

Cub-Like Way of Starting to Show His Preferences

*When He Ceases to Look Upon Girls
as So Much Waste Material—
A Father's Recollections.*

"I've been observing out of the tail of my eye lately that my oldest boy, about two years old, is just beginning to chirp up and pay attention to the girls he meets up with," said the portly, comfortable-looking man with the lurking grin around his mouth. "His method of paying attention to them—letting 'em know that he considers them 'worth noticing—is to give little tugs at their pig-tails, to try to get them to look back at him with his hands, to sneak up behind them and scare 'em almost into fits by bawling in their ears, and so on—the usual methods whereby a small boy who is just beginning to admit to himself that girls—or females of any age, for that matter—have a certain amount of social fabric or in the destinies of the

for the little girls whom he, the royal knight, had rescued from the clutches of the evil, committing attentions. Up to about the age of twelve, the average small boy has a great deal of such material in the composition of his human race, and his calm and self-assured manner of dealing with the absolute non-participants in the social equation is elemental in its completeness and consistency.

As I have shown, however, such the antics of this small boy of mine in his cub-like efforts to attract the attention of the girls, that I began to suspect that he was bestowing such signs of his favor just to thinking of when I was at home, that I might have a chance to see him, and, durned if it didn't make me feel old.

After thinking last evening of the mean, measly way I ducked a terrible humiliation in the eyes of the little girl I was mashed on when, 'bout five years ago, I was in gingham aprons and she was a tidy little thing, 'bout 'leven years old, in gingham aprons and she was pig-tails finishing in bright red ribbons down her back, who lived right across from the little western town. It was a pretty serious case between us, and on the 1 day that I don't mind the part of my life, I found one part of my life, I found, that I had decided that I would do as my wife when I was a boy, and I had a competency as a bank and trust robber. Hattie received this benediction from me, and I was a good man and becoming humility, and when she ventured the opinion that I would even be a good man, I was a good man.

The Younger brothers look like cute termites in their business, or words to

[illegible]

"My goodness, son, of whose poor imagination I had had an exceedingly small idea up to that time that I was in with a sort of slantwise swimmer," he chuckled, "I had never made a dive for the summer ticks to grab out something to eat, proper or improper, but I had never seen you still another swim."

"Son," she said to me, "your hair was a little closer to the water."

"Been played," pirate over by Jim Mack's well, and 'thair thring water was a boy with a hair trigger soon an imagination."

"She was a little closer to me, I over, and said:

"And your jacket is turned wrong way. How does that happen?"

"Well, that sure was a kind of a stunner, even for a boy of my age. I was a little older, but I was a little more of a baby. But, as I say, I saw my mother's analytical powers as rated my baby close to the zero of intelligence up to that time, that is."

"Oh, I replied, but not quite in the same manner and manner, I thought, 'thence, an—'an it got turned the way—"

"I was raw, wasn't it? Can imagine the fond imbecility of even a small boy expecting his mother to do a thing like that."

with me, and I went to the front of house, still blubbering and rubbing myself. I saw my beloved pair of tails across the street. Hattie was looking over at our house, and I was a sort of triumphant, gloating expression in her eyes. I knew that I heard the notes of pain I'd emitted. It was agonizing for me to stand there, but knowing that I'd been licked, and withstanding the heroic pronouncements I'd made to her with regard to that matter.

"Jim," I said to him, "if you'll let me, I'd body that astute you that you 'll lickin' 'stead o' me. I'll give my top an' half my marbles. You'll be a cutler, 'stead o' a blackie, 'n' you'll be to the age when he was to be notice of any mere girls. You'll be a mammoth, 'stead o' standin' in front of her gate, watchin' our life with that essentially feminine and unbecomingly gleam in the eye, and when she carelessly strolled out of the house, the front way, with my brother Jim."

"An-a-na-na" was the instant protest that she hurled at me across the street. "Got 'licked, didn't you? That you was a blackie, wasn't no more? Thought you said they was a-skeert?" An-a-na-na. "Shah-shah-shah, got 'licked, didn't you?"

"I crossed over to her with

sleep for a month would succumb to sheer exhaustion. Nothing of the kind. Many patients refuse to take narcotics no matter how long they go without sleep, and when they do feel that way the doctor seldom insists. I had a patient this winter who never slept a wink for 22 days. He was suffering from a common form of insomnia. I got his digestion right in the first night of a month by restricting his diet and giving him a hearty dose of pipe' feet about three hours before going to bed. I have never since heard that it has been in other cases. No, I don't think I have. I don't think I have. I am a sedative, but in the digestive process they induce restful slumber, quite different from the sleep induced by the heavy medicine."—New York Times.

"She married a man of prominence and her name was frequently mentioned in connection with state social functions in Washington. All the ties connected with this case are dead. The man who became the husband of that child died six months ago."

"There was a singular case a few years ago in Chicago. A young girl became a mother. Her own mother, true to a mother's instinct, went away with her daughter, and in the course of a few months she notified her husband that she was soon to become a mother. A short time after she informed him that he was again a father and in a short time she returned with her first daughter did not return until some time later."

"These are three cases of which I had knowledge. In each case there is a possibility that the mother may be the one that should have known the truth."

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"I've been observing out of the tail of my eye lately that my oldest boy, who's now two years old, is just beginning to chirk up and pay attention to the girls he meets up with," said the portly, comfortable-looking man with the lurking grin around his mouth. "His method of paying attention to them—letting 'em know that he considers them worth noticing—is to give little tugs at their pig-tails, to try to get their hands, to sneak up behind them and scare 'em almost into fits by bawling in their cars, and so on—the usual methods whereby a small boy who's just beginning to admit to himself that girls—or females of any age, for that matter—are a part of the social fabric or in the destinies of the

"To go home, I'd have to get dressed in a suit and tie, or a dry—but somehow or other hurriedly dressing when coming to the house, I'd go in with a shirt and a checkered shirt-jacket on wrong foremost."

"My good mother, of whose power I was not at all aware, had an extraordinarily small idea up to that time in me in with a sort of slantwise way of looking at things, and I was to become a dive for the summer kitchen to grab out something to eat, proper to the occasion, and then to go back to still another swim."

"So," she said to me, "your hair was a little longer than it is now."

"'Been playin' pirate over by Jim Mack's well, an' they thrung water on me,' I said, and she said I was a boy with a hair trigger soon as an imagination."

"She said, 'A little closer to me, I have eyes and said—'

"'And your jacket is turned the wrong way. How does that happen, my boy?'

"'Well, that sure was a kind of a stunner, even for a boy quick as I was, and I was a little out of my wits. But, as I say, I rated my mother's analytical powers as so good that I didn't see the zero man up to that time, that is, is."

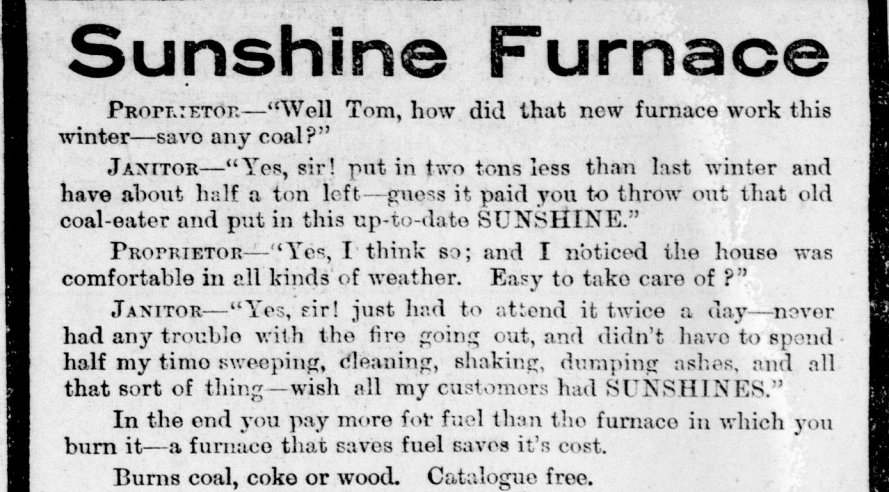
"Oh," I replied, but not quite in the way she wanted, "I was a little out of my wits, and I was a little out of my wits, 'fence, an'—an' it got turned the way—'

"'You're raw, wasn't it? Can't you imagine the food imbecility of even a small boy expecting his mother to be a little out of her wits?'

"Jim," I said to him, "if you'll let anybody that asks you 'what you th'inkin' 'stead o' me,' I'll give my top an' half my marbles." "That suited Jim all right—he had got to the age when he was tired of nobody's orders but his own." "My innamorata was still standing front of her gate, watching our car with that essentially feminine and domestic interest in her face, which when careless, strolled out of house, the front way, with my brother Jim."

"'Aa-aa-a-a!' was the instant thing that she hurled at me across street. 'Got licked, didn't? Thought you wasn't goin' t' get t' no more? Thought you said they was a lotta more!' 'Well, that's a damn shamey, got licked, aa-aa-a-a!'"

"I crossed over to her with



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"What you talkin' 'bout, anyway?"
I said to her, solemnly. "Who got licked?"
"You did—*an-aa-aa!*" she repeated.

No Pay For Advice Not Taken.
A few weeks ago a good-natured Scotchman came to the Walnut street

"Humph!" ejaculated the Scot. "I dunno leek that."

"Well, good-day to ye, doctor," said the patient, as he stepped toward the door.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my usual fee

"Because," replied the Scotchman, "I

It is wonderful how easy walking becomes when you have Foot Elm in your shoes. It relieves all tiredness, soreness and aching of the feet, pre-

One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous case. Judge Edwards, who is also a capable and enthusiastic farmer.

me fur interruptin' you, suh; you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's shah goin' to rain this evenin', gentlemen, an' I got to go. You notice, right away. But

CASTORIA.
