

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE TINY LITTLE GIRL.
Mother says she's awful bad,
Goes so cross it makes her mad,
Wants to know if I can't do
Something, little girl, to you,
Thinks I better whip you well,
Says you're good and had a spell,
Says I'm all right to see,
Says I 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!

HIS SEVEN SONS.
"Put 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 discerning eye.
Old man Bolivar tilted his chair back at a most remarkable angle and clasped his hands about his knees in an easy attitude for listening. George Smith ceased the soft drawl which he had been dropping into the ears of the storekeeper, and Pendarvis brought in his buggy cushions and made himself comfortable on a cracker box.
"Well, what about old man Freeman?" asked George Smith at last in an exasperated way.
"Old man Freeman, he's back on the ole place," said the very tall, finally began, "an that boy o' his'n, that Jim, he's in the little cabin on the Hi Waters 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 questions.
"It been a-lookin' old man Freeman for nigh on to a real long time," pursued Mr. Teakwood meditatively, "an it looks to me like he could go back an bring up his boys over again. It's a powerful pity, it seems like to me, that a man can't have but one chance to make his children, an if they don't seem to pap out right that time there ain't no more slap for him. I reckon it was a mighty long year when old man Freeman's boys begin to grow up."
"They was a plenty o' 'em, such as they was," remarked old man Bolivar with quite unusual and unexpected candor.
"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 a set back in his easy chair an never done no more work as long as he lived. He did it the easy cheer game, but it was everlastin'ly too late. Them boys had grow up to think that the arth'r had got nigh to be a-lookin' like they could have a good time an no more 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 25 year ago."
"But I reckon he thought Jim was to be a-lookin' in," said old man Bolivar, going to be something. "Long last winter Jim began to show up to one o' them Forstall girls—the one with the turn up nose—an it would a' made anybody plum sick to have 'a way the ole man took on."
"I tell you, they's a-lookin' to that boy o' mine, that Jim," he says to me, rubbin' his hands together, pleased as a pig. You wouldn't a' thought they'd be nigh to killin' you, would you?
An there he is, sparkin' up to that girl, an her gran'pa was a member o' the legislature! An afore as yer livin' Jim'll be in the legislature himself some day, far he's got the nerve to try it."
"It seems like I come to know all about this Freeman business kinder accidental like. You see, long 'bout thirty las' spring I got ole Freeman's for to borrow his harrow. I was a-lookin' in his garden ready, an it was that grassy it was plum hard on me to be harrowed."
"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-lookin' for change, Laje, says he. Jim's a-lookin' to get married. Supp'ose you an me an ole woman in his day, an me an ole woman in his day, decided this place, an him an his wife is a-lookin' to take a-lookin' to the balance o' our days. You don't know how happy I makes me feel. I'm a-lookin' to have me a big cheer an set out here in the gal'ry where I kin watch the cows grow so faster, an Jim plow in the fur field, an where the ole woman kin listen to Jim's wife potterin' round the house, you know, an I kin kinder oversee an sell him how to do things, fur Jim don't know so pesky much about arth'r."
"You better hol' on to that deed till you die," says I in a wain voice, "an let the takin' heer come first, an, gracious, the ole man was so mad he come mighty nigh not lettin' me have the harrow."
"Well, shure enough, Jim he married an bring his wife home an got his deed made an son, an for a good while over 'er thing was as nice as pie. Ever time I passed there the ole man an ole woman an 'ud be settin' up in the gal'ry in two big cheers, lookin' like they owned the earth an a good sized chunk o' the moon."
"Did o' fade away an dyin' as any," said I, "I thought I'd a done, the ole woman begin to pearten

up an get fat. When I went over there along in June for to take the harrow home, the ole man said he'd be glad to be good for 15 more years yet.
"Jim an his wife heard it, an 'twas a long after that before Jim's wife begin to fix for settlin' the ole folk's hash. She got awful mad because the ole man chawed tobacco, an she jes' couldn't stand it, nohow, an she couldn't eat at the table with either 'em because they'd with their knives, an she made 'em move into one o' the back shed rooms because their snorin' 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 fur her so was plim tired o' waitin' on 'em."
"When the ole man heard that he natchally chimed in, an 'twas a long before she was a-screamin' an goin' into highstrickies, an sayin' that she was insulted in her own house, an other things like that.
"Jim, he heard the row, an he come a-cartin' in an says, 'Dad, I can't stand this no longer. You 'n' m' n' hatter get out.' Awful backwoodsy fellow, Jim was. Always seemed like he couldn't take no politeness.
"G'it out! We'll hatter get out, will we?' yells the ole man, an before you could morn' n'k he jumps on to Jim an throws 'im down, an rekt 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 grabbed the toms that was hangin' up at the end o' the chimney board, an he give that boy such a larrupin with them toms an an 'n' never been heard on in his part o' the moral heritage.
"He beat Jim, the ole man did, till he promised to deed the place back, an then he set on 'im an held 'im down while one o' the hands went for Squire Diggs an some witnesses, an one o' 'em was me. The minute the deed was made the ole man says to Jim: 'Now bring the waggin round,' an he goes to light about it, too, for you 'n' goin' to light out tonight. The ole woman an me's gittin' middlin' anxious to have the plim to ourselves. Step lively, now."
"An Jim, he moved into that cabin on the Hi Waters place."
"It seems 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 spirit nohow."
"That's the way it strikes me," rejoined 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 once let 'em get the upper hand they's a-goin' to keep it, you hear me. If it had a-been me that married that wife o' Jim's, I would a stood up before her the very first day, an says I, 'Now, Vangylen—that's the name she goes by—I'm willing to be an accompanist on all occasions, but when I set my foot down I set an 't ain't no use to try to make me go any other way. I'm the head o' thisher family, you kin depend on that."
"Into the silence that fell as the soft drawl ceased came the cry of the whip-poorwill, sent back in softer echoes from the distant hills. Then a head was thrust into sight at the doorway, his sunburned countenance all one wide grin, and the boy accompanying the head suggested as he came into full view:
"Oh, he was a-lookin' for you up at the house."
"Is that so?" cried the stern disciplinarian, rising with such celerity that he stepped on the cat. "I reckon I'd better be a-goin'. I'd a-gone before now if I'd a-knowned that Ellen was a-lookin' for me."
"I reckon I'd better be a-goin', too," said old man Bolivar, glancing apprehensively along the shadowy road. "I did n't let Mandey know when I was a-lookin' at 'em like he might be uneasy."—Buffalo Times.

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 pins on fire, in consequence of which the women would throw pails of water up on them.
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 the season:
Partly work and partly play,
You must work on St. Distaff's day,
From the plow soon free your team,
Then come home and tether them,
He in the parks a spinning goes,
Burn the flax and fire the tow,
Bring in mounds of water then;
Let the maids wash the men;
Give St. Distaff all the right.

Dickens in The Century.
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 10 different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of children than any other novelist, or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national education, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed 14 types of 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 modern educational thought except manual training. When he is thoroughly understood, he is recognized as the Froebel of England.

The strength of a Bear.
Few people know that a grizzly bear can give points to any other mammal animal in point of strength. A grizzly bear weighing just 400 pounds has been weighed carrying a heifer two miles up its own weight for two miles up the most steep and rugged mountain side, and this without pausing for one instant for rest.
The big white polar bear, though not really so dangerous a customer, is capable of performing the most extraordinary feats of strength. A polar bear has been seen to move with difficulty in position to guard a cache of provisions.
Purifying the Air.
It is found in many factories that the hands do much more work in a given time if they have good air to breathe. Some firms have quite elaborate provisions for the purifying of the atmosphere of the workrooms.
In the late afternoon of a fine day, in a liter bottle of well water, shake it well, and then blow it about the room through an atomizer. An improvement is to mix a few drops of acetate ether with the turpentine.—St. Louis Republic.

Thou-Ins.
To persons of lesser rank one saith
"You," without thinkin' anybody, but
It is not some little child, and that thou
wert much merrier and that the custom
to call oneself among the meek courtiers
and better bred were to speak in such
manner. What concerneth familiar
friends, amongst them the custom doth
comfort in certain places that they
"Thou" one another more freely, in
other places one's more reserved.—
"Youths' Behavior," 1632.

Wasted.
"I didn't know you were so sarcastic when I married you," said
"Did you not? Possibly you have forgotten I said, 'This is so sudden,' when you proposed after four years' courtship."—Collier's Weekly.

Two tuning forks of the same pitch are placed facing each other, the one sounding, the other silent, in a few seconds the one which was silent will be giving out a distinctly audible sound.
Always put off until tomorrow any evil you can do today.—Somerville Journal

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