

HOW TO APPLY PAINT.

Greatest care should be taken when painting buildings or implements which are exposed to the weather, to have the paint applied properly. No excellence of material can make up for carelessness of application, any more than care in applying it can make poor paint wear well.

The surface to be painted should be dry and scraped and sandedpaper hard and smooth. Pure white lead should be mixed with pure linseed oil, fresh for the job, and should be well brushed out, not fowed on thick. When painting is done in this manner with National Lead Company's pure white lead (trade marked with "The Dutch Boy Painter") there is every chance that the job will be satisfactory. White lead is capable of absolute test for purity. National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York, will send a testing outfit free to any one interested.

A Hungarian student who was plucked at a recent examination at Klausenburg shot himself, but first winged an examiner.

How I Cured Sweeney and Fistula.
"I want to tell you how I saved one of our horses that had a fistula. We had the horse doctor out and he said it was so bad that he did not think he could cure it, and did not come again. Then we tried Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely.

"One day last spring I was plowing for a neighbor who had a horse with sweeney, and I told him about Sloan's Liniment and he had me get a bottle for him, and he cured his horse all right, and he goes off now like a colt.

"We had a horse that had sweeney awfully bad and we thought it was never going to be any good, but we used Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely. I told another neighbor about it and he said it was the best Liniment he ever used.

"We are using Sloan's Sure Colic Cure and we think it is all right."

A. D. Barcz, Aurelia, Ia.

The Way the Case Proposed.

It is a pretty story which surrounds the betrothal of the present Carina, and the great question had been posed and thought out for them by their respective parents, they both were determined to have a say in the matter. That they were in love with each other every one knew, and between themselves a mutual understanding had been arrived at in the summer house of York cottage; but as Carina with the future Car had to make the formal and old-fashioned offer of his hand.

"The Emperor, my father," he said, addressing the blushing bride-to-be, "has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart."

"My grandmother, the Queen," replied the present Carina, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand"—she broke into a rippling laugh—"and your heart I take of my own free will."

Part of the Horse.

A rich rancher told a story about a little slum urchin whom he had sent on a month's vacation into the country. "The lad," he said, "thought we got much from the mushroom and milk from the milkmaid. One morning a lady pointed to a horse in a field and said, 'Look at the horse, Johnny.' 'That's a cow,' the boy contradicted. 'No,' said the lady, 'it's a horse.' 'Tain't. It's a cow,' said the boy. 'Horses has wagons to 'em.'—Kansas City Times.

Needed a Cloudburst.

Staying at an inn in Scotland, a shooting party found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, wet or fine, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in the hall persistently pointed to "set fair." At length one of the party drew the landlord's attention to the glass, saying, "Don't you think, now, Dugald, there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir," replied Dugald, with dignity, "she's a gude glass and a powerful glass, but she's no' moved 'er trifles."

Remarkable.

"She's the most remarkable elderly woman I ever saw."

"Doesn't show her age?"

"Not that. Doesn't seem to regret it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THEY GROW

Good Humor and Cheerfulness from Right Foods.

Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dispels the clouds from the mind as sunlight chases away the shadows of grief.

The good humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with a frown wouldn't attempt to lift.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die, so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Homesick on the Hillside," "Lost Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "The Temple and Sentinel," "Cousin Maudie," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the course of time Uncle Joseph came as was arranged, and on the day following Maddy and Guy rode down to see him, finding him a tall, powerfully built man, retaining many vestiges of manly beauty, and fully warranting all Mrs. Markham had said in his praise. He seemed perfectly gentle and harmless, though when Guy was announced as Mr. Remington, Maddy noticed that in his keen black eyes there was for an instant a fiery gleam, but it quickly passed away, as he muttered:

"Much too young; he was older than I and I am over forty. It's all right."

And the fiery eyes grew soft and almost sleepy in his expression, as the poor lunatic turned next to Maddy, telling her how pretty she was, asking her if she were engaged, and bidding her to be careful that her fiancé was not more than a dozen years older than herself.

Uncle Joseph seemed to take to her from the very first, following her from room to room, touching her fair soft cheeks, smoothing her auburn hair, and her Sarah's used to curl, asking if she knew where Sarah was, and finally crying for her as a child cries for its mother, when at last she went away. Much of this Maddy had repeated to Jessie, as in the twilight they sat together in the parlor at Aikenside; and Jessie was not the only listener, for with her face resting on her hand, and her head bent eagerly forward, Agnes sat, so as not to lose a word of what Maddy was saying of Uncle Joseph. The intelligence that he was coming to the red cottage had been followed with a series of headaches, so severe and protracted that Dr. Holbrook had pronounced her really sick, and had been unusually attentive. Anxiously she had waited for the result of Maddy's visit to the poor lunatic, and her face was colorless as marble as she heard him described, while a faint sigh escaped her when Maddy told her what he had said of Sarah.

Agnes was changed somewhat of late. She had grown more thoughtful and quiet, while her manner toward Maddy was not as haughty as formerly. Guy thought her improved, and thus was not so delighted as he would otherwise have been, when one day about two weeks after Uncle Joseph's arrival at Honedale, she startled him by saying she thought it nearly time for her to return to Boston if she meant to spend the winter there, and asked what he should do with Jessie.

Guy was not quite willing for Agnes to leave him there alone, but when he saw that she was determined, he consented to her going, with the understanding that Jessie was to remain—a plan which Agnes did not oppose, as a child so large as Jessie might stand in the way of her being as gay as she meant to be in Boston. Jessie, too, when consulted, said she would far rather stay at Aikenside; and so one November morning, Agnes, wrapped in velvet and furs, kissed her little daughter, and bidding good-by to Maddy and the servants, left a neighborhood which, since Uncle Joseph's so near, had become so intolerable that even the hope of winning the doctor could avail to keep her in it.

Guy accompanied her to the city, wondering why, when he used to like it so much, it now seemed dull and tiresome, or why the society he had formerly enjoyed failed to bring back the olden pleasure he had experienced when a resident of Boston. After seeing Agnes settled in one of the most fashionable boarding houses, he started for Aikenside.

It was dark when he reached home, and as the evening had closed in with a heavy rain, the house presented rather a cheerless appearance, particularly as, in consequence of Mrs. Noah's not expecting him that day, no fire had been kindled in the parlors, and a neighborly fire in the library. There a bright coal fire was blazing in the grate, and thither Guy repaired, finding, as he had expected, Jessie and her teacher. Not liking to intrude on Mr. Guy, of whom she still stood somewhat in awe, Maddy soon arose to leave, but Guy bade her stay; he should be lonely without her, he said; and so bringing her work she sat down to sew, while Jessie looked over a book of prints, and Guy upon the lounge studied the face which, it seemed to him, grew each day more and more beautiful. Then he talked with her of books, and the lessons which were to be resumed on the morrow, watching Maddy as her bright face sparkled and glowed with excitement. The questions he asked of her father's family, feeling a strange sense of satisfaction in knowing that the Clydes were not a race of whose blood anyone need be ashamed; and Maddy was more like them, he was sure, than like the Markhams, and Guy shivered a little as he recalled the peculiar dialect of Mr. and Mrs. Markham, and remembered that they were Maddy's grandparents. Not that he had anything to him, Oh, no! Only an inmate of his family he felt interested in her, more so perhaps than young men were apt to be interested in their sister's governess.

Had Guy then been asked the question, he would, in all probability, have acknowledged that in his heart there was a feeling of superiority to Maddy. Clydes, that she was not quite the equal of Aikenside's heir, nor yet of Lucy Atherton. It was natural; he had been educated to feel the difference, but any haughty arrogance of which he might have been guilty was kept down by his extreme good sense and generous, impulsive nature. He liked Maddy; he liked to look at her as, in the becoming crimson merino which he really and Jessie nominally had given her, she sat before him, with the freights falling on her hair and making shadows on her sunny face.

It did not take long for the people of Somerville to hear that Guy Remington had actually turned schoolmaster, having in his library for two hours or more each day Jessie's little girl governess—people wondering, as people will, where it would end, and if it could be possible that the haughty Guy had forgotten his English Lucy and gone to educating a wife.

The doctor, to whom these remarks were sometimes made, silently gazed at his teeth, then said savagely that "if Guy chose to teach Maddy Clyde, he did not see whose business it was," and then rode over to Aikenside to see the teacher and pupil, half hoping that Guy would soon tire of his project and give it up. But Guy grew more and more pleased with his employment, until, at last, from giving Maddy two hours of his time, he came to give her four, estimating then the pleasantness of the whole twenty-four. Guy was proud of Maddy's improvement, praising her often to the doctor, who also marveled at the rapid development of her

mind and the progress she made, grasping a knotty point almost before it was explained, and retaining with wonderful tenacity what she learned.

It mattered nothing to Guy that neighbors gossiped; there were none familiar enough to tell him what was said, except the doctor or Mrs. Noah; and so he heard the doctor of the remarks made so frequently. As in Honedale, so in Somerville, Maddy was a favorite, and those who interested themselves most in the matter said Mr. Guy might perhaps be educating his own wife, and insinuating that it would be a great "come up" for Grandfather Markham's child. But Maddy never dreamed of such a thing, and kept on her pleasant way, reading every day to Guy and going every Wednesday to the red cottage, whither, after the first visit to Uncle Joseph, Guy never accompanied her. Jessie, on the contrary, went often to Honedale, where one at least always greeted her coming, stealing up closely to her, whispering softly, "Daisy is come again."

From the first Uncle Joseph had taken to Jessie, calling her Sarah for a while, and then changing her name to "Daisy." "Daisy Mortimer, his little girl," he persisted in calling her, watching from his window for her coming, and crying whenever Maddy appeared without her. At first Agnes, from her city home, forbade Jessie's going so often to see a lunatic; but when Jessie described the poor, crazy man's delight at sight of her, telling how quiet and happy he seemed if he could but lay his hand on her head, or touch her hair, she withdrew her restrictions, and, as if moved to an unthought burst of tenderness, wrote to her daughter: "Comfort that crazy man all you can; he needs it so much."

glanced brightly up at Guy, it struck her that his face was dark and moody, and a painful sensation flitted through her mind that in some way she had intruded.

"Well," was Mrs. Noah's first comment, as the door closed on Maddy, but as Guy made no response to that, she continued: "She is pretty. That you won't deny."

"Yes, more than pretty. She'll make a most beautiful woman."

Guy seemed to talk more to himself than to Mrs. Noah, while his foot kicked the fender, and he mentally compared Lucy and Maddy with each other, and tried to think that it was not the result of that comparison, but rather Mrs. Noah's next remark, which affected him unpleasantly. The remark or remarks were as follows:

"Of course she'll make a splendid woman. Everybody notices her now for her beauty, and that's why you're no business to keep her here where you see her every day. It's a wrong to her, lettin' yourself alone."

Guy looked up, and Mrs. Noah continued: "I've been a girl myself, and I know that Maddy can't be treated as you treat her without its having an effect. I've no idea that it's entered her head yet, but it will bimeby, and then good-by to her happiness."

"For pity's sake, what do you mean? What have I done to Maddy, or what am I going to do?"

Coming nearer to him, and lowering her voice, Mrs. Noah replied: "You are going to teach her to love you, Guy Remington."

"And is that anything so very bad, I'd like to know? Most girls do not find love distasteful," and Guy walked hastily to the window, where he stood for a moment gazing out upon the soft April snow which was falling, and feeling anything but satisfied either with the weather or himself; then walking back, and taking a seat before the fire, he said: "I understand you now. You would save Maddy Clyde from sorrow, and you are right. You know more of girls than I do. She might in time get to—think of me as she ought not. I never looked upon it in this light before. I've been so happy with her—here Guy's voice faltered a little, but he recovered himself and went on: "I will tell her about Lucy to-night, but the sending her away, I can't do that. Neither will she be happy to go back where I took her from, for though the best of people, they are not like Maddy, and you know it."

Yes, Mrs. Noah did know it, and pleased that her boy, as she called Guy, had shown some signs of penitence and amendment, she said she did not think it necessary to send Maddy home; she did not advise it, either. She liked the girl, and what she advised was this, that Guy should send Maddy and Jessie both to boarding school. Agnes, she knew, would be willing, and it was the best thing he could do. Maddy would thus learn what she expected of a teacher, and as soon as she graduated, she could procure some eligible situation."

(To be continued.)

THERE IS YET TIME.

A Daughter Walked in Time to the Passing of Opportunities.

It was with a distressing sense of dread that Hortense rang the door-bell of her friend's house. She had not been to see Miriam since the death of her father, and she felt that the visit could not be otherwise than sad. To her relief, Miriam met her with a calm sweetness of manner that at once made her feel more comfortable.

"I am so glad you have come, Hortense," she said, after a few minutes of commonplace conversation. "I've been wishing to talk to you about papa. It's such a comfort to tell those of my friends who I'm sure will understand how good and dear he was. I want every one that cares for me to know how happy I am in the memory of such a father as mine."

Hortense took Miriam's hand in hers in silent sympathy, for gathering tears prevented her speaking.

"Somehow, as I look back," continued Miriam, "I feel that I've been more blessed than most daughters, for I have so many hours of happy companionship with my father to remember. The seven years that I drove into town with him to high school, and then later to my office work every morning and home again every evening, when we lived in the country, have furnished me with loving recollections that will make my whole life better and sweeter. I shall never forget all our little jokes, and even the small worries we had now seem precious. Some girls do not have the chance for intimate association with their fathers that I have had, and I feel that I've been unusually fortunate."

Hortense, listening, remembered with shame how she and other friends of Miriam had pitied her for that long, tedious drive, winter and summer, through mud or dust, with no one to talk to but her father.

"I am selfish in speaking so much of myself," said Miriam, after a moment's silence. "How is your father? Well, I hope."

"Yes, pretty well, thank you."

"Does he get out much, now that business no longer takes him away from home?"

"Not so very much, but I'm going to begin walking with him every day."

A faint color rose in Hortense's cheeks as she spoke, for she recalled several of her father's invitations for a walk that she had either declined or postponed.

"Yes, now that the weather is getting pleasant, you will want to go out with him a great deal, I'm sure. How nice it is that he is at leisure, so you can be together!"

"Yes; and, O Miriam, you have made me see my neglected opportunities—how much I have lost in not passing more time with him. I came here to try to help you in your sorrow, and you have helped me. You have awakened me suddenly to the great value of father's days that are still left to me. Oh, I've been careless and blind to my blessings!"

"But there is yet time," said Miriam, softly.—Youth's Companion.

DISSATISFIED.

I never know a feller 'at was never satisfied 'th any elime he ever found, an' though he tried and tried 'T' at a place 'at suited him his lookin' was in vain. They wasn't any such a spot, from Oregon to Maine.

He didn't like the East because the people was so prfm An' v' proper like; he said they knowed too much for him; He didn't like the West because the people was so crude, He never could endure 'f stay where anyone was rude.

He didn't like the North because the winters was so long, An' couldn't stand the South because the summer heat was strong; An' so he kep' 'a-goin' an' 'a-comin' till he died, An' now I s'pose his soul's 'a-wanderin' round dissatisfied.



"Bill, why does this cloud overhang your bright young brow?" I asked kindly.

Bill sighed. He is tall and fair and broad-shouldered and twenty-two, and football-mad. He thinks he knows the world and human nature.

"I'm worried to death, Molly."

"Oh, Bill! What about?"

"The Club," said he, sadly. "You remember how well we did last year? I didn't, but what matter? 'Of course,' I said.

"We've rotten this season. We haven't a man in the team who can play full-back. Last year we had Morgan, but he's gone back to Cardiff—just like a beastly Welshman."

"But if his home's there?" I objected mildly.

"Ugh! It's sickening. We've got a much heavier lot of fixtures now, and we shall just be swamped. Think of the Hollington Rovers, for instance; they'll simply wipe the ground with us—"

"I hope not," said I, feelingly. "If this deluge goes on—"

He dropped into an easy chair and plunged his hands into his pockets.

"Look here, Molly," he burst out, "you're always a good friend to a chap."

"My spirits fell."

"You're going to ask me to do something unpleasant," said I, warningly. "I won't do it, Bill; it's no good. It's because I'm not pretty that every one thinks I'm good-natured. I've been driven into being good friends to too many young men, and—"

"I've always thought of you as being the most unselfish girl I know," said he, "and so, when I was in trouble, I naturally turned to you for help."

"Every one does," said I, in quiet exasperation. "Oh! go on."

He turned his eyes on the fire.

"It's this way," he said, slowly. "There's a chap called Alexander—I don't suppose you know him, but he used to be at the Grammar School here, and he's just down from Oxford, and he's a ripping good full-back. He's on the trial for the county already, and he's played twice for Meddingham. I'm sure how they got hold of him, I'm sure; but he'll join them as sure as blazes if—"

"Bill?"

"I beg your pardon," said he, hastily. "but you see my point. I've been to him about it, and Wuthers tackled him in the Club the other day, and he said he knew most of the Meddingham chaps, and liked 'em, and he liked their ground and clubhouse better than ours, and thought on the whole he'd prefer to throw in his lot with them. He's a pig-headed, domineering sort of beggar. The kind of man—well, the more you want him to, the more he won't, don't you know?"

"I know," said I, sympathetically. "What could he want me to do here? Bill sat upright and regarded me unsmilingly.

"We came to the conclusion, Wuthers and I, that the only possible chance of getting Alexander was to leave him quite alone ourselves, and persuade some woman to get at him."

"Bill!" So this was what he wanted.

"You're a sensible girl, Molly. Don't you think it's a good plan?"

er was asleep in an inner drawing room, and we had a most interesting talk."

"Did you tell her how you've always been misunderstood by everyone before you met her?" I asked.

He flushed.

"She's been telling you! I didn't think she was that kind of a—"

"She isn't," said I. "I only spoke from an extensive knowledge of young men. When are you to see her again?"

"To-morrow. She's to be at the White Lodge Bridge Drive."

"I thought you thought a Bridge Drive an insult to the game?"

"It is necessary," said Bill, with dignity, "that I should speak to Miss Meadows at once about Alexander."

"I see," said I, gently; and "Well?" I asked when he came again two days later.

"It's all right. She tumbled to it at once. She's an intelligent girl if you like. She said she should be delighted to do anything to help the club. She's dying to meet Alexander, and wants to begin on him without losing any more time. When I told her how obstinate he was and how it was almost impossible to make him change his mind, she just smiled and said, 'It will be worth a little trouble, won't it?'"

"What did she mean by that?" I asked, suspiciously.

"The town club, of course. Getting him for our full-back. How slow you are."

"I see," said I meekly. And then he went away, and I saw little of him for a long time. I met him once in the town, and he told me hastily that Mussette was getting at Alexander like anything, and that he (Bill) was just going to see her about it now, and in an awful hurry, and that Alexander was hopelessly smitten as everyone could see from the moment he first set eyes on her. It was for one didn't wonder at that. He was only a question of time now. He couldn't hold out much longer. Wasn't she a little witch?"

"Oh, Bill, don't trifle with her young affections—"

"Don't be silly—"

"You'll find yourself on the brink of one of those engagements which you find so difficult to elude—"

"I shouldn't mind much if I did," said he, faintly, as he lifted his hat and left me.

I went home feeling cold and neglected and sadly out of the game. And I went away to stay a fortnight at the Chesters, and all the time I was away I heard nothing of any of them. When I got home mother told me that Miss Meadows was playing fast and loose with all the eligible young men available. Mother thought it a thing no nice girl should do.

"She must be having an uncommonly good time," said I regretfully, and I sat down and wrote a friendly little note to Bill, asking him to come and discuss developments with me.

There was no answer. Then I met him in the town, looking very confused and rather happy; but he kept the other side of the street, and did not come over to speak to me.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer, and I went to pay my long delayed visit to my old school fellow, Mussette.

I met her coming down her garden path, looking like a Christmas angel in her rose-colored cloth and brown fur. She is the kind of girl who looks sweetest in a fur toque. She has bright thick hair and violet eyes, and has always been celebrated for the irresistibility of her smile. She kissed me and said I was a dear to come, and turned back with me.

"What have you been doing to my Bill?" I asked with a laugh.

She laughed too. "Oh, Mussette, he's a dear boy," she said, "and so easily influenced by his good. He's the first center three-quarter in the county, you know, and he was wasting all his powers on this wretched town team, but I've changed all that."

"What!" cried I.

"Oh, yes," said she, demurely. "He's promised to play regularly for Meddingham now. He'd do anything to please me, the dear."

I stopped and faced her, thunder-struck.

"Mussette," I said slowly, "are you going to marry that boy?"

"Oh, dear, no," she said, lightly. "I've just got engaged to Mr. Alexander."—Black and White.

Baseball in Kansas.

The person who looks upon athletics with contempt and inquires what use there is in football or baseball will be likely to have his views modified by a letter written by a member of a baseball team to the Omaha World-Herald. It goes to prove that the arm which wields the bat and the hand which catches the ball can make play of work.

We left here at 7:50 Tuesday morning to go to Hutchinson, a distance of forty miles. The only train we could catch was a freight. Well, we got out of Wichita about ten miles, when one of the cars had a hot box, and that delayed us about three hours. Between Wichita and Hutchinson there are about ten stops, and we had heavy freight for each one.

It got along until about 12:30, and we had still twenty miles to go. We began to get very nervous, when McNeely thought of a plan. It was for all of us to put on our suits and help unload freight.

Everybody agreed, and by the next stop we were all ready for action.

It would have done your heart good to see some of the fellows work. McNeely and Davidson, at the first stop, unloaded a whole car of bricks, while Goding, Austin and myself unloaded two farm wagons and goodness knows what else.

We kept this up until we finally landed at Hutchinson. We walked right over to the grounds and beat them by a score of 7 to 2.

We propose to write a book, entitled "A Fast Trip Through Kansas on a Freight Train." We all ate dinner on top of the caboose. McNeely was chief cook and boiler.

The real dramatic critics are always talking about "atmosphere" in a play. What on earth does that mean?

When a man tries himself the verdict is usually in his favor.