

THE PROPHECY.

Old Ellery Gregg, when the weather was fine, When the sunlight was bubbling and sparkling like wine, When the skies were as bright as the dressings of boys...

Old Ellery Gregg, when the Autumn was long And the birds started late and the open brook's song In November was heard and the big yellow moon...

Old Ellery Gregg, when the wind whistled keen, When the snow lay knee deep all the fences between, When the boards creaked and snapped in the walk down the street...

—J. W. FOLEY, in the New York Times.

Mr. Lane Stays at Home Saturday Morning

He Had the Grip, But Was Better Later in the Day

By Mrs. J. W. PHELPS.

Saturday morning, Mr. Lane observed to his wife, before he got up, that he believed he'd stay at home. Only half a day, anyhow, and there was nothing special. He would phone down and it would be all right.

This was so unusual that Mrs. Lane was alarmed at once.

"Don't you feel well?" she inquired. "Well, no, can't say I do. Ache all over, and feel rather feverish. Guess I'm threatened with the grip. The other fellows in the office have all had it, so that it was only a question of time of my getting it, anyhow. I guess I'll be careful, stay in until Monday and break up the attack."

Here, with several groans, Mr. Lane began getting out of bed. "Why, you are not going to get up, are you?" said his wife in astonishment. "I was just going to get you some quinine and hot lemonade and a mustard plaster for your back and—"

"Good heaven, Mary! did I say that I was going to stay in bed?" with a shudder at the visions his wife's list of remedies had conjured up, for Mr. Lane had never been sick in bed a day that he could remember. "I only said that I was going to take precautions so that I wouldn't get sick in bed. It is seldom necessary to be sick abed if one uses good judgment."

This last was said severely, for Mrs. Lane had been sick several times in the course of their married life and each illness had, according to the head of the house, been due to bad judgment.

As Mrs. Lane had heard this remark before, she merely said in bewilderment: "But I thought you were feverish and ached."

"Well, I guess staying in-doors will fix the aches all right. All those fool things are well enough for the boys." Mrs. Lane went down to start breakfast. Mr. Lane dressed slowly and lay down on a couch in the living room.

Frank and Freddy, the two boys of the household, aged eleven and nine years respectively, appeared on the scene by racing down-stairs and falling into the living room one on top of the other, to stop, dumbfounded, on seeing their father on the couch. Mr. Lane gave the boys a look without any smile in it.

"For heaven's sake, is that the way your mother has taught you to come down stairs?"

"No, sir!" came simultaneously from the two boys.

"Well, what on earth, then, made you? Why, this very couch shock!" "We didn't know you was there," came in another chorus.

"Boys, come here, father isn't feeling well today," called their mother from the kitchen, "you must try to be quiet."

"Father's never been home Saturday morning before, has he?" observed Frank, squeaking noisily around. "It seems like Sunday, only we ain't going to church." Here Freddy knocked down a tin pan. There was a groan from the dining room.

"Did that make your head ache, dear?" inquired Mrs. Lane sympathetically, as she put the breakfast on the table.

"Ache! It fairly jumps, but there is no use lying down in this house. I'm so sorry, but it is Saturday. I can't let the boys out to play this snowy day with their colds, I'm afraid they will make some noise. They're boys, you know. It is not like two girls playing around. But it would be nice and quiet upstairs."

"Heavens! How many times must I tell you that I'm not sick! I'm only looking out not to get sick."

Very inevitably, Mr. Lane sat down and very grumblingly, ate a good breakfast, having silenced the boys so that they did not dare to say a word.

Fred's head cold was in the "sniffly state," where a handkerchief was needed every two minutes, where one didn't dare to use a handy coat sleeve. In the act of eating with a heavy face a very light muffin, Mr. Lane's attention was caught by a grimy wad, alias a handkerchief, going up to Freddy's nose.

He shuddered as he thought of his immaculate linen squares. "Put it out of sight, this instant," he broke out, pointing to the offending article. "Don't let me see such a disgusting sight again at the table. It's enough to make a man sick when he is half sick already. Don't use it again."

"No, father," with a suppressed sniff. "Haven't you got any other handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

the clock tick. Finally Mr. Lane said abruptly, "I never did like that Mrs. Sessions. Disagreeable woman. Thinks she knows it all."

About 9 o'clock, Mr. Lane wanted to know if his wife was not through. At 9:30 he inquired again, and at 10 o'clock he came out into the kitchen.

"What did you have to do this morning except get breakfast and do it isn't time for dinner yet," he began, as she surveyed the kitchen and pantry, gloomily, for there did not seem to be much prospect of that quiet tete-a-tete with his wife in the cozy living room.

"It's baking day, today, John, and then you know I went to the Friday morning club yesterday."

"As if women could not get enough clubs afterwards and evenings without having them in the morning. It will get so that the men will be obliged to stay at home to do the housework."

Mr. Lane, in reality, was very proud of the fact that his wife belonged to this musical club.

"Well," looking at the sink, "I see you haven't washed the dishes yet. I suppose I can do them and that will help you out."

"Now, John, I am just getting to them and I'd rather do them," began Mrs. Lane, but her husband interrupted.

"Of course, I am going to do them. It is a poor sort of a man who cannot help his wife out once in a while at housework. I rather guess I can wash those dishes."

So Mrs. Lane patiently got the dish-pan for him, the dish mop, the dish drainer, the towels, and Mr. Lane rolled up his sleeves, turned the faucets on till he got a brimming pan of hot water with soapuds, as tall as they could stand, and started in. Mrs. Lane went vigorously to work in the pantry, determined not to loiter.

There was splashing and splashing and once or twice something dropped, but luckily did not break.

"There," said Mr. Lane, virtuously, after some minutes, "I bet lots of men would sit around and not lift a finger to help their wives out. Men, perfectly well, too, but lazy."

As he washed and washed, his idea of his own virtue grew.

After half an hour, he announced that he had got them nearly all washed and was about to wipe them.

Just then, there was a terrible racket up in the boys' playroom.

"What are the boys doing?" began Mrs. Lane. Mr. Lane pricked up his ears.

He listened. He nodded his head. "It sounds to me like a fight," he said grimly. With his wet apron still pinned around his waist line, he hastened upstairs to find Frank and Freddy with very red faces, with fists clenched for another bout. First the fighters knew, they were both in the hands of Mr. Lane, which part of his body certainly had the "grip." He set the boys down on opposite sides of the room.

"I'm ashamed of you. My boys fighting." He sat down, serious as a judge. Lucky, indeed, he was home. This was no situation for a woman to meet successfully. The boys were making heroic efforts not to giggle at the sight of their father in mother's apron.

"Now," began the judge, "what was the matter?"

"He said George Washington was the greatest man who ever lived and Abe Lincoln is."

"He said Abe Lincoln was the greatest man, and I said George Washington could beat him all out, screamed the boys.

"One at a time," commanded Mr. Lane.

"Washington went to war and rode right through flying bullets and Abe stayed shut up in the White House," yelled Frank.

"Abe was shot anyhow and Washington died in bed like any common man," retorted Fred.

"One-at-a-time," repeated Mr. Lane. "How did you ever come to fight about such a thing as this?"

"Why, I showed him all about Washington so that anybody but a silly duffer would know he was the greatest man," began Frank, to be taken up by Freddy, "and I showed him about Honest Old Abe and he just wouldn't give in."

"George Washington never told a lie," said Frank defiantly, and Lincoln did!"

"He didn't!"

"Show me, where it says, he didn't then. You can't," tauntingly.

This had been too rapid for Mr. Lane to follow.

"Stop, boys, this is all nonsense. George Washington was the greatest man, of course, for if he hadn't been the Father of his country, Lincoln would never have been president."

With this oracular remark Mr. Lane took the boys down stairs, and settled them in isolated places to study their history lesson for Monday, which punishment he thought was eminently fitting.

"Now," said Mr. Lane, "I will wipe the dishes."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lane had looked at the rack of dishes. It was a sight. Plates, cups, saucers, glasses, tin dishes, all piled in with knives and forks sticking out of little crevices here and there, and the spider handle poking itself out at the top of them all!

Whereat Mrs. Lane concluded that the spider was buried somewhere underneath. No wonder it had taken Mr. Lane so long to wash those dishes for he must have spent considerable time in planning how to put every identical dish, pot or pan to be washed in the rack before rinsing.

Mrs. Lane knew that only the one who packed those dishes up could unpack them with any safety. So she rinsed the rack of all kinds of dishes and her husband wiped them, ending up

with the spider in triumph. He wiped those dishes in that delightful atmosphere which comes from doing the right thing at the right time.

By the time he was through, he discovered that he was pretty wet, having somehow washed his shirtsleeves and dampened his vest. This would never do for a man coming down with the grip. He hustled around and changed even his flannels, muttering, "Might get down with pneumonia. Be due to bad judgment entirely. Ought not to have been washing wet things anyway. Why in the world Mary would not keep a maid. No reason."

By the time he got back in the kitchen it was time for lunch.

"Lunch time," said Mr. Lane, talking out his watch to verify by the clock, which proved to be one minute slow. Out came memorandum book. Send kitchen clock to be cleaned.

"And by Jove," as another thought struck him. "Just got the breakfast dishes done, and now it is nearly time to do those for lunch. Seems as if there is a lack of system here. You need a maid and I'm going to send one up Monday morning."

"Why, John, I love to go my work and I'm perfectly well."

"I guess when we can afford a maid all right, and all the neighbors have one, you'll have one. It's made me nervous as a cat to hear you walking, walking all the morning." And out came the memorandum book. "Go to intelligence office Monday for efficient maid."

At lunch, Mr. Lane did not feel very hungry. The nice roast pork he took none of, but made no comment until Mrs. Lane spoke of it. Then with a martyr-like expression, he said, "I never quite knew it to fail that if I did not feel quite up to the mark, but that you had roast pork. I never ought to eat it, with my stomach."

He was slowly picking up a meal from the other dishes, when the telephone rang. The call was for him. This is what Mrs. Lane and the boys heard:—

"Oh, yes, that you, Dick?"

"Fine and dandy."

"Sure?"

"You bet I would. I'll be ready right off. Good-by."

"Dick's going to take over his new horse and get him used to the Boulevard. We're going right off."

"But, do you think you would better go out?" said Mrs. Lane.

"Mercy, yes, my grip is all broken up. Staying in this morning fixed that job. No one need really get into bed if he uses a little judgment."

With that, Mr. Lane got ready and soon went off with his friend, while Mrs. Lane, after doing up the dishes, went over to see her friend, Mrs. Sessions, and talk it off.—Hartford Courant.

SPANISH SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.

Method of Advance—Discipline More Lax in Camp Than on the Field.

The Spanish soldier's behavior under fire is admirable. Only yesterday as we were retiring down the slope of a hill under a desultory fire I saw a sergeant quietly stop in the open, roll and light a cigarette, and then proceed deliberately to rejoin his comrades.

Discipline is somewhat lax in camp, though I believe that with the material which the officers have to handle a little more strictness would be advisable, for the soldier of Spain is a cheerful, independent, devil may care fellow.

On the field, however, his obedience leaves nothing to be desired, unless it be his over anxiety to continue firing after the "Cease fire" has sounded. In direct opposition to our English methods, the non-commissioned officers have power to hit a man for slackness, stupidity or non-obedience of orders, whereas one soldier striking another is most severely dealt with, especially as Spaniards invariably "fight it out" with the knife.

The officers are keen and well informed, and their care for the men's comfort is notable. Here is an example: We had just returned from convoy duty, and on returning to camp were glad to find an excellent cold soup, prepared with oil, water, vinegar, and vegetables. The officers of each company stood around seeing that the men got their due portion, first having tasted it to assure themselves of the quality of the food.

The pay is scant, three halfpence a day; but there is one compensation much appreciated by the men; they are paid daily.

Some of the Spanish methods in the field are unusual. The firing line, for instance, starts with a rifle a yard, but the advance instead of being conducted in line follows this plan: Each squad of six to ten men under a corporal, on the signal to advance being given, wheels around and doubles toward the next cover in Indian file, extending into line as the cover is reached; in this way the whole line may advance simultaneously, or squad by squad, the advantage claimed being the smallness of target offered to the enemy during the rush forward.

As by force of experience we learned in South Africa the absolute necessity of using all cover, so the soldier here, after his first few fights, in which the losses were so altogether disproportionate to the successes gained, found that to compete with the Moors required all his cunning and was no mere field day.

Now during the advance he makes full use of all stones and depressions in the ground. The only fault I note is that he is too prone to make use of the kneeling position from behind cover, thus exposing the head and shoulders to fire.—Melilla correspondence London Daily Mail.

Peanut cake seems to be supplanting cottonseed cake as the preferred food for Swedish cattle.

THE TALE OF TWO SCHOOLBOYS.

The freckled faced McGee boy could play the game of ball; No other in the schoolyard could cope with him at all; But the spindle shanked DeVere kid was hopeless at the bat, And no one ever chose him when we played two old cat.

The freckled faced McGee boy grew up to be a star; He was a world-famous wonder—his fame it traveled far; The sporting writers called him the goods that comes in chunks, And the salary he drew down was just nine thousand punks.

But the spindle shanked DeVere kid just counted gate receipts And chartered the turntable and sold the bleacher seats; He owned the champion team's franchise, and when the star, McGee, Took down his princely stipend DeVere he had to see.

The freckled faced McGee boy soon threw his last inshoot, And among the minor league teams he took a downward shoot; And the spindle shanked DeVere boy still sits upon the throne! And the moral to this spring yarn each boy can dope alone.—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

SHEAR NONSENSE!

"They've a new preserve in Boston."

"That so?" "Yes; the subway jam."—Boston Herald.

"I started farming on a capital of one dollar." "I started on a package of free seeds sent me by a Congressman."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Youngwife—"What have you ever done to prove your love for me?" Mr. Youngwife—"Darling, I've contracted a lovely case of chronic dyspepsia."—Judge.

"Will your son take a full college course?" "No, not quite. He will have baseball, football and track athletics, but he fears there won't be time for basketball."—Cleveland Leader.

Muggins—"That boy of yours seems to be a hustler. He's never idle." Buggins—"I guess that's right. When he hasn't anything else to do he eats something."—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Highbrow—"Everybody's affected by environment, don't you think?" Mrs. Lowbrow—"I am, I am, I know. That's the reason I never touch the stuff."—Cleveland Leader.

"She says the average poet is an unkept hungry-looking individual." "That so?" "Yes, don't it make you angry? You are a poet." "But, my dear fellow, I am not an average poet."—Houston Post.

"What's that prima donna angry about?" "Oh, some well-meaning critic said she sang like a siren. The only siren she knows anything about is the whistle they use on a steamboat."—Washington Star.

"I saw that member of the Legislature taking notes," said the observant statesman. "Very foolish of him," replied the conscienceless schemer. "It isn't safe to handle anything except cash."—Washington Star.

"The boy who stood on the burning deck was a brave lad." "Yes," replied the school teacher; "he doesn't appear to have been nearly so scared as some of the boys who have since been called on to recite about him."—Washington Star.

Griggs—"You talk a lot, Briggs; now what have you got against married life?" Briggs—"What have I got against it? Why, may, take this terrible divorce evil; it flourishes amongst married people exclusively."—Boston Transcript.

"Please shake your head, Mr. Pike," said the young lady's small brother. "All right, Tommy. Now, what did you want me to shake my head for?" "Pa said you was a rattle-brained idiot, but I didn't hear nothin' rattie, did you?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Have you ever tried a fireless cooker?" "Yes, we've had one for six months. My wife has tried to fire her, and I've told her to go, but she simply ignores our requests, and says she'll scratch the eyes out of any other girl we dare to bring into the kitchen."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Telegraph Operator—"The chap who just went out wanted to pay me 85 cents for a 25-cent message. Office Manager—"Who is he? Pittsburgh millionaire?" Telegraph Operator—"No; he's a poet, and he counted the syllables instead of the words."—Judge.

His Mamma—"I don't know what to do with Willie. He wants to be a newspaper man, but he has no talent for writing." His Uncle—"That's all right. Buy him a copy of 'Joe Miller's Joke Book' and a list of the United States Senators, and we'll get him a job as a Washington correspondent."—Puck.

Brother Effaw—"How am yo' son gittin' along in his new job as a Pullman portah?" Brother Smoot—"Fine, sah! Dat boy kin make a few passes and put mo' dust on a pussan dan he brushes off, and it didn't take him two weeks to learn to slam a do' in de way dat nobody but a railroad man kin slam it. Yassah, Cia'ence is sho' doin' elegant."—Puck.

Carpets of Paper.

In Halmstad, Sweden, Pontas Holmstrom is about to start a spinning mill for making yarn out of paper. Such mills already exist in Germany and France. So far the manufacture of rugs and carpets seems to be the best practical use of this new paper yarn. It is said that people in Sweden, especially in the provinces of Ostergotland, are already making carpets with paper wools. Narrow rolls of paper tape are used, but this, of course, is not spun.—London Globe.

The Important Problem

confronting anyone in need of a laxative is not a question of a single action only, but of permanently beneficial effects, which will follow proper efforts to live in a healthful way, with the assistance of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, whenever it is required, as it cleanses the system gently yet promptly, without irritation and will therefore always have the preference of all who wish the best of family laxatives.

The combination has the approval of physicians because it is known to be truly beneficial, and because it has given satisfaction to the millions of well-informed families who have used it for many years past.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

For Miners, Quarrymen, Farmers and All Men Who Do Rough Work

Made of steel, light, easy to attach. Will outlast the shoes. Any cobbler can put them on. Your shoe dealer has shoes already fitted with them. Send for booklet that tells all about them.

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CO. BOSTON, MASS.

The Value of Gold Coins.

Gold pieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains \$20 worth of gold, without counting the one-tenth part of copper.

His Hands Cracked Open.

"I am a man seventy years old. My hands were very sore and cracked open on the insides for over a year with large sores. They would crack open and bleed, itch, burn and ache so that I could not sleep and could do but little work. They were so bad that I could not dress myself in the morning. They would bleed and the blood dropped on the floor. I called on two doctors, but they did me no good. I could get nothing to do any good till I got the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. About a year ago my daughter got a cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and in one week from the time I began to use them my hands were all healed up and they have not been a mite sore since. I would not be without the Cuticura Remedies."

"They also cured a bad sore on the hand of one of my neighbor's children, and they think very highly of the Cuticura Remedies. John W. Hasty, So. Effingham, N. H., Mar. 5 and Apr. 11, 1909."

Alderman Henry Smith of London, in 1647 left by will \$5,000 for the relief of captives held by Turkish pirates and \$5,000 for his poor kinsmen.

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

Mme. Curie of Paris, who with her husband discovered radium, was elected an honorary associate member of the American Chemical Society at the recent meeting in Boston.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Rain in Panama.

The heaviest rainfall ever recorded for a single day on the isthmus of Panama occurred during the great flood of last December, between the hours of 10 a. m. December 23, and 10 a. m. December 29, when the rain gauge at Porto Bello showed a fall of 19.86 inches. The total fall of the month was 68.17 inches, which is equal to an average of nearly two inches a day.

OPERATION UNSUCCESSFUL.

A Terrible Tale of Kidney Suffering.

Mrs. Emily H. Murdock, 6 Lorraine Place, Rochester, N. Y., says: "Kidney trouble came upon me when living in Cape Town, South Africa. I consulted the best physicians and an operation was ordered at R. Hospital. After the operation I managed to 'pull together,' but was far from a well woman. I grew worse, the kidney secretions had to be drawn with a catheter. In despair I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I rapidly recovered and really do not know what would have done without them."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Illustration of a person's face.