THE TINY LITTLE GIRL

Mother says she's awful bad, Mother says she's awful bad,
Gets so cross it makes her mad,
Wants to know if I can't do
Somethin, little girl, to you;
Thinks I better whip you well,
Says you're good and bad a spell.
I ain't home all day to see,
So don't know how bad you be,
But I couldn't bear to whip her
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little—
Such a tiny, little girl!

"Wouldn't mind a word today!"
"Speet that's what her ma will say;
"Just as bad as bad could be, 'Cept in little spells, you see."
Mother tells me that there child
Sets her sometimes almost wild.
Won't I punish her a bit? Thinks she's better after it.
But I couldn't bear to whip her
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little—
Such a tiny, little girl!

Thinkin of her all day long,
With her laughter and her song,
But your mother says it's true
Bed man's got a hold of you.
How about it, little miss,
With the rosy lips to kiss?
Couldn't punish her a bit,
And that just clean settles it.
But I couldn't bear to whip her But I couldn't bear to whip her
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little—
Such a tiny, little girll
—Bath News.

### HIS SEVEN SONS.

"Puts me in mind of old man Freeman," said Mr. Teakwood reflectively as he shaved a keener edge on the wooden sword he was making and sighted along the blade with a discern-

ing eye. Old man Bolivar tilted his chair back at a more reassuring angle and clasped his hands about his knees in an gasy attitude for listening. George Smith ceased the soft drawl which he had been droning into the ears of the storekeeper, and Pendarvis brought in his buggy cushions and made himself comfortable on a cracker box.

"Well, what about ole man Freeman?" asked George Smith at last in an exasperated way.

"Ole man Freeman, he's back on the ole place," the story teller finally began, "an that boy o' his'n, that Jim, he's in the little cabin on the Hi Watters place, that cabin where the gal'ry's done fell in."

"What made 'im move?" asked George Smith, whose weakness it was to try to help along with fatuous ques-

"I been a-knowin old man Freeman for nigh on to a real long time," pur-sned Mr. Teakwood meditatively, "an it lookt to me like he could do a mighty good job now if he could go back an bring up his boys over again. It's a powerful pity, it seems like to me, that man can't have but one chance to raise his children, an if they don't seem man's boys begin to grow up."

"They was a-plenty of 'em, sech as they was," remarked old man Bolivar with quite unusual and unexpected

"The ole man had seven boys," Mr. Teakwood went on, with a dry inward chuckle at some memory, "an if the ole folks had a raised 'em right he could set back in his easy cheer an never done no more work as long as he lived. He did try the easy cheer game, but it was everlastin'ly too late. Them boys bad grew up to think that the airth was pretty much made so's they could have a good time an nothin to do.

"They ain't one o' them seven boys that's worth killin today, an the ole man's workin harder today than he did

"But I reckon he thought Jim was goin to be somethin. 'Long last winter Jim began to shine up to one o' them Forstall girls-the one with the turn up nose—an it would 'a' made anybody plum sick to have saw the way the ole man took on.

" 'I tell you, they's outcome to that boy o' mine, that Jim,' he says to me, rubbin his hands together, pleased as ple. 'You wouldn't 'a' thought they was that much spunk in Jim, would you? An there he is, sparkin up to that girl, an her gran'pa was a member o' the legislater! An shore as yer livin Jim'll be in the legislater himeslf some day. for he's got the nerve to try it.'

"It 'pears like I come to know all about this Freeman business kinder accidental like. You see, long middlin airly las' spring I got ole Nance one day an rode over to ole Freeman's for to borrer his harrer. I was a gittin my garden ready, an it was that grassy it

was plum boun for to be harrered. "When I got over there, Squire Diggs an some more men was jes' ridin away, an the ole man met me in the gal'ry lookin like he'd been a-cryin an says he: " 'I'm a-fixin for change, Lije,' saya

be. 'Jim's a-goin to get married Sunday, an me an the old woman is jes' deeded this place, an him an his wife is a-goin to take keer o' us the balance o' our days. You don't know how happy it makes me feel. I'm a-goin to have me a big cheer an set out here in the gal'ry where I kin watch the cows goin paster, an Jim plowin in the fur field, an where the ole woman kin listen to Jim's wife potterin round the house, you know, an I hin kinder oversee an tell him how to do things, fur Jim don't know so pesky much about armin.

"'You better hol' on to that deed till you die, says I in a warnin voice, 'and let the takin keer come first,' an, graclous, the ole man was so mad he come mighty nigh not lettin me have the

"Well, shore enough, Jim he married an brung his wife home an get his deed safe an soun, an for a good while ever'thing was as nice as pie. Ever' time I passed there the ole man an ole wom-an 'u'd be settin up in the gallry in two big cheers, lookin like they owned the ment for a number

tween the Siuslaw away an dyin as any-other cities on 1 ght they'd 'n' done, the

up an git fat . When I went over there along in June for to take the harrer home, the ole man said he b'lieved he

was good for 15 more years yet. "Jim an his wife heerd it, an 'twasn't long after that before Jim's wife begin to fix for settlin the old folks' hash. She got awful mad because the ole man chawed terbaccer, an she jes' couldn't stand it, nohow, an she couldn't eat at the table with either of 'em because they e't with their knives, an she made 'em move 'into one o' the back shed rooms because their sporin disturbed her, an when, about a month ago the ole woman got sick, she jes' ripped an she snorted, Jim's wife did, an said they'd better hunt some other quarters, for she was plum tired o' waitin on

"When the ole man heerd that he natchally chimed in, an 'twan't long before she was a-screamin an goin into highstrikes, an sayin that she was insulted in her own house, an other ject, then gently led him to the garden things like that.

"Jim, he heerd the row, an he come a-t'arin in an says, 'Dad, I can't stand this no longer. You 'n' ma'll hafter git out.' Awful backwoodsy feller, Jim was. Always seemed like he couldn't take no polish.

"Git out? We'll hafter git out, will we?' yells the ole man, an before you could morn'n wink he jumps on to Jim an throws 'im down, an recht up along the wall for the waggin whip that was hangin up under the gun, 'lowin to use

the handle on Jim. "The whip was outen reach, but he great Scott, so are my breeches!" grabbed the tongs that was hangin up at the end o' the chimbley board, an he give that boy sech a larrupin with them tongs as ain't never been heerd on in this part o' the moral heritage.

"He beat Jim, the ole man did, till have taken my advice seriously, for I haven't seen him from that day to this. then he set on 'im an held 'im down while one o' the hands went for 'Squire Diggs an some witnesses, an one of 'em was me. The minute the deed was made the ole man says to Jim: 'Now bring the waggin roun', an be quick about it, too, for you're goin to light out tonight. The ole woman an me's gittin middlin anxious to have the he said at last. place to ourselves. Step lively, now.' "An Jim, he moved into that cabin

on the Hi Watters place." "It 'pears to me like it was all the fault o' Jim's wife," said old man Bolivar reflectively. "If a man once begins to allow his wife to boss, there ain't no help for him after that. Jim

never had no sperrit nohow." "That's the way it strikes me," re-joined Mr. Teakwood meditatively. "These things has got to be done right in the first place or you might as well let 'em alone. Women's queer critters, the best you can do with 'em, an if you oncet let 'em git the upper hand they're a-goin to keep it, you hear me. If it had a-been me that married that wife to pan out right that time there ain't o' Jim's. I would a stood up before her the very first day, an says I, 'Now, Vangyleen'—that's the name she goes by-'I'm willing to be accommydatin on all occasions, but when I set my foot down it's sot, an it ain't no use to try to make me go any other way. I'm the head o' thissher fam'ly, you kin depend

on that."" Into the silence that fell as the soft drawl ceased came the cry of the whippoorwill, sent back in softer echoes from the distant hills. Then a head was thrust into sight at the doorway, its sunburned countenance all one wide grin, and the boy accompanying the head suggested as he came into full

"Pa, they was a-lookin for you up at "Is that so?" cried the stern discipli-

parian, rising with such celerity that he stepped on the cat. "I reckon I'd better be a-goin. I'd a-gone before new if I'd a-knowed that Ellen was a-lookin "I reckon I'd better be a-goin, too,"

said old man Belivar, glancing appre-hensively along the shadowy road. "I didn't let Mandy know when I was a-comin, an she might be uneasy."-

## St. Distaff's Day.

The 7th of January, which follows Twelfth day, was in old times jokingly called St. Distaff's day because the spinning was supposed to be resumed.

says the Baltimore Sun.

The plowmen, who were not so willing to resume their occupations as the women were theirs, used to set the flax on fire, in consequence of which the women would throw pails of water up-

In early days ladies of high degree, as well as farmers' wives and daughters, were accustomed to handle the distaff and spindle, and the latter were the emblems of womanhood. The following little stanza is appropriate to

Partly work and partly play
You must work on St. Distaff's day.
From the plow soon free your team,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maids a spinning go,
Burn the flax and fire the tow.
Bring in pails of water then;
Let the maids bewash the men;
Give St. Distaff all the right.

Writing in The Century on Charles

Dickens' interest in the cause of education, Mr. James L. Hughes says: He was the first great English student of Froebel. He deals with 19 different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of childhood than any other novelist or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national control of education, even in private schools, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed 14 types coercion and did more than any one else to lead Christian men and women to treat children humanely. Every book he wrote except two is rich in educational thought. He took the most advanced position on every phase of mod-ern educational thought except manual training. When he is thoroughly un-derstood, he will be recognized as the

Headache, Billousness, Heartburn.

Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

## Hood's Pills

what I called billious attacks coming on regulary once a work. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the atlacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the

for an hour and a half when my head was simply splitting. Then I turned. Next morning I put on a most disreputable pair of breeches, worth about ninepence, and painted my garden seat. Next day the same breeches and a fresh coat-of paint. And so on, every day till Cudd turned up. He began on bi-metallism. I let him warm to his subseat and sat down. So did he. He treated me to a burst of eloquence and

wound up by saying: "As for that fool Balcourt, he ought to be sat upon. He's nothing but"here he indulged in a fine rhetorical gesture and landed both hands on the

GETTING RID OF BORES.

A Good Recipe For People Who Are

Troubled by Them.

it has the neuralgia. I turned on Cudd

not long ago, and he has never bored me since. This Cudd is an idle dog who

reads the leading articles and then

walks abroad in faultless attire, seek-

ing whom he may flood with his reser-

voir of secondhand politics, working

himself up into a great state of excite-

ment when he does secure a listener. One day he insisted on talking to me

Even a bored worm will turn-when

seat-"Wet paint, by George!" "Nothing but wet paint," I echoed, with an air of deep conviction. Cudd jumped up. "Hang it all," he

said, "look at my trousers!" "I'm very sorry," I said. "They're all over paint, and so is your coat, and, "This is a new pair of bags," he grumbled. "What am I to do with

them?" I told him to give them a good soaking in paraffin, and I think he must

### -Judy. It All Depends.

"Did you sever your connection with the firm or were you discharged?" asked the friend.

The man out of a job gave a few minutes to thought before answering. "I'm a little uncertain about that,"

"Uncertain?" "Yes. Of course I know that office boys are discharged and general managers sever their connections, but I can't be sure that I was high enough to sever my connection, and I don't like to think I was low enough down to be discharged. Perhaps you'd better make it that the firm and I disagreed."— Chicago Post.

To Be Continued.



The Dachs-Say, Fritty, vas I nearly through alretty yet?-New York Jour-

## In Boston.

"A Boston coachman who died recently left \$28,000 to charity." "I suppose he got rich because of the way Boston's streets are laid out." What could that have to do with

it ?" "People who are not well acquainted there always have to take carriages in order to get back to their starting points."—Chicago News.

Fond Lover-What do you mean, sir, by snapping your camera every time that young lady passes? Cheeky Amateur-I'm not taking her

picture. "Oh, you're not, eh! Then what are you doing ?" "I'm closing the shutters, so her looks won't break the lens."-New York

Cropping a Puppy. Young Mooncalf-Do you know, Miss Wosy, that-aw-that I've been weflecting a great deal wecently, and I've hawlf a mind-I've-aw-hawlf a

Miss Rosy-Never mind repeating it, Mr. Mooncalf. It's far above the popular estimate, but I'll concede you that much. -Richmond Dispatch.

Earmarks of Fame. "I've struck some encouragement at

"What is it?" "This prominent man used to be a farmhand at \$10 a month." "What is encouraging about that?"

month myself. "-Chicago Record.

"I used to be a farmhand at \$10 a

Cannibal Chief-Did you get any captives? Warrior-Only a couple of dudes,

your majesty. Chief—I wish you'd try to get something more substantial. I'm getting tired of brenkfast food .- New York Journal.

Not a Kipling, Poor Fellow! She-I haven't been able to get a copy of your book. He-Perhaps you didn't try the right

She-Perhaps not: I went to the book stores. -Town Topics.

His Personal Experience. Hicks-Do you believe in luck? Wicks-Luck? No; I have never had anything but ill luck all my life.-

Constinution.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the bonefit I have derived from Ripana Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found my self completely run down. Acting on the naivice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 558 Kewark Ava., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Mother was troubled

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A Foreign Writer's Burden.

zling." remarked the foreigner who

was trying to gather material for a

book on American institutions. "For

example, to rotate means to move in a

circle. A ring also means a circle. Now

I am told that when a ring controls

your offices they don't rotate any more."-Chicago Tribens

A European statistician has discover

ed that only 55 per cent of the blonds marry, while 79 per cent of their bru-

out of the Menai iron tubular bridge at

nette sisters engage in natrimony.

"I find your political terms very puz-

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M. H. de YOUNG.

AL TONING THE

owledge of their own localities.

PACIFIC COAST

PES RELIEF.

D

My seven-year-old boy sudfered with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she say a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. Shekeeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took tipans Tabules.

Anyon H. Blauern.

My seven-year-old boy sudgered with pains in his head, constituent and complained of his at complained of his age do and what he are did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, clubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I stribute to Ripans Tabules. I em satisfied that they will benoft any one (from book tipans Tabules.

Anyon H. Blauern.

and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD

headache and sick at my stomach. I heard abous Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years

I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial

Mra. J. BROOKMYRE

Le Droit Bldg. WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relef. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I over it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Many Gorman Clarker.

A new style packet containing TEN EPRASS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR EVEN CLEARS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (1.0 tabules) can be had by mail by cending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CREMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general ctorekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They ban'sh pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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