



The Nine Little Goblins.
They all climbed up on a high board fence—
Nine little goblins with green-glass eyes—
Nine little goblins that had no sense,
And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince pies;
And they all climbed up on the fence and sat,
And I asked them what they were staring at.
The first one said, as he scratched his head
With a queer little arm that reached out of his ear,
And rasped its claws in his hair so red,
"This is what this little arm is for!"
And he scratched and stared; and the next one said:
"How on earth do you scratch your head?"
And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge—
Laughed and laughed until his face grew black;
And when he choked with a final twinge
Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail
Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.
And the third little goblin leered round at me—
And there were no lids on his eyes at all;
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he:
"What is the style of your socks this fall?"
And he clapped his heels and I sighed to see
That he had hands where his feet should be.
Then a bold-faced goblin, gray and grim,
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip his eyebrows off as I looked at him,
And paste them over his upper lip;
And he moaned in remorseful pain;
"Would, ah! would I'd my brows again!"
And then the whole of the goblin band
Rocked on the fence top to and fro,
And clung in a long row, hand in hand
Singing the songs that they used to know—
Singing the songs that their grand-sires sung
In the gro-gro days of the goblin tongue.
And then they kept their green-glass eyes
Fixed on me with a stony stare,
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap,
too,
As you've heard the lid of a snuff box do.
And they sang "You're asleep! There is no board fence,
And never a goblin with green-glass eyes!"
"Tis only a vision the mind invents
After a supper of cold mince pies;
And you're doomed to dream this way," they said,
"And you shan't wake up till you're clean plum dead!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Jules Verne at Home.
What boy is there—or what girl, for that matter—who has not sat entranced over the wonderful adventure books of Jules Verne? They have been translated into every language and devoured by several generations of young people all over the world.
Yet the veteran author is alive to enjoy his wide fame, and to compose new books for the children of all lands. He is now 75 years of age, but he is vigorous and upright still and has all the heart of youth.
"I can't climb trees myself any more," he said the other day, "but I can enjoy seeing my grandchildren climb them. And they are all glad to play with the old man on the level ground, where he is still good for something."
But the interviewer was able to judge of that for himself. For at that moment a small crowd of boys and girls rushed out of the house into the garden where the old man was talking to his visitor. They poured down on the veteran writer like an avalanche, stumbling over each other in their eagerness to be first into his outstretched hands. They were grandchildren and nephews and nieces and grandnephews and grandnieces all mixed up together, a dozen or so of them, pouring out of the classroom to play with the smiling patriarch.
Jules Verne is a very busy man. He gets up every day with the sun, and after a light breakfast works steadily at his stories till 11 o'clock. That is a very common lunch hour in France, and it is then that the children get the first glimpse of "Papa Jules." He gathers round the table all the boys and girls that he can get hold of; the little ones of the quiet, old-fashioned town have all at one time or another had their place at his table and enjoyed his funny sayings and his little bits of queer, suggestive information. He is not easily satisfied with his

work. Every book of his has been rewritten several times before it has finally reached the public. And he never begins a book without studying thoroughly and very deeply everything that can make the subject familiar to him. From about 12:30 to 5 every day he spends in this kind of reading, keeping himself thoroughly posted in all sorts of new scientific discoveries and expeditions and in the latest information about newly explored and strange lands. He reads, too, for purposes of comparison stories of adventure in several languages. He is especially fond of the books of this kind, in which the English language is rich. M. Verne has read "Robinson Crusoe" five or six times, and can recite by heart whole pages of "Treasure Island." He thinks "The Swiss Family Robinson" one of the best boys' books ever written, and loves Fenimore Cooper. Walter Scott's works are always within reach of his hand in his study, and Captain Marryat's breezy sea stories are almost worn away by long handling.
Jules Verne is naturally very fond of the immense success his works have had. He delights in the fact that he possesses more than 600 letters written to him at various times by boys and girls to express the pleasure they have had in reading his books. These letters, which are all docketed and classed by the author himself according to the age of the writers and their nationality, make a very curious and interesting collection. There are letters in French, in Russian, in Italian, in Spanish and in English. There is one in Polish. The letters in English come mostly from English colonies and from the United States. One of the American letters is from a little girl in Baltimore, who writes to say that she wishes she were a boy, so that she might go under the sea in the Nautilus. And if she could, she adds, her first voyage would be to Mr. Verne's home, if he would like her to come. Mr. Verne tells with a chuckle that he wrote to his little correspondent, assuring her that nothing would give him more pleasure than to receive her at his home, whether she came in the Nautilus or down the chimney. But he advised her to stay in Baltimore and learn to be a good American little girl, for she could not be anything better, however hard she tried.
The Famous Geese.
Quack, quack, quack! What's all this commotion? Just a silly flock of geese, and yet that foolish noise saved a city.
There had been a great battle between the Gauls and the Romans, and the latter had suffered defeat. That was nearly 2,300 years ago. That battle took place on the banks of the River Allia, eleven miles from the city of Rome. A portion of the defeated army took refuge in a little city called Veii. The rest of the army fled to Rome and took refuge in the capitol, which was situated upon a hill, one side of which was a precipice.
When the conquering Gauls entered the city they found them safely fortified upon this hill. Being unable to force them from their position, they determined to starve them into capitulation, and began a siege.
The soldiers who fled to Veii wished to communicate with their besieged friends and offer them encouragement. Pontius Cominius, a brave soldier, volunteered to carry the message.
Selecting a dark night, he swam down the River Tiber, and climbing up the almost inaccessible Capitoline Hill, he delivered his message of cheer, and, taking back assurances of their determination to hold out, he departed the way he came.
His visit, however, came near proving disastrous to his besieged brethren. The Gauls saw the prints of his feet on the hillside, and this set them to thinking. If one man could climb up that way why not a regiment?
That night they tried it. The place was considered so secure that no sentinels were posted. Up, up, crept the soldiers—it was slow and weary climbing—till at last the foremost man put his foot upon the top of the hill.
The Romans had devoured nearly everything eatable in the citadel, except a flock of sacred geese, dedicated to Juno. These fowls were housed in the temple devoted to that deity, and they set up a great quacking when the enemy began to approach. The reverence and piety of the Romans were rewarded. The geese, by their cries, awakened Marcus Manlius, who, sounding the alarm, rushed to the spot where the foe was approaching over the sharp brow of the hill, and, with the assistance of his comrades, dashed the Gauls down the precipice, killing all who had undertaken the surprise.
Shortly after this episode the Roman soldiers who had taken refuge in Veii came to the assistance of their brethren in Rome, and a desperate battle was fought, in which the Romans were victorious, and the Gauls were driven from the city. Truly a great result to come from so trifling a thing as the outcry of a silly flock of geese.
It is the man who is trying to give the earth away who gets it for himself.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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Teplitz, a small watering place in Bohemia, claims the honor of being Gen. Cronje's birthplace.

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When a baby cries without shedding any tears it is generally reasonably safe to spank him.

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Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.
Theory may be well enough in its way, but lawyers and physicians prefer practice.
Pain's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1904.
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Wise is the individual who backs his friends and faces his enemies.
If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.
Foster as a Historian.
Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster has just completed writing a work on American history, which is to appear next fall.
Salt in Knife and Fork Handles
Handles of forks and knives are utilized for the storage of salt and pepper under a new patent, each handle being formed of a tube, which has spring clips to hold it on the shank, with an internal reservoir for the salt or pepper, which is shaken through the ends.
Hopeful as to Results.
Witham, the Georgia banker, and his party of cashiers and pretty girls, left New York for the south the last of the week. There have been no marriages as the result of the trip, although it is understood that matrimony was one of the objects of the junket. There is the consolation of knowing that seven engagements have been made, however, and doubtless the weddings will take place in Georgia in due time.
An Aerolite in Soak.
Pawnbrokers take some curious pledges, but it is not often that they receive one from another world. A London pawnshop, however, exhibits in its window as an unredeemed pledge a magnificent aerolite, a mass of fused metal that fell, as it were, from heaven to provide a poor man with his beer. A ticket bears the statement that it was brought from the arctic regions by a sailor.
More than half the champagne sold in France in 1898 went to England.
United States courts in New Mexico cost the government about \$75,000 a year.

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High Rental for a Hotel.
The Park Avenue hotel, at Fourth avenue and Thirty-third street, New York, has passed into new management. It was leased last week for ten years for nearly \$1,000,000. This rental is 25 per cent more than was paid for the last ten years. The edifice was built by Alexander T. Stewart, who intended it for a woman's hotel. It has been a quietly fashionable hostelry for a number of years.
It is estimated that the number of Germans and their descendants in the United States is 15,000,000.
By a recent militia order British infantry battalions will henceforth be regiments.

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A DEAD LIVER



He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and spring is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with **CASCARETS**, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a box to-day and see how quickly you will be

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