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FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 21, 1903.



Ancient Decorative Art.

Though it is difficult to say where the decorative value of pottery and of china began to be appreciated, there is little doubt that it originated in the east. Ancient Chinese drawings still in existence show that the process of manufacture has varied but little in the course of the years and that many contrivances claimed as modern European inventions have been known for centuries in the east.

In Chinese official annals, which are said to be perfectly authentic, the invention of porcelain is dated at about 200 years before the Christian era, although Father Entecoles, residing in China at the commencement of the seventeenth century, dates it long before this, and tells us in a most interesting manner of the great porcelain works of King Te Ching, one of the most ancient and celebrated of the Chinese factories. He says that in his time there were no fewer than 3,000 ovens at work, which gave to the town at night the appearance of one vast furnace with innumerable chimneys.

Knave What She Wrote.
The need of a lead pencil caused a lady who rode in a street car the other day no small embarrassment.

She sat running over her shopping list when suddenly she thought of something to add to it. She looked in her pocketbook and ransacked all its divisions, cardcase and all, but no pencil did she find. Modestly she hesitated about asking her neighbors, but with a quick resolve she finally leaned toward a gentleman seated by her and, holding up her list, said loud enough for those in the adjacent seats to hear, "Excuse me, sir, may I borrow your necktie a moment?"

The gentleman's astonishment was expressed in his silent facial contortions until the lady reddened deeply. "My necktie, madam?" he replied, with arched eyebrows. "Didn't I say 'pencil'?" she asked. And then everybody, grinning behind newspapers, knew what the lady added to her list.—Exchange.

Some Missouri Names.

The people have given singular and amusing names to many neighborhoods in Missouri, says the Kansas City Star. In Caldwell county are Zion, Lickfork and Polo. Echo Dell, Gabtown and Dawson City are in Worth county. In Nodaway county are Toad Hollow, Sunrise and Possum Walk, and in Henry county is Coal. Pigeon Creek and Centennial are in Atchison county; River Dots, Spawan Ridge and Civil Bend in Daviess county; Sleepy Hollow and Ivy Hill in Sullivan county, and Esrom Echoes in Butler county. These are just a few names picked at random from the country correspondence of the county seat press. Sometimes a pretty or suggestive name is given a neighborhood, but generally the aim of the Christener seems to have been to confer the harshest or most amusing appellation he could think of.

Loveless Marriages.

Marriage without love is almost a crime. In fact, it should be regarded as one if the world were as true, as simple, as sincere, as it ought to be. But society has so long wandered in a maze of complexity, and marriage, from monarchs downward, is undertaken for such a variety of reasons apart from love, that only a few retain the correct impression about it. And of these few the majority are women or girls who would rather die than marry a man they did not love. Sir Walter Scott knew this well when he wrote "The Bride of Lammermoor." His noble, gentle, true and tender spirit, aware of what love is, could well compute the horror of a loveless marriage.

Imagination and Illness.

An interesting experiment was recently made by an English physician in reference to the relative power of imagination of the two sexes. He gave to a hundred of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water, and shortly afterward entered the room, apparently greatly agitated, saying he had, by mistake, administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of the subjects were affected by the supposed emetic. These were mainly men, while all of those not affected were women.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

MARTHA'S OPPORTUNITY.

[The first postage stamp ever issued by the United States government which bears the portrait of a woman has been placed on sale in the postoffices throughout the country. It is an eight-cent stamp and has the likeness of Martha Washington.—Special Dispatch.]
Fair woman's recognition is no more a thing to come; The pageantry is forming; don't you hear the thudding drum? She's got her foot in politics, in medicine, in law, And we are daily seeing sights our fathers never saw. But good old Martha Washington is still the pioneer; She's got her picture on a stamp; this is the news we hear. Yet in this age of progress who would be surprised at that? The man who says it's marvelous is talking through his hat. For when it comes to pictures it displays an awful taste To put man's homely features on the other side the paste When lovely woman's countenance might well be printed there, But one consideration should make Martha have a care: By getting on a postage stamp, why, don't you see that she Will be as lipped as George was when he hacked the cherry tree? —S. W. Gilliland in Baltimore American.

The Woman of It.



She—How did Alice happen to marry that man with one arm?
He—Oh, it's that craze she has for remnants. She thought he must be a bargain.—New York Times.

A Harrowing Jeat.

The man at our boarding house has the remains of a once prosperous pocket comb from which the teeth have long since fled.
"Why," we ask him, "do you carry that thing around with you—that worthless old comb?"
And he replies:
"Well, I can't part with it."—Baltimore News.

Sample at Hand.
"Paw," asked Tommy, looking up from the paper he was reading, "what are 'fixed charges'?"
"Fixed charges, Tommy," said Mr. Tucker, glancing furtively at the elderly and somewhat angular spinster seated comfortably by the fire at the other end of the room, "well, your Aunt Abigail is one of them."—Chicago Tribune.

Unjust as Ever.
Towne—Heavens, man, how could you bring yourself to wear such an outrageous necktie?
Browne—Well, it was Hobson's choice with me. You see—
Towne—Huh! It looks more like Mrs. Hobson's choice.—Philadelphia Press.

Self Reliance.
Lawyer (to the widow)—The law gives you a third, madam.
The Widow—Well, I'm not going to take any chances in that direction. I shall proceed to hustle for my third just as I did for my first and second.—Chicago News.

Usually the Case.
"She says she is always willing to listen to reason."
"Indeed?"
"Oh, yes; but she insists upon deciding for herself what is and what is not reason."—Chicago Post.

Gallant and Courteous.
May—How did Jack Manleigh behave when you refused him?
Maud—Gallantly and courteously.
May—Why, how?
Maud—He insisted upon kissing me goodly.—Town Topics.

Does It Himself.
"They say some blind people can actually distinguish colors by the sense of touch."
"That's nothing. There are times when I feel blue myself."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Both Hands Full.
"Heavy expenses this year," said the publisher.
"Indeed?"
"Yes, I'm running two new authors and an automobile!"—Atlanta Constitution.

He Responds.
She—Didn't our honeymoon pass quickly, dearest?
He—Well, I should say it did! Why, it seemed no time before I had spent all the money I had.—Harper's Bazar

Great Labor Saver.
Customer—The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it.
Dealer—Y-e-s, but think how easy it will be to sharpen.—New York Weekly.

Why Ask?
"And what does your son intend to write, historical novels or literature?"
"As I said before, he expects to get rich from the work of his pen."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Money Troubles.
"I tell you, money is the greatest trouble a man has."
"Yes; especially when he hasn't any."—Judge.

THE LITTLE ONES.

In the closet of a child's room have the hooks within easy reach of the little one.
If any of the children are stoop shouldered, try making them walk with hands clasped behind them when at home.
Children should not be permitted to be out of their place and an annoyance to the grown up members of the family any more than to visitors.
It is a wise mother who accepts the children's little offers of help and encourages by loving and expressed recognition every little kind act and word.
A lot of little flannel sacks to slip on over the nightdress will ward off many a cold. The small person cannot be induced to keep the arms under the bed-clothing all night, and chills can result from an exposure that a grown person would not notice.
If the children are old enough to ask questions, they are old enough to be answered intelligently and truthfully. Children's confidence in their parents grows as they find that their inquiries are received with attention and that reasonable explanations are given to them.

Why Women Worry.
If a woman is to protect herself from the ravages of worry and so retain her youth for a longer period, she must come into more frequent contact with other people, as her husband does, and read good books; she must relieve the monotony of her duties and the limiting influence of confinement within four walls by taking outdoor exercise—a walk every day or a spin on a bicycle; in short, she must exercise the body and mind in a healthful manner, and she will find the bloom of youth and health remain with her for years after it has faded in other women of the same age. "The ordinary woman," says a celebrated physician, "leads such a monotonous existence that her mind has no occupation but worry. What she needs is to come out of herself much more than she does. She must have intercourse with more people and take more exercise. This can be done without neglecting the home, and every right minded man will do his best to secure for his mother or his sister or his wife these aids to the retention of youthfulness of body and mind."

The Library Walls.
Fit the walls of the library with warm crimson or soft sage plain paper or canvas or burlap so that the reader's brain may not be set spinning with subconscious problems on the origin or significance of patterns. Have low bookcases there, a comfortable divan, small library table or "kidney" writing desk. Hang meaningful pictures, etchings, colored prints or even handsome photographs simply framed, derive your diversity of color from a Karabagh or Smyrna rug and divan cover and pillows, says Harper's Bazar; also hang soft crimson or olive green screen or net curtains over green or tan holland shades. Have a drop lamp with green or opalescent shade, a good writing desk chair, one deep willow chair stained green or dark brown and one Morris chair and a hassock or two. Surroundings like these will conduce to a real enjoyment of the books you gather there and give a restful effect to the room.

Cleaning Hints.
French satens may be cleaned by putting them in a lather of lukewarm soapsuds, in which dissolve a cupful of salt. Put salt also in the rinsing water. Dip the article in thin starch and roll up in a clean sheet and in two hours iron on the wrong side. For washing blue or mauve gingham add a teaspoonful of washing soda to a gallon of cold rinsing water. This will bring out the colors, while a teaspoonful of vinegar to a gallon of water will improve pink or green prints. For black or navy blue wash in hot water containing a cupful of salt, rinse in very blue water and dry in the shade; then dip in very blue thin starch and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

Where Licorice Grows.
On the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates the licorice plant is chiefly grown. These great rivers flow through flat, treeless prairies of uncultivated and nearly uninhabited land. For three months of the year hot winds blow, and the temperature reaches 104 degrees.

For six months of the year the climate is moderate and salubrious, and for three months bleak and wintry, the thermometer going down to 30 degrees at night.

Screening a Window.
To cover a window where it is desirable not to exclude the light choose a fine, clear muslin of good design and apply it smoothly to the inside of the glass with a little thin gum. When the muslin becomes soiled or a change is desired, warm water is all that is necessary to remove it.

White Cloth.
To clean white cloth try pipeclay. Make a thick paste of it with water, and with a soft brush spread it over the cloth. Leave it for some hours or until quite dry, then with a clean and rather stiff brush brush it off. If very much soiled, it may be necessary to repeat the process more than once.

An Excellent Reason.
Mrs. Von Blumer—The doctor told me today that my vitality was at its lowest ebb between 4 and 5 in the morning.
Von Blumer—That's the reason I always try to get home about that time.—Life.

Queer.
"Sometimes I think so hard it makes me tired."
"How thoughtless!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Would Not Sink.
"Harry Sapp is a young man who will always keep his head up in the world," remarked the girl in the Monte Carlo coat.
"I don't doubt that," said the close friend. "His head is light enough."—Chicago News.

Forestalled.
May—What's the matter, dear?
Clara—My engagement with Charley is broken.
May—But I thought you intended to break it!
Clara—So I did, but the wretch went and broke it himself.

Medicine For Him.
"His wife has treasured all the letters he wrote her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."
"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"
"No, but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."—Philadelphia Press.

One Kind of Skater.
There is always one boy in the party who goes
To the skating pond brimming with glee,
And the rails on the bonfire he playfully throws,
And he puts on his skates fancy free.
But he never strikes out with a shout of delight,
For he lingers around in the sun
And dances before the flames rosy and bright
While he shivers and thinks it is fun.
Though the cold in his hands and his ears he'er abates
And his tears into icicles form,
He's so glad that for naught would he doff his club skates
And go home to the stove to get warm.
—R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Young People.

The Smart Youngster.
Mother—Did you break anything when you dropped that awful of playthings, Bessie?
Bessie—No, mother; nothing but the quiet, and that's mended already.—Detroit Free Press.

Adam and the Tailor.
"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam."
Historic spot! With reverential awe—nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness—the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.

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HUMOR

DEACON'S TEMPTATION.
He Came Near Getting Into Trouble a Few Nights Ago.
"Bredren," said Deacon Snowball at the experience meeting, "I cum moughty near backsliding las' Saturday night. De temptah cum ter me an' put er wheat sack in ma han' an' led ma sinful fee' to'd Mistah Johnsing's tubkey coop."
"Amen!" moaned some one in a back seat.
"I done tried my bes' ter resist," went on the deacon, "but all de time mah conscience said 'Stop' de temptah said 'Go on,' and so I kep' a-gittin' clohah an' a-gittin' clohah all de time."
"Glory!" came from the back seats.
"But, praise de Lawd, just when I'ze gwine ter climb de fence and mak' foh de coop mah old houn' dog trees a 'possam in Mistah Johnsing's wood lot, an' de backslide leabe me dat minnit."
"Amen!" roared a brother in the rear.
"An' 'fore I git up dat tree," continued the deacon, "de moon cum out from behind de clouds, an' dar stoop Mistah Johnsing behind dat coop wif er shotgun in his han'."
"Um-m-m! Lawd!" from the elders' corner.
"An' I call to Mistah Johnsing an' ast him, 'Please, sah, won't he come an' shoot dat possam?' an' dat he do, an' I want ter say dat dere was a mos' powerful big load ob shot in dat gun."
"Go on, bruddah!"
"An' dat's why I say dat w'en de temptah cum ter us an' show us whar dere's er turkey coop we oughter rejice dat Providence done gib er houn' dawg an' er possam appetite to de po'r brack man."—Boston Globe.

Tricks of the Trade.
"The goods we are putting on the market now," said the manager, "are not as pure as those we have been selling."
"They're not?" exclaimed the manufacturer.
"No." "Competition has been so fierce that we have had to cut the price, and we can't afford to put out the pure article at the present quotations."
For a moment the manufacturer was thoughtful.
"Well," he said at last, "have 'Beware of Imitations' printed on the labels in larger and blacker type than ever before."—Chicago Post.

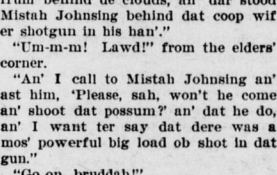
They Were Strangers.
A certain German professor of music to be met with in English drawing rooms is an entertaining old gentleman. To him recently a lady said when one of his compositions had just been rendered by one of the guests:
"How did you like the rendering of your song, professor?"
"Yes dot my song?" replied the professor. "I did not know him."—London Spare Moments.

Senator Stewart Makes Money.
"I made \$7.19 today besides my salary," said Senator Stewart.
"How?" asked Senator Tillman.
"By kicking, sir, by kicking like a bay steer. The District sent me a water bill for \$20.67. Half the time the house was closed. I kicked, sir, kicked so hard the windows rattled, and they cut it down."—Cleveland Leader.

Heartless.
Mrs. Swinburn—I think the refrain was perfectly lovely, entirely the best part of the song.
Swinburn—H'm, yes. But I began to fear she never would.
Mrs. Swinburn—Never would what?
Swinburn—Refrain.—New York Times.

Friend With a Reservation.
Mooney—Brace up, mon! Troth, yez luk as if yez didn't hov a frind in th' world wur'yd.
Hogan—O! houn't!
Mooney—G'wan! If it ain't money yez want t' borrow, O!m as good a frind as iver yez hed.—Brooklyn Life.

The Wedding Course.



"I suppose that now you see the error of the course you took."
"Sure, Michael! If I'd run up de other alley, dey'd never have nailed me."—Chicago American.

Would Not Sink.
"Harry Sapp is a young man who will always keep his head up in the world," remarked the girl in the Monte Carlo coat.
"I don't doubt that," said the close friend. "His head is light enough."—Chicago News.

An Excellent Reason.
Mrs. Von Blumer—The doctor told me today that my vitality was at its lowest ebb between 4 and 5 in the morning.
Von Blumer—That's the reason I always try to get home about that time.—Life.

Queer.
"Sometimes I think so hard it makes me tired."
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NO SPORT IN IT.

How Northern Indians Secure Venison For Their Larders.
A New Yorker who lives a small fraction of the time in the city, being usually long distances away in pursuit of game, tells of the method pursued by the Indians of British Columbia in taking deer. They have evolved a system, this huntsman says, that shows practical skill and sympathy and knowledge of natural conditions. He says:
"The Indians, to begin with, do not hunt deer for the pleasure of hunting. They go for deer as a housekeeper goes to market for beef, and, what's more—in British Columbia, at any rate—they don't go often. Salmon is plentiful in the rivers and is easily caught, so why chase animals when they can secure fish? It is something as it is in Newfoundland, where I went a couple of seasons ago. There the prevailing fish, as you might say, is cod, and, though there is no end to the variety of edible fish that can be taken, the natives never think of eating anything else. Cod is plentiful, and they form the habit, I suppose. This is so ingrained that they call codfish 'fish' simply. The genus is divided into cod and the rest of fish."
"Well, when the British Columbia Indian makes up his mind for venison, he goes at it systematically and without sentiment. A group of half a dozen or ten men split and take either end of the mountain slope from the two ends to the center. They choose the sheltered side of the valley on which the deer seek to escape the wind. Each party covers the mountain side, some near the foot and some at the top and others between the lines, keeping abreast by an imitated owl hoot. The deer, on 'windin' pursuit, have the trick of leaping away down the slope, unlike the goats, which go up, and thus between the two approaching parties they are swept together at the middle of the valley. A good sized herd will thus be killed off and the Indians supplied for many weeks by two or three days' exertion."—New York Tribune.

How the Flood Came.
The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

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