MACHINE-GROUND PAINT.

Occasionally one hears the "handdred" paint of the painter slightingly oken of as "unscientific" and "not roughly mixed." The facts are all m the side of the painter and his handrepared paint.

It is the most "scientific" paint there is, because it is made on the spot to muit the particular purpose for which it is to be used. It is as scientific as a good doctor's prescription. If the paintor did not mix it thus it would be as inscientific as a patent medicine. Moreover the paint which a good painter turns out is made of genuine white lead and pure linseed oil. If he does not mix it himself he is not sure what is in it and consequently his client cannot

As for not being thoroughly mixed by machinery, that is simply a mis-statement. White Lead as made by National Lead Company is thoroughly incornoseed oil in the factory, making a paste. This paste need only be thinned with additional linseed oil to make it ready for the brush.

The thorough incorporation of pigment and oil has already been accomplished before the painter gets it.

To know how to tell pure white lead is a great advantage to both painter and house-owner. National Lead Company will send a tester free to anyone interested. Address the company at Woodbridge Building, New York, N. Y.

Our Own Minstrels.

Rones-Mistah Walkah, wot am de diff unce 'tween a porous plastah on a man an' a story dat's tole froo a long distance telephone?

distance telephone.

Bones-De one am a close connection an' de uddah am a distant relation.

Interlocutor-Ladies and gentlemen, now sing the familiar and touching ballad of the sea, "Lean Over the Rail, My Own ; You'll Feel Better Presently.'

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON.

Cured by Cutleura.

"My little son, when about a year plentiful in the farm-houses of the and a half old began to have sores early thirties; there was only one in warned, a terrific whizz that a modern come out on his face. They began to the house, the tall, oak-encased time- motor car ineffectually imitates. Patty come on his arms, then on other parts piece that, solemn and solid as a ran, bruising herself against doors and of his body, and then one came on his church tower, stood downstairs in the ballustrades, recking nothing of ghosts, chest, worse than the others. At the dining-room. Farmer Spotswood's sil- fearing a worse enemy now, and only end of about a year and a half of suf- ver turnip, and his wife's gold Geneva, too glad to escape from the evil spirits fering he grew so had I had to the his which was wound up only on state ochands in cloths at night to keep him casions, were both away with their from scratching the sores and tearing owners at the great sheep fair, and the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton would not be back till the morrow. Of and was hardly able to walk. I sent what account was a little time, more

to the drug store and got a cake of or less, in this rambling, forgotten-by Cutleura Soap and a box of Cutleura the-world farmstead. Yet the girl, Ointment, and at the end of about two fresh from sleep, had no idea whether months the sores were all well. He it was late or early, and much had to has never had any sores of any kind be done in house and dairy ere her since, and only for the Cuticura Reme- master and mistress came home.

dies my precious child would have died Patty stood shivering on the landfrom these terrible sores. I used only ing. There was nothing. Nothing one cake of Soap and about three box- save the sigh of the wind, the creak es of Cuticura Ointment. Mrs. Egbert of a crazy lattice, broken startlingly Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, by the grinding of a chimney cowl Conn., April 22, 1905." overhead. Patty Phippen, growing suddenly bold, put her foot upon the

FLIES ENVELOP SHIP.

Cloud of Stinging Insects Drive Swiftly at first, then more slowly, for her heart was full of fear in the gloom. Every One from the Decks.

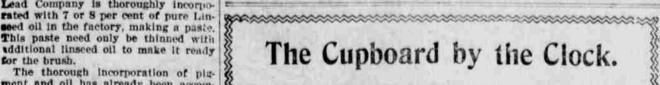
THE CROW.

When the chill of whater softens and the south whad brings a thaw, Sails a black ship up the heavens, and the captain cries. "Haw! haw!" Such a homely, hearty greeting, never yet misunderstood, And my heart hughs back an answer, "It is good, ave, it is good!"

Walting not for April's passport, hear blin give the countersign Loud and clear, his good ship freighted with a treasure that is mine. Every field's a port of entry, all the duties have been paid, He is master, he is captulu, and why should be be afraid?

What cares he for stormy passage as he sails above the world? Never tempest can affright him-below are lashed and sails are furled-And the dark ship rides in sufety, he is free to come and go Over all the waste of waters, floating high or floating low

"Ship aboy!" he halls, in passing smaller craft that come his way; Ab, the wintry day is warmer since I heard his call to-day ! Other ships may reach our harlors, other birds may come and go, "Ask me when the spring is nearing, I can tell you," says the crow, -Youth's Companion.



0 The girl sat up in bed, listening, | voluntarily, for a falling girl may The rat or two scouring the floor of surely without ridicule carch unwitthe bare attic scuttled to corners as tingly at paper if drowing men are the worm-eaten bedposts creaked to allowed to clutch at straws. Patty her movement. Even the glitter of scrambled from her chair quivering af their eyes was robbed of half its ter- frightedly, the packet in her hand, ror, so great was the darkness; but Hers was a simple, honest mind; un the girl, too used to their presence to educated, knowing nothing save of the feel much alarmed, slipped out of bed dally duties of her narrow life. Be-Interlocutor-I am unable to answer unafraid, for the morning, she thought, youd that all was a vascitude of wonthat one, William. Kindly tell me what must surely be near at hand. She saw ders, of mysteries and unimaginable the difference is between a porous plaster through the thick, greenish panes of things. Alone in the darkness, solitary on a man and a story told through a long the dormer window that the January in that cerie old house, she conceived sky was filled with cloud-wrack, unlit herself encompassed by she knew not by the stars that usually served as her what evil; felt almost that by some clock. The old farmhouse, empty of incomprehensible means she had been with your kind permission the celebrated any human life save her own, monned plunged into some unknown place and vocalist, Herr Ruffin de Larrinks, will dolorously, as ever and again the win- escaped unharmed. She knew of no ter blasts embraced it. The girl groped cupboard by the old clock: to her on her little trunk for the tinder box knowledge only the dark wainscoting and knocked it over the edge, whence had been there, visible to her eyes it fell upon the floor with a resound- month after month. Yet it had opened ing clatter that made the rats scurry to receive her. The earth's dividing In Torments with Terrible Sores on and her heart give a great thump. She and swallowing her and vomiting her Face and Body-Tore at Flesh- crept to the door; what was the time. forth would have seemed no greater she wondered. Clocks were not so miracle to her.

Above her head the upright clock by hiding under the bedclothes.

"Hullo!" said Farmer Spotswood the next morning as he looked with astonishment at the unexpected recess that now appeared in the wall beside the



stunaped off ponderously to the "barkon," leaving Patty to repeat her story, with much irrelevant and some imag-Inary detail, to Mistress Spotswood over the turning of the sage cheese in the dalty.

That evening the farmer, with a mug of home-brewed at his elbow, and a church-warden in his hand to aid him, spelled aloud slowly to his wife the qualit and curly words of the strangely discovered paper from the cupboard in the wall. They neither of them understood the half of it; but their very genuine shrewdness enabled them, nevertheless, to arrive at a pretty clear idea of its general purport. The document was undoubtedly a will -the last testament of the former owner of the house and farm, old John Phippen. In it he bequeathed everything to his son, or, in case of his death, to his son's lawful daughter, Palty, and to other of his lawful children, should there be any.

"This be terrible bad," said Farmer Spotswood to his wife, as he balanced the paper on his knee. "It be an uncommon queer thing, too." "Well, and what's the meanin' of

The farmer was a cautious man, and

he cogitated well and long before he made reply: "'Pears that we shall have to hand over the farm to Patty -old Phippen's granddarter. 'Cordin to this the whole place belongs to her. and us shall have to turn out and let her have it."

"I'll do naught aw the kind so long as I ha' breath, an' you'll be a fool if you do," said Mistress Spotswood, emphatically.

"Us must do zummat about it." "We ha' fived here schentcen yer ome Michaelmas, and I beant a-goin' to turn out for no servin' wench at my time o' life."

"Twere main unlucky the maid found un." said the farmer. He turned the document over and over, and unsuccessfully sought to find a fresh and less disturbant wording by trying It upside down.

"This comes of gallivantin' off to junkets," said his wife, virtuously, "Twill be a long while afore the Lord ketches I at fairs agen, leavin' the maids a-routin' thes house out to find what the Lord meant to be presarved in secret."

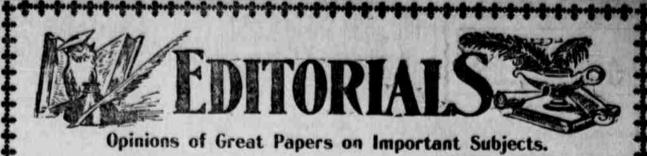
"Very true, very true," said Farmer spotswood, greatly impressed. "'Twere widently meant by Providence that this here paper should be lost-'twere meant to be done away wi', in a sort of manner of speakin'."

"No doubt o't, Lijah. No doubt at all o' that."

The farmer folded up the paper with great deliberation. "I for one beant join' agen it," he said, "The maid wordna' meant to ha' her gramfer's noney, that's sartain, and tain't fit that we should seek to alter it." He paused in thought, "Heave up thic end of the log. Keziah."

The roaring of the bough, the snapping of myriad sparks, drowned the crackling of the paper as the farmer thrust the will into the heart of the fire with the toe of his boot. It burst into vivid life; the flate, danced and

leaped as though trying to escape and run; it licked the crustiling white bark as if in wild ende we to lift the written secret away from destruction on its flying flame-tips. He watched the flames devour it, reflectingly, "'Tis wonderful to think why Provi-



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HE reason why women have not yet obtained the right of suffrage was made very plain in New York's capitol while the argament went on over the proposed consti-10 5 3 2 4 tutional amendment to strike out the limfting word "male" from the provision re-

garding the right to vote. A number of equal suffragists were present, but there was also a strong delegation of women from all parts of the State opposing them, and these women were just as voluble, fluent and argumentative as the suffragists.

WHY WOMEN CAN NOT VOTE.

Their presence there lent point to Gov. Hughes' remarks when he said that the decision of the question of female suffrage rests with women themselves. What the women of New York really want they will have, for men will not dare to deny them.

But so long as the women are divided on the subject, men cannot be blamed for taking no action. Some women want the right to vote; but, on the other hand, as many women, perhaps more, do not wish the right, and say so emphatically.

Before suffragists ask the voters to give them the suffrage they should go out and convert their own sex. When that is done they will have no more trouble .-Kansas City World,

AS TO A HUSBAND'S POCKETS.

MASSACHUSETTS husband has been granted a divorce because he averred his wife interfered with his personal liberty by searching his pockets while he was asleep. The wisdom of the court's decision may have been perfectly proper in that instance. But probably the husband should have had

his pockets searched. He may have been a husband who compelled his wife to beg for every penny given her, and the poor woman may have been driven to desperation in her necessity for money to buy articles for the home or for herself. There are husbands so mean that their wives are justified in not only searching their pockets, but in using a club to compet them to disgorge.

Or it may be that the wife has reason for believing her husband's pocket contained certain letters of which he desired to keep her in ignorance, and that she is being made the victim of a domestic tragedy in which her life's happiness is at stake. In such an event she is justified in going to any extreme, and every court in the land should stand back of her.

The average wife will not object to her husband searching her pocket at any time. She knows she is safe, because she has no pocket. Should she have one she is equally safe, for no man could find it, even with the assistance of a search warrant.

Neither do we believe the average husband objects to a search of his pockets by his wife, for we are constrained to believe the average man is such a good hushand that he supplies his wife with money without the necessity of her going to such extremes to secure it. Also he is so true that he does not fear she will find any incriminating letters.

Of course, we suppose there are wives who are so suspicious of their husbands and so mean and ill-tempered that they search their husbands' pockets for no other ren. | ed States into that position .- Chicago Journal.

less?"

The mistress of the household went

pillows on the lounge with her face.

FORTUNE IN CROWS.

Wood Lot Worth 25c Each.

ting on a good deal of style at her age.'

'Brose allowed that he did

Chicago Daily News.

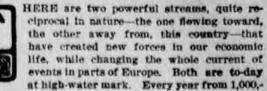
hlmself.

all about it.

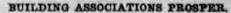


son than from pure cussedness. It may be this Massachusetts woman belongs to that class. . In that event, the court acted wisely in granting the divorce, but it would not be judicious for other courts to use this case to establish a precedent .--- Toledo Blade.

IMMIGRANT LABOR'S COST.



000 to 1,250,000 allens are admitted to American ports. Some come to work and save and found new homes; others to work and sweat and save so that, finally, they may relanse into a life of ease in the land of their nativity. They form the westward-flowing stream. Out of this stream there is created that other one whose current is castward. But, whereas the first is of humanity, the second is of gold. Out of the savings of the foreignborn in America \$250,000,000 a year is now going abroad. The annual increase is about 10 per cent. If this money were retained here, it would be sufficient, every year, to liquidate our interest-bearing debt. It cannot be controlled. It is the guid pro quo, the international credit balance, to which the immigrant laborer is entitled if he is worthy of his hire. The annual distribution of this great sum of money throughout Europe is in the following proportion : Italy, \$70,000,000; Austria-Hungary. \$65,000,000; Great Britain, \$25,000,000; Norway and Sweden, \$25,000,000; Russia \$25,000,000; Germany, \$15,-000,000; Greece, \$5,000,000; all others, including France, Switzerland, Belgium and Denmark, \$10,000,000 .- North American Review.





HE man who invests his savings in a building and loan association hus one advantage over the man who buys stocks or goes into business. His savings are not likely to be swept away in times of panic. Last year, while banks were falling on

every side, while stocks were tumbling, while business was unsettled and far from profitable, the building and loan associations of the United States increased their assets by \$77,000,000. They now care for \$728,000,000 of the people's savings. Not a slagle association was affected by the financial flurry of last autumn, even to the extent of a run by investors, much less to the point of closing its doors. All flourished throughout the country.

Investors in building and loan associations deserve this immunity, for they are benefiting the country as well as themselves. They are crecting their own homes, and thus improving their citizenship, because the man who owns his own home is not likely to be unpatriotic. He regards the country's interests as well as his private interests.

A nation of home owners can defy any fate, and building and loan associations are doing much to put the Unit-

"If you don't think it is why do you yesterday. They say there's more than do it?" asked the friend of the family. a million of 'em. We calc'late that a "Why not encourage him to be care- million crows at 25 cents apiece is \$250,000, and that's what your Uncle "He isn't careless," protested the mis-Joshus is w tress of the household. "He's just a York World. little forgetful. He means to put things



dense swarm of insects that drove every person from the decks.

plowing her way along late in the afternoon, when a cloud was seen com- ed her. ing out of the far west. As it grew rapidly in dimensions and density the blest thou this earth?" passengers and crew hoped for a coolseek shelter below.

The insects resembled a small fly or gnat, and remained with the ship until nightfall, when a northerly breeze sprang up and drove them off.

Sark was attacked by a swarm of in- less afraid, and repeated with greater sects in precisely the same place. The sailors were kept below for hours by to the most pathetic bathos: "'Christ, the insects.

Garfield Tea cannot but commend itself to those desiring a laxative at once sim- of the clock was audible, a sonorous ple, pure, mild, potent and health-giving It is made of Herba. All drug stores.

Slight Misunderstanding.

They had been engaged just seventeen minutes by the clock, yet for the last three-seventeenths of that period there had been a proud, scornful look upon her fair face that was calculated to wither the orange blossoms,

"I can't imagine, dear," he said, sadly, "what has come over you so suddenly. I simply asked if you were romantic, when----"

"Oh, George, forgive me!" she exclaimed with a convulsive sob, as she threw ner arms about his neck. "I thought you asked me if I was rheumatic."

Not Quite.

Penitent Youth (painfully embarrass ed)-Miss Freckley, I was-er-consid-erably excited with wine when I called on you the other evening. Did-did I ose to you?

Miss Freckley-No, Mr. Katzen; you were not quite-er-excited enough for Leaning trembling against the wall she that.

shriekod.

Always at It.

Mrs. Pease-My husband and I nevel dispute before the children. We alwayi send them out when a quarrel seems imminent.

Miss Sharp-Aw, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street!

Allee Samee.

Customer (surprised to find Hung Lip's laundry open)-Why, Hung, are you working this morning? This is Washington's birthday. Hung Lip-Evly day Washee Washee

Billions of flies or gnats, in a swarm | Half a century before a woman had so thick that the sun was obscured for been murdered in that very house, and several hours, enveloped the German her spirit in hideous guise was still steamship, Ammon, which has just ar- reputed to haunt the dismal passages. EACH INSTANT SHE SPENT IN DREAD. rived at this port, says the Seattle cor- Patty, like all her class of the time, respondent of the New York Times firmly believed in ghosts, witchcraft great clock. "You bin carpenterin', my The vessel was running along about and the powers of darkness. Each inmaid?" sixty miles off the Galapagos Islands, stant she spent in dread, expecting to "Naw," said Patty. "I found thic near the equator west of South Amer- see some unearthly sight; she crossed cupboard this marnin' when I come ica, when a westerly breeze brought the one finger over another to make the down to look at the time." sign of the blessed cross, and cried

first stair. She began to descend,

aloud at every step she descended a lidly, tightening his bootlace. "Ther be The captain and his officers have protecting exorcism: "In the name of a many more things for a man to passed the islands several times, and Christ, why troublest thou this earth?" knaw however long he do live." say they are unable to account for the She would shave cried it louder, but "The devil he pushed I over into it strange phenomenon. The vessel was dared not; the sound of her own voice in the dark," averred Patty. breaking the solemn stillness frighten-The farmer took no notice of the devil, but continued his line of thought.

"In the name of Christ, why trou

She stopped breathless. There had ing shower to ward off the perpendicu- been a rustle, a strange pat, pat. The lar rays of the tropic sun. Instead of girl almost swooned upon the stair; a cloud of vapor they received a cloud she prayed, not aloud this time, but of pestiferous insects that bit and inaudibly. Another step; again the stung until every person was forced to sound. 'Twas the swish of the hem of

treated her as familiarly and as kindher shift on the stair edges. She scur ly as they would have treated their ried across the landing a-tiptoe, and own girl had they one. Orphaned, and began to go down the nether flight of the supposed daughter of a ne'er-dostairs, the unaccustomed tap of her well whom a father had cast off and bare feet on the boards seeming a who had died on the night of his re-In May last the Norwegion bark sound unearthly. Yet she began to feel turn to his native village, she had, after years of squalid and precarious confidence the exorcism, which sank existence, found a refuge with the Spotswoods. That very farmhouse had Christ, why troublest thou this once been the home of the wealthy old

earth?" John Phippen; but, though he had pre-Her goal was won. The throbbing deceased his son, he had died intestate, and that son's presumable child had neither friend nor influence to save visible. The room was no lighter than her grandfather's fortune from falling the stairs and passages had been, but into the clutch of the Crown. The farm Patty felt less afraid; even the clock had been sold; Spotswood had purreassured her with its voice of comchased it for far less than its value. panionship. She had only to cross the and the name of Phippen was almost room, mount a chair, feel the position forgotten among the yeomen of the disof the hands on the clock face; the trict. Kindness or unkindness, nevertask was not quite unfamiliar to her. theless, the work had to be done, and The heavy oak chair scraped the Farmer Spotswood and his wife took boards as Patty dragged it into place. care that Patty should do her share of

Up she clambered nimbly with youth though country bred. But her hand, "Get thee along, maid," repeated the extended to open the glass door, did not encounter it. Her position had been

farmer, stamping his boots to settle his feet in them to as great a degree miscalculated, and Patty, losing her of comfort as was possible. balance, almost fell over the back of "I found zum papers in the cupher chair, and came with force and board," said Patty. "There be writing outstretched palms against the waln-

on them; but I cain't read. I do only scoting of the wall beside the clock, know my letters." Her imagination, though none of the quickest, was sufficiently keen for her "A good job, too. Radeing he an idle aractice for maids." remarked her to conjure terrifying visions of Satan

muster, sententiously. pushing her to destruction from the Patty ran out of the room, to return, pinnacle of a horsehair-covered chair. breathless, a minute later with the discovered packet, now somewhat unburthened of dust, and with writing in As the cry echoed to the ham-laden faded ink now legible to a practiced

rafters the wall seemed to give way eye upon it. before her pressure, almost precipitating her disastrously over the chair "This one do begin 'l, j, o, h, n." back. Patty clutched in desperation said Patty, eagerly; "but the letters at whatever she touched to save her- be as carly and twisty as a cow's tail, self. She seemed to have dived al- and I caln't make out no more of most to the cloows into some strange them."

recess in the wall. Dust in clouds came ""Tis naught of consequence. I war forth from it, succe-producing-thick rant," said Farmer Spotswood, turning as peat smoke. Grasped within the the paper over in his hand incuriously, fingers of her left hand was a bundle and tossing it on the broad shelf above of papers, stiff, hard, oblong. Patty the mantel. "I be busy now; tha must became aware of their presence with wait till I ha' more time."

surprise. She had grasped them in- With no other word of comment

dence should ha' seen fit to deal so hardly wi' the maid," he said. "Patty be a good wench, too," said is wife, with a tremor of compunc-

tion. "Ay, she be that." echoed Farmer Spotswood. " 'Tis a sort of a pity that "Aw," said Farmer Spotswood, stothe Lord should ha' seen fit to chasten her zoa. Mind you, do tell her she can ha' a goose agg for her breakfast, Keziah."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

Condor Individuality.

We had the best chance of studyics the colors of the condor head. The bill "I've lived in theyse house nigh on was horn color, and the red skin of the twenty yer and never knawed thic haul head extended down, covering it about were there. "Twill be main handy." alfway. The legs were tan, but on He got up from his chair. "Now, my each knee was a patch of red. On the maid, get thee along to the buttery." breast of each bird the skin was blood Patty Phippen had been with the red and could be seen occasionally Spotswoods since her tenth year. They when the breast feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light colored wing bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange red, and below this in the neck was a strip of greenish yellow merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye into the orange red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep and red and conspicuous. The hald and wrinkled pate, the flabby lowls, with the cave-in expression of a toothless old woman-these helpeds to make up the condor individuality .--

William L. Finley in Century.

Joining the Great.

An Oxford undergraduate was recit ng a memorized oration in one of the lasses in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and plumped out, and all the books in and a look of black despair came over the bookcases, instead of half of them his face. He began as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen-Pitt is dead

Fox is dead, Gladstone is dead"to cry." Then, forgetting, he besitated for a mo ment and continued, "And-I-I-I am eginning to feel pretty 'sick' myself." -Lloyd's Weekly.

So Thrilling.

"Miss Elders was in that hotel fire but it doesn't seem to have upset her much.

"No, she had quite a pleasant ex perience."

"Why, I understand she had a very narrow escupe."

"Yes, but a handsome young fireman carried her to safety in his arms."-Philadelphia Press.

A very jealous woman will often say, "I have not a jealous bone in my body." A woman who is not jealous never says anything about it.

A man of forty has spent at least five years of his life listening to the stories of other peoples' woes.



in their places, and he does sometime "Well," said the family friend, a -when he thinks of it. And he's alshe glanced around the library, "I must ways as sorry as he can be. Anyway, say the room looks a little more order-I don't like to see things too prim. I'd ly than it usually does at this time in sooner the place was a little untidy. the evening." It's homey, anyway."

The mistress of the household sighed The family friend laughed. 'Yes," she said, "it does." "Isn't it a comfort?" asked the fam

ily friend. "No," replied the mistress of the

bers on the-on the mantelplece. I household, rather shortly, it isn't." shouldn't mind if the room was blue "I should think it would be," said with smoke, if he was making it, and the family friend. "John Rickerson is there was a Dead Sea of ashes all over a good man. I'm not saying anything the Morris chair."

against your husband, my dear." "You'd better not." "Of course I wouldn't," said the family friend. "But I've heard you complain a thousand times of his careless habits. I know they'd drive me to distraction."

"He's a man," explained the mistress of the household.

"Oh, of course, but a man might be : Uncle Joshua Has a Million in His little neat and pick things up after him. I think I've got my husband educated to that. He was just as careless as John was when we were first mar-Joshua Vanderhoof of Pine Brook, N. ried."

"You've told me that before." "I know I have, and you've always said you wished I could take John in hand. When did you hear from him last?"

"On Thursday," replied the mistress of the household. "He's at Kausas City now and he'll be home Monday. The next time he takes a trip like that I'm going with him. I'm not going to stay all alone in this poky house." "Poky !"

"Yes, poky. If it doesn't look poky now I don't know what does. If could smoke without its stranging me and making me sick 1'd smoke."

on my farm, don't you?" "My dear!" "Yes, I would, and I'd shrow the ashes all over the carpet. Look at those cushions on the lounge, all smooth nor cut the timber off It.

scattered over the floor, and not a burn ed match anywhere. It makes me want some day,' said mother.

The friend of the family looked shocked. "Well," she said at last, "if know they were perfectly safe in the trees on that lot. So thousands of 'em you feel like that why don't you burn went there, until, by jiminetty, the some matches and throw them around You could have Bertha bring up som

inside of an empty black bottle, ashes from the furnace and dift then on the rug, too." "I was thinking of doing something like that when you came in," said the

Chicago have sworn off using any but mistress of the household, "only it crows' foathers in their bonnets. And wouldn't be quite the same thing." "You mean you wouldn't have any-Eliza read, too, that these good women

body to scold for it?" "I'm not going to scold any more. know I do scold about it, but I don't

agme swear-off. believe I ought to. It may be a fittle "So Eliza put her arms around my aggravating sometimes to have him put neck and kissed me and told me what his hat on the china cabinet instead of she read and said she-bright girl,

hanging it in the hall on the rack and 'Lize is: out his gloves on the mantel and kick "'Granny was right, par. There's a off his rubbers in the recention room fortune in that wood lot, but the crows

and things like that, but it doesn't seem is the fortune." worth while making a great fuss ubout."

HEB FATHER'S FIND.

Sad Climax of a Promising Essay in Archaeology.

Out east of town a short distance lives a man who has the relic bug, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To him a bit of crude Indian pottery "I don't care," said the mistress of has Rookwood ware pushed clear back the household. "I wish his hat was into a rear row. on the cabinet this minute and his rub-

He is crazy about all sorts of an tique and ancient things, including this so-called antique furniture, made just prior to the time that the manufacturers found out how to make furniture.

His real bete noir, though, is bronze stuff. It was no wonder that he got over and rumpled up one of the smooth all excited not long ago when he was kleking around his grounds and uproot-"Oh, tut, tut !" said the friend of the ed with his cane a piece of ancient family. "You mustn't be foolish !"bronze work that was unmistakably the real thing. His first impress when he looked at it was that it had been done by the Indians who used to hang around northern Ohio. But closer examination satisfied him that the carving on the curlo could not have "Gosh all bemlocks, but it's a fine been done by Indians. It was English. thing to be rich!" exclaimed Uncle timt's what it was. It bore the head of a woman fixed up in Queen Anne or J. "I've just been to the city and orqueen somebody style. He had found a dered a plano for my daughter Lizzie, relic that was a relic. and one of them buzz wagons for my

Having the history of such things wife, to be sent up to the farm. Bat right in mind, the archeologist at once I did tell the old woman she was putfigured it out that the relic was one of a lot of bronze things that had been "You must have got rich quick, Untraded to the Indians here years and cle Josh," said Ambrose, who keeps years ago for furs and other commodithe hotel on Bloomfield avenue, Montties.

clair, where the farmer was refreshing He went into the house and spent the rest of the evening reading up on the "No, it's taken more than a dozen subject to confirm his hypothesis, and years," said Uncle Josh, "but the realso planning how to go about tearing sult come mighty sudden. I'll tell you up his lawn to find the rest of the bronze junk. "You know that 40-nere wood lot up

The next day he had a drawing made of the piece he had found and sent it to the Smithsonian Institution people "Well," Uncle Josh went on, slpping at Washington, along with his theory his applejack, "before mother died she about how the Indians must have come made me promise not to sell that lot by it.

Smithsonian wrote back that they " There'll be a fortune in that lo had looked up the dope on the subject and were convinced that he was exact-"I kept my promise, and the crows ly right. It was indeed a bit of old -they're mighty wise, 'Brose-got to

English bronze and extremely rare. Now the near Clevelander had waited for that confirmation of his theories before showing his find to any of the trees are as black-as black as the family. But after he got that letter from Washington he delayed no longer. "Yesterday Eliza--sharp girl she is, He began by announcing that he had too-read in the newspapers that 1,000 made a discovery that promised to give women belonging to women's clubs in him lasting fame in archeological cir-

cles. Then he showed his find, His daughter-the oldest one-began

to laugh. are going to get thousands of other "I've hunted everywhere for that." women all over the country to take the she said. "It's my old belt buckle that

l lost last summer."

If a woman has a large family and does all her own work, it is like waving a red fing at a bull to ask her what she is doing in the way of fancy work.

Some men sit with their eyes closed "Lize and her mother went to the rather than see a woman stand in lot and counted the crows afore dusk | crowded car.