"CLEAR THE WAY!"

Men of thought! be up and stirring Night and day; Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, Clear the way. Men of action, aid and cheer them As yo may! There's a fount about to stream, Cherry's a thout about to stream,

There's a fount about to stream, There's a light about to beam. There's a warmth about to glow, There's a midnight blackness changing Into gray; Men of thought and men of action, Clear the way.



ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was heaped high with food. For a moment she stood gazing wildly around her. Then she dropped on her knees, and a shower of tears re-livered her overwrought nerves. The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

Dear Mr. Davis—A little girl in my room is crying because she has had no breakfast. Her name is Agnes Gregory, and her mother ordered at ones. I will come in after school ordered at ones. I will come in after school and pay for them. And, Mr. Davis, piease give good weight. Truly yours. "Littax SERLL" Mr. Davis had been a friend of the Snell family for years, and it was not the first time that Lilian had appealed to him for help in her charitable work. So that was not the reason that so strange a look came into his honest brown eyes.

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POUSEHOLD AFFAIRS STONE BAISINS

TO STONE RAISING. Place the raisins in a basin and cover them completely with boiling water. Allow them to remain im-mersed for ten minutes until quite soft, then drain off the water and pinch out the seeds. The raisine can thus be stoned without the least in-convenience in less than half the time usually demanded, and without any waste of fruit. A QUICE METHOD OF CLEANING KNIVES. After the knives have been washed

A QUICE METHOD OF CLEANING KNIVES, After the knives have been washed and wiped, moisten a little ordinary knife powder with water; then take a clean cork, dip it in the mixture and rub each blade quickly up and down on both sides several times. Every stain will disappear and the blades will be brighter than if rubbed on the board in the usual way. They will want another rinse in water, and a final polish with a cloth. If the knives do not seem quite sharp enough by this plan, a weekly rub on the steel will do all that is required.

DIET FOR NERVOUS PERSONS.

DIET FOR NERVOUS PERSONS. Mrs. Rorer, in a diet suggested for nervous persons, does not veto coffee altogether. Once a day, at breakfast, without sugar, it appears in the list. White bread diried out in the oven, and lean roast beef, steak, or broiled chops three times adwy are permitted. Fruit she advises to be used sparingly, and never in the latter part of the day. The surprises in the list are that cof-fee should be allowed at all, that meat should be provided in abundance, and fruit sparingly. Finally, plenty of green salad, with all the salad oil, in a French dressing made with lemon, that can be taken. Fat around the nerves, she says, smooths them out very quickly.—New York Post.

THE PORTAL TRELLIS.

THE PORTAL TRELLIS. The beautiful spider web tracery ef-fected in rope work is one of the artistic devices for "bringing down the ceiling," i. e., shortening the ap-parent height of a doorway where sliding door and portieres are in use. Sometimes the upper space is occupied with strips of ornamental open wood-work. Both these decorative schemes involve dusting. The wood lattice work can be freed of dust by patient use of the bellows ra soft end of bloth used in the crannice. This is a hangerous performance, because it must be done on the step ladder. If the rope work has been gilded or spilvered it should not be dusted ex-sept with a feather duster, because handling will make the metallic sheath prack off in flakes.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

CLEANNO FURNITUR. CLEANNO FURNITUR. One reason why people fail in clean-ing furniture coverings is that they we too economical in the use of haphtha. It must be literally poured on to be effective. Standing in the bicreeze, it will exaporate very quickly, and will destroy every vestige of moths. If the stricles are to be left in the house, they may be wrapped in sheets tightly punned around them. This keeps a certain amount of tho dor in the furniture for a long time, and renders it doubly safe. It cannot be too strongly emphasized taken into the rooms while the maphtha-cleaned articles recently finished are there. The inflammable nature of naphtha vapor makes it ex-ceedingly dangerous when brought and raperies over a line in the yard, open the windows, remove the wrapping from the furniture, and let the breeze have a full sweep through the rooms and that is necessary is to throw all draperies over a line in the yard, open the windows, remove the napping from the furniture, and let the breeze have a full sweep through the rooms and that ger from the is soncerned, – Carpet Trade Review. <u>BECIPTES.</u>



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Select them with a view to col, so the variety may be as large as ossi-ble. Bulbs of gladiolas and tuberosemay be planted in succession from the middle of May to the first of Auget. The first year you plant yourgar-den watch closely conditions an re-sults. The plants which grow thebest should be renewed the following ear. If a certain plant does not growwell in one part of your garden, try in another next year. City gardens eed more frequent watering than subban ones, as the soil is not so deep. Add fresh composts when needed to eep out the weeds. Turn up the arth lightly round the roots often an the result will be sturdy and couless blossoms.--Gilmore Clarke, Flori, in New York Journal.

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Crickets chirp by the fire; Grasshoppers wild are we, The white road's our desire Where foot and tongue wag free, And kisses grow upon every briar, And dreams are banging from every (ree, And dreams are nanging from every tee Cloud and wind, cloud and wind, These be out friends, instend; Every bush keeps kind Shade for a vagrant head. Sweet, let the dail world lag behind, The beckoning road runs on ahead. — Black and White,

A SONG OF THE ROAD

Rain and sun, rain and sun, Cloud and wind in the sky; White roads that wostward run, Banks where a man may lie, Sleep and dream that his tramping's done Aed the long, long idleness begun

his matake."-Detroit Free Press. Apparent Castomer (inquiringly)-"Got any elean collars and enfla?" Storekeeper-"Plenty, sir, plenty." Apparent Castomer (coolly)-"Then why don't yon wear some?"-Hartford Times. "But we cannot live on papa," pro-tested the savago's bride-to-be. "Ho is dreadfully poor." "We can wait until he is fatter!" exclaimed the youth, for love is brave.-Detroit Journal. Reals-"Is Bagley head over heels in debt?" Beals-"Yas,1 hear so. Ho signed a contract with his tailor to pay \$2 a night for the hire of a dress suit till he returned it. After the second night it was stolen?"-Philadelphia Press. "Why do yon insist upon taking your wife out for such long walks in this rough weather?" "The doctor has told hor that she must be very careful not to talk whon she is out in the cold air." "Say, who's your doctor?"-Cleveland Leader. "This," remarked the victim, with mite exploded, "puts me quite out of countenance!" It was evident at the funeral that if he had waited till..o landed he wouldn't have had the face to say it.-New York Press. "Papa," said the darling doughter of the household, "how did you pro-pose to mamma?" "Don't ask me," answered the old man. "I can't re-member a thing about it. Go and ask your mother. She managed the whole afair." "This is not the umbrells I lent you six months ago," remarked Tenepot as he surveyed the article Whiffet had returned. "Oh, yes, it is," replied Whiffet. "You hay the treo.-Judge. Margerio asked nonchalantly: "Did the wolf est Little Red Riding Hood without any butter?"-Washington Times. "You say that Gorge Huxley has lost a fortune? I don't understand how that can be. I didn't suppose that he ever had more than \$55 at time in his Ite." "He never has, but the father of the girl that he expected to mart' field yesterday."-Cleveland Leader.

to marry failed yesterday."—Cleveland Leader. "Why, is that you, Mr. Tweddle?" shrieked the inquisitive lady at the man in the steamer chair. "I thought you were dead." "Just keep on think-ing so, madam," said Tweddle, as the ship gave another lurch, "and I'll try to verify the report in a few minutes." —Washington Times. Fourth Floor Neighbor (apologeti-cally—"Dees my baby annoy you when it crics?" Fith Floor Neighbor —"No, indeed! I like it." Fourth Floor Neighbor (pleased)—"Oh! I'm so glad!" Fith Floor Neighbor--"Yes; it drowns the noise your daughter makes on the piano."—Fuck. <u>An Unwritten Law</u>,

daughter makes on the piano."-Fuck. An Unwritten Law. It is one of the unwritton laws that the President shall never go beyond the boundary line of the country dur-ing his term of office, and naval men say that as soon as the President's ship loses soundings he is out of the jurisdiction of the Nation. This is not literally true, however, for all along the Atlantic seaboard, from the Virginia capes to New York, there is what is known as the 100-fathom mark, extending far out in the ocean beyond the three-mile limit, declared by international law to be the extreme limit of jurisdiction that a country has over its ocean boundary. The Hide in Evidence.

has over its ocean boundary. The Hide in Evidence. A Chicago man who sued a street car company for \$5000 damages for killing his \$2000 St. Bernard dog, which was said to be one of the largest in America, brought into court as one of his ex-hibits a handsome rag made of the skin and the head of his dog. The jury were seemingly greatly impressed by its appearance, but gave a verdict for the company.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

IUMOR OF THE DAY. The bill collector looks forward to a promising career.—Adams Freeman. Dyer.—'Is Cutem a fashionablo tailor?" Duell.—'No; he does a strictly cash business.".—Puck. "Willie is absolutely madly in love with me." "How do you know?" "Ho told me he would work for me, if the worst happpened !".—Answers. Miss Huggum.—''Frank has frac-tured our engagement." Miss Guixem —''How is that?" Miss Huggum... ''They did nothing at Mrs. Dumpy-Dimple's reception but talk about the weather." "Well, what greater variety could you desire at this time of the year?"

year?" "What's the matter between Blims and his typewriter?" "He thought when he hired her that he was going to dictate to her, but he has discovered his mistake."-Detroit Free Press.