

**The Action Free Press.**  
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TO A LITTLE MAID.

How should little maidens grow  
When they're ten or over?

In the sunshine and the air,  
Wholesome, simple, fresh, and fair,

As the birds do, and the bees,

Singing through the flowers  
And the happy clover.

How should little maidens speak  
At this time of living?

At the birds do, and the bees,

Singing through the flowers  
Through life's maze straying!

THE DREAMERS OF THE SWAMPS.

Spring is a busy time for the orchestra of the swamps. The musicians in russet and green, who spent a silent winter sleeping in the mud below the water, are tuning up now for the season. Some of the notes are shrill and flute-like, and others are so deep that one fancies the musicians must be the bass horn of the orchestra.

The musicians of the swamps are worth listening to, as is that other drowsing orchestra which later will fill the hayfields with melody. It is a mistake to think that the birds are the only musicians worth our attention among the lower animals. Just as the artist's eye sees beauty in the flower, so the artist's ear finds sweetness in the plaintive modulations of the swamp, as well as in the music of the birds.

A REVOLT AGAINST ALCOHOLISM.

A law has recently been brought before the Danish Parliament, which proposes to make drunkenness a misdemeanor in that country. Besides this provision, the bill stipulates that a person found guilty of drunkenness more than three times within twelve months shall be incarcerated in an asylum for indolent subjects and there sojourn for his alcohol tendencies. When he is cured the local authorities are at liberty to forbid him to partake of alcoholic stimulants for a period of five years. Any breach of the drunkenness law will be punished by incarceration. The revolt against alcoholism, as expressed in the above bill, is the more remarkable as the consumption of alcoholic drinks is greater per capita in Denmark than in any other European country.

HOW IT WARMS.

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of stimulant!" cried the invalid earnestly. "I am cold and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold"—besides the hearth and tossing it into the fire; "now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched; the wood first sent out little puffs of smoke, and then it burst into flame, and he replied, "Of course not, it is burning itself."

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."—Youth's Companion.

ADEQUATE PUNISHMENT.

You heard how he imposed on to you?"

"Well, he used to be a walter, and having learned good manners at that, he passed himself off as a dink."

"I suppose society was furious when it found him out."

"It was wild."

"Was anything ever done to punish him for it?"

"Yes; he was expelled from the writer's union."

BIRTHDAY GIMMIES AND FLOWERS.

January—Oxalis, snowdrop.

February—Amethyst, primrose.

March—Bloodstone, violet.

April—Diamond, daisy.

May—Emerald, hawthorne.

June—Pearl, honeysuckle.

July—Ruby, water lily.

August—Moonstone, poppy.

September—Sapphire, morning glory.

October—Opal, hope.

November—Topaz, chrysanthemum.

December—Turquoise, holly.

An Ned to Bilious Headache.—In toosie, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills will cure it—use it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

NO KNEES IN PRACTICE.

"I don't see why Farmer Longspur cooks so slow. Crops are good."

"Yes."

"And prices are high."

"Yes."

"And his daughter is to marry the son of his master."

"What is he worrying about?"

"He doesn't know what's in the world."

THE ONLY CURE FOR TICKELEES.

"The only cure for tickelees is to be quiet and to get plenty of rest."

"I don't know what's in the world."

"He doesn't know what's