

WITH THE CHILDREN.

These little stories are repeated for the pleasure of those who love children, who enter into their big-little troubles, and watch with "large other eyes," their growth away from the simple joys of childhood into the perplexities and complexities of maturer life with a large and ready and unfailing fund of sympathy. They are not written from the child study stand-point and have not been treasured for any scientific purpose.

Their refreshing qualities and their truth, are their only excuses for being.

There are those who like to keep a tiny peep-hole in the wall which shuts them from the world beautiful. It is hoped that such will find pleasure in these truthful tales. If anything can impress upon us the necessity for care in the ordering of our walk and conversation, the way in which children reproduce the conversations and employments of their elders, should produce the desired result.

A teacher came quietly in one day where two little girls, her pupils, were "playing" school.

Mary was speaking solemnly. "I do not wish to speak to you in this tone. It grieves me to have to do it. But if you will not be a good neighbor and your neighbors complain to me, I must try to help you to be a better girl. I hope you will try to do better this afternoon."

The way in which the teacher's tone and manner were reproduced was comic.

To these little ones, to be "grown up" is the acme of earthly bliss. To be able to do as you please, to go and come when you wish, to have all the candy you want. Why, "grown ups" are the most fortunate, happy, clever and much to be envied creatures they can imagine!

In a land where, upon a prior "water-right" may depend the issues of life and death, and where the owner's "ditch," with its flumes and head-gates and other accessories fills a place of the greatest importance in his scheme of existence, two small boys in the back yard were one day engaged in that most absorbing occupation—imitation of their elders.

Two rival ditches of marvellous merit having been constructed, the two small men, aged seven and five respectfully, appeared at the pump to fill a pail, preparatory to "opening the head-gates."

"We'll open my ditch first," said Herbert the seven year old, 'cause its the oldest. Its five years old, it is."

"No sir," asserted Jimmy sturdily. "It aint the oldest neither. My ditch is eight years old."

"Why Jimmy Tompkins," in a shocked tone. "It aint; you're only five years old yourself."

This was a poser, and Jimmy looked very sober for a minute. Then he beamed all over.

"I know it," he said blandly. "But you know Herbie I didn't make that ditch myself. God made that ditch and told mamma to save it for me."

This same small boy is the occasion of much amusement, his quaint speeches being passed around at the mothers' meeting, for the pleasure of the mothers whose children, though the most interesting in the world, yet fall short of that unique quality which is Jimmy's.

Jimmy's papa is accustomed to take flying trips over the state, a condition of affairs to which Jimmy refuses to become reconciled. Upon every departure he manifests the grief of Rachel mourning for her children and will not be comforted.

Mr. Tompkins was booked for departure on Monday morning. At about seven Sunday evening Jimmy began to weep. For some time the family labored under the impression that it was the tooth ache and stood about with bottles of clove oil and peppermint and other juvenile remedies.

After a while it was discovered that it was Jimmy's heart that ached, because his papa was going away, and the assembled family looked helplessly at one another.

"Never mind Jimmy," said his mamma. "Papa will be home again on Wednesday. Come let me tuck you into bed, and you will go straight to sleep and forget all about it."

"You can tuck me into bed, if you want to mamma," sobbed Jimmy forlornly, "but when you get up in the morning, you'll find that bed full of tears."

A playmate of Jimmy's finds it a great cross to be obliged to "keep still" in Sunday School.

"Now George," said his mother recently as she tied his bow, "remember you mustn't talk in Sunday School."

"I won't mamma" he said soberly, "but you blige me to do a very vulgar thing."

"Why George!" exclaimed his astonished mother, "What?"

"Why, boys speak to me and I dassent answer 'em and its very vulgar to treat people so."

The same boy who is seven "a goin' on eight," came in and dropped wearily into a chair.

"Mamma," he said sadly leaning his chin on his hand, "I re'lize now that we're poor."

His mamma not having re'lized the fact to any suffering extent, began to make inquiries.

"I re'lize we're poor mamma," he explained, "whenever you make me chop kindling with that ol' dull ax."

A little girl who was wiser than her parents dreamed, one evening shocked her papa after th's manner. Now the father be it said was the kindest of men, but he had a frugal mind, a blessing, or misfortune which his wife lacked. He was accustomed to go over the week's expenditures with her on Saturday evening, and it is to be admitted frankly that his criticism was sometimes of a very free and comprehensive kind. One Saturday night the little maid "sat up."

"Daughter, isn't it past your bed time?" inquired her father.

"Yes, papa. I want to finish this chapter."

After a reasonable length of time the father again delicately hinted that his pet daughter, of whom (though but eight) he was somewhat in awe, had best seek her downy pillow.

She looked up gravely.

"If you are in a hurry to cold mamma about the bills, "You needn't wait on my account," she said solemnly. "I most always leave my door open and hear you, anyway. "I'm used to it," she added, with an air of resignation.

It was the same little lady who said to a visiting cousin, who was young and somewhat careless, when he sauntered into the breakfast room one hot morning, sans a collar. "In this family we usually dress before we come down stairs."

It is a pleasure to add that the merited rebuke was received in the spirit in which it was given.

We have all heard stories of children who mistake the words of songs, after making ludicrous blunders, largely due to the bad enunciation of their elders.

I know a little girl fond of singing "Beulah Land," who always says:

"Where mansions are repaired for me"—

and she makes out of the words

"And view the shining glory shore
My heaven, my home, forever more"

—this, which after all is about as good

"And through the glory shining shore,
I'll make my home forever more."

A little fair-haired faithful child, who applies her heart unto wisdom, with all her might, was one day struggling with the "muscular movement" at the hour set apart for the writing lesson. She tried hard, but the pen would wobble,



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and make shaky, straggling lines. At last she said plaintively, "Miss S—, will you help me a little? I got on to the way of writing with these pens, but I've got off again, and I can't think it up." The same child asked to be allowed to sing. When that soul harrowing thing a "program" was in process of creation. "I can sing better than I can speak," she said confidently. "Mamma says she's goin' to raise me up to be a musicianist." Oh, the trusting heart of the child who is quite willing to be "raised up."
MARTHA PIERCE.