

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Scours
Your
Pots &
Pans
Without
Hard
Scraping

Because the fine particles of the Cleanser immediately loosen and remove the hardest "burnt in" food-crusts, which soap-powders and scouring-bricks may only wear off after long, hard scrubbing. Rinse pot or pan in water; sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (a tire-some scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

unworthy a disciple of The Master, hastened to the authorities with the story of her suspicions.

Officers were at once dispatched to the house, and as no one answered the door, it was forced.

Within deathly silence prevailed as the officers went softly from room to room, all in perfect order as if kept by a tidy housewife. Finding nothing alarming, they thought of the cellar and lighting their lanterns carefully descended.

Then the mystery was solved.

Two immaculate white cots, held two inanimate forms — one Old John, the other a beautiful infant; both looking as peaceful as if asleep. On a small stand near by were two unsealed envelopes. The larger being opened, was found to contain a bequeath, duly signed and witnessed, of all the property, real and personal, belonging to Jonathan Swift, and including the present home, the half of Chestershire and deposits to the amount of a million and a half in the bank of Chestershire, to the young woman known as Jennie Dean, "because," was added, "she is the only being in human shape, man or woman, whom an angel might envy; the only person who has ever thought that an immortal soul could possibly exist beneath such a repulsive exterior as that of John Swift."

The other envelope contained two letters, whose contents I will give verbatim.

Mr. Jonathan Swift. — At last I realize the true nobility of the man I once spurned, and soon afterward I promised my hand to a man who had long urged me, but our marriage was deferred on one pretext and another, till too late the sad truth—he never intended to wed me, and had gone in search of other victims. What becomes of me I care not; but I do love my babe and I know you will care for her, for is she not just like me and you once loved me? I shall never trouble you again. My sentence is just, and I

serve it uncomplainingly. "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" is my prayer. Farewell for ever,—Sarah Slocum.

The other letter began in the stereotyped form of all public documents.

To Whom it May Concern,—Seek not to find a cause for these dead bodies, neither the hand that committed the deed; for I alone am responsible, and I am now beyond the reach of earthly punishment. This babe's beauty, and its likeness to her for whom I would have died, is more than I can endure, and I shall go away and take the little angel with me. But before we depart we will drink a potent glass to the sacred memory of mother, and—yes—wife in the sight of Heaven. "I have set my house in order," and this last act shall take place below the ground as befits its character, and also to the end that no memory of my "passing" may cling to the rooms soon to be lighted by the divine countenance of that christian girl—Jennie Dean. I have now but one favor to ask—the first in many years, as also my last: Let this beautiful sunbeam which has just crossed my life of gloom be placed in my arms and laid to rest with me, and allow the miniature of her mother to remain undisturbed in my hand. Thus will be forever united, but hidden from curious gaze, three persons whose lamps of life never should have been lighted, as curses instead of blessings have been their offspring. Signed — Jonathan Swift.

"Well," said one of the officers, "looks like there wasn't much for us fellows to do. Seems as if the old chap had pretty good sense after all. But, boys, let us go down and report and I guess I'll just hand in my resignation. Jennie Dean's going to be married to my oldest son next month, and there's no need of the old man working any longer. Being father-in-law to a million and a half is like having honors thrust on a fellow. Jennie is the nicest girl that ever lived, and we won't cast her off on account of her money—but how will my poor boy stand the shock?"

Mrs. Randolph's Nerve.

By John Reed Scott

WE had gone out on the piazza after dinner—an especially good dinner it was—and the particularly calm and satisfied look on my wife's face emboldened me.

I had been trying to say it for a week, and always my heart failed me at the critical moment. Now I got out all my courage, threw out my chest, looked as though I were charging a battery of rapid-fire guns, and waded in.

"My dear," I said, "I have made up my mind to get a machine."

Then, having said it, I figuratively speaking, ducked and threw up one arm to protect my head.

"A machine?" said she, puzzled. "Why, Reginald, the one we have is in perfect order."

"I am not referring to a sewing-machine, my dear," I explained grandiloquently. "That is in your department exclusively. I mean a car—an automobile."

There was no reply for the space of fifteen minutes—at least, it seemed fifteen minutes to me, sitting there cringing inwardly and, I suspected, outwardly as well. Presently, my wife spoke.

"So you're thinking of buying an automobile?" she said, very quietly. "Why not, my dear Reginald, throw in an estate at Lenox and a winter home at Aiken, while you're about it."

I should have known she was inclined to sarcasm when she called me "my dear Reginald," even if the rest of the sentence had been obscure.

"Because I should need two cars, then," I replied meekly. "The gauge for Southern roads requires a sixty instead of a fifty-six and a half."

"Well, what of it?" she asked.

"This of it," I said, a trifle braver: "I can't afford two cars."

"What has that to do with the matter under discussion?" she asked lightly. "You can afford two quite as well as one."

"We will get two some time—that is," I added, "we will trade in the old one for a next year's model."

"When?"

"Next year, of course."

"How nice!" she reflected.

"Yes; that's the advantage of buying: you can always get a good deal on a trade in the next year."

"How nice!" she repeated.

"I knew you would think so," said I.

"You buy one car," she queried, "and thereafter they supply you with a new one every year without charge? How sweet of them!"

"Not exactly," I explained, though a bit of doubt entered my mind as to her meaning. "They will allow me a certain amount for the old car, and I will have to pay the balance in cash."

"And how do you pay for the first car?" she asked.

"With cash—or a note."

"And where do you find the cash?"

"I will arrange that," I said, with easy indifference. "I haven't gone into this thing hastily, my dear."

"Oh, I've no doubt you haven't," she said, and whether she spoke ironically I did not know. "How much are you thinking of paying for a car?"

"Somewhere around two thousand dollars," I answered. (I was doing better than my fondest hopes. She was astonishingly reasonable.) "I'm going to be satisfied with a moderate-priced one."

I went on easily: "four cylinders and forty horse-power. We'll get a touring car—unless, my dear, you would rather have a short-couped one." This was about the extent of my technical language, but I thought it would impress her.

"Two thousand dollars!" she reflected.

"And what will you be allowed for the

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