

Whether Common or Not.

The Empty Stocking.

The little red drum has lost its head,
The dolly has lost her hair;
The little tin horn is battered flat,
And broken the tiny chair;
But the Christmas joy is not forgot,
Though the toys are torn and rent;
And we smile with joy that girl and boy
Are sleeping so well content.

But tears will shine through the
brightest smiles

When the noise of day is stilled;
When the thoughts of other days re-
call

The stocking that was not filled.
The tiny stocking that's laid away,
Well worn at heel and toe—
A keepsake dear through many a year
Of the baby we loved so.

Though we smiled with joy on Christ-
mas eve

At the stockings hanging here,
For a well-worn stocking laid away
Fell a mother's silent tear.

And a sacred box was brought to
light

In the full of the Christmas tide,
And eyes grew dim as we thought of
him—

Of the baby boy that died.

A little box with its tear-stained lid,
Laid away with sob and sigh,
The relics beneath its cover hid
Not wealth of worlds could buy.
And though we smile when the stock-
ings hang,

And our hearts with joy are thrilled,
The tear drops fall when we recall
The stocking that was not filled.

Mr. Bildad Resolves.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Bildad,
looking over his evening paper at the
wife of his bosom removing the sup-
per dishes.

"Yes, dear."

"Mrs. Bildad, perhaps you noted that
I did not make any new resolution on
New Year's day."

"No, dear, I did not notice it. You
usually make a lot that you never
keep, so I have quit paying much at-
tention."

"That's just like you, Mrs. Bildad. A
man gets no encouragement from you
to mend his ways."

"Now dear; I assure you—"

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bildad.
I'm used to your ways, but they shall
not deter me in carrying out the res-
olution that I made today. I did not
make it yesterday for the reason that I
no longer believe in making resolu-
tions on New Year's day."

"But what's the dif—?"

"I have no time to enter into de-
tails, Mrs. Bildad. I merely paused
in the perusal of my paper to remark
that from this time forth I will speak
no harsh words to any member of my
family. I will use kindness and argu-
ment with the children, and shall use
only the mildest language in speaking

to you. I will no longer pay atten-
tion to your little foibles; no longer
oppose you in your opinions. In brief,
from this time forth this will be a
model home—a home where kindness,
mutual forbearance and love shall rule.
Do you follow me?"

"But, Mr. Bildad, I never venture to
set my opinion against yours. I al-
ways defer to—"

"That will do, Mrs. Bildad. You
know you will never listen to a word
I say. I seldom can get a word in
edgewise when I am at home. You—"

"But, my dear; I—"

"Enough, Mrs. Bildad. I will not
listen to—Johnnie Bildad, what are
you yelling like a Commanche Indian
for? What's that? Broken my knife!
You careless little wretch, I've got a
notion to thrash you within an inch of
your life! Come here this minute
while I box your ears! There, take
that, and that! Now stop that yelling
or I'll put you to bed. You, Mary
Ellen! Quit pulling that cat's tail.
You're enough to set a man wild.
Don't sass me. Get your night-clothes
on right away and go to bed. I won't
have this fuss. Hurry up, now! I
never saw such a house in my life.
You're enough to drive a man to—"

"My dear Mr. Bildad," said Mrs. Bil-
dad soothingly. "I thought you had
resolved to use kindness; to use only
kind—"

"There you go again, Mrs. Bildad.
Always nagging at a fellow. Why
can't—"

"I only wanted to remind you
that—"

"That's the trouble with you; you're
always flinging my words in my face.
Why can't you let a man read his pa-
per in peace?"

"But you started the conversation,
Mr. Bildad. I haven't hardly spoken
a word."

"Haven't spoken hardly a word?
Why, woman, you've been doing all the
talking. Your tongue has been run-
ning like a mill race. I've not had a
chance to open my mouth since you
began. You're always chattering like
a magpie, I can't hear myself think.
Why—"

"But—"

"Enough, Mrs. Bildad. I'm desper-
ate. I'm going down town to my club
where I can get some rest."

As the hall door slammed behind
the irate Mr. Bildad the wife of his
bosom heaved a little sigh. But ere
the dishes were cleared away she was
singing merrily and the children were
quietly playing on the sitting room
floor.

Reciprocal.

The two delegations met at the com-
mittee room door and were ushered
in together.

"We desire to say," remarked the
chairman of the shoe manufacturers'
committee, "that we are heartily in
favor of reciprocity. We want to
market our shoes in France, therefore

we petition for the free entry of
French silks, French woolens,
French—"

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted the
spokesman of the implement trust.
"What we want is reciprocity. We
want French shoes admitted duty free
in order that we may get our imple-
ments into France duty free. We—"

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted the
spokesman of the shoe trust. We can-
not submit to—"

"He's a blooming—"

"Shut up, you tariff thief. I'll—"

Biff!

Bang!

Then a cloud of dust arose from the
carpet and dull red spots appeared
here and there.

At this juncture the handmaiden of
protection fled in affright.

Protected.

Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was thin and sickly;

She vainly tried a tariff pill

To make it come in thickly.

The wool she sheared from her pet
lamb

By Dingley law protected

She sold the trust, but at a price

Much lower'n she expected.

Cautious.

As Senator Graball took up the pen
to indorse the applicant's request for
an office a great fear smote his heart.
"Aha!" said the senator. "One mo-
ment, please. Before I can indorse
your application I must be assured of
one thing."

"What is it, sir?" queried the trou-
bled applicant.

"Before I indorse you I must have a
solemn promise from you."

"What is it, sir?"

"Promise me upon your honor that
if you get this job in the navy depart-
ment you will not write a history of
anything."

As the applicant walked out with
the senator's letter Senator Graball
mopped his perspiring forehead and
exclaimed:

"Whew, that was a narrow escape!"

Vamoose!

Hey,

Maclay!

Good-day.

You got the boot,

So scoot!

Your dull, sick'ning thud

Roused up our blood,

Macmud.

Brain Leaks

'Tis better to resolve and fall than
never to resolve at all.

A mansard roof does not make a
home, nor a clapboard roof a hovel.

The chief objection to Christmas is
that it is only six days from January 1.

History repeats itself, but when his-
tory repeats Maclay it should be sued
for slander.

It's a mighty mean man that would
not give all he has if he could believe
in Santa Claus again.

One of the humorous spectacles of
the day is to see a republican who be-
lieves that the protective tariff in-

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MIL-
LIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE
TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES
the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN,
CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for
DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of
the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twen-
ty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

creases wages making fun of people
who believe in the faith cure.

Some men spend so much time get-
ting ready to do a thing that they have
no time left in which to do it.

A man at forty usually rejoices be-
cause he has forgotten most of the
things he thought he knew at twenty.

Some men look so high that they are
always stumbling, but some men look
so low that they never see the blue of
the sky.

Is it remarkable that the trusts did
not start up the "let well enough
alone" cry until after they had cap-
tured about all there was in sight?

Unexpected.

On Christmas morning Mr. Binks
donned the necktie his wife had given
him and went down town.

"Hello, Binks!" shouted Banks.
"Merry Christmas! Say, where did
you get that tie?"

"Mrs. Binks selected it and gave it
to me. Why?"

"It's about the neatest thing in the
way of a tie I've seen. Wish you'd
find out where she got it."

We beg the reader's pardon. Of
course you expected that everybody
would make fun of the tie. But truth
is stranger than fiction. It really was
a neat and tasty necktie.

—Will M. Maupin.

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism No pay until you know it.

After 2,000 experiments, I have
learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not
to turn bony joints into flesh again;
that is impossible. But I can cure the
disease always, at any state, and for-
ever.

I ask for no money. Simply write
me a postal and I will send you an
order on your nearest druggist for six
bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure,
for every druggist keeps it. Use it for
a month, and if it does what I claim
pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it
doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine
that can affect Rheumatism with but
a few doses must be drugged to the
verge of danger. I use no such drugs.
It is folly to take them. You must get
the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the
most difficult, obstinate cases. No
matter how impossible this seems to
you, I know it and I take the risk. I
have cured tens of thousands of cases
in this way, and my records show that
39 out of 40 who get those six bottles
pay, and pay gladly. I have learned
that people in general are honest with
a physician who cures them. That is
all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a
penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or
letter. Let me send you an order for
the medicine. Take it for a month,
for it won't harm you anyway. If it
cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely
to you. I will mail you a book that
tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop,
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Mild cases, not chronic, are often
cured by one or two bottles. At all
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