



THE GRIPPE: FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

BY JOSEPHINE HANFORD.

It might be mentioned right here that Mr. John King was in a bad humor one dismal, rainy evening, toward the end of January. When he reached home, tired and hungry, he found no pretty little wife bustling about the kitchen, and—worst of all—no supper ready.

"Meg, Meg!" he called.
"Yes, dear," came a faint answer from the sitting-room.
"Where are you?"
"Here—in the sitting-room." But the last part of the sentence must have been lost on Mr. King, for he broke in with, "Where in the dickens is 'here'?"

No answer.
This did not improve his temper, and he threw his muddy rubbers into one corner, regardless of the clean kitchen floor.
"Isn't supper ready?"
"No, dear; come here and I'll explain. I'm in the sitting-room."

Mr. King hung his coat and hat on a nail behind the door, and stalked into the sitting-room, feeling very much abused.

"Pretty state of affairs this is! No supper ready!" he muttered, as he pushed aside the curtains of the sitting-room door.

There on the sofa, drawn up close to the fire, with two shawls over her, lay pretty Mrs. King, her cheeks flushed and a feverish light in her brown eyes.

"I'm so sorry supper isn't ready," said she. "The doctor's been here, and he said I must keep quiet or I would have pneumonia."

"Oh, are you sick, dear?" in a kinder tone of voice.
"Yes, I haven't been feeling very well for a day or two, and this afternoon I was so much worse that I sent for the doctor."

"That's too bad, Meg."
"Oh, it's nothing. I shall be all right in a day or two."

"Well—is there anything in the house to eat?"
"There is a little cold meat in the kitchen cupboard, and the bread is in a jar down cellar. I'm so sorry that you have to eat a cold supper."

"Never mind, my little wife," said he, as he stooped to kiss her.
"By the way, what's the matter?"

"It's the gripe."

Never was there a more astonished-looking man than was Mr. John when he heard that.

"The gripe!" he exclaimed. "Why, that's nothing but a bad cold, my dear. I don't see why you should be down sick with the gripe."

"No, I don't either," murmured Mrs. John meekly, as a cold chill crept over her.

"I should think you might do as much as get a fellow's supper for him, when he is dead tired and nearly famished."

Mrs. John murmured something unintelligible, and drew the shawls closer about her shoulders.

"Where do you suppose my business would go to if I stayed home every time I had a cold? What do you think I would do if I let a cold keep me in?" grumbled Mr. King, as the dining-room door banged behind him.

"What, indeed!" sighed Mrs. King.
Then she thought of how tired he was, and how hungry.

"Yes, he must have a cup of nice hot tea," she said to herself. And she threw back the shawls and stood up. How dizzy she was! But John must have his tea.

So she stumbled out to the kitchen, filled up the teapot and put it on the stove. Then she brought the bread and a can of John's favorite preserves from the cellar, boiled a couple of eggs, and stumbled back to the sofa in the sitting-room.

Meanwhile John stood by with a plate of cold meat in one hand and the butter in the other.

Two days passed and Mrs. John did not improve; but she managed to get something for John's breakfasts and suppers (she didn't want anything to eat), and he took his dinners down town.

The third day he was called out of town on business, and during his absence Mrs. John improved rapidly, so that when he returned, four days later, a smiling Meg greeted him at the door.

"My little wife is well now, eh?" he said as he kissed her.
"Yes, dear. I am entirely well now," she answered bravely, although at that very moment she felt—well, if you have ever had the gripe, you know how one feels when "just getting over it."

Three weeks passed, and on another dismal, rainy night, Mr. John dragged his weary feet up to the door of his cheerful home, and wondered if anyone ever felt as he did then. His head ached, his back ached, his chest ached—yes, he believed every bone in his body was trying to outlive all the others in aching.

He found Meg bustling about the kitchen, enveloped in a big gingham apron.

"Hello, dear," she called out cheerily. "Aren't you home early?"

"Home—well, I guess you would come home early if you felt the way I do."

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Don't you feel well? Does your head ache?"

"What's the matter? Don't I feel well? Does my head ache?" Oh, Meg, don't you see that I'm sick?"

"You poor dear. I'm afraid you've the gripe. Go in by the sitting-room fire and, I'll bring your supper in there. It's chilly in the dining-room."

"All right. Oh, this confounded headache!"

In the sitting-room, he flung his ulster on one chair, hat on another, one glove went on the floor, the other on top of the afternoon tea-table. Rubbers in one corner, umbrella in another. And the pile of old newspapers which he had brought up from the office was left in the middle of the floor.

"Meg, Meg, bring me my slippers," he called, as he settled himself on the lounge.

After supper, just as Mr. John, covered with the identical two shawls that had done service a few weeks ago for Mrs. John, was as comfortable as possible on the sitting-room sofa, the front door bell rang.

"Can I see Mr. King?" inquired the spruce young man whom Mrs. John admitted.

"Yes; he isn't feeling very well this evening, but I think you can see him," replied Meg.

"Well, I'm rather in a hurry, and if I could see him right away—I want to catch this next train."

"Very well; sit down, and I will tell him."

Mrs. John pushed forward an easy-chair, and returned to the sitting-room.

"John," said she, "there is a gentleman to see you, and he is in a hurry."

"Oh!" groaned John. "Well, bring him in."

"What! In here? Why, see how the room looks. Can't you go into the hall?"

"Meg, you can't realize how I feel. I can't stir. Oh, my head! Why in the dickens don't you keep the room looking decent?"

"They are your things, just as you threw them down," said Meg quietly. "I haven't had time to care for them."

"H'm—I've been home for an hour."
Mrs. John sighed.
"The gentleman is waiting," she suggested.
"Confound it! Bring him in," roared Mr. John, just as the spruce young man tapped impatiently on the sitting-room door.

"Pardon me, but I must catch this train," said he, opening the door slightly.

"Oh! Is that you, Parsons," said John, languidly. "Come in. I'm about laid up, you see."

"Gripe?"
"H'm—yes. Take a seat."

"Well, it does use a person up. Now, King, you know those '38 stocks," etc., etc.

Meg hurried from the room, while her husband talked business with Parsons.

Ten minutes later she heard the front door close. Silence reigned for possibly three minutes and a half. Then, "Meg, where are you?" came from the sitting-room.

"Do you want anything?" Meg answered wearily.

"Well—yes, I want to go to bed," growled John.

"Can't you go to bed alone?" in the sweetest of tones from Meg.

"When I'm so sick I can't stir? I only wish you knew how I feel."

She thought that, from experience, she did know very well, but wisely refrained from saying so.

John was confined to the house for exactly ten days, during which time he growled and grumbled at everything, from the mouse that gnawed in the wall by night, to his patient little wife who bustled about the house by day.

At last, on the eleventh day, he got into his ulster, with Meg's help, and started forth to his neglected business.

As he kissed Meg good-bye at the door, he said: "My dear, I don't believe you had the gripe as hard as I did. If you only knew how I felt part of the time there!"

"I do know," said she quietly.
But the queer part of it all is, that he never thought that she did.

The Bridge.

The poet Longfellow, speaking of the writing of "The Bridge," said: "It was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way."

The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose or fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves.

It was on such a late solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."

The poet was twice married, and "Hyperion," according to a pleasing legend, was written to win the heart of her who became his second wife. Her death, as many know, was pathetic. She had been diverting her children by making figures on the floor with melting sealing-wax, when her dress took fire and she was fatally injured by the flames. It is said that a week after the event the poet appeared on the streets so changed as to excite the surprise as well as the pity of his friends. Age seemed to have come on in a day. Many years afterward, in reference to this event, he wrote the "Cross in the Snow."

He used to take a few choice friends into the room where her portrait hung, and turn aside to weep, saying: "That was my dear wife!"

"The Bridge" has been set to music and is a popular song.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking in the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then!

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as the heart has woes,

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

The Painter and His Pupil.

Amerling, the famous Vienna artist, who died in 1886, had a decided objection to taking pupils. One day a plainly-dressed elderly lady called upon him with her daughter, and entreated him to admit her to his studio. The artist replied:

"I dislike playing the teacher. Any person with talent will attain to excellence by his own unaided efforts; he that has none had far better not dabble in art. However, if your daughter would like to see what is going on here and try her hand a bit, she may go and sit in that corner."

Notwithstanding this cool reception, the young lady went to the studio every day, accompanied by her mother, who never spoke a word, but sat with her child in the corner knitting stockings, while Amerling paid not the slightest attention to either of them. One day, however, the painter sat down opposite the old lady and said:

"Excuse my not having asked you before with whom I have the honor. Are you married?"

"I am a widow."

"What family have you?"

"Only a son and a daughter?"

"Is your son a merchant or an artisan?"

"Neither."

"A Government employe?"

"Something of the kind."

"A soldier?"

"Not always."

"Why, what is he then?"

"A king."

Amerling thought the old lady was wrong in her head. At that moment the mother of the Emperor of Austria, the Archduchess Sophia, who often visited the studio, was shown in, and at once embraced the old lady, whom she afterwards introduced to the astonished artist as the Princess Christina of Saxony, the mother of King Charles Albert.

Recipes.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SCONES.

Those who try these scones will be delighted with them. Mix one spoonful of baking powder and a quarter spoonful of salt into half pound of flour; rub in three ounces of butter with the finger tips; beat up an egg and add, with one-quarter pint of milk. Mix. Turn on to a floured board, and make into a light dough, and roll once lightly to one-half inch thickness. Cut round with a saucer, and mark each twice with a knife, so that they will break into four pieces when cooked. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. Cut open, butter over well, and serve piping hot.

LIGHT SUET PUDDING.

Two large cupfuls of flour, one of chopped suet, one of golden syrup, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one of carbonate of soda, one of ground ginger, and a pinch of salt. Quarter-pound of sultanas is a great improvement. Mix well together in a floured cloth, giving it room to swell. Put quickly into a saucepan of boiling water, and boil for two hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

DELICIOUS BARLEY PUDDING.

Take a quarter of a pound of Scotch barley. Wash and simmer it in a small quantity of water; pour off the water, and add milk and flavorings as for rice pudding. Beat up with sugar, and mix the milk and barley in the usual way. Put the mixture into a buttered deep dish, add to it six ounces of currants, an ounce of candied peel cut fine, with a few apples cut in small pieces. Mix all together, put a few pieces of butter on the top, and bake the pudding in a moderately hot oven for an hour. This is a most nutritious pudding.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS.

A nice way for you to clean windows, or the glass in bookcase doors or cupboards, is to take a small bunch of cotton batting, dampen it with kerosene, and wipe the glass all over carefully. After allowing it to stay on a short time, take a soft, clean cloth and polish the glass. You will be surprised at its brilliancy and cleanness. There are no streaks to rub off over and over again, and it can be done in a very little while without any muss whatever. The smell evaporates almost immediately. One can rub the glass all over well, then go about other work, leaving it for several hours, and then it will polish just the same.

Good Health.

CHAPPED LIPS.

During the winter months the following preparation will be found of service in the curing of chapped lips: Take two teaspoonfuls of clarified honey, and mix this with a few drops of lavender water or any other perfume that may be preferred. The lips should be frequently anointed with the preparation when they have become chapped.

THE NERVOUS HEADACHE.

When the day has been long and hard, when a sharp pain begins to make itself felt in the busy woman's forehead, and a dull ache in the back of her neck, there is only one thing for her to do.

First, she must get out of her tight clothes and bunch her hair on the top of her head. Then she must bathe her face and neck for five minutes in the hottest water she can bear. After that she should lie down flat on her back.

If she does not fall asleep, she should rise at the end of half an hour. She will feel ten years younger. There will be no pain anywhere.