That Thousand Years

By HENRY HOLT

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"This war," said Uncle Zeke, wagging his head solemnly, "is the beginning of the thousand years in which Satan's to rule. I've looked it up in Revelations, and I'm sure I've got it right. Why, the figures correspond exactly. 'Times and times and half a time,' it says."

And he went on to explain the meaning of the mysterious prediction which has baffled all the students of the Scriptures. As Uncle Zeke had a comfortable fortune, we listened respectfully.

"So you see, Henry," he continued, addressing my husband, "if the Holy Book speaks the truth, which I believe with all my heart, the world, as we know it, is coming to an end in three weeks' time at half-past seven in the morning of Wednesday. Seems to me it ought to end on a Saturday night, but that's what the Book says and it ain't for me to reason why. So, as I was about to say, I won't need my money after Tuesday night, except enough to pay the milkman when he comes at seven the next morning, and I'm going to divide all I have between you and Nephew James and Niece Jenny."

Henry and I had a considerable

"The World, as We Know It, Is Coming to a End in Three Weeks."

argument after we got home. Of course we realized that, like many old men at his time of life, Uncle Zeke was failing. But we knew that if James Carnigan got hold of the third part of Uncle Zeke's money, and Jenny Myers of the second third, wild horses wouldn't drag it from them when Uncle Zeke woke up and found the world hadn't ended as he expected it to.

"What we've got to do, Henry," I said, "is to stop Uncle Zeke giving his money away, or, if we can't do that, to get him to give it all to us, so that we can give it back to him. He won't last long, anyway, and maybe he'll leave us everything as a reward for our honesty."

Henry thought that was best, and when I met Cousin Jenny on the street that morning the way she looked at me showed me that she was after Uncle Zeke's money. She had a new coat, which made me think she'd been buying it because she felt sure of Uncle Zeke's fortune. And the first words she said confirmed my suspicions.

"Have you heard Uncle Zeke thinks the millennium is coming?" she asked.

"I have," I answered, "and likewise that he's going to divide up his money among his nephew and two nieces."

"It's a shame," says Cousin Jennie hotly. "Why, what'll he do when he wakes up and finds it was all a delusion?"

"He'll have just one-third as much money as he had before," I answered.

"Well, you spoke the truth there," snapped Cousin Jenny tartly, and walked off in the rudest way.

When Henry came home for lunch he told me that James had been into the store and was trying to get him not to take Uncle Zeke's money. So then I knew that Cousin James had something in his mind too.

"Well, my dear," said Henry to me, "the best thing we can do is to go to Uncle Zeke and try to persuade him to let us take care of his money for him in case he's made a mistake."

Which he did, and I never saw Uncle Zeke so angry in my life.

"You're the third," he says to me. "What with James and Jenny and you all trying to get hold of my property, you're debasing my faith in human nature. Not that it makes the least bit of difference, because after half-past seven on Wednesday morning come three weeks money won't be of no use at all. Why, you poor, silly creatures, the very sidewalk we walk on will be made of gold. And the house-fronts will be of rubies and diamonds. "It's all there," he says, slapping the Good Book.

He was so emphatic that we couldn't argue with him any more, and reluctantly Henry agreed to accept the third of his capital, which came to seven thousand dollars. He had drawn everything out of the bank and sold out his holdings at a loss, and I tell you it made me gape to see Henry coolly pocketing seven thousand dollars in bills. Cousin James and Cousin Jennie had already had theirs.

"The poor old fellow will have an income of just six dollars a week when we hand this back to him," said Henry to me, as we walked homeward.

We put the money in the stocking in the chimney, and after that there was nothing to do but wait. Three weeks went by, and then we all got invitations to be at Uncle Zeke's house on Tuesday night at ten.

When we got there we found James and Jenny waiting in a sort of grim silence in the parlor, with Uncle Zeke holding out to them about Revelations.

"I've made a mistake, children," he says to us. "I wasn't allowing for the difference between American and oriental time. The millennium will begin exactly at three minutes before midnight tonight."

And he showed us a chart of the sky with which he had figured out his theory.

There was a dollar and nine cents on the table for the milkman, which Uncle Zeke had set there because he said that, though gold and silver wouldn't be anything but dross, it was a man's duty to pay his debts.

"Suppose the millennium doesn't come?" suggested Cousin James, about eleven o'clock. His words relieved me, because I had been getting a queer sort of creepy feeling, sitting there and waiting for the end of the world.

I thought Uncle Zeke would get mad, but to my surprise he looked quite mournful.

"Children," he says, "I don't mind telling you now that I've had my doubts all along. That was what made me seem so sure. I wanted to show my faith, but somehow I've mistrusted whether it wouldn't be in nine hundred years more instead of tonight. You see, there's a passage in Daniel which seems open to two meanings. But anyway," he says, "it'll either be tonight or in exactly nine hundred years, if you add on another 'times.'"

I tell you, when it was five minutes before midnight I felt all shivery. And the hand went round to the three.

"It's coming now!" says Uncle Zeke.

But it didn't come, and when midnight struck Uncle Zeke banged down his hand on the table.

"Gabriel can't be late," he says, like a disillusioned man. "It won't be for nine hundred years to come, and—and I'm a pauper."

"No you ain't Uncle Zeke," yells Henry, and shoves the seven thousand dollars under his nose.

And, would you believe it?—what did Cousin James and Cousin Jenny do but pull out seven thousand apiece and push it onto the table!

"Why, Jenny!" I cried, "I thought you and James were trying to work up uncle into giving each of you everything, and I wanted to save it from you."

"Same here!" says Cousin James, staring at me.

But Jenny and I were kissing each other so hard that I only saw out of the tail of my eye how Uncle Zeke grabbed the bills and stowed them away.

Yes, human nature isn't so bad as some folks claim.

SEATED ACCORDING TO RANK

Strict Rules Regulated the Positions of the Spectators in the Old Roman Theaters.

When Rome was in her glory and the theater most popular, distinctions between spectators long remained unknown. When distinctions were made the best seats were not assigned to the priests, for the drama had no such religious significance for the Romans as it had for the Greeks, but were set apart for the more aristocratic portion of the community. The orchestra was by law set apart for the senators; later, perhaps after 67 B. C., the first fourteen rows back of the orchestra were, by the law of Roscius Otho, reserved at Rome for the knights, says Art and Archeology. Similar arrangements obtained in Roman theaters outside of Rome, though in a provincial town like Pompeii as many as fourteen rows of seats can hardly have been necessary for the knights. Augustus regulated the whole matter afresh. He confirmed the special privileges already granted to senators and to knights; he relegated the lowest classes to the highest seats and made the women sit apart, likewise in the uppermost places. It is possible that he was sponsor also for the more exact regulations laid down concerning places of honor for magistrates, priests, etc. The seats of highest honor were those on the tribunalia. Here the editor and the emperor sat, on the right side; on the other tribunal the vestal virgins had their places, and with them the empress.

The Budding Horns.

Charles M. Schwab has proved afresh his financial ability by securing war contracts up in the hundred millions from London—a success which led Mr. Schwab to say wittily and amiably on the journey home from London that Lord Kitchener was the best president the Steel trust ever missed.

In Mr. Schwab's native Loretto all his financial triumphs are cherished, even those of his boyhood. For in his boyhood he already showed the budding horns of the great twentieth century financier.

This, at a Christmas party in Loretto, in the turmoil of a game of "kiss in the ring," little Charlie Schwab seized calm hold of the prettiest girl present and prepared to kiss her.

"But," she panted, "it was Jimmy who caught me. It's Jimmy who is to kiss me."

"Ah, that's all right," said little Charlie, "I bought you off Jimmy for a cent."

The Connection Plain.

Brown—What a rig that woman has on.

Jones (looking)—By jove that reminds me; I've got to get some castor oil for—

Brown—Eh; I fail to see how that rig can remind you of castor oil.

Jones—The bad taste of it, my boy. —Boston Transcript.

Malaria causes more sickness and death than any other single disease in India.

Army Nurse's Bravery.

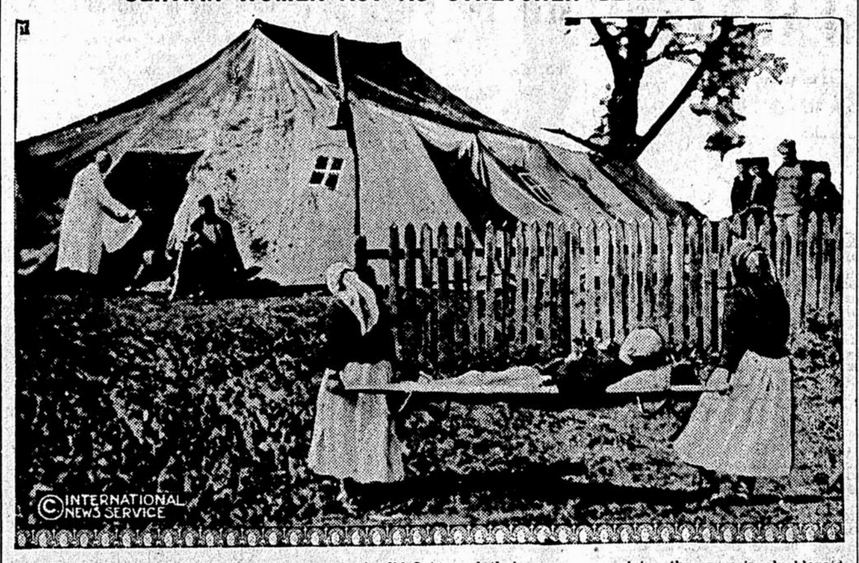
Mlle. Korkeenah, a Russian Sister of Mercy, has been decorated by the Russian government for bravery. She was working in a Russian field hospital in the neighborhood of Soldau, East Prussia. When the Germans attacked the position of the Russian troops Nurse Korkeenah remained all alone in the hospital tending the wounds of private soldiers and officers. Although the hospital was already in the center of the sphere of the enemy's fire, Mlle. Korkeenah boldly came outside, procured a number of horses, harnessed them, found several vehicles, and, with the aid of the slightly wounded men, lifted the patients into the vehicles and drove them away to a place of safety.

A Prudent Provision.

"Jones is nothing if not thorough. No matter how he starts out, he always gets to the bottom of things."

"Then it is very lucky for him that he didn't start out as a sea captain."

SERVIAN WOMEN ACT AS STRETCHER BEARERS



The Servians are admittedly putting up a splendid fight, and their women are giving the army invaluable aid. Some of them are here shown serving as stretcher bearers.

COOKED IN TALLOW

German Soldiers Make Potato Flapjacks in Trenches.

Prefer Wet Feet to Missing Their Crisp and Delicate "Puffers"—Company Barracks Built Entirely Underground.

Berlin.—German soldiers in the trenches have discovered a new delicacy. According to a letter written by the cook of a company, the human moles prefer potato pancakes to any other dish the kitchen is able to furnish. They are bound to have their "puffers," as they call them, and they are willing to forego the pleasure of chewing embalmed beef as long as they may enjoy the crisp flapjacks, consisting of mashed potatoes and something which tastes almost like lard.

But, while potatoes are plentiful, there is sometimes a scarcity of lard. One day when the whole company was clamoring for potato pancakes, and not a chunk of lard could be found for miles around, not even with the help of a military searchlight, the cook espied an orderly sergeant dealing out tallow for greasing the boots.

"Halt!" the cook commanded, seizing the tallow. There were protests on the part of the soldiers. Boots should be well greased when the trenches are half filled with water.

"Do you want dry feet or potato pancakes?" the cook demanded.

"Give us potato pancakes, never mind our feet," the answer came in unison.

So the cook fried flapjacks in the grease that was destined for boots.

"How did they go?" asked the captain, after the last of the cakes had disappeared. "Fine," every soldier answered, licking his fingers and rubbing the spot where the "sinker" had disappeared.

This particular company built a shelter entirely underground. It is about thirteen feet square and ten feet deep. The roof consists of several layers of planks, earth and straw. It will protect the inhabitants against anything but 21-centimeter shells.

The shelter is divided into two rooms, one called kitchen, the other bed chamber. The walls are covered with boards, decorated with postcards. The bedroom floor is covered with straw. In the kitchen they have a range, pots, pans, kettles and lamps requisitioned from the nearest village. The fire in the range is kept going day and night.

The trenches of the French and the Germans in this section are about one hundred yards apart. The villages in the rear of the German trenches have been entirely demolished by French shells. The Germans have to dig their way in whenever they want to find anything to eat in the cellars of deserted farm houses, now entirely in ruins. Still they find occasionally large quantities of wine and canned goods.

WEALTHIEST TITLED WOMAN

The duchess of Devonshire, wife of the largest landowner in England, the former Sir Victor Christian William Cavendish, now the duke of Devonshire is devoting all her time to relief work for the English soldiers, who were wounded at the battlefields. The duchess was formerly Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, eldest daughter of the fifth marquis of Lansdowne, and has two sons and five daughters. Her husband succeeded to the title in 1908 upon the death of his uncle. Some of the duke's finest estates and homes have been thrown open to the care of the wounded.

WOMEN OF LILLE ARE HAPPY

So Says German Officer Who Spends Hours Off Duty Watching Them on Streets.

Vienna.—A German officer stationed at Lille, France, writes an interesting letter to the Prague Daily News, in which he speaks of conditions in that city, and becomes quite enthusiastic over the pretty girls and their elegance of attire.

"When I first entered Lille," he says, "I was amazed at the devastation wrought by our shells. Street after street of ruined houses met my gaze, but, nevertheless, the inhabitants are happy and gay.

"I marvel at the elegance of the women of Lille. In the Rue Nationale there is every afternoon a regular parade of women the like of which I have never seen. Low shoes appear to be the fashion—shoes of a golden bronze, with marvelous stockings.

"For hours I sit in the cafe of the Restaurant de Strassbourg and watch these elegant women. They are gay and happy, despite the fact that the roar of cannon is constantly heard, and their demeanor is such as if there was no such thing as a dreadful and horrible war right in their midst."

WORSE OFF THAN COLLEAGUE

British Indian Army Officer Not Well Treated in Matter of Pay and Allowances.

London.—"When all the deductions ordered have been made from the unfortunate Indian army officer's pay," says London Truth, "it will be found that in many cases he is positively worse off than his British army colleague, inasmuch as he is not entitled to draw field allowances, and this in face of the fact that the majority of Indian officers are married, and have had to break up their homes in India and send their wives and children to England at great expense. When the war broke out, the principle laid down by government was that no officer or soldier ought to be in a worse position during the war than he was before it, but the government of India has ignored this principle, and treated its officers in a way which any civil employer of labor in England would be ashamed of."

BRITISH ARMY HAS GOLOSHES

Improved Form of Wader Keeps Soldiers' Feet Dry in the Muddy Trenches.

London.—During their war with Russia, the Japanese troops were supplied with waders made of mulberry leaf as a protection against injury to health caused by wet feet in the trenches. Particulars now come of an improved form of wader, of British invention. The new wader is made of a fibrous substance much cheaper than mulberry leaf. It is light, warm, waterproof, antiseptic, and impervious to attack by insects. A pair of waders made of this material weighs about two and one-half ounces. The waders are made in two sizes—medium and large. The wader is kept in position by buttons or braces. For occasions like a bayonet charge, when the utmost freedom for the leg and foot is necessary, the portion of the wader worn over and above the knee would be turned down.

RENT FREE FIFTEEN YEARS

Widow Lost Rights by Remarriage But Won Out as Mother of Her Son.

St. Louis.—Probate Judge Holtcamp has granted permission for Mrs. Johannes Rulf to live at No. 2522 Hebert street for the next fifteen years without paying rent. This property was owned by the late Charles H. Knollman, who was Mrs. Rulf's first husband.

Mrs. Rulf lost her homestead rights in this property by marrying John Rulf in 1912, shortly after Knollman died. She lived with Rulf about six weeks and then divorced him. Then she sued for permission to occupy Knollman's home.

The court appointed Mrs. Rulf as curatrix of the estate of her son, Theodore Knollman, six years old. This appointment gave her permission to occupy the upper flat as the representative of one of Knollman's minor heirs. The rent of the lower flat will be paid to Miss Minnie Knollman, a stepdaughter of Mrs. Rulf, who remains as curatrix of the estate of her brother William, sixteen years old.

RICHES FOR BLIND COUPLE

Husband Inherits Half Million by Death of Brother, a Florida Orange Grower.

Wilmington, N. C.—"Blind" Johnson and his blind wife, having lived for years in comparative poverty in a New Bern (N. C.) hut, have come into wealth estimated at more than five hundred thousand dollars by reason of Johnson's brother's death on the east coast of Florida, near St. Augustine. Long separated from each other, the brothers did not know of each other's whereabouts, having parted at the little central Carolina home years ago.

George went to Florida and started in the orange growing business and grew rich, while John met with an accident and lost his eyesight. He sold newspapers in New Bern for years. While there he met and loved a blind woman and they married. Though they have managed barely to exist for ten years or more, they will now live in luxury on the Florida orange plantation.

GERMANS IN POLAND

German soldiers intrenching in the woods near Warsaw after advance had been checked.

Wedded in Bank Vault.

Houston, Tex.—In haste to be wedded in order to catch a train, Rev. J. E. Jones of Spur, Tex., located his friend, Rev. Mr. Williams of the Star of Hope Mission of this city at a local bank and was married by him to Miss Edna Carraway. The ceremony was performed in the safety deposit vault of the bank to insure privacy.

MYSTERIOUS THIEF CAUGHT

Stole Rubbers at Cottage Prayer Meeting—Well-Known Character.

Petersburg, Ind.—The thief that stole all the rubbers from a front portico at one of the homes where the cottage prayer meetings were being held has been caught. About a dozen pairs of rubbers were taken. No one was seen to approach the porch and no one was seen to leave. The disappearance of the rubbers presented a mystery until members of the family found rubbers hidden in the outbuildings. It was learned that a pup had caused all the mischief. All the worshipers were compelled to wade through mud to their respective homes.

To Aid German War Sufferers.

Evansville, Ind.—Members of the German alliance, in this city, are selling iron rings at $1 each for the benefit of the widows and orphans caused by the war in Germany. In Chicago more than 22,000 of these rings were sold at $2 each. The selling of the rings is a custom handed down from the days of Napoleon I. Then the wealthy women of Germany sold their gold and jewelry to swell the war fund. They bought iron rings instead.

Who Won the Earthquake?

New York.—Bishop Gaylor, when asked which side would win in the war, replied: "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?"

HOSPITAL SAVES WAR HORSE

Animals, Injured in Battle, Treated at Model Institution Connected With Army.

Insterburg, Germany.—One of the best of the horse hospitals connected with the German army is that erected at this place, which has handled nearly 2,000 horses since November, and whose average number of animals under treatment is over 600. During the last month 84 horses were operated on for severe wounds, and 73 of these were discharged as cured and returned to service. Reckoning the average value of a horse for army purposes at $375, these operations alone have saved the war office authorities $27,375. Many others were suffering from slight wounds which rendered them temporarily unfit for service and these also were returned cured.

No Money for Rings.

London.—The aristocracy of Belgium, mostly now in England, is in such straits that a relief committee had to purchase marriage licenses and rings for sixty couples in the highest society who wanted to wed before the bridegroom went to the front.

Many Pieces in Table.

Orange, N. J.—After a year of labor, James Neil, a wood turner, has finished a card table, in which 10,105 pieces of wood were put together. Bog oak from Ireland, his native country, and eight other kinds of wood were used.

LINE THROUGH NIGERIA

BRITISH TO CONSTRUCT RAILROAD IN WILD LAND.

Laborers Who Will Be Employed Are Cannibals, and White Men Will Be in Constant Danger of Their Lives.

A new railroad is being constructed by the British through the territory of Nigeria, in West Africa.

It will penetrate the regions known as "Jujuland," so-called because the inhabitants were long enthralled by a horrible idol known as "Long Juju."

It will be built by cannibal natives who have shown themselves the most intelligent and industrious workmen. It will open up the last region of Africa where white men have not yet settled.

The new line into Nigeria will be 530 miles in length and will take four or five years to build. It will cost about fifteen million dollars. It is being built by the colonial government, of which the head is Sir Frederick Lugard. The country which is to be opened up is rich in palm oil and coal, which the British expect to yield a handsome revenue on the money invested in the road.

Fifty thousand natives have been hired for the work of building the road. They will work under the direction of British engineers and foremen. Doubtless some Americans will be associated with the enterprise.

These natives of Nigeria are noted for their obstinate cannibalism. Although the practice has been suppressed wherever possible by the British officials, the Nigerians in the depths of this wild country frequently find an opportunity to indulge in their peculiar taste. They attack an isolated village, destroy the houses and feast upon the inhabitants.

Sometimes they take their victims to a lonely part of the forest, keep them in a corral and fatten them up for a great banquet. Several times the white men have accidentally stumbled upon the hiding place of these destined victims of the cannibals.

The white engineers and workmen will have to guard themselves carefully, for the cannibals believe that white flesh is the greatest kind of meat. By eating it they imagine that they will acquire the cleverness and other qualities of the deceased person. Very few natives are daring enough now to attack white men, but there is no knowing what they might do in a moment of excitement. Half a dozen white men in a jungle 500 miles from help may be in a delicate situation.

Danger from lions and other wild animals will be very great. During the building of the Uganda railway hundreds of laborers were carried off by lions, and in recent months the beasts have walked into railroad cars and snatched off defenseless travelers.

In Nigeria lions are even more numerous than in Uganda. Their numbers depend largely on the amount of food they can find. Elands, antelopes and other game of various sizes are so abundant in Nigeria that the lions find inexhaustible food. Sometimes as many as 50 or 60 lions lurk in a patch of jungle a few acres in extent, near a drinking place where the food animals gather.

The new railroad will run along the river banks and will cross the favorite hunting places of the lions. There will be a tremendous disturbance among the animals.

Bruges as a Relic.

Bruges has been celebrated by poets and mystics as a relic of the past, but its medieval aspect is also due to present design. One does not penetrate it far without discovering as squalid, ill-cared for and poor a town as Belgium before the war could produce. But of its outward venerable appearance the authorities are not neglectful, and anyone building a house, who is willing to be guided as to style by the town architect, receives about a third of the cost of the frontage out of the municipal chest. One characteristic Bruges still retains from the days when it numbered 200,000 inhabitants of all countries. It has a large cosmopolitan element, including numerous English.

Self-Defense.

Men have been known to kill rabbits in self-defense, but to kill a hen for the same reason is uncommon. Yet a New England woman used this unique excuse when her neighbor trailed a missing hen.

"The hen came at me like a fury," she told the judge. "She seemed determined to scratch my eyes out. I fell back and she pursued me. Then we fought and fought and I finally killed her."

Alas, for the theory of defense! The hen was found with her feathers off, gently stewing in the aggrieved woman's kettle.

And the judge gravely shook his head as he rendered judgment against the kettle owner.

Unhappy Bulgaria.

It was not until 1885 that eastern Roumelia revolted from Turkish rule and united with Bulgaria, and it was not until October, 1908, that Prince Ferdinand proclaimed Bulgaria an independent kingdom. Thirty years passed after the Bulgarian war for independence before their freedom was officially recognized in Europe. Virile, laborious, thrifty, persevering, courageous, and anxious for progress, the Bulgarians are daring to dream great dreams for their little country, and today, as ever, their immediate future seems to be beset by all manner of difficulties.

Fate's Perversity.

"One of my daughters has tonsilitis," exclaimed Mr. Growcher, "and the other sprained her wrist!"

"That's hard luck."

"Yes. Nothing seems to work out the way it ought to. The girl who sprained her wrist sings and the one with the sore throat plays the piano."

Contents Make a Difference.

If there is only one bottle of castor oil in the house, father is willing mother should have it all because it will do her good. But if there is only one bottle of beer in the house, father drinks it himself because it might not agree with mother.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Invented to Amuse King.

Playing cards are said to have been invented in 1390 to divert Charles IV, then king of France, who had fallen into a melancholy mood.

INCREASES HEAT OF COAL

Sound Reasons Why the Addition of a Little Water Should Produce Good Results.

When the blacksmith desires the intensest heat his forge is capable of he invariably throws a little water upon the coal. The same course is pursued by the stoker who would get the utmost from his boilers.

And the poorer the quality of the coal the more imperative the necessity for wetting it.

It seems paradoxical, for from the beginning all people everywhere have regarded water as the one reliable agency for extinguishing fire. Such, indeed, it really is, if used in proper quantity, as experience has amply demonstrated.

Chemistry explains the paradox very simply, however, when it informs us that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion of two to one. That is to say, in every molecule of the fluid there are two atoms of the former and one of the latter.

Now oxygen is the chief agent in combustion. Oxydization is a synonym for burning. The rusting of iron, the corrosion of silver and the burning of wood are identical processes, all due to the agency of this powerful element which is so widely distributed through all nature. To feed oxygen to flames is greatly to intensify them, therefore. This is exactly what is done, in fact, when they are fanned.

Hydrogen, on the other hand, is a gas which burns readily and with the most intense heat.

Very evidently, if water is separated into its constituent elements, the oxygen and the hydrogen, no longer bound together, are able each to perform its natural functions. The former adds greatly to combustion, and the latter not only burns readily, but materially intensifies the heat.

This is precisely what occurs when a small quantity of water is added to the coal fed to the flames. There is not enough of the fluid to extinguish the fire. Instead the fire acts upon the water, dissolving the bonds which unite its component gases, thus setting the oxygen free to accelerate combustion and converting the hydrogen into fuel of tremendous heating power.

In throwing a little water upon the coal therefore, the blacksmith attains the same results as if he added materially to the draft produced by the bellows, and at the same time poured a little hydrogen upon the flames. The resultant heat is not to be produced from coal alone under ordinary conditions.

Icebergs and Sea Water.

That the temperature of sea water rises slightly near an iceberg, as one man of science has asserted, is a conclusion not borne out by the investigations of the bureau of standards. During the summer patrol of the United States steamships Chester and Birmingham in the North Atlantic, members of the staff of the bureau took automatic records of the temperature of the water. The records show that changes of temperature in the sea far from icebergs are at least as great and sudden as the changes near them, and that they do not point to the presence of icebergs. They find also that an iceberg more often lowers than raises the temperature of the water near it. These conclusions are identical with those arrived at by the observers on the Scotia, which was sent out to the Newfoundland banks by the British Board of Trade in the summer of 1913, except that they more often observed small rises of temperature in the neighborhood of icebergs.—Youth's Companion.

A Horse's Medal.

A Russian artillery horse won a bronze medal at Plevna. Orders were given for some ammunition wagons to be hurried to a spot that meant crossing the enemy's zone of fire. All the time shells were crashing among the horses, bringing them down in heaps and frightening such as escaped. Times without number did the Russian drivers, sparing neither whip nor spur, attempt to urge the horses forward, but they stood cowed and shivering with fright. Some were blindfolded; but the effect was the same, and only one horse showed any willingness to go.

Thereupon the driver jumped down and, cutting the traces of the other horses, drove the willing one at full gallop through the fire. The wagon passed through without exploding, and after the war the horse was decorated in the manner described and the driver promoted.

Leave Boots in Trench Mud.

A private of the Welsh Fusiliers, who is among the wounded who reached Cardiff recently, said:

"I have seen men in the trenches pulling at their boots for over twenty minutes in an effort to get out of the mud, and finally going without their boots, which are doubtless there now."

Another man said he himself had been in the trenches barefooted.—London Globe.

That's All.

The borrower, at the 'phone: "Is this you, Miller? Yes, pretty well. Say, Miller, I've got a half dozen books of yours that you let me take last spring. I wish you'd stop for them as you go by. And, say Miller, I want you to bring over your set of Plutarch and that early edition of Pepys and your French dictionary. If I'm not at home you can leave them with the maid. Yes, that's all. Good-by."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clear Conscience.

"I never read a newspaper," remarked the self-sufficient man.

"How do you keep informed on what's going on?"

"I don't. As a result, if anything goes wrong I won't feel that I am in the slightest degree responsible."

Hoarseness.

As soon as you have any indication of hoarseness take a large fresh lemon and bake it until it is soft, squeeze out the juice and sweeten. Take a teaspoonful every 15 minutes until relieved.

Curse of Idleness.

Idleness is the badge of gentry, and the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline; the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes.

Ant's Remarkable Strength.

An ant can carry a grain of corn ten times the weight of its own body, while a horse and a man can carry a burden only about equal to their own weight.

It's Foolish to Suffer

You may be brave enough to stand backache, or headache, or dizziness. But if, in addition, urination is disordered, look out! If you don't try to fix your sick kidneys, you may fall into the clutches of kidney trouble before you know it. But if you live more carefully and help your kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, you can stop the pains you have and avoid future danger as well.

An Illinois Case

W. L. Parker, 501½ Monroe St., Charleston, Ill., says: "Doctors said I had a floating kidney. I had to get up at night to pass the kidney secretions and the burning sensation was severe. My sight was affected, too. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and the cure has been permanent. I have told many people about my experience."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Many precious stones may be "reconstructed," but not the emerald.

THE COLONEL'S GOLD MINE

Out in Gregory County, South Dakota, lives Colonel Johnson, the famed Alfalfa King of that great section.

About thirty years ago he left Wisconsin for that domain. All he had was willing hands, a clear brain and a bright vision. Today he is the owner of thousands of acres, president of several banks.

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