

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

What Children Have Done, What They Are Doing, and What They Should Do to Pass Their Childhood Days.

Fortunes in the Moon.

Children, especially of the South, have many ways of telling fortunes by the moon; the most popular one is this: When the new moon is seen for the first time three steps are taken backward and these words repeated: New moon, true moon, true and bright. If I have a true love, let me dream of him to-night.

If I'm to marry near, let me hear a bird cry; If I'm to marry far, let me hear a cow low. And if I'm never to wed, let me hear a hammer knock.

Then the flight of the turkey buzzard is always noted, especially if flying alone, and the bird is addressed thus: Hall, hall, lone turkey buzzard! Fly to the east, fly to the west, Fly to the one that I love best; Let me know by the flap of the wing Whether he or she loves me or not.

The bird's direction of flight is noted, also the motion of the wings. If they flap it is considered a true sign that the lover or sweetheart is true.

Rainy-Day Sunshine.

"Seems to me this isn't a very nice world." "Why, Kitty?" said mamma. "It's very nice for mamma and big people who can do as they please, but when children have to sit in the house and just look at the rain, it isn't very nice."

"It seems to me," said mamma, "if a little girl I know would just look around this big nursery and see all the things provided for her amusement, she might be happier."

"I'm tired of every one of them. All my dolls are naughty, and all my toys are horrid." "Please, Mrs. Brown," said nurse, coming into the room, "Mrs. Dixon has sent her two children home with the clothes, and they are so wet I want to know if I may keep them and get them dry before they go home."

"Let them come up here. Do, please, mamma," exclaimed Kitty, all the clouds gone from her face.

"Very well, nurse; find some dry clothing, and then send them to me." "I'll show them all my things," said Kitty, "and they shall hold my very best doll."

Soon two shy little girls were led by nurse to where Mrs. Brown was sitting.

"This is Annie, and this is Jennie, mamma," said she, presenting them in turn.

"I have seen you before," said Mrs. Brown, taking little Jennie by the hand. "I saw you when your mother was ill. Now go and have a nice time."

"Come," said Kitty; "I want you to see all of my dolls." "Never had they seen so many except in the store windows, and then they could not touch them."

"Are these all your very own?" asked Annie. "Yes, haven't you so many?" "We've only one between us, and she has only one arm," replied Jennie.

"O my," said Kitty, "You shall each have one of mine." "Really?" whispered Annie. "May I, mamma?" said Kitty, running up to her mother.

"Give Annie and Jennie each a doll. They have only one." "Will you let them choose?" said mamma.

"Only," said Kitty, and then she stopped. "Yes, I will," she went on, "even if they want Louise."

Annie chose one dressed in blue, and Jennie one in red. Both had real hair. Such happy little faces! "It seems to me," said mamma, "that the sun is shining indoors, now."

"They didn't take Louise," whispered Kitty; "but I truly would have let them have her."

As Kitty showed the little girls her doll-house and all her treasures their shyness wore away, and soon happy laughter came from the corner of the room where Kitty had been sitting so forlorn. Then nurse came, and said it was time for the children to go.

"Will you come the next rainy day?" said Kitty. "May we?" said Annie looking at Mrs. Brown.

"And you may," she said; "for you have scattered the clouds to-day." "Why, there comes the sun," laughed Kitty, as she came back from seeing her little guests off. "It isn't a bad world any more. I guess I was the bad one."—Harper's Young People.

A Hero at Ten Years.

A story of juvenile presence of mind and courage reaches me from Manchester. Two little children, Arthur and Daisy Lemaire, living at Charlton-on-Medlock, and aged respectively 10 and 8 years, were playing together in their nursery, when the little girl's frock caught fire. Arthur immediately caught hold of her and wrapped a counterpane round her, trying to extinguish the flames with his hands; but the little girl, mad with fear, tore herself away from him and ran downstairs, setting fire to the curtains as she brushed past them. Arthur rushed after her, dragged her into the bedroom below, and throwing her down on the hearth rug rolled her round in it, and then sat upon her to prevent her escaping from him a second time, says London Daily.

The mother ran up, hearing the noise, but, by the time she appeared upon the scene, the little boy had quite extinguished the flames; and after looking to see that all was safe,

THE POET OF HOME.

John Howard Payne, Author of the Beautiful Melody "Home, Sweet Home."

Few sweeter poems have ever been written than that simple but beautiful melody, "Home, Sweet Home." It has been translated into many languages and sung the world over, and its tender, touching words have moved to tears the rich and poor alike.

The author, John Howard Payne, was born in New York in 1792, and came of a family that occupies a place of honor in American history. At the age of 12 he became a clerk in his uncle's store in New York, and while thus engaged published articles in a weekly paper which attracted the attention of literary men.

Through the aid of a philanthropic New-Yorker he was enabled to enter college, but did not remain long, leaving school life to go upon the stage. He made his debut at the Park Theater, New York, in 1809, and with his first appearance became famous. He played in Boston and in Southern cities, and, though less than 18 years of age, was acknowledged to be the first of American actors. In 1813 he went to England and was received with favor by immense audiences. Thence he went to Paris, and while there was offered £100 by the managers of Drury Lane Theater, of London, for an English version of the "Maid and Magpie," then the popular play of France. He accepted the offer and made an engagement to reside in Paris and translate French plays. In this business he continued for a number of years. Then he went to London and commenced writing plays. Among others which he produced was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was put upon the stage for the first time at Covent Garden, London, in 1823. In this opera was the song, "Home, Sweet Home." It at once became popular, and in less than a year 100,000 copies of it were sold. Payne continued to reside in London until 1835, when, at the solicitation of friends, he returned to America. In 1842 he was sent as United States Consul to Tunis, and reappointed in 1851. In June of the following year he died, and was buried in Tunis. In March, 1883, his remains were disinterred and brought to this country, and they now repose in Oak Hill Cemetery at Washington.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Got the Words Crooked.

"Trot," said mamma, who was digging among her flower-beds, "run over and ask auntie if she would like some narcissus bulbs." "I'm afraid I can't remember the name," said Trot, but off she went, saying it over and over to herself. "Auntie," she said, when she got there, "mamma wants to know if you would like some narcissus bulbs."—Youth's Companion.

The White Flag Was Mistaken.

Dottie, aged four, has learned to look in the paper each morning for the weather signals, and likes to report. "White flag; now I can go out to play." One day last week she found the desired signal, but was much puzzled to see the rain dashing against the window, driven by a furious gale. She stood looking first at the paper and then at the storm, then exclaimed: "White flag, white flag, the weaver is mistaken!"

Sergeant Vaughan.

A hero in humble life was recognized in New York lately by the gift of a gold medal. He richly deserved it, a fact which appears in this record of his deeds, published in the Christian at Work: A sergeant of the fire patrol in this city, John R. Vaughan, was present at the fire in the Hotel Royal a month ago. At a window in one of the upper stories was gathered a group with anxious faces—a father, mother and child—waiting, perhaps, to die together.

At the next window, in an adjoining building, appeared a sergeant of our patrol. The distance was too great to reach. Without hesitation he threw himself down, resting one arm upon the sill and entwining his leg around a telephone wire, fortunately conveniently near; with his other arm, one by one he conducted this group of three over his prostrate body, as a bridge, to the window of safety.

His work was not yet done. Ascending to the roof he discovered a man standing upon the sill of a window in another portion of the house, doubting whether to meet death by jumping or wait to be overtaken by the fire.

Shouting to him to wait and he would save him, Mr. Vaughan rushed to the street, and calling upon his comrades to follow, ascended to the roof of another adjoining building; hastily throwing off his coat, his companions holding him by his legs, he threw himself head downward over the cornice, and with their assistance raised this man of over 200 pounds in weight to the roof. The rescue was completed, these lives were saved.

Mr. Vaughan was presented with a gold medal commemorating his heroism. And he richly deserved it. He was a true hero, and none the less so that he performed his deeds in the line of his duty.

Time Is Money.

The following conversation between two inebriates was overheard a few days ago: "I wish summer would come, so the nights would be short; it would be money in my pocket," remarked the worst-looking one of the two.

"How would you save money by the nights being shorter?" "Well, you see, time's money, and I lose a heap of time in winter by the saloons not opening until 6:30. In summer they begin work an hour earlier."—Texas Siftings.

Col. Shepard's Duty.

A merchant has been fined 100 marks at Frankfurt, Germany, for using a Bible quotation to head an advertisement. The New York Mail and Express man ought to hunt that merchant up and pay his fine as a penalty for the bad example he daily sets.

Marriages and Births in London.

The marriages of 74,596 persons were solemnized in London during 1891, the proportion to the population being higher than in any year since 1833. The births numbered 134,003, or 31.8 per 1,000, the lowest on record with the exception of the year 1890.

And Made Many More.

The superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum says that the excitement well engaged in a game of base-ball has cured several patients.

A Grave Traffic.

There is a brisk trade in second-hand tombstones in London. Still stranger is the custom of selling family vaults partly filled.

What Satisfied Her.

"Uncle" Obed Wilson never could bear to hear evil spoken of any one. His wife used to say sometimes, "Sakes alive, Obed, folks'll think ye don't know what's what of ye aint keeful." The old man had a nephew who was famed throughout the neighborhood of Jefferson for his "shifleness." His farm was capable of yielding good returns, but it amounted to nothing in his hands, and Uncle Obed's soul was greatly tried; but no one, not even Aunt Polly, could get him to say anything severe about his nephew Frank.

The only response he made to Aunt Polly's vigorous and scornful remarks was to say, gently, "Easy there, now, Polly; easy there, my gal. Frank does lack judgment, mebber; but then, who don't?"

"Lack judgment!" Aunt Polly would say, incapacitated by her wrath for further speech; and there the conversation always dropped. But one day Aunt Polly had her revenge, and was forever after contented. Whatever her husband might say, she knew that for once she had heard his real opinion in regard to his shiftless relations.

Uncle Obed came home from his nephew's late in the afternoon, drove into the barn, and stopped to attend to the milking before coming into the house. Aunt Polly went out to speak to him in great vexation of spirit. She had planned to ask him if he "really" called any of Frank's folks was wuth losin' a hot supper fer; but when she crossed the barn threshold she changed her mind.

There, seated on the milking-stool before old Bess in a most dejected attitude, looking abstractedly at the oil lantern which stood beside him on the floor, was Uncle Obed. He did not hear her approach, and as she stood for a moment in the doorway she heard him say:

"The farm's lookin'—an' they're lookin' th' whole lot on 'em—I mustn't say so, o' course—mustn't let Polly know, in special—but they're aint lookin' like th' last o' pea time over t' Frank's!"

As he settled in his milking with a sigh, Aunt Polly stole softly from the barn, and when Uncle Obed's work was done he had a good supper and not a cross word with it.

Aunt Polly never found any fault with "Frank's folks" to her husband after that, and whenever she heard Uncle Obed defending what she termed the "reckless doins'" at his nephew's, her face wore a calm and inscrutably satisfied smile which greatly puzzled her mild-spoken old spouse.

"I aint never gruded him his d'sires to speak wud of 'em," she would say to herself at such times, "but I was sca't fr fear he was losin' his sense; an' now I'm sat'isfed he aint lost it no more'n I hev."

Farming by Electricity.

Some of our rising young journalists are finding fun for amusement in a bill recently introduced by Senator Peffer, of Kansas, providing for the establishment of an experimental station for the purpose of determining if electricity can be profitably used and applied as a motive power in the propulsion of farm machinery. Now we would like to place ourselves

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LOGICAL DEDUCTIONS FROM PLAIN FACTS.

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Path of Sound Waves.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned, these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being the greatest in the ear nearest to the source. This being the case, a person who has lost his sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near him.

A New Use for the Army.

A Denver millionaire has found a new use for the United States regular army. He has enlisted his son as a cornet player at a salary of \$13 a month. This young playfellow, after marrying a "skirt dancer," had entered a dime museum.