

OUR SCRAP BOOK COLUMN

DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

God bless the cheerful person, man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart, are cheerful persons, in their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces.

Listen to me, you pretty girls! Do you know that a plain, sensible girl is much more in demand than is a frivolous beauty? Do you know that a well-appointed, sensible man does not often give his heart or his home into the keeping of a woman whose only attraction is her personal loveliness? And that in case he does anything so rash, when he repents at his leisure, he usually tells her so.

Keep your skeletons shut in your closets is a good rule for everybody to obey. A sorrow or misfortune may bring to you the sympathy, not only of your friends but of indifferent acquaintance; but there are limits, beyond which this will not be carried. People soon tire of a grief in which they are not personally concerned. The sunshine is so much more agreeable than the shadow that it will be sought for, and they expect you will help to make it as soon as what they assume to be a reasonable time has passed by. If you do not, if you are constantly opening the doors of your skeleton closet and weeping over what it contains, you need not be surprised that you are shunned by those upon whose affection you have most counted. You must smile though your heart be well nigh broken, and it is right that you should do so. The world, albeit it is not a bad world, is still full enough of care and of burden for each human being to carry, for himself as to make the carrying of those of others for a prolonged period unbearable.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

There is a tendency on the part of some mothers to do so much for their children that virtually a premium is placed upon selfishness. The child whose every wish is anticipated, and for whom nothing is too good, is apt to grow up an exceedingly unpleasant person, unless, indeed, there be extraordinary amount of natural good in him to counterbalance the undue indulgence. Shielding children from every chilling breath of life's air begets a love of ease and selfish enjoyment which becomes fixed when childhood is past. A mother for example, had denied herself every comfort. She had risen early and had taken rest in order that her daughters might have a "perfectly happy girlhood." No duty was exacted of them. If they were minded to help they might do so, if not, there was no one to ease the weary mother of her burden. Small wonder it is that after these girls grew up their sole thought was for self. The mother was ignored by them; disrespectfully spoken of as "old-fashioned" and "without taste." Indeed, she was only regarded as one who could bake and brew, and was over "ordered"—no other word can be used—to wait upon them while they lolled in their easy chairs. Never having been taught to spend and be spent in doing good, these young women were not the helpers of those in need, and never carry sunshine into darkened homes. Even their best friends tired of them, and their lives were unlovely and discontented. There can be no unhappiness in life unless the straight line of duty, which leads to "beauty's curve," be conscientiously followed. Let every mother inculcate in her children's minds that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

A home whose walls never echo to the voice of children cannot well be otherwise than cold and cheerless. There may be wealth; there may be gay trappings and gilded halls; there may be music and mirth; there may

be hospitality and hilarity: there may be eating and drinking and merry making; there may be songs and sentiment, and there may be prayer and praise, but the voice of babyhood and the expressed love of childhood more than outweigh them all within the sacred halls of heart memories and soul remembrance.

The home where dear children gather together.
And pass the filial maternal and paternal, kiss
Where loves rule the hour in all sorts of weather,
Is thrice blest, and the home of beauty and bliss.

It is the duty of every woman to always look well at home. If she does her own work, a little care and proper clothing will make her look clean and neat even to the kitchen. Particularly in the afternoon and evening, she should make herself look as sweet and pretty as possible. No matter how much your husband loves you, he will love you all the more if, when he comes home to supper, you meet him with a smile, neatly dressed and with your hair combed in the most becoming style—the way he likes to see you wear it. Do you not wish to always keep your husband your lover? Do you not wish him never to regret the choice he has made and always to think you the most charming of women? This is one secret of the way to accomplish such object.

A HUSBAND'S DUTY TO HIS WIFE.

The man who declares that a sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for, had a fine conception of the chief characteristics of a happy household. If man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic; his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and mending basket, counts the hours till he return at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his appreciation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. We have seen a timid, weak, self-distrusting little fairy bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgement, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion. In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives or division of interests. The husband and wife are each the compliment of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival, is filled with something like heavenly benediction.

When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at home they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night in winter and let the doors be cheerfully thrown open in summer and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand.

"Love is not easily provoked." What a panacea for every irritation of home life. How it wards off those hasty impulses and prevent the escape of harsh rebuke. How it bends low the heart until the storm passes, and then how much brighter is the sun's glow when the mist has cleared away. Let this love illuminate your home and you will behold in it the counterpart of heaven.

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 an illustration in his "Philosophy of Style," "A modern newspaper statement, though probably true if quoted in a book as testimony, would be laughed at, but the letter of a court gossip if written some centuries ago is thought good historical evidence." At about the same time I noticed that Motley used 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.

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MAKING A WINEGLASS.

It Takes Many Processes and the Work of Four Men.

The making of a wineglass is a fascinating sight to watch and a revelation to many. It requires the services of four men, and the processes are numerous. Inserting his hollow iron blowpipe into the mouth of one of the pots or crucibles, the blower collects sufficient "metal" to form the bowl of a wineglass.

This metal is a lump of hot, soft material and is, of course, molten glass. It is made from white sand, red lead, refined ash and saltpeter mixed in certain proportions, and then it has been resolved into molten glass, technically known as metal. The lump of material on the end of the pipe is rolled to and fro on a polished table to obtain the desired smoothness and evenness of surface.

After swinging the hot glass rapidly through the air for some moments the worker then blows down the pipe until the lump of soft material has expanded to the required size and shape, when he gauges it with his callipers to see that the dimensions are correct. It is now passed to a second man, who casts on sufficient metal to form the stem, while on to this again is added material for the foot. The processes now follow one another rapidly, the glass being passed from workman to workman and back again as each fulfills his particular task.

Over and over again the partially completed object is inserted into the furnace where there is a heat of 2,000 degrees F., held there for a few moments and then quickly withdrawn to be further treated. With a precision that only comes of long training, one man trims the bowl of the glass to the required size by cutting the superfluous material away with a pair of shears. The bowl then has to be opened out to the desired dimensions and measured to see that it is perfectly correct in size, when it is finally lifted by a boy from the workman's holder on the end of a forked stick, a finished article, and placed in the oven to be annealed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Lamb Hissed His Own Farce.

Lamb's unfortunate farce, "Mr. H.," has one of the shortest theatrical titles on record, and it could not possibly have had a shorter theatrical life, since it was performed only once. Lamb, as everybody knows, "hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbors."

Writing to Wordsworth the following day, he said: "A hundred hisses (the word I write like kisses—how different!)—a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, it's withdrawn and there is an end." But it is to be observed that he did not curse his audience, as your modern playwright would have done, for Lamb happened to be a sound and sane critic of his own work.—London Chronicle.

All Over.

"No more will I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes the hour of 8."

"Gracious, Jeanette!"

"And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, and, furthermore, he will never sit on this sofa three nights a week and call me pet names as he has been doing for the last two years."

"I am astonished."

"And tonight I am going to burn all the old love letters in my chest of drawers."

"B-but why? Are you going to discard him?"

"Discard him! No, you goose. I am going to marry him!"—London Scraps.

The Merry Minstrels.

"What am the difference, Mr. Bones, between a forger and a man playing poker who calls the other fellow's bet?"

"As usual, Sambo, I am at a loss to answer your query. What is the difference between a forger and a man playing poker who calls the other fellow's bet?"

"The first man raises a check, and the second one checks a raise."

During intermission, ladies and gentlemen, the orchestra will play that delightful melody entitled "Father, Please Be Careful; the Janitor's Got a Grouch."—St. Louis Star.

When Gold Looks Green.

Gold can be beaten out so thin that it allows light to pass through it, in which case, though it still appears brilliant yellow by reflected light, it is green as viewed by transmission—that is, by the light that passes through it. This curious effect can easily be observed by laying a piece of gold leaf upon a plate of glass and holding it between the eye and the light, when the gold will appear semitransparent and of a leek green color.