

An Ad-Dition.

A man who owns a great big store with scores of goods on every floor...

A LUMP OF LOGIC.

The time to quit (it seems to me) this truth is past denying.

A DAY OFF.

Abigail Bennet stood by the kitchen table her head bowed before her. She hummed a little under her breath...

As she felt the stillness of the day, and the warmth of the soft spring air blowing in at the window...

Jonathan rose and took his way to the kitchen. He appeared on the sill, tall and lank, his shrewd, light-eyed face diversified by the long lines that creased his cheeks...

"Here, mother," she called, and thrust the girdle at her. "This thing looks behind. It's awful tight. You see if you can do it."

"You wait a minute," said Abigail. "I'll wash the flour off my hands."

"What's the matter of father?" she asked. "Oh, nothin' only he's got one o' his terrible times—nobody to it, today."

"Where you goin'?" he asked Claribel at once. She was walking past him to the door.

glanced into the glass, and decided he need not shave. "I'm goin' up along to get some onion-seed. Ebenezer says old Lang's got some, fust quality, an' if we don't look out it'll all be gone."

"You come an' help me git the bits in," said Jonathan, to his wife. "I can manage that rest with one hand."

"Don't you take on," urged Abigail. There was a tear in her own eyes, and the warm air on her forehead made her think of youth as well as spring.

"Go 'way, dear," said the mother, in an eloquent tenderness. "You'll git horse-hairs all over you."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when they came home. Jonathan was in high spirits. He had got his onion-seed; and then, having heard of an auction, five miles farther on, there was a cultivated as good as new, he had bought some crockery and cheese at the grocery and driving on there.

"You see—" Claribel went on. She bent her head, and the corners of her mouth trembled. "I don't want you should think I'm foolish; but yesterday was a kind of a particular day with us."

"You go right over," responded Abigail, something throbbing in her voice. "Slip out the porch door, and clip it right along."

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"You wait a spell," said Jonathan. He was walking past him to the door.

There was another pause, and Jonathan spoke again. "Claribel asked me for some money 'tother day. Said she wanted to git two more gowns. You think she needs 'em?"

"You ain't a goin' to make weddin'-oake be ye?" Abigail remembered her hard-worn store of butter-and-eggs money, put aside from the moment Bard had begun his courting, and she remembered the day when she and Claribel had stolen off to the Corners to spend the precious store in fine cloth and trimming.

"No," said she, calmly; "I ain't a goin' to make no oake. I got a little on hand."

"I had two yolks," said Abigail, calmly. She felt an easy mastery of him. Then she closed the oven door, cleared off her cooking-table and sat down to sew.

"This was one of the days when Jonathan seemed possessed by the spirit of discovery. He took up a bit of edging from the window-sill and held it in a clumsy hand."

"I don't want no profit," returned his wife, annoyed, and Jonathan presently went out to the barn, ruminating by the way.

"She ain't comin'," answered her mother, at random. "I'll set suthin' out on the pantry shelf, an' she can have it when she wants."

"Now, father, I'll tell ye plainly, I ain't goin' to have Claribel disturbed. She's up chamber, layin' down with a sick-headache, an' I've turned the key in the door."

"I'll sprout the 'aters," she asserted, vigorously, "but I ain't a goin' to have her room with a headache an' get all beat out so she don't do a stitcho' o' work to-morrow."

Jonathan said nothing, and after dinner she sped up-stairs, locked the door of Claribel's room, and put the key in her pocket.

ful feeling that some compensation was due Jonathan, she made cream-of-tartar biscuits and opened quince preserves. The one-two-three-four cake was golden within and sweetly brown on top; it had not suffered from the artifice that went to make it.

"No, dear, no," she said. "I've had a real nice day. Or'y I've kinder worried for fear you wouldn't see Ballard, an' all. Now you take off your things, an' father'll be in 'in 'n' we'll have supper."

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and typewriting, the work of secretaries and librarians, leather and upholstery work, needle work and embroidery, millinery, the work of housemaids, laundresses, cooks and waiters.

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First English Settlement on the Continent of North America to be Celebrated as the Jamestown Exposition in 1907.

Before our great exposition is closed we are being interested in another for which already much executive work has been done. From May 13th, to November, 1907, the United States will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, May 13th, 1607—the first English settlement on the continent of North America—by an historical, educational and international naval, military and marine exhibition.

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Carnegie Technical School in Pittsburg Will Open on October 16.

The biggest school in the world, where anybody can learn anything practically without cost. No limit has been set to this latest benefaction of Andrew Carnegie which starts with an endowment of \$12,000,000.

All that is required of an applicant is that he or she shall speak English, deposit a tuition fee of \$20 and demonstrate a desire to learn.

Knowledge of the opportunities to be afforded seems to have spread around the earth. At any rate, applications for membership have poured in from all quarters of the globe.

A number of the applicants overlooked the fact that the ability to read and write the English language is a prerequisite is practically the only thing that can bar out an applicant, as the insignificant tuition fee of \$20 a year is not apt to deter one who is determined to secure a technical education.

The aspirant who determines to take advantage of the opportunity will raise this amount somehow. And it is just this pushing, determined man or woman that Mr. Carnegie wishes to help.

Twenty dollars a year from each pupil will not prove of material advantage to the institution. Students might as well be admitted free. But the founder of the school is a decided believer in the efficacy of the doctrine of self-help. He wishes to help only those who manifest a determination to help themselves.

Liquor Tax on Whiskey in Medicinal Gales.

The commissioner of internal revenue has rendered a decision that will seriously affect patent medicines that are composed largely of distilled liquors. He has rendered a ruling made many years ago, and now decides that manufacturers of these medicines must take out licenses as retailers and liquor dealers, and that druggists and others handling them must pay the retail liquor dealer's license.

The decision reaches several prominent and highly advertised medicines. In some instances these medicines have been found to contain as high as 45 per cent. of alcohol, and there are many on the market, it is said that contain 25 per cent. of alcohol. These medicines are said to have immense sales in Prohibition communities.

Man's Helpmeet. She was not made out of his head or top him, not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected and near his heart to be loved.

—Matthew Henry.

—Miss Smiley is going to travel under an assumed name.

—You surprise me!

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—Miss Smiley is going to travel under an assumed name.

—You surprise me!

—Yes; she is going to be married next week and start on her honeymoon.

—To be sure that you are right is proper, certainly, but also be sure when you are right to go ahead.