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Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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Art, a Dog, and A Husband

By SARAH COMSTOCK

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Instead of rapping, the landlady grasped the knob with her bony, determined hand and rattled it roughly. In reply came a tart little bark and a gentle voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Siefke. Come in." Mrs. Siefke did not come in, though. She crashed open the door, wounding its varnish on Lois' trunk.

"Packed?" she inquired.
"No, no, I haven't packed," the girl replied nervously, while the fox-terrier grumbled. "I can make it all right by this evening. I'm sure I can, Mrs. Siefke."

"You've thought that for a lot of evenin's. What you lookin' for now?" Lois pointed proudly to the array on the cot.

"These are the best I've done," she said. "I'm going downtown with them now."

The landlady, her bony hands firmly clasping her hips, said "Humph!" Then she added:

"Tonight's your last chance. Settle or leave." She trod away down the hall, walking heavily on her heels as always.

Lois choked a little. But when she turned back to the cot her pride prickled up.

"Aren't they beautiful, Holy Terror?" she said. "Mrs. Siefke doesn't know anything about art."

The terrier jumped upon the cot and burst into a spasm of glowing barks over them. His ears were up and his stub of a tail quivered.

They were all the work of her hands, and Terror sniffed them lovingly, tracing her in every one. They were the high water mark of her artistic ambition—couch cushions and opera bags and book covers and photograph frames, all of leather, wrought in elaborate designs by burning. On the book covers were outlined willowy ladies, and the photograph frames and the opera bags were etched in wreaths



she sank in a heap outside the door, and scrolls. One of the cushions was of brilliant green leather, and in its center, in deep black burning and vivid water color, was a life sized portrait of Holy Terror. This was her masterpiece.

"We can't fall to make money from these, can we, Terror?" she said.

"We've worked so hard over them."

It was true that they had worked together. Ever since she had set out to make pyrography her life work Terror had helped her. All the preparations were watched critically by him, and as soon as the hot point began to move over the stamped design his labor commenced. Every line and curve and dot of the etching he followed with his busy strawberry nose, the same nose that had frightened away the bench shop price.

"I like strawberry noses much better than black, Terror," Lois told him when she took him home dejected. It was the only time in his life that he had ever placed his stub of a tail at half mast; he knew bitterly well that he had failed.

When the portrait, the masterpiece, was being etched, he had spent days of exultation.

"Do you think it's like you, Terror?" At moments she feared it was only the green leather that pleased him so mightily, for green was his favorite color. But it must be that he knew, she reassured herself. At any rate his nose followed the hot point like a leuth's and whenever the point stopped he would raise his head and bark "Hurrah!" in two sharp yaps.

When the etching of Holy Terror's outline was done, Lois painted in his spots of black and white, and with a final tender and brilliant carmine touch she colored the strawberry nose.

"Take a last look at your portrait," she said to him now.

She laid the articles in a neat box and wrapped and tied it. Then she dressed for the street. It was close quarters for dressing in the hall bedroom with the cot, the chair, the washstand, the trunk and the chiffonier, but sky-scraper of dressing tables that serves in the lack of ground space.

Holy Terror had his customary bark at the impossible head, which for many

winters now had clasped her fur collar.

"If I bring back a great deal of money, Terror, perhaps we can throw this away and have a new stole that won't get on your nerves."

With the box under her arm she told him goodbye. She hated to leave him. As a rule, they were inseparable, but she had met with those who did not understand him in some of the shops, and she explained to him that it was best he should wait at home for her.

The walk downtown was miserable without him. She longed to feel the tug of his buoyant strength as he dragged her at the end of his chain. She longed to watch his pointed muzzle prying out the way ahead of her and returning with noisy reports. She longed for his infectious cheer that had tided over many a dark hour in the hall bedroom.

On the avenue she came to the shops where pictures were sold. These she canvassed, as she often had done before, feeling that pyrography had its place among works of art. Then there were shops that had departments of fancy goods. She made the rounds.

It was dark when she turned the latchkey. She knew that the dinner would be cold and that the waiter would frown, and she did not care for dinner any more. She started upstairs.

Mrs. Siefke met her at the first landing.

"Well, got it?" she asked.

Although Lois could not see on the dark stairway, she knew the landlady's hard hands clamped her hips. "I can't—not tonight"—The girl's voice broke wretchedly.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Siefke. "I knew you wouldn't. There's no use goin' up. Your room's locked and your goods are attached."

Lois turned white and silent, taking it in. From above came a furious barking.

"Oh! Holy Terror!" the girl cried, and ran up the stairs. She seized the knob and shook the door. The barking came from within.

"Terror! Let him out, Mrs. Siefke," she called.

Below, the landlady chuckled with irony. "He's attached all right," she said comfortably.

"No! Not Terror! Mrs. Siefke, you can't—oh, take everything else!"

She heard the landlady walking off heavily. "Terror!" she cried passionately, and sank in a little heap outside the door, while he leaped madly against the inside, scratching and yelping and rattling the latch in vain.

When Burr met her at the door he wondered at her being alone.

"It's disliking of you to be going out just as I'm coming to see you," he said lightly. "And where's Holy Terror? Has he thrown you over?"

"No. He's upstairs," she stammered. "I've got to go—I'm so sorry, but it's urgent business."

He looked at her keenly, then he turned and walked beside her, with his great, sure strides.

"My aunt is ill. Can you manage to stay with her at her home tonight? She'll consider it a great favor."

"It was a somewhat random shot, but I think it has hit the mark," he said to himself later, after he had delivered her at his aunt's house. Then he set out to call on Mrs. Siefke.

They returned together, Burr and Holy Terror. Lois was down in the kitchen. Terror rushed into her arms like a miniature hurricane, and their emotions merged in a hysteria of sobs and barks.

Burr stood above them and watched. "It's odd," he remarked, "how a life of art bars out a husband, but does not in the least interfere with a fox terrier."

At what followed Holy Terror burst into a fury of jealous barking.

Shellfish as Traps.
The familiar story of a mouse being trapped by a live oyster, though curious, is not the only instance of the kind. The great naturalist Frank Buckland records the story of a rat which was caught by the same apparently harmless shellfish. Some years ago a common rat was found dead on the shores near Penzance. Its beak was tightly caught in the clutches of an oyster, which was still alive. The bird and oyster were removed and mounted. An even more queer case was that of a small salt water fish which was found in a pool in the rocks caught firmly by an immense mussel. One would think that the mussel must have been pretty sharp in closing his shell. A story is told of a colored man who was caught in a similar fashion. He put his tongue into a half opened oyster to get the juice, and the oyster caught him tight by the tongue. Jupiter when released was chafed by his friends. "Why, the oyster couldn't have hurt you," said one, "for he hasn't any teeth." "No," replied Jupiter; "nebbe not, but de Lawd knows dat he have terrible hard gums!"

Brave Japanese Fishermen.
The Japanese as a race are fearless. This is evidenced by the hazardous occupation of the little brown men who earn a living far from the rocky coast lines of the island. One of the chief articles of diet in Japan is fish. To secure it for the market the Japanese go many miles from land in their tiny craft, while those who do not understand their strength and buoyancy look as though any ordinary wave would capsize them. These Japanese go 200 and 300 miles at sea to catch fish. Each year the shores of the islands are strewn with wreckage from the boats, while the sea gives up the bodies of the brave men who were caught in the fearful typhoons which sweep around this corner of the earth. Then, again, the ocean liners take the lives of many of these doughty Japanese. There is never a diminution in the numbers of the fleet.



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"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—\$2000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.



MRS. F. E. BRITTEN.
President of the Boston Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. F. E. Britten, president of the Boston Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has a charming personality and seems to be a born leader. She possesses great force of character and generally succeeds with whatever she undertakes.

Mrs. Britten was born Sept. 2, 1865, at Ann Arbor, Mich. She was educated at Manistee High school and took a classical course at the University of Michigan. She was married April 23, 1886, to Rev. Fred E. Britten, then pastor of the First Baptist church, Fairbank, Minn. She is the mother of three sons, Clarence D., aged sixteen; Rollie H., fourteen, and Merle D., twelve.

Mrs. Britten and all her family are members of the Tremont Temple Baptist church, and she is a licensed preacher in the Baptist denomination. In addition to being president of the Boston W. C. T. U. she has been general secretary of the Gospel Prohibition Association of Greater Boston from its beginning in 1903 and state superintendent of the department of Christian citizenship.

She has taught in public schools and in the art, Greek and Latin departments of the Central university of Iowa. She has preached in mission work in Nebraska and as pastor of two churches in Michigan. She has been a national lecturer of the Prohibition party and was office manager of that party in Michigan for about four years, 1898-1901.—Boston Globe.



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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

LIGHTING SMOKE.

An Effective Trick That Has a Very Simple Solution.

This very effective trick may be accomplished by means of a round or square pasteboard box, preferably a hatbox. Shape the box into the form shown in the drawing, turning up the overlapping half of the top cover and cutting a large round hole in the other half which fits over the half box.

Now set a candle in the half box directly under the hole, light it and let it burn until it has a long snuff. Blow out the light and you are ready to perform the trick.

Suddenly a flame is seen to emerge from the wreath of smoke which is ascending from the long candle snuff up through the hole in the box lid. The



FLAME DESCENDING THE SMOKE.

flame quickly reaches the candle snuff and as it touches it lights the candle, much to the wonderment of the on-lookers.

The secret of the trick is very simple. After you have stepped around to the rear of the box you manage to light a match, holding it below the table so that it will not be seen. At the proper time you bring the match in contact with the wreath of smoke ascending through the hole in the box lid. As the other half of the lid is turned up it affords a screen, behind which you may apply the match unseen by those in front of the box.

The distance from the point in the smoke wreath when you touch the match to the tip of the candle snuff should not be more than four inches, as the smoke loses its density and thins out the higher it ascends.—New York Mail.

Is the Ostrich Stupid?
It has been stated that the ostrich is so silly that it hides its head in the sand, thinking that, because it cannot see, no one will see it. One who has studied ostriches for several years says that, though this statement is not true, they are just as stupid as if it were true. Their tiny heads are so flat as to leave scarcely any room for brain, and they have therefore less intelligence than even a hamper full of hens. Let the man who has fed an ostrich daily for years come to it in a strange dress and it will not be able to recognize him.

A farmer was once assaulted and knocked down by an old bird which he had constantly fed, simply because on this occasion he had come to it wearing a tall hat.

It had never seen him in such head-gear before, took him for a stranger, and was proceeding to maul him to death but for timely rescue.

A Bird's Wire Mattress.
A gentleman in England had a pet magpie which, although very tame, would still leave the house every spring and go to the woods to build and raise a family, returning home again afterward. Wanting a young magpie for a pet and found its nest in a lofty gum tree. A boy was sent up the tree. He came down with a bird and reported that the nest was all made of wire.

His assertion being laughed at, he went up again, cut the branch off and brought the nest down to prove his words. What he had said was perfectly true. The nest was almost entirely constructed of fine wire ingeniously twisted together. A small piece of fine wire netting served for a mattress at the bottom of the nest, and over this was laid straw.

The Advice She Wanted.
My little sister Myrtle called our papa to her bedside the other evening and said, "Papa, I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"

The Moon Train.
A train comes nightly from the east across the curving sky. It's headlight is the big round moon, its smoke the clouds close by.

These clouds of smoke conceal the train long to have appear. I watch the brilliant, brilliant light That makes the path so clear.

The little sparks of stars fly out Along the moon train's way. I'd like to hear the engine puff, And some bright night I may.

I'd like to see the passengers, Perhaps a boy like me Rides on the train to China now; But, oh, I cannot see!

The splendid headlight blinds my eyes, The train seems but to creep, And long before it reaches here In bed I'm fast asleep.

—Christian Register.

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