

Lady Isabel and the Curio Shop

BY MRS. NEISH
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Joseph B. Neish.)

"I don't know why it is," said Lady Isabel, "but the more one makes, the more one always seems to have."
"Do you make so much, Isabel?"
"No, only a scrap here and there," she said regretfully. "Because, you see, it takes such an awful lot to make an income; but I wasn't thinking of myself."

"You needn't say 'No' in that tone, Marjorie, as though you thought me egotistical," said Lady Isabel, in a slightly aggrieved voice. "The fact is, I am trying to help a friend."

"Really—how kind of you, dear. Who is it?"
"Laura Staunton," she answered; "the dear child, the youngest daughter of our old vicar. Like all daughters, she had what I had, or what some one else called a queer sort of a daughter. I don't know why it should be considered in the slight of hand that she has a curio shop. It's very hard, at any rate on them, for he has left them all without a penny."

"How are you going to help her?" I asked with interest.
"Well," replied Lady Isabel, "she has opened a shop for nice second-hand things—now don't look like that, Marjorie, I don't mean clothes, I mean things like grandfather's clocks and broken china and old furniture, and all that sort of thing," she added vaguely.
"Oh, you mean curios—an old curio shop, in fact?"

"Yes," said Lady Isabel. "And now Marjorie, dear—delighted—you've put an idea in my head. I'll make her call it 'The Antiques Curio Shop,' and I'll see that she has it right, or rather, wrong, if it comes so much more genuine."

"It will certainly be an advantage to these days even to sound genuine," I said.
"Yes, won't it," she answered very pleasantly, "especially as many of the things will be taken. You know they nearly always are faked at that sort of shop."

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"How are you going to help Miss Staunton's shop?" I asked her presently.
"Well, for one thing, I am going to take Mrs. Barrington-Brown there to buy things; you see, we shall both be in it for a day or so next week."
"I see. And Mr. Malcolmson, is he to be taken there as well?"
"No, I shan't take him there," said Lady Isabel hastily, "nor the Plovers; theirs they know too much; but I may say they'll pick up some very nice things for her to sell. She's very pretty—Laura, I mean."

"Is she faked, too?" I asked.
"Lady Isabel laughed. "No, my dear, she's not; she's absolutely genuine."
"We've been going over the list of things in Laura's shop and she's absolutely genuine," said Lady Isabel, following at the door.
"Have you; how very good of you," said the other, "but I shall be coming over her table and writing something rapidly."

"La Marquise Victorine—Victime de la Revolution," he read, "who's she?"
"It's for a small miniature I picked up cheap," said Lady Isabel airily. "It was very faded, so I got a little ink to touch it up for half a guinea."
"And how did you find out who it was?"
"I didn't," she replied frankly; "but if I don't know, I shall always put Victime de la Revolution—there were so many of them, poor dears, so I shall always be safe."

"Why call it anything?"
"Only on account of the price," she answered seriously. "You see, Mrs. Barrington-Brown will pay so much more for something really historical."
"I see," I said.
"All the broken china has gone to be used by a little man Mr. Fakenstein told me of—his lives at White-chapel, or Abchurch Lane, and he's a Polish Jew, and frightfully clever and tricky. His name is Balenski, and you can't tell a Balenski-Chelsea from the real thing, if you've not been an expert—unless, of course, you know his work."

"I see," said the collectors get their "kiss needed."
"No," she said, "not collectors, only dealers. You see, collectors generally only care for genuine things; but then, of course," she added thoughtfully, "dealers must live, and if you can't tell the difference, it doesn't hurt anybody. Besides, collectors shouldn't be taken in, they ought to have a thorough knowledge of their subject before they attempt to begin to collect."
"What a lot you seem to know about the subject, Isabel."

"Yes, Mr. Malcolmson taught me a tremendous lot," she answered. "He told me how they make real old Chinese china and real Chelsea and Worcester Derby over in France, and how they used to over here almost be the best. And they make old English glass, too, over in Holland and in Germany, at a place called the Giant mountains, or the Giant something or other, but think it was a mountain."

"A day or two later—went with Lady Isabel to see Mrs. Staunton's curio shop. Mrs. Barrington-Brown had just arrived, and Lady Isabel took me round, and let me into several little secrets of the curio trade."
"This box is Battersea's," she said; "you know, Marjorie, name of an opper—at least, it ought to be. I know," I said, "it's a 'lost' box."

"Well, it's not quite as lost as you think," she answered thoughtfully. "For instance, you don't look up a 'lost' box as she spoke—'this' call a 'Balenski-Battersea' box; but this one is genuine—I mean, it isn't faked."
"And this," I said, taking up another.

"Oh, that has just come back from Paris. It has had a new lid. Isn't it a pretty one?—of course, it has no more intrinsic value as an enamelled snuffbox; but then, all values are only relative, aren't they dearest?"
"What a pretty picture!" I said, turning away to a print that was lying on a small Chinese table.
She lifted it and handed it to me. "Yes," she said, "isn't it? It is an old one—at least, it will be old by the time it gets to Mrs. Barrington-Brown." She dropped a little "historical" label in the box as she spoke. "You'll see how well we're going to make it pay, Marjorie, she said with a smile.
"Do you think it is quite fair?" I asked, feeling as I said it, that I was, metaphorically speaking, running my head against a wall of brick.

"Fair!" she echoed; "my dear girl, of course it's fair—I am only telling you some secrets. All trades have secrets—grocers, and butchers, and artists, and—and every one."
This dictum followed me as I turned from greeting the newly-arrived Mrs. Barrington-Brown to speak to Lady Isabel's prize.
"Well how are you getting on, Miss Staunton?"
"Oh, well, indeed, thank you," she answered, and added hurriedly, "you know we never give a guinea with anything that isn't right, and Lady Isabel only sends to the most important people here who can well afford to buy out things, and she's very kind; she often almost gives away a thing to a woman who really is hard up, and she—"

"I know," I interposed, "her distinction of honesty are wholly inimitable."
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"She has," I assented, "and she seems to be taking an especially great amount of trouble just now to make your fortune."
"My fortune," echoed Laura Staunton, starting at me in amazement. "It doesn't affect me, I only get my salary."

"Your salary?" I gasped, for even it was taken back by this assertion. "Do you mean to say that Lady Isabel pays you a salary?"
Miss Staunton nodded. "Of course," she said gratefully, "and a jolly good one, too."
"But why," I asked, "why should she pay you anything?"
"You see, I'm looking at me in her astonishment. Didn't you know?" she stammered; "I thought, of course, you knew."
"Why," she explained, "I thought, of course, you knew the shop was Lady Isabel's."

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Strange Tale of Freak of Nature from Alaska.
Winnipeg, Man.—The following has been received by mail from Dawson City:
"Scientists will be puzzled when they hear of a discovery made at Moosehide. So strange a demonstration of freaks of nature has never before been published.
"John Tom of Moosehide brought in the news. He says the whole tribe is worn out with speculation as to what the strange happening portends for several days before did an Indian see an edible fish wearing a fur overcoat. The head of the strange fish, says Indian Tom, is just like that of an ordinary greynling, and the shape is the same.
"But from the back of the gills down to the tip of the tail the fish is covered with a soft fur. The color of the fur is a dark brown, exactly the ochromatic tone and color of the taste of the morning after a whole night of drinking. No wonder the Moosehide Indians have all decided to swear off with the new year."
His idea.
"Every man who starts out with the intention of killing things should be made to wear a license already paid a license?"—Houston Post.

Memoranda.
Though generations past, the marks of the first origin appear.
For instance, the first of our human kind was a sort of Sioux vesper.

La Marquise Victorine—Victime de la Revolution.
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FIFTY YEARS BACK

OUR COUNTRY AS IT WAS HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Never in the History of the World Have Such Vast Changes Been Noted—Name on the Roll of Fame.

At that time our country was a very much different one from that in which we are now living; and so great have been the changes, and so many the leading merchants of our cities 50 years ago, or the farmers who constituted the primal virtue of the west, and the latter would look in vain for the fields and woods that met their eyes from the doorsteps, writes Boris Schach in the Atlantic Monthly. The population of the country, now rising 30,000,000, was less than 32,000,000, not counting the 19,000,000 were in the north, of free states, and 12,000,000 in the south and slave states. The frontier between the western boundary Arkansas, and thence north to the Canadian line. The great tide of emigration that set in with the building of the national road, was still flowing west, while the railroads and telegraph were just beginning to push their way after H. Stambaugh, the great pioneer, could be seen at almost every bend of the beautiful Ohio and on every long reach of the solemnly impressive Mississippi.

The war with Mexico was still fresh in the memories of the people, and the majority of the officers who had fought in that war, were still living, as well as veterans here and there of the war of 1812; and to emphasize the march of time, I may say that the first visitor at my father's house was a French veteran by the name of Genet, who had actually fought under Napoleon at Waterloo. Save with Mexico, our country had been at peace with all the world for nearly 50 years; its future, save as shadowed now and then by slavery, showed no real peril, and love for it burned in every heart.

The army consisted of 16,435 officers and men; its organization was made up of engineers, topographical engineers, ordnance supply departments, artillery, infantry, cavalry, dragons and mounted rifles. The bravest and best of the world were to teach columbids, and the small arms were all muzzle-loading smooth-bore and rifles.

Grant, utter and obscure and almost utter poverty and fronting an outlook of utter helplessness, was a clerk in a store at Galena. Farragut was sailing the sea and dreaming of the day to come when, lashed to the rigging, he would lead his squadron into the battle of Mobile Bay. Lee was commanding a regiment of Texas, and probably had never heard of the little town of Gettysburg; Sedgwick and Thomas and John Stoen were on the Texas frontier, and the future seemed to offer only a slow change for promotion; and yet, in less than five years, the world was to be entering a new era of a better world.

Stonewall Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia military institute—the West Point of the south; Sherman was a major on one of the posts of this earth, then on its honors, either military or civil, and was regarded by his intimates as a queer and uninteresting type of a being, a head. Within five years he was to rise to the pinnacle of fame, his star to the country's zenith. Sherman was teaching in Louisiana, little dreaming that he would one day lead a victorious army from Atlanta to the sea. Longstreet, the Johnstons, the Hills, Hooker, Bragg and Forrest—the latter a slave dealer, but the ablest cavalry leader of the confederacy—and the many who in blue and gray rose on the waves of the sea, and in the air, all unknown outside of their local and professional associations.

Of these, Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg; Webb, Warren, McCook, Howard, Griffin, Schofield, Hartung, Saxton, Wetzel and Hazen, of the line; Hardee, Beauregard, Fitz Lee, Alexander and Field, of the confederate army, were on duty as officers at West Point. In the corps of cadets were Wilson, Lipton, Hardin, Horace Porter, Henry Cluser and Mackenzie, of the north, while bound in the ties of friendship with them were Ransom, Wheeler, Rosser, Pelham, Young, Sumner and others, of the south. Wherever and wherever they have thought of them as officers or cadets—and it has been many and many a time, "I wish I could see the marching unconsciously toward the field of the high test of the soldier and the gentleman."

She had to come.
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Low One-Way Rates.

Every day to April 30th, 1907, the Union Pacific will sell one-way colored tickets from Chicago, at the following rates:
\$30.00 to Ogdens and Salt Lake City
\$30.00 to Butte, Anaconda and Helena
\$30.00 to Spokane and Wenatchee, Washington.
\$33.00 to Everett, Fairhaven, Whatcom, Vancouver and Victoria, v. Huntington and Spokane.
\$33.00 to Tacoma and Seattle, via Huntington and Portland or via Huntington and Spokane.
\$33.00 to Portland and Astoria, or Ashland, Roseburg, Eugene, Ashland and Salem, via Portland.
\$33.00 to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.
Correspondingly low rates to many other California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Utah, and Idaho points. For full information call on or address F. B. Choate, G. A., 111 Fort street, Detroit, Mich.

When anyone has done you a favor be sure you pay it back the day after.
"I have a favor to ask of you," said a man to a woman.
"What is it?" she asked.
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One trial will convince you of the peculiar fitness of Nature's remedy, Garfield Tea, for liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, for nervous blood, rheumatism and chronic ailments.
True courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.—Henry Van Dyke.
In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
A powder. It cures painful, smarting nervous feet and legs, and is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering from the heat of the sun. It is a powder. It cures painful, smarting nervous feet and legs, and is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA. It is a certain cure for infants and children, and see that it.
Dear the Signature of Dr. H. H. Johnston
In Use For 80 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

So mysteriously are we linked with others in this world that we cannot fall in our duty without harming others, least ourselves, and without benefit to others.—Scott.
How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollar Reward for any person who can furnish the name of a man who has been convicted of a crime in the State of California.
We are the undersigned have known J. J. Cherry for many years, and he is a man of high character and high ability in all business transactions and has been convicted of a crime in the State of California. We are the undersigned have known J. J. Cherry for many years, and he is a man of high character and high ability in all business transactions and has been convicted of a crime in the State of California.

Coelies Shock Affection.
The Chief laborer in the Van Rhu mines recently presented to their white manager a handsome silver tray to mark their feelings of affection, "as deep as the sea."

Stood the Test.
Alcock's plan has been successfully stood the test of sixty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equalled by the unscrupulous imitations. Alcock's plan has been successfully stood the test of sixty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equalled by the unscrupulous imitations.

We are ourselves served best by serving others.—C. G. Ames.

Happy Colors

You know that there are colors which signify sadness, others which indicate happiness—but do you ever stop to think how often people are made sad or glad because of the colors? You know that children and flowers thrive best in the sunshine. Why not have more sunshine in your own home, then—why not let us show you how to get it in the walls by using



Alabastine The Sanitary Wall Coating

By having your walls decorated with Alabastine you will make them more artistic, more durable, more sanitary, and make your home a more cheerful place. Alabastine is, and how the different colors and stenciled designs can be combined to produce "exactly the effect you want." Write today.

English Municipal Employees.
In London there are 70,000 municipal employees; in England generally there are close to 2,000,000.

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE
Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of the Well Informed of the World.

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort. A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is a nutritional product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physicians and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the best and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get a beneficial effect, always note, when purchasing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LONDON, ENGLAND. NEW YORK, N.Y.

WOMEN IN HOSPITALS

Experiences of Mrs. Rockwood and Miss Tierney

Large proportion of the operations performed in our hospitals are upon women and girls for some serious trouble.
Why should this be the case?
Because they have neglected themselves, as every one of them that in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in those dragging sensations, painful fits or twinges of abdominal backaches, nervous exhaustion, inflammation, ulceration, displacements and other organic weaknesses.
All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female system and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, and need drug along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, has saved hundreds of women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved hundreds of women from surgical operations. It is a certain cure for all the ailments mentioned above, and it is a safe and reliable remedy for all women who are suffering from these troubles. It is a certain cure for all the ailments mentioned above, and it is a safe and reliable remedy for all women who are suffering from these troubles.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
When only eighteen years of age our physician decided that an operation was necessary to relieve my chronic suffering. My mother, who was a kind and loving teacher, relative to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have since had health, the proper conditions were established, and I am well and strong, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Margaret Tierney, of No. 328 W. 12th Street, New York, writes:
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