

**DOMESTIC REBELLION**

Melina Frink glanced from the window toward the chipyard and sighed heavily. An axe and a few sticks of knotty, unsplit wood were there alone visible. As usual the men folk had gone to work without leaving her any usable fuel. And dinner time was drawing near.

Melina Frink, wife of the stalwart Silas, and mother of his four lusty sons, was a little woman with graying hair, a faded face full of dull, enduring patience, and a pair of hands which had worked themselves thin and knobby in the course of some thirty years of uncomplaining labor.

Silas had been poor when Melina married him and he was poor still. He was not a good manager and he hated to work. His four sons were exactly like him. Here had once been a girl baby for a few weeks, and when she died the hope of life went out for Melina. For she had dreamed that her daughter might be like her.

Melina had been a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a housekeeper who had fed and clothed and warmed her flock on means that would have repelled most women. To-day her burden weighed with unusual heaviness. It was an extremely hot day and she was being constantly reminded by the lassitude attendant upon the heat that she was calling out the last reserves of her strength. Melina was tired and when she

thought of splitting up those two or three hard chunks to build a fire with her courage failed her.

However, she went out to the chipyard. She knew very well how to use an axe from much previous experience with it, but she found it now almost impossible to hack off a single stick. As she labored with the perspiration rolling down her face her next door neighbor leaned over the wire fence.

"That's hard work for Mrs. Frink," she said, sympathetically. "Come over and help yourself from my wood pile."

Melina shook her head, and the color of shame stained her cheeks.

"No, I'm just as much obliged to you, Mrs. Galbraith. I guess I've got out all the wood I'll need for a light fire."

"You're too proud to borrow, Mrs. Frink. Shame on you! I'll never dare borrow a thing of you again as long as I live." Then with a laugh that took off the edge of her words, Mrs. Galbraith added: "I can tell you one thing, though: if I had five men folk the way you have and they didn't split me enough wood to cook with there wouldn't be any cooking done. They'd eat things raw. And they wouldn't do it the second time, I'll warrant you. Well, if you won't take the wood, maybe you'll accept some lettuce. It's just going to waste."

Mrs. Frink took the lettuce. She didn't need to repay that. For the Frinks had no garden save the little one she was able to make herself.

When at noon the five strapping men came trooping in hungry they found what they expected—an ample meal

nicely cooked. They eat eagerly, but Melina could swallow little more than her tea.

"I wish you men folks would see I had a little wood to get supper with," she said as they were rising from the table.

"Oh, give us a cold supper. It's too hot for hot victuals," carelessly replied Joe.

Silas spoke slowly as he filled his pipe. "I guess there's chips enough for a light fire, ma. I'll go out and look," he said.

In the end they went away without touching the axe. So Melina split up the rest of the tough wood herself.

After breakfast next morning she said, gently as ever: "I'll have to have some wood to get dinner with. Won't you see that I have some?"

Silas sighed, saying: "Must have been an awful short cord that last, I'll see about getting some more to-day. Joe, can't you find an old box or something you can split up for your ma to get dinner with?"

"Let Pete. I ain't got time this morning."

"Got as much time as I have," retorted Pete.

The screen door flapped behind a hasty exodus. The boys had gone, but Silas remained smoking and enjoying the freshness of the morning with his mind occupied doubtless with things far superior to such as tired wives and vanishing wood piles. Melina went to the door with her hands full of dishes.

"Sil, you'll see I have some wood, won't you, before you go?"

"I ain't gone yet, ma," he answered imperturbably.

But in a few moments later he had gone. Melina sat down and cried. Then with the exhausting of her tears came a wild inclination to chop up a chair or some other piece of furniture to build a fire with.

"I won't borrow another time," she promised herself aloud. "I'm ashamed to borrow, for it's hard to pay back. I may be poor as poverty's ditch, but I'm honest. I wasn't brought up to 'e or steal, and it's stealing when you borrow things you know you can't return. No, I'll sacrifice my best rocker to the cook stove before I'll do that."

At that instant remembrance of certain words leaped into her mind. "There wouldn't be any cooking done. They'd eat things raw." Why Mrs. Galbraith had said that yesterday. Yes, and she would do it, too, under the same circumstances. But as for herself, Melina—she caught her breath. There had come to her a course of procedure mapped out as by inspiration. The blood rushed to her thin face. "That'll do!" she whispered to herself.

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**WORKED IT OUT.**

Woman Solves Puzzle of Time a Hen Lays.

New York Press.

What time o' day Does a hen lay?

That question has puzzled poultry fanciers for unnumbered decades, but now, it seems, it has been satisfactorily solved by a woman. She is Mrs. Sarah Erickson, of Palestine. Having kept chickens for thirty-seven years, she believes she qualifies as an expert in this line of effort.

"I have worked out the problem," she declares. "By using marked leg-bands, trap nests and alarm clocks attached to the nests I have determined that a hen lays an egg at the same hour, minute and second that she was born, or, rather, hatched.

"For instance, if the hen happened so be able to peck its way through its shell at precisely 7:43 a.m. And she will do this without variation every time she is inclined to lay. I have kept close, systematic watch on my hens for five years, and I have never known the rule to fail."

**Pilot Defied Kaiser.**

An amusing anecdote concerning the kaiser, said to have been told by a member of the German Yacht club, is published in Excelsior.

One day, as the imperial yacht Hohenzollern was entering a Norwegian port, the kaiser, impatient at the slowness of the vessel's speed, himself swung the bell indicating "increase speed."

To the kaiser's amazement the Norwegian pilot, an old sea-dog named Nordhuns, rushed to the telephone and cried to the engine room: "Slow down. Take no notice of the bell!"

The kaiser looked at the man who dared to speak thus in his presence, and said to the pilot: "Go and put yourself under arrest."

"I shall not leave this place," replied the old man firmly. "The ship is under my guidance, and I take orders from nobody, not even an emperor."

The officers looked on in silence, for they knew that the pilot had the nautical regulations in his favor. Great was their surprise, however, when they saw the kaiser quit the bridge, leaving the pilot alone.

The next day the kaiser, who had recovered his good humor, decorated the old sailor, and named him his "official pilot in Norwegian waters." — Paris Cable to New York Times.

**Remember About Sleeping.**

Sunlight is good for everything but feathers.

The best number of persons to each bed is—one.

Away with heavy hangings, either above or below the bed.

Beware dusty, musty carpet; better sweep and a bare floor.

Do not fail to provide some means for ventilation during the night.

Keep the head cool while sleeping, but not by a draft of cold air falling upon it.

If a folding bed must be used, contrive some way to keep it aired and wholesome.

Let the pillow be high enough to bring the head in a natural position—no more or less.

Thoroughly air the sleeping room every day; air the beds and bedding as often as possible.

A dark, out-of-the-way, unwholesome corner is no more fitted for a sleeping room than for a parlor.

Don't become a peripatetic gossip or a persistent tea drinker, nor, on the other hand, a solemn clam.

Don't tell what you are going to do—till you have done it.

People who build castles in the air are never sure of their ground.

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An egotist is a man who believes that if he were to hide his light under a bushel the whole world would be in darkness.

Anyway, trouble never dodges up an alley when a man is looking for it. It seems perfectly natural for some women to be artificial.

A busy tongue is responsible for much idle talk.

Sometimes a burglar leaves little to be desired.