about 13 years old, his father thought it was about time that his son should begin to earn his own living. Unfortunately, the master did not prove to Davy's liking, and after he had gone with him about 400 miles from home, the boy ran away. He made his way home on foot, where his welcome may be imagined. He was next sent to school, but he got on little better there, for on the fourth day he had a quarrel with one of the pupils, gave him a severe thrashing and ran away from home for fear of the consequences. As he grew older he married and settled in Franklin county, one of the then widest parts of Tennessee. He won great fame as a hunter and Indian fighter, and was so popular in his state that in spite of his lack of education he was sent to congress. His eccentricity and his shrewdness made him popular at Washington too. When he left congress he joined the Texans in their struggle for freedom; they were then under the Mexican government. The attempt failed, and Crockett was killed, along with other brave men who were massacred by the cruel Mexican general, Santa Anna.



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PHOENICIAN TREASURES.

Perhaps the wildest of all the many wild suggestions of Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" was the existence in Kukuanialand of a mighty treasure in a cave, the entrance to which was protected by a fallen door of stone. It at once struck the reader that the treasure was improbable because the foreign race who dug out the diamonds would, as fast as they appeared, send them on to their employers. A correspondent of the Birmingham Post, however, declares that Messrs. Neale and Johnson, who are exploring Zim-babwé, in Rhodesia, have satisfied themselves that a great treasure of massive stone doors, never yet opened, is true. They have not been able to visit it because they could not store water enough for the journey, but they believe it could be easily visited, as the natives are of the submissive kind. It is hardly probable that a building of such adventurous construction would be so protected unless it were a storehouse of some kind, whether of weapons or of treasure, and we might find it in clear evidence as to who the builders of the Zimbabwe works were. It is an yet only a guess, though guess with much probability that they were Phoenicians.

TOURISTS NOT WELCOME.

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THE HOLY DOOR TO BE OPENED.

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THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING. BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ZOE A. NORRIS

The room, in spite of its poverty, wore a gala air of subdued expectancy. The hearth was swept and garnished, the rug in front of the fire lay without a crease, the frayed tings spread flatly out.

The rag carpet, woven of innumerable old dresses of various hues and patterns, showed signs of having been recently sprinkled with handfuls of salt and carefully cleaned with the newest of brooms; the lace curtains, darned and redarned, hung evenly to the floor in permanent, starched folds, and on the table under the lamp, whose shade was red, stood a bunch of violets in a wingglass, which had been left over from days of luxury long past. A drooping violet concealed the nick in the edge.

It was 7 by the old fashioned clock loudly ticking on the mantelpiece. In one corner of the fireplace sat the owner of this humble home and in the other his wife, both white haired and old. He wore his Sunday suit of dingy black, whitened at the seams through long service, the too short trousers re-

lap, were little worn rings, brought out of some seldom opened jewelry case for the occasion. The hem of her best black silk lay ostentatiously spread about her on the floor. It was the night of their golden wedding, and they sat there ceremoniously awaiting the arrival of their guests, alert and watchful, the cat, of the three creatures in the room, alone indifferent, coiled up before the warmth of the fire, fast asleep. She smiled across at him. "To me it doesn't seem like 50 years since we were married," she said, raising her hand and touching the cherished comb into place. "Does it to you?" "It hardly seems 30," he answered, with old time gallantry, returning her smile. His answer pleased her. She swept her hand across her knee, smoothing out the creases in the silk. No wonder there were creases in it, lying away in the old trunk up stairs so many years!

good to be rich; almost as good as it is to be young, though not quite. Do you remember our crystal wedding, Mary, the grandeur of it? What fine presents they brought us—magnificent bowls and goblets and saltcellars? Altogether they must have cost a fortune. Some of that cut glass shone like diamonds. What ever became of those beautiful things? I never see any of them about."

Mary left her chair and, going over to the table, took up the little wing-glass filled with violets. "They all went in the sale," she said—"all but this," holding it up to the light, "and this is nicked."

She set it down in such a position that the violets might nod straight at the old man, waiting him their sweetest perfume, and, resuming her seat, again spread out her wonderful silk skirts and assumed her company smile, awaiting her guests. "The sale?" he repeated. "It seems to me everything we had went in that sale. It was a wonder our creditors didn't take the clothes off our backs."

"They have gone by," she said. "Never mind; it is early yet," he reminded her. "It is only half past 8. Nowadays people don't come to parties until nearly 8, they tell me. It is different from what it was when we were young."

"Our crystal wedding wasn't so very long ago," said she, "and they came early enough to that." She looked back over her shoulder through the window at the shining walk, along which couples passed, laughing and talking together, their wet umbrellas bobbing up and down. "But we were rich then," she added, with a sigh.

"He sat thus for a long time, nodding. By and by he grasped the handles of his armchair and slowly rose, bowing courteously to the right and to the left. "They are beautiful, these presents," he said unctuously. "They gladden like diamonds. They quite dazzle me. I thank you, I thank you."

"His wife had also risen, watching him wonderingly. She went to him and took him by the arm, gently pushing him back into his chair. "Sit down, Richard," she commanded. "You have been asleep. You are talking now in your sleep. Were you dreaming of our crystal wedding and the beautiful presents they brought us—presents we didn't need, because we had plenty then? This is not our crystal wedding. This is our golden wedding."

"He blinked his dim eyes open. "And isn't the house full of people?" he asked her. "Haven't they come, these good friends of ours, bringing us presents, handsome, shining presents, armfuls of them? I thought I saw them."

"No," she answered bitterly. "We are no longer rich. It is years since our crystal wedding, and we have descended in the scale of fortune. This is our golden wedding, and we are old and poor. I have been sitting here watch-

ing and waiting and listening all this time, and not a soul has come, not even John."

"I saw him this afternoon," the old man explained quickly, "and he said that where all those bones came from, then. Sally. She was a little croupy last night and needed watching. He said maybe he couldn't come on that account. I didn't tell you before, because

I thought there would be so many others you wouldn't miss him."

"The clock pointed to 10. It had begun to rattle wheezily, getting ready to strike.

"The wife went out into the dining room, where the plates for the guests were piled one above the other, the napkins beside them, the frosted cakes, with the cake knives lying ready to hand.

She set the plates on the polished old sideboard, laid the napkins in a drawer and covered the cakes with a cloth to keep away the mice.

Then she walked softly back into the room. The hem of her dress touched the cat. She got up, moved hastily to the other corner of the rug and lay down there, out of the way, while her mistress drew the curtains and passed into the hall to lock the front door.

She stood there in the hall a moment, listening. Somebody was coming! Late, it was true, but coming at last. They were not entirely friends then. She heard the steps drawing nearer and nearer. They went on by, echoing more and more faintly along the pavement, until the sound of them passed entirely away.

She locked the door, re-entered the room and stood close to the old man, running her loving fingers through his frosty hair.

"We are old and friendless and poor, Richard," she said in her thin, tremulous voice, "but we have each other."

"Yes, yes," he murmured, drawing one of her hands down and holding it tenderly between his own; "we have each other."

A Church of Bones. One of the queerest places of worship in the world is the Church of St. Ursula in Cologne. It is erected in memory of a Christian maiden, Ursula, who, with 11,000 companions, is said to have been tortured to death by the Huns 451 A. D. It hardly seems probable that either 11,000 maidens or one-hundredth part of that number could have been found in Cologne in the sixth century. If you venture to blast this to the guide

who is showing you the gruesome mysteries of the church, however, he will look at you contemptuously and, waving his hand scornfully around the interior of the edifice, will ask you where all those bones came from, then. And you feel inclined to ask the question yourself. The church is large and the walls are of immense height. Yet every square inch of surface is ornamented with bones, fastened to the walls, so as to form odd and fantastic designs. There are numerous shelves along the walls, and from these scores and scores of skeletons grin down at you.

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