

**TO LEARN CHARITY.**

**And a Woman's Way of Profiting by the Lesson.**

**Howard Fielding Describes a Domestic Incident Which Gave Maude a View of the Wrong Side of a Great Industrial Problem.**

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]  
Into my humble home there recently came a great light which illuminated one of the darkest mysteries of human existence. I will not name this mystery immediately. I do not dare to put the name of it on the first page of this "copy." It is such a fearful chestnut that I am constrained to conceal it for a time. When the person to whom I shall deliver this manuscript has worried through three or four pages of it and has found out what it is about, I shall be far beyond pursuit.

Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning I entered the dining-room of our flat and discovered our girl. She was clothed in that becoming costume in which—so the janitor informs me—she was acknowledged to be the belle of the Fifth Grand Annual Function of the Spielers' association. Being naturally of a timid disposition, I hesitated over the proper formula in which to

ask for a small quantity of oatmeal porridge. A fine instinct informed me that there was going to be a fuss, and I listened for my wife's footfalls with an eagerness of longing such as I have not known since the early days of our courtship, before her favored lost his money. She is a good deal better fussed than I am, and I yearned for her presence.

"Going to leave," said our girl whose command of English is limited to the words absolutely necessary in her profession. She speaks the above phrase entirely without accent, for she learned it on the steamer from a girl who had been to America before, and she has practiced its pronunciation diligently ever since.

"Why?" I inquired.  
"Oh, yes, you do."  
"I say you don't question."  
I argued that question modestly but with deep feeling. I stated the facts in regard to myself, and spoke of Maude in terms of respect. But our girl only said: "Month up to-day. Fourteen dollars."

I would like to see some of our silver-tongued orators stack up against that. There is something in this painful directness which disarms eloquence. Ten minutes later she was gone and I was doing her work, which consisted at that moment in hurrying epithets down the dumbwaiter shaft at a butcher's boy who wished to deliver, C. O. D., a fragment of a venerable cow which had been ordered by the mistress of a boarding-house farther up the street.

"Of course, this would happen to-day," said Maude, "when the dressmaker is coming, and it is washing day, too. That's why she left. And such an easy place, too! There positively isn't a single thing to do. I just simply had to invent things for that girl to do, because she absolutely needed exercise. I'm sure she can't find a kinder-hearted woman than I am, and I hope her next place will be with a family where there are a dozen children and seven flights of stairs to go up and down every time the bell rings. Then she'll repent in sackcloth and ashes for having given up a nice, easy place like this."

Maude was standing in the hall where she could command a view of the dining-room and the kitchen. Mrs. O'Meara was in the kitchen examining with evident displeasure a sample of the tea which Maude proposed to serve. Mme. Maladroit was sitting by the dining-room window, smiling on the janitor who stood in the back yard debating whether when the grass should begin to grow, two or three months later, he would simply let it grow or persuade the agent to hire somebody to cut it.

"I haven't any of those things," said Maude, "but I have a nice piece of steak."  
"Very well," said Mrs. O'Meara, resignedly. "The Lorrud knows O'Meara suit."  
"Mme. Maladroit?"  
"Yes, yes; you shall please yourself," said the dressmaker airily. Then she sighed and turned her eyes upon the janitor, who was gently scratching his left shoulder blade on one of the clothes poles. Presently the janitor went into the cellar to issue a ukase to our iceman, and Mme. Maladroit sauntered into the kitchen to give Maude some directions about cooking the steak. The ice had come up and Maude was holding it in her hands, which were naturally growing colder every second. But Mme. Maladroit stood gracefully in the doorway leading towards the refrigerator and Mrs. O'Meara sat on the kitchen table. So Maude continued to hold the ice because there wasn't any place to put it, except on top of the stove.

"Yes, yes, the cookery, it is an art," said Mme. Maladroit. "In this country, you know little of it. Now, Mrs. Fielding, if you will permit, I will say a few things how a steak should be cooked. Very well, to begin—"  
But at this moment Maude discovered that all sensation had vanished from seven of her fingers. She could not tell where the ice left off and her hands began.

"Oh goodness gracious me!" she cried, "my fingers are frozen off."  
She plunged madly in the direction of Mme. Maladroit, who retreated precipitately uttering French words which ought to be prayers but they are not. Maude rushed to the refrigerator and hurled the piece of ice into it, thereby annihilating the butter which it had had been her intention to preserve.

When Maude regained the use of her hands she cooked the steak and everything else she could find, and put it on the dining-room table. Then she had a private interview with Mme. Maladroit, who refused to eat with the washerwoman; after which she had an interview with Mrs. O'Meara, who declined to eat in the kitchen. Then Maude offered to serve them separately but neither would eat second. Whereupon Maude set a table in the little sewing-room; cut the steak in two, and served half of it to each.

Then Mme. Maladroit insisted that Maude should remain with her, and Mrs. O'Meara, in a voice audible on Governor's island, insisted that Maude should remain with her. Maude did her level best to serve them both, simultaneously, but the effort was naturally not wholly successful; and I had the pleasure of hearing both of them reprove her for errors which she had many times declared to be evidences of gross unpardonable stupidity in our late girl. After the fracas was over Maude discovered that everything had been eaten up with the exception of one egg which she prepared to boil for her own lunch, but in the meantime the fire had gone out. It appeared that the washing could not continue without it, so Mrs. O'Meara had leisure on her hands. She therefore made her peace with Mme. Maladroit, and they sat pleasantly conversing upon a variety of topics while Maude rekindled the fire. Then Mme. Maladroit insisted that Maude should sew, while Mrs. O'Meara demanded that the dishes should be washed and got out of her way in the kitchen. She said all the things to Maude which Maude had said to our girl about leaving things lying around.

**WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.**  
I hopefully wait my ship to come in,  
With its cargo of gold, galore;  
I eagerly gaze with wandering eyes  
For its sails from a distant shore.  
I could do much with its treasures rare  
To encourage human toil,  
Cheer the distressed in poverty land,  
Who struggle and toil, out to fail.  
Many there are heart-stricken and sore  
For the lack of money and kin,  
I fain would give them a helping hand,  
If my ship would only come in.  
By the ocean brink I sit on the sands,  
Building my "castles in Spain";  
Homes for homeless, childless and aged,  
When my ship sails over the main.  
Youthhood full freighted with golden hopes,  
Who faint in life's battle and die,  
I will help to soothe their path in life,  
When this wonderful ship comes in.  
But what if my ship be lost at sea,  
With its riches that might relieve,  
And I too know the exquisite bliss  
"Store blessed to give to man misery."  
Yet life I may give my richest store,  
The love of my heart, fun and frolic,  
With pity's tear, Oh, I need not wait  
For my ship to come over the sea.  
—Mary W. Rich, in Boston Budget.

**A PAROCHIAL MATTER.**  
How Church Warden Hardman's Grievance Was Settled.  
Mr. Claxton, accompanied by Mrs. Claxton and the three children, came out to the Claxtons' private door into the gaslit street on his way to evening service. He glanced at the shop door; that was all right. He worked the handle of the private door; that also was securely fastened. He was always careful, otherwise he, together with his family, would not have been able to live in that condition of material comfort and fatal elegance which so well satisfied them.

As Mr. Claxton turned away from the door he saw Mr. Hardman standing under the gas lamp, evidently waiting to speak to him. Mr. Hardman recognized the presence of a lady by tilting the back of his silk hat upwards and rubbing the front of it nervously across his forehead. Claxton recognized the courtesy by exactly repeating it.

Hardman spoke: "Evenin', Mrs. Claxton; evenin', Claxton; I wanted 'alf a word with you."  
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Claxton, "and you waitin' outside! Why didn't you take and ring the bell?"  
"I thought I wouldn't fetch the girl up just for that."  
"And what's she paid for if it's not to answer doors? Why, I've no patience! Another night when you want to speak to Ector just you ring and come into the drawing-room. That's what it is there for. Now I'll be more 'n on, because of the children. You'll catch us up, Ector. Come along, Gertie; your father's legs are longer than yours."

She went on with the children, large, hospitable, and slightly irritated. Hardman assumed an important and determined expression, and tapped Claxton on the arm.  
"Well, it's come to it at last; told you it would and now it's here. I don't set foot in that church to-night."  
"Come now, 'Arman; this is really serious, you know. You'll think about it."  
"Oh, no, I won't. I thought I'd look round, because—me bein' away—you'll be called upon to take a plate round. I know from experience that farwarded is 'alf the battle on such occasions. Otherwise you may 'ave a pair of gloves on as you wouldn't mind 'ave made prominent—or you may not."

"Well, I am obliged to you, 'Arman, for that. There's nothing I 'ate more than an embarrassment of that sort. Now, these what I'm wearin' are a old pair, though not noticeable by night in the ordinary course." One hand dived heroically behind him, and came up with the treasure of his coat-tail pocket. "But, as luck will have it, I've got with me the pair of pale new yellow kids, that I wear Sunday mornings. They're a trifle tight, but I can work 'em on slow under cover of the Absolution. And, thank you, 'Arman, for givin' me the word. But is this necessary? Can't I persuade you?"  
"I'll just walk a step with you, Claxton, and then you may see how the land lays. Now, there are some folk as says that persons should be persons, and not breeders of pigs. Well, I don't go for these fine shades; if I finds it consistent with my preaching of the Gospel to use up his lichen refuse profitable to himself, I'm not one to say 'im nay. As far as charity will take a man I'm prepared to go. But 'oles in 'edges is a different matter. Now, Reverent Mister Lacey's pig comes through a 'ole in the parson's 'edge, where's that pig then?"  
"In the parson's paddock."  
"Quite so; and so far I don't complain. But that pig comes across the paddock, gets through a gap in my 'edge, and plays the doose with my garlin' in. And you know that garlin' in my little 'obby. First it was rows—'ole rows—of early cabbage. Then then there was Illinois arbutums. Now I've got my dailiers plowed up like dirt. I did write once, and you know, Reverent Mister Lacey writes back that it's my 'edge and so I'd better mend it. Now, that's all right; but it's my 'edge, but it's 'is pig; and if it wasn't for 'is pig my 'edge would be nothing amiss; and the outrage bein' repeated this very afternoon, it seems to me as I've only one course—to withdraw my patronage."  
"Well," said Claxton, rather despondently. "I 'ope it may turn out all right. One can't be too careful about anything. Of course, it is 'ard—first the Illinois and things and then the dailiers. I don't garden myself, but I can tell you for them as do. You see, all you told me before was that there was a unpleasantness between you and Mr. Lacey. You didn't give no details. Otherwise—sooner than 'ave that 'appen—I've got a few feet of barbed wire, unsalable because a remnant and too short—still, enough to 'ave served your purpose and not hurt the pig neither—not to speak of."

"You mean it kind and so I take it, but that's too late now. And, look 'ere, when you 'ave the plate, just put in this shillin' for me. It's only your Rev. Mr. Lacey that I'm spittin' I've no feelin' of 'arshness towards anyone else, not even to his poor dumb pig, that knows no better."  
Then Mr. Hardman said good night and turned off in the direction of his own house. He was not feeling very happy; absence from church was very unusual with him, and he began to think that he was being irreligious; so he said aloud:  
"Only this afternoon—all my dailiers—too perfectly scandalous!"  
But in spite of this he still felt irreligious. It then occurred to him that as soon as he got home, he might go through the church service by himself. There would be no organ, and no surplice and no offertory; and hymns that you chose for yours'elf were not the same as the hymns that were chosen for you. Still it will be less irreligious than nothing at all.

He had just reached the extremity of the churchyard wall, when he encountered Mr. Lacey's gardener, Henry Wick; and Henry Wick was smoking a short black pipe. All the church warden in Mr. Hardman arose at the sight of this.  
"Come now, Wick," he said, in rather severe remonstrance, "couldn't you 'ave left that pipe till afterwards. You don't want to go into a sacred place of worship stinking of that stuff."  
Henry Wick looked distinctly sulky. "You needn't trouble yourself, Mr. 'Arman. I'm all right. I ain't going to no sacred place of worship."  
"Eh? What?" said Hardman, staggered by the coincidence.  
Wick took his pipe from his mouth, spat, replaced it, and became voluble. "It's the principle of the thing I object to. I won't be spoke to of a Sunday afternoon, and you'd 'ave thought that 'im bein' a parson might 'ave known better than to want to do it. 'E says to me: 'I've told you five times to mend that hedge so that the pig can't get out.' So it might be five times, but I'm a gardener, not a rememberer, still I'm not a woman and I won't be spoke to of a Sunday afternoon, by no man. Now I think of it, it was as much your fault, Mr. 'Arman, if you'll excuse me for sayin' so, as it was 'is. I pointed out to 'im that the 'ole in the 'edge was in the right place. The pig didn't get into our garden, only into the paddock. Then 'e said that the pig went across the paddock and got into your garden and 'e'd just turned it out. So 'e began abusin' of me and praisin' of you, Mr. 'Arman."

"Speak of me, did you? You don't call to mind no details, I suppose, Wick?"  
"E said you were a good man, and the best church warden to ever be, and you'd got more real talent for garlin' in than any man in the parish. They were nice words to use to me! Any'ow, we've got the new dahlia, and you can't buy that in shops, nor get it at all except by faveyure. I'll lay my life no one else in Gavisham will get it for two years to come. It ain't in the caterlogs, and 'e said that 'e wouldn't 'ave you interfered with and annoyed. Then 'e said, as 'e'd 'ave given me notice if it 'ad been Monday; 'owever, I'll give 'im notice."  
"Now, Wick, you just listen to me," interrupted Hardman.  
The controversy which followed was long and illogical, and the more obstinate man prevailed. Hardman was the more obstinate man.

The result of the controversy was that Wick knoceled out his pipe and carried the church with Hardman, a while later. Mr. Claxton noticed their entrance, and worked the pale yellow gloves off again under cover of the general thanksgiving. Mr. Hardman, for the first time in his life, handed the plate around without wearing gloves at all.

Rev. Mr. Lacey and Mr. Hardman have both mended their fences. Henry Wick is still in Mr. Lacey's service, and desires to commence an orchard-house. Mr. Hardman possesses a specimen of the new dahlia, and has just finished a log of capital pork—a present from the vicar—which was eaten with onion stuffing and associations—Barry Pain in London Black and White.

**An Inquiring Mind.**  
"I don't go," said the learned lecturer in geology, who had addressed a small but deeply attentive audience at the village hall. "I have tried to make the problems, abstract as they may appear, and involving in their solution the best thoughts, the closest analysis, and the most profound investigations of ablest scientific men for many years—I have tried, I say, to make you seem comparatively simple and easily understood in the light of modern knowledge. Before I close this lecture I shall be glad to answer any questions that may occur to you as to points that appear to need clearing up, or that may have been overlooked."  
There was a silence of a few moments, and then an unobtrusive young man in the rear of the hall rose up.  
"I would take it as a favor," he said, "if you could tell me whether science has produced as yet any reliable and certain cure for warts?"—Chicago Tribune.

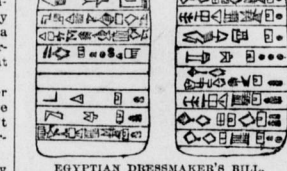
—One of the most remarkable examples of mistaken criticism is found in Bentley's edition of Milton. Whenever either sense or sound did not suit the critic, he never hesitated to amend according to his own notion, conditionally assuring the reader what Milton meant to say.  
—The largest standing army is that of Russia, 800,000 men; the next in size that of Germany, 492,000; the third that of France, 525,000; the fourth, Austria, 523,000; after which come Italy, with 225,000; England, with 210,000; Turkey, with 160,000; Spain, with 145,000.  
—My dear John, I hear you went around a great deal too much while you were in Chicago. "Yes, my love; I passed all my time on the Ferris wheel."—Boston Gazette.

**DRESSMAKER'S BILL.**

**Discovery of One Made Out in the Year 2900 B. C.**

It Looks Like a Chinese Puzzle, But Was Decoded by Chaldean Husband—Costly RIGS Worn by the Priests of Antiquity.

Egypt has been called "the land of surprises." Year after year the explorers in the Nile land bring to light some new and startling examples of art, revealing to us the astonishing character of the early civilization of the Egyptians. Egypt has now a rival in the sister civilization of ancient Chaldea. Although in art Chaldea is far behind the land of the Nile, especially in the art of painting, the restoration of the early civilization and the perfect picture which we can form of the life and manners and customs of the people are almost as complete as those which we can restore of Egypt.



EGYPTIAN DRESSMAKER'S BILL.

In the pyramid age. The startling feature of the discoveries resulting from the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions has been the numerous details of popular life which are accessible to us. The little clay tablets and papyrus, but even of the poorest of the people, slaves and beggars. In so great a literary land as Chaldea every transaction, no matter how small, was recorded in writing, and thus we have many details of transactions which would otherwise have been forever lost. Among the documents which have been discovered is a tablet which may be well called "the oldest dressmaker's bill in the world." It was the custom of the Babylonian kings to present to the temples sets of robes for the use of the priests and priestesses. This was usually done every year, and we have many of these lists in the British museum. The oldest hitherto known has been that of a king, about 1459 B. C. There are several of a later period, but the document before us is far older than any yet found.

The tablet, which is of limestone, was discovered in the ruins of the temple in the city of Nipur in southern Chaldea. This temple was dedicated to the ghost god and had a very large priesthood attached to it. From the style of writing, which is extremely archaic, and from the curious system of numerals employed, the tablet cannot be of later date than 2900 B. C. It contains a list of ninety-two vestments which were presented to the temple by the king. The names of the king is unfortunately not given. The end of the tablet reads: "In all ninety-two pure vestments, the bill (list) of the temple for the priests this year." Many of the words are unknown to us, as they are, no doubt, many of them technical terms employed by the molistes of the period. Some of the lines, however, are of particular interest—those that can be satisfactorily deciphered.

Among the items are: "Twelve white robes of the temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, ten pure gold collars, two wide robes." One item of special interest occurs near the end: "Four scented robes." This reminds us of the passage in Psalm xix, speaking of the robes redolent of "myrrh and aloes and cassia." It was, no doubt, the custom in Babylonia to perfume the robes, as it is to this day in Persia and India. Another item is also illustrative of eastern life: "Two winders," probably scarfs used for binding round the waist. This document has likewise an additional value in showing us the great development which had taken place in the textile arts in Chaldea even at this early period. The decorations on the statues of Gudua (B. C. 2800), the embroidered fringes, show that the skill of the weaver and the embroiderer was far advanced, and it is a curious feature to notice that nearly all the attempts at decorative work in early Chaldea are in patterns which are derived from

**Paper for a Bedroom.**  
Dainty bedroom papers are much in demand, and wonderfully beautiful some of them are. The one fault in rooms of any size is lack of character and a somewhat faded ensemble, but even that has been obviated by a clever device. In the home of a recent bride of artistic tastes the walls of the guest room are papered with a design of pale pink upon a creamy, white ground, and the defect of too pale tints is entirely overcome by a bordering of olive cartridge paper. Each of the four walls has become a panel, and the plain tint runs around all sides, so that the sweet, tender pinks are enclosed in a frame and the room as a whole gains the dignity that is desired.

**Relief for Nervous Headache.**  
The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved, and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and, while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.  
**How to Cut Hot Bread.**  
To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served, heat the blade of the bread knife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot stove.

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there was, but it was on the other end of the flat, and I wanted to keep out of it. I read a novel until one o'clock, and then cautiously crept out to see how Maude was getting along.

She had engaged a distant relation of the janitor to do the washing. I knew this lady must be a distant relation, because nobody in the direct line of his race will work, and he is the head of the family. Maude was preparing lunch for the dressmaker and the washerwoman.

"Mrs. Maladroit," Maude was saying to the dressmaker, "how will you have your eggs cooked?"  
"I nevaire eat eggs," said the dressmaker, severely.  
"Eggs, is it?" said Mrs. O'Meara.  
"Have ye nothin' else in th' house?"  
"What would you like?" asked Maude.  
"A fillet Bordelaise, ah, it is good, or—"  
"To purgatory wid them furrin dishes. A bit of an Irish stew wid jinnins."

"I have ye nothin' else in th' house?"  
"What would you like?" asked Maude.