

## OUR SCRAP BOOK COLUMN

DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

### HOME AND SUNSHINE.

In view of the fact that home touches and lives in all hearts great care should be exercised in making it a cheerful and sunny place. The plant that lives in the shade is sickly and unsightly. The animal of darkness is restless, troublesome and fierce. And what is there worse than a sickly, unsightly plant, or a wild ravenous beast? Nothing but the man whose home has been cold, cheerless, with sun shut out, and everything above him is black, every room a swamp, every picture a weeping willow. He is worse than a funeral procession, with hearse and casket moving silently through the streets. These have a place and serve a purpose. But a murmuring, faultfinding man is the worse thing nature ever ordered or produced. Never happy, never allowing others to be happy in his presence. He carries a face as cheerless as a tombstone, and as gloomy as heaven's arch in a thunder storm, minus lightning. His presence is like discordant organ ground by the fates; he drives a hearse through every social gathering, hangs clouds of gloom on the walls of the house, and hasten the death of the people who are provoked to sing of his presence the song of the santed.

thy sorrow, the world has share;  
bury it deeply, go hide it with care.  
bury thy sorrow, let others be blessed,  
give the world sunshine, tell Jesus the rest."

you want cheerfulness in your life you must have sunshine and glad hearts. Plan to live in the sunshine; if there is a pleasant room in your dwelling live there; if there is a dark room, shut it up; keep the children out of it; if you have troubles don't shem up there—never take them to the family circle—give home the sunniest thought and plans of your whole life and fill it with love, joy, peace, gladness—sunshine.

### A SABBATH SCHOOL THOUGHT.

In our common schools, academies, colleges and universities, each has a course of study, and text books are the same; and as a student masters a branch, text books are laid aside and he graduates to a higher. In the Sabbath school it is different. We have our text book for the course, and that course, should be for life. In the bible there are chapters which the merest child can understand and depths of thought which the most learned cannot fathom. It may be called the railway guide on the road to heaven, and the Sabbath schools lunch counters along the way at which we may refresh ourselves. One of the grandest sights for mortal eyes is a whole family from the tottering grandparents down to the prattling child, all in school and studying the same lesson, and that lesson for eternity. A person should never be too old, too rich or too wise to cease being a Sabbath school student.

### A FACT PLANILY STATED.

If girls were educated to take care of themselves, they would not be so ready to marry, and they would marry better, and there would be less trouble—fewer divorces. If they were brought up to work, they would know how to use a broom, the miter and the rolling pin. There are certain qualities which are just as valuable in the housekeeper and the mother, as they are in the business man—skill, intelligence and good sense. When those qualities are rated a little higher in woman, domestic machinery will run a good deal smoother, and children will be brought up to fight their own battles and earn their own bread. We all know what that will mean—less crime, fewer paupers. The press and the loom instead of the scaffold.

Again and again the question is asked, can a woman follow any special calling, and be a good mother? Love is born, so is good sense. The woman who has those qualities will be a good mother, whether she is hand-worked or head-worked. It is not difference in station or occupation that makes the good mother—it is the spirit. Furthermore, some of the best mothers, according to the old standard, women who toiled early and late, who never leave their homes, who deny themselves every comfort and give up to every right, have the worst children. They do the hardest work, they wear the poorest clothes, they try to save their children from every hardship, only to learn, when it is too late, that they have made them idle and selfish.

### FASHIONS.

A new fancy for the decoration of blouses to be worn with tailor-made suits is a shallow yoke and stock of heavy crocheted silk of a loose-mesh and the same color as the material of the blouse.

Among the newest trimmings for black moire and velvet hats is wheat of both the silver and gold variety mixed with moire ribbon of aigrets. The stalks of wheat are formed into stiffly arranged aigrets on some of the hats and look very pretty.

There is some favor shown toward white yokes, especially of tucked tulle on collarless gowns of black velvet or satin. But with a colored yoke looks well. Upon a blue cashmere de soie blouse, for example, a crocheted yoke of the same color looks charming with an elbow puff sleeve and crocheted silk used up the forearm in two bands and round the puff.

Hats are more modest appearing than they have been in several seasons. Toques and turbans are the favorite shapes for walking hats.

It Looks Queer when a man takes to his couch at the time of the revival and gets around on crutches to the races.

How is your four-week's old resolution, does it stick? Now if you happen to slip, jump up instead of giving up. Be on the "try" instead of on the "yield" and the end of the year will find you stronger, better, of lighter heart and somewhat imperfect, than if you "declare there's on use," and fall completely back in the old way thick with the dogs of "bad habit."

The people who have so much sympathy for those who have gone beyond all earthly help, might use a little of it in everyday life to a good and excellent purpose. The idea of kicking people when alive and then for a person to weep over their grave when dead is what too many of us do and is one reason why the world is no better today—Speak your kind words to the living, and when you are dead you need not care what is said of you.

The voice of duty is never still. It whispers to us morning noon and night; it reaches us from the roar of the wild tempest, the sigh of the summer winds, the soft, gentle murmur of the wayside brook. That still small voice will not be hushed.

What volumes our faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness. We can't help our faces talking, but can make them say pleasant things; and all should try to have them do so.

God is always a safe guide. No one ever went on the wrong path in following his leading. An alpine guide, when a tourist hesitated to trust him, said, "This hand never lost a man."

### HARD TO PLEASE.

No Use Trying to Be Neighborly With Some People.

When Mrs. Calloway met Mrs. Deeson in the market one morning and inquired for the rews of the people in her block it came to light that the Carolsons, who used to be neighbors of the Calloways, now held that relationship to the Deesons. Naturally the character of the Carolsons as a family and as individuals was shortly under discussion. Mrs. Deeson, who admitted somewhat grudgingly that she supposed that the Carolsons were "pleasant enough," then turned confidential and recited a story, which the Chicago News prints:

"Mrs. Carolson is at Shadow Lake now, isn't she?" Mrs. Calloway had asked.

"Yes," said the other woman, "and she never said a word to me about it before she went. I saw Mr. Carolson weeding the pansies the other morning, and I called out, just to be neighborly, 'Your wife gone away?'"

"He grunted something that might have meant either 'yes' or 'no,' I went on:

"You'd better go away, too, and stay over Sunday with her. I'll look after your house." He gave another grunt.

"Why not stay until the following Monday?" I asked.

"Thank you," he growled. "I wish my firm was as generous as you are." Then he went into the house.

"A little while after that my daughter met him on the street carrying a suit case, so I knew he had taken my advice.

"I suppose he won't be home for ten days. He must have gone in a hurry, for he didn't tell me a thing about his going," I said to my daughter.

"I had so much work to do that I could give little time to their place. Still, I like to be neighborly, so early the next morning I went over and picked all their pansies. Then, seeing that Mr. Carolson hadn't stopped the milk or his paper, I helped myself to both. Afterward I telephoned to the milkman not to leave any more milk.

"I ran to the door every time I heard their bell ring and explained to the caller that the family had gone away for ten days. It was a lot of trouble, for I had to keep watching all the time."

"You always have such a sense of responsibility when your neighbors are away, Mrs. Deeson," said Mrs. Calloway.

"Well, I try to do my duty by everybody. Late in the afternoon a boy came with a suit case. I called to him that there was no use ringing the Carolsons' bell, as they wouldn't be at home for ten days.

"I had special orders to bring these clothes today," said the boy. "Won't you take them in—dollar to collect?"

"I don't meddle with Mr. Carolson's clothes," I said. "Bring 'em back in ten days." Then I shut the door. You have to be firm with boys like that. They'd argue all day if you'd let 'em, and I had my dinner to get.

"We had just sat down to the table when my daughter said, 'Who's that picking the Carolsons' pansies?'"

"Here, you!" I called. And if it wasn't Mr. Carolson himself, looking madder than a hatter.

"Some one has picked them all!" he snorted.

"I thought you were away," I said.

"That accounts for the milk and the papers, I suppose. Perhaps you've the clothes that I am waiting for?"

"I sent them back"—I began, but didn't get a chance to finish the sentence. If I told you what he said—I could hardly believe my ears! Some people are hard to please, aren't they, Mrs. Calloway?"

### An Honest Man.

A man well known in New York and the possessor of much dignity of the impressive sort was strolling through a Long Island village recently when a well dressed, prepossessing little girl of perhaps seven years halted him.

"Are you an honest man?" the child queried.

The dignified man gasped.

"Yes, I—I think so," he replied.

"But are you quite sure?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. Why?"

"Because you can hold my dolly while I tie my shoe."

And it came out that way.—New York Globe.

### He Was Too Slow.

Magistrate—Your husband makes a charge of assault against you.

Madam—Yes, your honor. I asked him if he would always love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, judge, and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.—Illustrated Bits.

### TWO SECRETS.

Eben Hid His From His Wife, and She Cherished Her Own.

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy; fine!"

"Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?"

Eben did not answer for a moment. When he did his voice shook a bit.

"The store's never been the same since you left, Marthy."

A faint little flush came into Marthy's withered cheek. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's flattery?

For years Eben and Marthy had kept a tiny notion store. Then Marthy fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again—never be partner in their happy little trade again.

"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Marthy one forenoon. "If I take it real careful I can get down there." 'Tisn't so far. Eben 'll scold, but he'll be tickled most to death."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead, on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck, on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins and shoe laces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.

Marthy clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning. Then Marthy understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Marthy asked cheerfully the old question:

"How's business?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy," answered Eben.—Youth's Companion.

### How Painter Lawrence Got His Start.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the great portrait painters in England. His parents were poor, his father being a country innkeeper. One day Lord Shaftesbury's father and mother stopped at the inn, having their young son, the future lord, with them. In conversation the innkeeper spoke of the genius of his boy in drawing and wished them to test it by a picture of their son. They assented, thinking to gratify a father's pride, but not looking for any evidence of superior talent.

The boy came in modestly with chalk and paper and in a few minutes had drawn a picture of their son, on which the parents looked with wonder. They recognized the genius and promise of future greatness and befriended the young artist, giving him the help needed to develop his wonderful gift.

### His Portrait.

One of the members of a certain suburban photographic society recently delivered a lecture, illustrated by lantern views. Another member, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the lecturer, slipped in among the slides a lantern portrait of himself. The joke would come in, of course, by the portrait appearing on the screen immediately after the lecturer had announced the appearing of something quite different. Fate and chance were un luckily against the humorist, for when his portrait was presented the lecturer, without knowing what was on the screen, gravely read from his list:

"The next slide, ladies and gentlemen, is the picture of a refractory donkey!"

### The Other Way About.

A benevolent looking old gentleman was walking along the street when he came upon an irate parent lecturing his offspring.

"Now, you young rascal," said the angry father, "cut off home, and before you go to bed tonight I'll give you a good whipping!"

The old gentleman mildly remonstrated. "My dear sir, perhaps I have no right to interfere, but remember the wise old saying, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'"

"Don't you trouble yourself about that," was the reply. "I won't do anything of the sort. Oh, no! What I'm going to do is to let the wrath descend upon the son."—Judge.

### BOUND FOR THE FRONT.

An Incident Showing the Military Courage of the Montenegrin.

In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby boy is, "May you not die in your bed," and to face death is to man or boy only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman in his "Autobiography:"

I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire deliberately leave the trenches and climb the breastwork, only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Oreabuk, awaiting the opening of the campaign in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince when a boy of sixteen or eighteen approached us, cap in hand.

"Now," said the prince, "I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters that the family might not become extinct."

The boy drew near and stopped before us, his head down, his cap in hand.

"What do you want?" asked the prince.

"I want to go back to my battalion."

"But," said the prince, "you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother."

The boy began to cry bitterly.

"Will you go home quietly and stay there," said the prince, "or will you take a flogging and be allowed to fight?"

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin.

"Well," he broke out, "since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged."

"No," said the prince, "you must go home."

Then the boy broke down utterly.

"But," he cried, "I want to avenge my father and brothers!"

He went away still crying, and the prince said, "In spite of all this he will be in the next battle."

### Artful Parisian Beggars.

Parisian beggars have been known to go far beyond a sham fight with a dog in the gutter for a crust. Maxime du Camp has recorded how, on an August Sunday in 1887, at an hour when the quays were crowded, a shabby man uttered a cry of despair and threw himself into the Seine near the Pont de l'Alma. He had sunk twice when a man in workmen's clothes plunged in, swam after him and effected an apparently difficult rescue. As the crowd surrounded the two on the bank the rescued one slowly came to, reproached the rescuer for saving a hopeless, workless man, who had not eaten for three days, and tried to rush off again, crying, "Let me die!" The rescuer pulled out half a franc, saying: "Take this. I shall only have to go without dinner today." And of course the crowd liberally followed suit. But the skeptical police shadowed the two, saw them count up the spoils in a tavern and presently arrested the two ex-convicts, dead drunk.—London Chronicle.

### Keep Accounts.

Keeping accounts, simple in form, plain, clear and easily understood, showing amounts due to or from others, entering correctly the dates on which money is paid out or received, is the best plan to avoid disputes about money matters and relieves the memory of many unnecessary burdens. A written record of a money transaction has greater legal value in case of controversy in court than any verbal statement. The habit of keeping accounts induces economy in expenditure and inspires the habit of saving up, besides showing at all times a correct financial condition. Housekeepers, mechanics and all who handle money in the management of their personal affairs will find it most profitable to form the habit of keeping accounts.

### Case Proved.

"You aver," thundered the black-browed bandit chief, "that you are the celebrated prima donna Mlle. Squallina! Prove it and you are free! Never shall it be said that a Cuttawazunda would offer an indignity to an opera soprano! It is against all the tenets of the profession!"

"But how," wailed the captive, "shall I prove my identity?"

"By singing, of course!"

"What?" shrieked the lady. "Sing in this cave! No bouquets, no enthusiastic applauders, and not a cent in the box office! Never!"

"Gentlemen," declared the bandit, "it is quite evident that this lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."

### B. & O.

NEW TIME TABLE

EFFECT SUNDAY A. M. AT 12:01, NOV. 21

Under the new time table trains will arrive at Point Pleasant and depart as follows:

#### WEST BOUND

No. 723, 12:40 a. m.  
No. 719, 6:59 p. m.  
No. 709, 3:00 p. m.  
No. 705, 10:45 a. m.

#### EAST BOUND

No. 704, 2:50 a. m.  
No. 714, 8:33 a. m.  
No. 716, 2:20 p. m.  
No. 710, 5:27 p. m.

Nos. 723 and 704 are new trains and run between Pittsburgh and Charleston, via C. & O. They each carry baggage car, smoking car, ladies' coach and sleeper.

No. 723 will arrive at Charleston at 8:25 a. m. and No. 704 arrives at Pittsburgh 10 a. m.

**FOR THE LATEST  
IN KNOX, HAWES  
AND STETSON  
HATS,  
ADLER ROCHESTER  
CLOTHES,  
DUTCHESS TROUSERS,  
FIDELITY SHIRTS,  
SUPERBA NECKWEAR,  
HOLEPROOF AND CADET  
GUARANTEED HOSIERY,**

SEE THE

**UNION CLOTHING CO.**

POINT PLEASANT.

11-10

**McMILLINS HOSPITAL.**

CHARLESTON, WEST VA.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR BOTH SURGICAL AND MEDICAL CASES.

J. E. CANNADAY, M. D.,

(Surgeon to Charleston General Hospital—former surgeon to Sheltering Arms Hospital, Paint Creek)—

General Surgery.

W. A. McMILLAN, M. D.,

General Medicine.

B. S. PRESTON, M. D.,

Anesthetist.

P. A. HALEY, M. D.,

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

H. L. ROBERTSON, M. D.,

Bacteriologist

MISS MOLLIE McMILLAN,

Superintendent Hospital.

July 25-

**DRAWING AND  
TELEGRAPHY**

Why not learn drawing or telegraphy and make your own living? Don't you think it would be a paying investment? Students may enter at any time. Call, write, or phone for full information,

CAPE & DASHNER,  
Mosesman Building,  
Home Phone 303. Point Pleasant

**NOTICE TO FARMERS.**

We wish to call your attention to the fact that we are now prepared to give you the best service as a Custom and Merchant Mill. Will give in exchange for good milling wheat 40 pounds of best straight flour. We pay freight one way for 5 sacks or more of grist. We also exchange fresh bolted meal for good co'n. Will give your business strict and prompt attention.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

We solicit your patronage. Address All communications to  
POINT PLEASANT ROLLER MILLS OF  
A. E. BRADSHAW,  
Point Pleasant, W. Va.  
June 30 3mo