Hands are an index of character

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Sunrise at Midnight.

You may think this impossible, but it is not. It is a fact which you have only to go to the proper place to witness. This proper place is North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees. At this point, the sun, at one time of the year, does not set for several weeks; at another it does not rise for several.

At last, on the proper day, according to the almanac, it shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten or twenty minutes, then goes down, and at length does not set at all, but makes an almost perfect circle around the sky, in full view.

At North Cape, during the time the sun does not set, the inhabitants tell that it is 12 o'clock at night by seeing the sun rise over the mountains. In Stockholm, the sun, in June, sets a short space before 10 o'clock. During the night, it is very light, owing to the passage of the sun around the earth toward the North Pole, and people can see to read at midnight.

At the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, there is a mountain, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not set at all. This happens only on that night. The sun touches the horizon, but does not sink below it; in five minutes, it begins to ascend again.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians.

What is Allspice?

It was a very natural mistake to think that allspice is a mixture of various spices. It is only so named because it tastes like a mixture of several other spices. Actually allspice is the powdered berries of the pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The berries are gathered when green, and dried in the sun. If they were allowed to ripen on the trees, they would lose some of their pungency.

Muskrat a Traveler.

The muskrat has spread from its original home in Western China throughout the whole civilized world. About 1730 it migrated into Russia, appeared in Paris in 1750, was introduced into America along the Atlantic coast in 1775, and by 1850 had spread to the Pacific coast. It destroys young poultry, eggs and grain. Like the house mouse, it multiplies rapidly, producing three or four litters annually of from five to ten each.

Bishops of London have lived at Fulham for 1,300 years.

Good for All the Family

It makes them smile—it's sure worth while.

After every meal

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Dolly, a governess, is in love with her poor suitor, Robert Durham. When Nigel Bretherton, who has money, falls in love with her, Dolly gives up Robert and marries Nigel. The marriage proves an unhappy one.

When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly in the care of his friend, Mary Furnival. Mary is in love with Nigel and tries to make his wife happy. Dolly regrets her hasty marriage with Nigel and tells Mary she is sorry because she did not marry Robert.

When Nigel leaves for the front, Mary and Dolly decide to live together in Dolly's flat. The girls are opposites in every way but Mary tries to love Dolly for Nigel's sake.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Don't even you understand?" she asked, in a muffled voice. "Couldn't you see that he was glad to go—that he wanted to go? We've just been making the best of a bad job ever since we were married—it was a mistake—just a silly mistake. Oh, I'm not blaming him—he's always been kind, and I know he's good and brave, but, oh, I know that he's hated it all as much as I have!" Her voice sank to a whisper.

A little fluffy kitten of Dolly's had left the rug, and was rolling over and over with a ball of khaki wool between its tiny paws, hopelessly entangling it; but Mary did not see, and would not have cared had she seen.

Presently Dolly lifted her head.

The elder girl moved a little; she seemed to drag her thoughts back from some far distance to the girl at her side.

"I think," she said slowly—"I think that—perhaps I always—knew."

In this moment of illumination it seemed as if she really had always known; some love is gifted with strange intuition, and she had always loved Nigel.

Dolly went on impulsively:

"I don't blame him—he ought not to have married me. I wasn't good enough for him, but—but I was so tired of being poor—of earning my own living." She thought of two unmanageable children, and shivered.

And then suddenly she thought of Robert Durham.

She had never seen him since she wrote that curt note of dismissal—never heard anything of him—and yet, somehow, he had never been out of her thoughts.

Here was one reason why she and Nigel had never been happy—because she had always loved another man; she wondered what Mary would say if she knew. Mary, who had never had a love affair in all her life.

Mary stooped and disengaged the ball of wool from the kitten's tiny paws; the knitting needles began to click again busily.

Dolly looked out of the window with dreamy eyes. Mary, glancing at her, wondered what were her thoughts; beyond a tiny pucker between her brows, she looked serene and undisturbed.

Mary stifled the sigh in her throat, and went on patiently knitting the khaki-colored sock.

CHAPTER IV.

DAVID'S LETTER.

September was dying, and the artist hand of October had begun to paint the world with its wonderful tints of red and orange.

Already the trees were getting bare; one could see the road quite plainly now from the windows of Dolly Bretherton's flat through the shivering line of lime trees that bordered the path outside.

Dolly stood at the window, and looked out at the gray, misty line of sky above the houses; she always seemed to be looking out of the window now. She had a curious feeling that she was waiting for something—something important—something that would come along and change the whole of her life—something, she did not know what.

Nearly seven weeks since Nigel went away.

Twice she had had an official postcard from him, with the meager news that he was well; once a letter hastily scrawled on scraps of paper.

He was full of enthusiasm, full of courage, but it was the sort of letter he might have written to an ordinary acquaintance.

Dolly gave it to Mary to read.

"There are no secrets," she said dryly.

The letter began, "Dearest Dolly," and ended, "Yours affectionately."

That was a fortnight ago now, and since then there had been no news.

She swung round from the window suddenly to where Mary sat at the table writing.

"David Bretherton doesn't seem to be going to acknowledge me, does he?" she asked.

Mary looked up.

"David!" she echoed.

Dolly made a little impatient gesture.

"Nigel's brother, I mean. Nigel wrote to him before he went to France, and told him all about our marriage. He thought—in case he never came back—that David ought to know."

Mary made no comment.

"I suppose if anything happens I shall be quite dependent on his—charity," Dolly said again, bitterly.

"Perhaps he has never had Nigel's letter."

"I don't suppose he'd answer it if he had; he doesn't believe in marriage. Nigel was always saying what a peculiar sort of man he was. Did you ever know him, Mary?"

"No."

Dolly wandered back again to the window.

"He's as rich as Croesus," she said. "They have a lovely house in the country—the Red Grange."

"I know."

"You know! Have you ever been there?"

Mary flushed a little.

"Nigel took me down one day—oh, a long time ago, before he ever knew of you!" she added quickly, seeing a spark of anger in her friend's eyes.

"He would never take me—he made excuses when I asked him. "Is it very beautiful?" she asked.

"I have never seen such a lovely place."

The gate clicked suddenly. Dolly turned her head again.

"It's the postman," she said. There was something frightened in her voice. "You go, Mary."

Mary went out into the hall; she came back after a moment with one letter.

"It's for Nigel," she said.

Dolly took it, and eagerly scanned the envelope. The stamp was a foreign one.

"It's from David," she said. "At last!"

* * * * * *

Her hands shook with excitement as she opened the flap. Mary turned away; she was beginning to wonder if she had ever really cared anything

Dolly caught her breath with almost a cry.

for Nigel's wife—if it had not just been for his sake that she had been a friend to her.

After a moment Dolly gave a little angry exclamation; she laughed shortly.

"I knew what he would say. I always told Nigel." She pushed the letter across the table. "Read it. Very well, then," as Mary shook her head, "I'll read it to you."

"Dear Nigel—Many thanks for your letter, in which you tell me you are going to the Front and that you have been married eighteen months. Neither piece of news came as a surprise to me.

"I am coming home almost immediately to see if the War Office can be persuaded to make some use of an old crock like myself, and shall hope to see you before you leave England, when we can discuss the future.

"With regard to your marriage, I only hope you have made a wise choice, and are happy, though the tone of your letter makes me dubious."

Dolly screwed the letter into the palm of her hand and threw it across the room.

Her eyes were flashing angrily.

"Did you ever hear such a thing? How dare he! Nigel must have said something. He would not show me the letter he wrote. I ought to have made him."

She burst into a storm of angry tears.

"Dolly—Dolly!"

Dolly wrenched herself free when Mary would have put an arm around her.

She ran from the room.

Face downwards on the bed she sobbed herself into serenity again; she rose presently and bathed her face and brushed her hair.

She put on her hat and went out; she passed the room where Mary was sitting, but did not go in, or call goodbye to her.

* * * *

The September afternoon was drawing to a close; there was no breath of wind, and the red and yellow leaves hung listlessly from the trees that bordered the path.

Dolly walked on with downbent eyes; she did not know why she had come out—she had nowhere particular to go; but the house seemed to stifle her; the presence of Mary was a reproach.

She thought of Robert Durham—his kind, grave face, his worshipful smile; and a man coming along the street bumped against her. He drew back with a muttered apology, then stopped.

"Dolly!"

Dolly caught her breath with almost a cry. She looked up at his face, and thought herself dreaming; then she held out both shaking hands, only to withdraw them again agitatedly.

"Robert!"

She had been thinking of him, and now he was here. For two years she had longed for a sight of him, though she had not dared to confess it even to her own heart; and now he was at her side. The blood rushed up into her face; her eyes spoke the welcome her lips dared not utter.

It was he who recovered himself first; he was a little pale, but quite self-possessed.

"I was thinking of you a moment ago," he said.

"I was thinking of you," she answered impulsively. Her eyes were wandering over him—his face, his figure.

He was so little altered—older, perhaps, and—yes, he was better dressed than she remembered him. There was a smarter cut to his coat; he wore expensive-looking boots. He seemed to follow her thoughts, for he said, smiling rather constrainedly:

(To be continued.)

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Neglect of Teeth An Important Cause of Ill Health.

Investigations which have been carried out in different parts of the country in recent years have shown that the teeth of children are neglected to such an extent that it is the exception to find children with sound teeth. It has been clearly shown that this neglect is responsible for a great deal of sickness and physical disability in later life.

In large groups of children examined by competent authorities as high as 96.5 per cent. have been found to have defective teeth. Among groups of high school children more than 13 per cent. of the first molars have been found missing. As the first permanent molars are the most important teeth serving not only as a keystone to the dental arch, but also as the most efficient grinders of food, their loss results in serious damage to the remainder of the teeth and to the soft tissues of the mouth.

Very little has been done as yet in an organized effort to control such a serious condition. Dental clinics are doing excellent work in providing treatment for deserving children of school age, but in all too many cases the teeth are found to have been neglected for a long period before the admission of these children to school. There is as yet little appreciation of the important part played by the teeth in the maintenance of good health. Neglect of the baby teeth results not only in many cases of children's ailments, but more important still, seriously handicaps the permanent teeth.

The need for education in mouth hygiene was never more evident than it is to-day. Such educational work must begin with the expectant mother. Her food should contain a large percentage of lime salts both before and after the birth of the child. The teeth as they make their appearance should be kept scrupulously clean and parents should be taught the importance of having cavities filled as soon as they appear.

School children should have regular tooth brush drills and regular mouth inspection and treatment should be required and when found necessary provided. Children and adults alike should visit their dentist at least once each year, preferably every six months—in order to prevent the beginning of trouble In this as in all other health matters, the ounce of prevention weighs many times more than the pound of cure.

Entertain the Birds.

Birds are always our greatest garden friends. Shrubs and trees which attract them may be selected for planting on the home grounds. Bird houses and bird baths that will be ornamental as well as useful, can be provided for them.

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A Curious Japanese Festival.

Although the basis of the Japanese Shinto religion is the worship of ancestors, its traditions also include various customs for propitiating evil spirits and one of the good old superstitions handed down through hundreds of years is the housecleaning for devils which is observed on February 3 in thousands of homes in Japan yearly.

The date of this devil chasing ceremony corresponds with the first day of spring in the old calendar.

The festivities are carried on in this wise: The housewife during the day prepares a large quantity of beans, a portion of which are placed on the family shrine before dinner. The remainder are saved as missiles, for according to the superstition beans are a most effective weapon for warding off evil spirits.

The eldest son and heir of the household usually is in charge of the bean-throwing ceremony, which consists of the hurling of beans in all directions in each of the rooms, the doors being left open as an egress for the devils, for what devil could be disturbed by anything so material as a bean could make an exit from a housee without the door being opened?

Of course the old ceremony is observed by many who no longer believe in its religious significancee but who continue to celebrate the occasion as a tradition.

As the beans are thrown, the bean thrower shouts "fortune in, devils out" several times, this being the usual incantation for putting the evil spirits to rout.

At som of the principal temples in Tokio the celebration of Setsubun is quite elaborate. Prominent actors and wrestling champions assist in the ceremony and the festivities continue late into the night.

Minard's Liniment for colds.

Extending Braille System.

Japanese and Arabic are two of the languages into which the whole Bible has been transliterated into Braille type for use of the blind.

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