

### CHINA CLOSET.

Convenient Article of Furniture That Can Be Made at Home.

The Homestead gives a description of a home-made china closet. The base shelf, or table part, is 30 inches high and should be from 38 to 60 inches long, depending on the size of the room in which it will be placed. The width of the table top should be from 20 to 24 inches, and the cabinet, or top part, is 12 inches wide and from 48



HOME-MADE CHINA CLOSET.

to 59 inches high. The back of the cabinet is of three-eighths beaded ceiling, and, with the exception of the crown mold and the legs, the table is built of seven-eighths or three-quarter inch lumber. The shelves have either small grooves filed in them or small half rounds nailed on the rear portion of them for holding the plates in an upright position, the grooves being preferred. The looks for the cups, etc., are placed where desired, also the shelves, and the size of the plates must regulate the distance between them. Many families have one or more pieces of old, worn-out furniture of oak or some nice hard wood. These could be used very nicely, but should pine or any of the soft woods be used, when same has been sandpapered nicely, apply one or two coats of any stain desired. When dry, again sandpaper and give as many coats as necessary to produce the desired color, but sandpaper will be sure applying the varnish.

The Uses of a Hot Iron.

To remove shiny spots from black woolen garments place the garment, whether coat, trousers or dress, on an ironing board. Write a cloth from water, spread carefully over the garment, then pass a hot flatiron back and forth just above the wet cloth as closely as you can without touching it. The nap will rise and the shine disappear.

If you suspect that there are moths in your carpets, try to locate their hiding place. Write a coarse cloth over clean water and spread it smooth on the spot in the carpet where you think the moths are. Iron the wet cloth with a hot iron. The steam will kill the moths and eggs.

### NOVEL KITCHEN REMINDER.

Ingenious Device Saves Time and Thought for Busy Housewives.

A Tennessee genius has invented a kitchen reminder that should earn him the thanks of the busy housewives. Like many time-saving devices, it is simpler than the system it supplants. A card or board is notched on two sides, and opposite each notch is written the name of some household article or article of food, such as soap, starch, sugar, eggs, etc. A series of strings or rub-



ber bands are then tied around the card, loosely enough that they may be moved into any notch desired. Instead of writing out a daily list for the week, the housewife needs simply to attach the string in the notches indicating the article required. The same results can be obtained by having a bundle of strings tied in a knot in the center, with their free ends long enough to be fastened in the slots on the edges of the card.

### To Cleanse a Poul Lamp.

These who use kerosene-oil lamps know how the dirt accumulates in the bottom of the lamp and clogs the wick, thus affecting the light. To prevent this take a few lengths of linting yarn, tie up into a small bag, clipping out all around so that ends of the wool may be loose. Drop this into the lamp and it will gather up the dirt, making the oil look clear. It can be renewed as often as necessary.

### Students' Clever Replies.

A professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, according to Harper's Weekly, tells of some clever replies made by a student under examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential and the exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"

### Rescue Chambers in Mines.

Austrian mines are provided with rescue chambers at convenient locations underground. They are equipped with food and conveniences for miners in case of accident.

### A GOWN OF LAVENDER SILK

By MRS. BESSIE D. DUCY

Jackson Grey and I had quarreled on Thanksgiving eve, but as we were both guests at Aunt Elizabeth's we had agreed to say nothing of the broken engagement until after the holiday. Under protest I consented to wear the diamond circlet a few days longer.

It was Thanksgiving night. At dinner Jack and I managed to carry on a desultory conversation, but I was conscious that my laughter was strained and that Aunt Elizabeth was covertly watching us. There were to be tableaux in the evening and the young people had been given the freedom of the garret, with its trunks and chests of dainty, old-fashioned linery. I felt little interest in the general merriment and hastily selected a gown of lavender silk, from whose folds I shook out little sprigs of its fragrant nemesake. I slipped it on, brushed back my hair and tied it loosely at the nape of the neck with a wide lavender ribbon, and then ran down to the library to be alone with my unhappy thoughts.

Aunt Elizabeth was sitting by the open grate and sprang to her feet with a low cry as I went up to her. "Child, how you frightened me!" she exclaimed as she drew down my face and kissed me tenderly. "For a moment I thought I was seeing my own ghost."

I curled myself up on a rug at her feet. "Was this your gown?" I asked curiously.

She slipped her fingers under my chin and lifted my face until I met her glance, but she chose to ignore my question.

"Have you, and Jack quarrelled Marian?" she asked, gravely.

I dropped my lashes lest she see the quick tears in my eyes, and I felt a hot flush creep up in my cheeks.

"Tell me, child, there is no trouble between you and Jack, is there?" Her voice was troubled.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," I said at last in a husky whisper.

I attempted to rise, but she gently pushed me back and drew me closer to her.

"You asked me if the gown you are wearing was mine," she said, quietly. "I am going to tell you a story about it."

Her voice was very low and sweet, and she faltered now and then as she continued.

"I wore it only once. It was on another Thanksgiving night years ago, way back in '61. That night the One Man in the world asked me to be his wife and I gave him my promise. He slipped onto my finger a little gold circlet—she touched the bright stones on my hand that caught the red gleams from the firelight—and I was the luckiest girl in the town. But soon a cloud came between us—the dark war cloud that was shadowing the nation. Nearly every other young man in the neighborhood had enlisted; he alone remained at home.

"Occasional slighting remarks aroused my temper, and Christmas eve I told him plainly that his duty was to be at the front with the others. He was deeply hurt, and said sadly that his mother was a Southern woman and he could not break her heart by fighting against her own people. I taunted him and called him 'Coward!' a name a man never forgives or forgets from a woman's lips. He pleaded with me to take back the word, but I was reckless and passionate and we parted in anger forever."

The last word was a wall of hopeless sorrow wrung from him by memories of the past.

"The next day he enlisted," she went on, sadly, "and he did not return until the war was over. He found his mother dead and his home desolate. A year later he went South again to bring back his bride."

She bent down close to me and again lifted my face to hers.

"Child, don't break Jack's heart and your own. He is worthy of you, I know it. Trust me."

A sudden illumination came to me; Jackson Grey's mother—a Southern woman. "It wasn't his father!" I asked wonderingly.

### REFUSE BURNING BASKET.

Device for Getting Rid of Household Accumulations.

"Oh, my! Whatever shall I do with all this rubbish!" exclaims the housekeeper, beholding a miscellaneous collection of papers, scraps and pasteboard boxes, the round-up of the regular weekly cleaning. The ashman declines to take anything



but ashes, the rubbish man picks out only such as he can find use for, and the second-hand man will have nothing but the whole papers, and they must be clean at that. This little monologue may be heard most anywhere. The conditions are about the same in any city of large or medium size. There is a great deal of accumulated material around a house which is quite difficult to dispose of. It might be burned, but an effort to dispose of the mass in an ordinary stove would more than likely lead to disaster, even if the stove is of suitable proportions to accommodate the collection. Most of them are not. The housekeeper's quandary has led to the invention of a model device to be added to the equipment of the household. It is a refuse destructor, in which the accumulations of the household are to be disposed of by burning in the back yard without danger. The destructor is a basket of wire built on an iron frame, supporting it several inches above the ground. Into this household accumulations are dumped, as well as the sweepings. A match applied soon reduces a big pile to a handful of dust. Such a device solves completely the problem of the disposal of a great deal of material.

### TEMPLE TO LI HUNG CHANG.

To Afford Opportunity for Adoration of Statesman's Spirit.

A singular incident has happened at the city of Lu Chou Fu, a famous spot 140 miles up the Yangtze from Hanking. China. The celebrated Li Hung Chang, whose visit to Europe and then to America created such great interest a few years since. Within its walls is a fine school, to which is attached a great hospital, both built with funds left by him for the purpose. By the side of these two establishments, one stands a new and splendid temple, one of the finest ever erected in China.

It has been built in accordance with the universal custom of ancestor worship, but further to afford opportunity for the adoration of the spirit of the great statesman, not only by his own relatives but by the public generally. Li Hung Chang has been added to the counties gods in the Chinese pantheon.

This temple is 400 feet long and 75 feet wide. A series of open courts, surrounded by columns, lead back to the sanctuary. The cost of the structure was \$2,000,000. But the tomb of Li Hung Chang is not here, for he was buried five miles away from the city, and close by the sepulchral enclosure is the ancestral temple. A few miles still further on is yet another large temple belonging to another branch of the same immensely wealthy family.

It is said that the several branches of the family have at least a quarter of a million sterling invested in ancestral temples. They own two-thirds of the land twenty-five miles east of the city.

### Some Facts About Sugar.

The free use of sugar as we know it is a modern phenomenon. Apparently the ancients were unfamiliar with it in the form in which we use it, and later it was merely an expensive luxury. Some interesting data about the manufacture, use, and cost of sugar are given in Cosmos (Paris, May 2) as follows:

"Cane sugar was made by the Chinese at a very remote epoch. In the West it was known long before Pizarro and Lucas, among the Romans, at the beginning of our era, just make mention of it, and it was then known under the names of 'Indian ash,' 'Asian honey,' and 'Arabian' or 'Indian juice.' In 1599 the Crusaders, on their arrival in Syria, found cane sugar there for the first time, and it became part of the soldiers' ration in the following centuries sugar cane was introduced into the island of Cyprus, into the Nile Delta, on the north shore of Africa as far as Gibraltar, also Sicily, and into the Kingdom of Naples; then into Spain in the fifteenth century and thence into the Madeira and the Canaries. In 1644 the French took it to Guadeloupe and shortly afterward to Martinique and Louisiana. The Portuguese introduced it into Brazil, and the English into Jamaica."

### Many kinds of Bees.

There are about 5,000 species of the wild bee, all with interesting ways of their own. Among them is a species whose females are veritable Amazons and carry more and better weapons than the males. These are the "cuckoo" bees, which deposit their eggs in the nest of others, the progeny of both living peacefully together or in mutual enmity, when they separate. Then there is the tailoring bee, which cuts leaves with its scissor-like jaws and fits a snug lining of the leaf material into its cup-shaped nest.

### A Lucky Exchange

By SAMUEL L. ADELSON.

"Henry," said Mrs. Jennings, looking up from the evening paper, "I just read of a man who was run down by an automobile owned by his brother, for whom he had been searching for many years."

"Quite a fortunate accident," commented Mr. Jennings. "It is risk being run down by automobiles for a whole month, if, by so doing, I could locate my sister, whom I have not seen in ten years."

"And I would have the same danger to find my brother. He left home a long time ago. He gave me this ring, just before he went away."

"Oh, well, Mary, the long lost ones will probably turn up some day. Let's speak of merry things. I'm glad my dear old friends are over for a while, at least; and I can now be with you most of the time. Aren't you pleased?"

"Yes, indeed. Poor boy, working so hard, and all for me."

"Working for you is what makes it a pleasure. By the way, I have some cigars in my grip. Will you please get me one. Here's the key. Oh, never mind. Mary, I'll get it myself. You look so comfortable seated there. I don't like to disturb you. Let me have the key."

But Mary had already moved to ward the front as for a while. Her hair was brushed and her dress was changed. "HENNINGS, what does this mean?"

Standing at the other end of the room stood Mrs. Jennings, all in a rage. In her hand she held a photograph, the first thing she noticed on opening the grip.

"Who is this woman," she demanded. "What a pretty face. So you have been working hard, and all for me. And don't trouble, I'll get the cigar myself. Oh, you wretch, I'll go home to mother immediately. I'll not stay here another moment. Why don't you explain, Mr. Jennings?"

But Mr. Jennings was too amazed to speak.

"See here, sir," she continued, "I do not intend to leave this room, until you give me a full account of your doings."

With great effort, Henry managed to blurt out: "There must be some mistake."

"Yes. A serious mistake, in permitting me to discover that you are a villain."

"Henry, dear, that photograph was not in my grip."

"What? How dare you deny me the very idea of trying to deny your guilt in the face of such convincing evidence. Oh, you contemptible—"

The ringing of the door bell interrupted her. Presently the servant entered holding a card, and announced that a gentleman wished to speak to Mr. Jennings. Henry took the card. It read:

MR. HAROLD JIMSON.

In a few moments the visitor entered the room and said: "My name is Jimson, Harold Jimson. You'll pardon me if I ask you whether you came to New York this afternoon on the two thirty from Philadelphia."

"Yes, why?"

"Well, I've taken your grip by mistake. Our initials are the same, and the grips look alike. In my hurry, I took yours. It was open, and I found your card in it. That's why I came here. Perhaps you have taken mine. Yes, you must have, for that photograph was in it," pointing to the picture Mrs. Jennings held in her hand.

### THE BENEFITS OF ARBITRATION!

What Happened When the Peace-maker Had Made His Play.

He was a man of peace, and he came upon two youths in a back street fighting. Accordingly he pushed through the crowd and persuaded the combatants to desist.

"Let me beg of you, my good fellows," earnestly besought the peace-maker, "to settle your dispute by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says, boys."

Having seen twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing in the thought of having once again prevailed upon brute force to yield to peaceful argument.

Half an hour later he returned that way and was horrified to find the whole street fighting, while in the distance police whistles could be heard blowing and police rushing to the spot from all quarters.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peace-maker of an onlooker.

"No, no, sir," was the reply, "the arbitrators are at it."

The History Final.

The garrulous old lady is the stern of the social ladder. She is the guide with her common-sense and questions ever since Tony had started. Her little husband, who was hunched lead-like in the bow, asked in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious patterns of old, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are refuted by a light breeze.

"Oh, quite, quite," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water? No, there—Right over there!"

The guide was busy re-biting the old gentleman's head and merely mumbled "Um-hum."

"Quite," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "right over there where you are pointing and tell me what means that funny streak in the water?"

The guide looked up from his talking with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the red went across the water."

Sally's Question.

The worthy Sunday-school superintendent of a certain Maryland town is also the village dry goods merchant. He is an energetic and efficient in his respective as in his secular capacity. An amusing incident is told of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of a class of little girls.

He had told most eloquently the lesson of the day, and at the conclusion he looked about the room and inquired eagerly, "Any questions?"

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

Slowly and timidly one little girl raised her hand.

"What is the question, Sally? Don't be afraid, speak out!"

The little girl folded in her seat, waited for a moment, and then said: "The Bible says that God is a jealous God. What does that mean?"

"Mr. Ward, how much are those gloves for give it four windows?"

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70, Way Sunday Only	7:21
42, Local except Sun & Hol 7:25	
30, Local Except Sunday	10:20
4, Daily Express	1:24 P. M.
74, Sunday Only	3:30
24, Way daily ex't Sunday	3:30
3, Daily Express	4:05
2, Way daily ex't Sunday	6:35
78, Local Sunday Only	7:15

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17, Daily Milk Train	5:10 A.
1, Daily Express	11:54
115, For Ho'dale Expt Sun.	12:15 P. M.
3, Express Chicago/Buf	5:22
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