

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—
The bravest who entrance gain—
Reluctant linger there—
For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the sight,
And Sympathy but mingles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty bloom—
Like Christmas roses, which attain
Perfection mid the snow—
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows melt,
And often, where the hush is deep, the wait of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—what lessons there are bought!
Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere sought—
Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling place seems God so strangely near!

—From "Lyrics of Life."

The Commercial Traveler's Story.

Yes, we commercials have our fair share of odd experiences, and we grow case-hardened in time. But there was one occasion when I unconsciously played a queer part in a big affair, and whenever I travel on this line the circumstances come vividly before my mind's eye, and I experience a strange feeling of nervousness which, try as I will, I cannot overcome.

It happened one night in December, a good many years ago, when I was young on the road. I was traveling by the evening train from Euston to catch the midnight boat at Liverpool for Belfast.

I arrived at the terminus on the stroke of the hour, and barely had time to get my ticket and fling myself and bag into a second smoker before the train moved off.

There were only two other passengers in the compartment, occupying the ends of the same seat; so, with a sigh of relief, I settled myself down in a corner and prepared to enjoy a cigar and the latest evening paper.

Before starting to read I took a look at my fellow passengers, for I have always been fond of a chat, and can generally spot a likely talker at once. However, there was little prospect of anything of the kind, for both were middle-aged men of reserved appearance, who would hardly deign to notice a youngster like myself. The one opposite to me, a clean-shaven man with a professional air, was buried in his paper; while the other was lying back in the far corner with his cap over his eyes, smoking a big cigar, and apparently half asleep.

We had got as far as Rugby without a word being spoken, when I suddenly felt my foot jogged in a peculiar way, and looking up, I met the keen glance of my professional-looking neighbor.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, with an odd smile. "Would you mind exchanging papers? I see you have exhausted yours."

"Certainly," said I, slightly surprised, and we swapped accordingly, while he gave my toe another warning kick.

Imagine my astonishment when I saw penciled on the margin of his paper these words:

"Keep calm. I'm a Scotland Yard man. Our fellow traveler is Burnside—you know who. Warrant for his arrest waits me at Liverpool; but may have to secure him before we reach there. Rely on your assistance if necessary. Speak to me in refreshment room, Stafford."

Of course I knew who Burnside was—everybody did then. You may remember he was Lord —'s secretary, who absconded with her ladyship's diamonds, and made a big stir at the time, though the affair was hushed up afterwards.

I was pretty cool in those days, and I read the words over again before I permitted myself to take a peep at the redoubtable Burnside himself. He was still smoking lazily, and was evidently unconscious of the proximity of danger. For a week he had eluded capture, and the last item of news was that the police were still working on a clue some days old. The very paper I held contained a paragraph to that effect carefully marked in pencil by my detective friend.

You may guess I was terribly excited by the time we reached Stafford, where a five minutes' stop was made; and no sooner had the train pulled up than I pocketed the paper containing the strange message, and hurried off to the refreshment room.

A minute later the detective joined me, lounging up in a careless style.

"Don't look round," he said; "he's over there at the coffee counter. If he suspects anything he'll bolt. He's expecting some one at Crewe, I fancy, for he sent a wire from the telegraph office at Euston to a party there, and I overheard the clerk asking him about some figures in the telegram—2964, they were."

"Why, that's the number of our compartment," I said.

"Exactly. It's sure to be a message telling some one to meet him, and, if so, the pair of them may give me trouble at Liverpool."

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"Collar him as soon as we start from here, strap him up, shove him under the seat, and when his precious accomplice arrives at Crewe I'll pitch a yarn to him about his friend being in another part of the train. Then he'll board the train, and at Liverpool the police can formally arrest my prisoner, while I follow the other chap to see what the game is. You see, I don't know which of them has the booty, and that's the main thing we're after."

"But supposing some other passengers have already entered our compartment?"

"They can't. I've made it all right with the guard. Time's nearly up; better get back. I must buy a couple of straps. You'll help, if necessary?"

"Of course," said I, for the affair was greatly to my liking.

We were just about to start when Burnside, who had settled down in his corner, suddenly rose and thrust his head out of the window beside us.

"Guard!" he shouted. "What time do we reach Crewe?"

"Eight-forty-five, sir!"

"Good!" Burnside took his seat again, and the detective and I exchanged glances. My heart began to beat fast, and I braced myself up for the coming struggle, for Burnside was a powerful looking man, and the detective, though wiry and close-knit,

I obeyed, in a kind of stupor, and presently Burnside was sitting up on the opposite seat, rubbing his brow in a dazed manner.

"Are you all right, Barker?" said the bearded man, still keeping the revolver pointed at me.

"Oh! you've come, Burt," said Burnside, recovering his senses. "Have they got clean away?"

"We've nabbed one of them; but not the one we want."

"Good!" said Burnside, turning to look at me. "How did the other manage to bolt?"

"Well, I was waiting for you at Crewe, according to your instructions, and I spotted our man immediately, though I was rather surprised at your absence. However, I thought you'd turn up presently, so I followed him when he left the carriage. The beggar went to the booking-office and took a ticket for Glasgow. Then I kept my eyes skinned, for I knew that something had gone wrong. He hurried back to the carriage, and our friend there left him. I didn't bother about him, though, thinking he was an ordinary passenger; and as our man commenced to pace up and down I waited over at the bookstall to see what would happen. As you hadn't turned up, I knew he had managed to play some trick on you, and I determined not to let him out of my sight. Then the bell rang, and in he jumped, closing the door behind him. I waited half a second for the guard's "Right away!" and then I made a rush and followed my man. But the beggar had gone!"

"Through the other door?"

"Yes. I was too late to follow him, and then, just as I spotted you under the seat, and tumbled to the whole plant, in comes our friend here and delivers himself up like a lamb."

By this time I had begun to see that there was a mistake somewhere, and that I was in a very awkward predicament. I turned hot all over and a funny feeling crept down my spine.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake."

"Yes," growled the man named Burt, "and you'll jolly soon find out, too. Look here, what's your name?"

I told him, adding that I was traveling to Belfast on business.

"Drop it, and own up," said he. "Come, you may as well tell us where we've put the swag."



Value of Warmth For Hogs.

The value of warmth in the production of pork has not been taken into account as it ought to be. To do their best hogs must be warm. They will shake off a good share of what you feed them if they do not have a comfortable place to stay. Especially at night ought they to be kept comfortable.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Model Gardens.

"A garden without fruit trees and berry bushes is only half a garden. There should be enough for family use in season, for canning and preserving, for winter use, and some to sell. Starting with strawberries, the first fruit of the season, there should be raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, grapes and currants."—Farmers' Home Journal.

Profit in Sheep Raising.

S. A. Saum, of Shenandoah County, Virginia, gives the following returns from his flock of sheep this year: He had one buck and thirty-seven ewes. Thirty-one ewes had lambs. Six of the ewes were only twelve months old, and did not lamb. He raised thirty-eight lambs and lost six. For the wool and lambs sold he received \$137. The ewes are not large ones, and, therefore, do not shear a very heavy fleece or make very large lambs. He says the sheep are the most profitable stock kept on the farm.

Acid Soils.

Acid soils are readily detected by the reaction which they give with sensitive litmus paper. In making the test the moistened soil is pressed against blue litmus paper, which changes to red in the presence of free acids. Acid soils are made productive by using lime and other alkaline material to neutralize the humic acid before applying farm and other manures. Acid soils are not suitable for the production of clover and legumes.

Experiments by Wheeler at the Rhode Island Experiment Station indicate that there are large areas of acid soils in the Eastern States which are much improved when treated with limed-slaked lime. There is great difference in the power of plants to live in acid soils. Some agricultural crops as legumes are particularly sensitive, while many weeds have such strong power of endurance that they thrive in the presence of acids. Weeds frequently reflect the character of the soil as to acidity, in the same way that an alkaline soil is indicated by the plants produced. The acid and alkaline compounds of the soil greatly influence the bacterial flora. In the presence of strong acids or alkalis, many of the bacterial changes necessary for the elaboration of plant food fail to take place.—From Soils and Fertilizers.

Insect Pests.

The poultry house absolutely free of lice and mites is the happy exception and not the general rule. One must be ever vigilant and constantly aggressive in the warfare against these pests in order to even keep them in subjection, says a writer in an exchange. When a breeder tells me that not a louse or mite can be found in his or her poultry domain I cannot help thinking that a thorough investigation of the houses would discover some of these torment hidden away under perches or in some dark corner. Why this doubt of my brother or sister breeder's assertion, do you ask? Well, the time was when I made like assertions, and thought truthfully, but I had a rude awakening from my dream of louseless and miteless houses and fowls. Just as soon as I became aware of the presence of lice a general cleaning was the order of the day, but never since have I declared as emphatically as in the times before I discovered the unwelcome residents that there were neither lice or mites in my poultry house. Whether you know that there are lice or mites present or not, it will do no harm to treat the houses as if you were sure the unwelcome insects were there. Spray the perches often with some one of the good lice killers on the market and occasionally dust the fowls well with a good insect powder.—Commercial Poultry.

Wintering Work Horses.

After the ground freezes in the fall a large majority of the farmers do not have enough work for their horses to give them a sufficient amount of exercise. When horses are first confined after having had plenty of outdoor exercise all summer they often have troubles with swollen legs and other derangements. The best way to prevent these troubles is to adjust the food to the changed conditions of the horses. Those of the horses that do very little work during the winter do not need much grain if they are getting all the hay they can eat. Horses can be kept in excellent condition when fed oats straw that has been stowed in the mow and a very little grain. Bran makes an excellent feed for the greater part of the winter grain ration; it keeps the digestive system in a good, healthy condition. An occasional mess of boiled oats is greatly relished by the horses; a feed of this kind should be given at least once a week. Carrots make an excellent feed during the winter and most horses are very fond of them. Horses should always have dry, warm and well bedded quarters. Give them water first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Have a lump of rock salt in each stall that they can go to daily.—Indiana Farmer.

Poultry Notes.

You should have your flock culled by this time, and in the order you

State of Pennsylvania

Social Co-operation.

Philadelphia.—That the constantly growing standard of living among Americans is partly responsible for the present high cost of living, and that in social co-operation lies the remedy, is the opinion of Prof. Simon Nelson Patten, of the Wharton School of Finance and Economics of the University of Pennsylvania.

"The subject is one of many ramifications," said Professor Patten, "and the reasons for existing conditions are manifold. Society has got itself in the complication, but not far enough to know what it is going to do, or to resolve upon a means of adjusting prices to fit all purposes."

"There is no doubt that the combinations controlling food and other commodities make the high prices. They are but taking advantage of natural conditions, and reaping the profit that could be disseminated among the consumers if they could but themselves act as an unit. Prosperity has wrought great changes in the mode of living in America, and ahead business men have taken advantage of these changes. Their combination to handle products in large quantities has not resulted in evil entirely to the people, although some classes have been less benefited than others."

Nurse Stabs Thug.

Chester.—Miss Emily Hayes, a nurse, of Upland, was attacked by a colored man at Seventh and Barksdale streets, and stabbed her in the stomach several times with a hat pin. The man screamed with pain as he fled. The commotion was heard by Rev. J. M. T. Childrey, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who made a search of the locality for the assailant, but no trace of him was found.

While on their way home the Misses Hannah and Evaline Desmond were followed several squares by a colored man. At Third and Reaney streets the young women met their mother, Joseph, who endeavored to capture his sisters' annoyances, but the fellow escaped.

A sneak thief entered the home of Charles M. Pyle, on Morton street, and breaking open the slot gas meter, secured two dollars in quarters, and Phillip J. Downey's store, on West Third Street, was broken into by thieves, who got away with large quantities of cigars and tobacco and all the money in the cash register.

Some one entered the yard of Daniel Neuburg's home and stole a quilt and other articles from the clothesline.

1,045 Miners Killed.

A marked decrease in the fatal accidents in the mines of the State is shown for 1909 as compared with 1908, according to figures received from the anthracite and bituminous mining districts of Pennsylvania, by Chief of Mines, Jas. E. Roderick. During the year just closed the total number of lives lost was 1,045, as compared with 1,250 in 1908, showing a decrease of 205, or sixteen per cent. The record for the year in the soft coal region was 494 fatal accidents, against 572 in the previous year, a decrease of 78, or about four per cent. In the hard coal region there were 551 persons lost their lives against 678 in 1908, the decrease being 127 or about nineteen per cent. During 1909 the number of accidents was 2,198, or just two more than in the previous year.

Girl of 12 Elopes.

Pottsville.—When her mother objected to her marrying Michael Strurror, aged 22 years, because she was so young, Mary Pollock, of St. Clair, aged 12 years, eloped, the couple securing tickets for Cleveland, Ohio. Strurror met interference on the part of the girl's mother when he appeared at home and it is alleged he struck the parent a blow on the head, rendering her unconscious. By the time she recovered to give the alarm the pair were on their way West. Mrs. Pollock, who is but 39 years of age, has preferred a charge of kidnapping against Strurror and the State constabulary, stationed at this place, are on the trail of the pair. This is the youngest girl to run away and get married within the recollection of Schuylkill's police officials.

Horse Not Hose Company.

Media.—Through a typographical error a recent court record dissolving the Radnor Hose Company made the title read the Radnor Horse Company. Many persons believed from this that the Radnor Fire Company, the militia organization of fire fighters, had gone out of existence, but this, fortunately, is not true.

Sleeper's Uncovered Feet Freeze.

Bethlehem.—Emanuel Hunsicker, an aged recluse, of Macungie, was found with both his feet so badly frozen that they will have to be amputated. Hunsicker, who is 75 years old, says that in the night his feet slipped from under the covers and he did not know they were frozen until he tried to rise in the morning.

Preached For 63 Years.

Reading.—Rev. Jefferson M. Dietzler, said to be the oldest minister in the Lutheran synod of Pennsylvania, died at Lyons, this county, aged 81 years. He was in the ministry 63 years, and served various congregations in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Horse Drags Chester Athlete.

Chester.—While driving in Ninth Street Wallace Oglesby, a young athlete, was thrown from his wagon by a snow bank. The horse, which became frightened, dashed down the street. Oglesby held to the lines and was dragged over the street for several squares. As he swung from one side of the road to the other he managed to keep clear of the horse's flying hoofs, but his strength gave way and he was compelled to relax his hold on the lines.

Forged Certificate.

Wilkes-Barre.—Mine officials of the Lackawanna Company caused the arrest of Peter Cipules, who presented a bogus mining certificate and asked for work. The man said he was given the certificate by another party. The names of the members of one of the mining examining boards were signed to the certificate. The latter declared that their signatures were forged. It is believed the party issuing the certificate has conducted a wholesale business in that line.

Harry S. Allison Dies.

Marietta.—Harry S. Allison, one of the best known men in Lancaster County, died suddenly while seated on a chair talking to his wife and children. He was 60 years old.

New Christian Endeavor Societies.

Reading.—A. J. Charlie, general secretary of the Pennsylvania C. E. Union, sent out his annual report to the various societies in the State. During 1909, sixteen new county and local unions were organized and 304 new societies.

Forces Thug To Jig.

Chester.—The residents of the extreme northwestern section of the city are much alarmed over the numerous holdups which have occurred during the past two weeks, and as a consequence the majority of them, including several young women, are armed after nightfall.

Miss Emma Grace, who resides along Boyd's Lane, was approached by a colored man who asked her for some money, saying he wanted to get to Wilmington. When she told him she had no money to give him the thug made a grab for her. Pulling a small revolver from her pocket Miss Grace fired several shots at the feet of her assailant, who danced a jig for several seconds, and then ran.

The other evening Miss Winnie Ehrhart, of Highland Avenue, was followed by a strange man. Having been similarly annoyed Miss Ehrhart had fortified herself with a revolver and in order to frighten her pursuer she fired the weapon in the air.

The fellow retraced his steps and disappeared.

A couple of nights ago William Wobnus, who lives at Ninth Street and Highland Avenue, was approached by two men who demanded money. Wobnus moved to the side of a house, so that neither of the men could get behind him, and flourished a revolver. The footpads departed.

Forgives Slayer.

Wilkes-Barre.—A strange case was witnessed in Court here when Mrs. Susan Lee, of Zion City, and her daughter, Grace, offered to forgive George L. Marion, an actor and theatrical agent, for the murder of Mrs. Lee's daughter, in this city, some months ago.

Marion followed the woman to this city after she had married another man and shot her dead in the office of the chief of police.

The mother and daughter of the victim are members of the Dowry faith and, manifesting a spirit of forgiveness in accordance with the doctrine of their church, they approached the prisoner and said they were willing to forgive him. Marion spurned the offer and said he did not know the women.

After John D.'s Offering.

Hollidaysburg.—John D. Rockefeller may be the involuntary contributor of \$5,000 for the erection of a Methodist chapel in this county. Oil pipe lines controlled by Mr. Rockefeller were constructed over the farm of Captain John H. Law, in North Woodberry Township without first securing a right of way from Mr. Law. A suit resulted and when the case came up for trial before a Board of Arbitrators Mr. Rockefeller was ordered to pay \$5,000 and announced he would apply this amount to the building of a Methodist chapel on the farm. The arbitrators have the award under consideration.

George M. Benz's Will Filed.

Norristown.—The will of George M. Benz, of Conshohocken, was admitted to probate. His widow, Catharine Benz, is to receive the income from the estate during the life of their son. At his death the estate is to be divided equally between Mr. Benz's sister, Mrs. Mary Kubler, of New York, and brother, Christian J. Benz, of Conshohocken.

Assaults Woman, Robs House.

Altoona.—Shortly after her husband had gone to work, Mrs. Clarence McCool was attacked by an unknown man, who entered boldly into the house and dealt her a terrific blow in the face, knocking her unconscious. When she recovered an hour later the man had ransacked the house and disappeared.

Reading Firm Works Three Shifts.

Reading.—Owing to the many large orders on hand the Carpenter Steel Company has been obliged to work three shifts at its big plant here. One of the big orders the firm is getting out is for 200 tons of steel for gun barrels for the Government. Seven hundred hands are employed.

Charles Creamer Dies.

Chester.—Charles Creamer, a pioneer commission merchant, of this city, who served as chief of police under the late John Larkin, Jr., Chester's first mayor, was found dead in bed at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ella T. Stroud. He was 72 years old and returned yesterday from a several month's stay in Florida.

\$60,000 Fire At New Kensington.

New Kensington.—Fire in the plant of the American Conduit Company here damaged the building and contents, and destroyed a dwelling adjoining, causing a loss of about \$60,000. Seventy-five employees are thrown out of work.

Carpenters Demand 8-Hour Day.

Easton.—The Carpenters' Union of Easton gave notice that the members will demand an eight-hour day after May 1 next at 40 cents per hour as their pay. The carpenters now work nine hours a day and receive \$3.24.

WHAT IS A MAN?

A LITTLE SOUL bearing up a
corpse.—Epictetus.

"The masterpiece of over-daring
Nature."—Zoroaster.

"The glory and the scandal of the
universe."—Pascal.

"One more lump of clay to hold the
world together."—Emerson

"The End of Man.—To do his duty,
and to tell the truth."—Stoics.

tion that it would not be published

in the papers.

"I'll see to that," he said; "and now, help me to place our worthy friend under the seat."

We lifted Burnside with some difficulty and rolled him under the overhanging curtains, placing his head against the detective's black bag.

"Good!" said my alert companion, "but his arm shows a trifle, so I'll place the foot-warmers in front. There you are! Half a dozen people might look into the carriage and never dream he was there."

"When he comes to, though, he'll commence to shout."

"I'll gag him just before we reach Crewe. He'll be all right, never fear."

Now that the crisis had passed, I began to grow cheerfully interested in the affair, and looked forward with eagerness to the second act in the little drama which was being played before our eyes.

Sure enough, when the train slowed up

at Crewe, there was a tall, heavily bearded man standing on the platform inspecting the numbers on the carriages.

"You wait here while I get the guard to put a reserved label on this compartment. We don't want the beggar in here if we can help it."

He got out and closed the door, leaving me alone with the thief, who had been duly gagged, and was now breathing heavily, with every sign of returning consciousness. I felt somewhat uncomfortable, I must confess, when the bearded man passed the carriage and glanced sharply in; and, fearing he might return and subject the carriage to a closer inspection, I rearranged the foot-warmers and transferred my bag to the other side, so that the "new under the seat" was completely hidden.

Presently a porter came and labelled the compartment "Reserved," and, feeling easier in my mind, I jumped out, closed the door, and stood by it until my friend returned.

"Everything right?" said he.

"Good! I've wired further instructions to Liverpool. I'll relieve you now if you want a drink."

I rushed off for some coffee, for I was feeling cold. But no sooner had I put the cup to my lips than the bell rang, and I had to swallow the stuff at one gulp, half sealing my mouth, and then make a bolt for my carriage. I was only just in time, for the train had begun to move. The guard held open the door and banged it to after me; and then, to my horror, instead of my friend whom I expected to find waiting for me, there was the black-bearded man in the far corner of the carriage, covering me with a revolver.

"The game's up, my friend," he said.

I was too astonished to reply, and sank down helplessly on the cushions, forgetting my blistered mouth in sudden terror, for I knew I was completely at the ruffian's mercy.

"You're a deep one; but not deep enough," he went on. "Just fetch out my friend there, and wade him. Mind, no tricks."

"Swag! What swag? I can assure

you, gentlemen, I know nothing of this business."

"You know how to chloroform a chap," said the other.

"It was the detective, not I," I replied, in dismay.

"The detective! Who on earth are you talking about?"

"Who—my friend, who's gone. The detective!"

"Look here, young man, you're either very deep or a big fool. Do you know that we are detectives and that your precious friend whom you have assisted to escape was Burnside?"

"Burnside!" I repeated, horror struck. "Visions of prison cells and crowded courts and my name in the papers began to float before my eyes. I had been fooled utterly and completely."

"Yes, and you'll precious soon have to answer for it, too."

It was in vain that I explained; they wouldn't listen to me. Then I suddenly remembered the newspaper in my pocket.

"There," said I, "if you don't believe me, look at that!"

They took the paper and examined it, with evident surprise. Then Burt looked up.

"Look here, we'll want to see into this affair. If this yarn of yours is true, and you're a genuine traveler, show us your credentials. Open your bag there!"

I picked up what I thought was my bag, and then started back in dismay.

"Why, this isn't mine, it's the detective's—I mean Burnside's."

The detectives jumped to their feet and laid hold of the bag. It was locked, but in a trice they had forced it open, and from its depths drew a flat morocco leather case. Pressing the spring, Burt released the lid, and a blaze of dazzling light met our eyes.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Burt. "He's gone off with the wrong bag."

It was true enough. I remembered having moved my bag under the opposite seat, and Burnside in his haste, must have mistaken it for his own, to which it bore a strong resemblance.

The detectives fell back on the seat and began to laugh.

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Of course, I had a bit of a job to prove my bona fides. I was detained at Liverpool that night, and released on bail next day. Luckily the affair was kept out of the papers, and I escaped with the only indignity of receiving a severe official censure for my imprudence.

Burnside got clean away, as you doubtless remember, and I heard no more of the affair until some six months afterward, when I received a check for fifty pounds from his lordship, who, it was rumored, was not sorry that Burnside had escaped, once the diamonds were recovered. But I don't think I should enter on a similar undertaking again, even with the prospect of a reward ten times as big.

—Waverley.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.