

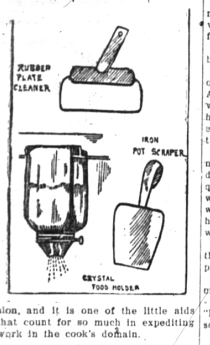
SAVE LABOR IN KITCHEN.

The contents to Make Easier the Lot of Housewives.

Stripping particles of food from the dishwasher is not a process calculated to improve the dish, and the aid to the housewife, the rubber cleaner has been invented. It is satisfactory, inexpensive and a practical addition to the collection of minor utilities found in the modern household.

Cereals of various kinds are included in the dietary of most families and the safekeeping of these staple articles of food is a matter of special concern in well regulated households. For some time past jars and crocks have been pressed into service and recently a specific and desirable type of receptacle made its appearance. This holder, fashioned from clear, non-toxic material, is designed particularly for cereals, but it is available for other dry food stuffs, and one point especially in its favor is the arrangement whereby the desired quantity of cereal or other product may be extracted without exposing the contents to dust or insects. Being transparent, it is possible to tell at a glance the amount of food stuff on hand, and as the holder is so constructed that the holder is slightly as well as serviceable.

Another convenience for the kitchen, recently invented, is the iron or craper. Its name explains its mission, and it is one of the little aids that count for so much in expediting work in the cook's domain.



Treatment of Floors for Rugs. The hygienic advantages of floors covered with removable rugs instead of dust-collecting carpets are so well known and realized that the tendency now is to have bare floors and rugs for the sake of comfort and convenience as well as to follow the trend of fashion. Good hard wood floors are blessings that certainly are anything but disregarded, for they always look well, form a pleasing contrast to any kind of rug and above all they are easy to keep clean. In case, however, one has an old floor or one that is hard to treat satisfactorily and the laying of a hard wood floor is not possible or practical, a floor of hard pine just down to top of the old floor may be made to look almost as well as one of expensive hard wood. For this pine floor a stain one especially prepared, should be used. A light or medium color being preferable to a dark one, and it should be remembered that several thin coats will wear much better than one thick one. After the stain is put on the floor may be oiled or varnished with good results.

Tea Table Furnishings. A new idea in household furnishings is a tea table on which is spread a cloth having a white background with a graceful design in blue. As a setting for blue and white china or for use in a room done in these colors, this is very effective and a pleasing variation from the regulation tea table, with its many coverings of white or blue, or with plain white squares of damask. For summertime use, however, these blue and white covers will be found very satisfactory. They are made of light weight material, something like Japanese crepe, are inexpensive and harmonize very well with the light airy summer dainties. With a tassel of old blue china one of these covers is a pleasing accompaniment, but if the room is a bedroom it makes an agreeable substitute for the everlasting white used during the winter of the year.

Sowing Flower Seed. Those who have flower seeds to sow would find the sowing of them in a box most satisfactory. It is easy to have the convenience for it. Many of these seeds are very fine, and when sown outdoors, heavy rains and many other things interfere with their germination. When under glass it is usually always one's own fault if a crop of seedlings is not raised. Small boxes, of a depth of three inches, with holes in the bottom, to let drain of superfluous water, are best to use. The soil should be fine, made so by sifting, if necessary, so that when the seedlings need transplanting each plant can be lifted without great disturbance of the others.

Summer Stew. Cut two pounds of the best end of neck of lamb into meat chops, sell one ounce of dripping in a pan, fry two sliced onions in it till of a pale brown color, add one onion, sliced, and a half pint of stock or water, stir till they boil, put in the chops three trays of mint and a little salt and pepper. Cook them slowly for an hour, then three pounds raw potatoes scraped and sliced, cook for half an hour longer. Serve hot with a thick tumbler of cooked peas.

What Privilege. Creditor—What do you mean by sending me this draft? It has been protested—you have no account. Debtor—My dear sir, I have no account, but it's purely imaginary. Creditor—Well, of all the—what on earth! Debtor—Be calm. Is it not a poor's privilege to draw on his imagination? A woman may induce her husband to give up a bad habit, but he is reasonably sure to acquire a worse one in its place.

A Silly Song

Two noblemen at breakfast, met And one of them was hungry, The latter was the one who said, "Because this little breakfast was 'So staid and gartered' whispered 'So terrible an appetizer—met His belt he cut two morsels, And he said to his neighbor, 'And I, who stood and watched them, 'Went 'tore, dog, and wet, 'And makes my single eye, 'Oh, that I could see through, 'That you might see through, 'The 'ess the baronet!'"



BY CHARLES W. CONRO

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He was such a reckless dare devil of a man, this Jack Langdon, who would by main strength and would not take "No" for an answer. "Meet me," he had written, "Meet me at the Sweeney reception. Afterward we will go to the cotillion and from there—"

He had left the rest expressly blank. Pearl Horton had read the note once, twice, and again many times. At first she was angry, what woman would not be, but then she could not help recollecting the gay way other women of her set talked about their flirtations. "Why not?" she asked herself. "Why not?" she repeated so often as she dressed herself to go that she had questioned herself into consent. She was dressed and ready, when, why was it, that at the last moment her husband should say in his firm, quiet way that she feared to cross—

"Pearl, I wish you to go with me to the opera tonight. Will you be pleased?" "No! I won't," she exclaimed, "I have made other engagements." "Never mind," he said tenderly, "let the other engagements be, so wish you to go with me tonight." "Visions of Jack Langdon disappeared, but she still felt something and exclaimed petulantly, "You're the most exasperating, unaccountable man I ever met!"

He was a man with a broad and liberal mind. He loved his wife and he studied her moods. He saw with what innocent pleasure she played with the fire and resolved that if he could help her and stand by her and temptation, he would. In the light of that day he said something a bit of Langdon's barroom braggadocio, probably, augmented by rumor. On the impulse of the moment his first thought was to seek out the man and give him a sound thrashing, but better consent prevailed. Nor did he go home and raise a fuss with his wife. He was far too good a general for that.

"There, there, my dear," he said, "it's a touch of finality in his voice. 'We shall go to the reception after-ward, if you like.' What do you say, sweetheart, and it should not be remembered that several thin coats will wear much better than one thick one. After the stain is put on the floor may be oiled or varnished with good results."

"Dear Jack!" "That draft of a husband of mine, tonight of all nights in the world, wants me to go to the opera. There's no help for it. I guess I must go. You will forgive me, will you not? Write me when I will see you again, sweetheart." Dr. Horton, waiting in the hallway below, heard the door slam on the hurrying maid that carried the note to Langdon and the deep furrows on his brow relaxed a little. "Perhaps, who knows, he knew also of another note that reached his enemy's hand at about the same time. It read: "Dear Jack! "Do come down to see me tonight. Meet me at the stage door at twelve and we will have a time. Yours ever, "Clay." "P. S. Shall we go to 'Vine's? Don't forget a bunch of flowers, now will you? That's a dear boy."

Nine o'clock saw the Hortons in their box and Pearl enjoyed herself in spite of her vexation. But Dr. Horton was waiting patiently for the close, and when they entered their box he gave him said to the driver, "Vane's." Pearl lifted her eyebrows in surprise but said nothing. When they reached that some two respectable cab Horton piloted his wife to one of the private dining rooms. He was waiting in the hallway below, heard the door slam on the hurrying maid that carried the note to Langdon and the deep furrows on his brow relaxed a little.

Served Through Two Wars

(Special Correspondence.)

Capt. "Ed" Whitten sometimes becomes reminiscient, and everybody in Central Canada, N. Y., knows what that means. Cap "Ed" is a man of leisure now; the experiences he details to recall happened anywhere from forty to sixty years ago, and when he gets started—it doesn't matter whether it is on the depot platform to West Ontario or in the parlor of the hotel—the company prepares to hear some thrilling story of Mexican war times, slithering in the wild and woolly West State in Canada in the sixties, bringing back deserters from the northern country. But it is in the house in Tanworth,

and was detained, upon requisition of Gov. Williams of Maine, to hunt down David Stone, alias Amos Wilson, who was wanted in that state for forgery and horse-stealing and was suspected of murder. "I had worked on this case all winter, without getting a trace of the man," said Capt. Whitten. "Finally I learned that Stone had once worked for Deacon Wiley, a lumberman at North Conway, who some years before had moved to Wisconsin. I made up my mind that Stone had gone there to work for his former employer, and I went out to make sure. I found Deacon Wiley at Onalaska, twelve miles above La Crosse, and learned that Stone was then working in a lumber camp about thirty miles from the Black River. With Sheriff Hall of La Crosse, I set out for the camp on a two-horse sled, and arrived there in the dead of night."

"We knew we had a rather desperate lot of men to deal with, and that they would probably attempt to rescue Stone, but it was decided to act at once. Gaining admittance to the lodge in which the men were quartered, on the pretext that we wanted shelter, I inquired of the keeper if Amos Wilson was there. The keeper apparently suspected that something was up, and gave an evasive answer, but just then I saw a man in one of the bunk rooms and gave him a quick glance. I recognized him as Wilson, and before the keeper could stop me I rushed to his side and had him out of the bunk and partly handcuffed before he had time to struggle."

"In their anxiety to get at me, however, the lumbermen had not seen Sheriff Hall. He now shouted to them, made a dash for the back, and when they looked up, they found the sheriff, two revolvers covering the entire party. Before they had recovered from their surprise, I told them that the man I wanted was a horse thief, a forger and was suspected of murder, and finally succeeded in quieting them. But we did not lose any time about getting away with Stone. We hustled him into the sled and drove in haste to Tanworth."

His favorite story of the Mexican war is this: "One of the most exciting experiences I had was in getting into the castle at Vera Cruz. It is a pleasant task to kill a man in cold blood in order to get past him, but it is what we were obliged to do in order to secure the information the commanders wanted. Vera Cruz was a walled city, supposed to be strongly fortified. I was detailed from the army and a midshipman named Rogers from the navy. We were to go into the fort and learn everything possible about the number of guns, their positions and anything else that would be of value. The population of Vera Cruz was closely guarded, with sentinels placed at each landing on the stone steps leading up to the castle. In the darkness we were obliged to advance as quietly as possible, surprise and kill each guard we came to, and thus reach the inside of the fort. I was to take the first man, Rogers the next. "In the darkness we were successful in reaching the first landing without any suspicion of our presence being aroused. I seized an opportunity, rushed up, waited the guard and ran a knife into him before he could make any outcry. As a result of the next day, we left him there, then silently ascended the steps until the next landing was reached. Here Rogers attacked his man, and disposed of him in the same manner."

"The second man laid away, we were obliged to succeed in getting into the fort without much further trouble. In less than half an hour we had secured all the information we required, and got away in the boat before the bodies of the guards were discovered. A few days later the bombardment of the castle began and we succeeded in taking it. "Not long after that I was taken prisoner and I had nothing to complain of in this connection," said Capt. Whitten, resignedly. "We were in a camp after taking the city of Bergamo, and I had heard a good deal about the

the captain today. I brought him back to Maine, and he was given a long sentence for forgery, but was never tried on the murder charge."

Menelik's Prize Town. Prof. Rosen, a member of the German mission to Abyssinia, writes: "The population of Adis-Abeba, which the Emperor Menelik has established on four narrow hills, is estimated at 80,000, but is probably much higher. Not more than about 1,000 of the inhabitants live in houses; all the rest use tents or huts, which are arranged in a regular order on all points that may be chosen. "As the groups of tents are generally surrounded by open grass land, and three deep, rocky gorges intersect the town, the whole has more the appearance of an improvised camp. "Indolent men sit by the thousands in front of their dirty huts and lazily watch the grazing herds of oxen, in dirty, flowing garments, wearily carry water from the muddy brook in heavy buckets on their heads, and from the bottom of the ravine. There are hardly a dozen shops; there is only one small inn. "What strikes us as most wonderful and most inconvenient is the lack of any system of coinage; small pieces of metal, with cartridges or sticks of rock salt."

A Long Interest Term Ahead. The Hon. Francis Baylies, historian of note, on returning from meeting one Thanksgiving day, met Nicholas Tillaghat, one of the most successful and able politicians of the Bristol (Mass.) county bar, in the sitting room of Atwood's hotel. In the course of the conversation which ensued, Mr. Baylies said to Mr. Tillaghat: "I have deposited a 10-cent piece in the contribution box, to be placed on interest until I reach heaven." "Tillaghat replied: "Ah, yes! that will amount to a very large sum before you will be admitted there."

Home of Capt. Whitten. Splendid memory that he had, and the elaborate monuments. Several of us got leave of absence, and securing cavalry horses, rode to the cemetery. We were looking things over when a party of Mexicans came up, seized the horses and took us prisoners. It was two or three weeks before we were exchanged, but all the time I was there I was well treated."

Hunting Down Noted Criminal. The experience which Capt. Whitten takes most satisfaction in telling happened in the fifties, when he was in the employ of the secret service

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Seventeen years ago I painted my house in Birmingham with Detroit White Lead Works Best Liquid Paint. After standing 15 years I repainted it with two coats, with the exception of the front, which faces the north. One coat on north side looks good enough. L. SIMMONS. Point is Mitchell's hobby. Come in and talk it over with him when you are thinking about decorating your house.

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