

A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE.

Glad that I live, am I,
That the sky is blue,
Glad for the country lanes
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain;
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

—Lizette Reese.

A BORE (RETIRED H. M. S.)

By Olive Lathbridge and Gerald Fitzgerald.

Colonel Borem looked around a pretty drawing room in Mayfair approvingly. He next crossed to a mirror, squared his shoulders and twisted up the ends of his gray moustache, when the sudden opening of the door caused him to skip round with a haste that somewhat marred his dignity.

Isobel Flowerdew held out her hand. "It is many years since we met," she said, pleasantly, "and I am pleased to greet an old friend."

"I can only hope that time has dealt as kindly with me as with you," he replied.

"I think you are looking extremely well."

Colonel Borem felt as though twenty years had slipped away, as he followed the slim figure into the dining room. Then he had been in love with Isobel—in love to the extent of dancing and flirting and getting her talked about, but the faint thoughts he had cherished of marrying her had never come to fruition. The truth was that he could not bring himself to give up the luxuries which, as married, he would have to deny himself—and, above all, the eclat of being a bachelor, which to a vain man is so dear.

Then, some years past, Colonel Borem had retired. First of all he had spent his time traveling on the Continent, vague thoughts of marital bliss with a rich widow in his mind, but though there were widows and even girls ready to marry him (or any man!), they were not of the style that he considered worthy of the honor of becoming his wife, and he found, to his infinite surprise and pain, that the world is so full of elderly, talkative, retired Service men that they are not a premium.

To-day, his first meeting with Isobel, he rejoiced in the fact that (after many weeks of cautious thought) he had decided to write to her. Evidently, since the old days she had come into money, and she was, if possible, more charming now, with her soft gray hair and low voice, than in her buoyant youth.

Under the genial influence of an excellently served lunch his feelings expanded to such an extent that he resolved that at last he would raise Isobel to the enviable position of Mrs. Borem.

Seated once more in the delightful drawing room, he received a slight shock—Isobel lit a cigarette! He decided he would break her of the obnoxious habit at an early date, then he cleared his throat and in a "few-well-chosen-words" (his view of it), he offered her his heart and hand and magnificent pension, plus one hundred a year! The "few-well-chosen-words" took nearly twenty minutes to say, and she sat in silence, until he waxed eloquent on the advantages she would derive.

"Then you think that an unmarried woman is at a great disadvantage in the world?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear Isobel, undoubtedly—there is a growing tendency in these days to exaggerate the value of freedom. In a girl, men excuse it, but when a woman has reached, ahem! a certain age, and is not so—shall we say—so alluring to the other sex, then it is inclined to savor of the legend of the fox and the grapes."

"Are you not—just a little—severe?" murmured Miss Flowerdew.

"By no means. I only wish you to realize your somewhat, ahem! unenviable position, and to persuade you to change it at an early date."

"I am truly sensible of the honor you are doing me; would you mind enumerating the drawbacks of the single state for my—edification?"

Colonel Borem cleared his throat. "You run the risk of being called an old maid."

"But there is no such thing now; we are bachelor women."

Colonel Borem drew his chair up close, and, fixing his eyes (somewhat like balled gooseberries) upon her, began: "There is a little place I know right in the depths of the country, with a garden to amuse you, and good golf links for me. Then there is excellent fishing near."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about fishing, but, of course, I could learn."

"Ahem! Ahem! Certainly not. Women always talk, and frighten the fish. Of course, you could bring my luncheon over to me, when not too occupied with your—er—household duties."

"Would they be very heavy?"

Colonel Borem made her a courtly bow. "I am sure that you would be far too good a manageress for them to worry you; at the same time, owing to the keeping up of two places, expenses would have to be cut down in the way of servants, and a lot would naturally fall on you."

"Two places! Should we keep this flat on then?"

"No, far too expensive; merely my chambers, where I can run up for any new pieces at the theatres or my club."

"I see; yes, but might I not find it a little dull?"

Colonel Borem seemed pained at the thought.

"I should have no objection," he conceded, "to your occasionally, occasionally mind, having one of your women friends to stay, but I am sure no nice minded woman ever feels dull when she has her house and her duties and her husband to think of."

A tremor again shook Miss Flowerdew.

"You have indeed painted a picture of matrimonial bliss. By the way, what is your golf handicap?"

"My—eh—what?"

"Your golf handicap?"

"Ha! H'm! I have not, er—troubled to go in for the game seriously as yet."

Miss Flowerdew rose and crossed to a table covered with silver trophies. "I am rather fond of it—here are just a few little things I have won."

Colonel Borem patronizingly examined the various championship prizes. "Er—very nice. You are evidently a good player. Myself, I am not a believer in such violent exercise for women; to my mind she never looks so charming as at her husband's fireside."

"Darning his socks and knitting his golf stockings, I suppose."

Colonel Borem smiled approval. "A truly womanly occupation. Now, dear Isobel, I trust that I have pleaded my cause, and you will not think me vain, I know, when I tell you that our engagement will come as a severe blow to several—er—mutual friends; in fact, if it had not been for your constancy to myself, which is so admirable, I might have been led to choose a younger, if less charming, bride!"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



WIZARD FROST.
Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,
Trees whose branches never stir,
Skies without a cloud to blur,
Birds below them sailing high,
Church spires pointing to the sky,
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace;
'Tis a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn.
Quick! and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the sun.
—Little-Folk Lyrics.

CONUNDRUMS.
"What is that which always goes with its head downward? Ans.—A nail in your shoe."
What is that which Adam never possessed, yet left to each of his children? Ans.—Parents.—Philadelphia Record.

PIGEONS WIN GREAT BATTLE.
Long ago there was a great battle between Doge Dandolo of Venice and the people of the Island of Crete. The Venetians won the battle because the doge learned a great deal about the enemy's plans, and this is how he did it: Carrier pigeons were sent to him with the information written on tiny scrolls and tied to their feet. When the victory was won other birds were sent back to Venice with the glad news. From that time on the Venetians have cared for all the pigeons within their city. Until sixty years ago the birds were fed at the public expense. To-day it is a great sight to see thousands of pigeons fly down to be fed in the great square in front of St. Mark's Church. There are so many birds to be fed that they darken the air as they fly in clouds in front of the church. Because every one is so kind to these birds they have grown so tame that they will alight on the people's shoulders or hop into their hands to feed upon the beans and peas which are given to them. Many people who visit Venice have their pictures taken feeding these pigeons in St. Mark's Square.—Washington Star.

A TRUE STORY OF A HORSE.
I want to tell you about a lovely gray and white horse named Babe we once had. Every morning, when my father went to the barn to harness him, he would just go as far as the watering trough, which was outside of our kitchen door, and then refuse to move until we gave him some lump sugar.

I will tell you about an accident which happened one dark night. It was about 7 o'clock and mother was wondering what kept father, when all of a sudden we heard some one kick on the door. We did not bother at first because we thought it was father, but as the noise kept on mother went out to see what the trouble was. Just as she got outside of the door something smooth brushed against her neck. Turning she saw it was Babe, who had brushed his nose against her neck. He looked as if something was wrong. Mother said, "Where is your master?" The horse hung his head, so we knew something was wrong. After taking the horse into the barn we went down the road to see if anything had happened to father. We had not gone far when a wagon came in sight. Father was in it and called to us. We got in and he told us all about a smash-up he had down the road. The next morning we all went to see the wreck, which was in front of a little cottage. Our wagon was in pieces and a wheel of another wagon was there. The two wagons had run into each other. Father did not get hurt, but it was a dreadful risk. Our horse had come straight home to tell us.—Helen Stapleton, in the New York Tribune.

GRASSHOPPER VANE.
Perched on the eucopa of Faneuil Hall is a grasshopper weathervane, which is not only one of the oldest vane in the country, but is famous as the product of one of America's earliest wood carvers and artisans, Shem Drowne, of Boston. Drowne's shop was on Ann street, in the North End.

Of the many vane he made only three are not known to be in existence—the one on the Shepherd Memorial Church in Cambridge, which formerly was on the steeple of the New Brick Church on Hanover street in this city, and known as the "Revenge vane;" the one in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a relic of the old Boston Province House; and the one on Faneuil Hall.

This grasshopper of copper, hammered out by hand, has large glassy eyes, which in the sunlight shine like fire. It was made in 1742 at the order of Peter Faneuil, when the hall, his gift to the town, was nearing completion, and for the past 167 years it has been a landmark.

It has not, however, lived a life of unbroken peace, for several times it had been near destruction. In 1755 when Boston was shaken by an earthquake, the vane fell to the

ground, but, after being supplied with a new leg by the son of the man who made it, was replaced.

Five years later, Faneuil Hall was seriously damaged by fire, but the vane remained intact, and when the hall was rebuilt the grasshopper was once more given the place of honor.

Another disaster befell it when, in 1898, a flag was being raised to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British, the hopper hopped to the street below. But in a few days he hopped right back again, and there it has remained ever since with the exception of an occasional removal for repairs.—Boston Herald.

BIRD THAT WAS FORGOTTEN.
He was Mary Elizabeth's little bird, and it was Mary Elizabeth who said to him over and over, "Sing a happy song, little bird."

In summer, while the cage hung on the porch out doors, many a man and woman smiled when they heard the happy song of that little bird. In winter and looking friends who came to call sometimes forgot the troubles that made them sad when they heard the wee pet's bubbling song. It did seem as if that particular bird would never be forgotten.

There came a time, however, when Mary Elizabeth went to Europe with her father and mother. She couldn't take the bird. A neighbor who had no cats offered to keep him until Mary Elizabeth's return. Before the child sailed she gave her pet a bit of advice:

"Always sing a happy song, little bird."

At first it was easy for the little bird to sing a happy song, but one day his kind friend was obliged to leave town for a week, and he was left with strangers who promised to take good care of him.

"Always sing a happy song, little bird," were the last words the neighbor said at parting.

Soon after there was a children's entertainment in the church to which birds were invited. Mary Elizabeth's pet was taken in his cage, and of all the glad songs that day his was the sweetest. He enjoyed the entertainment thoroughly, and, when night came, he tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep without fear.

He didn't know, poor little fellow, that the child who brought him lent him to her dearest friend to take home and keep for five days; neither did he know that one by one the birds were taken from the church, and he was forgotten.

Next morning the little bird awoke, sang a happy song, ate his breakfast and sang a happy song. His cage was in a pew where a little girl had left him. The bird couldn't see the sunshine streaming through stained glass windows, but, while waiting for his bath he sang a happy song. No one came to give the little bird his bath, so he sang another happy song.

This is the part of the story Mary Elizabeth never liked to think of for a minute: how the little bird sang until his seed was gone and the water in his cup; how two days passed, and the little fellow tucked his head under his wing and knew that he was forgotten.

The third day the organist came to practice on the pipe organ. The little bird lifted his head when music pealed through the church. He had never heard anything like it—so sweet, so solemn. When it was over the weak little bird must have remembered Mary Elizabeth's advice:

"Sing a happy song, little bird."

As the organist was passing to the outer door she heard a happy song. And Mary Elizabeth's pet was found before it was too late. The organist had known Mary Elizabeth since she was a baby, so of course she recognized the brave little bird, who was never again forgotten.

Mary Elizabeth is a big girl in high school now, but when she is discouraged and everything seems to go wrong, she remembers the advice she used to give a wee canary.—Frances Margaret Fox, in Sunday-School Times.



HANGING CLOTHES TO DRY.
When hanging clothes to dry first hang up by the thickest part—waist or neckband, etc.—because if hung by the thinner part the water would run into the thick part, lodge there and take longer to dry. Secondly, hang up everything wrong side out so that any accidental soiling will not do so much damage as if it appeared on the right side.—Mrs. George Wright, in the Boston Post.

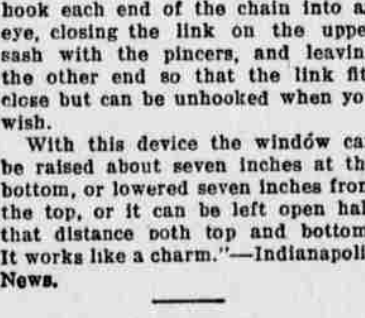
LAMP EXPLOSIONS.
Many of these may be prevented by trimming the wick daily. When burned for several evenings without trimming, the wick becomes clogged and black and incapable of supplying the oil clearly and uniformly, and the chimneys are sometimes filled with flame and smoke, to the embarrassment and alarm of those present. Some explosions would be prevented by never blowing out the lamp down the chimney, for if the wick happens to be too small, the flame may be driven down into the oil. The best way is to turn it down with the button until extinguished.—Mrs. B. McDermott, in the Boston Post.

WASHING WOOL SKIRTS.
The wool skirts or children's dresses can be carefully washed in tepid water if naphtha soap is used. Heat ruins wool and naphtha soap can be used in tepid or even cold water. Wet the garment, rub all spots with the soap, roll together and leave for several hours. Wash and rinse in the usual manner. Rinse woolen articles in rain water or hydrant water slightly softened with ammonia or borax. Hang a skirt by the band or it will dry crooked. Dry, sprinkle and press on the wrong side when possible; if on the right side put a piece of muslin between the iron and the garment.—Indianapolis News.

BURGLAR-PROOF DEVICE.
Said a housewife: "Our windows are hung in the usual way, with ropes and weights, and fastened together only when shut. The particular window for which I wanted this new device is easy of access to outsiders as it opens directly upon a piazza, yet it must be open every night for needed ventilation. I did not wish any obstruction screwed to the casement, as the windows need free and full opening when they are washed, and when fly screens are fitted during the summer."

"Finally, I contrived this method: Get from a hardware store nine inches of No. 12 jack chain and two eyes for a brass hasp. Screw these eyes, with the four provided screws, to the window nearly opposite each other, one on the inside lower part of the upper half, and the other on the upper part of the lower half, just as most fasteners are applied. Then hook each end of the chain into an eye, closing the link on the upper sash with the pincers, and leaving the other end so that the link fits close but can be unhooked when you wish."

With this device the window can be raised about seven inches at the bottom, or lowered seven inches from the top, or it can be left open half that distance both top and bottom. It works like a charm.—Indianapolis News.



Mosaic Sandwiches—Use white and brown bread, putting them together with green butter. The butter is made by boiling spinach, pour into a sieve and drain as dry as possible. Season with chopped parsley and capers, and make perfectly smooth by beating in creamed butter.

Vegetable Salad—Finely shredded cabbage, onion, celery and leaves from the heart of the spinach and coarsely ground mixed nuts. Serve with either a French dressing or a mayonnaise. In preparing cabbage for a salad slash deeply across the cabbage with a knife both ways before slicing it. The shreds will be shorter and more manageable for eating.

Salted Peanuts—One-half pound of shelled peanuts, two tablespoons of olive oil. Heat the oil in a frying pan or a blazer or a chafing dish to blue heat and put in the peanuts. Gently stir until all are equally brown. Take from pan and place upon absorbent paper. When the paper has absorbed the excess of oil, sprinkle them with salt. Cool and serve cold.

Sponge Drops—Beat to a froth three eggs and one teaspoon of sugar. Stir into this one heaping coffee cup of flour in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half teaspoonful of soda are thoroughly mixed. Flavor with lemon. Butter thin sheets with washed butter and drop in teaspoonfuls about three inches apart. Bake instantly in a very quick oven. Watch closely, as they will burn easily. Serve with ice-cream.

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The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the Juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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"I have used your valuable Cascarets and I find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."—Edward A. Marx, Albany, N. Y.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 63

Too Busy.
Mrs. Neighbors—Did you ever notice that Mrs. Chatterton never tells you a thing about herself?
Mrs. Homer—Yes; it keeps her busy telling things about other people.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. 18

If it Could Be Done That Way.
Ethel (finding the sermon tedious and thinking it high time for the collection)—Oh, mother, do pay the man and let's go home.—Punch.

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

Fireworks for Scarecrows.
The great grain field of the Sandborn ranch in Shasta county, Cal., are ingeniously protected at night from the vast flocks of wild geese and other aquatic fowl that do immense damage to crops by means of display of fireworks. Skyrockets and roman candles were bought in large quantities by the management of the ranch, and men are stationed at various points. Whenever a flock is heard honking in the distance several skyrockets or a shower of colored balls from a roman candle are sent upward, and, as a result, the birds give the ranch a wide berth.—Popular Mechanics.

Catching Rare Birds.
A bird expert has returned to Europe from the West Indies with over 200 captives. He boiled down tree sap into a thick, sticky mess, and put it on shrubs and branches at places where birds took food and drink. Once they grasped the sticky perch they were fast and could not fly away, says the expert. Some were caught by trying to a string large grains which birds swallowed, and there they were. Among the captures are starlings, finches, pigeons, doves, herons and canaries.—New York Press.

During 1909 Chile produced 18,179 tons of copper, against 19,463 tons for 1908.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bump came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. B. Huzy, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and it has been worth millions to suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.