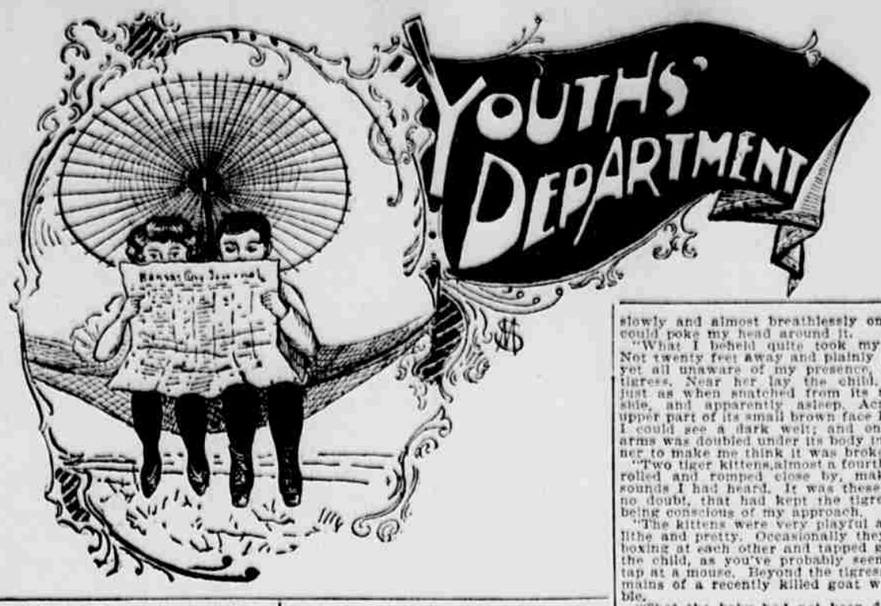

A PLAYTHING FOR TIGERS.

A Little Indian Baby Who Was Carried Off to the Lair of Wild Beasts.

(Copyright 1895, by John H. Whitson.)

"A story?" said my Uncle Griff. "Let me see!" and he thoughtfully scratched his almost bald head. "Did I ever tell you about Pooree, the little East Indian baby that had such a remarkable time with the tigers?

"You know I was up in the edge of the hill country, on a plantation, and we were sometimes much troubled by wild beasts!

"Well, the second year I was there, the few goats we kept were given a shed, or stable, at the foot of the bluff and under the shade of a tree, not far from the dwelling. Though it was the worst possible place to put them, I never thought once of tigers while erecting the shelter.

"All went well for a month or two. Then, one night, a tigress—as we afterwards knew it to be—leaped from the branches of the tree into the shed and carried one of the goats away.

"This incident had a very disquieting effect on the natives employed by us; and knowing that the beast would do untold mischief, now that her attention was directed to our place, I made preparations for waylaying her when she returned, as she was pretty sure to do.

"I owned a heavy rifle, just the thing for a tiger or any other big beast. Armed with this, and with a large knife, I took up a position near the tree, the ensuing night. Not knowing but I might need assistance before I got through with my undertaking, I had our big English bulldog, Blucher, lie at my side. Blucher was a powerful creature, very fierce when thoroughly aroused.

"We were screened from the view of anything in the tree or on top of the bluff, though I could see both tree and bluff almost as clearly as if they had been outlined by the light of day.

"The moon was near its full; and, in that climate, the moonlight nights are exceptionally fine. But, though I watched and waited with all patience, the tigress did not come back.

"The second night I had a similar experience; but on the third night, just before day, and when the moon had descended behind the western range of hills and the shadows were too thick to let me see very distinctly, I heard a soft thud, that I knew was made by the tigress as she leaped from the top of the bluff into one of the boughs of the tree.

"Though Blucher was a very light sleeper, he was not aroused; and I should not have heard the leap myself, it was so soft and springy, if I had not chanced to be fully wide awake at the moment.

"I strained my eyes to see the tigress; and finally located her on a big bough, just above the shed, into which she was apparently looking. She was stretched flat on the bough, and was as motionless as the tree itself.

"I tried to get the rifle to my face, that I might fire at her there; but she disappeared before I could do so; and the cry of a stricken goat told me she had gained the shed.

"This awoke Blucher. Then I heard the goat again and saw the tigress leap for the tree. I was wildly excited, thinking she would escape. In this mood I sprang to my feet and fired at her dimly seen form. She came to the ground with a great crash; and in that moment the considerate bulldog flew to the attack. But he instantly reeled away, badly gashed, and before I could fire again the tigress scrambled up the bluff and disappeared.

"We had goat's flesh that day for dinner; for though the goat was as dead as a hammer, the startled tigress dropped it when I shot at her and did not try to get hold of it again.

"With the coming of daylight we tried to trail the tigress to her lair, but we lost the trail, after following it a half mile or so.

"However, she had evidently been given a bad scare, for we were not soon troubled again; though depredations were reported now and then, in other places not very remote.

"Something like three or four months afterward, I was lying, one night, half asleep, with my window open toward the hills, from which came a refreshing breeze.

"A few yards distant, and clearly to be seen whenever I lifted myself, through the window, was a small hut, occupied by a native named Suadi, together with his wife and their 6-months-old child, Pooree. This hut, with the dark-green of the shrubbery around it and the gleam of the hills beyond, made a pretty picture, as I had observed earlier in the evening.

"We had not been disturbed for so long a time that I felt perfectly safe with the window wide open; and, in fact, no one dreamed of danger.

"Toward morning, when I was sleeping soundly, I was awakened by a loud scream from Suadi's wife, and darting to the window, I beheld a large animal, which I knew to be the tigress that had so annoyed us before, leap away with something white in her jaws.

"Instantly there was a loud outcry, with shrieks from the hut, together with words that told me the tigress had carried off Pooree. The cries of the poor mother were heart-rending.

"Scarcely waiting to slide into my clothing, I grasped my rifle and ran out of the house.

"Quick as I was, a small crowd had already collected, a wildly excited crowd composed of natives.

"These people are, as a rule, dreadfully afraid of wild animals; but now, wrought to fury by the fiendish act of the tigress, and by the moans of the heartbroken mother, they asked to be led at once in pursuit of the jungle demon.

"We found the trail of the tigress in the sand at the foot of the bluff. Fortunately day was at hand, and the pursuit could be conducted with something like system. Although I was as eager as any I really had little hope that anything could be accomplished. There was a possibility that we might trail the tigress to her lair; but so far as regaining the child and restoring it alive to its mother was concerned, I did not believe it could be done. I fancied the child was already dead.

"We had not gone a great distance when we met a frightened native. He had seen the tigress with the child in her mouth and was hurrying to report it. More than that, he had seen the tigress leap to a rocky ledge, at a point where some bushes grew, and where, in all likelihood, there was a cave, or opening.

"I asked him if he could lead me to that ledge, and when he replied that he could, I set off with him alone, thinking to accomplish more in that way than if I had a crowd of excitable natives at my heels.

"The sun was up and the hills and valleys fairly well lighted by the time we reached the foot of the bluff, along whose face lay the ledge where my guide had seen the tigress disappear.

"Standing in the shadow of a rock, he pointed silently to the ledge and to the clump of bushes. I readily fancied that a black hole existed somewhere back of those bushes, though not a trace of the tigress could I see.

"'Stay here,' I whispered. 'If I call you, climb after me as fast as you can. Otherwise don't make a sound.'

"He nodded to show that he understood me.

"I left him in the shadow of the rock and pushed along at the foot of the bluff, using the greatest caution and keeping myself well concealed, until I came to a point where I thought I might safely ascend.

"Except at one point, I found the climbing not difficult. At that one point I had to draw myself up a face of rock three or four feet, by sheer strength of muscle.

"This placed me on the ledge occupied by the bushes. I could see the bushes, and a dark space back of them, which I took to be the opening of a cave.

"I was so exhausted and was made so shaky by my climb that I remained for a few minutes stretched out on the ledge, breathing heavily and trying to regain control of my nerves.

"Then I crept slowly on by slow hitches, pushing the cocked rifle in front of me. Though sure the child was dead and probably devoured, the cries of the stricken mother still rung in my ears, and I was fully determined to slay the tigress if it could be done.

"I was not unaware of the peril of my position, but I put much trust in the proved reliability of that heavy rifle and the big ball it carried. The thing I most feared was the quivering of my nerves. By no force of will could I quite get the tremor out of my body and limbs. Yet I do not think I was at all afraid.

"Of course I became extremely cautious as I neared the bushes. I did not know what to expect. A queer, bounding noise began to reach me, greatly exciting my curiosity and warning me to still further care.

"On gaining the bushy fringe I held my rifle in readiness and strove to look about. Those queer sounds came with more distinctness. But a little shoulder of rock kept me from seeing far, and I crawled slowly and almost breathlessly on until I could poke my head around it.

"What I beheld quite took my breath. Not twenty feet away and plainly revealed yet all unaware of my presence, was the tigress. Near her lay the child, clothed just as when snatched from its mother's side, and apparently asleep. Across the upper part of its small brown face I fancied I could see a dark welt; and one of its arms was doubled under its body in a manner to make me think it was broken.

"Two tiger kittens, almost a fourth grown, rolled and romped close by, making the sounds I had heard. It was these sounds, no doubt, that had kept the tigress from being conscious of my approach.

"The kittens were very playful and very lithe and pretty. Occasionally they ceased boxing at each other and tapped gently at the child, as you've probably seen kittens tap at a mouse. Beyond the tigress the remains of a recently killed goat were visible.

"That the baby had not been devoured, I accounted for on the theory that the young tigers had eated their appetites by feasting on the body of the goat.

"Though the tigress seemed to be asleep, I observed that she watched the kittens dreamily out of the corners of her yellow eyes.

"As I took in these details of the singular scene, a strange terror fascinated and held me spellbound. Indeed, I was so transfixed by what I saw that I might have remained there much longer without lifting my rifle or attempting any movement, if the child had not stirred and thus informed me that it still lived.

"At the child's first motion the tigress opened wide her yellow eyes, and when it moved again a peculiar shudder seemed to run through her body. She drew her feet more firmly under her, while her eyes began to blaze and her teeth were revealed. Then the tip of her sinuous tail began to twitch and she flattened herself as if for a spring.

"A feeble wail from the baby aroused me to a full realization of its danger. A new courage seemed infused into me by that wail, and when the rifle came up with almost an involuntary movement I knew that my hands and arms were as rigid as iron and that the rifle was clasped with the steadiness of a vise.

"With the sights drawn full on the ear of the threatening beast, I pulled the trigger. There followed a tremendous explosion that seemed to shake the very foundations of the bluff, and the little cavity back of the bushes was filled with powder smoke. Then I heard a great thrashing, and a scared outburst from the baby, and felt something run by me.

"Without waiting for the smoke to clear away, I scrambled through the aperture, pretty sure that my shot had not been in vain.

"The thrashing came from the expiring tigress, that had been shot squarely through the head. One of the kittens remained, which I killed; the other kitten was what had dashed by me. The baby was screaming at a great rate when I picked it up and retreated.

"There was a big bruise on the back of its head, received, as I believed, when the tigress made off with it; and I think it is very likely it only recovered consciousness at the moment I saw it arouse as if from sleep.

"But the bruise was not a serious matter. Its arm was not broken and it was not otherwise much injured. In a week it had quite recovered and was apparently none the worse for having been a plaything for tigers."

SHE FLATTENED HERSELF AS IF FOR A SPRING.

I FINALLY LOCATED HER ON A BIG BOUGH.

THE SHRIKE.

A Feathered Butcher Who Impales His Hapless Victim.

By John Boroughs.

(Copyright 1895 by John Boroughs.)

I used to think that our smaller birds were not afraid of the shrike, that they did not know him to be an assassin intent upon their lives. I have lately discovered that they are sometimes afraid of him and sure to know his character well. The past season I frequently saw flocks of gold finches scatter at his approach. The smaller sparrows also hurried away when they saw him. One day my attention was attracted to a pair of blue birds in a vineyard near the road. The birds were busying themselves about the vines and posts, when suddenly they both began crying "guit," "guit," "guit," and launched hurriedly into the air. Turning in the direction of the supposed danger I saw a shrike but a few yards away, coming straight as an arrow towards the birds. They had discovered him in time and were easily out of his reach. He gave chase, but to no purpose. The shrike is an awkward, heavy flyer. All the birds avoid him easily if they discover him in time. His tactics are to strike when unperceived. One of them recently frightened my neighbors' canary birds nearly out of their wits. The birds were in their cage, which hung against the window, when the shrike made a dash at them, pausing and hovering a moment on wing close to the glass. The poor canaries fell from their perch and lay for a moment panting upon the floor of their cage.

A correspondent in Ohio sends me an interesting observation upon the shrike. He says it is only within the last few years that butcher-birds have been recognized in this community; their victims were sometimes found on ledges and thorn trees, but the butcher was not known. "Last spring, while plowing corn stubble, many white grubs were thrown out. The bird you describe visited us every morning, occasionally through the entire day. It carried away the grubs, at one time making as many as five trips in eight minutes, hanging them on a thorn tree near by. Some of them were impaled on the sharp splinted corn stubble by the plowed ground, always run through so that they could not reach the thorn or stub and release themselves.

"Last October while husking corn from shocks in which there were many mice, this same bird was with us frequently. It would perch on the top of a corn shock near, and seemed very indifferent to what was going on. When the shock was husked and lifted the bird would carry away the mice killed and left lying on the ground. As many as seven were counted suspended on one tree, and it seemed to distribute its provisions at different points.

"In January while gathering in some belated shocks of corn, the same bird, which had not been seen for some time, appeared on the grounds, taking up its position on a shock not more than forty feet away from us. In tearing down a shock a large meadow mouse ran out, when the bird swooped down upon it like a hawk, but struck it with its beak, fluttering along over it striking it as it ran until the mouse was so disabled that the bird could keep along with it by hopping along on the ground. Toward the last the bird's actions were not unlike those of a hen in similar conflict. It took the shrike fully a minute to dispatch the mouse, giving him an occasional pick whenever it showed signs of life.

"In carrying the mouse away the bird caught it up in its beak and having risen about four feet from the ground dropped it, catching it in its talons as it flew; it did not rise higher than this until it reached the fence, where it at once began to breakfast on its victim."

SEA LAWYERS.

They Are the Bane of the Ship Commander's Life.

"The chief of all things on earth a sea captain dreads is a sea lawyer," said an old, gray haired commander. "The typhoon of the China seas and the hurricane of the West Indies are bad, but they are not in it for raising a rumpus with the sea lawyer.

"The fellow I refer to as the 'sea lawyer' is the one or more sailors almost sure to creep into every forecastle at one time or another, who, being a little better educated than his mates, becomes their leader and proceeds to make himself solid with them, and a deadly enemy of the captain and officers by quoting maritime laws to them that never existed, and inventing their own with noteless and imaginary wrongs. He'll tell them they must have 'plum duff' every day, according to law, and they'll believe him and raise cain if they don't get it. He'll persuade them they are worked too hard, and every man Jack of them will desert at her first port of call. He'll make them believe they own the vessel before he gets half through with them, and will instigate a half dozen or more damage suits against the ship's owners among them as soon as they set foot ashore.

"The 'sea lawyer' is generally a sneaky fellow, who makes a steady practice of deceiving honest sailors and getting them into trouble, and then leaving them to get out as best they can. He is hated and dreaded by every captain afloat, and there's only one way to argue with him—that's with a belaying pin. I've known more than one bloody mutiny to be stirred up by a 'sea lawyer.'"—Baltimore News.

THE WHITE OWL.

The Story of 'Toinette, a Little Breton Maid.

By Gerald Brennan.

(Copyrighted 1895 by Gerald Brennan.)

I.

'Toinette was 7 and 'Toinette was naughty. The naughtiest little girl (said her adopted mamma) in all the broad province of Brittany. But much of her naughtiness—which was in truth only thoughtlessness—was condoned by the simple Breton peasants of Cabusac, among whom she dwelt, because of her birth and blood.

For, let it be known, 'Toinette was no mere daughter of the soil. She was one of those waifs only too common in modern Brittany, the last offshoots of an ancient but impoverished race. In the days of the French monarchy her ancestors had been lords of many castles and broad domains. In fact her real name was Marie Antoinette de Lacherois-Jarnac, and her father had been a grandnephew of the famous "M'sieu' Henri"—the gallant Marquis de Larochjaquelin.

But poverty and the republic had done their work upon the family of Lacherois-Jarnac. Men said that far away in Paris or some such distant place there still lived a Comte de Lacherois, but 'Toinette's branch never heard of or saw him. Kindly peasants reared the orphan child. Mere Bihan adopted her after her father's death; and so she was brought up in the primitive simplicity of a small Breton.

In spite of the kindness displayed by these good people, it must be owned that 'Toinette was not quite happy. Through some strange respect for her rank, old Mere Bihan would not allow the child to associate with the queer little folks of the village. Consequently 'Toinette had no playfellows—at least no human ones. There arrived, however, one fair summer, a strange friend at the house of Mere Bihan. Roger, 'Toinette's adopted brother, captured in the woods hardby a great white Breton owl, who looked as though he had lived ever since the days of the Druids, so grave and venerable of aspect was he. It was said, indeed, that he represented the very last specimen of the old Brittany owls. 'Toinette also being of old family nobody was surprised that the two became cronies. "Monseigneur" (such was the owl's name) seemed always happiest when alone with 'Toinette, and 'Toinette seized every opportunity to spend her hours with "Monseigneur."

Roger Bihan fashioned a huge oaken case for Monseigneur, with baize curtains around the sides, so that the light could be shut off when necessary. From far and near the peasants came to view this wise bird, and strangers even arrived at intervals from Brest, Morbihan and the coast town with the same purpose in view. It was even rumored that the Abbe Bonnard, a very learned antiquary, had written a paper for the Breton Folk Lore society about the owl, and that the paper had been published in the Parisian newspapers.

But 'Toinette did not care about the fame of her pet bird. She loved him, for himself alone, and because he was her only playfellow. So the two held long secret confabulations under the green baize covering of the big cage. 'Toinette telling her little sorrows to "Monseigneur" and "Monseigneur" blinking back at 'Toinette in silent sympathy. Mere Bihan rather approved of the strange friendship than otherwise.

"After all," she would say, (for your true Breton peasant is an aristocrat at heart), "after all it is natural that a De Lacherois should have much in common with a bird who knew all her great ancestors. It is better than running wild with the canaille of the village." So the intimacy grew and became very pleasant for 'Toinette.

But pleasant things rarely last long.

II.

One day a positive bombshell in the way of news exploded in the Bihan farm house. Maitre Lechaudel, a bird dealer, it seemed, came all the way from the Rue des Petits-Freres in the great city of Paris, to buy this wonderful white owl. The price he offered seemed fabulous to Madam Bihan and her neighbors. But Maitre Lechaudel explained that he was merely acting as agent for a very great and very rich nobleman, who desired to add this rare specimen to his world-famous collection of birds.

'WHAT WAS YOUR FATHER'S CHRISTIAN NAME?'

'TOINETTE AND HER PET.

Poor 'Toinette heard of the negotiations and fastened to implore Mere Bihan not to sell "Monseigneur." But Mere Bihan was poor and money is a spacious argument. Maitre Lechaudel conquered, and it was arranged that the bird, cage and all, should be shipped in his care to Paris on the morrow.

That was a woeful night for 'Toinette. She did not trust herself to visit "Monseigneur" before retiring to bed. Her pillow was wet with tears and her heart ached with unutterable sorrow. Suddenly, about the still hour of midnight, when the yellow moon peeped through the lattice, like one of those hateful Louis d'or which had tempted Mere Bihan, a great project sprang in the child's brain. "Why not go to Paris with Monseigneur? Why not share the cage with her beloved owl?"

Trembling with excitement 'Toinette slipped out of bed, and hastily robed herself in her simple short kirtle, warm stockings and hooded cloak. Then grasping her wooden shoes she hastened to the deserted kitchen where stood the cage of "Monseigneur." Quickly withdrawing the curtain she found the great yellow eyes of the owl fixed upon her with what seemed to be a look of pleading. That settled the matter to the little girl's mind. The cage was large enough for three 'Toinettes; so unbolting the door she slipped in among the straw, and wound her arms around "Monseigneur's" downy neck. The green baize curtain fell once more and all was darkness. But "Monseigneur" uttered a single, solemn "twiloo!"—probably a note of owlish gladness.

III.

The hours passed slowly, but at earliest cock-crow came Maitre Lechaudel to claim his prize.

"Quick, boys," he cried, "Tie that green baize tightly round with ropes. We don't want any prying eyes on our journey. Make haste or the owl will be stirred up and then we'll have a fine time of it. Ha! ha! ha! Quick, boys, quick!"

"Aha! M. Lechaudel—welcome! You have brought me my white owl? It is well. Open the cage."

One by one the ropes were cut. 'Toinette's heart beat against her ribs with fear. Then the green baize was dextrously plucked aside and a flood of light poured into the cage. For a minute the child was dazzled.

"Mon dieu!" exclaimed the kindly voice, which belonged to a tall, very grizzled old gentleman. "What is this? A little child?"

Maitre Lechaudel was even more astonished than the count. It was some time before he could find breath to answer. Then he blurted out: "This, M. le Comte, is a little Breton peasant girl."

'Toinete flung open the door of the great cage, and stepped forth.

"I am not a peasant girl, M. Lechaudel," she exclaimed, "Mere Bihan says my blood is the oldest in Brittany."

The elderly count glanced from the eager little face to the clumsy sabots and burst into amused laughter.

"What is your name, then, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"They call me 'Toinette," responded the little maid, "but I am really Marie Antoinette de Lacherois-Jarnac."

The count dropped his eyeglass and stared at the bird fancier. M. Lechaudel stared back at his patron.

"Is she poking fun at me?" demanded the former, "or is she an idiot?" Then advancing suddenly to the table he eagerly demanded of the shrinking child: "What was your father's Christian name?"

"His name was Henri-Gaston," sobbed 'Toinette, who sat dangling her sabots over the edge of the table. "But he has gone to live with the good God. I reside with the old Mere Bihan. I have no friends but her and my white owl. Oh please, please do not take away my white owl."

But M. le Comte was not listening. He had turned aside to examine a great parchment roll which hung upon the wall. His finger soon rested upon a certain portion of the scroll. "Here is the very name, Dieu! at Cabusac. Does not mention any children. Where did you pick up this little creature?"

Briefly the bird fancier told all he knew about 'Toinette and her love for the white owl. "They said at Cabusac," he added, "that she was of good family, but I paid no attention to their ramblings. Is it possible that she can be a cousin of M. le Comte?"

"It is more than possible," said the count, "it is probable. This very day I shall send a lawyer into Brittany to inquire. I thought myself the last of my name and race, Lechaudel. It seems as though heaven has sent this little Breton fairy."

Then turning to 'Toinette once more he said: "My dear child, it seems that we are namesakes. I am not count, I am Comte le Lacherois-Jarnac—a childless, friendless old man. Years ago I knew your father, when we were both boys. Will you let me be your father in his stead?"

'Toinette put her thumb in her mouth and looked at the count steadfastly.

"Yes," she said, "if you will let me keep my white owl all to myself."

"Mademoiselle, my little cousin," said the old count, kissing her tenderly, "the white owl is yours."

'Toinette clasped her hands for joy, while "Monseigneur," just as though he understood the whole conversation, uttered a triumphant "Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!"

THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S CATS.

Some Wonderful Animals That Belonged to the Great Novelist.

Theophile Gautier, one of the most famous and artistic French authors of the present century, had an especial fondness for all animals, but cats were his particular favorites. In his book called "La Menagerie Intime," he describes his household of pets.

One of the first was Childebrand, a short-haired, fawn-colored beauty, striped with black velvet like the clown in Hugo's "Roi s' Amuse." He had great green eyes, almond-shaped and surrounded by bands of black.

Mme. Theophile was another favorite, reddish and white-breasted, pin-nosed and blue-eyed. She dwelt with him on terms of great intimacy, sleeping with him, sitting on the arm of his chair when he wrote, following him on his walks through his garden and always present at meals, when she sometimes stole attractive bits from his plate.

He tells an amusing tale about her and a parrot left in his charge for a short time by an absent friend. Mme. Theophile had never beheld a parrot and it astonished her greatly by its gyrations with beak and claw with the strange motions of its awkward green body. She sat for a long time as still as an Egyptian mummied cat, watching it with meditation, for she had never witnessed such a peculiar example of natural history. Finally she seemed to say: "I have it now; it is a green chicken!" Meanwhile the parrot watched the cat with increasing alarm, ruffing its feathers and whacking its beak uneasily against its cage. Presently the cat seemed to say: "Well, even if it is a green chicken, very likely it is good to eat."

"I watched the scene," says Gautier, "her paws gradually spread and contracted, she gave alternate purs and growls, and prepared for a spring. The parrot, perceiving the danger, said, in a deep bass voice: 'Have you breakfasted, Jacquot?'"

A blare from a trumpet, a pistol shot, an earthquake could not have frightened her more. All of her ornithological ideas were upset. "What more," said the parrot, "the king's roast beef?"

The cat's face expressed terror. "He is not a bird; he is a monsieur," she seemed to say. The green creature then sang a French couplet about good wine, and the cat, fleeing for her life, took refuge under the bed.

Madame Theophile had all the tastes of a great French lady, being especially fond of perfumes, but patchouli and vertivert would throw her into ecstacies. She liked music, too, but sharp, high notes affected her and she would put her paw upon a singer's lips when such a high note distressed her.

A third favorite was brought to Gautier from Havana by a friend. This was an Angora, white as a swan, the founder of the "White Dynasty." He received the name of Pierrot, and as he grew older and more dignified this was extended to Don Pierrot de Navarre. He always loved to be with people, adored Gautier's literary friends, and used to sit silently when they discussed great questions, sometimes putting his head to one side and occasionally making a little cry. He used to play with books, turning over the leaves with his paws and going to sleep on top of them. Like Childebrand, he used to sit by the author when he was at work and watch his pen move across the paper with intense interest. He never went to bed until Gautier returned home and no matter how late it was, he would bound out of the dark to greet him, and so soon as the candle was lit scamper ahead like a page. His companion was a beautiful puss, white as snow, and owing to her celestial purity she was named "Seraphita" for Balzac's romance.

ESTHER SINGLETON.

SUMMER TOYS.

With the summer comes the outdoor games for children—those special novelties which present themselves in the toy bazar—and most of them worthy of mention. Every sort of amusement is ready at hand for boys and girls of all ages, with a cheapness in price that is unrivaled, and one which meets the requirements of any purse, however slender.

For the seashore there is the wooden box, square in form, filled with good sized sand molds, in which shovels and a small wheelbarrow quite complete the outfit. These range of all sizes, from the small sum of 20 cents to $1.50.

But the genuine sand mill seems to be in the lead this season. One of those gorgeous and taking affairs of ladder effect, which, after the pail is filled, lifts itself through the mill house by means of a wooden pipe, ready to be bagged and sold. This clever invention brings $5.

Another of rough construction, is a ladder in which a man of wood at the side turns a crank. The pail at the foot of these bars is drawn up—the vessel filled, and this amusing toy is sold for 25 cents.

The new water pump is a clever departure from the old. It is a gay affair in paint of dull red. By a handle in the back, the water pours out for daily use, and the pails, numbering three, all in a fine dress of somber color, ready for use. For very small children there are willow baskets in which sand molds, with boat reins, pumping rope, and shovels, all for the beach, are in good form, from $1.50 to $3. A very attractive toy.

For the wee tots who fancy soap bubbles, that piazza toy so much played on the warmest days comes this season in splendid attire. There are two tin pipes painted in blue and red, a cunning little box of soap powder, and a good sized bath, all for 75 cents, and well worth it.

Then there is the toy piano, a delightful little bijou of a present. This small instrument is made of cherry, finely polished. The hand board is elaborately carved, like those of the old-fashioned spinnet. The keys are all on good hammers and the tone excellent. A fine amusement for a nursery, or even for the big girl whose continual practice in the early morning is often disturbing to her elders. An excellent play for rainy days, in fact, a household charm. This affair is of good size, and would fill up a corner admirable.

One of the new attractions for the hillside is the watering sprinkler, a charming toy of fine size. The tank is painted a bright red, and when filled holds at least two quarts of water. The pipe at the end of the cart is in gilt and yields eagerly when in motion. A delightful scheme for the morning hours. Its value is $5.

The target for the lawn is in full sway, and the numbers sold show its popularity at all times. A game as much in vogue for elders as for little people. There are tall and small ones, some three or four kinds, each one increasing in size, decorated with bright tints and as inviting looking as possible. Among the smallest is the Punch target. This affair is made of wood, the ball being thrown at a hole in the lower part of the target, opens a door at the top and Punch in smiling array peeps out. There is a double target of this same game. One, $2.75; the other, $5.

FILLING THE SAND MILL.

But the real fine turnout is the true donkey cart, an expensive affair which brings $20. It is built on a very elaborate plan, the seat handsomely carpeted, and much gilt ornamentation, which, of course, adds to its value. This cart is of unusually large size, and is designed for either donkey or pony; is not easily upset and a delight to a family of growing children.

As for ships they are of all kinds, from catboats to yachts. Boats which cost a mere trifle, rough affairs, which sell for 20 cents and twice that sum. Large size schooners, with sails and larger ships whose magnificent appearance and size bring $20. Warships, canoes, steam yachts, catamorans—all and every sort of sailing craft—every one to please a boy's heart and give the amateur sailor lad pleasure.

Fishing outfits whose bright poles filled the buyer with admiration, reels, lines, hooks, sinkers, floats, flies—all for the sportsman's pleasure. There may a word of advice be said to the buyer. Buy at the shops in which there is the largest quantity of goods. For in these bazars are the best and cheapest of toys for the million of children who migrate every season to the sea shore, to the hillside and to the mountain top, where health, fresh air and good food combine to restore faded cheeks, poor appetites and loss of strength. For in these days there are summer toys as well as winter ones, and all to suit everybody, however poor, however rich, and at all ages.

MRS. OLIVER BELLE BUNCE.

HALF THE BAND SULKED.

Schofield Says They Didn't Play When Sousa's Back Was Turned.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The last echoes of one of Sousa's overtures was just dying away over the sand-hills south of the fair grounds when General Schofield stepped in front of the band and saluted the distinguished leader. Sousa returned the salute and sent one of his men to escort the general into the band stand.

"That music was beautiful—beautiful!" exclaimed the general, as he shook Sousa's hand warmly. "I am astonished, sir, that you get such results with so little discipline."

There is nothing that Sousa prides himself on more than being one of the strictest of disciplinarians, and he was naturally nettled at the general's criticism.

"Why, general, my men are under perfect control. I'm sure they are thoroughly drilled, and I can hardly believe that there is any lack of discipline. I haven't noticed it."

"No, that's just it; you don't see it," persisted the general. "I saw it, though. Do you know that as soon as you turn your back on one side of your band to shake your baton at the other those fellows all quit playing? Of course you don't see it, for as soon as you turn around they begin again."

Trying to Get Square.

Deutsche Warfe: "My dear baron, what are you doing? Smoking two cigars at one and the same time?"

"Well, you see, my dear fellow, in this beastly hole you can't get any sixpenny cigars such as I am in the habit of smoking, and so I have to make shift with a couple of threepenny ones."

ADDRESSED TO WOMEN.

By Dr. Hartman, President of the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, O.

In a lecture to women recently Dr. Hartman concluded his remarks in substance as follows: No one knows better than Dr. Hartman how much the women suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex. No one knows better than he does how many of them suffer with such diseases. Patiently, hopefully, wearily, and often silently, they eke out a miserable existence year after year. No martyr in poetry or heroine in romance makes a more touching appeal to the human sympathy than the woman burdened with the cares of a family, trying to carry the extra load of some tormenting and ever-present female disease. Dr. Hartman's sympathy for such is unbounded and his willingness to help them limited only to his power. To all such he would say: Write him, giving him a careful description of your symptoms, and he will promptly advise you what to do, and continue to correspond with you until you are well. He will direct every detail of the treatment by letter without charge. The medicines he prescribes you will be able to get at the nearest drug store.

No woman should neglect this opportunity for relief. Every married woman should have a copy of the Woman's Hand Book and Guide to Health. Sent free to any address by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, Ohio.

For free book on cancer address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

FOSTER ON THE WEATHER.

Indications Favor Sufficient Rain to Make a Fair Corn Crop in Most of the Great Corn Belt.

Foster's Local Forecasts.

The storm wave will reach this meridian and the other changes will occur at and within 100 miles of Kansas City within twenty-four hours of 8 p. m. of the dates given below:

June 16.—Wind changing.
" 17.—Cooler.
" 18.—Cool.
" 19.—Moderating.
" 20.—Warmer.
" 21.—Storm wave on this meridian.
" 22.—Wind changing.

(Copyright, 1895, by W. T. Foster.)

St. Joseph, Mo., June 15.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 19th to 23d and the next will reach the Pacific coast about 24th, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 25th, the great Central valleys 26th to 28th and Eastern states 29th.

This storm wave will be preceded by a very warm period, excessive evaporation and drouth and following it will come very much cooler weather, with a very large increase of rain and good crop growing weather in numerous and extensive parts of the United States.

This and the preceding storm will be above the average in force and high winds may be expected.

The warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 24th, the great Central valleys 26th and Eastern states 27th.

Cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 27th, great Central valleys 29th and Eastern states July 1.

Indications favor sufficient rain in most parts of the corn belt to make a fair corn crop and the only probable drawback is the expected low average of the temperatures.

Indications are that the last part of June will be warmer than the first part but altogether the temperature will average below in the great corn producing section.

The same condition of temperature is expected for July and August, averaging very cool in the Missouri, Ohio and Upper Mississippi valleys with a fair amount of rain.

The drouth and hot weather of April and May were correctly foretold and an average of cool weather though accompanied by some very hot days, and an average rainfall for the three principal corn months may be relied on with a reasonable degree of certainty.

Killing frosts will come early, not long after September 16th, in large portions of the corn producing country and farmers should finish their plowing early in order that the corn may mature early. Where replants were late the corn will probably get frosted unless cut early.

The above in reference to the corn crop applies only to the north part of the country drained by the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME

On the SANTA FE ROUTE Between Kansas City and Chicago.

On and after Sunday, June 9, trains will leave Kansas City Union depot for the East as follows:

Chicago Daylight Express, daily, 7:30 a. m.

Fort Madison Local, daily except Sunday, 8:40 a. m.

Columbian Limited, daily, 5:30 p. m.

Kansas City and Chicago Limited, daily, 7:00 p. m.

The Santa Fe is the only line running three fast trains daily between Kansas City and Chicago. Pullman sleepers, free reclining chair cars and dining cars on all trains. Meals served in the dining cars on the European plan.

SANTA FE ROUTE ticket offices, northeast corner Tenth and Main streets, 1050 Union avenue and Union depot.

GEORGE W. HAGENBUCH, P. & T. A.

OTTAWA CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

Ottawa, Kas., June 17th to 28th Inclusive.

This will be the seventeenth annual session, and the programme will be better than ever. Special features every day. June 20 is Grand Army day, and Governor McKinley, of Ohio, will be the speaker of the day. June 27 is Children's day. A programme of special music, also of special amusement by Mr. Frank Beard and others, will be given. Very low special rates have been named by the Santa Fe Route for this occasion, and special trains will be run.

Call at Santa Fe Route ticket offices, northeast corner Tenth and Main streets, 1050 Union avenue, or Union depot.

$1.00—OTTAWA AND RETURN—$1.00.

McKinley Day, June 20th.

This is G. A. R. day at the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly and Governor McKinley, of Ohio, will be the speaker of the day. Special train will leave Kansas City Thursday, June 20, at 8:30 a. m., on the Santa Fe Route; returning train will leave Ottawa at 9 p. m.

SANTA FE ROUTE ticket offices northeast corner Tenth and Main streets, 1050 Union avenue and Union depot.

WOMEN'S EDITION OF THE "JOURNAL."

Business Office in Room 302, Journal Building.

All women's organizations desiring the benefit of the per cent on advertisements secured for the women's edition of the Journal, call on the business manager, Mrs. Smith, room 302, Journal building.

Grand Excursion to Colorado.

Leaving Kansas City at 2:00 p. m. July 5, via the Union Pacific, arriving in Denver the next morning at 8, where close connection is made in Union station for Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and all Rocky Mountain resorts. This special train will be fully equipped with Pullman palace sleeping cars, and finest reclining chair cars. Seats free. Originally intended for the teachers desiring to attend the National Educational meeting, July 8 to 12, it has been decided to include their friends. The rate has been fixed at the low price of $19.00 for the round trip. Tickets good until September 1. Remember this low rate includes the trip to Colorado Springs and Pueblo, and is good returning via a different route. Tickets at this low rate good on all regular trains, will be on sale July 5, 6, 7 and 8. Only line having two trains daily from Kansas City to Denver, and only line running Pullman palace dining cars. Leave Kansas City 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The latter is a very popular Kansas City Denver train, as it reaches Denver at 9:25 next afternoon. Compare with others. Full particulars, reservations, maps and illustrated guides to Colorado furnished cheerfully at city ticket offices, 1000 Main street, and 1038 Union avenue. Telephone 1100.

J. E. FRAWLEY, General Agent.