

OUR SCRAP BOOK COLUMN

DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

ROGER AND I.

JOHN S. CUTLER, BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Well, Roger, my dear old doggie, they say that your race is run; And our jolly tramps together up and down the world are done; You're only a dog, old fellow; a dog, and you've had your day; But never a friend of all my friends has been truer than you always.

We've had glorious times together in the fields and pastures fair; In storm and sunny weather we have romped without a care; And however men have treated me, though foul or fair their deal— However many the friends that failed, I've found you true as steel.

That's right, my dear old fellow, look up with your knowing eye, And lick my hand with your loving tongue that never has told a lie; And don't be afraid, old doggie, if your time has come to go, For somewhere out in the great Unknown there's a place for you I know.

Then don't you worry, old comrade; and don't you fear to die; For out in that fairer country I will find you by and by; And I'll stand by you, old fellow, and our love will surely win, For never a heaven shall harbor me where they won't let Roger in.

When I reach that city glorious, behind the waiting dark, Just come and stand outside the gate, and wag your tail and bark— I'll hear your voice, and I'll know it, and I'll come to the gate and say: "Saint Peter, that's my dog out there, you must let him come this way."

And then, if the saint refuses, I'll go to the One above, And say: "Old Roger is at the gate, with his heart brimful of love; And there isn't a shining angel of all the heavenly band Who ever lived a nobler life than he, in the earthly land."

Then I know the gates will open, and you will come frisking in, And we'll roam fair fields together in that country free from sin. So never you mind, old Roger, if your time has come to go; You've been true to me, I'll be true to you—and the Lord is good we know.

You are only a dog, old fellow; a dog, and you've had your day— Well, I'm getting there myself, old boy, and I haven't long to stay; But you've stood by me, old comrade, and I'm bound to stand by you; So don't worry, old Roger, for our love will pull us through.

BUT—

WILL M. MAUPIN, IN COMMONER.

The Christmas presents that old Santa Claus sent

Are broken, or battered, or else badly bent.

The dolly is headless, sawdustless, unfrocked,

The horse into flinders has been badly knocked;

The trumpet is flattened, the drum has no head;

In kindling wood lies the little doll bed.

But what of it all? We have cause to be glad—

Just think of the fun that the little ones had.

The drawing slate lies there in fragments minute;

The harp without tongue lies there silent and mute;

The watch lies in fragment, no hands, face or tick;

The monkey no longer climbs up his slim stick;

The dishes are broken, the dog has no hair;

The "Mother Goose" book lies forlorn on a chair.

But what of it all? We have cause to be glad—

Just think of the fun that the little ones had.

Their Christmas shouts rang in the early morn's gloom;

Their laughter made brighter the old sitting room.

And watching, the years quickly vanished, and then

We, too, for a day were just children again.

And then with new strength we lifted life's load

And cheerfully started anew on life's road.

The meaning is clear—we have cause to be glad—

We could pay for the fun that the little ones had.

MOTHER.

Alas! how little do we appreciate our mother's tender love while she is with us, though dutiful and devoted to her. After her lips are closed forever, and we know she will never more lead us by her counsel, cheer us along the pathway when thorns pierce us, shadows gather over us, then we turn to memorie's pages and feel that if we only had mother back how many rays of sunshine we would

bring into her heart. So many kindnesses we might have shown her if we had only known she was going away so soon to return no more. How often these thoughts have passed through my mind since my sweet old mother left me, and I do not doubt all who have lost a mother feel the same.

"Yet, oft as I look backward o'er the long waste of years, My heart is filled with sudden pain, my eyes grow dim with tears, As I call with vain regret and many a secret smart; How oft in times of waywardness I grieved her tender heart."

While these thoughts come our mother's tender love comforts. We feel that while we have grieved her many times, her love wrapped the "mantle of charity" about us. This is comfort. To those who are blest with a mother let us beg you to treat her with the tenderest care. For no matter how you treat her when she leaves you will find many regrets.

If you ask a child where home is he would say where mother is. Home of our childhood, where mother reigns queen, soothes our heartaches, ministers to our needs, protects us from the blasts of life. But we must strive to secure the home "where they know not the sorrows of time." Home beyond the dark river of death where no sweet ties are severed, no tears there, no farewells spoken, with God, the Father, God, the Son, our Savior, our mother and father sisters and brothers, all there, in that beautiful "home of the soul."

"HOLIER THAN THOU."

In the St. Mary's Oracle we find these lines to the point: "We suppose that as long as the world lasts there will be some 'holier than thou' people in it; but it is a great comfort to note that the idea of particular salvation of any one denomination to the eternal damnation of all the rest of mankind is rapidly disappearing. None but the most woefully prejudiced entertains such a doctrine nowadays. Still, we have the charitable opinion that even such persons, away in the inmost recesses of their hearts, have some estimation that 'It is the deed, and not the creed, That helps us in our utmost need.'"

The strike of the switchman comes at a bad time for New Year's gifts. There will be few toys in many a switchman's home this year.

THE TICKET TAKER.

He Tells Why He Uses a Wet Sponge in His Business.

"I use a wet sponge at all times when taking tickets," said a certain theater doorkeeper of St. Louis, "because of all men in the world the ticket taker is most exposed to contagious disease. When you stop to figure on the thousands of tickets I handle every year—perhaps one for every person in St. Louis—you can readily see what a great chance there is of germs coming to me with the tickets. The idea of using a sponge after taking every ticket was brought to my attention by a very prominent physician of St. Louis some time ago. He stopped on his way into the show one night and said: 'Come up to my office tomorrow. I want to show you something that you will not regret.'"

"Wondering what in the world it was he had to show me, I called on him, and he then took a bunch of tickets from his desk and under the microscope showed me that I receive hundreds of little germs with every piece of cardboard and that any of them are apt to contain germs of a type to cause consumption, skin trouble or a half hundred other things. This fixed me. I thanked him, bought a sponge and have used it faithfully ever since. Each time that I touch a ticket I wash my finger by rubbing it across the wet sponge. It isn't much bother, and it has undoubtedly lessened my chances of disease."

"The average person is in too much of a hurry to take the time to secure protection against these apparent dangers," said a well known bacteriologist of St. Louis, "but it pays in every sense of the word. The cashier should keep a small sponge on hand at all times, over which she could draw her fingers every time they come in contact with the ticket or coin from a patron. It finally comes mechanical." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Spoiled Child's Whims.

"Sit down!" said the fierce old man, and the trembling youth obeyed. "Well, what is it?"

The unhappy young man cleared his throat.

"I have come—that is, I have come," he began in stammering accents, "to ask you for the hand of your daughter Ruth."

The old man leaned back in his chair and intently regarded his visitor.

"Does my daughter want you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I am sure she does," the youth replied with some eagerness. "She sent me to you."

The old man sighed. "The whims of that child are really unaccountable," he muttered. "It seems but a day or two ago that she cried for a doll; then it was a pony; now it is a monkey. Of course she'll have to have it if she wants it; that's all. Good day."

Dentistry.

While no specific date can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry, we know it was practiced among the Egyptians at a very remote period. Herodotus (500 B. C.) mentions the Egyptian dentists, and Aristotle (300 B. C.) wrote extensively of the art in Greece and other lands. Gold plates and fillings have been found that point back to a very early time. Even "bridge work" was known to the ancient dentists of Egypt and probably of Greece and Rome. No record can be found of an American dentist until the year 1766.—New York American.

Her Magnanimity.

"That was the most heartless thing I ever heard of."

"What was?"

"When Nell Gadsley heard that Willie Budge, instead of shooting himself, as he said he would when she broke her engagement, had gone and got Fannie Willings to promise to be his wife she sent back his ring with a note, in which she said she gave it up because she knew he couldn't afford to buy another and she had found that there was a flaw in the stone anyway."

Smaller Still.

Old John Randolph of Roanoke once rose in his seat in the senate and said, "Mr. President, is it not a shame that the noble bulldogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Calls for order came thick and fast, whereupon he, pointing his long, skinny finger at them with the utmost scorn, screamed: "Rats, did I say? Mice—mice!"

Flippant.

Stout Party—Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately stuck your umbrella in my ear last evening?

Little Bifferton—Very careless of me, I am sure. I wondered what became of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?—London Telegraph.

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In the Register

Does Both

TRAINED WITH A CANE.

His Scheme to Keep Himself From Forgetting His Umbrella.

There is a young gentleman whose business office is not far from the interior department who has furnished some amusement to his friends by appearing on promenade recently with a rather "dinky" little stick that he calls a cane. One peculiarity about it is that he seems to have a variety of such canes and holds on to them rather tenaciously whenever he goes into an office or any other place of business.

While all his friends wondered why he carried such a pygmy stick, no one cared to chaff him about it, but at last curiosity got the better of some of them, and one of the number, who was an old friend of the young man's family, was deputed to ask him the plain question:

"What do you carry such a cane for anyhow?"

Said an old gentleman, who thought he had a right to scold him: "Here you are disgusting your friends by coming forth every day or so with a little reed contraption that you call a cane. You're putting us all in mind of a negro minstrel on parade. If you must have a staff we will make you a present of one that won't detract from your dignity and will be useful if you must carry a cane."

The young man grinned. "I have been expecting to be called down by some of you," he remarked, "and I will just tell you the solid truth. The fact of it is I am just as much ashamed of it as you are. I am trying to feel that something is wrong unless I have a stick in my hand. I have lost six fine umbrellas in less than two years. When I go in anywhere, unless it is raining, and have an umbrella I always leave it. I am getting to feel now that I must hold a stick in my right hand. I am getting so now that I miss my cane after having lost a score or more of these little switches, and I will soon appear in public with a cane that was presented to me that will challenge everybody's admiration."

"It was an ordeal, but I have become about habituated to having something in my hand when I am walking, and I don't propose to lose any more umbrellas."—Washington Post.

Newspapers as Makers of History.

When in 1887 I began a critical study of the history of the United States from 1850-60 I was struck with the paucity of material which would serve the purpose of an animated narrative. While considering my materials I was struck with a statement cited by Herbert Spencer as one of his main authorities for the battle of St. Quentin the manuscript of an anonymous writer. From these two circumstances it was a logical reflection that some historians might make an exaggerated estimate of the value of manuscript material because it reposed in dusty archives and could be utilized only by severe labor and long patience and that, imbued with this idea, other historians for other periods might neglect the newspaper because of its ready accessibility.—James Ford Rhodes in Atlantic.

A Diplomat's Inspiration.

"Why is it," she asked, "that when you are playing whist against papa you make so many blunders? You never seem to make misplays when he isn't in the game. Are you awed by him?"

"Well, not exactly that, Miss Rockingham," he answered. "You see, I found out some time ago that your father likes to win, and I want him to have a kindly feeling for me. I hope to—to have a favor to ask of him one of these days, and"

He hesitated. She looked up into his face, and then somehow his arms got around her, and she whispered:

"Oh, Edward, how did you ever guess that you had any reason to hope?"—Exchange.

The Climate of China.

The summers in north China are dry and hot. Then come a short period of torrential rains and then a long, dry fall and winter. Frost will come about the middle of October, and the last of November the river will freeze up, to stay closed until the middle of February, though often until a month later. There is almost no snow during the entire winter—two or three little flurries, but never enough to cover the ground. The cold is comparatively steady.