

IS IT YOU?

Some one's selfish; some one's lazy; Is it you? Some one's sense of right is hazy; Is it you? Some one lives a life of ease, Doing largely as he please, Drifting idly with the breeze— Is it you? Some one hopes success will find him; Is it you? Some one proudly looks behind him; Is it you? Some one full of good advice Seems to think it rather nice In a "has been's" paradise— Is it you? Some one trusts to luck for winning; Is it you? Some one craves a new beginning; Is it you? Some one says, "I never had, Such a chance as Jones had, Some one's likewise quite a cad— Is it you? Some one's terribly mistaken; Is it you? Some one sadly will awaken; Is it you? Some one's working on the plan That a masterful "I can" Doesn't fail to make the man— Is it you? Some one yet may "make a killing," And it's you. Some one needs but to be willing, And it's you. Some one better set his jaw, Cease to be a man of straw, Get some sand into his craw— And it's you. Baltimore American.

The Dutch Painter.

By KATE LUBY.

In the centre of a quiet village stood an inn, the proprietor of which was named Fritz; nearly opposite was the cottage of the village painter, rejoicing in the odd name of Tunder, and near door might be seen boards representing grotesque caricature paintings, as signs of his profession.

Of a truth, poor Tunder had a great love for his art; but, sorrowful to relate, his art had no love for him! He was vain and conceited, as nearly all pretenders to excellence are, yet he found a liberal patron and an ardent admirer in old Fritz, who carried his patronage so far as to promise him his lovely little daughter Lula in marriage.

Now Lula and her good mother had another young gentleman in their minds' eye; it was Rudolph, the handsome young gardener and huntsman, who loved Lula most fondly and truly, but who failed to make an impression on the flinty bosom of old Fritz.

The day was fixed for Lula's marriage with Tunder, and mother and daughter went bustling through their preparations with fearful eyes and saddened hearts, which ill befitted a bridal day.

To give more eclat to the wedding Fritz ordered a new sign, and Tunder's talents were called in requisition. Just then a young artist, who had that day arrived from the city, offered to paint a sign, representing the archduke, on very reasonable terms.

Lula and her mother voted for the artist's sign, and stubborn old Fritz swore that Tunder alone should share the glory with himself. At length a compromise was effected; both paintings should be done, and a place over the inn door awarded to that one which displayed most ability.

The wedding day had arrived, and Tunder was first in the field with his sign, but no one could make anything out of it.

"Behold!" cried the villagers, "a miserable abortion, which represents neither fish, flesh, nor fowl!" "What is it?" asked one.

"It is a mutilated Indian from the wilds of the West!" replied his neighbor. "Ignorant wretches!" shouted Tunder, choking with indignation. "Ye have eyes and see not!" so saying, he seized his brush and painted underneath the portrait, "To the great Leopold."

Shouts and groans followed the announcement, not for "Leopold," but for Tunder, who had so shamefully misrepresented him.

The city artist's painting was next displayed and produced a spontaneous burst of enthusiastic applause. Never before had the people beheld so lifelike and well executed a likeness of their very popular archduke; and the artist, in order to escape being embraced to death, beat a hasty retreat into the garden in the rear, and sat musingly on a bench.

In the midst of triumph his heart was bowed down beneath the load of some secret sorrow that was devouring him. "Unhappy Rollo! A few short days since had seen him the favorite artist of a brilliant court, enjoying the reputation of a Raphael, and on the high-road to fame and fortune.

A noble lady of the court, and who was a ward of the archduke, had made a deep and lasting impression on his heart, and he soon perceived that his passion was returned. Jealous rivals and slanderous tongues were quickly at work to misrepresent his conduct to his generous patron. The noble spirit of Rollo could not brook the wrong done to his honor, and maddened by the thought of being accused of tampering with the lady's affections, he fled the court, assumed a disguise, and went to ply his vocation among obscure villagers.

He had not been long sitting in the garden, before he learned that there were others equally unhappy. Lula and her lover were sitting in an arbor taking a last, loving farewell of each other.

"Why not fly with me, dearest Lula?" murmured Rudolph. "If you will not do so, a few short hours will see you wedded to that hateful Tunder, and lost to me forever!"

Lula sobbed audibly; yet, drying her tears, she replied:

"I cannot fly with you, though you know how much I love you, Rudolph; to fly would grieve my father and break my mother's heart. I am full of hope that Heaven will yet smile on our love."

"Poor little Lula!" sighed Rollo, as she and her lover left the garden. Fatigue and anxiety overpowered him, and he was soon sleeping soundly, and dreaming of his ladylove. He never heeded the sounding of bugles and galloping of horses, which startled all the village.

The Archduke Leopold, with the beautiful arch-duchess, accompanied by her ladies and officers of the court, were on a hunting excursion and dashed through the village. They halted in front of the inn, expressing their astonishment and gratitude to Fritz at the beauty of his sign, and the great loyalty he had evinced toward the archduke. The arch-duchess placed a chain of gold around Fritz's neck, demanding to see the village artist who had painted the sign. After a long search Rollo was found, peacefully sleeping in the garden.

Great was their delight and surprise at finding the "glory of their court," as they termed him.

The archduke folded him in his arms, and told him he had never doubted his honor. He must instantly return to court, no longer in the capacity of a poor artist, but as the Baron de T—, which title, with its estates, the archduke was ready to bestow on him. Then he said he was greatly in need of Rollo's services as chief physician to his lovely ward, who was never seen to smile since his departure!

"And now is there aught you wish me to do for your friend here?" asked the archduke.

Rollo related in a few words, the story of Lula and Rudolph, on hearing which the duke beckoned to Fritz, and in a few moments the old man called the young couple, Lula and Rudolph, and gave his consent to their marriage.

"We shall have a double wedding," cried the archduchess, as she placed a valuable diamond ring on Lula's finger.

In a few minutes the whole village was moving in one grand procession towards the palace—Rollo, with his noble bride elect, Rudolph, with his faithful Lula by his side, old Fritz and his wife, almost beside themselves with joy at the unexpected honors shown them by the great Leopold. The blare of trumpets, the rolling of drums, and the ringing of marriage bells formed the theme of conversation of all the village for many years after.

Tunder was not invited to the double wedding. He did not hang himself; more wise, by far, he emigrated to some distant land.—New York Weekly.

WHY SHE STAYED AT HOME.

The Reason Was Good, But it Was Meant to Make Her Tell It.

Short and tart were her answers over the telephone, and though the young man begged her to disclose the cause of her ill temper to the end that explanations might be made, she would have none of him, and the interview terminated with a click as she hung up the receiver in the middle of one of his speeches.

He took the contemplated trip to the beach with another girl and vainly sought to convince himself that she was as good company as the inamorate. Even that experience did not bring him to the properly humble frame of mind, however, and it was a week before he set forth to demand an explanation and re-establish the cordial relations.

She received him with evident gladness, but was unwilling to enter into any explanation until the prospect of a second and more definite quarrel loosened her tongue.

"You frightened me," she said with tears in her eyes. "You would have been cross, too, if some one had rung the telephone bell in your car when you were not expecting it."

"Doesn't the telephone bell always ring unexpectedly?" he argued. "I could not very well have sent word around that I was going to call you up."

"No," she admitted; "but you need not have called me up just then. I spilled my medicine, and that made me cross."

"I did not know you were ill," he cried in penitence. "Was it serious?" "No," she said hastily. "It was nothing at all serious, only it made me very angry. I'm sorry I pleaded it."

"Won't you tell me," he pleaded tenderly. She shook her head.

"Very well, then," he said, rising. "Since I no longer enjoy your confidence, it is perhaps as well that we should meet as strangers in the future."

He was almost at the door when soft arms were thrown about his neck. "I can't let you go like this," she wailed. "You see, and the flushed face buried itself in the gray coat, "I was going to surprise you with my new dress. It was all white—everything—and I had the loveliest open-work stockings and kid pumps, and I—I—I had just put some iodine on it when the bell rang and I jumped—and it went all over my foot. And really, Jack, I couldn't go to Manhattan with you with that horrid yellow all over my foot; now could I, dear?"—New York Press.

In Trimming a Tree.

In trimming a tree it should be remembered that the wound made by cutting off a limb close to the trunk of a tree will soon heal over, while the wound made by cutting off the limb two or more inches from the trunk leads to decay and sometimes causes the ultimate loss of the tree itself.



To Preserve Brooms.

Brooms that are dipped into scalding soapuds once a week will have their bristles so toughened that they will wear much longer than brushes that are not so treated.

Moth Preventive.

Powdered alum and borax mixed together have been found very effectual as moth preventives. As the usual moth preventives have an intensely disagreeable odor it is worth while trying this mixture, which, of course, has no smell.

To Hemstitch on a Machine.

Draw threads from the cloth to be hemstitched and baste the edge of the hem in the centre of drawn threads. Then loosen the tension of machine and stitch very close to the edge of hem. Remove bastings and pull hem down to edge of drawn threads.—National Magazine.

Three Good Suggestions.

A loosened knife handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two-thirds full of rosin and brick dust. Heat the shank of the knife and while very hot press it into the handle, holding it in place until firmly set.

If the cover a fruit jar sticks do not attempt to wrench it off; simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it and you will find it turns easily.

When a broom becomes shorter on one side and sharp as needles, dip it into hot water, trim it evenly with the shears and you will have a broom nearly as good as new.—National Magazine.

The Sunday Night Supper.

I wish I could head an insurrection against the Sunday night supper as it is usually met. It would be swept out of existence with a celerity that would be astonishing even in this day of rapid transit. Gone forever would be the supper table of one section of the country—the plate of cold chipped beef or dried codfish, the pile of white and brown bread, the little dishes of apple sauce, the large pale ginger cookies. Gone, too, would be that other variety of supper table which thinks to make up for its lack of savory dishes by its much cake. I am afraid even baked beans and brown bread, beloved as they are by certain worthy beings, might not stand against the besom of destruction.

Instead of any or all of these the supper table that should supplant them should be a board of surprises. The Sunday night supper should be the unexpected feast of the week. At this meal the family would never know what to look for. One time the repast would be hot and savory, the next it would be cold, but no less savory. New and startling salads would make their first bow, so to speak, at the Sunday night supper table, and it would be the housekeeper's dissipation to devise and search out novelties for this meal. Here she should give rein to any pioneering or adventurous spirit she had in her, and train her family to equal daring.—Harper's Bazar.

Recipes.

Cornmeal Doughnuts—Pour a teacupful and one-half of boiling milk over two teacupfuls of meal; when cool add two cups of flour, one of butter, one and one-half of sugar, three eggs; flavor with nutmeg or with cinnamon; let rise till very light; roll about one-half inch thick, cut in diamond shape and fry in hot lard.

Inferno Eggs—"Eggs of the Inferno" is a tempting Italian dish. Put half a cupful of olive oil in a deep frying pan. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. When the oil is hot slice into it three ripe tomatoes, which have been peeled. Cook until the tomatoes are tender, stirring them well into the oil. Break half a dozen eggs into the mixture and fry until firm. Serve hot on crisp lettuce leaves. This sounds very rich, but certainly not more so than bason and eggs.

Apple Compote—Peel a half dozen red tart apples, core and cut in halves. Have in readiness a syrup made from a quart of water, a cup and one-half of sugar and the juice and grated peel of a lemon and a half. As soon as it boils put in the apples and cook until they are tender but not broken. Lift the apples carefully into a glass dish, boil the syrup until quite thick, cool a little so as not to break the dish, and pour over the apples. Serve with cream, plain or whipped.

From Italy—An Italian dish of tomatoes is described in Good Housekeeping. Select not too ripe tomatoes and cut off about a quarter of an inch from the blossom end, using a very sharp knife. Scoop out part of the pulp and fill the tomato cup with well washed and soaked rice, in which has been mixed a little chopped parsley, a pinch of several pungent herbs, salt, red pepper and a good portion of olive oil. Bake the tomatoes in a deep baking dish in seasoned olive oil, two-thirds of a cup to nine tomatoes. Cook in a moderate oven until the rice is quite tender, and the skins of the tomatoes begin to wrinkle. Serve hot with a little of the oil in which they were baked.

Spain has a lawsuit that has been before the courts since 1517.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There may be more spirituality in a bowl of soup than in a sermon. So long as truth lives it will grow and outgrow all the clothes we make for it.

Slander is checked by the hearty and charitable speech.—Scottish Reformer.

When the church is frozen with formalism it needs more than fires of eloquence.

The fruitful lives are the ones that sow seeds of gratitude in the furrows of affliction.

Every great man is always being helped by everybody; for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.—Scottish Reformer.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy way of doing things. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other.—Emerson.

For your health keep out in the open air as much as possible; for your religion, keep faith in your neighbor; and for your mental advancement, keep up the practice of engaging in conversation each day some one whom you know to be your superior.—Edward Everett Hale.

PRINCESS MATHILDE'S HOME.

Charming Hospitality of the Saturday Afternoons at St. Gratien.

The Saturday guests at St. Gratien will no longer come to enjoy a hospitality which called to mind that formerly offered by the most French of all the princesses of the Renaissance, Margaret of Navarre. In those long avenues where the hostess would walk with her elastic step, followed by her dogs, conversation worthy of the "Heptameron" would be carried on by men of such names as Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Flaubert, Emile Ollivier, Theophile Gautier, or the Goncourt brothers.

To the latter many cruel indifferences may be forgiven in consideration of their having included in their "Journal" a minute and faithful account of the life led at St. Gratien.

They have depicted, without omitting a single one, every detail of this mansion, which, if it has nothing real in itself, is rendered beautiful by the view it commands over the lake of Englihen and the forest of Montmorency. The studio, crowded like a conservatory with palms and ferns, relieved by picturesque, exotic ornaments, contains immense divans, where the assembled guests whiled away the warm hours of the afternoon. They read, or drew or conversed, while the princess sat before her easel or at her tapestry-frame, talking; or listening to some one who read aloud, embroidered marvelous patterns invented or designed by herself. Then came the large rooms on the ground floor, drawing rooms, library and dining room, all hung alike in chintz with oleander flowers on a seagreen tinted ground, of which she used to say: "I am so fond of my old chintz with friends sitting upon it."

Then came the more private apartments; in their toy furniture she kept dainties for her dogs; the great looking glasses mirrored the knickknacks scattered about; the walls and chairs were decked with fresh colored stuffs the brightness of which pleased her.—From Mme. Blanc's "The Late Princess Mathilde" in the Century.

Why Quote Dicker? "Why," asked the man from New York, "did Secretary Taft use quotes or quotation marks on either side of the word 'dicker' in his Bowen letter. Dicker is a good old word. It was used before most of us were born. It comes from good parents—unless you count to many of them. In Iceland they call it daker and daker, although the former spelling is said to be dekr; in Danish it is deger; in Germany it is decher. One day Mr. Noah Webster says that in all probabilities the word came from the Latin deca, dactrum and the higher Latin deactria. This means a division of ten, of course, and once was applied only to leather. The first mention of it in English is in some old books in which 'a dicker of gloves' is mentioned. Heywood speaks of 'a dicker of cowhides.' John Greenleaf Whittier gives it a different meaning, in a way, when he uses it in one of his verses as a noun, saying: 'For peddling dicker, not for honest sales.' And J. Fenimore Cooper uses the word in a sentence, 'Ready to dicker and to swap.' It's a Yankee word, all right, but as I asked before, why did Taft not have enough Yankee courage to use it as such?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Remarkable Case.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, Paris, M. Berger submitted radiographs of a man afflicted with Osteomalacia, or decalcification of the skeleton. His height had lowered from one metre and fifty-five centimetres to ninety-five centimetres, and all his voluntary movements had become impossible except those of the head. Treated at first with chloroform, on the understanding that his malady was of microbial origin, and then with phosphorus, the demineralisation went on, and was only arrested spontaneously after the abandonment of all medication. The skeleton appears now to have recalcified to some extent, and the patient can move his limbs. His general state is good. His is a rare case of spontaneous amelioration.

The house of the Capulets in Verona, where Juliet is supposed to have lived, is to be sold by auction to satisfy creditors.

FOUND AN EASY VICTIM.

Boston Photographer Falls to Very Old Trick.

A man went into a Boston photographer's gallery the other day. Men have done this before and survived—even though taken from life. The man was on the usual errand, a fact that he carefully imparted to the artist.

"Make the best presentation you can of me, gentle sir," he said in a courteous way. "And while I need but one, a dozen will not come amiss. Let them be your premier cabinets, for I would not curtail the expense."

The photographer rubbed his hands together in a purring way. "I will try to satisfy you, sir," he said. "Pray be seated."

The subject smiled as the artist posed him.

"I will admit," he said, "that I desire to look my very best. A heart's happiness this portrait makes."

"I fully comprehend," said the artist. The sitter glanced at his vest. "Seems rather dull and tame to me," he said. "Ought to be brightened up a little. Here, suppose you let me wear that watch and chain of yours just as a catchy outward decoration."

So the smiling photographer passed him the gold watch with its heavy chain and the sitter donned them with perceptible pleasure.

"That'll go fine with the rest of the makeup," he said, and a moment or two later after the photographer had stepped out to get a dry plate or something he returned to find that the watch and chain had gone with the rest of the makeup to parts unknown.

And all this happened in simple old Boston.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dr. Braman and the Fiddlers.

The Rev. Milton P. Braman, D. D., for thirty-five years pastor of the First Church of Danvers, Mass., retiring in 1861, was widely known as a preacher and theologian. He was, however, conservative to the point of bigotry, and eccentric withal. One of his eccentricities was his determined opposition to instrumental music in church, which he seemed to regard as little short of sacrilege. Therefore, it may readily be understood that when the parish introduced a first and second violin and bass as accompaniment to the singing of the choir, the doctor's ire was aroused, and he took no pains to conceal it.

On the Sunday after the introduction of the carnal instruments, when the preacher rose to announce the first hymn, he did it in this wise: "The choir will now please to fiddle and sing to the glory of God the 100th Psalm."

Judge Peabody's Irate Client.

Some years ago the husband of an Irish lady in Portland, Maine, found himself in difficulty, requiring the services of an attorney. So the wife, who managed affairs, went to a leading concern which she'd employed before, only to find it had been secured by the other side. Inquiring who she'd better employ, Lawyer Peabody, now a justice of the supreme judicial court of Maine, was recommended. He was engaged, but the opposite party won.

A few days later an acquaintance, referring to her misfortune, asked the lady if she had counsel.

"Yes, I did," she emphatically replied. "I had Paybody, and I might just as well had nobody."

In Doubt About the Head.

Patrick Murphy, while passing down Tremont street, Boston, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. One of the first things he did after being taken home and put to bed was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case. He called and received five crisp, new \$100 bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked. "Two thousand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand, and you give me \$500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

Blind Men Used Striped Paint.

A short time ago a salesman from the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind came to Fall River to sell brooms. In the course of his talk, he explained that the brooms were made by blind people, of whom he was one.

After he had departed, one of the men who heard him tell his story said: "I believe all he said about blind men making the brooms, but how can they paint the stripes on the handles?"

"Oh," said another, "they use striped paint for that."—Boston Herald.

Her Favorites.

As back on the prospect of my memory looks, I always have carried Elizabeth's books. When speller and reader so potent held sway, I blissfully burdened myself every day. Which, growing up, we courted, I kept at her call. Live sonnets and poems Of Browning et al. Now, married, I carry not. Her favorite sage, With "Pay to the order" Engraved on each page. —McLandsburgh Wilson.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

TEN MORE MILLS TO START.

American Tin Plate Company Makes Ready for Further Resumptions at New Castle.

Notices were posted August 24 by the American Tin Plate Company for the employees of 10 of the 30 mills in the Shenango plant at New Castle, the largest tin works in the world, to report for duty Monday. It is understood that the others will resume shortly afterward. The Greer plant started two weeks ago.

Two Morganza boys escaped from State Parole Officer George M. Permar at Transfer, 20 miles north of New Castle, by making a headlong dive through the car window when the train was running 40 miles an hour. Permar secured the boys at Erie and had them manacled together in the seat behind him. While he sat talking with a friend just after the train had pulled out of Transfer and had attained speed the boys dove through the window. The alarm was given and the train backed to the point of escape but the boys had disappeared.

A large frame shanty used by the laborers employed on the straightening of the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Tyrone was destroyed by fire. Many of the departments of the occupants were consumed, together with money which most of them had secreted in their lockers and trunks. Over \$1,500 in money was burned up. Contractor H. S. Kerbaugh's loss is \$500. The fire was caused in a peculiar manner. A gasoline lamp burning in the shanty was blown out. The next man to come in struck a match and the escaping gas was ignited, causing an explosion.

The New Castle forge and bolt works was almost completely destroyed by fire, throwing over 300 men out of employment. The entire forge department, containing valuable machinery, gas generators, etc., burned having caught supposedly from the gas. The engine rooms operating the remaining departments were destroyed. President C. J. Kirk says the loss will reach over \$100,000, with insurance of \$70,000. All the departments were called and it took three hours to get the fire under control.

The eleventh annual reunion of the old Atlantic and Great Western railroad employees was held in Meadville and the attendance was exceptionally large. Kent, O., was chosen as the next meeting place and the following officers were elected: President, Charles Bortz, Kent, O.; vice president, M. H. Ricker, Gallion; treasurer, John Eckert, Meadville; secretary, W. E. Nichols, Meadville. The secretary reported that there are 11,288 members of the organization on the roll.

Anti-toxin for use by diphtheria patients, who cannot afford to pay for it, will hereafter be distributed free throughout the State through the new Department of Health, of which Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, of Philadelphia, is the official head. Distribution stations will be established immediately in every county and the distribution will be made on the order of the physicians in charge of all such cases.

The sawmill and company store of Hyde & Rout, contractors for the Franklin Lumber company, at Eagle Rock, 12 miles east of Oil City, together with 5,000,000 feet of new lumber, were destroyed by fire. Firemen with steamers from this city and Warren succeeded in checking the flames, which started from the boiler in the mill. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

Plans for consolidating the Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley lines, operating the local lines of Youngstown and New Castle, and the interurban lines; the Sharon local and interurban lines and the Park and Falls line of Youngstown, are ready, and the proposition is to be submitted to the stockholders.

An epidemic of typhoid fever has broken out in the vicinity of McCleary postoffice, Butler county, and within a week 23 cases have developed. The first case was fatal. The whole countryside attended the funeral and within three days there were seven new cases.

First Lieut. J. F. Bell, U. S. A., of Prosperity, Washington county, has been appointed an instructor in mathematics at West Point. Lieut. Bell graduated from Washington and Jefferson college in 1893 and graduated from West Point in 1902.

Mrs. Helen Proctor, a well-known widow, dropped dead in the room of the Second Church of Christ, Scientists, at Meadville. Rheumatism was the cause of death. She was about 50 years old.

A vein of coal nine feet and four inches thick has been struck in the mine of the Taylor Coal and Coke Company, at Searights, six miles west of Uniontown. Mining will be begun as soon as the tipples is completed.

Mrs. Nancy Wilson was burned to death at her home near Laurel, Fayette county. A lamp she attempted to blow out exploded.

James K. Smith, a brakeman on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railroad, was killed while making a coupling, near Ernest.

Michael Nossdorf, an Austrian, went to sleep in a Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad train at Beaver Falls, and was aroused by an employe after the cars had been shifted onto a side track. Nossdorf then found that he had lost all his money, about \$75. He is thinking of suing the company.

Frank Adams is in the Washington hospital as the result of injuries inflicted by another boy with whom he quarreled over the possession of a dog.

Officials of the seven banks at New Castle, are discussing the advisability of establishing a clearing house.