

# As Good as a Girl.

By LOUISE HOWLAND

"There!" said Miss Ann Eliza Somers, setting the rolling pin on the end, and deftly scraping off the dough that had accumulated on its sides. "If I do say it, there ain't bin a handsomer batch of doughnuts than that set on any pantry shelf in Bolton this fall; leastwise, none that we've seen."

"Gim-me one o' them," said a small voice, as a dirty little hand was thrust in at the kitchen window, and a grimy finger pointed at the colander piled high with the brown circles, braids and diamonds, that Miss Ann Eliza was contemplating with so much satisfaction.

"Land sakes alive!" she cried, and the rolling-pin fell to the floor with a bang. "Who be you? Git right down from there. I shouldn't wonder if you was a steppin' right on my jacinot rosebush."

The hand was withdrawn so quickly, and it had been such a small hand, that Miss Somers, from some feeling of compunction, or possibly to gain time, added, "You kin go round back."

Now Miss Eliza, all through the morning, as she lifted from the boiling fat each doughnut as it attained the required shade of brown, had seen visions of her self offering her friends, who might drop in during the day, a few of her doughnuts on one of her best china plates, and she could almost hear them say, "These are the best I ever did eat; they just melt in your mouth;" and she could see herself with proud generosity complying to their requests for the receipt.

She knew there would be no such appreciation from a boy—boys had no place in Miss Eliza's catalogue of useful things—nevertheless she selected the last doughnut that had been fried, made from odds and ends of dough which had the merit of being much larger, if also much inferior in quality to the others, and after depositing the colander in the pantry, stepped to the back door.

"Well, I never did!" she cried, resting both hands on her hips and regarding the owner of the hand that had so rudely disturbed her equanimity.

A queer little figure stood there. The boy might have been anywhere from seven to ten years old. He was very small, but his face might have seen a score of years, so deep were its lines. It was framed in the rim of a brown derby hat that had, probably, once sheltered a more fortunate member of society.

The few articles of clothing, although in tatters, were evidently his own, as regarded origin as well as possession; while his feet were protected by ladies' shoes of by no means Cinderella proportions.

From under the hat two big gray eyes fixed upon the doughnut which Miss Eliza held in her hand; not long, however, for, waiting all ceremony, the boy took it quickly from between her fingers, and the doughnut disappeared in three mouthfuls, so much to Miss Eliza's alarm, that she ran for a glass of milk; for she often remarked that sponge cake and doughnuts, be they ever so light, did beat all for sticking in one's throat, and for her part she never could eat either without drinking at least two cups of tea to get them down.

The milk followed the doughnut, and evidently met with some degree of appreciation, for the hard and weary little face softened as it was lifted to Miss Eliza's, and the boy said,—

"Gim-me sumpin' ter do."

Miss Somers regarded all boys as her natural enemies. Living alone for the past twenty years since her father, Farmer Somers, died, she associated them only with stolen fruit and trampled flower beds, and so declared them "imps and pests," and impatient with herself for relenting toward one of the race to this extent, said sharply,—

"Yes, wash your face."

She closed the door, drove the bolt in with a good deal of force, and went back to her task of clearing up.

This done, and having eaten her frugal dinner, she went up-stairs and made her afternoon toilet.

Before sitting down to her small mending she thought of her plants neglected this busy day; so taking the watering pot from its hook in the porch, she went out to the cistern to fill it, for she always maintained that no plants ever flourished like those watered with pure rain water.

This was a day of upsets. There, by the side of the cistern, cuddled up in a heap, his head pillowed on the butter skin, that served for a bucket, lay her small acquaintance of the morning, fast asleep.

His face, streaked by his recent amateur ablutions, looked so drawn and winched that Miss Somers was startled and took hold of his shoulder.

The boy jumped to his feet, ducked under her arm, and ran to the other side of the cistern.

"I—I washed me face; gim me sumpin' ter do," he said, for he felt there was need of propitiating this woman, who, notwithstanding her kindness, spoke and looked so sternly.

"You needn't be so scart; what do you mean, going to sleep in my yard, right side of the cistern, too; you might a' fallen in and drowned, then there'd be a pretty how-do-do."

"Me name's Mugsy, and I come from the city; guess I was clean beat. I kin work."

"Humph! beat you may be, but I don't see anything clean about you; as for work, I'd like to know what you kin do."

"I kin scrub floors, an' sift ashes, an' if there was one thing Miss Eliza expected Miss Somers to wash it, but she was not there.

## AGE OF THE HAMMER.

### PROFICIENCY ATTAINED IN THIS IMPORTANT TOOL.

It is Essentially an American Product—Some Odd Specimens Turned Out—Balancing a Claw Hammer—The Magnet Hammer is Very Useful.

The mechanic's hammer of today is essentially an American product. This is the age of hammers, in view of the fact that this age sees the hammer in its greatest state of proficiency, says the American Exporter. Exactly when the hammer came into use is not told in history, but it is certain that some rude form of the instrument must have been used in the earliest days of handicraft. Of the hammers made in America today there is no end.

There is the tiny little tack hammer which weighs only a few ounces, and is indispensable in house, store or factory. Then there is the 20 and 30 ton hammer driven by steam and used for making immense forgings. The numberless effects which are due to its remarkable force of impact has made the hammer a necessity in all trades. Immense manufactories, employing thousands of men, are grinding year in and year out making hammers, while 10 times as many wholesale houses are busy putting the product on the market. The industry has advanced to such a stage that many general hardware firms in the United States have thrown out the hammer, leaving it to the houses that deal in tools exclusively.

Hammers are made in a variety of shapes, the most in demand being the claw hammer. This and the shoe-maker's hammer have retained their shapes for hundreds of years. One gold beating firm relies on them entirely. The sheets or leaves of gold are hammered to such exceeding thinness that 250,000 are required to make up the thickness of an inch. Another odd product of the hammer factory is the butcher's hammer, used for killing cattle. It is capable when properly wielded of carrying a very heavy blow. Then there are the stone cutter's hammer, the carpet layer's hammer, the wood carver's mallet and the plumber's old implement. All of these have a good sale in the markets of the world, because they possess a "something" which users cannot find duplicated in the output of other countries.

In the South Sea islands tree felling contests are of such importance that specially made axes are imported for the work from America. It is reported by way of illustration that a difference of half an ounce in the "heft" of an axe lost the championship to one skilled chopper who had retained it for a quarter of a century. He was compelled to accept an axe of European make, and although it was to the eye of the layman equal in every way to the Yankee product, something was missing, and all sorts of tests were made to discover what it was.

The heartbroken ex-champion finally agreed that the difference lay in a slight curve of the handle and an excess weight of half an ounce in the head. So skilled are these woodmen of the South Sea; in felling timber that a dozen blows on the trunk of a tree will show but the one gash, as though done by a single blow of mighty power.

In the manufacture of claw hammers the American foundryman sees to it that the instrument balances perfectly before it is passed as being O. K. By balancing is meant that the centre of gravity, when the hammer is standing on its head, runs from the apex of the claw diagonally through the handle, just touching the very edge of the end surface. If the instrument falls to pass this test it is rejected and either sold for a low price, without a name, or consigned to a scrap pile. Small as such a defect might seem in itself, the amount of excess energy required to wield the implement would run up into several horse power in the course of the life of one hammer alone. A mechanic of today is a man of brains as well as muscle, and the same tension or "edge," requisite in artistic piano playing, oil painting and billiard playing is necessary in the crafts, although naturally in a lesser degree.

The manufacture of tools for the various divisions of labor has, therefore, become in this country something more than an output of units in enormous quantities. There must be a spirit of harmony between maker and user, and the needs of the latter taken seriously into consideration. An illustration of this was shown in England recently where American bricklayers amazed the native worker by laying fully 60 percent more bricks in one day than the best British record. Investigation disclosed the fact that the bricks were made on the American plan, somewhat smaller in every way than those in general use in England. The cry went up that no comparison was possible, in view of this glaring discrepancy, and the trade press was occupied with the controversy for many days.

Our English cousins failed to take into consideration the fact that the extra energy required to handle a brick, somewhat unwieldy and overweighted from the American standpoint, would militate against the earning power of the individual and the corresponding percentage of profit of his employer. The wonderful display of rapidity and mechanical skill of the American artisans has led to a more or less acceptance of the American model of brick in factory construction in England. The same conditions exist in the realm of tool manufacture. It is true that finer grades of instruments, those for the engineering and kindred professions, are generally imported from Germany, but even these are having a difficult time of it in holding the premiership against in-

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This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

### PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Senator William A. Clark will engage actively in racing this year.

Tord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has just passed his forty-fourth year.

Charles M. Schwab is said to be much improved in health and expects to return to America in April.

Tired of constant defeat by General Wood, President Roosevelt will take single-stick lessons from a fencing master.

Hans Makart, son of the famous painter, has opened a photographer's studio in Vienna. His father's prodigality left him and his sister nearly penniless.

The French colony at New Orleans, La., claims to have been notified that President Loubet of France will be in that city in June, 1904, on his way to St. Louis, Mo.

Major-General Baden-Powell, who made the famous defense of Mafeking during the Boer War, has been appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry of the British Army.

W. T. Wright, who was Prime Minister of Santo Domingo under President Jimenes, is a native of Lafayette, Ind., and was one time lieutenant in the United States Signal Service.

Sir Ernest Cassel has donated \$200,000 toward ophthalmic research in Egypt, the object of which is the training of native doctors in the treatment of ophthalmic disease among the poor of Egypt.

The British Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, is quoted as saying: "I believe it is a fact that no other nation on the face of the earth could have accomplished what we had to do in South Africa."

M. Jusserrand, the new French Ambassador to the United States, brought with him to Washington some Gobelin tapestries which have been donated by the French Government for the decoration of the embassy there. It is said that the cost of manufacturing the pieces in question exceeds \$10,000.

### YOUNG'S PLANING MILL

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### NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Ottawa (Can.) civil servants want an increase in pay.

Not a single life was lost on British railways in the year 1901.

Surveys have been made of 153 Scotch locks during the last seven months.

China has announced the intention to assume control of the commercial telegraph lines.

Nothing is left of the nose of the Egyptian Sphinx, thanks largely to the vandalism of tourists.

A special commission has been appointed by the Mexican Government to study the silver question.

The United States Government has appropriated \$450,000 for the purchase of horses for the fiscal year of 1903-1904.

The Russian Government has consented to the appointment of foreign consuls at Dainy, its new port in China.

The Vermont Fair and Trotting Association has held an annual fair and race meeting every September for fifty-six years.

Over \$18,000,000 a year is appropriated for public schools in New Jersey. There are more than 2000 schools, with more than 8000 teachers.

Cuban soap manufacturers produce 150,000 boxes of soap annually, and pay \$15,000 a month in wages. In addition to these 150,000 boxes there are imported from 150,000 to 60,000 boxes.

A special committee that has been investigating the question announced that, should Great Britain become involved in a European war, bread must be expected to go to a famine price in Britain.

State Labor Commissioner Harry F. Black of New Haven, Conn., has erected an imposing monument over the grave of James Armour, a revolutionary soldier, who was great uncle of the late Philip D. Armour.

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over 70 years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner. Among the rules are the following: "A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps." "A loadstone put in the place where the pane is in beautiful for the Rheumatism." "A basin of water gruel, with a half a quart of old rum in it, with lots of brown sugar is good for Cold in Head." "If you have hiccups, pinch one of your wrists, wile you count sixty, or get somebody to shake you and make you jump." "The earache—Put onion in ear after it is well roasted." "The consumption—Eat as many peanuts as possible before going to bed."

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For sale by E. Alex. Stokes.

### Illinois Girl Declared a Spendthrift.

A rather novel case from Normal attracted much attention in the county court, Miss Hattie Watt, an extremely pretty girl of 19, being the defendant. She was recently left a fortune of \$10,000 and her relatives filed complaint that she had become a spendthrift and was dissipating her bank account so rapidly that unless immediate steps were taken to prevent it she would be penniless. A goodly portion of her wealth had been spent in traveling over the country and in buying finery. The case was heard by a jury and a verdict was found against the girl. Accordingly the court appointed a conservator, who will have sole charge of her fortune until she becomes of legal age.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Stones for Bread.

According to the British vice-consul at Nicolaeff, Russian cereals are now adulterated by the addition of small stones and gravel, and this is especially the case with wheat, as its color and shape, he says, are easily matched. The mixture does not sound appetizing, and in view of the fact that we last year received 346,157 tons of wheat from Nicolaeff, the British consumer may well feel a little suspicious of Russian flour.—London Groscrier.