

The Portrait of a Patriot

"Fine!" breathed Bertram Ainsworth. The half-stifled rapture in his voice thrilled the girl sitting to him for her portrait.

For the sun, repenting its sultriness, had come out in a leagard blaze of glory that offered atonement for its unfriendly seclusion. The glowing radiance pouched down into the studio, a barren studio enough compared with others in the same bulldog, but Ainsworth had not found it necessary to crowd his corners with armfuls of cushions, nor hang his walls with fabrics of divers textures and many colors.

If ever a man put his whole heart into his work, Ainsworth put his into the portrait of the steel king's only daughter. He was not unconscious of the honor done him in the selection of his brush to keep alive for the father, soon to be left lonely, the vision of his child's loveliness.

Longer when herself was gone, —were it not for the insistence of his son. The letter felt a personal pride in the growing merit of the painting, a personal anticipation of the furor he was certain it would create. Now that the work was nearing completion, he came almost daily to watch the exquisite face, the lissome form beginning to live—seeming to breathe under the swift touches of that magical brush in those nervous white fingers.

"There is nothing more to do," he said. His voice was harsh. "The portrait is finished!" Then he was beside her, his hand clutched the back of her chair until the knuckles showed white, his eyes blazing down into hers. "Do you understand," he cried, his words half a sob, half a groan, "what that means to me, 'finished'?"

"I understand," she said. All at once she shrank from the lightning of his glance. "I—I understand—God help me!"

"Nothing!" returned Ainsworth curtly. He stooped to pick up his maulstick which had clattered to the floor. He rose, hastily set aside his palette on which a wide, blurred streak of many colors betrayed the random course of a nervous brush.

Tom Reath took his sister down to her carriage. He was a cheerful, prosaic fellow, who had married the nicest girl he knew and was quite content with her and his life in general.

sting emotional tragedies in the lives of others. So it was with the sensation of having received a physical shock that he listened to Janet Ainsworth's confidence a few days later. He had met her in the corridor leading to her brother's studio.

"When is Miss Reath's wedding to take place?" "Patricia's? In October, I believe." "And Lord Harbetsom will be here?" "Any day now." He was looking down into the sweet, spirituelle face with the anxious, uplifted eyes.

"Mr. Reath, you are a friend of Bertram's—you like him?" "Best fellow I know—bar none. What! B's my soul, what—?"

For her lips were quivering—her eyes were brimming over. "Can't you see?" she questioned in a passionate whisper, "that this is killing him—killing him!"

"Killing him!" he repeated blankly. "What is it? I don't understand." "That portrait—the portrait of Patricia. You were mad to bring her into his life, with his temperament, his ideals, his adoration of beauty—O, it was cruel!"

"I'm confoundedly sorry!" stammered Reath. He was honestly trying to understand. All at once a light seemed to break in on him. "You don't mean to say—?"

"O, I do! He does not eat—nor sleep. He is here at dawn; he is here till dusk. He does not know when one speaks to him. He is dreaming. When he awakes—"

She broke off, voiceless—shivering. "I'm awfully sorry!" said Tom again. His vocabulary was of the most limited. "I never thought, you know. He always was a queer chap. I—I'll think it over!"

As for Ainsworth himself, he was doing a foolish thing, an insane thing, and he knew it. He was claiming unnecessarily another and still another sitting. He heard of the arrival of Lord Harbetsom. One morning Tom Reath brought him to see the portrait. He was a pleasant, unaffected young fellow, with a short blonde beard and gentle, blue eyes.

"It is marvellously good," he commented. "It has all the freedom and grace of a Gainsborough. It will make you famous on two continents. I congratulate you!"

Tom was out of town. There was some trouble at his copper mine in Wyoming which made his presence there desirable. Patricia's chair stood waiting—an empty throne. She came to it, pale, a little languid—"an hour's defect of the rose."

the sadly, Lord Harbetsom stood between them.

"I did not mean to be an eavesdropper. I had come in early. I had fallen asleep behind that screen. I am sorry; I am glad—sorry to lose you out of my life, Patricia; glad not to buy my happiness at the cost of yours. We can be discreet. It will be less than a nine days' wonder if we are cautious. And your father—his will is yours, Patricia." He looked into her eyes, that shone through happy tears. He kissed the hand she gave him, and Ainsworth's hand he wrung hard.

Then he was gone. On the stairs he met Janet Ainsworth. Impulsively she stopped him. "You are ill! You have been hurt! What is it?"

"I am not ill. I have been hurt—a little—yes. I am going away for a long time. Or—it may not be so long a time." He was warmed by the sympathy of her lips—her eyes. "When—when I return may I come to see you, little Janet?"

"O!" said Janet, "O!" She thought of the portrait of Patricia. Then their eyes met. "May I—Janet?" "Come!" she said.

A RUMMAGE SALE.

One Man Who Is Well Aware When He Has Enough.

"There," exclaimed the big north side resident as he threw himself into his favorite chair, "we're home, and we're going to stay right here! No more skirring from pillar to post by me or mine. I've had a bonny sufficiency and am not a bit like the man who does not know when he has had enough. All this traveling for health or pleasure is sentimentality and doesn't pay 10 cents on the dollar."

"Must have reached that conclusion on your last trip," volunteered the practical neighbor who had dropped in. "You used to be awful keen for getting away from the city and enjoying relaxation, as you put it."

"Ever attend a rummage sale?" with apparent irrelevancy. "No! Well, I'll tell you. It's a church institution. They ask everybody to donate things. There's no limit. Anything from lined handkerchiefs to stone crushers. Then they go out and collect these things, fix up a sort of a department store, and a lot of pretty, persuasive women buttolle the visitors inveigled in and make them buy."

"I've been down to my old home, you know, and they had a rummage sale. It opened the night I was to leave, so I went down with my wife and little daughter, prepared to go from there to the train. There was no checkroom, so we stored our traps and calamities in different booths. I bought liberally, for a fellow likes to make a good showing when among the people with whom he grows up."

"When it came time to leave, what do you think? They had sold my overcoat and hat, my wife's cloak and fur collar, the little girl's jacket and all the smaller bundles. I made a gallant attempt to laugh it off, with a hope that they would make good for the loot, but not a cent; not an attempt to recover the plunder. They thought it a good joke. I remained over and stocked up, but from this on I'm staying right here at home."

Down the Chimney. Job May was one of the first settlers of Bureau county, Ill. His cabin was built on the side of the river bluff. The site for it was partly made by an excavation into the bank, so that the roof was little above the ground. The chimney, built of stones, mud and sticks, was a huge affair, with a fireplace six feet wide in the living room.

One fall a neighbor gave the May boys an old blind horse. The little fellows were delighted with Old Bob and made a great pet of him. "The second winter of Bob's life with his young masters proved a hard one. The snow was deep, and the poor horse, unstable and with little hay or grass, found existence a doubtful blessing."

One night Bob was wandering around searching for comfort in some form when he discovered that he was rising from the chimney and took up a position near by. Suddenly the family, sitting around the blazing log fire, were startled by a tremendous racket up the chimney, and the next moment a huge body tumbled down into the fireplace. It was Old Bob, who began snorting and plunging about, scattering hot coals and ashes in all directions. Old Bob was soon recognized and, with one shoulder badly scorched, was led limping out of the door. Menhime there had been a scrambling at the coals and "strands" to prevent the horse from making fire.—Youth's Companion.

Too Rich to Spell. "I wish," said Mrs. Parvnu to her daughter's teacher, "that you would drop spelling from the list of Janet's studies."

VANITY'S VISIONS.

IN EVENING GOWNS, LUXURIOUS WRAPS AND SMALL ACCESSORIES.

Girl's Ball Gown—Three-quarter Sealskin Coat and Eton Jacket in Broadtail—Crepe de Chine Popular—A Glory of Gold.

The popularity of the plain short coat in the midst of so much that is ornate and heavily garnished is in part accounted for by the fact that it accommodates the fur collarettes and boas nicely, and these are quickly thrown off when one enters a warm room and the jacket is thrown open, whereas the removal and redonning of



DEBUTANTE'S BALL GOWN.

a large fur trimmed wrap are affairs of which one thinks twice. However, the truly luxurious woman must have her heavy furs, and a better example of all that is delicious in this line would be far to seek than a three-quarter sealskin coat of today; for instance, one with the new rolled collar, lined with sable, immense soft revers of sable, scalloped bell shaped sleeves and handsome large tortoise shell buttons. Less imposing but equally stylish is an Eton jacket of black broadtail with great revers and collar of white broadtail and broadtail muff to match.

It is to evening styles that the magic fashion draws us most irresistibly just at this season, for among all vanity's visions are no greater dreams of the fair young girls whose debut society is now celebrating. One of these appears in the cut—a fascinating first ball gown of net with choux of illusion and pale pink wild roses with dark glossy foliage and garlands of flowers serving as epaulets, while the actual sleeves are in one with the draped bertha. A girle and ribbon of pale pink satin complete the corsage.

Crepe de chine is the popular evening gown material in soft shades of blue,

Two Thousand Silver Pennies. Scottish Plowman Embraces Colas Buried Since Banquo's Ban. Samuel McMichael, plowman of Clovenstone Dumfriesshire, Scotland, has just brought to light a potful of silver pennies that were buried probably 557 years ago, or thereabout.

Samuel McMichael, being a plowman who takes a pride in his furrow, rested his horses at the end of the field the day he was working a few days ago and cast his eye back along the line he had plowed to see that it was straight.

It was not. His critical eye noticed an unevenness in the ground, and Samuel McMichael stepped back over the cloids of that high-lying field to ascertain the cause. He found that his plot had broken open an earthenware pot, and before him lay scattered hundreds of pieces of what, in his homely lowland way, he called "tin."

With a cupful of tin the M. McMichael went off and consulted the farmer, and most of the "tin" turned out to be silver pennies of the reigns of Edward I, who annexed Scotland, and Edward II, who lost it. There were over 2000 of them, all in good preservation, each measuring three-quarters of an inch across. They weighed 5 pounds in bulk.

The oldest of the coins are those of King Alexander of Scotland, who ruled from 1249 to 1285. There are also a few bearing the mark of Waterford, in Ireland. The latest are those of Edward II, whom the Scots cheerfully thrashed at Bannockburn in 1314. In 133 Edward Bruce drove the English oppressor out of Nithsdale, and it is suggested that some Englishmen, being in a hurry to reach the border, put his 2000 silver pieces in a pouch and hid it in the ground.

It would be interesting to know the name of the man who thus lost what Samuel McMichael, 500 years later, found. Perhaps an antiquary will tell us. But, at any rate, the crown is claiming the pennies as treasure-trove, so they will probably find their way into a Scottish museum for English visitors to look at.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Posthumous praises are like feathers on a hearse. To be personally great is to forget all personal greatness. There would be no great ones if there were no little ones.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy tell it not to a friend. The best part of beauty, after all, is that which a picture cannot express. Love is the most intelligible when it is unable to express itself in words. Envy is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one. Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtue. Honest labor on any matter deserving of toil is certain to produce good fruit.

Scalloped Turkey. One of the ways to manage the "left over" portions of the noble bird now in season is as follows: in a buttered baking dish, lined with cranberries, put alternate layers of half inch bits of cold turkey, stuffing and gravy (or white sauce and crumbs, if there be no stuffing and gravy), cover with crumbs and bake 15 minutes.

USEFUL DOGS.

Some of Them show Almost Human Sagacity.

America possesses some well-trained dogs, for Mr. C. J. Cornish, writing in the Cornhill Magazine, points to the great sheep-ranches of North America and to the estancias of Argentina as places where the dog plays a very important and creditable part in the industry of the neighborhood.

He considers the Argentine method of training the sheep-dog the more complete, because by it the dog becomes part of the flock. The puppies are suckled by a ewe, and when grown are fed only on vegetable food and milk, for which they visit the estancia, and having devoured it rush back to their flock, pursued by the farm dogs. When they reach the flock they seem at once to gain courage, and turn on their pursuers. They guard the sheep both night and day, and also assist the shepherds to drive them or collect them on the pastures.

Speaking of the American dogs, the writer says that in the mountain districts of Colorado sheep-dogs have been imported from countries as far distant as New Zealand. The most noted breed in Colorado is descended from a pair of these dogs, and their offspring have an inherited gift for sheepherding.

A six-month-old puppy was employed with others in getting 16 hundred sheep into a corral before a blizzard. When the snow began to fall it was found that two hundred sheep were missing, and that the puppy was nowhere to be seen.

The herders hunted all that night and part of the next day. Then the two hundred sheep were found driven into a little gulch, with the puppy standing on guard. The dog had been thirty-six hours without food or water, and died from exposure followed by injudicious sympathy in the form of overfeeding.

This occurred near Fort Collins in Colorado. The mother of this puppy was one day missed at supper. She was found at the corral, guarding a gate that a shepherd had left open the night before.

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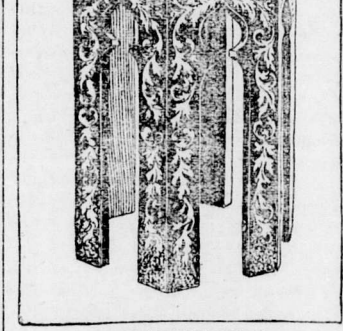
ART OF PYROGRAPHY

A VERSATILE DECORATION CAPABLE OF MANY APPLICATIONS.

The Necessary Instruments, Including Platinum Points, and How to Use Them—Preliminary Practices, Taboret in Poker Work.

The variety of uses to which pyrography may be applied is endless. It lends itself especially to the broad treatment of large surfaces, but it can also be used in the adornment of the most dainty articles by delicate lines and soft shading, says a Good House-keeping writer in preface to the following practical instructions:

The iron style of earlier days has been replaced by a point of platinum.



DECORATED TABORET.

Platinum is used for poker work, because it is the only metal that will absorb the gas of the naphtha by which the supply of heat is sustained. The complete outfit consists of platinum points, a cork covered handle, a length of rubber tubing, a naphtha bottle provided with connections for tubing, a spirit lamp and a rubber bulb with tubing attached. It is also necessary to have some alcohol and naphtha. Be sure to have the naphtha bottle tightly corked and never open it in a room where there is a light or the smallest spark of fire, as it is very inflammable. The alcohol also should be handled with care. To do a variety of poker work an outfit of several points is necessary, but it is well for the beginner to have at least two, as illustrated in Figs. c and d. The first of these, c, is the more important, as with it both outlining and shading can be done, but the second is better for backgrounds.

Before attempting a design the beginner should practice on a smooth pine board or a piece of whitewood, which is better, as the finer grain makes practice easier. To light the point put some cotton wool in the naphtha bottle and fill the bottle about one-third full of naphtha. Connect the bottle with the cork handle and with the bulb by the rubber tubing, hold the point in the flame of the spirit lamp until it is thoroughly heated and blow gently by pressing the bulb until the point becomes red-hot. The point may now be withdrawn from the flame, and its heat can be kept up and regulated by the pressure on the bulb, which forces the vapor of the naphtha through the tubing into the point, where it burns. The lamp may now be extinguished. The object of the cotton wool in the bottle is to give more evaporating surface. Fig. a shows the apparatus. Sometimes a foot bellows (Fig. b) is used instead of the hand bellows. This is less tiresome and gives the operator both hands for work.

Now grasp the cork handle, not too near the hot point, and try to make true, even lines on the pine board. This at first is very difficult, for an instant's delay in the touch of the point will make a hole or deep dot in the wood, and the line will resemble a smudge. To overcome this first trouble bring the point upon the board with a sweep of the hand and lift it off in the same way. Keep this sweep as even and light as possible until you have a firm, clean line. The beginner will succeed more easily if the point is not too hot.

Try different lines as a lead pencil would learn to shade with a lead pencil.

Thousands of Canada's efficacy of that peerie Pny-Balsam. It cures a ly. 25c, of all druggists the proprietors of Perry I. Indignant Bicyclist—snaps at me every time comes. Starts off. O! Sport! you foolish de Them ain't bones. Them CHILDREN will go St return covered with sno spoonful of Pain-Killer in prevent ill effects. Avoid is but one Pain-Killer, Pe and 50c.

CASTIC

For Infants and

The greatest bear drink are the Bavarians. The Bavaria annually is abated of the population. 1 next.

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"Think the Powers w of China!" "I suppose they'll take only a part a pay indemnity for getting them."

The Danger of

Piles are usually caused lack of exercise or sitting cold stones. They frequent tumors, fistulae or rupture Dr. Chase's Ointment has cure piles and put an end itching and uneasiness. It to all who have used it and cure every case of itching, trading piles.

Opera cloaks are now almost smothered in chiffon, lisse or mousseline de soie. Ermine and sable mink are the most fashionable furs, and mink is quite charming on strawberry and pastel blues or heliotrope.

A LIFE

Marcellous R Minnie Ga Malignant

Statement made by the gardener.

He says: "Minnie (and with four of the treated with a malignant Minnie was much we others, and her life the physician in up all hope, and before expected that her day morning, and had given disposal of the body. I had used the ten rosaries in my own their germ killing prop they would do more to other method of tr wonderful results fol night we administered and by morning the gi enouncement. Within was able to be about, a is in splendid health."

gher, 78 Gerard street The above are the most wonderful cure, I money given by Minnie in the neighborhood we the circumstances can v stated here.

Dr. Arnold's Tonic deppig's, large box 7c goldpaid on receipt Arnold Chemical Co., I Bldg., 44 King St. W seat free.

Does he cut any ice I guess yes! He is e you caught the murder detective? we have we've got him so scared to show himself when w

Experienced Cor Your unsatisfactory preparations should against "Patman's." It best, the only painless trial. A corn treated wouldn't do again. If Give your corn a chance sell only the best always less Corn Extractor. Sold by J. E. Richard

Janikin's mother-in-la day last week! Janikin as he followed the sir," said the undertaker, "can't help it," sighed poor woman! Do you know t time we have been ou quarrelling?"

Colds That H Pneumonia is the r chate colds that hang o irritate the bronchial t To promptly and thore colds, lightness in the che the throat and bronchial Syrup of Linsseed and Tur itself the most effectual re ast is simply enormous. Family size 60 cents.

I'm troubled about t west; said the head of the book hurriedly closed the looked as if he expect advance in salary.

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