

**JUBAL AND TUBAL CAIN.**

Jubal sang of the wrath of God  
And the curse of thistle and thorn—  
But Tubal got him a pointed rod  
And scrambled the earth for corn.  
Old—old as that earthy mold,  
Young as the sprouting grain—  
Yearly green is the strife between  
Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,  
And the souls its waves divide—  
But Tubal followed a fallen tree  
And passed it to the farther side.  
Black—black as the hurricane wreck,  
Salt as the under-main—  
Bitter and cold is that hate they hold—  
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years  
When wars and wounds shall cease—  
But Tubal fashioned the hand-flung spears  
And showed his neighbors peace.  
New—new as the Nine Point Two,  
Older than Lamech's slain—  
Roaring and loud is the feud avowed  
Twas Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar  
And the peaks that none may crown—  
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar,  
And there he built a town,  
High—high as the Passes lie,  
Low as the culverts drain—  
Wherever they be they can never agree—  
Jubal and Tubal Cain!  
—Rudyard Kipling.

**STEALING A GRANDMOTHER**

By HUGH PENDEXTER.

When I got home that night my wife met me at the door with a bright face and told me that she had received a letter from her grandfather stating that her grandmother would leave on the morrow to visit us, and would I mind meeting her at Isworth, but from my wife's ample discourse I had conceived her to be a little, gracious, old lady, whom any man would be pleased to love—as a grandmother. At this period of my married life I had been thoroughly subjugated by my other half, and at once acquiesced in the veiled mandate by expressing great pleasure in leaving my work for a day to meet the grandmother.

"The city editor may not like my asking for a day off, you know," I remarked, even while giving in.  
"Indeed," she sniffed, "is that material?"  
"Not a bit," I hastened to answer.  
"He is a very immaterial person."  
"Then, dear, you go. I have in my letters described you so explicitly that she will be sure to know you. Any way, you will recognize her, for she is the dearest, sweetest woman—"  
"Old woman," I corrected.  
"Elderly woman in the world."  
"How does she look?" I asked, wishing to get a few pointers.  
"Oh, lovely! When you see a little mite of a thing with the dearest gray hair and the brightest eyes in the world; a woman that—an elderly woman—you can feel like giving a good hug, you'll know that's grandma."

"She's sure to come?"  
"Why, yes, quite sure. If for any reason she cannot, grandma will telegraph."  
In the morning I went down and made my peace with the city editor. When I left him he looked extremely doubtful, and he has told me since that from my conversation he had absorbed the impression that some relative of mine had passed away and that I was going to bring the body home.

Isworth was a junction and nothing else. A solitary grocery store and postoffice combined stood a little way from the station, while far and near a dense growth of alders completed the air of desolation. The down train from Waterville had already pulled in, and on leaving the car I had only to enter the low waiting room to find the object of my journey.

As I opened the door a tall, gaunt woman, dressed in funeral black, arose and accosted me in a deep, husky voice.

"Is this James?"  
"Yes," I answered dreamily. "I am James, and is this—this—grandma?"

"Young man, it is."  
I approached timidly for my welcoming kiss, for my wife had cautioned me in regard to this very minutely.

Grasping my intentions and deciding that they were honorable, she raised a heavy black veil and gave me a sort of perfunctory sort of a smack. She was fully as tall as I, and would weigh, I concluded, just one hundred and ninety-eight. And this stern visaged woman was the one destined to inculcate in me my being an irrepressible desire to fold her to my bosom and lavish upon her lips grandfilial kisses! She eyed me sadly for a minute and then remarked:

"I had hoped Eliza's gal had got a better favored man."  
My countenance may have expressed sorrow, for she said:

"But you hain't to blame for your looks. I only hope that you are better to her than Henry was."

I dropped the black monster supposed to contain her personal effects and gasped weakly:

"Henry!"  
"Yes, Henry. Her first, you know."

How we got aboard the home train train I never knew. My wife's first! We had only been married a year, and coming from a distant State I had seen my wife only six months prior to our marriage. It was impossible that she could have been married before meeting me. I had to conclude that I was bringing home a crazy grandmother.

"Henry was a varmint," he remarked, after we had arranged divers parcels, among which I remember was a bird cage. "He was a shiftless provider," she continued.  
"Till he was," I said altogether dazed. "When did he die?"  
"No, sich luck. He ain't dead. He's still kitin' 'round th' country scumming."

A queer kind of a feeling took me by the throat. I knew that she was crazy, but still my throat felt horribly.

"I brought along some catnip for the cats," she said at last, pointing to a paper bag.

"Oh, but you know that we haven't any."  
"Killed 'em, eh? Jest as well. I drowned three 'fore I ketched the cars this mornin'!"  
"Oh, my wife!" Even if the "Henry" part were a hallucination, to think of the dearest little old lady in the world coming in to see you with the blood of three cats upon her hands, too!  
"Well, grandma, you must make us a good, long visit. Grandpa can't see you again until he comes after you." I had determined to be just as cordial as if she had been the personification of daintiness.

"You needn't worry on that score. When I packed my traps I told your grandfather that maybe he'd see me 'fore spring, but most likely he would not."  
It was now September. I looked out of the window at the peaceful scene and wished it would rain and be sleety. It seemed as if Nature had no business to be so gay. I recalled the first two stanzas of the "Rainy Day."

"Is grandma well?"

**True Brotherhood.**

THE common wealth of humanity—it is in the sky and stars, in the fields and the brooks, in the heaven-reaching summits and the boundless sea. Beauty everywhere, there can be no trust in beauty. Beauty is yours and mine and all men's. There can be no corner in the sources of inspiration. The blossoming of the apple trees—the time was—in some parts of the world the time still is—when thought and thought products were denied to the masses; but in this blessed country of ours thought may come like a full-blown rose flushing every brow. Mental discipline, the books which sum up and record the thoughts of the past—who so poor but the opportunity of schooling awaits him, and the public library opens its doors for his entrance. The world of thought—what so precious! and it belongs to the common wealth of humanity. Still more is love—something as universal as human nature itself. One sees it everywhere and feels it everywhere, in the most refined and cultured walks of persons and in the most unrefined and uneducated. Not but that a thought as truly where poverty shares its troubles and sorrows and struggles along over its oftentimes stony way. Love, sweet, pure, sincere love—it is the greatest thing in the world, ready in some form for the soul that can climb to it and make it its own. All these things are the supreme and inestimable wealth in the brotherhood of souls. Money is necessary, and houses and lands and clothing and food material pleasurable, and recreation are necessary. No one should despise these; but the supreme bond in the brotherhood of souls is the appreciation and love of the higher, more inspiring, more beautiful things.—Rev. Frederick A. Hinckley.

She hitched herself into a more confidential position and said impressively:

"Your grandfather would be tolerably well if he'd let old cider alone. But when a man betwixt and between drinks 'bout two gallons of old cider every day it tends to make him feel outer sorts. I think that's what attracted Henry to your wife. He thought he could live on Durgin Hill, keep filled with old cider, and have a good time generally. He was workin' there in hayin' when he first met Eliza's gal. She was up for the summer. But when he an' your grandfather went off fishin' and fell into the creek, I put my foot down and he gut. Your wife never said nothin' 'bout him, I take it?"

"No," I answered.  
"Nat'ral, nough, too. Let by-gones be by-gones, sez I. We've got to make th' best of the futer. Do you drink?"

"Never!"  
"What church do you attend?"

"I go to the Universalist."  
"Thee! An' our hull family have ben Baptists for ten generations. Why, your grandfather, when he'll cuss a Universalist on sight. That's his one good point; he don't go back on his religion. An' I tell you, young man, that in the futer you an' Eliza's gal will 'tend out on the Baptists' meetin's."

I shuddered as I thought of her declaration to grandpa, "Mebbe you'll see me 'fore spring, an' mebbe you won't."

"What do you do with your evenin's?" she asked, adjusting her spectacles.

"Oh, I always stay at home evenin's," I replied, glad of a chance to appear in a favorable light. "We have a quiet game of euchre, or play in some of the neighbors and invite whist, you know."

"Them's games you play with keerds, eh?" she asked gloomily.  
"I saw my finish as I weakly answered 'yes.'"

"Oh, the sorer of it! Eliza's gal playin' at keerds! Never in Henry's day did she do that! But jest wait! We'll see if a little moral influence can't stop sich didoes jest as soon as I get settled," and the light of conquest flashed from her cold, gray eyes.

With a sigh of relief I helped her

into a cab when we reached the station, and told the driver my number.

To my surprise no bright-eyed wife bounded down the steps to meet us; instead, the house was gloomy and dark. And what's more, when I mounted the stairs I found the door locked. I could appreciate the spirit that prompted my wife to keep the grandmother out, but I thought it was rather hard on the husband. However, I used my latchkey and ushered grandma in. I was pleased to note that the lighting of the gas impressed my relative quite a deal.

"Haint there no danger of that bustin'?" Haint keersin' it safer?" I quieted her a bit, and then snapped a few parlor matches to complete the effect. Then I set out to find my wife. She was not in the house. I returned to the sitting room and found grandma hanging the bird cage to a hook, while the inmate croaked feebly.

"Where's Eliza's gal?"  
"She must have stepped out to the neighbors," I explained, "but make yourself at home and I will look her up."

My head was in a whirl. My wife's desertion, the question of "Henry the fust," were problems I could not solve. There was no doubt in my mind but that my wife was the sweetest little woman in the world, but I wished she had been at home. Of course my grandma was crazy, and yet I felt badly to think of "Henry's kitin' 'round over the country." He ought, even in hallucinations, to be dead.

On inquiring, Mrs. Engels informed me that my wife had gone to spend the night with our old friends, the Ateleys. This was a little too much. Did she fear to face me, now that I had learned the truth?  
A hansom quickly took me to the Ateleys, and I brusquely asked for my wife.

"Why, James, dear, back? Didn't you get my telegram at Isworth?"  
"I did not," I replied, not noticing her eagerness to give me a caress.

"Why, I wired that grandma was not coming until to-morrow morning,

pens to be named Eliza, but none of us ever lived on Durgin Hill, and my wife now feels assured that I never drink.

"Henry, the fust," is, I suppose, still "kitin' 'round the country," but we have never met him, and yet my grandma, dear old lady, often removes her spectacles and wipes away the tears as we talk over my wife's first marriage.—Portland Transcript.

**THE HIGH TIDE OF IMMIGRATION**

The problem of the outpouring from Europe into the United States, and its threat to what is best in our national institutions, could not perhaps be more forcibly brought home to us than by the facts presented in Mr. W. Z. Ripley's article, "Races in the United States," in the Atlantic.

Wave has followed wave, says Professor Ripley, each higher than the last—the ebb and flow being dependent upon economic conditions in large measure. It is the last great wave, ebbing since last fall, which has most alarmed us in America. This gathered force on the revival of prosperity about 1897, but it did not assume full measure until 1900. Since that year over 6,000,000 people have landed on our shore, one-quarter of all the total immigration since the beginning. The new-comers of these eight years alone would repopulate all the five older New England States as they stand to-day; or, if properly disseminated over the nineteen States of the Union as they stand. The new-comers of the last eight years could, if suitably seated in the land, elect thirty-eight out of the present ninety-two Senators of the United States. It is any wonder that thoughtful political students stand somewhat aghast?—In these of these eight years—1907—there were one million and a quarter arrivals. This number would entirely populate both New Hampshire and Maine, two of our oldest States, with an aggregate territory approximately equal to Ireland and Wales.

The arrivals of this one year would found a State with more inhabitants than any one of twenty-one of our other existing Commonwealths which could be named.

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

Industry is the magnet that gets things coming our way.  
Many a fellow has discovered that it is easier to make love than to make good.  
Many a woman talks like sixty who isn't.

Scientists say that kissing must go, but in spite of that it doesn't go with some girls.  
He laughs at some who has never been at war with himself.

The average man has his price, and, of course, the foreign nobleman is but an average man.  
There are altogether too many ways of making people unhappy.

Some people are unhappy because they have never been in love, and others because they have.  
It's all right to follow the crowd, provided you are not ambitious to get to the front.

It's when a fellow thinks he is out of sight that he feels all eyes are upon him.  
Woman may be the weaker vessel, but it is generally the man who goes broke.  
It isn't enough to pay as you go. You ought to save enough to pay your way back.

The officeholder feels that one good term deserves another.  
If the eyes are the windows of the soul, every man must look out for himself.

Happy is the man who is pleased with everything, including himself.  
Rather than sew up a glove on Sunday some women would remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

The fellow who tells a girl he could listen to her voice for the rest of his life should be careful or he may have to.  
If we could see ourselves as others see us, it would just about put the looking glass people out of business.  
—From the "Greenwood Lake Philosopher," in the New York Times.

**Horned Toads Slow.**  
Horned toads are slow of foot, and the spiny horns which cover them seem to be their only defense. Professor Cope gives an example of a dead rattlesnake found with the horns of one of these lizards which it had swallowed penetrating through the upper skin, one on each side of the spine. John K. Strecker, Jr., records another case where the capture of a horned lizard was fatal to the animal that had eaten it. He says: "Some years ago a friend brought me a dead hawk (Buteo lineatus) that he had found lying out on the prairie west of the city (Waco). It was greatly emaciated and there was considerable dry blood on the feathers of the throat and breast. On skinning it I found no shot wounds, but when I made a careful examination of the carcass I found that it had swallowed two horned lizards, and that one of the occipital horns of one of these had penetrated the bird's trachea."—Forest and Stream.

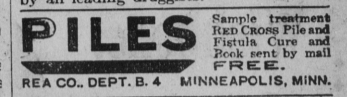
**Opposed to Cremation.**  
Belgium officially frowns on cremation.



**All Who Would Enjoy**

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to prevent the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



Harvard Presidents as Yachtmen.

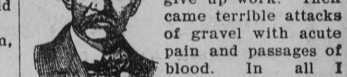
Like President Eliot, Professor Lowell is an enthusiastic yachtsman. At Cotuit, where he often spends the summer on the handsome estate of his wife's mother, Professor Lowell has a fleet of small boats with which he enjoys his favorite sport. He never allows a good strong breeze to blow but when he dons his oilskin and white caps, grasping the tiller with skill equal to that of the best fishermen on the south shore.—Boston Record.

**AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS**

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness, and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Sermon Past Cards.

A Presbyterian pastor of Bangor, Penn., has bought up a printing establishment and has used it to publish thousands of "sermon past cards." These are so short and readable that the demand for them has been so great as to pay off the church debt of \$15,000 and give the pastor a large profit besides.

**Mix For Rheumatism.**  
The following is a never failing remedy for rheumatism, and if followed up it will effect a complete cure of the very worst cases: "Mix half pint of good whiskey with one ounce of Toris compound and add one ounce syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bed time." The ingredients can be procured at any drug store and easily mixed at home.

Where Passengers Have Rights.  
A passenger in a full railway carriage in England has a perfect legal right to push away any one else who tries to get into. This decision was given at Marylebone police court when a man complained that he was pushed out of a carriage at Bishop's road station by another passenger, who said the car was full.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"  
That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Short Christmas.  
"Christmas Day is only three hours long in the Finnish town of Torned," said a traveler. "I spent last Christmas there. At sunrise I got up to see my presents and to read my Christmas mail and night had fallen before I got through breakfast."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children. Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

In Boston standard time is 16 minutes slower than sun time, four minutes slower in New York, eight minutes faster at Washington, 19 minutes faster at Charleston, 28 minutes faster at Kansas City, 10 minutes slower at Chicago, one minute faster at St. Louis, 28 minutes faster at Salt Lake City, and 10 minutes faster at San Francisco.

Of More Importance.  
"And now that you are of age," said the anxious father, "I want to give you a few pointers on how to keep money."  
"Say, dad," rejoined the son of his father, "haint you better begin by giving me a few pointers on how to get it?"—Boston Post.

The Proper Thing.  
Fred—"I've only just heard of your marriage, old chap."  
Joe—"Yes, I was married nearly six months ago."  
Fred—"Well, it isn't too late to offer congratulations, of course?"  
Joe—"A little late for congratulations, my boy, but not for sympathy."—Boston Post.

Got Busy.  
"You say you heard more than a week ago that your wife contemplated eloping with your new auto?"  
"Yes, I knew about it."  
"And you took no steps in the matter?"  
"Sure I did. I took her out every day and gave her lessons in running it."—Houston Post.

She Was Mistaken.  
Hubby was evidently worried and wife was trying to cheer him up.  
"Cheer up, John, and don't worry," she said. "It doesn't do any good to borrow trouble."  
"Borrow trouble," echoed her husband. "Great Caesar's ghost! I ain't borrowing trouble: I've got it to lend."—Boston Post.

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Beware of the Cough  
that hangs on persistently, breaking your night's rest and exhausting you with the violence of the paroxysms. A few doses of PISO'S CURE will relieve you, no matter how far advanced or serious. It soothes and heals the irritated surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and the cough disappears.

At all druggists, 25c. **PISO'S CURE**