

Jess.

Great dark eyes, an unruly mop of hair, a plain gingham dress, and shoes that were neat and strong, but in no manner fancy, on the front stoop of a brick house...

Passing Naughtiness.

Young mothers are inclined to take their children too seriously, but as experience lengthens they are encouraged to find that many of the unpleasant manifestations of childhood are only temporary attacks from which they will soon recover with judicious treatment coupled with a judicious letting alone.

Sometimes the attack is in the nature of an unpleasant habit, such as putting the finger into the mouth or using slang words or inelegant expressions. In such a case a little talk with the child alone, letting him know that mother sympathizes and wants to help him overcome, may prove effective.

Often the promise of a reward will help, or a little secret agreed upon between mother and child to remind the latter, thus sparing him the humiliation of knowing that others are noticing his weakness.

Again, the malady will take the form of unwillingness to perform some duty. In this case, if gentle persuasion failed, I would try substitution if possible, giving the child the choice of some other duty.

That failing, sometimes it seems as though the only course left open is simply to ignore the question for a time until the spirit of rebellion has had time to pass out of mind and then bring it up in some unobtrusive way.

My three-year-old boy had a siege of unwillingness to pray lasting through several months. At first I took his prayer for granted, saying, "Now as soon as you have prayed, we'll have a little frolic," or, "When you've had your little talk with Jesus, I'll tuck you into bed and then we'll be ready for a story."

A picture I had once seen, called The Unwilling Prayer, in which a little fellow robed for bed stood with hands compulsively clasped and with anger and rebellion in every line of the pointing face, kept recurring to my mind and helped to keep me from the serious mistake of commanding obedience.

I noticed that my boy usually wanted to sing after being tucked into his crib, so, seizing upon that, I made it a point to ask him every night, "Would you rather sing or pray tonight?" never showing any surprise or displeasure when he chose to sing.

For weeks his only song, "Jesus loves me, this I know," was substituted for the prayer, and sometimes he could be persuaded to sing a little petition.

But there came a time when even that failed, and for some time, without asking him to pray at all, I offered his petition for him. After giving him time to forget his insubordination, I took the older children into my confidence, and as they gathered at my knee one evening for their prayers they persuaded him to join them, and I had no further trouble.

The most difficult cases of all to deal with are those which take the form of actual wrongdoing, as was illustrated in the helpful article on How to Deal with Untruthfulness, a few weeks ago. I have found it helpful to extol the contrasting virtue, seizing every opportunity to commend the child where he has shown the least disposition to conquer himself.

For little children a bedtime story—never a tragic one—may be of service in teaching the lesson needed. In all cases the mother should guard herself against nagging the child, lest she exaggerate the symptoms and make the attack chronic, or rouse some worse manifestation; neither should she be unduly disturbed over discouraging symptoms, but exercise a watchful patience until the spell is broken.

We are so anxious to have our children appear well before others, and in such a hurry to see them become all we want them to be, that we cannot wait for the sunshine of the home atmosphere to ripen the seeds we have sown, but, like the children themselves, we want to reap the harvest at once.—[Congregationalist.]

Where They Came From.

Virginia has furnished more presidents to the country than any other state. All five of them were Virginia born, too. Besides, President William Henry Harrison, who is credited to Ohio, and President Zachary Taylor, who is credited to Louisiana, began their lives in Virginia.

Twice the successful presidential nomination has gone to New York and twice vice-presidents from that state have unexpectably found themselves in the White House. But Gen. Arthur was a Vermont boy by birth and Mr. Cleveland was a Jerseyman.

The country has taken two of its presidents from Tennessee, and a Tennessee vice-president has been promoted (by the bullet of an assassin) to the chief magistracy. Quercy, equally all three of these Tennesseeans—Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson—were born in North Carolina.

Massachusetts, early in the proceedings, furnished two presidents, father and son. She has furnished none since. Illinois is represented in the list by Abraham Lincoln, who was born in Kentucky, and Ulysses S. Grant who was born in Ohio, but with generations of sturdy Connecticut ancestors behind him. New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Indiana have contributed a president apiece, but the last named state (as we have seen) borrowed its "timber" from Ohio. The other states—Connecticut included—are still waiting in hope. Their turn may come in the 20th century, or some other century.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferers immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

The Problem of Tidiness.

Has the average small boy or girl an inborn love of dirt and disorder? Was there ever a naturally clean tidy child? The answer to these queries will probably vary. There are just enough dirt-loving infants born into the world to prevent a unanimous assent to the first question.

In opposition to the general chorus of affirmation would arise half a dozen mothers to instance this boy who from babyhood always cried when his hands were dirty, and that other who was never happy when his toys were in disorder. In spite of these shining lights of the nursery, the fact remains that, as a rule, the childish mind is inimical against soap and neatness. The reason of this is not easy to find.

I know one small boy who declares cheerfully that he likes to be dirty. When asked why, there is some difficulty in getting a definite answer. The first reply comes promptly. "It is so much trouble to wash."

When the matter is pressed as to why he dislikes to be washed, he becomes hazy and the only satisfaction to be obtained must be found in his final conclusion: "O, I just don't like it!"

He is thoroughly consistent. Voluntarily he would never touch soap and water. The fact that his hands are brown with dirt does not affect his appetite, and he is happy in the midst of a chaos of books, toys and clothes. Of his own will he would never put one in the proper place.

His brother, a less brilliant child, perhaps is another type. He never objects to washing, unless it interferes with more interesting occupation, although he, too, like his senior, would pluckily eat a meal with decidedly unwashed hands and face. He has spasms of neatness, during which he keeps his nursery preternaturally tidy. His clothes are always hung in the same place at night, while the older boy's are flung in all directions.

"When did your daughters learn to be tidy?" asked the mother of two grown girls. "Not until they went to college. Until then their rooms would always have been in disorder, their persons untidy, if I had not followed them up." She sank her voice to a whisper. "Up to the time they left home I actually had to carry their ears for them! Now they wash tubbing to an extreme."

"I was the dirtiest child in the world until I was about fourteen," says a woman whose hobby is frequent baths. "Then I suddenly made up my mind to be clean."

"My boy was never tidy until he was old enough to call on the girls," says another mother. "Then he became so dandified that it was absolutely painful."

The hope of such futures helps sustain the mother in the problem that now taxes her patience sorely. Yet she cannot let her children be of the great unwashed indefinitely. Even against their will she must oblige them to follow habits of cleanliness, but to wash before meals and keep their books, toys and clothes in order. It need be, she should enforce her commands by penalties, small but sure.

The child who knows he will have no dessert if he comes to the table with soiled hands or unbrushed hair, who is aware that confiscation awaits the book or toy he leaves out of place, may yield a grudging neatness, but even this is better than none. Small rewards for continued cleanliness or order are also excellent.

The mother should not allow herself to be discouraged to the extent of yielding her point. The children may prefer regular ablutions, to brush and put away their nice clothes when they take to bed, to keep bookshelves, desk and toy chest in order, but after a while the action will become a habit. To secure the peaceable fruits of righteousness in any line one must not only sow seed, but also plow and harrow.

The Rag-Time Epidemic.

The insane craze for "rag-time" music and "coon songs" that has lately swept over the country is to the cause of good music among the masses what the hot blasts of the smoozer are to healthful vegetation.

The counters of the music stores are loaded with this virulent poison, which, in the form of a malarious epidemic, is finding its way into the homes and brains of the youth to such an extent as to arouse one's suspicion of their sanity.

The pools of slush through which the composers of some of these songs have dragged their questionable rhymes are rank enough to stifle the nostrils of decency, and yet young men and ladies of the best standing daily roll around their tongues in gluttonous delight the most nauseating twaddle about "hot town," "warm babies," and "blear-eyed coons" armed with "blood-letting razors," some of them set to double-jointed, jumping-jack airs that fairly twist the ears of an educated musician from their anchorage.

Some of these songs are so manifold in sentiment and rhythm as to make the themes they express fairly stagger in the drunkenness of their exaggeration. They are a plague to both music and musicians and a stench to refinement.

Thank the Lord, they have passed the meridian of their popularity, and are now on the wane, so that the cause of music may again be permitted to enjoy a season when it can inhale a few draughts of refreshing ozone from the more refined science of a sober, reflecting, and regretting humanity.—[Choir Music Journal.]

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Flint Bros. Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

Woman in Politics.

It is not often that the death of a lady spreads dismay through the political world, but undoubtedly dismay was the first feeling created by the tidings of the death of Lady Salisbury. What, said every one instinctively, would be the effect of the calamity on her husband?

Men recalled the old romance—how Lord Robert Cecil had fought for his choice; how the young couple, left for a time without means, set themselves to live by work like any other struggling professional; how they succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door; and how, when the blind Lord Cranborne passed unexpectedly away, Lord Robert and his wife glided into their new position as heirs of Hatfield as if it had always been theirs.

The struggling period was amply paid for. Lady Salisbury inherited from her father, a man of rare abilities, partly hidden from the world by his lack of self-assertion, the kind of efficiency always needed in great houses, though not always found, and for thirty years of her reign at Hatfield she lifted from her husband the burden of domestic cares, becoming the gentle ruler and pivot of the large family which grew up around her and remained, thanks to her influence, always united and content.

Had the times been different we should have feared a great misfortune for England, the withdrawal of Lord Salisbury into the library and the laboratory to wait for the future, active only in his thoughts. Happily there is no danger of that now. Those who have watched Lord Salisbury closely know that there is in her a many-sided woman who are at once strong and nervous, a quality becoming the gentle ruler and pivot of the large family which grew up around her and remained, thanks to her influence, always united and content.

Had the times been different we should have feared a great misfortune for England, the withdrawal of Lord Salisbury into the library and the laboratory to wait for the future, active only in his thoughts. Happily there is no danger of that now. Those who have watched Lord Salisbury closely know that there is in her a many-sided woman who are at once strong and nervous, a quality becoming the gentle ruler and pivot of the large family which grew up around her and remained, thanks to her influence, always united and content.

The boy was not scared at all, but seemed rather proud of his feat. When the engine first dashed out of St. Johns he was frightened, and as he came through Portsmouth like a shot out of a gun he was yelling lustily for "mama."

After coming several miles, however, he again became brave and held his position on the seat with composure, with his hand on the lever, like a veteran.

The engine was stopped in front of the home of Dr. Davis, on Commercial street, and was quickly run back to St. Johns by Mr. Woods with the boy Fred still on board. Mr. Woods said his success in boarding the engine was a surprise to him, as well as everyone else, as its speed was still considerable. The engine had made the run from St. Johns to Albina in less than half an hour.

In the meantime the news of the rescue had been sent by telephone to the frightened parents, and for the remainder of the day there was great joy in all St. Johns.—[The Morning Oregonian.]

Baby Ran the Locomotive.

"I can run an engine like papa," said little three-year-old Fred Evans as he was lifted down from the locomotive of the St. Johns motor line yesterday at Albina. He had mounted the engine at St. Johns, pulled open the throttle and remained on the seat alone on a mad ride of seven miles. The young engineer is the son of W. B. Evans of St. Johns, an engineer on the motor line. He had often been on the engine, and his father had explained to him how the lever is pulled and the wheels started moving.

The engine lies over an hour at St. Johns, just by the water tank, and during this time yesterday while Mr. Evans was at home at lunch, little Fred walked down to the engine, mounted the seat and opened the throttle wide. The machine was full of coal and water, and was ready for the road. Several people saw the boy start, but no one was near enough to catch the engine. The news was at once told to Mr. Evans, and he reached the track just in time to see the locomotive, with his boy on board, disappear around a curve. The father was wild with grief and fear, and the boy's mother was almost prostrated.

The news spread like wild fire, and the whole town turned out. Excitement was intense, women and children cried and men offered suggestions. Master Mechanic Michael F. Brady was at that end of the line and at once began to telephone to stations along the line. Portsmouth and Peninsular were notified, and men at these points tried to board the engine as it dashed by, but its speed was too great. Mr. Brady also notified the engine at Albina, and a party of men ran out the line northward to meet the wild engine. In coming up the long grade toward Albina, the steam had died down a little, but the register still showed eighty pounds. John Wood, a motor-man on the City and Suburban Railway, was the first man to meet the engine. He caught the hand rail and swung up, but in doing so he was dragged 60 or 75 feet. He at once turned off the steam, and the engine slowed down and stopped.

It was then young Fred made the remark concerning his ability as an engineer. The boy was not scared at all, but seemed rather proud of his feat. When the engine first dashed out of St. Johns he was frightened, and as he came through Portsmouth like a shot out of a gun he was yelling lustily for "mama."

After coming several miles, however, he again became brave and held his position on the seat with composure, with his hand on the lever, like a veteran.

The engine was stopped in front of the home of Dr. Davis, on Commercial street, and was quickly run back to St. Johns by Mr. Woods with the boy Fred still on board. Mr. Woods said his success in boarding the engine was a surprise to him, as well as everyone else, as its speed was still considerable. The engine had made the run from St. Johns to Albina in less than half an hour.

In the meantime the news of the rescue had been sent by telephone to the frightened parents, and for the remainder of the day there was great joy in all St. Johns.—[The Morning Oregonian.]

Just for Fun.

A Bit of the Colonial.—Ezekiel loved Mercy madly; but it was necessary, since they were colonial, to be very quaint about it. "Wilt thou come and bake my bread?" asked Ezekiel, accordingly. "No," replied Mercy, with candor, "for I shall not need thy dough!" From this we gather that Mercy was somewhat rich in her own right.—[Detroit Journal.]

An Eye for Business.—Poor Lo had met with an accident on the plains. "Flint Face," said the surgeon who had fixed him up, "how do you like your wooden leg?" "Ugh!" responded the noble red man. "Very good. Like you make me all wood." "All wood, Flint Face? Why in the world do you want to be all wood?" "Make money! Get job stand in front of cigar store."—[Chicago News.]

Mr. Tenderfoot.—"This bear meat seems very highly spiced." Cactus Charley—"It ought to be, pardner. That's a cinnamon bear steak."—[Baltimore American.]

The Modern Version.—Liveried Menial—"Me lud, the carriage waits without." Lord Fits Josher—"Without what?" "Without horses, me lud; 'tis an automobile."—[Chicago Record.]

Father—"You seem to look at things in a different light since your marriage." His Newly Married Daughter—"Well, I ought to after receiving fourteen lamps and nine candelabra for wedding presents."—[Harlem Life.]

AFTER SEARCHING TESTS. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Has Proved Itself to be the Only Positive Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Thousands of requests for free bottles of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy are received nearly every day by the manufacturers, and upon strict investigation it has been found that no less than 91 out of every hundred of those receiving trial bottles have been so helped by the Remedy sent, that they have bought large sized bottles at their druggists.

It has been proven beyond question that Favorite Remedy is the very best medicine known for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation, and the sicknesses peculiar to women. The manufacturers are prepared to send free trial bottles postpaid to all those who will write, giving their full name and post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper.

Put some of your urine in a glass tumbler; if in 24 hours it has a sediment, or a milky, cloudy condition; if it is pale or discolored, rosy or stringy, you need a good medicine, and Favorite Remedy is the best one you can take. It speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, scalding burning pain in passing water, stinging of your linen by the urine and inability to hold it. Also the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey or beer.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

WATERBURY'S CURS FOR CONSUMPTION. BEST CURE FOR ALL CASES OF CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust"

WASHING WOOLEN BLANKETS. The theory now is, that blankets must be washed instead of dry-cleaned to be healthy. To have your blankets as soft as new, make a soapy suds in half a tub of warm water by using one-half cup of Gold Dust Washing Powder.

COMPETITORS HAVE FRANKLY ADMITTED THAT The Improved U. S. Separators ARE THE BEST SKIMMERS ON THE MARKET.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt. We illustrate herewith our new corrugated bowl, which is giving such perfect satisfaction, and which does not require hot water to flush. A small quantity of skim milk work thoroughly, so that competitors that have central tubes, and a multiplicity of discs for the cream to stick to, as the U. S. has neither. Competitors, in their efforts to find something to check the

ST. JOHNSBURY ACADEMY, BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

Table with train schedules for St. Johnsbury Academy and Boston & Maine R.R. including routes like Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via White River Junction.

THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT BIG MASTER SOAP. BIGGEST 5¢ BAR OF BEST SOAP MADE.

Door and Window. Piazza Work and Door Hoods. Come in and see me if you think of building a piazza. Perhaps I can give you an idea, if not it don't cost anything to talk it over.

MAGAZINES AT CUT RATES. Make out a list of the reading matter you want for 1900 and let us make you prices. We can give you cut rates on any periodical. Vermont Magazine Agency, 46 Portland St., St. Johnsbury.

FOR SALE 6 Cows and Horses, nice ones and 5 Stoves; part Cook and part Sitting room. Also 2 second hand sleighs and 2 sleds.

TRADE MARKS PATENTS 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Scientific American. Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

Table with train schedules for St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain R.R. including routes like Danville, Hardwick, Morrisville, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, St. Albans and Rutland.