

SONG.

Forgive me if when lilies blow
And lanes are all a-trill with song,
And hedges gleam with scented snow,
And visions fair on mortals throng—
Forgive me, of thy gentle grace,
If I can find 'mid scenes so choice
No fairer vision than thy face,
No dearer music than thy voice.

Forgive me if when bleak rain drips
And mist obscures the wintry skies,
I find June's roses on thy lips,
June's heaven in thy radiant eyes,
So craving skies forever blue,
And roses ever at my door,
Forgive me if I ask of you,
For I love much—and more and more.

—I. Zangwill.

The Traitor's Thumb

"That's grand slam again in no trumps to us, and the rub," said Guy Hardwick as he added some big figures on his score sheet. "What do you make it work out at, Willie?"

Willie Stamford's face looked rather white as he slowly totaled the amount that Hardwick and his partner had won; he was already realizing what a fool he had been to attempt to play bridge against a man with Hardwick's notorious luck.

"I think," he said at last, "it is exactly \$550. I'll have to send you a check, Hardwick."

"All right," returned the other man, easily. "No hurry, old chap. Nobody game for another rubber, eh? Well, it is a bit late."

"You do have the most extraordinary luck, Guy," said Willie.

"Luck!" said Hardwick. "You may well say that; I've got a mascot, you know."

Mason, his partner, laughed somewhat skeptically.

"It is all very well to laugh at what you don't understand, but I'm not joking. Look here, if you fellows will hold your tongue I'll show you the thing."

Hardwick took a silver cigar case from his pocket and held it out to them open. They peered over it eagerly,



"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, SIR?"

ly, wonder written large on the faces of all three.

It did not contain cigars. All that there was inside it was a curiously shaped brownish, weezened, shriveled object set in a wide gold rim of antique workmanship, round which ran a somewhat roughly executed inscription.

"It's a man's thumb," replied Hardwick. "I found it amongst a lot of odds and ends when I succeeded my old uncle at Hardwick. You know he would not have left the place to me only I happen to be the last Hardwick left, and he went and chucked a whole lot of money—all he could, in fact—to impossible charities and things, and I thought I was up a tree with the death duties and that. Well, I was rooting about, and as I say I found that grizzly relic and a long rigmorale written on parchment wrapped round it, which being interpreted and condensed informed the reader that the owner of the thumb had been a disreputable Hardwick who had tried to betray some fortress for the safety of which he was responsible. He was caught red-handed sneaking off with the keys of the front gate, and somebody lopped off his thumb during the resulting unpleasantness. The gentleman was subsequently boiled in oil or hanged—I forget which—and the thumb was pickled, and sent to his sorrowing relatives as a little reminder not to follow his distressing example. As for that chaste and elegant mounting, I don't know who put that on."

"I felt pretty desperate when I found what a trick old Uncle Guy had played on me, and as I stood one day with that thing in my hand an idea flashed into my head."

"Good luck you bring, do you? I said to myself. 'Well, Mr. Traitor, we will try your luck.'"

"I did. I went off with my last hundred pounds and a single ticket to Monte Carlo and made that bank sit up there. The traitor certainly was all on for roulette. Then I tried the stock exchange and paid off the death duties and all little worries like that."

WORMS AND WORMS.



The most recent benefaction of John D. Rockefeller is the gift of \$1,000,000 to a commission of twelve scientists, educators and business men, to investigate the "hookworm disease" in the South, with the object of checking its ravages. The disease does not exist north of the Potomac river, as the worm thrives only in a certain temperature. But in the South there are 2,000,000 victims infected by this parasite, which virtually sucks away the vitality of those in whom it finds lodgment.

The hookworm is a hair-like parasite, which enters the human system to some extent through the mouth, but generally through the skin. It ultimately lodges in the intestines, where it feeds on the mucous membrane, forming a poison which, while rarely fatal, renders the victim anaemic, retards development, and, by lowering his vitality, makes him easily subject to typhoid, pneumonia, consumption and other more serious diseases. Much of the so-called laziness and shiftlessness observed in certain sections of the South and which seriously interfere with economic development are due to the hookworm. The disease, however, can be successfully treated, and it is to this end as well as to introduce sanitary precautions by which the malady may be prevented that the Rockefeller gift is made.

Apparently, all is fish that comes to my lamented ancestor's net; we scoop the dollars gally in, even when we play bridge for penny points or beggar by neighbor with somebody's children. Well, good-night, you fellows."

He lounged out laughingly, putting the silver cigar case carefully back into an inner pocket as he did so.

"I wish," said Willie Stamford, as they parted on the club steps, "some kind ancestor had left me a mascot."

"Get Hardwick to lend you his," suggested White, the man who had been his partner; and he and Mason hailed a belated taxicab, leaving Willie alone in the murky night, for Hardwick was already out of sight.

"Five hundred and fifty pounds," groaned the young man to himself as he walked along the deserted street.

"Heavens! Why, I can't raise fifty, let alone five hundred. Briefless baristers shouldn't play bridge." Suddenly something lying in the mud by the curb caught his eye as the hazy light from a street lamp fell upon it. He picked it up. It was a silver cigar case with a crest engraved upon it—Hardwick's. He opened it, his hands shaking with excitement as he did so. There was no mistake. Inside—sinister, crooked, loathsome—lay the gold-mounted traitor's thumb.

"Hardwick's luck," he exclaimed. "By George! He must have dropped it out of his pocket and not noticed. I'll take it round to him in the morning. It is too late now."

He slipped the silver case into his pocket, and suddenly Willie's words as he climbed into the taxi after Mason flashed into his brain. "Get Hardwick to lend you his," hammered and churned seething in his head. He pulled out the case again. "Why not borrow the thing for a bit?" he told himself. "Not keep it, just borrow it for a week or two to pull things round a bit and set me on my feet. Hardwick might refuse if I asked him, so I will say nothing about it. If it doesn't bring me luck I'll return it at once. At any rate, it is too good a chance to be thrown away."

He closed the case and again put it in his pocket as he reached the front door of the old house where he lived and pulled out a latch key.

After he had drawn the bolts he felt in his pocket the last edition of an evening paper at which he had not yet troubled to look. He unfolded it and glanced absently through its columns.

"By George!" he cried. "Florida has won the Grand National. A 60 to 1 outsider, and I have a fiver on the beast. Hardwick's luck has started me off with £300."

Three months later Willie Stamford, poor briefless, obscure no longer, engaged to be married to a girl whom he had loved for several years, but whom he had not dared to ask before to share the fortunes of a younger son, stood waiting for the door of Hardwick's flat to be opened for him. In his pocket he carried the silver cigar case and its withered, crooked contents which at last he was returning to their owner. He was going to make a clean breast of what he had done. Hardwick, he knew, was never a fellow to bear malice. Even as a boy at school he had been a generous-hearted lad. Willie felt certain that when he explained to him how very tight a corner he had been in when the traitor's thumb came into his possession he would understand and overlook what Willie acknowledged to himself had been a breach of honor, though the

lapse had made him a rich man rising fast in his profession.

As he thought over these things growing nervous and uncomfortable the door opened, and Hardwick's mat appeared.

Stamford screwed up his courage and made the plunge.

"Is Mr. Hardwick in?" he asked. "I want to see him on important business."

The man's mask-like face twitched with a sudden gust of feeling.

"Haven't you heard, sir?" he said in a voice that only rigid effort kept steady. "Mr. Hardwick was run over and killed by a motor bus just before lunch time today, sir. It's terrible bad business."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Monte Carlo Threatened.

The little village of Cap d'Al, on the national road near Monte Carlo, is threatened by destruction from a landslide, a Cincinnati Inquirer's Monte Carlo dispatch says. Suspended like the sword of Damocles above the hamlet is a huge rock, which has lately given signs of collapsing completely—it has already partially destroyed the town hall and ominous cracks have appeared in the walls of other buildings.

The cause of the threatened catastrophe dates back to when two Monte Carlo contractors commenced to dig the foundations of a dwelling house just at the foot of the rock. These operations cut away a portion of the base of the rock, with the result that the huge mass moved slightly, causing the walls of several houses to become cracked. After having visited the scene the mayor of Cap d'Al informed M. de Joly, prefect of the Alpes-Maritimes department, of the situation and a civil engineer was appointed to report on the steps to be taken.

A few days ago traffic on the railway line, which passes close by, was diverted to a branch line, and similar changes were made in the tramway service. Despite these precautions, however, the rock again moved and partially wrecked the house which serves as the Cap d'Al town hall. Should the rock fall on to the national road it will destroy the water mains which supply Monte Carlo and Menton and will probably block the railway line.

Comrades.

To complain is not a fault of age alone; it is a favorite pastime of youth also. A writer in the Argonaut tells the following story of an incident in a Western university. The dean of the institution was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."

Good Boys.

"Young men are so selfish about not wanting to kiss their sisters more often."

"On the other hand, they show a wondrously generous spirit toward their chums in turning all such pleasures over to them."—Boston Herald.

Up to date, every joke concerning Dr. Cook and the north pole has made mention of a gumdrop.

REAL OLD CROFTER'S HOME.

Exact Reproduction of Irish Cabin Built for Children's Playhouse.

One of the show places of Far Rockaway is the handsome residence of James Caffrey, the Brooklyn Eagle says. Visitors during the summer months rarely fail to stroll up Greenwood avenue from the beach so as to get a glimpse of this fine piece of colonial architecture, with its massive stone columns towering thirty or more feet in the air.

But while the villa is interesting, there is still a more interesting object on the grounds that draws forth exclamations of pleasure and admiration. It is the play-house of the Caffrey children. This play-house occupies a prominent site on the great lawn to the west of the Caffrey residence. It is an exact reproduction of an Irish crofter's cabin, and is believed to be the only one of its kind in this country.

The play-house is about 15 by 12 feet in size and one story high. The walls are of hewn stone and white-washed on the exterior. It has a thatched roof, straw tightly bound together to a thickness of about one foot. There are three windows in the front and three in the back walls.

Near the center of the front wall is the entrance. Visitors notice a sign, painted in real Celtic characters, "Don Na Stoegas," which in English means, "Fort of the Fairies." There is just the faintest idea of a porch over the entrance, the roof being supported by two heavy trunks of trees. The door to this "Fort of the Fairies" is made of white birch limbs, set together lattice fashion, and swung on heavy crude iron hinges. An old chain and latch fastens the door when the children are not in the house.

While the exterior of the cabin is interesting, the interior is equally so. Inside the walls are covered with twigs and straw intertwined and cemented over, while the children's playthings, tables, chairs, rockers, dressers, sideboard, etc., together with toys and dolls galore are found there. It is an ideal place for the children to preside over and play in.

The Sentimental Sea-e.

My sentimental sense is such
That Realism's ruthless touch
Can not displace
The fond embrace

With which Romance I cling to.
Now pigs are hardly thought to be
A theme for loving eulogy,
Or lyrical apostrophe;
Pigs are poetical to me.

And so a pig I sing to.
Oh, pig, thy blue and beaming eye
Smiles on me from thy rose-decked
sty.

Oh, pensive pig,
Romantic pig,
Hear my adoring sigh!

A cabbage, by the common herd
Is generally deemed absurd;
Both coarse and plain,
Of common grain,

A vegetable yokel,
And yet to me a cabbage seems
Fit subject for an artist's dreams;
For fond effusions, tender themes;

A cabbage, in the moon's pale beams
Inspires my praises vocal.
Oh, cabbage, of the pale-green hue,
Washed by the pearly morning dew,

Oh, cabbage fair,
Oh, cabbage fair,
I bring thee homage true!

And some there be of whom I wot,
Who holds that kitchen soap is not
A proper thing
Of which to sing

In sentimental measure.
But kitchen soap, by one of taste,
Upon a pinnacle is placed;
And any scene by it is graced.

So smooth and bright, so pure and
chaste,
It gives exquisite pleasure.
Oh, kitchen soap, of graceful form,
I bring to thee my worship warm.

Oh, kitchen soap,
Oh, yellow soap,
You take my heart by storm!

—Harper's Weekly.

Flag Display Accounted For.

On a visit to St. Petersburg a visitor noticed that on the occasion of the birthday of the Czarina there were only one or two flags visible, these being displayed on official buildings. On a later visit, a week or two later, he observed that flags were everywhere, the very streets obscured by waving bunting. "Why," he asked a friend, "do you show a flag now while you did not then?" "Well," was the reply, "a police agent came round and said that if I did not display one I should be fined 200 rubles. So I hoisted three, to be on the right side, and the others are doing the same."

Cent Fine by Judge Landis.

Judge K. M. Landis, who fined the Standard Oil Company \$29,240,000, has fined John Bower, of Rockford, Ill., 1 cent. Bower had sent a threatening letter to his brother-in-law, who is alleged to have misused members of his family. The judge apparently sympathized with Bower and told him that if he had said to the relative what he had written to him it would have been all right.

Ice Box Repartee.

"Huh!" sneers the plate of ice cream to the piece of Ilmburger cheese. "You needn't give yourself such airs. Didn't you see in the papers where there are a million microbes to each drop of ice cream?"

"I did," retorts the Ilmburger. "That's nothing. Compared to me you are a sparsely settled territory."

When you die, will people say of you: "It's too bad he didn't die ten years ago!"

The world's estimated steam power in use to-day is 12,000,000 horse-power.

Old Favorites

London Bridge.

London bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron bars,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron bars,
With a gay lady.

Iron bars will rust and break,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron bars will rust and break,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

The Husband.

Thy husband is thy life, thy lord, thy
keeper.
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that
cares for thee,

And for the maintenance; commits his
body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day
in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure
and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy
hands

Than love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt!

GAVE HERSELF TO THE LIONS.

Fragile Episode Behind the Scenes of a Paris Theater.

A drama within a drama occurred at a Paris theater one night recently when a young woman deliberately gave herself up to the lion and two lionesses which figured in the play, and was torn to pieces before any one could help her; the Montreal Herald and Star says. The lions had appeared on the stage, and their cage had been put back behind the scenes again. One of the keepers was a youth named Baillaud, and a girl of 19, Josephine Repoche, had come down to the theater with him. The two were lovers, but Baillaud's parents had refused to let their son marry the girl of his heart, and, being under age, he could not by French law, do so without their consent. In company with another keeper Baillaud left the theater for a few minutes, and as soon as the two men had left the girl went up to the cage, put her bare arm through the bars, and patted the lion's head. The great brute stretched a paw out through the bars and drew the girl toward him. The manager saw the paw fall on the girl's shoulder, saw her dress ripped, and the blood came from her shoulder. He and one of the actors rushed to the cage, but it was too late. The taste of blood had roused the lion and lionesses, and in an instant the three brutes were growling and tearing. The girl did not scream. In a few seconds she was dead. The lion's paw had smashed her shoulder blade, one hand had been eaten, and as a crowd of men with sticks and any weapons they could find beat off the lioness the lion drew the girl's dead body toward him. At this moment the two keepers came back into the theater, but friends kept Baillaud away from the cage. He fought, crying: "Let me die, too!" The other men, at last, beat off the lion, and what was left of Josephine Repoche was drawn from the bars of the cage, laid gently down, and covered with a cloth.

Man of Many Limbs.

The old colonel was spinning off yarns of the civil war and in the heat of reminiscent patriotism his memory became somewhat tangled.

"Ah, gentlemen," he related seriously, "I shall never forget the charge at Chickamauga. It was there that I lost my leg." Ten minutes later the old colonel was relating an incident of Gettysburg.

"And when we climbed Little Round Top the bullets were whistling on all sides. It was there I lost my leg."

And thirty minutes later through a misty haze of smoke:

"Seven Pines, gentlemen, Seven Pines! Ah, that was the battle. One of my legs was shot from under me and—"

But just then a timid little boy looked up and asked shyly: "Grandpa, were—were you a centipede in those days?"

Spectacular Fire.

The most spectacular fire ever witnessed in the oil industry was at one of the Dos Bocas wells in Mexico. About 60,000 barrels of oil was burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights of 800 to 1,400 feet.

Nations go armed; but citizens must

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

Penny postage is proposed between Great Britain and Turkey.

Electric mouse traps, which kill rodents which enter them with the ordinary 110-volt current, are a recent invention.

American capitalists are trying to form a merger of every acre of timber producing land in Nova Scotia, investing \$5,600,000.

A tack hammer, the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying, has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

The North British Locomotive Company has just completed and tested the first steam turbine locomotive. The new engine is pronounced a success.

At seventy-three, it is announced, Sir William Schwenck Gilbert is at work on a new comic opera which will shortly be produced at the Savoy Theater in London.

France sold the United States \$6,670,810 worth of champagne in the first six months of 1909, a quantity which exceeds the previous highest returns for a whole year.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Adams of Norwich, N. Y., are parents of triplets, two boys and a girl, weighing less than eight pounds total. The father himself is one of triplets.

For fifty-one years Isaac W. Hallam has served the same telegraph company at Wilmington, Del. During all that time he has not missed a day at his desk, with the exception of a furlough of one week that he took in 1864 for a honeymoon. Mr. Hallam is now in his eighty-second year.

Captain Charles E. Shillaber, who is building a canal from Tampico to Tuxpan for the Mexican government, is seventy years old. He was a sailor for twenty-three years and his great-grandfather, William Shillaber, was on the Bon Homme Richard with Paul Jones when he captured the Serapis in the English channel after a desperate fight.

Pigs in Portugal are more docile than anywhere else in the world, said G. E. Thompson, F. R. P. S., in a lecture at the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition. Instead of prodding and pushing the animals along the market women carry panniers filled with savory things that pigs enjoy, and the drove trots behind them without any trouble.—London Globe.

Early Methodist preachers had reason to deplore the power of the all-mighty landlord. Charles Wesley himself suffered. For he was summoned and fined £10 (\$50) and heavy costs—not for firing ricks or uprooting hedges, but for walking across a field to address an audience. Here is the record: "Goter versus Wesley; damages, £10; costs taxed, £9 16s 8d; July 29, 1738. Received of Mr. Wesley, £19 16s 8d for damages and costs in their cause.—William Gason, attorney for the plaintiff."

An interesting addition has been made to the contents of the army museum in Paris in the shape of the red and white ensign, ornamented with gold beetles, which Napoleon gave to the troops in the island of Elba during his sojourn there. A French contemporary informs us that the flag came into the possession of Col. Campbell, whom the allies set to keep watch over the emperor, when he made his sudden departure from the island, and has remained in the family ever since. The gift is one which the French nation will no doubt be glad to have in its possession.—Westminster Gazette.

The London Lancet, in a discussion of the use of salt for removing snow and ice from walks and pavements, remarks that "it is a pity that to flood snowbound streets with a plentiful supply of hot water is so far impracticable in our cities." However effectual salt may be in removing snow," adds the Lancet, "there can be little doubt that the resulting mixture is most unpleasant to pedestrians, and inasmuch as even good leather does not appear to be proof against the cold slush, there is reason for believing that the mixture gives rise to injury to health."

"Smith" is, according to Professor Mahaff, the oldest English surname. In a list of names he discovered when investigating the Petri papyri, there is one, he says, "which appears regularly in the same form and of which we can give no further explanation. It is the name Smith—unmistakably written. We have never found anything like it before and it is surely worth telling the many distinguished bearers of the name that there was a man known as Smith in the twentieth year of the third Ptolemy, 227 B. C., and that he was occupied in brewing beer or selling it."

Strictly speaking soap is the only chemical that should be used in a first class laundry, but most laundries find it necessary to use caustic or washing soda to soften down the water. Some times in order to whiten the clothes a bleacher is put in. Such is usually chloride of lime, but in case of wine, iron or fruit stains either oxalic acid or chloride of tin comes in handy. Many patent laundry preparations are used to whiten clothes accidentally stained at home or in laundering. All these chemicals do little or no harm provided the laundryman understands the use of the chemical and weakens it right, but the most important of all is that the bleach should all be washed out at once with fresh water.—New York Press.