



Lost Hours.

"I say good night and go up stairs. And then undress and say my prayers. Beside my bed, and then jump in it. And then—the very next minute—the morning sun comes in to sleep. At me. I s'pose I've been to bed. But seems to me," said little Ted, "It's not worth while to go to bed."

A Fortunate Puss.

Mrs. Coady, who teaches a primary school at Oakland, Cal., is very proud of a remarkable cat which she keeps alive through general subscription among her pupils. During several years' experience Mrs. Coady has found that the only way she can reach the infantile heart is through kindness to animals. Acting on this she secured a large furry cat which she gave into the tender hands of her children. The result has been the children fell in love with the animal, and to divide up the prize Mrs. Coady decided to allow the children to take the cat home each night in regular routine. The result has been the cat has become large and arrogant through the munificent treatment of its separate masters, who reluctantly return it to the teacher each day.

The Printing of Postage Stamps.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two or more stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl, who are kept busy at printing them with large rolling handpresses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although 10 presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes, and other vegetables, mixed with water, which is better than any other material; for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on the little cracks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of 2000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing a 100 stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, by hand, being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled, and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail bags for despatching to fill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. There are 500,000 burned every week from this cause. For the past 20 years not a sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. Each sheet is counted 11 times.

The Story That Bettie Told.

My little niece Bettie was spending a summer with me in the country and one day, as we walked to church, a bird hopped across our path. "O auntie," said Bettie, "that looks just like the little bird I was so unkind to last spring. I didn't mean to be unkind, you know, but I was; and I always feel so sad when I think about it." "What did you do?" I said. "Tell me about it." And this is what she told. "You see, auntie, I had just had a little room given me for my own; and I was fixing it up with pretty little things. There was a bracket against the wall with openwork sides; and I thought it would be nice to stick a little branch into it, and fix a bird's nest into the branch. So I looked into all the trees to find a nest that the birds had left. At last I found one that I felt sure must be safe to take; for I never saw any birds flying about it, although I looked a good many times. So I went and got the long stick that our gardener, Seth, used to prune the trees, and began to punch at it. O auntie! I can hardly tell you the rest; it tipped sideways, and two poor little young birds fell to the ground! Oh, I can't tell you how I felt! I ran to the house and told mamma; and she told me to get Seth to climb up with the ladder, and straighten the nest and put the little birds back into it. I ran right off to find him; but, while I was looking, she came out with a little box and some cotton, and told me to run to the tree and pick up the little birds, and put them in the box and cover them with the cotton, while she looked for Seth. "Oh auntie, what do you think! when I got back to the tree, I found two more little birds had fallen out of the nest; and the poor mother-bird had come back, and she was flying around and around, and crying almost like a person, and the little birds were answering with such weak little 'peeps.' It made me cry so that I could hardly see to pick up the birds. I had just got them covered up warm when Seth came with the ladder. I was so afraid that, when the mother-

bird saw him up in the tree, she would be so frightened that she would fly away and never come back; but she loved her little birdies too much for that. Seth worked as fast as he could; but it seemed a long time to me before the nest was fixed, because I was in such a hurry. Then he took the box and climbed up with it and put the little birds back. All the time the mother-bird was flying around and around and crying. As soon as Seth went away, I sat very still to see what would happen. The mother-bird didn't come to the nest right away, but in a few minutes she came; and when she was all fixed or the nest, she stopped crying, and the little birds stopped peeping. I went out every day to the tree before breakfast, after that, and one morning I found the mother-bird teaching the little ones to fly. But I never tried to get a nest for my room again."—Christian Register.

A Queer Little Singer.

The scholars called Barbara and Jess "twin friends." At noon recesses they ate their dinners together under the laurel bush—Jess ate Barbara's cookies and Barbara ate the cup cakes that came out of Jess's basket. They enjoyed doing everything together, and that was why Jess was grieved when Barbara told her she had been to a concert the night before. It was the first time their little paths had separated. "The singing was beautiful!" Barbara said, enthusiastically, not noticing the sober little face beside her. "It was like this, 'Tra-la-la-la-a-a,' going way up high as the sky! The woman who did it had on a traly pink dress, but I couldn't see her face. She sang the baby to sleep." "Why, Barb'ra Bennett, the idea of taking a baby to a concert!" "There wasn't any baby there, of course! I never said any such thing—oh!" Barbara laughed till her clear little voice echoed back to them from the big schoolhouse. "I meant she sang, 'Oh, hush-a-bye-low, hush-a-bye-low,' and rocked her arms same as if the baby had been in them," she explained. "Only our baby would have fallen out, I know."

The next day at noon recess it was Jess's turn to say something surprising. Her eyes were dancing with delight. "I went to a concert last night my own self," she said, calmly. "I'm going again tonight, too. I guess I shall keep on going right along."

She waited for Barbara's "Oh!" It was quite a while in coming. "Oh!" at last said Barbara, with a little gasp of astonishment. "Yes, it was a beautiful concert. I wish you could have heard it, Barb'ra Bennett. The singing was the best—it was all singing. I couldn't see the one who did it, but I know she had on a soft gray dress—all furry and shiny like silk. She sang the baby to sleep."

"Jess Kinsey, what baby?" "Our baby—the Kinsey baby," laughed Jess. "He went to the concert, too. Mamma wanted him to go."

Then followed Barbara's quick, half-scornful questions. "Didn't the baby talk out loud, right in the middle of the concert?" "My, yes—like everything! Then next thing he knew he was sung to sleep."

"Did her dress trail way out behind like my woman's that sung?" Barbara's face was unbelieving. The pink dress had trailed way out behind, splendidly. "Jess burst into a gay little laugh. "I couldn't see it trailing, but it did—it did! You can ask my mother. Then, of course, sometimes the—the one who sang let it kind of curl up beside her—"

"Course, Mine did, too—just as graceful!" interposed Barbara, hastily. Then both little girls hurried to their feet at the sound of the school-bell.

The next day, and the next, Jess told the same wonderful story, with the same little twinkles in her eyes. She had been to the same concert again, she and the Kinsey baby.

The merry little mystery clung about Jess and invested her with a little halo of importance among all the girls. Nobody had heard of the "to-be-continued" concert, but nobody thought of doubting Jess's word. Of course it was a kind of a joke, but nobody could guess it.

One morning Jess looked rather sober. Barbara caught her around her waist and whirled her under the laurel bush. "Well, she laughed, 'I s'pose you went to that concert last night, Jess Kinsey?'"

"No, I didn't," Jess said, gravely. "There wasn't any." "Wasn't any concert?" "No, there wasn't. There was an awful accident happened."

"Jess Kinsey, tell me quick!" "Well, the—the one who sings got caught in a trap—so there!"

Barbara uttered a little shrill scream of delight, and the other girls came hurrying up. "I've found it out—a mouse! a mouse!" cried Barbara. "A mouse!"

"Yes," murmured Jess, sorrowfully at a dear little singing mouse in the wall, and I do miss her so! She had such a sweet, cunning little voice! Seemed as if it filled the whole room with a little soft music."—Youth's Companion.

The Vanity of Man.

When some men make money, their first evidence of it is a visit to their old home town wearing a stovepipe hat.—Atchison Globe.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Corners in the Living Room.

A very pretty corner may be arranged in any living room by means of a screen and a divan. Over the divan there may be, if you choose, a canopy, and plenty of cushions are indispensable to its easeful luxury. But a screen answers every purpose of retirement and withdrawal and, being readily portable, lends itself to the house-keeper's requirements. In country cottages where space is important not only corners may be secured at pleasure and furnished at discretion by the help of the screen, but one room may be made to do duty as several—as dining room, library and drawing room, as one of these at a time, or as all three, should occasion suggest.

The Invalid's Room.

When possible, the invalid's room should have a south or southwest aspect. A room of medium size is the best. Ventilation is easier to manage, and there is less to clean than in a large room.

For many reasons, it is advisable that, if it can be so arranged, the sick room should be near the top of the house. In the first place, it is quieter; noises from the street, as well as those from the house, will be less noticeable.

But a far more important reason is that poisoned and vitiated air has a tendency to rise, therefore, if the sick room is on the first floor the impure air will rise to the top of the house, and possibly affect those who may be living above the invalid.

If there is a small dressing room adjoining the invalid's room, so much the better. It will be useful as a store-room for extra bedding and reserves of all kinds.

The sick room must be cheerful in appearance. Get rid of superfluous upholstered furniture, which only acts as dust traps, and in the after disinfecting may possibly be spoiled. Heavy curtains and valances are undesirable in infectious cases, but there is no reason that pretty wash curtains of lace or muslin should not be decoratively employed.

How to Keep Books.

Books, it is said, are spoiled by being criss-crossed on convenient desks and stands. Valuable volumes should, therefore, be kept in racks. One of the best of library tables is constructed after the shape of those used in Roman libraries. It is a table, sure enough, on top, but is provided with shelves beneath, shelves so arranged that when a book is put temporarily aside it need not be laid flat on its side, but stands upon its feet, so to speak, which is the only proper position for a book to be placed in. On top of this table there is another receptacle for books, a small revolving stand, which is designed to hold the small dictionaries of foreign languages and other reference books. This is a case of fine, simply polished hardwood and is especially adapted to the man's library. For reading desks of busy authors, the morocco bound book blocks are at once useful and ornamental, though there is something newer and rather more decorative in the shape of a painted or engraved leather revolving stand, which, by its brass handle, can be moved about the room at the convenience of the reader, and revolved into the arm of the new more reading chair, or it can be unhooked and folded perfectly flat for

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Quant Sandwiches—Mince one in pepper, two tablepoonsful of capers, half a cup of stoned olives and large sprays of cress. Toss up lightly with mayonnaise dressing and spread on thin slices of rye bread which have been well buttered.

Drop Cakes—One cup each of sugar and sour cream; two and a half cups flour, a teaspoonful of soda, one egg. Sift the cream tartar with the flour, mix the soda with the cream. Beat the egg and mix all together. Drop in small spoonfuls in buttered pans and put a raisin on top of each cake. Bake in a quick oven.

Banana Jelly—Mash eight bananas with one tablepoonful of sugar, three tablepoonsful of any jam, apricot preferred, and one gill of orange juice. Make a lemon jelly of half a package of gelatin, dissolved, one pint of hot water, juice of two lemons and a half a cup of sugar. Heat it and add the banana puree. Turn into a mold, place on the ice until dinner time and serve with whipped cream.

Vegetable Cutlets—These are made of half mashed potatoes and half equal parts of carrots, parsnips, turnips and onions. These must all be cooked and onions cut fine and browned in a little butter. The other vegetables must also be chopped fine after they are boiled, and all mixed with the mashed potato while they are hot. Season lightly with salt and pepper—say, scant teaspoon of salt and dash of pepper for every pint of the mixture and a heaping tablepoonful of chopped parsley. Set away until cold, and then form into cutlets (tin form is good to have), dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs, brown in hot fat and serve with a good brown sauce.

Our Cotton Trade. The United States furnishes nearly nine-tenths of the world's supply of cotton; the East Indies, Egypt and smaller countries the other tenth. We can hardly maintain this ascendancy with the efforts making to take away the business. Japan, for example, is manufacturing cotton cloth, and takes largely of our supply. Now she has cut her demand in two because by using cheap Indian cotton and mixing it with the American article she can place her goods on the market at a less price than if wholly made of our material. Another competitor will materialize in a few years. With the damming of the Nile and the establishment of the irrigating canals which are a part of the enterprise, a vast tract of Egypt will be opened up for the cultivation of the cotton plant. An area equal to four large American states will be reclaimed and much of it will be devoted to cotton raising. European and Asiatic manufacturers expect to get the material much cheaper, because Egyptian labor is paid so little in comparison with American.

"How did you like the pictures at the art exhibition?" "Splendid. I met everybody and I never received more attention in my life."—Philadelphia Times.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes; relieves the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and In-growing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The salmon pack of Washington in 1900 was valued at \$3,240,460.

Frey's Vermifuge For Worms Has many imitators. Get the genuine, made by E. & S. FREY, BALTIMORE, MD. It is sometimes a ticklish job to live on tick.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Seven thousand mills in Russia grind annually over 10,000,000 tons of grain.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thomas Robbins, Maple St., Norwich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Australia has more than 1000 newspapers.



W.L. DOUGLAS \$3. & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE. Real worth of W. L. Douglas shoes is \$4 to \$5. My \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price. It is not alone the best leather that makes a first class shoe it is the brains that have planned the best style, last a perfect model, and is mechanical skill and knowledge that have made W. L. Douglas shoes the best in the world for men. Take no substitutes. Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them, if he does not, send for catalog giving full instructions how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PRETISS CALENDAR CLOCKS run sixty days on one winding. The movement is strong and durable; the calendar perfection itself; the case finely finished; the time-keeping qualities unexcelled. Also Fry's-gum, Program and Electric Clocks. Send for Catalogue No. 107. The Pretiss Clock Improve at Co. Dept. 69, 49 Bay St., N. Y. City.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3776 in civil war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

"The Sancerre that made West Point famous." MCILHENNY'S TABASCO. ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS.— N Y 24

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

LION COFFEE A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. "Oh, Promise Me." Oh, promise me that when I am your bride And we begin housekeeping side by side, Oh, promise me wherever we may roam That I shall do the marketing for home. All that we eat I certainly must choose, And I insist we LION COFFEE use, I want it for its perfect purity, So promise me—oh, promise me! Oh, promise me that for our comfort's sake, Each morning LION COFFEE I can make, And when the luncheon hour is near at hand Again I'll need a cup of LION brand. At night when you come home, my dear, to dine A cup of LION COFFEE must be mine; No brand can healthier or better be— So promise me—oh, promise me! You know that LION COFFEE is not glazed— In millions of good homes 'tis often praised; 'Tis in the bean—the package weighs a pound; Inside, a Premium Lion is always found. And I will save the lion heads outside To earn the useful presents they provide. This is one pledge I will exact of thee— So promise me—oh, promise me!

How Are Your Bowels? About the first thing the doctor says-- Then, "Let's see your tongue." Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep and look well. You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever. Now what you want is Cascarets. Go and get them today—Cascarets—in metal box with the long-tailed "C" on the lid—cost 10c. Be sure you get the genuine! Cascarets are never sold in bulk. Take one! Eat it like candy, and it will work gently—while you sleep. It cures, that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, gives them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. It's guaranteed to be found in THE IDEAL LAXATIVE Cascarets BEST FOR THE BOWELS ALL DRUGGISTS 10c. 25c. 50c. Get the genuine if you want results! Tablet marked "CCC." Cascarets are never sold in bulk, but only and always in the light blue metal box with the long-tailed "C" on the lid for the trade-mark—the C with a long tail—on the lid. To any needy mortal, suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy CASCARETS, we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper. 419