

This Page Is For You, Children.

The Simplicity, Humility and Trustfulness of a Little Child Seemed to the Divine Mind so Exquisite as to Approach Most Closely the Crowning Graces of the Christly Culture. The Tender Helplessness, the Infinite Dependence Upon Strength—Has Any Mother Ever Lived Who Did Not Feel the Eloquence of the Language in Which the Clinging Baby Teaches Life's Loveliest Lesson! And Shall the Utter Faith and Uplooking Love of the Little Ones Meet With Less Than Perfect Response From Our Superior Strength, Wisdom and Gentleness! The First Language of These Round-Limbed, Big-Eyed, Wondering Babies is a Gurgling, Halting Imitation of Our Very Words. Let Us See to It That Those Words be Pure, True, Wise, Tender, Strong, and That Our Lives are the Abiding Emphasis to the Words.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A STORY OF A GERMAN NOBLEMAN'S SON—HIS VISIT.

In the Great City of Ice Were Many Little Boys They Had Been Naughty and Were Turned Into Ice.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad, For you to accept or refuse.

GUSTAV'S DREAM.

The sun was glimmering faintly through the window, and with a pale gold light illuminating the room where little Gustav sat with his tutor.

of the flowers, or feel the gentle heat or smell the sweetness of summer, or walk down green lanes or beside sparkling brooks. All that he saw in snow under-brooks. All that he saw in snow under-brooks. All that he saw in snow under-brooks.

for the window was very small; but Gustav walked in on tiptoe and looked around. He saw the swords, carbines and spears, and at one end of the room an old suit of armor. This startled him, for it looked like the body of a man bulging out from the wall.

He took them down, adjusted the straps and commenced to fasten them to his feet. They gave him a feeling of exultation. He stood upright in them, and his heart swelled with pride.

Truly, this was the Ice King's dominion; his fortress, where never a sunbeam came, where warmth and comfort had not reached, and where good cheer was forbidden entrance.

The show-shoes led Gustav along until he came to a gorgeous palace of glittering high pinnacles and richly-fashioned spires. He would have stopped, awestruck, outside, but the snow-shoes carried him within.

At the top of the steps a strange spectacle alarmed him. "What can these be?" Gustav murmured to himself.

Yes, it was the Ice King. As old as the world seemed to be. His beard looked as if it were made of frozen snow and his eyes were sharp and bright as icicles.

"No, your Majesty," said Gustav. "Of course not," said the King. "They never see the golden sunlight or the color

of the flowers, or feel the gentle heat or smell the sweetness of summer, or walk down green lanes or beside sparkling brooks. All that he saw in snow under-brooks. All that he saw in snow under-brooks.

"Discontented boys who come here never go home again. Look at all these statues. Once they were little boys like you, but they complained, and they were brought here to be punished into ice as a punishment. There they stand, and they will never return until their hard hearts grow soft with pity and warm with affection.

He determined to make a desperate struggle to get away. But how was this possible? His arms were stiff as bars of iron, and the ice seemed to bind him like chains to the spot.

And almost before he could have spoken this short sentence, he felt a relaxation of the tight hold upon him, a milder look came into the Ice King's eyes, and the unspoken words came into his mind: "Oh, I am so sorry I was not contented at home."

"Why, it's little Gustav!" she said. "We've been looking everywhere for you. And see—what have you got on your feet?" "A pair of snow shoes," said Gustav, looking down and remembering all that had passed.

Now we run to London, Now we stop at Bray, Leaving joyous letters, All along the way; Good folks smile and greet us, Pleased to see our glaze, Driving on the mail-cart, For Her Majesty.

This is how we frisk it, This is how we run, Up and down the roadway, In the beautiful sun; Freddy on the front seat, Mary up behind, None can overtake us, Flying like the wind.

Ours are steeds of mettle, And they stoop to fall, Or on hill or valley, Carrying the mail; But when roads are heavy, Then we always find Bright and willing helpers, Pushing on behind.

"The City of Boston."—Written By a New York Child. Mildred and Dorothy Loring were Western girls, who were on a tour with their aunt, and had visited all the principal Eastern cities in the United States.

is situated on Massachusetts Bay, in the eastern part of the State," read Dorothy. "It is the principal city of New England. The population, by the census of 1890, is nearly 450,000. It is fourth in size of the cities situated on the Atlantic coast.

"Boston was first settled in 1630. When Governor Winthrop and his company came with vessels, many settlers, cattle and everything which was necessary in establishing a thriving settlement, he did not like Salem, and went to Charlestown. Here, however, the water was not good, and there was much sickness.

"Boston took an active part in the Revolution. We remember the Boston Massacre, Boston Tea Party, Boston Port Bill, and the battle of Bunker Hill. In the War of 1812 occurred the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, in which Captain Lawrence made himself famous by his words 'Don't give up the ship' and we could speak of many more historical events.

"Among the principal business streets of Boston are Washington, Federal, Milk, School and State streets, and many others which I have not space to name. Running parallel with Washington street are Harrison avenue and Albany street on the east; Shawmut avenue, Fremont street and Columbus and Huntington avenues on the west.

"If I had more space I would describe the public gardens, the Common, the Back Bay Park, the many monuments and statues, the numerous parks and squares, in which fountain splash merely through the long summer days."

Let us imagine that we have issued our invitations, and that the eventful evening has arrived. The usual greetings over, summon a council, and let them decide which they would prefer to begin with.

My 17, 5, 25, 18, 13, 7, 14, 11 is one of the departments of the arts. My 2, 16, 8, 10, 19, 23 was a piece of armor used in ancient warfare.

Transpose the letters of the word filling the first blank, to fill the others. 1. The whole regiment, ten abreast, into the —.

Owens & Minor, the druggists, desire us to publish the following testimony, as they handle the remedy and believe it to be reliable. I bought a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and applied it to my limbs, which have been afflicted with rheumatism for one year.

call out the names as they pass; failure means a forfeit, in addition to remaining in penance till a correct guess has been given. Of course those behind the screen should do their best to disguise their identity.

A Kind Little Girl. Last night I heard the froggies croak, They must be dreadful hoarse, So please don't hurt 'em awfully, Just like mine did, of course.

So—don't you tell—when nurse's gone, I'll climb up to the shelf, An' get the bottle an' the spoon, An' give 'em some myself!

Each crossword is entire, and also able to be divided into two words of four letters each at either side of the central axis.

1. There goes another rap! O, every tradesman in the town is coming this morning. 2. Did Jack have his hip operated upon yesterday?

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OIL WELLS IN THE SBA.

Two Drillers Return From Japan With Some Queer Stories. The Japanese Government has had in its employ for over a year past two expert oil drillers from this section who are superintending boring for oil in the waters of the Japan sea, 150 yards from shore, just outside Idzmozaki, a city of about 15,000 population, on the northwestern coast of Japan, and about fifty-five miles southwest of Niigata. They have met with success.

Their native oil is similar to the Pennsylvania oil, but little darker and of gravity. The present price of oil there is from \$2.25 to \$2.30 a barrel, or, in their native currency, from 4 yen and 50 sen to 5 yen. A yen varies with the price of gold, but these drillers said it was worth 6 3/4 cents in gold when they left.

The men who have the development of this oil territory in charge for the Japanese Government are W. A. Dibble, of Reimsburg, Clark county, Pa., and T. J. Stewart, of Vandalia, Pa. A few days ago they were in Pittsburg on their return to Japan, they have been over here to get additional tools, appliances, supplies, etc., and, incidentally, to revisit home and friends.

They were averse to giving particulars as to the amount of the new production, saying that they had not to talk about the matter. They admitted, however, that they were getting enough to warrant their going ahead, and did not deny that matters were in excellent shape.

They stated that along the shore the Japanese had dug for oil for an uncertain but undoubtedly long period. There were shafts in existence there known to be 30 years old, and it is undisputed that the Japanese obtained and used this oil in their Buddhist festivals for 1,200 years back. This was obtained in early periods there by surface diggings and dipping.

Indeed, that method is still practiced. The usual native oil well is still nothing but a hole, dug by hand labor. The shafts have been in the habit of digging down through the sand and soil, cribbing the earth up where necessary, until they reached a point where the oil percolated through and collected in the bottom of the hole, where they could dip it up, considering a six or eight-gallon well about 20 feet high, and that could be desired. These wells in some instances went down several hundred feet, but were usually very shallow and rude affairs.

At Idzmozaki, which is noted as a fishing town, the available shore line is very narrow, it being occupied by the city, immediately back of which the "mountains" about 20 feet high, rise. The wells are crowded out into the waters of the sea, much as they have been doing at St. Mary's reservoir, in the northwestern part of Ohio. At about 60 feet out the water is only some 3 1/2 feet deep. They usually put down a cribbing of logs or timber, which they fill in with earth, and thus obtain the necessary support for the shaft.

Labor is very cheap there, and natives work for seven yen a month, which is about a dollar and a half. As Mr. Dibble put it, they are so habituated to being held down by the rich classes that they neither know nor imagine anything different.

When asked how they were treated by the natives, Messrs. Dibble and Stewart both agreed to say that it was not good. They never made the object of any apparent ridicule or unpleasantness upon the streets or elsewhere. To be sure, boys would be boys in Japan, as in America, and occasionally they would be a little rude or mischievous, but nothing serious. They are the only natives in the city, which they find rather homesome. They find it wise and even necessary to comply with the native customs.

They were never allowed to enter a house, or even the hotel where they board, without taking their shoes off. Sandals are provided for use upon such occasions, but the necessity of this is fastened with their feet, coming up inside the big toe makes their use practically impossible to persons wearing socks. Therefore, they must either be prepared to take off their socks, which is a little embarrassing sometimes, even to a hardy and hard-working oil man, or, in getting a concession whereby they could get their slippers upon entering the hotel, only even then they must be sure not to let the soles of their slippers come in contact with the surface of the street, which would be considered as rendering them "unclean."