

**THE COUNTRY STORE.**

Far out beyond the city's lights,  
Away from the din and roar,  
The cricket chirps of summer nights  
Beneath the country store.  
The drygoods boxes rickled about  
Afford a welcome seat  
For weary tillers of the ground,  
Who here of evenings meet.

A swinging sign of ancient make,  
And one above the door,  
Proclaim that William Henry Blake  
Is owner of the store.  
Here everything, from jeans to tweed,  
From silks to gingham bright,  
Laid spread before the folk who need  
From early morn till night.

☐ In sugar, coffee (brown'd or green),  
Molasses, grindstones, tar,  
☐ Appenders, peanuts, navy beans  
And homemade vinegar,  
☐ One comb, wash wringers, rakes, false  
hair,  
Paints, rice and looking glasses,  
☐ Side saddles, hominy, crockery ware,  
And seeds for garden grasses;

☐ Lawn mowers, candies, books to read,  
☐ Corn planters, household goods,  
☐ Tobacco, salt and clover seed,  
☐ Horsewhips and knotted hoods,  
☐ Canned goods, shoe blacking, lime and  
nails,  
☐ Straw hats and carpet slippers,  
☐ Prunice, buttons, codfish, bridal veils,  
Cranberries, clocks and clippers;

☐ Umbrellas, candles, sythes and hats,  
☐ Caps, boots and shoes and bacon,  
☐ Thread, nutmegs, pins and rough on rats,  
For cash or produce taken,  
☐ Bird seed, face powder, matches, files,  
☐ Ink, onion sets and more,  
☐ Are found in acres and stacks and piles  
Within the country store.  
—Atlanta Constitution.

**KINGMUK, THE WOLF DOG**

By WINTHROP PACKARD.

**H**E who travels to the far northern shores of Alaska, near Point Barrow, finds there a type of Eskimo dog which seems to be a direct descendant of the gray wolf, and is singularly like its progenitor in appearance. The purest of the wolf breed is now rare in other parts of Alaska, for the great rush of civilized men to the gold fields has brought with it dogs of all varieties. The dogs of the pure type are great, gaunt fellows, with shaggy hair that is almost black in many instances, and grows longest about the shoulders, giving them a sort of ruff that adds to the fierceness of their appearance. They never bark, their cry being a mournful howl, quite like that of the wolf. They are inured to desperate hardships, and lie out in the snow and the Arctic night unprotected, although the thermometer may be fifty below zero, and it seems as if all living things exposed to the sweep of the Arctic gale must perish.

Perhaps it is the instinct of wolf-pack loyalty surviving, but whatever it is, dogs of the wolf breed are singularly faithful to those who bring them up. Hence, buying dogs of the natives in Arctic Alaska is rarely successful. If you manage to keep the dog he is likely to pine away. It is rarely that you can keep him. A pup taken from its native owners when but a few weeks old will remember them, and follow them years after, if not tied up, and it is utterly useless to try to keep a grown dog when purchased.

A notable instance of this is the story of Kingmuk, The Faithful, who came with other dogs and a party of Eskimos from far inland to visit the whaling station at Point Barrow.

Mr. Siem, who was a new man in charge of the station, and although a good whaler, little skilled in shore life, bought many of these dogs, and tied them up with ordinary dog chains. Early the next morning the natives started for the interior, and when Siem went out to inspect his purchase, he found every chain but one snapped. An ordinary dog chain is of little use with one of these dogs; they had simply followed their masters.

All but one had gone, and he had been fastened with an extra heavy chain. That was Kingmuk, who came to be surnamed The Faithful. He was an old dog then, and his strength had not been equal to the chain.

Some weeks later Kingmuk was released. His owners were now hundreds of miles away, and the blowing snow had long obliterated their trail, for the terrible Arctic winter had already set in. Yet this dog had no terror for Kingmuk, and he set forth immediately to find his friends.

All winter he trotted over the frozen wastes, far and near, in search of them. He avoided the whaling station and the native villages alike, and sought neither food nor shelter from mankind. How he lived only the wolf wisdom of centuries could fathom, but he did live somehow, and reports of him came in occasionally from up and down the coast and far into the interior, sometimes a hundred and fifty miles away.

He was recognized by his very shaggy hair and the remnants of a deerskin sled harness, which still hung on him. He never was seen to lope or walk, but kept up a steady dog-trot, now circling the country in wide sweeps, now quartering it like a hunting dog in search of game, always seeking, but never approachable.

In the rarefied atmosphere he was sometimes taken for a deer, and stalked by the hardy Eskimo hunters, who brave the severest Arctic winter in search of game. At night he was shot at for a wolf—by mistake, for no hunter would willingly have harmed him—yet he always escaped injury, and came to be looked upon by the natives with a touch of superstition as a mysterious, wandering spirit, perhaps a dog of the Nunatak people—the ghost folk of the winter night.

So the winter passed, the sun came again, and finally swung the horizon in

unbroken circuit, and with the summer came the interior natives once more to visit and trade. Kingmuk met them a hundred miles out, and followed them to the station, although their reception of him was hardly overcordial. A dog more or less mattered little to them, and Kingmuk was gaunt and weak from his winter's chase, and aging rapidly.

He found an old, or made a new, dog friend, a dog older than he, and when the natives left for the interior once more the two went with them.

What happened to the two during the winter no one knows, but in the spring Kingmuk returned to the station, bringing his friend with him. But it was too late to help the older dog. He could neither eat nor drink, and soon died. The thaw had hardly begun, and his body was dragged out on the solid ice of the lagoon and left there. Kingmuk followed as chief mourner, and lay down by his dead comrade in mute sympathy and sorrow.

Henceforth his home was by the side of his comrade, and except when he came to the station—once a day—for food, he remained there. When the lagoon began to thaw, Kingmuk went to the nearest bank to lie; but seeing the water rising, and that his friend did not follow, he went out on the flooded ice and dragged him ashore, where he again took up his post beside him.

Through the brief summer Kingmuk thus remained, undisturbed, respected by all in his devotion, and no attempt was made to separate them until the winter's snows came again. Kingmuk was rapidly growing weaker, and it was seen that he could not long withstand the severe weather. Every inducement save force was offered to get him to come to the station to be cared for, but Kingmuk remained faithful to his mourning, and the first blizzard of the winter covered the two, still lying side by side.—Youth's Companion.

**To Detect Cotton Thread in Cloth.**

The difference between wool and cotton is very great, and in the case of separate threads of each is plainly apparent, yet when these same threads are closely interwoven some good judges are mistaken and buy mixed cotton and wool goods, firmly convinced that there is not a thread of cotton in the cloth. It is the custom of all mills that manufacture cotton and wool mixtures to run the cotton crosswise in the looms, thus leaving the wool to run lengthwise. This is done for two purposes: First, to impart the glossy appearance which the longer stretch of wool thread gives when run in the length of the goods, and secondly, because the proportion of cotton is necessarily less and therefore more difficult to detect. The cotton thread, of course, is much smaller, and very difficult to distinguish in closely woven fabric. There is one infallible test, however.

Take a bolt of goods at the end and examine closely the crosswise thread, slowly pulling it apart. If it breaks almost evenly and comes apart slowly then one is safe in judging it to be all wool. If, on the contrary, it breaks in short, uneven strands and falls apart easily, refuse to accept the goods, for it is undeniably cotton, and will not give satisfaction. It were far better to get an all cotton or all wool.—Men and Women.

**On Dutch Waters.**

"I can think of no more reposeful holiday," says a writer, "than to stop on board of one of those barges wedged together in a Rotterdam canal, and, never lifting a finger to alter the natural course of events—to accelerate or divert—be carried by it to, say, Harlingen, in Friesland. Between the meadows; under the noses of great black and white cows; past herons fishing in the rushes; through the villages with dazzling milk-cans being scoured on the banks and the good wives washing and the satiric smokers in black velvet slippers passing the time of day; through big towns, by rows of sombre houses seen through a delicate screen of leaves; under low bridges crowded with children; through narrow locks; ever moving, moving slowly and surely, sometimes sailing, sometimes being towed, with the wide Dutch sky overhead and the plovers crying in it, and the clean west wind driving the windmills, and everything just as it was in Rembrandt's day and just as it will be five hundred years hence."—Chicago News.

**Versed in Pig Language.**

We find in an exchange the following account of an advertisement in an English paper. We do not think that there will be a rush of our farm laborers to fill this vacancy.

Wages of farm laborers in England are enticing. An advertiser in the *Wilmington, England, Gazette*, wants "a lad about twenty; must be a churchman of good education, who can drive a horse and cart, assist in the stable and garden (melons and cucumbers), milk cows and understand the pigs; must be accustomed to wait at table, and of gentlemanly appearance; early riser and tectvater; good references required." The wages of this farm hand of diversified accomplishments are to be \$50 a year, but he must lodge out and furnish his own meals, except dinner.

**His Life in Prison.**

Frank Hope, fifty-nine years old, who had served thirty-nine years behind prison bars, pleaded guilty in Chicago recently to a charge of swindling, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Hope was released from the Joliet prison the latter part of last August.

**For Old Ministers.**

Daniel Francis, of Des Moines, Iowa, has given \$30,000 for the erection in that city of a home for aged and worn-out ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

**Detecting Errors in Weights**

**City Sealer of Boston Tests Hundreds of Thousands of Weights and Measures in a Year to Make Sure That a Pint's a Pint and a Yard's a Yard.**

**B**OSTON spends many thousand dollars a year in making sure that everybody in the city that buys anything by weight or measure is certain to get his money's worth. All this is accomplished through the office of the sealer of weights and measures.

The title of this office is not a misnomer. On the contrary, it expresses with perfect accuracy the function exercised by the official who bears the name. He is literally a sealer of weights and measures, and every weight and every measure used by anybody in the city to sell or buy goods must receive the seal of the official before mentioned.

There are many different kinds of goods that are sold by merchants of high and low degree in Boston by weight or measure. The list of commodities is a long one, and includes a great variety and diversity of materials, from peanuts to diamonds.

In the sale of these many and various articles, different kinds of weights and measures are employed. All these weights and measures are adjusted to the nicest accuracy by the officers of the sealer.

The law on the subject says that the sealer of weights and measures shall annually give public notice to all inhabitants or persons having a usual place of business who use scales, weights or measures, for the purpose of selling any goods, wares, merchandise, or other commodities, or for public weighing, to bring in their scales, weights and measures to be adjusted and sealed.

The same section also provides that "in those cities and towns where a salary is paid to the sealer of weights and measures no fees shall be charged for such services.

In compliance with the provisions of the foregoing it is customary for the sealer to notify annually, in May, all such persons as are referred to by the statutes, by publishing the required notice in the daily papers, to bring to the office their scales, weights and measures, to be tested and sealed.

At any time after this notice the sealer may go to the houses, stores and shops of persons mentioned who have neglected to comply with the notice, and having entered, with the assent of the occupants, shall adjust and seal their scales, weights and measures, and shall be entitled to compensation.

The list of persons whose weights and measures come under the supervision of the city sealer includes all merchants who sell any commodity, like milk, which is sold at a fixed price in bottled quantity.

Some of the great grocery men of Boston sell hundreds of bottles of milk, for example.

Every bottle which is intended to be used for milk must pass through the hands of the sealer. Accordingly, there are always hundreds and sometimes thousands of these bottles of varying capacity in the offices of the sealer in the basement of the old Court House, and there are always half a dozen men busily engaged in testing the capacity of the vessels and in stenciling on the glass with a diamond marker the approval of the city sealer of the bottles which are found to contain what they are claimed to contain.

The sealer's inspectors are not permitted to examine one vessel in a case and to approve of the whole case by the sample examined. They must examine each and every bottle, and they must reject, moreover, not only the bottle which contains less than it is claimed to hold, but also the bottle which holds more than its alleged capacity.

There are half pint, pint, quart, two quart bottles and jars that are used to hold milk. Nobody may sell any of these bottled quantities of milk until the vessel has been sealed by the city sealer, who by his seal testifies that the vessel holds all and only that for which it is sold.

In the course of one year the sealer's office tests more than 120,000 wet measures, including milk cans, and of these measures nearly 6000 are found incorrect and adjusted and about 4000 are found incorrect and condemned.

All inaccurate glass vessels are condemned. That is to say, they are sent back to the factories, and it is presumed that they are destroyed.

The vessel which contains more than it is alleged to hold is condemned for more than one reason, but the sealer says the chief reason is to protect the seller against loss due to his own mistake.

But this is only a small part of the sealer's work. Throughout the city are many scales, of capacity ranging from 5000 pounds to 150 tons. The inspector must visit these scales and test them, and in the course of a year about 700 of such giant scales are tested. The sealer charges a dollar for tests like these, and for testing scales under 5000 pounds capacity he charges fifty cents.

For testing various other weights and measures the prices run as low as three cents for butchers' scales and wet measures and yard sticks.

These charges are made only when the inspector leaves the sealer's office to do the work. There is no charge at the office.

The sealer has a very large collection of all kinds of false or "skin" measures and weights. He has a charcoal basket, for instance, that having once been examined and approved, was falsified by the owner by drawing

**HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS**



**USEFULNESS OF CHEESECLOTH.**

Cheesecloth dusters will remove all dust and give a polish to wood floors, windows or mirrors. If given the following treatment: After washing, sprinkle them with kerosene and let them dry thoroughly. They will not be greasy, but will do much more effectual work than the ordinary dust cloth.

**REPAIRING THE WALL PAPER.**

Wall paper that has become bruised or torn off in small patches and cannot be matched may be repaired with ordinary children's paints. Mix the colors till you get as nearly as possible the desired shade, and lightly touch up the broken places, and at the distance of a foot or two the disfigurement will be quite unnoticed.

**CLEANING WOODWORK.**

Careless people sometimes disfigure woodwork by scratching matches almost anywhere, says the Brooklyn Citizen. To remove these marks, apply lemon juice, rubbing hard—and then use soap and water. Finger marks on polished surfaces may be taken off by rubbing with a flannel dipped in turpentine.

**CLEANING THE GILDING.**

Fly marks and general grime may be removed from gilding by dipping a small piece of cotton in gin, and with it rubbing gently over the soiled parts. The cotton wool should be squeezed before being applied to the gilding, for this must not be made really wet, and any damp on it should be dried by the fire as soon as the marks have been removed.

**TIMELY HINTS.**

This cauliflower salad is recommended: Select a nice looking cauliflower, trim and wash it. Cook it in salted water to which has been added a small spoonful of butter. When tender take it out, throw it into cold water and divide it into flowerets. Then take them from the water and arrange them in a salad bowl, sprinkling them well with chopped parsley, and serve very cold with a castor of salad ingredients.

**Maitre D'Hotel Sauce**—A heaping tablespoonful of dripping, the same of flour, half a pint of hot water or stock, chopped parsley, a little curry powder and the juice of one lemon. This is for all sorts of roasts and baked fish.

**Rice Fritters**—To a cupful and a half of cold, cooked rice add a tablespoonful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, a cupful of milk and sufficient flour to make a thick drop batter. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder with the last portion of flour, and lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Fry as usual and serve with maple sirup.

**Corn Fritters**—Stew one can of corn, strain off the juice and press the kernels through a colander. To this meat add one-half pint of milk, one level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Add the yolks of three eggs and one pint of pastry flour sifted with a rounding teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix thoroughly and fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Drop by teaspoonfuls into extremely hot fat and when sufficiently drained serve with maple sirup.

**Brown Sauce**—Wash and scrape a small carrot, half a turnip and an onion. Cut them in thin slices. Put two ounces of butter or good dripping into a saucepan and let it boil. Add the vegetables and fry them brown—not black. Shake in one and a half ounces of flour and add one pint of stock or some hot water containing two teaspoonfuls of extract of beef. Stir them all till the sauce boils, then draw it one side to simmer half an hour. Strain after seasoning.

**Orange Fritters**—Peel two oranges and slice in thin pieces. Dip in a batter made from one cupful of flour, a rounding teaspoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, the yolk of one egg and a half cupful of milk. Fry in hot fat and serve with powdered sugar or the following sauce: Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a cupful of sugar. Add the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and cook over hot water. Stir vigorously until it thickens and cover with the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Serve at once.

**Fried Apples and Onions**—These form a novel dish, but are delicious if eaten with strips of fried bacon. Do not peel the apples but slice them crosswise, having the slices a half-inch thick. Have the onions parboiled and cold. With a sharp knife slice these rather thinner than the apples. Cook slices of bacon crisp in a pan, and remove them to a hot platter. Fry the onions and apples side by side in the bacon fat, unless there is too little of this, in which case add a little butter. When brown, put the onions and apples on a hot platter and arrange strips of fried bacon about the edge of the platter. Serve very hot, and as free from grease as possible. To attain this end it is well to lay each one of the fried slices on tissue paper for a minute after taking it from the pan.



**Tomfoolery**

**THE PESSIMIST.**

He remembers all his troubles—  
That keep him nice and sad;  
But can't remember half a day  
The pleasures that he's had.  
—Detroit Free Press.

**ARTISTIC.**

"My, how youthful Miss Fasse is looking this evening."  
"Yes; she looks as if she were eligible to membership in the Painters' and Decorators' Union."

**NOT A DOUBTER.**

"I'd have you know, sir," said the pompous individual, "that I'm a self-made man."  
"Ah, indeed?" rejoined the meek and lowly person. "I thought there was a home-made air about you."—Chicago News.

**PLAY WAS ACCEPTED.**

Author—"I've something new in the way of a melodrama."  
Manager—"How's that? Doesn't the villain come to grief?"  
Author—"Oh, yes, he comes to grief all right, but he doesn't say 'Curse you!'"

**THAT'S THE QUESTION.**

"It was only five years ago that I started in with our firm at \$5 a week," said Bragg, "and now I earn \$50 a week without trouble."  
"That's so; it's easy to earn that," replied Newitt, "but how much do you get?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**IN NEW YORK.**

Visitor—"Why is it that the police stations keep open all the time?"  
Native—"That is to give the law-breakers a chance to come in."  
Visitor—"To come in?"  
Native—"Yes; if half the criminals didn't walk in and give themselves up the police would never catch anybody."

**POOR CHILD.**

Mrs. Hanagan—"My! but the Aherns are crazy-mad."  
Mrs. Flanagan—"What's the matter wid them?"  
Mrs. Hanagan—"In an absint-minded moment they christened their baby 'Aloysius Patrick.' Jist think o' the initials of him."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**INSPIRED.**

Master—"What do we get from the seal?"  
Bright Boy—"Sealing wax, sir."—Ailly Sloper.

**NO CHANCE TO RISE.**

"Why do you object to my sweet-heart, father?" murmured the daughter of the high life insurance official. "He is poor, it is true, but so were you when you married."  
"It isn't the poverty that I object to, child," replied her father, not unkindly. "The trouble lies in his utter lack of business qualifications. This fellow actually appears to be honest."

**NO PLEASING HIM.**

"Jiggy has been at home sick for a couple of days, hasn't he?"  
"Yes, and he doesn't seem to like comments on his personal appearance. He got mad on two occasions to-day."  
"Does he really look changed?"  
"Not particularly, but he got mad first when his rival in love told him he 'looked miserable,' and again when his employer remarked that he seemed 'healthy enough.'"—Philadelphia Press.

**NO PROFESSIONAL OPINION.**

Caller—"Doctor, how long ought a man of sedentary occupation, who takes good care of himself, to live?"  
Doctor—"Referring to yourself, I presume. What is your occupation, may I ask?"  
Caller—"I run a—er—loan agency."  
Doctor—"You ought to live just long enough to restore what you have robbed your victims of, and then you ought to be taken to your reward—and I don't charge you anything for that opinion, either."—Chicago Tribune.

**ONLY ONCE.**

"Can you honestly say that you were never afraid in battle?" asked the tactician of the old veteran with a wooden leg.  
"Well, no, I don't think I could say that," was the reply.  
"Then you were afraid?"  
"Yes, but only once."  
"Have you any objections to giving me the particulars?"  
"Not at all. I had lent the captain of my company \$10, and when we were rushed into a fight and I saw him taking the lead and exposing himself I was afraid he'd get killed and I'd lose my money."—Columbus Dispatch.

**HOUSEHOLD RECIPES**



New waistments available

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