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I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

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DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE.

Why We Should Be Content With Such Things As We Have.

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "Be content with such things as ye have."—Hebrews xiii. 5

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted and fondled and spoiled of fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury and have it alone, than without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagle's down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's axe or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge and venison and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. Bless God today, O man, O woman, that though you may be shut out from the works of a church, and a Bierstadt and a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxembourg or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment, is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war-whoop and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of

A HUMBLE HOME

than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre. I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find king Ahab going to bed at noon, through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat, and Ahithophel, one of the great lawyers of the Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the lands you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution, never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The warm hand that greeted the senator and the president and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanics' hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveller pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies. In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard there the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the field in the East for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchres of the kings and lords and mighty men. O! the chagrin of those mighty men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now,

GOD IS THE BEST OF FATHERS.

Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own sure-footedness; but God roughened that path so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses, but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Saviour's righteousness. Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we would know why it was that John Noyes, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame reached down and picked up one of the faggots that was consuming him and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preferment." "They who suffer with him in heaven." "Be content then with such things as you have."

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand allow his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve? Go out tomorrow morning at five o'clock, into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at five o'clock in the morning. "Behold, the fowls of the air, they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?" Seven thousand people in Christ's time went into the desert. They were the most improvident people I ever heard of.

THEY DESERVED TO STARVE.

They might have taken food enough with them to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision, the seven thousand were fed, and the more they eat the larger the loaves grew, until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "Oh," you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that what God did then by miracle, he does now in some other way and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances and fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again: I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm. It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance, and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. Oh! ye who have been going from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I commend you this morning to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common-sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no peace, saith my Lord, for the wicked, and as long as you continue in your sin, you will be miserable. Come to God. Make him your portion and start for heaven and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Let us all remember, if we are Christians that we are going, after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to come to a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh, and we will step into the cool Jordon. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness, and the trees of the grove will say: "Come and rest under our shadow," and the earth will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn," and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, and ashes come to ashes, and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken sod, and a lacerated brow bending over the open earth, while a voice tender with all affection and mighty with omnipotence will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

LIVED UNDER FIVE MONARCHS

Now Old Mrs. Davies Has Come to Spend Last Days in Republic.

On one of the Cunarders which came into New York last week was an English woman who has lived under five British monarchs and now expects to die in a republic. She is Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, who at the age of 86 has come across the ocean to spend her declining days with her son in Newcastle, Pa. She is one of the oldest immigrants the Cunard Line has ever carried.

Mrs. Davies was 6 years old at the death of George III. She distinctly remembers the rejoicing on the accession of George IV. to the throne. When his successor, William IV., began to reign she was 17, and when the late Queen Victoria was crowned Mrs. Davies was 24. She lived in England long enough to become a subject of Edward VII., the fifth sovereign to whom she had owed allegiance.

The new immigrant has excellent health. She has a brother, she says, who is 86 and shows little trace of his years, and her mother lived to be 95.

ORGAN-GRINDERS.

At the beginning of June in each year about 300 organ-grinders leave Italy for London. They return to their native land in October, and live well for the next eight months, when they again start on their pilgrimage.

DERBY WINNERS.

Enormous Sums Obtained For English Race Horses.

Since the great race was first instituted the value of the English Derby winners has enormously increased. In proof of this it is only necessary to compare the price put on the first winner of the classic event with that paid for Flying Fox a couple of years ago.

The first Derby was won by a horse called Diomed, the property of Sir Charles Bunbury. Several years afterwards it was disposed of to an American, the price put on it being the paltry sum of fifty guineas. On the other hand, Flying Fox, which was bought by M. Blanc in the year 1899, realized between £39,000 and £40,000. It will thus be seen that at the end of the nineteenth century a Derby winner was worth exactly 740 times more money than it was at the end of the eighteenth century!

But so recently as 1874 a horse that had carried off the blue ribbon of the turf was sold for a mere song. This was the unfortunate George Frederick, which after winning the Derby changed hands at the price of £65.

Another Derby winner, Baron Rothschild's Sir Bevys, commanded only 500 guineas; while it may be news to some readers that Hermit, the animal with which Mr. Henry Chaplin scored his sensational Derby triumph over the plunging Marquis of Hastings, was bought by the former gentleman for 1,000 guineas.

Kingcraft, the winner of the 1870 Derby, was subsequently disposed of for 500 guineas. This horse was entered for a score of other races, but proved a rank failure. It belonged to the order of

SINGLE-RACE WINNERS.

Sold originally for the sum of 12,500 guineas, Blair Athol was in the end disposed of for a trifle more than £2,000. The winner of the 1868 Derby, Blue Gown, met with a very melancholy fate. After being bought by an American for £4,000, the voyage across the Atlantic proved too much for it and it died.

Whilst St. Gatien and Harvester ran a dead-heat in the Derby of 1884 there was an enormous difference in their respective values. St. Gatien commanded the high price of £15,000; whereas the harvest reaped by Harvester was not even one-fifteenth of that sum.

Galtee More, a very popular Derby winner, changed hands at the handsome price of £21,000, the purchase being made on behalf of the Russian Government. It would probably have paid the owner to refuse even that large offer.

Quite a sensation was caused when it became known that Ormonde had been sold at what remained for some time a record price. This Derby winner had formerly belonged to the late Duke of Westminster, who had parted with the animal at the price of £12,000. Ormonde was then acquired by an enterprising American at a cost of more than two and a half times that sum, or £31,250. It was said that the purchaser afterwards refused an offer of £45,000 for his bargain.

St. Blaise, a rank outsider which won the Derby in 1883 with the odds at fifty to one, realized £20,000 when sold in New York; and as much as £40,000 is believed to have been refused for Melton, another winner.

But up to the present time the record price actually paid for a Derby winner is the 37,500 guineas at which Flying Fox was acquired by M. Blanc.

BRITISH LOOT AT PEKIN.

Sir Claude Macdonald's Defence Of English Troops.

The North China Daily News of Shanghai, says that five classes of actions by the allies after the siege in Pekin were unjustifiable, according to the rules adopted at The Hague conference. It enumerates them as follows:

First—The atrocities committed by the Russian troops.

Second—The punitive expeditions organized by various Powers.

Third—The armed support given to adjust the claims of Catholic Christians by the French authorities or, at all events, by French troops.

Fourth—The looting of the Pekin Observatory.

Fifth—The charity from loot practised by some American and British missionaries.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Ambassador, on April 13 last, departed from the usual diplomatic procedure and wrote to the Kobe Chronicle in Japan a spirited denial that "wanton, cruel and indiscriminate looting" had been practised by the British troops. He said:

"The empty houses and palaces were converted into quarters and a military hospital for the troops who otherwise would have had to bivouac in the streets of the dirtiest city in the world. I have since heard that a prize fund has been expended in buying rice for the starving poor in Pekin during the winter months."

Sir Claude said in his letter that he was constantly walking or riding through the streets and that within a fortnight from the time the troops entered the city "no Chinese who had remained in their houses were ejected or molested."

The British troops had these orders: "Nothing is to be burned, destroyed or looted without orders."

The News gives this table as to the amount realized from the articles handed in by British search parties:

Treasure (Government).....	$140,000
Silk (Government).....	130,000
Sundries	60,000
Total.....	$330,000

"This," the News says, "divided up, yielded only $27 a share, and shows that the principles of the standing orders were the practice of the force."

Twenty-six English bishops rank as peers.

ELECTRIC BURGLARS NOW.

INTERESTING STORIES OF SCIENTIFIC MR. SIKES.

Robbers Are Now Men of Science, and Know All About Heat and Metals.

Jemmies, crowbars, and skeleton keys are out of date. They may do for the old-fashioned burglar who robs the country parsonage, but the up-to-date criminal knows a trick worth several of these out-of-date, noisy implements.

The burglar of to-day takes a course of lessons in chemistry, and knows as much as an engineer of the properties of heat and the resistance of metals.

When the Tottenham (England) Court Road Post Office officials found their safe open, and minus its contents one morning last spring, they wondered what on earth had done the damage. There was a great hole in it, which appeared to have been melted, though what could have melted chilled steel no one could at first imagine.

At last it was discovered that a blowpipe flame must have been used. The thief had been armed with a bit of rubber tubing, a blowpipe, and a small cylinder of oxygen, a gas which has the property of doubling the heat of a flame. Fitting the tube on to the nearest gas-burner, the oxygen was connected, and the blowpipe flame directed upon the metal, which ran like water under the terrific heat of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

This is only one of many recent instances of science used in crime. A wholesale tobacco shop in a Northern town recently lost $4,000 from its safe, which, from its thickness, was supposed to be entirely burglar-proof. The thieves had fused a hole by the use of the electric light wires.

Vienna suffered severely one day last March from a gang of criminal electricians. These cut the electric-light wires during a snowstorm, causing them to fall upon the tram-car lines, which so became charged with electricity, and most dangerous. Every horse that touched them with his iron-shod hoofs fell. Then, when the frightened occupants of cabs and carriages came scrambling out, the thieves, under pretence of assisting them, picked their pockets. The whole gang were provided with rubber-soled shoes, to save them from any danger through stepping on live wires.

When the strong-room of the Gibson building in Glasgow was robbed, it was a puzzle to the owners and police how on earth the burglars could have known where to commence operations. The latter had taken a house next door, pulled the bricks away, and then bored the boiler-plate casing exactly behind where the safe stood. They had blasted open the safe with a tiny charge of fulminate, and got safe away with $8,500 worth of gold coin and jewellery.

When, a year later, Peter Baker, better known as "the Smiler," was caught in Hull, England, and sent up for five years, he confessed that he and his gang had ascertained the location of the Gibson safe, as well as having made several other similar discoveries, by the use of an X-rays apparatus.

That some criminals are mechanics of a very high order is proved by a crime relic now in the possession of a retired police-officer. It is a safe—or, rather, an imitation safe— made entirely of cork, and so light that one man can lift it. Although, when set up, it forms a perfect imitation of the genuine article, with every detail complete, yet it can be folded and carried in an ordinary portmanteau.

Its maker was not a burglar, but a sham insurance agent. His method of operation was to hire an office in some big block of buildings, instal his safe to give the place a business-like appearance, and then, after duping as many victims as possible in a week, steal away, safe and all, leaving no trace behind.

Even the drugged cigar has now given place to more scientific methods. The thieves who robbed Lady Marriner of her jewel-case last summer in the Paris express must have been in possession of a chemical laboratory in which they had conducted elaborate experiments. Lady Marriner, it may be remembered, admired the lovely flowers which a woman in the same compartment carried. The latter presented her with the bouquet to smell, and that was the last the victim remembered for an hour or more. What the subtle poison that had been sprinkled on the flowers was composed of has never been discovered.

WHAT PAPA SAID TO RICHARD.

Mabel had been waiting for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to stone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness and recklessness, closeted alone with her stern father in the grim old library. The door opened at last and he stood before her, a flush on his cheeks and an expression in his eye.

Did you see papa, Richard? she asked, with trembling eagerness. He held her in his arms for a moment without speaking.

Yes, dearest, he said, at length.

And what did he say, Richard? Tell me what he said! He refused you? Oh! your eyes tell me! He refused; he will not give me to you? But I will be—I am yours—I do not fear his harshness—we will fly!"

But Richard looked down into her pleading face and shook his head slowly, like a man in a dream.

Tell me, then, for I cannot wait! Was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?

Richard drew a long, deep breath, and again looked down at the face turned up to meet his troubled glance. He sighed and whispered slowly:—

He only said 'Thank Heaven!' and went on reading.

The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost about $700,000.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

THE COW PASTURE.

Not every dairyman can so arrange his business as to adopt all at once the practice of soiling, which is the growing of special crops for the feeding of his cows kept in yards and stables. This improved method of feeding cows must be grown up to from a small beginning at first, until the full practice is possible. But at the very beginning of it, it may be turned to great advantage. For the beginning of it is to get the very best pasture possible, on to which the cows may be turned as a rest and change of feed, on which the fullest product of milk of the best kind may be secured. The pasture is the main dependence in case of accident; it is the life-boat, so to speak, which hangs at the ship's side, so as to be ready in case of accident, and yet may never be needed.

A pasture should be first and last and all the time, a feeding place for the cows in which they may be supplied with a full feed of the very best milk-making food; and this without the labor of expending the strength derived from the food in the mere gathering of it. A fairly good pasture for cows should be such as the cows may rest on seven-eighths of the time; taking but one hour out of eight in the mere act of feeding. The rest of the time will be devoted to resting, chewing the cud and making milk. Thus the first thing after, or it may be justly considered before the quality of the grass, should be the shade, under which the cows may rest.

It is the grass which makes the pasture. The best grass can only be made on an old field. It requires many years to grow grass fit for pasture. But when it is once made, if it is skilfully used, it may be made better each year for many years. Indeed there are always some special fields which may be made most profitable for this use, and when any such field may offer itself for any good reason, for a permanent pasture, it should be made the best of its kind by due preparation at first, and constant preparation afterwards. A good pasture cannot be made in one year. It must undergo a thorough course of preparation for the use it is put to. If it is apt to be wet and to hold water, it should be thoroughly drained. One of the first necessities is a supply of water, from a spring if possible, otherwise from some source to be led into the fields, where it may be permanent. The next is that it should be dry otherwise. The soil should be neither light nor heavy; a loam tending to clay is the best. The surface will be most satisfactory in every way if it is as nearly level as may be. Grass refuses to grow, as a rule, on dry knolls, unless the most careful treatment is given to these easily worn out places. So that for a permanent pasture the surface should be as nearly level as possible.

There should be a preparatory course of culture to fit land of any kind, even of the best, for pasture. It should be deeply ploughed, not all at once, but for each of the preparatory crops, taken with the chief object of fitting the land for the purpose. The first crop should be roots, potatoes, or beets, chosen as the preliminary culture for the deep ploughing needed for those, and the clean working of the land will destroy weeds and deepen the soil. Artificial fertilizers should be used for these crops, and through the whole course of work ordinary manure should be avoided for the reason that it will never be free enough of weeds to meet the necessities of the case. After the root crop should come winter grain, of which rye is to be chosen first. With this, in the spring, clover should be sown, and the next year be made into hay or turned under for manure late in the season when the seed will be ripe. The land should be worked over with the broad toothed cultivator as often as may be needed to destroy any weeds that may appear, and so the land will be brought into such a favorable texture, and condition otherwise, as to be ready for the seeding the next spring. It should then be sown with barley, which for several reasons is the best seeding nurse-crop. Two bushels of seed to the acre of this grain should be sown and worked in with a broad toothed cultivator. This will finally bring the surface into an excellent condition for the grass seed.

The seed is very important. The design is to have grass that will occupy the ground for several years, if not many. For what is wanted is to get the pay for all this work in duly liberal proportions, returned in a meadow which will be profitable for several, if not many years. Several kinds of grass are thus desirable. Some of these will last but a short time, but the object in using them is to have the ground fully occupied from the first, and then as these temporary kinds run out, the other kinds which increase from their roots, and make a close sod, fill the vacancies, and fully cover the ground. These permanent kinds of grass are blue grass, creeping meadow grass, foxtail grass, yellow oat grass, orchard grass, hard fescue grass, tall meadow fescue, meadow fescue, and timothy, of each three pounds; or perennial rye grass twelve pounds, red clover four pounds, white and Alsike clover three pounds, and perennial red clover three pounds, per acre. Some of these varieties will grow at first more luxuriantly than others, but may soon disappear when the others, more robust and of permanent rooting habit, will remain to occupy the land for a number of years, during, or after which some artificial fertilizers with fresh seed, and a fall harrowing will help to restore any failure.

THE WEEDER AND IRON RAKE.

What the use of the iron-toothed rake in the garden is, is the use of the weeder in large fields. It is but an iron-toothed rake of a different pattern drawn by a horse, or two horses. It kills the weeds whose seeds have sprouted near the surface, and does not injure the crop whose seeds were put an inch or more deep, and both have their uses even before the crop comes up, when the rain or other cause has made the surface of the ground bake to a hard crust. To loosen this and make it fine not only enables the young plants to come up quicker and with less energy, but it makes the surface soil and earth mulch to absorb moisture from the atmosphere and conserve that which is beneath, and draw it up from below the point where plant roots can reach it. We know that the growth of an oak from an acorn dropped in a crevice of a rock can move heavy masses of stone and earth as it grows. At our experiment station they demonstrated that the growth of a squash could lift many tons, and we have read of mushrooms raising paving-stones, but we have not yet learned that in either case the growth which had such obstacles to contend against was any better or larger because of being so confined or limited. Just so young plants may break through or lift up the crust of rain-beaten and sun-baked soil, but we do not think they grow any better or even as well for having to do this. So we say break up the surface soil and keep it fine with the weeder in large fields, and with the iron tooth rake in the garden, and we think it will promote a more rapid and stronger growth of the plants. The light harrow with small, sharp teeth has proven a good substitute for the weeder when it was not at hand.

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THROUGH SUEZ CANAL.

Britain First With 56 Per Cent. Germany Next With 15.

For more than three decades the ships of the world have been making use of the Suez Canal as a highway between East and West. The comparative figures showing the progress in the traffic through the premier inter-oceanic canal convey much interest, especially in view of future undertakings of the same nature. A glance at a table enables one to realize the extent to which the Suez Canal has been of use to the European maritime countries.

Nineteen flags have their separate columns, though ships of all these nations do not appear in every year of the series from 1870 to 1900. Great Britain started with and has maintained a vast preponderance in the gross tonnage of ships passing through the canal. Last year she headed the list, with 56.7 per cent. Germany, which comes next, having only 15 per cent. During the last decade there have been considerable fluctuations in the British totals, and the year 1891 still remains the high water mark, with 9,484,608 tons, against 7,771,346 for last year.

Germany's increase has been progressive from 2,069 in 1871 to 2,047,229 in 1900.

Austria also shows a remarkably steady rise, and stands above Russia and Japan, which make use of the canal for the transit of war vessels for the East.

American tonnage is only a fraction of the whole, last year reaching 0.6 per cent., largely due, apparently, to transport ships to Manila.

The full list of percentage of gross tonnage for 1900 is as follows: British, 56.7; German, 15.0; French, 8.5; Dutch, 5.2; Austro-Hungarian, 3.4; Russian, 3.3; Japanese, 2.6; Italian, 1.8; Spanish, 1.1; Danish, 0.7; Norwegian, 0.7; American, 0.6; Turkish, 0.3; and Belgian, 0.1.

THE CABBY AND THE YANKEE.

The other day I saw a cab draw up outside of one of our big hotels and a young American jumped out, says the London News. "What's your fare?" he demanded; and the cabman owned to half-a-crown with a candour that was in itself suspicious. The young American pulled out a handful of silver and asked: "Say how many shillings are there in half-a-crown?" "Three, sir," was the prompt reply. And the representative of Yankee cuteness paid up without a murmur. They don't know quite everything on the other side of the "Pond."

A DAINTY PANTRY.

Upon moving into a new house the writer made up her mind to do away with paper on the pantry shelves. It conceals crumbs and all sorts of leftovers, harbors roaches, gets tangled and worn and is a nuisance. The new pantry has a large window, it was stained and varnished in light wood and had a painted floor. Before the workmen carried away their paint pots I had all the shelves, high and low, the insides of the drawers and doors and the plastered walls treated to two coats of dazzling white paint. When that hardened I went over it with two coats of enamel. It is wonderfully easy to keep clean and it costs very little.