

GINGERBREAD MAN'S CHASE.

Once, when a baker in Fairyville Was making cakes, as bakers will.

By and by, when the cakes were brown, He opened the oven; when nimbly down Hopped the queer little man, and blinking his eyes,

The baker ran, his wife ran, too, And puss started up with a brave "Meow, meow!"

Man and woman, horse and cow, Dog and cat were after him now, But none could run as fast as he,

But a wolf crept out of the woods at last, And wolves, he knew, could run so fast,

The great gray wolf took a bite, just one, The gingerbread man was one-fourth gone.

Yet he hurried on, and bravely cried, Just half was gone and 'twas only a taste.

Then he swallowed the head, as away he ran, And that was the last of the gingerbread man.

THE ROBBER'S GLEN. Mr. E. Ogelthorpe Brown, as he was pleased to have his cards printed, was a fair specimen of the New York swell.

At the hour of eleven he armed himself with a revolver and started for the glen. The darkness of the woods was oppressive.

Of his early history we know nothing. He arose and breakfasted at ten o'clock, promenaded till his dining hour at four, and spent his spare time flirting with the girls.

Time rolled on the gambling-house with which Mr. E. Ogelthorpe Brown was connected was given up, and the foresaid gentleman was compelled to do something to replenish his empty purse.

At the only hotel of a little village on the banks of one of the beautiful rivers that wind through New Jersey, Mr. E. Ogelthorpe Brown registered his name, and commenced at once to awe the simple villagers by his sublime pomposity.

Harry Dubois, whose attentions to Miss Jennie had always been candidly received, was compelled to leave the field to his handsome rival, Mr. Brown.

Employer—"William, Mrs. Spriggins complains that she received only one of the bundles she had put up here last week."

sighed, and furnished him with numberless bouquets, over which to expend his poetry and love.

As the old gentleman visited the village hotel one evening, to hear the latest news, the indefatigable Brown approached him, with a sanctimonious air, and laid down the depth of his love for his beautiful daughter.

The delighted Brown hastened to his lady-love. He fell upon his knees and begged, in piteous terms, that she would have mercy on his loving heart.

At length he won. She smiled, and after raising him from his knees, she said: "In a dark wood, two miles from the village, is a spot known as 'The Robber's Glen.'"

At first the top turned pale, and then red; but as he was not really a coward, and had been engaged in many an affray at the gambling saloons in New York, he mustered courage and vowing fidelity and love for her, he left for his perilous undertaking.

At the hour of eleven he armed himself with a revolver and started for the glen. The darkness of the woods was oppressive. No street lights were there.

When the morning dawned he revived, and casting an anxious glance toward the suspended ghosts, he gave vent to one long-drawn curse and slunk toward the village.

He did not venture to his hotel, but taking the first train of cars that came along, he left, and was never after heard of.

After he left "The Robber's Glen," a figure approached from the village, and drew near the haunted spot. It was Harry Dubois, Jennie's country lover; and with him, perhaps, lies much of the secret of the robbers' ghosts.

He proceeded leisurely to cut down from the tree four hollow pumpkins, through four holes in which—representing nose, eyes and mouth—there shone the light of an expiring candle.

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THEY ALL SING TO BABY.

Who shall sing the lullabies When our little baby cries? First and best is mamma's strain, As she sings and sings again,

Next the wind takes up the song, As it briskly flies along, By the casement in the night, Murmuring as in affright:

Then the mindrops coming down On the quiet, sleeping town, Dash against the window pane, And repeat the low refrain:

And the waves upon the shore Sing the baby's song once more, Wind and rain and wave and weather Sing the baby's song together.

BOOMERANGS.

How to Make Them and How to Throw Them. Boomerangs are of two kinds—returning and non-returning. The first is called invariably the Australian boomerang because it originated among the natives of Australia.

Travelers assert that a native will leave his home in the morning armed only with a couple of returning boomerangs, and will come back at night carrying a large number of birds killed with these strange weapons.

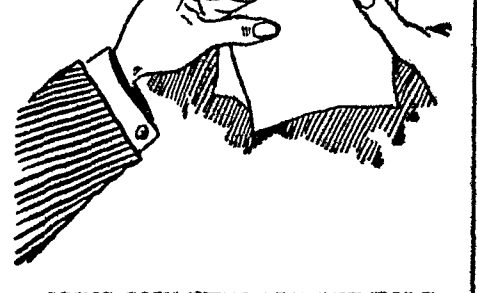
The boomerang that comes not back differs little from the ordinary club. It is, however, preferred to-day to the one by the native Australian. If you care to try your hand at boomerang throwing, it will be well to make them, as they are expensive weapons to try and may be broken before proficiency is acquired.

The boomerang is formed of a bent stick, one side rounded, the other flat. It is necessary to choose a very hard wood and heavy wood, and the best plan is to cut a piece from a natural bend or root of a tree, and to let the curve of the boomerang follow the grain of the wood.

They differ in length from 15 inches to 3 1/2 feet, and in breadth from 2 inches to 3 inches. They should be about three-eighths of an inch thick, tapering toward the ends, which may be either round or pointed, while the edge must be sharpened all round.

In throwing, it must be grasped at one end, stretched back behind the shoulder and then brought rapidly forward above the head, the inside facing the direction in which it is thrown. It may be hurled upward in the air, or downward so as to strike the ground some distance from the thrower.

As an Apparent Impossibility, One of the children a piece of paper, in the center of which is a round hole about the size of a penny. Also give him half a dollar and request him to pass it through the hole in the paper.



Passing Coin Through the Hole. No. 1 is the piece of paper, now folded as seen at No. 2, with the coin between its folds. Crease at each side as seen in No. 3. Take hold of the paper with one hand each side of coin No. 4 and gradually push the coin out. What has been accomplished in folding and creasing the paper was to elongate the round hole so that it would become a long slot, instead of a round opening.

A Good Natural Emperor. The Emperor of Austria was paying a surprise visit to the cadet college in the Neustadt of Vienna when he entered a classroom and there sat, an interested and sympathetic onlooker.

Saw It in the Book. "What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be puzzled, but a very little girl held up her hand.

BRAVE AMERICAN CHILDREN

Some of Them Played Important Parts in the War of the Revolution. Children played an important part in the war for independence.

The first martyr to the cause of liberty was a little Boston boy, and in the closing scene at Yorktown a slight form stepped forward—a lad of thirteen—and received the fallen British standard.

Boys and girls seem to have been the same one hundred years ago as they are now. They were active at the Boston massacre and in the burning of effigies in South Carolina. The streets swarmed with them. They had to be taken into account by friends and foes.

When Ethan Allen set forth to thrash the Tory printer, Rivington of New York, who had been abusing the patriots in his paper, a crowd of boys gathered around the tall figure in tarnished regimentals and loudly cheered the hero. But no fight came off, and the disappointed boys were disgusted with Allen.

A boy was at the head of the mob in 1775. Those too young to bear arms found ways to show their zeal for liberty. They worked in the trenches, they drove the teams when fortifications were built, they acted as scouts.

One of the best accounts of our army on Dorchester Heights was written by Jeremiah Baler, but eleven years old, who tended his father's horses through that night of anxiety when the British attack was expected.

In the mean time the girls did service as scouts and spies. When the war was carried into the Southern States it became unusually bitter, for it was a war between neighbors and families. Tory feeling was strong. While the royal army was near many concealed themselves in the swamps, and then the girls were of service. They carried food to their fathers, often going to them at night, always at the risk of their own lives and of betraying the hiding places of their dear ones.

When De Platt was imprisoned in New York his daughter was so persistent in her pleadings with Sir Henry Clinton that he was glad to release his captive.

A Connecticut mother sent all her sons, the youngest but fourteen. He soon returned, as he had no musket. She said, "Go back and take a gun from the enemy!"

Alexander Hamilton at seventeen was writing articles discussing the advantages of open rebellion against the mother country. He was then a student in King's—now Columbia—College. He, with fifteen students, went to Capt. Lamb's, offering to assist in securing the cannon that defended the city.

The British men-of-war in the stream dived upon them, but the little band fought away every gun. Lafayette came to us at eighteen. He had a girl wife in France, and she encouraged him. He was such a help to Washington that in the Valley Forge Washington never wanted him, out of his sight. He was the savior of that winter, and bore the cold, the hunger and loneliness without a murmur.

The boy soon became proficient in such duties as his strength would permit him performing, and being a bright fellow, it was early seen that he would not prove a hindrance in case of action. In fact, there is evidence that he conducted himself in a praiseworthy manner. He admits that he was scared at times during the action. Upon the return of the ship to New York he was taken for enlistment in the navy in regular order, and had it been necessary the entire ship's company would have vouched for him.



Suspending the Plate. Many a boy has had an immense lot of fun from the use of what he terms a "sucker" generally made from a piece of leather to which through a hole in the center he attaches a string, and with this bit of leather, when wet, he is enabled to lift stones and other heavy materials, but here is a sucker he never dreamed of. Take an ordinary radish, if you can get a large one, so much the better, cut it away at the bottom leaving a flat surface, apply this to a dinner plate and you will find they will become attached friends.

Saw It in the Book. "What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be puzzled, but a very little girl held up her hand. "Please, it's what the hen lays her eggs on!"

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing. From Our Special Correspondents.

Forty Hours devotion service began Sunday, April 18th at St. Mary's church. Father Garvey presided Sunday, Father Glavin of Honesoy Falls, Monday, and Father Dolan of Deaneville, on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Ashe died April 18th at the residence of her son, Walter Ashe, of West Bloomfield. She was 77 years of age. She leaves many friends to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Charles Howcroft, who has been ill with a grippe is recovering. Mrs. Catherine Mason of Cattaraugus is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. H. G. McBeide.

Mrs. E. B. Parsons moved into her stone mansion last week. Henry Nidlinger of New York city will occupy the house made vacant.

Mrs. E. H. Sentez who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Swing of Holly, is home for the summer. Dr. Adriano of Elmira, is here superintending the repairing of his cottage.

James Paton and family of Lyons, are spending a few days at their cottage on Sand Point. William Deany of Lyons, is building a fine boat house in connection with his cottage on Sand Point.

The "Polly Hopkins" has commenced to convey property to all points about the bay. Henry Ward shipped a cartload of potatoes from this place to Philadelphia, Friday last, which he purchased at 33 cents per bushel.

Mrs. Thomas Gavin died here last Friday of pneumonia. She leaves a husband, five sons, two brothers and two sisters. Her death was sudden and the family here the sympathy of the entire parish in their sad bereavement.

James and Matthew Hayes of Chazy, attended the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Thomas Gavin. Mrs. Ash of West Bloomfield, was interred in St. Rose's cemetery this week Monday.

Edward Gaskin and Alice Lyndon of Honesoy Falls, spent Sunday with friends and relatives here. Edward Gavin and daughter Margaret of St. Morton, are sailing in town a few days.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Dillor was buried last week Thursday. Miss Maria Malley of Salamanca, was the guest of Miss Frances McQuillan last week.

The entertainment "Fanny's Follies," given by the Cassadaga Home school last Friday evening, was highly appreciated. The ball which followed the entertainment was enjoyed by all.

Quite a number of people from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Maxine Clifton Springs, last Saturday. Clyde. Miss Cassie Mulcahy, who has been visiting friends in Syracuse, has returned home.

Master James O'Herron spent Saturday and Sunday of last week with his cousin, Thomas Walsh of Lyons. Miss Manilla of Honesoy Falls is visiting Miss Bridge Shannon.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparil. The most effective blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparil. Never Discontinue.



Advertisement for Liebig-Company's Extract of Beef. High on the pedestal of public approval. Liebig-Company's Extract of Beef.

Advertisement for Louis Brand. The most effective blood purifier. Louis Brand.

Advertisement for Thos. B. Moon. The most effective blood purifier. Thos. B. Moon.

Advertisement for Patent. The most effective blood purifier. Patent.

Advertisement for Patent. The most effective blood purifier. Patent.

Advertisement for Patent. The most effective blood purifier. Patent.

Advertisement for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Will promptly cure bronchitis.