DOMESTIC PECULIARITIES.

Mr. Bowser Tells Some Inside Facts Concerning Her Dearly Beloved.

When I have a sick headache I know exactly what will happen when Mr. Bowser reaches home. He will let himself in at the front door, hang up his coat and hat, walk through the sitting-room and seeing me with my head tied up will gaze at me for a full minute without speaking. Then he will finally remark :

"Didn't I tell you so ?"

What ?"

"You got your feet wet."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bowser."

"Then you went out bareheaded, or you "been eating ice-cream or some other rare dash."

Milder the contrary, I have been very, "Onreful."

Very ca, yes, you are always very, very careful. If a giant was to expose himself the way you do he'd be dead in six months. Had the doctor ?"

"No."

"That's it ! Want to let the typhoid fever get hold of you, don't you ? What's Dr.—'s telephone number ?"

"Don't call a doctor. My head is much better than it was and I shall be all right to-morrow."

"Well, if you are not I'll call two of them and have you taken to the hospital. I have no patty on anyone who will go sloshing aronnd the way you do. I was intending to go to the theater to-night and here I come home and find you flattened out, perhaps to develop a case of yellow fever or smallpox."

Mr. Bowser goes tramping around to find fault with his supper, with the cook, with the baby, with the furnace and with everything else which he happens to think of, and the evening is rendered very cheerful and happy.

If I happen to be looking down the street when Mr. Bowser gets off the car I can tell whether he has a headache or not. He comes slumping along, arms hanging down, eyes on the sidewalk, and as I open the door for him he growls out :

"Lemme git on to that lounge as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter ?"

"I'm next door to death !"

"Have you been hurt, Mr. Bowser ?"

"No. Got a headache. Whole top of my head is loose. I think I am dying !"

I help him off with his coat, get him on to the lounge, pull off his gaiters, tuck him up, and then I can't help saying, "Didn't I tell you so ?"

"W-what ?"

"You've been careless again. You sat in your office with your feet out of the window, or you held a chunk of ice on your lap, or you stood in a puddle of water in your rubber feet, It's a wonder to me that any man lives to the age of thirty."

"O-o-o-oh !" he groans.

"That's it ! Got the black plague or the asiatic cholera hold of you, probably ! I was going over to Mrs. Cato's to-night to a progressive euchre, but this spoils it all. I'll have the doctors up after tea and have the among come at the same time."

Then Mr. Bowser sheds tears and I go and get a brick for his feet, tie a towel around his head, send baby upstairs and stop the clocks so that nothing may annoy him.

Don't suppose that one husband in a hundred sets out to find fault around the house. It is just their way, you know. They are boss and they feel that they must keep this fact well impressed on the minds of their wives. The husband is ever to blame for any accident about the house. The wife always is. For instance, a water pipe down in the basement burst the other day. Mr. Bowser came home just as I was about to telephone the plumber.

"Pipe busted ! Who busted it ?" he shouted as he pulled off his overcoat.

"Why, no one."

"Yes, they did ! Water pipes don't bust without help ! Some of you have been knocking on that pipe with a hammer."

I went down and showed him that the pipe was at a point where none of us could possibly reach it, but he replied :

"Well, some of you are certainly to blame. That's the way—the minute I leave the house something happens. Now we shall have a plumber around here for a week or two with a bill of forty or fifty dollars."

The back kitchen door had to be taken off its hinges and planed off a little and in replacing it Mr. Bowser got in a hurry and put one screw in the lower hinge. The screws and the others and laid them aside. Later, after he had got home to dinner he fell askew, as might have been expected.

"Now, what have you done ?" shouted the cooks to me as the cook came in and fell.

"I didn't break the door."

"Didn't. Then who did ?"

"You didn't put the screws back when taking it."

"Didn't. I'll bet you ten dollars I did. If the cook went deliberately to work to take those screws out in order to destroy property. It is a wonder we have a roof over our heads. Next time you'll be knocking down some of the partition walls."

Today a centre-piece on one of the bedroom ceilings fell to the floor. Knowing Mr. Bowser's peculiarities, I left matters alone until he came home to dinner.

"This is a nice state of affairs !" he exclaimed as he looked into the bedroom. "Why didn't you knock all the chimneys down while you were about it ?"

"What did I have to do with it, Mr. Bowser ?"

"Don't you right here all the time ? Did you do it ? Did baby do it ? Did some of the neighbors come in and knock it down with a crow-bar ?"

"Well, because it was poorly put up in the first place."

"Well Mrs. Bowser, because you got the ladder and climbed up through the trap door and went walking across the rafters in the attic. I expect to come home and find the house in ruins."

Mr. Bowser goes even further than sometimes. One day a high wind blew a portion of the back fence, and when he came he stood and gazed at the wreck for a moment and then turned on me with

"Well, what less could have been expected ?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bowser ?"

"It's all right ! You just keep on and you will come out !"

"Did I blow that fence down, Mr. Bowser ?"

"No. You were here all the time. It was the wind, but where are your eyes? Why didn't you wreck the barn while you were about it ?"

And one evening when he came home looking out of sorts and I asked him if anything was wrong he snapped me up with :

"Boil coming on my leg !"

"That's too bad."

"Yes—um—I understand !"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bowser ?"

"Never you mind. You keep right on and see where you will end."

"But am I to blame that you have a boil on your leg ?"

"It's all right, Mrs. Bowser. I can see through a mill stone as well as the next man."

"Mr. Bowser, you don't mean to insin—"

"That's all right. Just keep right away from me. I have long had my suspicions, and this confirms them. I'll look over my accounts to-night and have a plain talk with you in the morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SNOW IN THE SIERRAS.

A Hermit Living Forty Feet Beneath The Surface—A Lost Cabin.

Harry Hartley, who is wintering at Meadow Lake, writes that the snow in that brightest gem of the high Sierras is forty feet deep on the level. He constitutes the whole and sole population of the once famous town, and has about him whole streets of houses that are inhabited by nothing except the ghost of dead hopes. He has a dwelling, the most desirable two-story house in the place. This he enters through a trap-door placed in the roof and opening downward. His stove-pipe stands fifteen feet higher than the top of the roof, yet snow has this winter been over the top of it. He has from the trap door in his roof an incline in the snow, in which steps are cut, that lead up to the general surface of our planet. This he frequently finds filled with snow of mornings on letting down his trap door. A principal part of his work this winter has been digging his way to daylight.

Just in the rear of his residence is a three-story building which he uses as a workshop. In the beginning of winter he entered this by a door on the ground floor ; later he reached it through a window leading in from the balcony of the second story, and finally he was obliged to use as a door, the uppermost window in the third story ; even this he has often found it difficult to reach, the snow being smooth and level over the top of the house.

On one occasion this winter Mr. Hartley ascended to the surface, mounted his snow shoes, and glided down the mountain to the Fordyce dam in search of mail matter. He was only a few minutes in going a distance of three or four miles down a hill ; but to return was the difficulty, for while he remained waiting for dinner a furious snow-storm had come up.

He started for home in the midst of the storm. In the light snow and going up hill, his snow shoes were of little use. In the blinding storm he lost his way, and was for several hours wallowing in the snow. At last he ran his head against the sharp end of the branch of a pine. On examining this he knew that the limb was one he had lopped off a tree that stood within about one hundred yards of his house. From this point he got his bearings, and at last reached and dug his way down into his home—a house beneath a level plain of snow forty feet in depth.

A couple of the owners of the Butte Saddle mine went up there last week to see if everything was all right. They did not take a shovel with them to dig in the snow for the cabin, because they had before any snow fell tied a shovel thirty feet higher than the cabin to a pine tree, in order that they might have it in case they had to go up to the mine during the winter. When they arrived at the spot Monday they could only see a little of the pine tree. It is believed to be about sixty feet deep. The boys of course came back to town without finding out whether their cabin was under the snow or not, but they think that it will turn up all right in the spring, with the shovel hanging to the tree.

Cleaning the Teeth.

Dentists are daily committing the error of not instructing their patients in regard to the proper methods of cleansing their mouths —brushing, picking, rinsing with warm water after meals and at night before going to bed. Our observations must show that people who do these things faithfully, have little or no dentistry to do. It is astonishing what ignorance exists among people of all classes and conditions, as to what cleanness of the mouth means. They will tell you frankly that they do not brush their mouths as well as they ought to, for they did not know they were going to be examined, and when you looked, you really thought so, and the second thought was probably not for a month. Cleanly habits are part of an individual's education and can be formed only in childhood. Too much care can not be bestowed on the object for the little ones. Each individual must see it thoroughly done—have it done for him and experience having it well rubbed in with a brush. Not much dentifrice of any kind is needed—small quill tooth-picks are best, narrow strips of rubber dam for spaces the quill will not clean. Water used frequently for rinsing, with a motion of the tongue on the surfaces of the teeth and gums, lingual, palatal, labial and buccal. So much for preventive dentistry, which should be our highest aim.

The Waterous Engine Works Co. of Brantford have just completed for Duncan McCormack of Montreal, at Casselman, Ont., one of the most complete saw mills in Eastern Ontario. It consists of a 70 horse power engine, two large boilers, circular saw irons, with improved carriage, consisting of five log seats with rope feed, heavy three saw double edger, double trimmers, swing saw, friction bull wheel, shingle machine, combined planer and matcher, sawdust carrier, live rolls, &c. Their men are now at work constructing a similar mill at Lachute, Quebec, for Messrs. McGibbon & Co., which will be started in a few days. In both of these mills can be seen at work their new friction grip pulley, which is sufficiently strong to stop and start with ease the heaviest circular or gang mill without stopping the power. This pulley will be a great acquisition to mill men and from its strength and effectiveness is sure to have a large sale. We would advise anyone troubled with the old style of friction clutch pulley, or who desires to stop and start heavy machinery without interference with the power, to write them for information. Their friction grip can be attached to old pulleys as well as new.

Sir Charles Tennant's Remarkable Daughter.

Sir Charles Tennant's house in Grosvenor Square, says a London correspondent, is one of the most popular in London. This is owing chiefly to the brightness and cleverness of his daughters. There were originally four of them, but the second, who married the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton a few years ago, died suddenly the season before last. There still remain, however, Lady Ribblesdale Mrs Graham, and Miss Margot Tennant. A more remarkable girl, even in this remarkable age, than Miss Margot does not exist in society. Bright, clever, full of wit and "go," she is to be found wherever anything interesting is going on. Smart dance, Court functions, private view, first night—it is all the same to her so long as amusing and prominent people are to be met there. On the same day I have seen her hanging on Mr. Gladstone deep in conversation, and not six hours after engaged in a cosy *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Arthur Balfour in a quiet corner. Indeed, the Irish Secretary was staying at the Glen, one of Sir Charles' places in Scotland, not so many weeks ago, and it was even said that he was about to take the lady for his own.

The increase of deer in Maine the past year is reported to be due to the fact that they have been driven from Canada and Labrador by large bands of gray wolves.

Discretion and good nature have always been looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman whose price is above rubies has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man more endearing than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"The Jingling of the Guinea Helps the Hurt that Honor Feels."

But there are deeper hurts than those that honor feels. The seeds of disease are sometimes deeply sown, the system is secretly and surely giving away to some deep seated malady. Especially among females are many sufferers from inflammation, ulcerations, prolapsus, and other displacements ; weak back, sick headache, nervousness and kidney diseases. For all these affections peculiar to women no surer remedy than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, prepared for their special benefit, can be found. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Rev. M. L. Fritch, pastor of the Reading, Pa., Reformed Congregation, has been arrested for stealing knives and other articles from a hardware store.

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The wire nail men of the United States, with five exceptions, have closed their mills, as part of a scheme, it is alleged, to force certain manufacturers of wire nails into the trust.

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