

# A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## CHAPTER V. TANGIER EPISODES.

But a week went by and the girls were still at the Villa de France Hotel, and Jessica was still Talbot, and had kept up the reputation of a Girton girl. She and Flora were intimate with Mrs. Farquhar; but the invalid, though in her own room, had no idea how constantly John was in their society. He rode with them daily, for every one rides at Tangier. He escorted them to the bazars, and bargained for them in Arabic. He got a boat, and took them for a sail. He pointed out the hoopees fluttering like big butterflies, and the golden bee-eaters flashing overhead in the sunshine. Jessica admired the letter so much that she shot one for her, and had it made into a hat ornament at the bird-stuffing establishment on the Marston.

"Oh, you are cruel!" cried the girl. "The dear, little, lovely, swift thing! Why do men always kill anything pretty?" John took it back quite meekly, with apologies for his naive murdering way, and next morning brought her two living bee-eaters, their legs tied so that they were like greyhounds in a leash, and could fly together about the room. Jessica kept these while she was at Tangier, and named them completely. John Farquhar did not tell how early he had risen, nor how many hours he had spent on the mountain with the little Moorish bird-catcher, to get the pretty creatures. These trifles he gave to Talbot, but on the whole he divided his attentions pretty equally between her and her friend. The younger girl often tormented herself wondering which of the two he liked best; but Flora had no doubts, for his talk to her was all of Jessica. "He is not behaving properly for an engaged man," thought Williams; "but what fun when he learns the truth!"

As for Jessica, the little humbug continued to abuse her betrothed behind his back, but was gay in his society; and now, to Flora's amusement, displayed the greatest ingenuity in inventing reasons for submission to the detested marriage.

"Of course," she said, "I shall never have one moment's happiness as his wife, but it is something to gain the crown of martyrdom; and you know, Williams, if I didn't marry him, papa would certainly think he must marry Mrs. Farquhar, and that would make us all ridiculous; and the sides, I couldn't spend any of John's money, of course; and papa says John wouldn't take it back; and to keep it all lying in a bank is just what we are told never to do in the parable about the man and the napkin. I wish always to do my duty, Williams."

"You are a hypocrite, my dear," said Flora; "but tell me, as a dead secret, you know, Talbot isn't you beginning to like him a little?"

"Certainly not! certainly not!" cried Jessica, her eyes dancing as she clapped her hands and bounced about the bedroom in her nightgown. Things looked promising, Flora thought; and she gave her opinion that the joke had now been carried far enough, and that they had better embark again in the Hercules, and let Jessica upon Spanish soil resolve once more into Miss Nevill, the heiress.

Soon after this Captain Farquhar, who had been at Gibraltar for two days, and feeling a good deal disturbed in his mind, returned to Tangier. And he returned armed with all manner of good resolutions; a certain young lady he would studiously avoid; and all his attention henceforward should be confined to her companion, who, though extremely pleasing, was perfectly harmless to the engaged man.

John was stepping briskly from the town to the Villa de Fran, wondering how his mother was, when he heard a great beating of tom-toms on the Sokos, and saw a dense crowd round a company of dervishes, who were performing antics before a green-turbaned saint on a white mule. John had seen this sort of business before, and hardly threw a glance at the half-naked fanatics, who were leaping in the air or rolling in the dust, preparatory, as he knew, to slashing at their heads after his manner. But his eye fell upon Mrs. Cobbe and the ladies of the Irish family, who were pressing forward to see what in the world was going on.

"Don't get too close," advised John; "they are a disgusting sight, poor beggars, and now and then a specially holy enthusiast runs amuck through the crowd, and may have an antipathy to unveiled ladies. Have you no one with you?"

"No, but we are all right now you have come. As Mrs. Farquhar has Hadji, she can spare you."

"My mother!" exclaimed John. "Yes. She and Miss Talbot were all the morning on the terrace, and got quite excited listening to the drums and watching the crowd. My husband advised Mrs. Farquhar to try Hadji's white donkey just for these few steps, so as to be able to see. There she is, and the two girls and Hadji with her, don't you see? And pray, Captain Farquhar, tell us who these very laughable people are?"

"Oh, a Mohammedan Salvation Army, no doubt. We had much better all come away, my mother, I am sure, had no idea what she was going to see. I must go to her." And resisting Mrs. Cobbe's entreaties for protection, he abandoned her to Mrs. Murphy.

It was at this moment that three of the dervishes, after rolling on the sand and foaming like epileptics, suddenly sprang to their feet with a yell, and hacked at themselves with battle-axes till blood streamed over their naked shoulders. John shuddered, and pushed his way through the throng to the corner where he had heard his mother scream, and from whence she and her companions were now trying to escape. (The strong-minded Mrs. Cobbe, on the contrary, pressed nearer to the scene, and whipping out a pencil, began a sketch for the Daily Graphic.)

"This foolish adventure will make mother ill," thought John.

But now up the reserved space in the middle of the crowd there rushed singly the three of the bleeding shoulders—brandishing their axes, yelling horribly, leaping and tearing, while their long hair and their scanty garments, ragged and gory, streamed in the wind. One of them overturned a dignified merchant, the second upset a donkey, the third stumbled and fell heavily, then rolled to his feet and raged forwards again, shaking his fists at the infidels,—the

barbarian ladies in their shameless costumes, who were fleeing from the ecstasies of the faithful.

Mr. Farquhar's donkey, startled by the hubbub, plunged and kicked, but John was not attending to his mother at the moment. For the madman had snatched at Jessica's white skirt, and the girl gave a cry of terror; then seeing John, she threw herself impulsively into his rescuing arms, outstretched no less impetuously for her protection. Of course there was no real danger; one blow sent the fanatic reeling back to his fellows. But in her fright Jessica still clung to her betrothed—gladly, with a tight clasp. And he carried her to a hillcock by the garden wall of the hotel. So close at Tangier are barbarism and the luxuries of French civilization!

"Oh, thank you," murmured Jessica, recovering herself, and now rather embarrassed. "I am sorry to have made a fuss. And oh, look at that donkey how he is kicking! It is not fit for Mrs. Farquhar! Please go to her. I am all right." But John lingered, his arm still round the shivering girl.

"You are not hurt?" he questioned anxiously. "Not frightened? Are you sure? Let me see you safely indoors. You are trembling, you poor little thing."

Had he ever heard her Christian name he would have said it in that new-born tenderness of agitation. But knowing her only as "Talbot," a mere ridiculous nickname, his ignorance saved him from an indiscretion.

"Please go to Mrs. Farquhar," murmured Jessica, blushing with joy at his soft tones; and half yielding to, half withdrawing from, what had become all but an embrace.

And then John glanced round; impatiently, though he loved his mother. What he saw filled him with dismay, and in her turn Jessica was forgotten. For any exertion, any slight physical shock, any alarm, was dangerous for Mrs. Farquhar's weak heart; and as Jessica had said, Hadji's big white donkey was the very last creature she ought to have mounted. John looked round in time to see his mother thrown—no more. And then the donkey broke away and galloped across the Sokos; like the fanatics, clearing his way by the mere terror of his approach. Alas for Mrs. Farquhar! John lifted and bore her into the house, unconscious, blue-lipped, rigid; and every one felt instinctively that the accident was no trifling.

Flora turned to John Farquhar. "Do you know that this may be a question of minutes?" she said, looking very grave; and bade him go at once for the English doctor at the Hotel Continental. "I have had some training as a nurse; you may trust her to me," she said quietly, as he reluctantly obeyed.

"Oh, Flora, how dreadful!" sobbed Jessica, who had never seen any one so ill before; "and we were all so happy half an hour ago!"

"Hush," said Flora; "we must be very quiet, Jessica."

## CHAPTER VI. THE WHITE DONKEY'S WORK.

Mrs. Farquhar opened her eyes painfully, and looked from one to the other of the two young faces.

"Why did she say 'Jessica'?" murmured the sick woman.

"It is my name," answered the girl, too much agitated to keep up the deception. Several moments passed.

"Jessica what?" questioned Mrs. Farquhar, rising on her arm.

"Your Jessica, Jessica Nevill," said the girl tearfully.

"Oh, do take care!" said Flora, frightened by her patient's wild air of joy, "you must not excite her." For Mrs. Farquhar had sunk back speechless, and her breath came in painful flutterings, so that Flora even feared she was dying.

But feverishly she clutched Jessica's hand, drawing her nearer, and the awe-struck girl kissed her pallid lips. After which succeeded another death-like swoon; and then, to Flora's intense relief, John returned with the doctor.

"Oh, what have I done!" whispered Jessica. "She will tell John and what—oh what will he think of me? How can I meet him again, Flora? I'd give anything if we could escape away this very night."

But Flora had to stay to nurse Mrs. Farquhar, who lay in the extremity of suffering. Flora had once been for six months in a hospital, and her quick-witted experience immediately made itself felt. John turned to her instinctively.

"What good angel brought you to us?" he exclaimed, grasping her hand. Jessica listened jealously. Why could she do nothing, she who should at such a moment have been everything to him?

Yet poor Mrs. Farquhar, recognizing in Flora the kind, authoritative nurse, had eyes only for Jessica. The child stole to her side and knelt, kissing her hand; and a wan smile illuminated the sufferer's drawn face, while she felt for the warm young fingers, and clasped them appreciatively.

From the first Mrs. Farquhar had petted Jessica. John saw her delight in the young creature now, and his heart swelled within him tumultuously.

But not once would the young man so much as look at the girl herself. Something had happened to John. He was afraid of Jessica ever since the little adventure on the hillside, when she had sprung to him involuntarily, with that look of confidence, of—of love! John Farquhar dared not say the word. He was betrothed to his cousin, to Miss Nevill the heiress, and the word love was not for him in connection with any other maiden. He was afraid of little Miss Talbot now—most horribly afraid of himself. He would not even look at her.

"Mrs. Farquhar has told him!" thought Jessica in alarm, noting his coldness, "and now he detests me!" And then clenching her hands, "Oh, it is Flora he loves! She is able to help him. He speaks to her. He watches her. He calls her his good angel. It is Flora he loves! Why, oh, why did we ever come here?"

Flora took up her station for the night by the sick woman's bed. The room was semi-darkened, and everything was quiet; she was ready herself with her medicine-bottles and her stimulants—alert, sensible, a tower of strength. Mrs. Farquhar was only half-conscious, and she tossed about in the pain-

ful restlessness of great weakness, and to see. The skilled nurse alone was able to quiet her.

"She will be best alone with me," said Flora firmly, "and you must trust me as with my own mother."

John pressed her hand in silent gratitude. Then he sat on the stair outside the sick-room, its door ajar so that he could hear even a whispered summons. Oh, that long, cold night of weary waiting!

But after about an hour Jessica, her eyes full of tears, joined him. "Mightn't I stay here with you?" she pleaded timidly, her clasped hands trembling.

John raised his eyes for a moment, and a flush slowly rose and faded on his face.

"If you wish," he said coldly, turning away. And Jessica stayed, sitting on the floor with her back to him, but here he could watch her. Watch her he did, without a word, hour after hour. Jessica cried at first, and he saw her shoulders rise to her sobs like a child's. Then she grew very quiet, and tried to be strong like Flora. Perhaps in after-years, when he was trying to vanquish his dislike to her, it would help him to remember that they had watched this strange, sad night together!

It was near the dawn when Flora stepped out and called him "There is a change," she said quietly; "you had better come."

But the nurse did not return to her post, for she knew what there was no more which she could do, and that it was the son's right to be alone with his mother now. She and Jessica stood outside, holding each other's hands; with pale faces and ears and eyes straining through the silent twilight. And John was with his mother, who slept, slept, till her sleep quietly deepened into the long, untroubled sleep of death.

So trivial an accident had ended Mrs. Farquhar's harmless and troubled life; and now John had only himself to think about and provide for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Dangerous Shooting.

Seals are very fond of music, and the hunters who pursue them most successfully often make use of some musical instrument to attract them. In "A Seal Hunt on the Blasket Islands" a writer in *Outing* describes an adventure with seals, when a gun proved a dangerous weapon. The oars dipped slowly, O'Brien's eyes were fixed on the caves, and the boatmen sang in unison a weird, wild song in a kind of undertone. To the writer this seemed a curious accompaniment to a seal hunt; but he was still more surprised when one of the men produced a flute and played on it a quaint, sympathetic air, that echoed and re-echoed among the caves. The musical effects were marvellous; but our author turned to O'Brien and asked, "What is the meaning of all this?" "Oh, it is to attract the seal. In a few minutes you will see them basking on the water and on the ledges, charmed almost to unconsciousness by the music."

And so it happened; for underneath, on an easy ledge, I saw two seals scramble up and lie quietly listening.

"Now it is our time," said O'Brien, and the boatmen gently rowed toward the fascinated seals, the flute-player still continuing his tune.

Without gun or spear my friend sprang to the rocky ledge. He had with him only a bludgeon and a long knife. Noiselessly advancing upon the seals, he dealt one of them a blow on the nose and then slid forward and killed it with his knife. Thus our first capture was made.

"Why not shoot the poor brutes and so end the affair?" I asked.

O'Brien laughed. "My dear sir," he replied, "it is impossible. I will prove it to you. You have your rifle with you. Well, the next time we meet a seal I will allow you to do the work with powder and ball, and we shall see how you fare."

Then we went over to Carriguff and endeavored with music to inveigle other seals. And we were rewarded, for far within the great cave there appeared a splendid male, much larger than those we had before seen—not a common seal, but one of the large, bearded seals. He was, to all appearance, unconscious of our approach.

The flute-player continued his tune, and the oars pushed the waters as noiselessly as possible until we were within a few yards of the cave.

"Now try your gun," whispered O'Brien. I climbed out of the yawl and got close to the seal. I feared to get too close, lest I should frighten him off the ledge; so I rested against the slimy rock and, taking careful aim at a point between his shoulders, fired.

The din was awful. It seemed as if the little island were being blown to pieces by some modern battery. I became aware, too soon, that my shot had not killed the animal, and that by series of curious spine-made movements he had come close to me and caught my ankle in his powerful jaws. I nearly fell. I was too fear-stricken to cry out.

All this happened in a moment. I felt my ankle crack, as though the foot would come off. As swiftly as possible I reloaded. I could scarcely see the brute that held my ankle, so blinded was I from pain. And I could not understand why it was that O'Brien had not come to my rescue. But there was no time to spare. I must lose my leg or kill the seal.

Placing the muzzle of the rifle against what seemed to be the shoulder of the seal, I fired. The hold on my ankle relaxed for an instant; then came a more angry bite on the thick part of my leg, and I became conscious of some one near me. A dull blow sounded and I fainted.

It appears that O'Brien who was looking on all the while, clambered on the rock where I was engaged with the seal, and with a blow of his bludgeon ended the battle. In all likelihood he saved me from death.

## The Plumber's Hat.

Has a plumber a right to wear his cap in one's house? This was the point submitted to the Highgate justices by an ex-fellow of Balliol. The plumber and his son came to the ex-fellow's house to clear away a stoppage in the bath. Arrived at the scene of operations they kept on their caps, as is the use of British workmen. The household lecturer the parent plumber on the bad example he was setting his son in not teaching him to take his cap off in a gentleman's house. The parent replied by setting up the custom of the trade to work covered. The plea was overruled, and the father plumber's cap thrown out of the

winnow by the indignant ex-fellow. Then the parties aggrieved adjourned to the open air (it was drizzling), and went—the plumber, of course and the ex-fellow carrying the plumber's cap—to seek counsel and advice of the nearest policeman, who referred them to the justices. The ex-fellow says that he was on the way called by the plumber "a thick-headed old fogey." Yet the justices fined him 10s. for his manner of giving a lesson in manners, and gave him no redress for this very unacademical language.

## AN OWL'S EYES.

Why do cat's eyes shine in the dark while men's eyes do not? The author of "Idle Days in Patagonia" raises this question with out answering it. He shot and wounded an eagle owl, and the sight of the bird, he says, was one of the greatest surprises with which nature ever favored him. The owl's haunt was an island overgrown with grass and tall willow. Thither Mr. Hudson went toward evening and found him upon his perch waiting for sunset. He eyed the intruder so calmly as to almost disarm him, but hunters of specimens have a way of hardening their heart. Mr. Hudson fired. The owl swerved on his perch, remained suspended for a moment and then slowly fluttered down. He says:

I found my victim stung to fury by his wounds and ready for the last supreme effort. Even in repose he is a big eagle-like figure; now in the uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect.

Each particular feather stood on end, the tawny barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense tiger-colored wings wide open and rigid, so that the bird that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike sways its head, or an angry, watchful cat moves its tail—first the tip of one, then of the other wing touched the ground.

The black horns stood erect, while in the center of the wheel-shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound like the clicking of a sewing-machine. This was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent, furious eyes on which I gazed with a kind of fascination, not unmixed with fear, when I remembered the agony suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone.

The irides were of a bright orange color; but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air. When I retired from the bird, the preternatural fiery aspect would instantly vanish.

The question as to the cause of this fiery appearance is one hard to answer. We know that the source of the luminosity in owl's and cats' eyes is the light reflecting membrane between the retina and the sclerotic coat of the eyeball, but the mystery remains. When with the bird, I particularly noticed that every time I retired the nictitating membrane would immediately cover the eyes and obscure them for some time, as it will when an owl is confronted with strong sunlight, and this gave me the impression that the fiery, flashing appearance was accompanied with or followed by a burning or smarting sensation.

I have lived a great deal among semi-savage men. I have often seen them frenzied with excitement, their faces white as ashes, their hair erect, and it is their eyes dropping great tears of rage, but I have never seen in them anything approaching to that fiery appearance of the owl.

## Superstitious Manitoba Indians.

North of the Lake of the Woods lies a region which is as yet unpenetrated by the lines of travel. In this section, perhaps more than any other in British America, the Indians deserve the name which even the Creebs about Lake Winnipeg apply to them,—"Heathen Indians." During a visit to the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg I saw some of these Indians, and our Inspector of Indian Agencies, Hon. Ebenezer McColl, gave me many particulars concerning their customs.

Among these natives flourishes unabated the superstitious belief in the power of the medicine-men. These artificial old conjurers, more interested in extorting from the people their wealth than in their advancement, prejudice them against all inroads of teachers or missionaries, and by their monotonous incantations and weird ceremonies frighten them into following their advice. Into this order both men and women are initiated at any time from childhood to extreme age. A variety of rites attend upon this intimation.

In one order it is the custom to demand of candidates certain sacrifices before admitting them into the sacred precincts of the lodge; then food and drink are immediately retired. After partaking of these, they miles from the village, some secluded place, sleeping, they pass from one to ten days. During these protracted fastings the good and evil spirits visit them, showing not only the good and evil they are empowered to do in after life, but designating the object either animate or inanimate, to which they must look for assistance.

From these visiting spirits they claim to receive instructions in the most commonplace affairs; even the number and variety of the poles used in constructing the conjuring tents are designated. Those who fast the longest are the "biggest medicine," and claim that, in the latest days of their fast, they are imparted to them much more information than they received at first, their patient endurance having proved them worthy. These revelations are to be kept secret throughout life. Should they happen to be disclosed their virtue is destroyed, and all power given is lost. When is given two swallows of a drink in a birch-bark cup, and about the same quantity of food. No more is allowed (although they are starving in sight of plenty) until half a day has elapsed, when they are at liberty to appease their hunger. (Correspondence Boston Transcript.)

In all the arrangements of a home the ease and comfort of the mother should be considered before all things. This is her right. Nor is it less the interest of the family, for her happiness depends chiefly upon her health and cheerfulness.

## SKELTON'S 100,000 YEARS OLD.

Bones Found in Italy of a Race of Men Who Lived on Earth at the Time of the Older Stone Age.

What the Earliest Man Was Like.

Recently there were found deeply buried in the earth in a cavern at Mentone, on the borders of Italy, some human skeletons and weapons that are supposed to have lain there since the older Stone Age, probably more than 100,000 years.

Prof. D. G. Brinton, in a public lecture before a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, an abstract of which is published by the Popular Science Monthly, discussed that very interesting subject, "The Earliest Man." He said that science inclined to the belief that man originated in one spot, and that all others descended from the first pair. What is called the present period was divided many thousand years ago by the glacial period; and it was probable that in certain parts of the world man lived during the ice period, which would make the antiquity of the race at least 100,000 years.

Prof. Brinton is of the opinion that the earliest man was of the average height of men of to-day, muscular and strong, walking not always erect, but stooping forward. His skin was hairy, of a reddish color, and the woman were somewhat smaller than the men. His forehead was low, but his brain was fully developed. He knew the use of fire, how to make weapons of stone, bone and wood, traps for animals, and some kinds of boats.

Then he used some kind of shelter; he lived in communities; he had a language; he loved his family and took care of the sick, but he did not seem to have had a religion. He was brave in battle; and loved to roam. All this can be proved by a careful study of his remains. It was concluded, therefore, that the earliest men were of the same spirit and soul as men of the present day, endowed with like faculties, and with a similar capacity to advance.

They lay across the present mouth of the cave with their heads to the east. The outer skeleton was that of a man apparently well on in life. Unfortunately the skull was broken with a blow of a pick at the first moment of discovery, and the length of the skeleton can therefore only approximately be given.

From his heel to his head he measured six feet four inches. This giant frame was somewhat turned to the left, but it lay more on its back than the other two. By his left hand, laid close to his side, lay a long flint knife. About the neck and on the skull were remains of ornaments of teeth and bone, fish vertebrae, pierced shell and many other kinds.

Immediately behind this lay a skeleton, recognized as that of a woman. It rested on the left side, with the knees slightly drawn up and its right hand almost resting upon the giant's shoulder. The female skeleton was not so richly decked with ornaments as the other two. The third skeleton, of a youth, lay in much the same attitude as the second, with its right hand raised as if to be laid on one shoulder of the man in front of it. Under its head a flint knife was discovered.

In France in the early fifties Boucher de Perthes claimed to find in early quarternary gravels, flint implements made and used by an ape-like man. In the latter part of the fifties two Englishmen went to France and helped de Perthes in his investigations. They were both good geologists, and became convinced of the truth and importance of the Frenchman's claims. Supported by men of unquestioned ability, an interest on the part of scientific men was awakened, and similar finds were made all over Europe. Before his death de Perthes saw with great satisfaction the quarternary man fully established.

From France the news of the discoveries spread over the world—men became interested in prehistoric times, and caverns, rock shelters and terraces were assiduously searched for evidences. To-day Europe can divide her quarternary man into several epochs, and bring them through polished stone, bronze and iron ages to our present age of steel.

## In the Struggle for Life.

In tropical countries, where the struggle for life seems to rage even fiercer than in the temperate regions, a vast number of animals have been driven by want of stress their livelihood in the dark, through stress of competition. There are the howler monkeys, for example, who make night hideous in large tracts of South African forest, beginning their dismal music as soon as evening sets in, and only retiring for the day as dawn purples the horizon.

There are the lemurs of Madagascar, so called, because, like ghosts, they walk by night and withdraw at cockcrow—strange, stealthy, noiseless creatures, with great wistful, poetical eyes, and enlarged pupils; monkeys that prey on birds and insects in the gloomy depths of their native forests.

There is the slender loris, and graceful and beautiful beast, with eyes like a gazelle's, but treacherous manners, who pounces upon birds as they sleep in their little nests, creeping silently upon them from behind like an Indian upon the warpath, and affording no indication of his hateful presence till he is within arm's reach of his lumbering victim.

There is that curious little nondescript animal, the aye-aye, who attracted so much attention a few years ago at the Zoo—a quaint, small beast, half monkey, half rodent, who comes forth by night in search of fruits or insects, and crawls through the woods with catlike pace upon butterfly or caterpillar. And there is that other odd connecting link, the galeopithecus, or "flying monkey"—a lemur well on his way to develop into a bat, aptlike in form, but with a membrane stretched loose between his arms and legs after the rudimentary fashion of the flying squirrel, by means of which he glides from tree to tree with a sort of half jump, half flight, very curious to witness.

These are but a few of the nocturnal mammals of monkey and lemur type, ancient ancestors of our own, gone wrong through keeping such very late hours, and now stranded for the most part in islands or peninsulas of extreme antiquity. (The Cornhill Magazine.)

## Health in C.

A dread of rivalry in kind, and dislike for inherent to our very time perhaps we have of the entire trade in particular district, an least expected it, alth when we should have one steps in and become. If his preparations as finances are as good sure he will do us a begin to appreciate the we possessed in the p console with regard passes, and if we do not forebodings we attribute wisdom, without cost been direct gainer which at first alarmed. Experience of merchants has proved that when their business began to decline. While a town with two stores, it affords by the surrounding counts their single store also or three are opened at of more importance an ceased trade, of which generally get the large.

## Fanning the

Electricity has come keepers whose window by the heavy frost, which opaque. Various devices with more or less success down in cold weather. The window casing, si- perature inside will be outside. This necessitates a partition at the rear of the stove. But no little electric fan for kitchen away from the stove with so placed that moving air playing on the face of the moisture picks up moisture which coats with electric fan keeps the therefore clear.

## Take Care of Y

Very few people realize of taking care of the teeth then they rush to the dentist, are appalled at the for services rendered.

To preserve the teeth regularly cleaned night after night in this respect free the disagreeable taint the accompany it.

Campsterod chalk should be clean the teeth, as well upon the enamel and dent and cheapest tooth pasted charcoal, which tior teeth and purifies the bre

Crossote, oil of tar, and other substances are of remedies for the tooth only aggravate the evil, decay, and often disorder

The wisest course is to in cleanliness. But when the best remedy is to ha filled with a substance that in, and thus supplies ena nerve from irritation.

## For Tired

Walking heats the feet them to swell, and both exhaustive when prolon various kinds of foot differ as to their value. If the feet by drawing the when used they should be used before attempting to boot. Mustard and hot will sidetrack a fever it a nervous headache at Bunions and corns and nature's protection against Two hot foot baths a pedicuring will remove t discomfort.

A warm bath with an almost as restful as a nap water until it cools, dry put on fresh stockings, shoes, and the woman who drop" will have a very go in ten minutes. The qui fatigue is to plunge the water and keep it immerse a sensation of warmth. A the sole is a handful of al sure way of drying the feet in the storm. Spirit ba professional dancers, acro trians to keep the feet in

## How to Escape C

The sad case of Dr. Ste ton City Hospital, who contracted with professional duties as ad to the hospital, may have minds of many the often as to the manner in which contagion is secured by do others, whose business bri in direct contact with infed. The answer must be so as well as a repetition of times been given, but it worth heeding on that acc

The two greatest safeg