

MACHINE-GROUND PAINT.

Occasionally one hears the "hand-mixed" paint of the painter slightly spoken of as "unscientific" and "not thoroughly mixed."

It is the most "scientific" paint there is, because it is made on the spot to suit the particular purpose for which it is to be used.

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.

Our Own Minerals. Bones—Mistah Walkah, wot am de didance 'twixen a porous plaster on a man an' a story dat's told froo a long distance telephone?

Interlocutor—I am unable to answer that one, William. Kindly tell me what the difference is between a porous plaster on a man and a story told through a long distance telephone.

Bones—De one am a close connection an' de uthah am a distant relation.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission the celebrated vocalist, Herr Rufin de Larrinks, will now sing the familiar and touching ballad of the sea, "Lean Over the Rail."

Our Own: You'll Feel Better Presently.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON. In Torments with Terrible Sores on Face and Body—Tore at Flesh—Cured by Cuticura.

"My little son, when about a year and a half old began to have sores come out on his face. They began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton and was hardly able to walk. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since, and only for the Cuticura Remedies my precious child would have died from these terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1906."

FLIES ENVELOPE SHIP. Cloud of Stinging Insects Drive Every One from the Decks. Billions of flies or gnats, in a swarm so thick that the sun was obscured for several hours, enveloped the German steamship, Ammon, which has just arrived at this port, says the Seattle correspondent of the New York Times.

The vessel was running along about sixty miles off the Galapagos Islands, near the equator west of South America, when a westerly breeze brought the dense swarm of insects that drove every person from the decks.

The captain and his officers have passed the islands several times, and say they are unable to account for the strange phenomenon. The vessel was plowing her way along late in the afternoon, when a cloud was seen coming out of the far west. As it grew rapidly in dimensions and density the passengers and crew hoped for a cooling shower to ward off the perpendicular rays of the tropic sun. Instead of a cloud of vapor they received a cloud of pestiferous insects that bit and stung until every person was forced to seek shelter below.

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

In May last the Norwegian bark Sark was attacked by a swarm of insects in precisely the same place. The sailors were kept below for hours by the insects.

Garfield Tea cannot but commend itself to those desiring a laxative at once simple, pure, mild, potent and health-giving. It is made of Herba. All drug stores.

Slight Misunderstanding. They had been engaged just seven minutes by the clock, yet for the last three-sevenths 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, saddy, "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 her arms about his neck. "I thought you asked me if I was rheumatic."

Not Quite. Penitent Youth (painfully embarrassed)—Miss Freckley, I was—er—considerably excited with wine when I called on you the other evening. Did—I did I propose to you?

Miss Freckley—No, Mr. Katzen; you were not quite—er—excited enough for that.

Always at It. Mrs. Pease—My husband and I never dispute before the children. We always send them out when a quarrel seems imminent.

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

Aller Sanees. Customer (surprised to find Hung Lip's laundry open)—Why, Hung, are you working this morning? This is Washington's birthday.

Hung Lip—Erly day. Washes Washes day.

THE CROW.

When the chill of winter softens and the south wind brings a thaw, sails a black ship up the heavens, and the captain cries, "How! how!" Such a homely, hearty greeting, never yet misunderstood. And my heart laughs back an answer, "It is good, ay, it is good!"

Waiting not for April's passport, hear him give the counter-sign 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 captain, and why should he be afraid?

What cares he for stormy passages as he sails above the world? Never tempest can afflict him—hell's are fished and sails are furled— And the dark ship rides in safety, he is free to come and go Over all the waste of waters, floating high or floating low.

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

The Cupboard by the Clock.

The girl sat up in bed, listening. The rat or two scurrying the floor of the bare attic scuttled to corners as the worn-out bedposts creaked to her movement. Even the glitter of their eyes was robbed of half its terror, so great was the darkness; but the girl, too used to their presence to feel much alarmed, slipped out of bed unafraid, for the morning, she thought, must surely be near at hand. She saw through the thick, greenish panes of the dormer window that the January sky was filled with cloud-wrack, unlit by the stars that usually served as her clock. The old farmhouse, empty of any human life save her own, moaned dolorously, as ever and again the winter blasts embraced it. The girl groped on her knitted trunk for the tinder box and opened it over the edge, whence it fell upon the floor with a resounding clatter that made the rats scurry and her heart give a great thump. She crept to the door; what was the time, she wondered. Clocks were not so plentiful in the farm-houses of the early thirties; there was only one in the house, the tall, oak-encased time-piece that, solemn and solid as a church tower, stood downstairs in the dining-room. Farmer Spotswood's silver turnip, and his wife's gold Geneva, which was wound up only on state occasions, were both away with their owners at the great sheep fair, and would not be back till the morrow. Of what account was a little time, more or less, in this rambling, forgotten-by-the-world farmhouse? Yet the girl, fresh from sleep, had no idea whether it was late or early, and much had to be done in house and dairy ere her master and mistress came home.

Patty stood shivering on the landing. There was nothing. Nothing save the sigh of the wind, the creak of a crazy lattice, broken startlingly by the grinding of a chimney cowl overhead. Patty Phippen, growing suddenly bold, put her foot upon the first stair. She began to descend, swiftly at first, then more slowly, for her heart was full of fear in the gloom. Half a century before a woman had been murdered in that very house, and her spirit in hideous guise was still reputed to haunt the dismal passages. Patty, like all her class of the time, firmly believed in ghosts, witchcraft and the spent in dread, expecting to start she unearthing sight; she crossed one finger over another to make the sign of the blessed cross, and cried aloud at every step she descended a protecting exorcism: "In the name of Christ, why troublest thou this earth?" She would have cried it louder, but dared not; the sound of her own voice breaking the solemn stillness frightened her. "In the name of Christ, why troublest thou this earth?" She stopped breathless. There had been a rustle, a strange pat, pat. The girl almost swooned upon the stair; she prayed, not aloud this time, but inaudibly. Another step; again the sound. 'Twas the swish of the hem of her shift on the stair edges. She scurried across the landing a-tiptoe, and began to go down the nether flight of stairs, the unaccustomed tap of her bare feet on the boards seeming a sound unearthly. Yet she began to feel less afraid, and repeated with greater confidence the exorcism, which sank to the most pathetic bathos: "Christ, Christ, why troublest thou this earth?" Her goal was won. The throbbing of the clock was audible, a sonorous unceasing note coming from source invisible. The room was no lighter than the stairs and passages had been, but Patty felt less afraid; even the clock reassured her with its voice of companionship. She had only to cross the room, mount a chair, feel the position of the hands on the clock face; the task was not quite unfamiliar to her. The heavy oak chair scraped the boards as Patty dragged it into place. Up she clambered nimbly with youth though country bred. But her hand, extended to open the glass door, did not encounter it. Her position had been miscalculated, and Patty, losing her balance, almost fell over the back of her chair, and came with force and outstretched palms against the wainscoting of the wall beside the clock. Her imagination, though none of the quickest, was sufficiently keen for her to conjure terrifying visions of Satan pushing her to destruction from the pinnacle of a horsehair-covered chair. Leaning trembling against the wall she shrieked.



EACH INSTANT SHE SPENT IN DREAD.

As the cry echoed to the ham-laden rafters the wall seemed to give way before her pressure, almost precipitating her disastrously over the chair-back. Patty clutched in desperation at whatever she touched to save herself. She seemed to have drifted almost to the elbows into some strange recess in the wall. Dust in clouds came forth from it, sneeze-producing—thick as pea soup. Grasped within the fingers of her left hand was a bundle of papers, stiff, hard, oblong. Patty became aware of their presence with surprise. She had grasped them involuntarily, for a falling girl may surely without ridicule catch unwittingly at paper if dropping men are allowed to clutch at straws. Patty scrambled from her chair quivering excitedly, the packet in her hand. Hers was a simple, honest mind; uneducated, knowing nothing save of the daily duties of her narrow life. Beyond that all was a vastitude of wonders, of mysteries and unimaginable things. Alone in the darkness, solitary in that eerie old house, she conceived herself encompassed by she knew not what evil; felt almost that by some incomprehensible means she had been plunged into some unknown place and escaped unharmed. She knew of no cupboard by the old clock; to her knowledge only the dark wainscoting had been there, visible to her eyes month after month. Yet it had opened to receive her. The earth's dividing and swallowing her and vomiting her forth would have seemed no greater miracle to her.

Above her head the upright clock wailed, a terrific whizz that a modern motor car ineffectually imitates. Patty ran, bruising herself against doors and balustrades, recking nothing of ghosts, fearing a worse enemy now, and only too glad to escape from the evil spirits 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 great clock. "You bin carpenterin', my maid?"

"Naw," said Patty. "I found this cupboard this mornin' when I come down to look at the time."

"Aw," said Farmer Spotswood, stolidly, lightening his bootlace. "There be a many more things for a man to know however long he do live."

The farmer took no notice of the devil, but continued his line of thought. "I've lived in these house high on twenty yer and never knewed this haul were there. 'Twill be main handy." He got up from his chair. "Now, my maid, get thee along to the buttery."

Patty Phippen had been with the Spotswoods since her tenth year. They treated her as familiarly and as kindly as they would have treated their own girl had they one. Orphaned, and the supposed daughter of a ne'er-do-well whom a father had cast off and who had died on the night of his return to his native village, she had, after years of squalid and precarious existence, found a refuge with the Spotswoods. That very farmhouse had once been the home of the wealthy old John Phippen; but, though he had predeceased his son, he had died intestate, and that son's presumable child had neither friend nor influence to save her grandfather's fortune from falling into the clutch of the Crows. The farm had been sold; Spotswood had purchased it for far less than its value, and the name of Phippen was almost forgotten among the yeomen of the district. Kindness or unkindness, nevertheless, the work had to be done, and Farmer Spotswood and his wife took care that Patty should do her share of it.

"Get thee along, maid," repeated the farmer, stamping his boots to settle his feet in them to as great a degree of comfort as was possible. "I found zinn papers in the cupboard," said Patty. "There be writing on them; but I can't read. I do only know my letters."

"A good job, too. Reading be an idle practice for maids," remarked her master, sententiously. "Patty ran out of the room, to return, breathless, a minute later with the discovered packet, now somewhat unburdened of dust, and with writing in faded ink now legible to a practiced eye upon it.

"This one do begin 'J. G. H. N.'," said Patty, eagerly; "but the letters be as curly and twisty as a cow's tail, and I can't make out no more of them."

stamped off ponderously to the "bark-en," leaving Patty to repeat her story, with much irrelevant and some imaginary detail, to Mistress Spotswood over the turning of the sage cheese in the dairy.

That evening the farmer, with a mug of home-brewed at his elbow, and a church-warden in his hand to sidle him, spelled aloud slowly to his wife the quaint 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, Patty, 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 it?"

"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. 'Gordin' to this 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.

"'Tis must do zummat about it."

"We ha' lived here sebeten yer come Michaelmas, and I beant a-goin' to turn out for no servin' wench at my time o' life."

"Twere main unlicky the maid found us," said the farmer. He turned the document over and over, and unsuccessfully sought to find a fresh and less disturbing 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 it at fairs agone, leavin' the maids a-routin' this house out to find what the Lord meant to be preserved in secret."

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHY WOMEN CAN NOT VOTE. THE reason why women have not yet obtained the right of suffrage was made very plain in New York's capitol while the argument went on over the proposed constitutional amendment to strike out the limiting word "male" from the provision regarding 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 valiant, fluent and argumentative as the suffragists.

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.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS PROSPER. THE man who invests his savings in a building and loan association has 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.

HOW TO GET IT. "Well," said the family friend, as she glanced around the library, "I must say the room looks a little more orderly than it usually does at this time in the evening."

FORTUNE IN CROWS. Uncle Joshua Has a Million in His Wood Lot Worth 25c Each. "Gosh all hennocks, it's just a fine thing to be rich!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua Vanderhook of Pine Brook, N. J.

Joining the Great. An Oxford undergraduate was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of black despair came over his face. He began as follows:

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

Why I understand she had a very narrow escape.

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. HERE are two powerful streams, quite reciprocal in nature—the one flowing toward, the other away from, this country—that have created new forces in our economic life, while changing the whole current of events in parts of Europe. Both are to-day at high-water mark. Every year from 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 aliens are admitted to American ports.

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 husband 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 reason than to find out if they have any money left.

They say there's more than a million of 'em. We calculate that a million crows at 25 cents apiece is \$250,000, and that's what your Uncle Joshua is worth this minute.—New York World.

HER FATHER'S FIND. Had 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.

Having the history of such things right in mind, the archaeologist at once figured it out that the relic was one of a lot of bronze things that had been traded to the Indians here years and years ago for furs and other commodities.

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.

Investors in building and loan associations deserve this immunity, for they are benefiting the country as well as themselves. They are exercising their own homes, and thus improving their citizenship, because the man who owns his own home is not likely to be a patriotic. 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 United States into that position.—Chicago Journal.

His real betis noir, though, is bronze stuff. It was no wonder that he got all excited not long ago when he was kicking around his grounds and uprooted with his cane a piece of ancient bronze work that was unmistakably the real thing. His first impression 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 curio could not have been done by Indians. It was English, that's what it was. It bore the head of a woman fixed up in Queen Anne or queen somebody style. He had found a relic that was a relic.

Now the relic was one of a lot of bronze things that had been traded to the Indians here years and years ago for furs and other commodities.

Smithsonian wrote back that they had looked up the dope on the subject and were convinced that he was exactly right. It was indeed a bit of old English bronze and extremely rare.

Now the relic was one of a lot of bronze things that had been traded to the Indians here years and years ago for furs and other commodities.