

A CASE OF SCATTERBRAINS

'The trouble with Billy is he's scatter-brained.'

As Mr. Lemmon said that he filled a dipper at the pump and approached the teakettle. The tin lid was upside down and very hot. He gave it a hasty fillup which landed it in the midst of the apple sauce simmering close by, and poured in the water triumphantly.

'Like to get scalded that time,' he said, fishing out the teakettle lid. 'It won't hurt the sauce, will it?'

'I don't believe it will. The dipper'll melt, Nathan, if you leave it on the stove empty.'

'That's so.' Mr. Lemmon rescued the dipper and made a fresh onslaught on the pump.

'Billy means well, if he would only keep his mind on the main thing, he went on. 'He's anxious to help. I haven't told you what he did yesterday. There was plenty of 'em there, but he took a notion that it would be a good thing if he was to sort over the whole box, and emptied everything out on the ground. I come to see what he was doing to keep him so long, and that he was, swimmin' in tacks. Much as ever I can get things straightened out again.'

Mrs. Lemmon laughed. She laughed easily. She was distinctly a genial person. 'I can't think where he gets it from,' added Mr. Lemmon.

'He gets it from his father,' answered Mrs. Lemmon unexpectedly.

'Why you don't say—' Mr. Lemmon turned around to see what she meant.

'Certain I do. You are filling the kettle too full, Nathan; it's spilling over. Yes, you're both absent-minded. He can't get over it all in a minute. We must guide him some. Now, if you'll bring the horse around, I'll be ready to go as soon as the apple sauce is off the stove.'

'Dear Ma, they are as helpless as kittens about some things,' she thought affectionately, tying the strings of her Sunday bonnet in a firm, square bow. She looked out of the window at Billy, a freckle faced boy of ten, who was tramping up and down beside the old horse. Mrs. Lemmon was Billy's step-mother and he had decided opinions about her.

'She takes my part,' Billy said. 'She likes Pa's part, too. I don't know whose side she is on—everybody's, I guess. She's great!'

'Ma, say, can I drive?' he asked, as she came out.

'Course I expect you to drive. When a young man takes me to town, he has to do the driving.'

Billy clambered into the wagon with an important air. Mrs. Lemmon stood waiting.

'There's another thing a young man's got to do that takes me to ride,' she said, after a minute.

'What?'

'Turn the wheel out so I can get in.'

'I forgot,' Billy turned out sharply.

'Take care—take care! You will be over on the other side of the road!' cautioned his father, coming up to the fence, anxiously. It was not the general custom to see one's wife off every time she went to the village. Mr. Lemmon did not why he did it. It was because she brought an element of fun into the business. He felt excited, like Billy.

'No, we're all right. Well, good by! Mr. Lemmon looked after his wife's erect comely figure. 'I guess they'll get where they say they will as long as she's in the wagon,' he thought. 'He was dreadful pleased to have the reins. She understood boys.'

The place looked lonely to Mr. Lemmon as he went back to the chicken-coop he was making. It was a good-sized coop, with a door in the front for the hens to go in and out. He had laid the floor and nailed on three sides the day before, and he regarded it with satisfaction. 'She'll say it's a good job,' he thought.

'Queer how she come to say what she did about Billy,' he continued. 'I've told him, I don't know how many times, to just put his mind right on it—nail it right in. That's what Billy needs—'

And then for a time there were no sounds about the place but the sharp tap! tap! of the hammer.

It was dark when Mrs. Lemmon and Billy drove into the yard. Mr. Lemmon did not come out to take the horse.

'Pa said he might have to go down to the meadow before we got back,' said Billy.

'You and I will have to unharness, then. Quick, now! I'm going to make you some waffles for supper.'

'Can I grate some maple-sugar to eat on 'em, ma?'

'Certainly. No, Billy, you don't want to undo all the straps, only just what's necessary.'

'I get mixed up, ma.'

'Well, get unmixed, then,' said his step-mother, good-naturedly.

It was strange that Mr. Lemmon should leave the door wide open if he was going down to the meadow. She shut it, and laid her bundles on the table. Just then they heard a peculiar sound: Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

'What was that,' she exclaimed. She and Billy looked at each other, startled. Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

Mrs. Lemmon flung open the cellar door. 'Nathan, are you there?' she called.

'Ma-a!' came a feeble voice from the distance.

'It's outside,' said Mrs. Lemmon. 'I'm afraid he's hurt. Take this candle, Billy, and run on ahead.'

Billy loped across the yard. She followed with the lamp. 'What's the matter?' she called, alarmed, for Billy was coming up and down beside some whitish object, the candle lighting up his round face like a hobgoblin's.

'Ma! Pa's in the chicken coop!'

There could be no manner of it. His hammer resounded on the walls, and his muffled voice called crossly: 'Let me out, let me out!'

Billy got on the ground and looked through the door. 'I see him!' he said, excited.

'Nathan Hale Lemmon, how come you there?' cried his wife.

'I should think you could see for yourself!'

She had seen in a flash, and leaning against the partition, she laughed till the tears came.

'You've been—you've been—oh, oh!—you been and nailed that front from the inside, and then—you couldn't get through the door unless you was a chicken, which you're not—oh, my! my, my, my!'

'He! he!' snickered Billy.

'Why didn't you knock in a board and get out?'

'Went the wrong way. Couldn't get any purchase,' said the muffled voice.

'O Nathan I shall give up!'

'Well, when you get through laughing maybe you'll do something. I've been hollering here most all the afternoon.'

'You poor man, you! Really, I feel weak! There, Billy, you stop! Run! and

bring the hatchet to loose a couple of boards. Through the narrow opening Mr. Lemmon squeezed out. He was one of the mildest of men, but when you have been shut up all afternoon in a hen-coup of your own making, you may be forgiven for being a little provoked.

It was a grand supper that Mrs. Lemmon gave them half an hour later, a supper fit for the minister, and no allusions made to late unpleasant experiences. Right in the midst of it all three happened to look up at once; and then there was a fresh explosion. Mr. Lemmon helped himself to the last waffle. 'Well it was rather funny funny when you come to think of it,' he assented with a laugh.

And that was all; only nowadays when he worries over Billy's scatter-brains, his wife says scoldingly:

'Now, Pa, you remember that chicken-coop.'

The Lion and the Mirror.

Possibly a lion's wife would appreciate a looking-glass, but a small mirror in the hand of a small boy so frightened and excited Big Ben, the largest lion in the Zoo, that, says the Press, the keepers feared he would do violence to himself.

Ben had been in angry mood all day. The presence of the small boy was particularly distasteful to him, and the lion raged and stormed as only a big lion can. The lion waited until the tirade was over, and then drew a hand mirror from under his coat and held it directly in front of Ben.

The lion looked. Then he jumped for the intruder that dared face him in such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the lion in the glass, he filled the house with his roars.

The keeper ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued the uproar until exhausted.

In the meantime the adventurous youth had disappeared, and was discovered in front of the wolves' cage trying to excite them. He was led from the garden and warned to keep away.

About a year ago a serious disturbance at the zoo was due to the flashing of a mirror in front of the lions' den. At that time the lions, with the exception of one or two of the wildest, were kept in one cage.

A visitor held a mirror in front of them one afternoon, and the beasts were thrown

It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians Like by Their Wonderful Cures.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: 'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby.'

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: 'Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing coughs and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it.'

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: 'My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it "honey" and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that

part of one bottle cured her, and now she is well and as bright as a cricket.'

Mrs. F. Dwyer of Chesterville, says: 'My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say that it is all right today after seven weeks' sickness.'

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: 'I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine.'

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more houses than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmansee, Bates & Co., Toronto.

into panic. They fought and dashed at the bars with such violence that it was feared several would die as a result of their frantic struggles. It required the efforts of all the keepers for several hours before they could be quieted.

Should be Rewritten

In a recent article on piano education Mr. W. S. B. Mathews voices the opinion that most of the elementary studies ought to be rewritten. 'We are the victims,' he says, 'of a superstition that it is easier to play in the key of C than any other, and that it is very unsafe to move the hands about until what is called the correct position of the hands has been acquired. In one sense, the correct position of the hands is as much a misnomer as the correct position of a gentleman. Of course there is a sense of which you can speak of the correct position of a gentleman. He ought to be right end up, but beyond this there is very little definition you can apply without having to modify it the first time he moves about. It is the same thing with

the hands. They should be free upon the piano. What we call the graceful position of the hand—the curved, well rounded hand—is merely the natural position which a strong hand takes in repose, and just as soon as the weak side of the hand is developed to its proper powers in comparison with the strong side, the hand will assume this position with very little further attention. Therefore, I consider it a mistake to confine the playing to five finger forms; but, on the contrary, the hand should be freely moved from one part of the piano and the melody be allowed to skip about according to the demands of the musical idea.'

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Orthodox—How ever can you refer to Adam as a yachtman? Drydox—Well, wasn't Eve his first mate?



AMONG THE ROSES