

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Training Time.

Supper is over, Now for the fun, This is the season, Children must run, Papa is reading, Says of those boys: "Pray, did you ever Hear such a noise?"

Riding on "camels" Over the floor, See! one's a squirrel Climbing the door, There goes the baby Flat on his nose, Brother was trying To tickle his toes.

Little he minds it; Though he would cry, Chanced it to laughter As Lynn galloped by. Order is now here, Fun is his rule, Think they are children Just out of school.

Home's their palace, They are the kings, Let them be masters Of just a few things, Only one hour Out of all day Give them full freedom, Join in their play.

Do not be crusty, Do not forget You like to manage— Sometimes do try, Home will be sweeter Till life is done, If you will give them One hour of fun.

PANSY. What blossom have you brought today, Beside my pillow, dear, to lay? Come, let me see my prize, A velvet pansy, large and fair, With petals yellow as your hair, And purple as your eyes.

I think I know the very spot, Where, bordered with forget-me-nots, This lovely blossom grows; We know that pansy bed of old, A swift, sweet story was told, Between black eyes and blue.

It seem but yesterday we stood, Each unto each God's greatest good, Beneath the morning sky, We stood as lovers about to part, (But hand from hand, not heart from heart), With lingering good-bye.

Upon the snow-white dress you wore One blossom plucked on the day before, While still she drew you west, A purple pansy, fair as this, I took it, with your first shy kiss, I have that blossom yet.

We thought our fate was hard that day, But, darling, we have learned to say, "Whatever is, is best," That far-off parting which is over, Foretold no longer, on before, Awaiting which we rest.

Wait as friends and lovers do, And lead true heart through and through, Until that parting comes again, Then if you speak I shall not hear, I shall not feel your presence near, Nor answer, "Death is dumb."

You may bring panicles, too, that day, To spread about the senseless clay, But none so sweet as this: And never one like that dear flower, You gave me in love's dawning hour, With your shy, charming kiss.

I may not give you courage strong, And help and courage all my life long, As once I loved to do for you, But, love, be fearless, faithful, brave; The pansies on my quiet grave May bring heart's ease for you.

THERE COMES A TIME. There comes a time when we grow old, And like a sunset down the sky, Slope gradual and the night wind cold, Comes whispering, sad and chilling; And locks are gray As winter's day, And eyes of saddest blue behold, The leaves all withered, drift away, And lips of faded coral say, There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts, Which leaped and leaped the laughing main, Are dead to all save memory, As prisoner in his dungeon chain, And dawn of day Hath passed away, The moon hath into darkness rolled, And by the embers warm and gray, I hear a voice in whisper say, There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime Is abandoned in the mist of years, And beauty, fading like a dream, Hath passed away in silent tears; And then how dark! But oh! the spark Still kindled youth to hues of gold, Still burns with clear and steady ray, And fond affections lingering, say, There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring And golden Summer cease to be, And we put on the Autumn robe, To tread the last deceivably, But now the slope, With rosy hope, Beyond the sunset we behold— Another dawn, with fairer light, While waters whisper through the night, There comes a time when we grow old.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

Mrs. Hopgood prided herself on being one of the best housekeepers. She was one of those rapid housewives who pursue an atom of dust as a hunter might pursue a stag. No bold natured fly dared to buzz within her dainty walls. No cat purring upon her hearthstone. Plants were taboed because their leaves would fall. Canary-birds were ruthlessly excluded lest they should scatter seed. Sunshine was regarded as an arch enemy. "It brings flies, and fades the carpets," said Mrs. Hopgood.

As for Mr. Hopgood and the children, they lived mostly in the kitchen. "I can't invade the boys' muddy boots tramping over the carpets, and the girls sewing in the parlor," said Mrs. Hopgood. "As for Hopgood, he don't care where he sits. One place is as good as another where he is concerned."

The Hopgood family also took their meals in the kitchen. "I've got a dining-room as nice as anybody's," said Mrs. Hopgood, "with a real carved oak side-board, with a marble top, and silver, polished till it's better than any looking-glass; but where's the use of turning things all upside down, just for one's own family? Common crockery ware and good house-hold knives are just as good for every day use."

"Mamma, said Elsie Hopgood, a cherry-checked girl of sixteen, "I should like to sit in the parlor sometimes. Mrs. Montford and her daughters use theirs every evening, and it looks so pretty and pleasant there." "Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Hopgood, sharply. "I keep house myself, after my own fashion, and leave others to do the same." "But, mamma," pleaded Elsie, "I was thinking how I should like to invite all the girls here some evening, and have tea, and afterward a little dance. I've been asked out so many times, without ever responding, that I'm really ashamed to go." "Then you had better stay at home," said Mrs. Hopgood, polishing vigorously away at

WHAT A YOUNG MAN SAW IN A STREET TELESCOPE.

I saw and heard him as I was going home the other evening. A big telescope was pointing heavenward from the public square, and he stood beside it and thoughtfully inquired:

"Is it possible, gentlemen, that you do not care to view the beautiful works of nature above the earth? Can it be true that men of your intellectual appearance will sordidly cling to ten cents rather than take a look through this telescope and bring the beauties of heaven within one and a half miles of your eyes?"

The appeal was too much for one young man to resist. He was a tall young man with a long face, high cheek-bones, and an anxious look. He looked at the ten cents and then at the telescope, hesitating for a single instant, and then took his seat on the stool.

"Here is a young man who, perforce, least his soul with a scientific knowledge rather than become a sordid, grasping, avaricious capitalist," remarked the astronomer, as he arranged the instrument. "Fall back, you people who prefer the paltry sum of ten cents to view the gates of paradise, and give this noble young man plenty of room!"

The noble young man removed his hat, placed his eye to the instrument, a cloth was thrown over his head, and the astronomer continued: "Behold the bright star of Venus! A sight of this star is worth a thousand dollars to any man who prefers education to money."

There was an instant of deep silence, and then the young man exclaimed: "By gosh!"

I stood behind him and knew that the telescope pointed at the fifth story of a building across the square, where a dance was in progress.

"All of them indulge in exclamations of admiration as they view the beauties and mysteries of nature," remarked the astronomer. "Young man, tell the crowd what you see."

"I see a feller hugging a girl!" was the prompt reply—"surely if there isn't a dozen of them!"

"And yet," continued the astronomer, "there are sordid wretches in this crowd who hang to ten cents in preference to observing such sights as these in ethereal space. Venus is millions of miles away, and yet by this telescope, and by paying ten cents, this intellectual young man is enabled to observe the inhabitants of that far-off world hugging each other just as naturally as they do in this street."

The instrument was wheeled around to bear on the tower of engine house No. 7, five blocks away, and the astronomer continued: "Behold the beauties and the wonders of Saturn! This star, to the naked eye, appearing no larger than a silver half-dollar, and yet for the paltry sum of ten cents this young man is placed within one mile of it!"

"By Jerusalem and coals!" murmured the young man as he slapped his leg. "Tell them what you see, my friend."

"I see two fellows in a small room, smoking cigars and playing euchre!" was the prompt reply.

"Saturn is 86,000,000 of miles from this town," continued the astronomer, "and yet the insignificant sum of ten cents has enabled this progressive young man to learn for himself that the celestial beings enjoy themselves pretty much as we do in this world. I venture to say that there is not a man in this crowd who ever knew before that the inhabitants of Saturn knew anything about euchre or cigar factories."

The instrument was changed again, and as the interest of the crowd increased and the people began to press nearer, the professor said: "Now behold the planet of Mars, the second largest planet in the heavens. It is 75,461,354 miles from here, and appears to the naked eye to be nothing more than a bright star, and yet let this young man tell you what he sees!"

"Whetstones and whiffletrees!" exclaimed the young man.

"Tell them—tell them, my young friend, what you see," urged the astronomer.

"There's a feller sitting on a bench beside a girl. I saw him punch her ear, and she hit him with a book—Durn my buttons, but she's all-fired purty!"

"Gentlemen, I am no blow-hard," said the professor in husky tones; "I do not want to tell you what this telescope can do. You have the word of one of your fellow townsmen, and I do not believe that any of you will dispute him. I have been called a swindler, gentleman, because I go around the country tearing away from astronomy the veil of mystery with which so-called professors, drawing heavy salaries, seek to cover it. For the ridiculous sum of ten cents I am giving the public more astronomical knowledge in half an hour than any college professor can give you in six months. I demonstrate to you that the planet of Mars is not only inhabited but humiliated by beautiful girls with red hair, and by stylish young men wearing the best kind of store clothes."

Once more he wheeled the instrument around. This time it got the range of the upper story of a tenement house on the hill. The young man had scarcely taken a glance through the tube when he yelled— "Great guns! But what planet is this?"

"You are looking at Uranus," replied the professor. "Uranus is 97,562,304 miles distant from the earth, and yet I warrant that it doesn't appear over eighty rods away to you. Will you be kind enough, my friend, to tell this crowd what you see?"

"Give it to him! Whack him back! Go in, old woman!" shouted the young man, slapping one leg and then the other.

"Speak up, my friend. What do you see?" "That's it! Got him by the hair now! I'll bet fifty to one that she'll back!"

"Won't you be kind enough, my friend, to allay the curiosity of your friends?" "Whoop! that's it! now she's got him; purtist family figger I ever saw!" cried the young man as he moved back and clapped his hands.

CATFISH.

The Character and Habits of the "Pimelodus Catus." From the New Orleans Times.

From the bull-punts of the brook, up to the great wolfish, a compact chain, with no missing link, connects the great family of cat-fishes. Why cat-fish, we shall presently see. His favorite seat and homestead is, undoubtedly, the inland sea of the Mississippi, but he can live everywhere, and in point of fact does live everywhere. His services are indispensable and his adaptation to his business perfect. He is found in the rivers of Asia, and has relatives living in the North sea. He ranges the waters as widely as man ranges the land. Pimelodus Catus is a true cosmopolitan—in fish society. He is the slyest of all the fishes. He delights in still waters, deep holes, eddies, and the cover of drift wood—except that pale, lean fellow who frequents the brackish waters of the coast, he is a bold rover. He is omnivorous as a shark, cruel as fate, soft, slow, oily, undulating in his motions, cunning, crafty and greedy. Garbage of any kind forms his diet, and doubtless his little, beady eyes sparkle with delight when he chancens upon a particularly odorous bit of fish.

The first rule of the cat-fish philosophy is, that there is nothing which it is impossible to swallow. No cat-fish is in good standing among his fellows unless he can bolt his own weight in meat and bones without winking or stretching his neck. He is impudent and brave, resisting capture with the greatest determination, dies slow and dies game. He never takes his prey with any of the swift, fierce eagerness of the trout, pike or bass; there is no dash, no dash about him. He approaches the bait deliberately, clasps it in his vice-like jaws, and moves away so gently at first, with such a soft strain upon the line, that you are in doubt whether he is fastened or not. He is loth to exert his lumens strength and will not do so until he finds himself firmly hooked. Then he rouses himself, and struggles with a stubborn, angry courage, quite in contrast with the fright and terror of other game fish.

He is, among fish, what the owl is among birds, very wise, very still, very independent, and always hungry. Though a night-prowler by profession, he is very much in the habit of lurching at all hours of the day. He has no scales, his skin is softer than satin, as smooth as ivory, and his whole organism the perfection of elasticity, compactness and strength. You never see him idly frisking about nor spending his time in foolish gambols. He never flirts himself out of the water, even when seeking his prey, much less from any nonsensical ambition to show his agility. He hugs the ground closely, avoids swift currents, or, when in them, seeks the eddies and the shelter of the rocks at the bottom, while in and out along the shore, solemnly, mysteriously, stealthily, always on the lookout for something to swallow, yet never disappointed if he finds nothing. Though always graceful in his movements, his general appearance carries with it the impression of a lugubrious mixture of cunning, malevolence and drollery. He is a wagg, a rogue, a tyrant, a glutton.

He sometimes attains the weight of 200 pounds, and then he is as ugly a customer as one could wish to see. His head is as wide as a road-scraper and pretty much the same shape. His ponderous jaws set together like a steel trap, and, when out of water, his eyes have a vicious, metallic luster which they retain till he has breathed his last gasp.

The poetical justice of being swallowed by another fish, has never been meted out to the cat-fish. The three poisonous thorns which stand out from his body, one at each side and one above, afford him ample protection. Altogether, the cat-fish is a very queer fellow, a fellow of infinite originality and humor. If you ever have an opportunity to observe him in his native element, you will find him an interesting study. You will never find the great Leviathans of the fish-market in water clear enough for an observation, but the smaller members of the family, the horned-pyut of the brook, for instance, you may often see. His palpi droop gracefully over his muzzle, not unlike a moustache, and as he moves leisurely about, the almost incredible phenomenon of "the tail that wags the dog," is clearly illustrated; for the tail of the cat-fish certainly does wag his body. He seeks no companions, is the most self-contained of all the fishes, yet is no misanthrope. He delights in punching his broad nose under chips and sticks, and sometimes a merry freak will seize him all at once, and he will double himself up, seem to touch his nose with his tail and bend himself into scollaps in the very exuberance of his muscular elasticity. Then away he goes again, wagging his head at all the other fishes, seeking, with all his wonted and industrious solemnity, for something to swallow.

As an article of diet, cat-fish meat is popular in western hotels, where it figures as "bake trout." It is dainty, but then it is cheap—nothing so cheap. The supply is inexhaustible and the price uniform—never any cheaper or any nastier at one season than another. Boiled, it makes a very good salad or poitlice. His general utility in life detracts from his acceptability in death—with many people. As a standard dish, he ranks a little lower than hash, a little higher than rat-pies.

A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no other way of relief he prayed, saying: "Lord, I lent thee three crowns: Thou hast not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray Thee give them back." The same day a messenger brought a money-bag, which Gossner, his assistant, reached out to Feneberg, saying: "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained 299 thalers (about \$100), which the poor traveler had begged from a rich man for the vicar, and the childlike old man, in joyful amazement, cried out: "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so ashamed of it!"

How TO COMPUTE INTEREST.—The following method for computing interest is going the rounds, and may be found a convenient method: Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days, separate the right hand figure from the product and divide by nine. Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by seventy-two. Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by six. Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by forty-five. Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by four. Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by thirty-six. Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by three. Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by twenty-four. Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by two. Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by eighteen.

The coming man is he who owes you.

WOMEN WHO NEVER WASH.

A Spizsa correspondent of the London Standard writes: "Those of your readers who have travelled in Spain have certainly remarked the dirty stripes on the necks of the lovely senoritas; no devout Spanish women dares to bathe, without the permission of her confessor. This aversion to cleanliness has come forward from the time of the anchorites Sadinus, Pachomius, Besarion, and other saints of the desert, and indeed whole sects of that epoch condemned all ablutions as heathenish, and were lauded because they wore their clothes so long that they rotted to pieces and fell off them, or because their skins became as pumice-stone from the crust of dirt on it. The superstition that cleaning the body soils the soul exists this day among the women of those Christian nations who have long carried on conflicts with the Mohammedans, on whom the Koran enjoins frequent ablutions. A female Bulgarian is permitted to wash only once in her life—on the day before her wedding; and in most South Slavonian families the women are rarely allowed to bathe, the women never bathe, all with a shudder the interior of the Montegrin huts. When a woman offered me wine she always dipped her fingers into it, the same fingers which had just been engaged in the chase on her children's head, or which had been gently scratching the pig, the pet of the family, which are always addressed by endearing names. The adults squat or lie down, the children tumble about in the liquid manure which covers the floor of the hut, and many women are bear-eyed in consequence of the crooked caused by the smoke, which can only escape through the door. The Princess Milena, as I should have said, forms an exception.

Yesterday afternoon a sweet faced woman with the smile an angel and a voice softer and sweeter than the sound of Zetes upon the water, was walking up Fifth street. She was walking very slowly, enjoying the cool autumn breezes, and the delicious shade of those maple trees just below Division street. Her languid motions were the perfection of grace, and she was the admiration of every pair of eyes on the street, when suddenly she threw her parasol over the steeple of the church, yelled till she rattled the windows in the parsonage, jumped up as high as the fence three times, and whooped and shrieked and wailed and howled and kicked until every body thought she had suddenly become insane. But when they ran up and caught hold of her and poured water on her head and \$15 bonnet, and shook her until she quit yelling and began to talk, they found that one of those green worms about an inch long, had dropped from the maple leaves and slid down her back. And they didn't wonder that she yelled and made a fuss about it.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Fly-Catching Hats. From the Newburgh Telegraph.

Mr. C. B. Odell, at his hotel on Front St. is the happy owner of a fly exterminator, which for thorough work is unsurpassed by anything we have ever seen. In one of the windows, fronting on Front street, where samples of his wares are occasionally shown, a rat began several weeks since to make sly visits, and secured a good meal as often as he came by catching the many flies which are on the panes of glass. He grew very expert at it, and though at first shy, soon became emboldened when he found he was not disturbed in his foraging expeditions, and would pursue his business, not in the least intimidated by spectators who were only separated from him by a pane of glass. He obtained entrance by gnawing a hole through the wooden base, coming from below. For weeks he has pursued his fly-hunting business undisturbed. On Sunday one of the waiters discovered him in the act of introducing a friend or member of his family to his foraging ground. The new comer was very shy, and would only put his head through while the old habitué tried to coax him in the window. He would catch a fly, gravely hand it to his friend, who would as gravely eat it, and look for more. By degrees he lost a little of his fear, walked out, and soon became an expert in the new business. Either one or both may be seen almost any day by any one who may be patient enough to wait for their appearance a short time. It is certainly a very novel sight, and well worth a few minutes' time to see.

An ingenious scamp in Philadelphia had possession of a complete suit of clothes the other day, by calling at a dwelling house and informing the lady that her husband, who was a wholesale-grocer, had fallen into a hog's head of molasses and needed a change of raiment. His story was false, and the explanation that followed the husband's return in the evening caused amusement and anger mingled in equal proportions.

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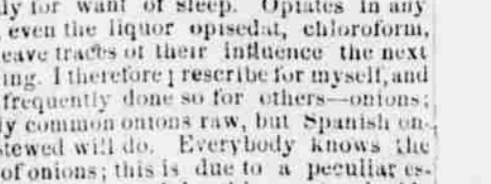
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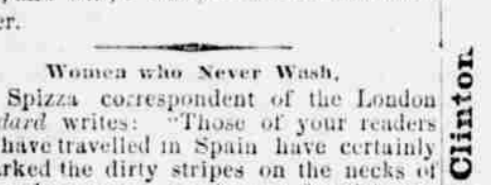
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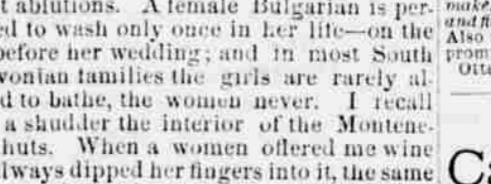
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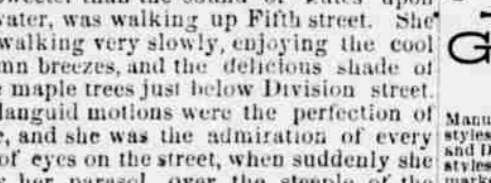
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