

PATIENCE.

If, when morning breaks
Clouds obscure the sky,
Fear not; God who makes
Clouds, has sunshine high.
Be patient.

If the garden march,
Thirsty for the rain,
Know April follows March—
Showers will obtain.
Be patient.

When Mary's other head
Calls before you do,
Don't get mad and go;
He'll get tired, too.
Be patient.

If the good wife frown,
Wait a little while;
Keep your temper down,
Soon will come a smile.
Be patient.

When you're out of health—
If you're feeling sick—
Do not dose yourself,
Get a doctor quick.
Be patient.



THE EUTAW FLAG

By MARY E. RINGGOLD.
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Charleston, South Carolina, "the City by the Sea," on the morning of February 14, 1777, was unusually cold and dreary. Sleet and snow whirled hither and thither, and a biting northeast wind made it advisable for all not obliged to face the storm to remain within.

Jane Elliott was seated near a window, mechanically passing her needle through a dainty piece of embroidery. She felt a chill at her heart; the premonition of parting from a much-loved parent, now dangerously ill.

An elderly woman entered the room. "Mr. Elliott is awake," she said, "and wishes to see you."

Rising quickly, the girl went to her father's bedside.

"Ginnie," he murmured, using his favorite name for her, as with trembling touch he smoothed her hair, "do not weep because I am soon to leave you. For long years I have nursed your dear mother's sweet smile, I shall be glad to go in search of her. You have the same smile, the same laughing blue eyes and tender mouth. As women of your type love only too well, it behooves you to be exceedingly careful in your choice of male companions. Most women's lives are made beautiful or utterly ruined by the love they accept. You must not stay here. This land of rebels is not fit for my sweet flower. Promise that, when left alone, you will return at once to England."

A deep pallor in the girl's face replaced the flush of a few minutes before.

"It is time for the doctor," she exclaimed, rising. "I think he is coming."

"Ginnie," said her father, "you have not answered—"

Without apparently hearing him she left the room. Outside the door she paused.

"I could not promise and I could not answer," she murmured, "for, heaven help me, I love a rebel who glories in his defiance of England's king."

By evening the storm passed away. The stars shone brightly; the moonlight glorified all surrounding objects. Again Jane Elliott stood near a window, at the back of the house. She saw a familiar form enter the gate. She opened the door. A moment later Capt. William Washington stood before her.

"Why have you come here?" she asked. "I thought you were miles away with the rebels."

"You must know," he replied, "I returned to see your sweet face once more. To carry in my heart, amid the tumult and strife of battle, a picture of azure eyes, and sun-kissed hair; of



"Ginnie," said her father, "you have not answered—"

dimpled chin and laughing mouth. These shall nerve me to stand firm for the cause of liberty and right, until I return to claim them for my own."

"Nay, how can that be?" she asked. "My father to-day has commanded me to return to England as soon as—"

Her lip quivered. She could not complete the sentence.

"And you will obey him?" he questioned.

"Nay," she faltered, "I cannot let you go. I shall not return to England. When in battle your flag floats above

you, remember I honor it for your sake."

"I have no flag to carry with me," he replied, "and there is no time to get one. I leave tonight for the camp."

"I will make you one," said Jane.

Cutting a large square from the heavy silk curtain and binding it with gold braid taken from the girdle which had encircled her waist, she handed it to him.

"Take it," she murmured, "and keep it unsullied for the sake of your country and Jane Elliott. Both shall be proud of their hero, whether he returns bearing it triumphantly aloft, or tumbled above his breast."



"Jane, have you no word of welcome for me?"

A bell rang. It was the signal that visitors, perhaps the soldiers of the king, were approaching.

"God bless you, dearest," said Washington, taking the flag and kissing the hand that held it. "May He keep you safe until we meet again." Then he passed out of one door as the guests entered the other.

Mr. Elliott sank into a semi-conscious condition that night and became gradually weaker, until, a week later, as in a dream, he passed into that great unknown.

Jane did not return to England. Months and years passed. She received tender letters from Capt. Washington, full of devotion to her, to his country, and telling of his promotion to the rank of colonel.

In the spring of 1781 Jane sat near an open window, inhaling the fragrance of tea and cloth-of-gold roses, and watching the many-hued humming-birds, as they flitted about, sipping sweet refreshment alike from the poisonous trumpet flower and the coral honeysuckle. The deep blue of the sky, the bright sunshine and a gentle breeze made a perfect day. Yet Jane was sad. She had not recently heard either from or of her lover.

She was startled by the opening of the gate, and looking up, recognized Col. Tarleton, a British officer, though he wore the garb of a civilian.

"Miss Elliott," he said, standing near the window, "you do not know how delighted I am to see you."

"Are you just returned from the seat of war?" she asked. "If so, can you tell me anything about Col. Washington?"

"Are you in earnest? What can a rebel of the worst type be to you? Besides, I hear he is so illiterate he cannot write his own name."

"You have been misinformed," said Jane coldly. "At any rate," glancing at his hands, "he can make his mark."

Col. Tarleton frowned. So she knew that Washington had, by a stroke of his saber, cut off two of his (Tarleton's) fingers while catching his horse's bridle in an attempt to make him a prisoner.

"One truth I did hear, however," he remarked. "Just after the battle of Cowpens, as he was riding through the woods, he met Miss Evelyn Morris, carrying her sick brother in her arms. She had fled when the fighting began in search of a place of safety. He conducted her to a friend's house. Admiring her bravery and courage in risking her own life to save the boy's, he fell desperately in love with her. The feeling proved mutual and they are to be

married in a short time. He wins hearts so easily I wish I had seen him during the campaign."

"To me your memory seems poor," said Jane, "but had you looked behind you at the battle of the Cowpens, you would certainly have had that pleasure."

Col. Tarleton made no reply, but, bowing low, departed. She had scorned him, but he had left an arrow to rankle in her heart.

Jane left the window, passed into the garden, and seated herself on a vine-encircled bench. So this was the reason for his not writing. She was forgotten, or worse, discarded for a new love. It seemed impossible to believe it. He was too noble and honorable to be untrue to the woman he had taught to love him. Tears filled her eyes. Her head drooped. Why had he not written? She did not wish to believe it, and yet—

Suddenly the sound of martial music recalled her wandering thoughts. The victorious troops were passing through the city.

Her lover should be in command. Why was he not with her? Alas! Must she believe Tarleton's cruel tale? The music died away. She bowed her head on her clasped hand and became oblivious to all, save her own sad misgivings. She did not hear the gate open behind her nor see the advancing form, nor note the eager gaze of the eyes that rested lovingly upon her.

"Jane," said a familiar voice, "have you no word of welcome for me?"

"Why have you not written recently?" she asked, coldly, not raising her eyes.

"Look up and see," he replied.

"Forgive me," she said, seeing that his right hand was in a sling.

"I was wounded," he said, "but I have brought you back, unsullied, the flag you gave me. It is covered with glory. Long years hence, still known as the Eutaw flag, it will be cherished and honored by all Americans, but especially by the sons of Charleston. Will you not give me yourself in exchange for it?"

Jane trembled with joy. Tarleton had told a falsehood. "I have no choice," she replied. "Who could resist the hero of Eutaw and the Cowpens?"

"Author's Note.—The above named flag really exists; came into existence as stated in the story; is in the possession of the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., and is one of the few Revolutionary flags still in use. It is known as the Eutaw flag."

LIFE THAT IS UNCONSIDERED.

Billions of Living Things That Swarm on the Globe.

Few persons ever consider the enormous amount of life other than human which exists the world over. In populous London, for instance, there are three times as many rats as people, and three times as many sparrows as rats. Cultivated country districts in England are said to contain from 700 to 1,000 birds to the square mile.

As for the insect population, that is quite beyond any statistician to figure out; but the fact that each bird certainly consumes on an average fifty insects a day may give the person who tries to imagine it some faint idea of the terrible figures needed to express it. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides was calculated by an authority at 12,000,000.

M. Yung, a French entomologist, has killed the ants in five hills by means of a poisonous gas, and undertaken the prodigious labor of counting the dead. The results, beginning from the smallest hill, were, respectively, as follows: Seventeen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, 19,333, 53,018, 64,470 and 93,964. The real figures probably averaged 5,000 higher in each case, as no allowance was made by M. Yung for absent and escaped ants.

WHY SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

Ambitious Woman Would Get Even for Snubbings of Society.

A woman who lives on the fringe of fashionable society in this city and is consumed with an ambition to break into the innermost circle, recently went to a psychic and had him read her character. The psychic happened to be a man of unusual honesty and candor, and the social climber was impressed with the truth of the things he told her about herself.

"Do you know," she said to him, "I could make your everlasting fortune for you by recommending you to my acquaintances? I have enough social influence to have you taken up."

"But you would expect some return," suggested the psychic.

"Yes, I would," acknowledged the woman, "and I'll tell you just what I want you to do. I want you to read the characters of certain women and tell me all the mean things you find out about them."

"Why?"

"Well, I feel there is no use of my trying to deceive you. Those women have snubbed me cruelly, and I want to be able to say things about them that will sting."—New York Press.

A Sin.

I met a woman in the street,
The angry wind seemed blowing through.

I halted, for the way she trod
Reminded me of you.

She turned and spoke in tones that matched
Her soft, tear-clouded eyes of blue;
I gave her bread because her voice
Reminded me of you.

But as I went upon my road,
The sin flashed full upon my view—
In that I only gave to God,
In memory of you. —Norman Gale.

Ought to Have It.

"I think I am entitled to a medal," he said.

"For what?"

"Why, I'm sure I can write poetry, but I never tried, and I'm not going to."

THE BOY IN CHURCH

THREE TYPICAL YOUNGSTERS AT THEIR "DEVOTIONS."

Incident Which Sedate Man Declares Would Have Surprised King Solomon—"Nothing Doing" When the Collection Plate Was Passed.

"Solomon was a wise guy in his day," said a churchgoer who occasionally forgets himself in his talk and runs in a word or expression familiar to the street, "but he didn't know it all about children. That break of his about training up a child in the way he should go is an example of his lack of knowledge on the subject."

"I wish Solomon had been in the gallery of a Fifth Avenue church last Sunday, so that he could have seen the capers of three youngsters who had been sent to church by their people. I don't know where their people were, but they had trained their boys to go to church, and each one had some cents to put on the plate."

"When I saw the three boys come in and fill up a short pew I became interested in them. I knew from observation, to say nothing about my recollections of my own youth, that something would be doing in that short pew before recessional."

"One of them had a paper covered book. He fished it out of his hip pocket. Then he put a wad of gum where it made his cheeks look as if he had a swollen tooth, and getting the gum under way he began on the page that had a dog ear such as only a boy knows how to make."

"I think he would have confined himself to the book and his gum if the other boys had been more attentive to the way in which their parents thought they had been trained. But the other two began matching the pennies which had been given them for the offertory."

"When one of them went broke in the game he touched the boy with the book and the gum for his pennies. He put up several and lost."

"The winner at the end of the pew was evidently a game sport. When he had the other boys broke he suggested knives, and soon had two."

"Finally the boy with the dog-eared literature put up his book and lost. The winner wigwagged to the loser to put up his gum, but the loser drew the line at that, and worked his jaws more vigorously than ever."

"When the sermon was over and the man who looks after the collection in the gallery passed the plate to the short pew, the boy who had all the capital was asleep; to be accurate, he had his eyes closed. The boy who sat next kicked him on the shin, but the blow had no visible effect. I never realized the force of the expression 'nothin' doin' as I did when I saw the face of the boy who was playing possum when the plate was put before him."

"When the service was over and the three boys left the church the two who had gone broke backed the winner up against the side of the church and made him divvy. I walked away wondering what those boys would say when they went home."

"I had intended to reprimand them when they reached the street, but a dim recollection broke upon me. It was the similitude of a dream of other days. And when I reached my home and was asked the subject of the sermon I simply lied out of it."—New York Sun.

A Tiny Shoe.

They found him by the roadside dead,
A ragged tramp unknown;
His face upturned in mute despair,
His helpless arms out-thrown.
The lark above him sang a song
Of greeting to the day.
The breeze blew fresh and sweet and stirred
His hair in wanton play.

They found no clew to home or name,
But tied with a ribbon blue
They found a package, and it held
A baby's tiny shoe.
Half worn and old, a button off,
It seemed a sacred thing;
With reverence they wrapped it close
And tied the faded string.

And laid it on the peaceful breast
That kept the secret well;
And God will know and understand
The story it will tell
Of happy times and peaceful home
That dead tramp sometime knew,
Whose only relic left him was
The baby's tiny shoe.

TRAINING OF RACE HORSES.

Much Depends Upon Those Who Have Them in Charge.

"A good trainer cannot make a Lou Dillon or a Creseus out of a street car horse; but a poor trainer might very rapidly reduce either of those equine nobles to a wreck," said a horse owner. "The training of a horse is simple as far as manual labor goes; but the different temperaments of the horses must be known, and sometimes they are as hard to read as different phases in human nature."

"A colt born in early spring, if he is to be a runner, is accustomed to the saddle that fall. The colt learns that no harm is meant him, and is usually gentle. Th. n he is led around the track day after day until the time comes for mounting, when a boy is put upon his back and he is first walked, then trotted, then galloped over the track, going faster as his strength and power increase. His first real run is three-eighths of a mile, when some idea of his speed is obtained. For a kind attendant he will do his utmost."

"In many cases horses are intensely nervous before a race and lose their appetites. To a high-strung animal this is not conducive to good results. They are dieted, or 'drawn,' as it is called, though not as much as of old, when on the day before a race a runner received only a sip of water and very little to eat."

SENATOR STEWART OF NEVADA WEDS MRS. MAY AGNES CONE



Nevada Veteran Follows Example of His Colleagues, Depew and Platt, by Marrying a Young Wife.

SENATOR TAKES A BRIDE.

William Morris Stewart of Nevada, Weds Mrs. M. A. Cone.

William Morris Stewart, the white-haired senator from Nevada, has followed the recent example of Senators Depew and Platt and is now a bridegroom. He was married Oct. 26 at Atlanta, Ga. The woman who became his wife was Mrs. May Agnes Cone of Madison, Ga. Mrs. Cone was the widow of the late Theodore C. Cone, son of the famous Francis S. Cone, noted in antebellum days as a lawyer.

The wedding was the culmination of a courtship comparatively brief. Since her husband's death, nine years ago, Mrs. Cone has spent her time alternately in Washington and Madison, Ga. In the latter place she lived with her sister, Mrs. Joel L. Billups, and her life there was rather quiet. In Washington, however, she was seen much in society, and in the foremost circles of the capital she numbered her friends by scores.

Senator Stewart met her in Washington when he re-entered society after the death of his first wife. A few months ago the most intimate friends of the couple became aware that the friendship of the two had ripened into something warmer and not long after that they were informed of the engagement.

The bride is more than thirty years Senator Stewart's junior. She is a brunette and handsome.

Senator Stewart is 76 years old and was first sent to the United States senate in 1864. After twelve years' service he resumed the practice of law in Nevada, but in 1887 he was again sent to the senate, where he has remained ever since.

Senator Clark enjoys the distinction of being the only man in the senate who has never been shaved. His beard began to grow when he was 16 and has been growing for sixty years.

Miss Helen Keller's Studies.

Helen Keller has just begun her senior year at Radcliffe. Her studies this year will consist of Prof. Kittredge's Shakespearean course, Dr. Neilson's English literature, Professor Moore's course in Plautus, Cicero and Lucretius, and Prof. Morgan and Dr. Rand's course in Latin, which covers the annals of Tacitus, the satires and epistles of Horace and selections from Catullus. Up to the present time Miss Keller has passed with credit all her college examinations. When she has completed this year's work, as outlined, she will have accomplished more in the way of scholarship than any other person who has been handicapped with the loss of sight, hearing and speech.

Famous Civil War Soldier.

Major General David McMurtie Gregg, who has been chosen commander in chief of the Loyal Legion, is the man who led the famous cavalry charge which contributed so much to Meade's victory at Gettysburg. Lieut. General S. B. M. Young, now head of the army, was at that time a captain of cavalry under Gregg. Gen. Brooke, another famous fighter, was chosen vice commander, the junior vice being rear Admiral Clark, whose record-breaking trip with the battleship around Cape Horn made him a figure of international fame.

Woman in High Position.

For the first time the board of trustees of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh has elected a woman to fill one of its positions. Miss Sara E. Weir has been chosen assistant secretary in recognition of her long and faithful service as private secretary to the different treasurers. In her new position she will practically have supervision over the disbursement of a building fund which amounts to over \$5,000,000.

HEAR NEW MINISTER WEEKLY.

South Carolina College Makes Novel Provisions for Students.

The State Agricultural and Mechanical college of South Carolina has adopted a novel method of supplying the pulpit of the college chapel.

The Rev. Oliver Johnson of Leslie, S. C., preached here last Sunday in the college chapel to the 700 students of the college. Until this year the students were dependent for Sunday preaching upon the pastors of Clemson congregations, but the board of trustees at the close of last year voted an appropriation for the purpose and directed the faculty of the college to supply the chapel with ministers selected from the state at large to represent every denomination. A different minister will officiate each Sunday, thus enabling the students in the course of a year to see and hear the most noted ministers in the state, regardless of creed. The appropriation contemplates \$25 a sermon as a proper price. All arrangements for the services are made by a special committee of the college faculty.

Fencing Popular With Women. Fencing among women promises to achieve a popularity this season never before accorded the sport by fair devotees. This is especially noticeable in the larger eastern cities, nearly all of whom have fencing clubs. Many competitions are scheduled, indicating women's appreciation of this exercise, which can be indulged in by them without public displays and without fear of acquiring "mannish" characteristics. The Fencers' club of New York offers to its female members advantages that tend to advance the game. The officers of the National Amateur Fencers' League of America contemplate a series of intercity team contests between the fencing clubs of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.

Relaxation in Solitaire.

Pierpont Morgan finds mental relaxation in solitaire, in which respect he resembles the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. The latter always amused himself with a pack of cards before delivering one of his lectures. His object was to induce a state of mental repose and clarity. Throughout the week he had been actively engaged in the handling of important law cases. He did not wish to pass from what might be termed a legal state of mind to a purely literary, philosophic or ethically argumentative one. So he rested his brain with a game of solitaire.

Titled Women in Trade.

From duchesses down, the haughty dames of England are going into trade. The Duchess of Abercorn owns a flourishing creamery at Baroncourt, Ireland; Lady Warwick has many farms in the fire; another countess bought motors and let them out for hire, and Lady Essex is, or was, part proprietor in a flourishing laundry business. London laundresses leave much to be desired, and a few society women, including Lady Essex and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, have started a well-managed French laundry in one of the nearer suburbs.

The World-Weary Shah.

The shah of Persia, who received some months ago from his English friend the Order of the Garter, is said to have the most tired appearance of any of the reigning sovereigns. His eyes are weary by the sight of every luxury. During his visit to England all the statuary was removed from Marlborough house out of regard for his susceptibilities, but he showed small interest in his surroundings. One toy did excite his interest, however, and this was a tiny jeweled bird, which sang delightfully.