

HE MAKES HIS OWN IDOLS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PAPER.

He shows the Collier Field of the Figures of the Gods, which He has Three Times in Making—He Tells What He Would Do for Them Had He Money.

As far as is now known, the only living American maker and worshipper of idols lives in Reading, Pa.

The people of Reading do not meddle with their pagan. They like the mystery surrounding him. Besides, there is a suspicion among the less worldly minded that the floor of the idolator's sanctuaries rests upon the entrance to the hollowed pit, and that a strong odor of incense abounds thereabout.

When he resumed his trade of bricklayer he developed a tendency to disagree with the teachings of the Catholic church, of which he was a member, and had to be dropped as a heretic.

His secret was known to none but members of his family until it began to divert his mind from business to an extent that compelled him, a short time ago, to move his sanctuary and its contents to cheaper quarters.

These were found in the basement or cellar of a large, plain brick house standing in a row that skirts the base of Mount Penn.

The appearance in the street of the first drayload of idols to the whole earth, in the kindness of Joe Sticker, a hardware merchant, now dead, who was lent with his creditor when the crash came.

Equally consistent is the hideous fire brick caricature of a contractor named Rummel, to whom Clemmer is said to attribute his misfortune in business.

Furthermore, it became the current belief that a large, placid idol named "Rube Hattenstein" was an all-round oracle whose decisions the idolator disregarded at his peril, and that still another was devoted to the business of keeping cows off the railroad track.

A visit to the cellar where the idols are kept demonstrated that there had been nothing in anticipation that equaled realization. One being there, awaking would think himself in some secret chamber of the Great Pyramid or buried among the bones and implements of the mound builders.

The gloom which shrouded the most interesting objects was disheartening. Fortunately the biggest idol in the collection, standing at the end of a rude table covered with fretful and incomprehensible objects in clay, was in the path of the few rays that struggled through the one narrow window.

The children of the idol-maker, on the reporter's visit to the cellar, probably for the first time in their lives had a leisurely view of their father's fantastic handiwork.

courses of red pressed brick being at the top of the same, old shoes, bottles and the like.

The idol-maker was induced after much persuasion to talk about his beloved "deities," and his talk was all done among the curious figures in his dark cellar.

He was nervous, and inclined to be wary at first. He refused to discuss any of the deities had special attributes or that he prayed to them.

"But what are they for?" The answers were all in broken English, and often wholly unintelligible.

"They are holy people." "Who is this?" apparently a squabby image of Queen Victoria.

"They are the Virgin Mary." "And this?" "My good friend, Joe Sticker."

"And this big one?" "Oh, he is just a holy one." The hands and feet, he explained, were those of his friends.

The irregular objects were materializations of his latest schemes for making money. One was something that would enable engineers to run their trains safely.

And another, with a piece of sort of a chain, was used for telegraphing. Then the man drifted into a string of complaints that the railroad company and the county had not paid him for his discoveries.

He must have money to build his temple on the mountain-top. "A temple for these idols where people can go and worship them?"

This question seemed to strike the keynote of the man's desires. His face brightened up with enthusiasm and he broke into a rhapsody over his coming temple on the mount.

"They must look nice," he said, pointing to his idols. "Here it is damp and dark. There must be light and music—good, grand music, and then the holy people will say what is right and what is not right, and what every man shall do.

The mountain is hollow. These holy people will sit in the temple and say what is in the mountain—gold, diamonds—and everything will be happy. Up by the Crystal Cave I must make my temple. But there is no money—no money."

Crystal Cave is a cavern in the mountain a few miles distant, brilliant with calcareous incrustations. Near this cavern would build his temple.

"How many images have you here?" "More than six horses could haul in a wagon."

"How long did it take you to make them?" "More than three years." "Will you sell one of them?"

"No, no; not so much as even these." And he took two pieces of burnt clay from his inner vest pocket. They were colored blue, with one end of each dipped in red.

"What are they?" "The answer was in a half whisper: 'This the finger and this the toe of my friend.'"

Now darkness rested on the face of the big idol, and the outlines of the smaller ones were just visible in the dim light.

HOME AND HOUSEWIFE

THE SMALL, LOW TEA TABLE GOING OUT OF FASHION.

A Unique Tea Set Described—New Styles in Salad Dishes and Plates—Device in Porcelain Ware for Baking Sweets.

Fashions in Shapes for Pates and Ices. The little five-o'clock tea tables, with their daintily embroidered cloths, are so pretty and picturesque that it seems a thousand pities that they are going out of fashion.

They are inconvenient, every one says, except on very small occasions, not only on account of their diminutive size, but because they are so low.

A unique afternoon tea set seen at an afternoon tea the other day was of Japanese style. The style was charming. In the first place, the tray was a huge lotus leaf, and the teapot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and cups were shaped like the lotus, while the intertwined stems formed the handles and the fret-veined leaves the saucers.

There are some new styles in chocolate pots which are more sensible than any ever shown before; almost without exception every chocolate pot hitherto manufactured stood on a very uncertain base and overturned at the slightest provocation.

The new shape overcomes these difficulties and comes with a pretty tray and half a dozen cups and saucers. There are some new shapes in salad dishes and plates, crackers, jars and cheese dishes. A new device in porcelain ware is intended for baking sweets, in which they are served individually. They will bear a hot fire without injury, and are made in a number of pretty shapes.

Small and delicate shapes for pates and ices are still in fashion. "La Tosca" is the name of a prettily-shaped dish for ices. In the new styles of game and fish plates the tints are more a reflection than a display, and much of the flower work is done in gold. In one pretty style there is a delicate dash of turquoise for a relieving color, with vines faintly lined in gold and silver. In this set the sides are slightly concave, with rolling edges.

Ways of Baking Graham Flour. By this time everybody knows how to make Graham "gems" by the usual method, which is simply to stir the batter just a little stiffer than griddle cake batter, and bake quickly in a very hot oven. This thing is certain, the thinner the batter the better must be the oven. It is also the case that gems mixed with water require a hotter oven than those mixed with milk. So, if you cannot have a very hot oven, either make the mixture of simple Graham flour and water quite thick, or mix the flour with milk.

Skimmed milk is good enough, though new or creamy milk makes the bread more "short." Of course, the thinner the batter the better must be the oven. It is also the case that gems mixed with water require a hotter oven than those mixed with milk. So, if you cannot have a very hot oven, either make the mixture of simple Graham flour and water quite thick, or mix the flour with milk.

Housekeepers who have no gem pans can make very nice warm Graham bread for breakfast in several ways. Make a dough of flour and sweet milk—skimmed milk is best—just as you would make a dough for rolls, and roll it out on a flat surface, and cut it into diamonds, or cut off strips and make it into rolls with the hand; or roll it into balls two inches in diameter, flattening them a little or not at all, as you choose; or roll the dough very thin and cut it into square crackers, pricking them well to prevent their puffing. Crackers are best with some cream in the mixing, and crackers made in more kneading than diamonds and rolls, which are expected to be soft inside.

Any of these kinds of bread—diamonds, rolls, balls and crackers—are baked upon the grate in the oven, which should be wiped off very clean. They will not stick to it, and will bake very fast. I recommend the crackers, because they are more bread-like and sweeter and better. I think, and we all think so at our house, without salt, but most people prefer salt in the crackers.

A Cheap and Pretty Bag. The tips of old Swedish leather, or kid gloves can be made into very pretty little bags, just suitable for keeping money in on a journey; they will also hold small pieces of needlework, and do for keeping buttons, counters, etc. If the old gloves are short or worn, the tips of the hand, are required for one bag, whereas only the tips of long ones are necessary, they should be cut off with the hand and well stitched together.

The top of the glove forming the bottom of the bag. The strips of leather left are finely snipped for a fringe which can be gilded with bronze tincture. Buttonhole or crocheted silk loops made on the outside, hold the drawing in top cord, the ends of which are ornamented with gilt or fancy buttons. A little flower or spray painted on the kid is an additional ornament to these bags.

The Cloth Bugbear. More than 100 years ago, Beaumur observing that clothing moths never attacked the wool and hair on living animals, inferred that the natural odor of the wool, or of the oily matter in it, was distasteful to them. Consequently, he rubbed various garments with the wool of fresh pelts, and also wet other garments with the water in which wool had been washed, and found that they were never attacked by moths.

Experiments with tobacco smoke and the odors of spirits of turpentine showed that both were equally destructive, but it was necessary to close the room very tightly and keep the fumes very dense in them for twenty-four hours to obtain satisfactory results. Chests of cedar or sprigs of the tree are so disagreeable to them that they will not deposit their eggs where this odor is at all strong, but should the eggs be laid before the garments are packed away the odor will prevent the hatching of the eggs nor the destructive work of the larvae afterward. Clothing may also be protected from moths by packing it in stout cotton or paper bags made perfectly tight, but this must be done before the moths appear on the wing.

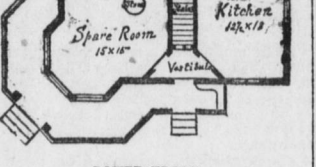
For Promenade and Visiting Gowns. Very handsome ladies' cloth, with new and attractive borderings, and English serge and chevrons are greatly used in the formation of stylish promenades and visiting gowns. Many beautiful dyes have been added to the standard shades, red gold, russet deeply tinged with orange, amaranth, and dahlia reds, peach color, linden green, and oak heart being among the novel colors in all-wool fabrics.

CONVENIENT AND CHEAP.

A House for the Rural Dweller.

Because people in rural districts do not often patronize architects, few of their building plans are really adapted to their needs. The building shown combines cheapness with beauty and the conveniences of modern life. As it is nearly square and has only one chimney and no expensive front hall and stairs, it ought to be built anywhere at from \$1,000 to \$1,500, according to the finish.

The kitchen and pantry are of good size; the back hall gives ample room for a farmer's necessary changes of coats, hats, etc., while the porch and its sink afford a convenient place for men to wash their faces.



LOWER FLOOR. The woodshed was usually dark and still, and only her master came and went with a kind word for her, and a query for the babies' welfare.

"Will those noisy children ever go?" said she, anxiously peering over the edge of the loft. "I want to go down for my dinner, but I dare not leave my children alone."

Just then the old loft shook and creaked with the motion of a swing hung to a rafter, in which two of the children were riding at once, and merry voices vailed all the drowsy spiders in all the dusty corners.

"Dear me," thought the little mother, "this place isn't safe; I must move tomorrow. What can master be about to let those children come here?"

She crept back to the rug, just to assure herself that the babies were all safe, and to give them a little motherly kiss.

But all the wee, blind kittens woke up at once and began to cry, so that the little mother was much more anxious than before.

"Hush, my dears," said she; "do try to go to sleep again. Some one may come up here if you cry so loud."

Just then the children below cried out: "Kittens! kittens! grandpa! I hear them. Come and hunt for Thetis' kittens."

Mother Thetis listened with growing fear. Who might the grandpa be? Some strange creature ever more dangerous than the children, perhaps.

But there was no help for it; they were surely climbing the ladder.

It was no use to try to "move" then, because she could carry only one kitten at a time, and the others might meet with misfortune in her absence. And it crossed her mind, mistily, that once before in an absence her little family had dwindled from five to two.

There she had seen a baby girl in grandpa's arms.

"Then grandpa must be another name for master, and I am sure he won't hurt us," said Thetis to her babies, trying to sit up in front of them as if she were alone.

But, nevertheless, all the wee kittens were discovered, and handed about to the great distress of the little mother.

At last the children clambered down and ran away, and the echoes and the dusty spiders all went to sleep again.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BUSY AND SHE POPPIER

She's out, and pink, and white, in my garden's garden beds, 'Tis the green you look so bright; 'Tis the green you look so bright; 'Tis the green you look so bright; 'Tis the green you look so bright.

She's a busy busy cat, 'Tis the green you look so bright; 'Tis the green you look so bright; 'Tis the green you look so bright; 'Tis the green you look so bright.

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THE TORONTO OARSMAN BEATEN BY THE LENGTHS.

The sport now being talked of among the sporting fraternity, particularly among those of an aquatic turn, is the great rowing match on the Thames, England, between Henry E. Searle and William J. O'Connor, in which the former won, his time over the four-and-a-quarter mile course being 23 minutes and 42 seconds. O'Connor tired very early in the race, and is said to have been overstrained. He was ten lengths behind Searle at the finish.

Henry E. Searle first became champion of the world in professional rowing on July 13, 1888. On that day he sculled against Stansberg over the Faramattis course of three miles. Searle, at the Clarence River Aquatic carnival in January, 1888, beat C. Neilson, and cleared the champion of New Zealand.

After beating Wolf, Searle finally rowed his best race against Stansberg, in which he beat all records. The next best record to it was that made by Beach of 20 minutes 29 seconds, when he beat Hanlan in 1884.

Searle is 5 feet 10 inches in height; his chest measurement is 41 1/2 inches, and his rowing weight 160 pounds. Searle is a tall, slender blond, with a fair, rosy complexion and an incipient blond moustache. Dressed in civilian's clothes he appears exceedingly spare in build, and does not impress one as a great sculler. His arms are long and small, as he takes evident pleasure in permitting people to feel them and confound them by their comparative softness. Ed Hanlan, the ex-champion, says Searle's arm is as soft as a woman's.



and scarce suggests the brawny appearance which his arms present in the photos of the oarsman in rowing costume. Where Searle gets his wonderful soul-propelling power from is a matter Hanlan ascribes it to a remarkable strength of the thighs. Searle won't discuss it, and when asked about it last fall he remarked laughingly: "Oh, I've got a new movement that the others are not 'onto' yet."

William J. O'Connor was born at Toronto, Canada, in 1864. His greatest achievement was defeating John Feemer at Washington, D. C., on Nov. 24, 1888, for champion sculler of America. As a sculler, O'Connor, with Enright as a partner, won many single and double scull races in 1884. In 1885 he became a professional, and since then has won fifteen races. Hanlan was the man who developed O'Connor's rowing abilities.

"As far as I have been able to judge by personal inspection," says President Young, "two changes would be advisable in the national game, and it is very likely that they will be brought before the league at its annual meeting in November. First and foremost there is no doubt in my mind that the patrons of the game would be better pleased with two umpires than one, and the experience of this season has demonstrated this fact to my entire satisfaction, not that there is any objection to the staff of league umpires as it exists today as far as the officials of the league are concerned, for we think our selections for these trying places have all endeavored to do their duty conscientiously and without favor to home or visiting clubs, as often alleged. But there is a demand for two umpires, which cannot be ignored, and for my part I shall favor eight good men being chosen for these places next year."



"It will not do to have home umpires. That experiment has been tried too often, and invariably resulted in more evil than good. What is required is to have an octet of umpires, who shall be subject to orders, as at present, and thus all talk of favoritism will be reduced to a minimum. It is but a comparatively short time before the playing season will end, and despite talk to the contrary, our staff of umpires will remain as constituted today. At the last meeting of the league in the spring a suggestion from me for a fifth umpire was agreed to, and at once Knight was chosen for the position. By the way, we have a little taste of civil service reform, so far as promotion is concerned, in the national league. Umpire Curry was the fifth umpire at one time, but when a vacancy occurred he was put in as a regular at \$1,500 per season and expenses.

"The other features which I think the game requires is that foul tips shall be counted as strikes. In many instances some of the prettiest plays in the game are spoiled by the rule now in vogue, and there is no valid reason why a catcher should be deprived of credit for a clever piece of work by not allowing foul tips to count anything when he is close up behind the bat."

Joe McAniff and Pat Killen have fought before the California Athletic club at San Francisco, and the former has proved himself the best man. It took only seven rounds, but Killen's friends claimed he knock-out below was a foul, but the referee would not allow the claim.