

**BEST GOODS
BEST PRICES**
**GUARANTEED
PURE
AND HEALTHFUL**
**THE STANDARD
FOR YEARS**
**NOT ACCEPT CHEAP
IMITATIONS**
USE THE COUPONS

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Instructions For Paste Making and Paper Hanging.

To make paste for the papering of a medium sized room take three pints of flour rubbed smooth in two quarts of cold water. Add eight quarts boiling water and let this boil, stirring constantly for ten minutes. Stir in two tablespoonfuls powdered alum, strain, cool and use as thick as will run off the brush. Thick paste is not so likely to tear the paper. In preparing to paper have the left hand side of the paper trimmed. Cut the ceiling pieces four inches longer than the ceiling. In putting on the first strip let it come down on the wall two inches all around. A new broom will do service as well as the usual roller, and with a little practice the paper will go on without a wrinkle. Cut the side wall paper so as to let the strips lap under the border two or three inches. Lastly put on the border. When pasted, fold the paper in folds about a foot long, one on top of the other, and one can apply a very long piece without trouble. In using the broom sweep through the center of the paper, lengthwise first, first across one way, then the other, and it will leave no wrinkles. It is best to cut and match enough strips for the ceiling before beginning work.

Baking Powder Tins.

Baking powder tins should not be recklessly thrown away. They are useful in a number of ways—as, for example, molding small jellies, creams or rice desserts. They make fine little molds in which to boil or steam individual puddings, and they often come in handy as receptacles.

Kerosene Hints.

A few drops of kerosene added to the starch makes ironing easier and lends a gloss to the linen. Flies hate the odor of kerosene, it is said, and if the outside of a screen door be rubbed with the oil the opening of the door will not be followed by an inrush of the winged pests.

Covering For School Books.

Glazed manila paper is a very good covering for books of this sort, and if two coats of thin shellac varnish are applied to the paper it will be water and dirt proof. Paper covers prepared in this way have been known to stand children's use and abuse for two years.

The Bureau Drawer.

Lining bureau and chiffonier drawers and closet shelves with heavy white paper keeps the contents fresh and should be renewed from time to time to be always perfectly clean.

CARRAWAY'S GRAND GEYSER CASCADE

A Fourth of July Story

"UNCLE MAJOR," said Jack as he and Mollie helped the major to remove his hat and coat, "do you think there's much danger in little boys having firecrackers and rockets and pinwheels?"

"Or in little girls having torpedoes?" put in Mollie.

"Well, I don't know," the major answered warily. "What does your papa say about it?"

"He thinks we ought to wait until we are older, but we don't," said Jack. "Torpedoes never sets nothing afire," said Mollie.

"That's true," said the major kindly; "but, after all, your father is right. Why, do you know what happened to me when I was a boy?"

"Haven't an idea," said Jack.

"You burst your thumb," said Mollie, ready to make a guess at it.

"Well, you get me a cigar, and I'll tell you what happened to me when I was a boy just because my father let me have all the fireworks I wanted, and then perhaps you will see how wise your father is not doing as you wish him to."

Jack readily found the desired cigar, while Mollie brought the major a match, after which he settled down comfortably in the hammock and, swinging softly to and fro, told his story.

"My dear old father," said he, "was the most indulgent man that ever lived. He'd give me anything in the world that I wanted whether he could afford it or not, only he had an original system of giving which kept him from being ruined by indulgence of his children. He gave me a Hudson river steamboat once without costing him a cent. I saw it, wanted it, was beginning to cry for it, when he patted me on the head and told me I could have it, adding, however, that I must never take it away from the river or try to run it myself. That satisfied me."

"All I wanted was the happiness of feeling that it was mine, and my dear old daddy gave me permission to feel

as Cascade. To do this properly I set my eye upon a fish pond not far from the town hall. It was a very deep pond and about a mile in circumference. Putty blowers were then selling at five for a cent, and powder was cheap as sand owing to the fact that the powder makers, expecting a war, had made a hundred times as much as was needed, and as the war didn't come they were willing to take almost anything they could get for it. The consequence was that the powder I got was sufficient in quantity to fill a rubber bag as large as five sofa cushions.

"This I sank in the middle of the pond, without telling anybody what I intended to do, and through the putty blowers, sealed tightly together, and to end, I conducted a fuse, which I made myself, from the powder bag to the shore. My idea was that I could touch the thing off, you know, and that about sixty square feet of the pond would fly up in the air and then fall gracefully back again. If it had worked as I expected, everything would have been all right, but it didn't. I had too much powder. For a second after I had lit the fuse there came a muffled roar, and the whole pond in a solid mass, fish and all, went flying up in the air and disappeared. Everybody was astonished; not a few more were very much frightened. I was scared to death, but I never let on to any one that I was the person who had blown the pond off. How high the pond went I don't know, but I do know that for a week there wasn't any sign of it, and then, most unexpectedly, out of what appeared to be a clear sky there came the most extraordinary rainstorm you ever saw. It literally poured down for two full days, and what I alone could understand, with it came trout and sunfish and minnows, and, most singular to all but myself, an old scow that was recognized as the property of the owner of the pond suddenly appeared in the sky falling toward the earth at a fearful rate of speed. When I saw the scow coming I was more frightened than ever, because I was afraid it might fall upon and kill some of our neighbors. Fortunately, however, this possible disaster was averted, for it came down directly over the sharp point lightning rod on the tower of our public library and stuck there like a piece of paper on a pin.

"The rain washed away several acres of cultivated farms, but the loss of crops and fences and so forth was largely reduced by the fish which came with the storm. One farmer took a rake and caught 300 pounds of trout, forty pound of sunfish, eight turtles and a minnow in his potato patch in five minutes. Others were almost as fortunate, but the damage was sufficiently large to teach me that parents cannot be too careful about what they let their children do on Independence day."

"And weren't you ever punished?" asked Jack.

"No, indeed," said the major. "Nobody ever knew that I did it, because I never told them—in fact, you are the only two persons who have ever heard about it, and you mustn't tell, because there are still a number of farmers about that region who would sue me for damages in case they knew that I was responsible for the accident."—Philadelphia Press.

HISTORY OF DECLARATION.

A Valuable Book Published by Order of Congress.

Colonel William H. Michael, chief clerk of the state department, by order of congress, published in March last a book giving an illustrated history of the Declaration of Independence, with the biographies and portraits of the signers and the secretary of the congress. The illustrations include not only photographs of the famous state paper in its present decayed condition, but also a number of photographs taken when the document was in a better state of preservation.

The volume was prepared primarily as an aid to those in charge of the exhibit of the department of state at exhibitions in explaining that part of the exhibit relating to the Declaration of Independence. The series of portraits of the signers is complete, and there is an interesting facsimile of the broadside copy of the Declaration signed by John Hancock, president of the congress, for and on behalf of the members of congress, attested by Charles Thomson, secretary. Especially interesting is the correspondence relating to the Declaration which is given.

Because of the historic value of the work of Colonel Michael, congress ordered the book printed as a government publication.

The Bradley Stars and Stripes.

In 1794 Senator Bradley of Vermont in a speech in congress said: "Kentucky and Vermont have been added to the Union, and they consider themselves of as much importance as the thirteen original colonies and desire to be represented in the flag. I, therefore, move that the flag be fifteen stars and fifteen stripes." This motion was carried to take effect May 1, 1795. This was our flag for twenty-three years and was the one used during the war of 1812 and the one which inspired Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner."—Boston Globe.

Stranger Than Fiction.

Johnny held a firecracker in his teeth to show that no fear was in his bosom—Johnny's living though.

'Twas a giant firecracker, Big enough to blow Johnny's foolish head to pieces—Never hurt him though.

When the fuse had burned up nearly Where the thing would go Fate or something came and snuffed it—

Johnny grumbled though.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

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Next 100 Prizes, James Whitcomb Riley's Works, 3 vol., \$3.75 per set, value	375.00
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Next 50 Prizes, Choice of Any \$1.00 Magazine, value	50.00
Next 100 Prizes, Extension of One Years Subscription to MADAME, value	100.00
Next 100 Prizes, Hand Picked Proof of the Famous Picture by Walter Tittle, entitled "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," \$1.00 each, value	100.00
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THERE CAME A MUFFLED BOOM.

that way. The same thing happened with references to the moon. He gave it to me freely and ungrudgingly. He had received it from his father, he said, and he thought he had owned it long enough. Only, he added, as he had about the steamboat, I must leave it where it was and let other people look at it whenever they wanted to and not interfere if I found any other little boys or girls playing with its beams, which I promised and have faithfully observed to this day.

"Of course from such a parent as this, you may very easily see, everything was to be expected on such a day as the Fourth of July. He used to let me have my own way at all times, and it is a wonder I wasn't spoiled. I really can't understand how it is that I have become the man I am considering how I was indulged when I was small."

"However, like all boys, I was very fond of celebrating the Fourth, and, being a more or less ingenious boy, I usually prepared my own fireworks and many things happened which might not otherwise have come to pass if I had been properly looked after, as you are. The first thing that happened on the Fourth of July that would a great deal better not have happened was when I was—er—how old are you, Jack?"

"Eight," said Jack, "going on nine."

"That was exactly the age I was at the time," continued the major blandly—"just nine to a day."

"Eight, I said," said Jack.

"Yes," nodded the major; "just eight, but going on toward nine. My father had given me \$10 to spend on noises; but, unlike most boys, I did not care so much for noises as I did for novelties. It didn't give me any particular pleasure to hear a giant cracker go off with a bang. What I wanted to do most of all was to get up some kind of an exhibition that would please the people and that could be seen in day-time instead of at night, when everybody is tired and sleepy. So instead of spending my money on firecrackers and torpedoes and rockets I spent \$3 of it on powder and \$1 on putty blowers."

"What I wanted to do was to make one grand effort and provide passersby with a free exhibition of what I was going to call 'Carraway's Grand Gey-