FATE'S INSTRUMENTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

One evening, about a week after what Mr. Espion called the final esclandre, Tommy Myles made his appearance in the smoking-room of the Themis. Mort important matters have ousted the record of Tommy's marriage and blissful honeymoon, and he came back to find that a negligent world had hardly noticed his absence.

"How are you?" said he to Sidmouth Vane.

"How are you?" said Vane, raising his eyes for a moment from Punch.

Tommy sat down by him. "I say," he remarked, "this Neston business is rather neat. We read about it in Switzerland."

"Been away?"

"Of course I have—after my wedding, you know."

"Ah! Seen Punch?" And Vane handed it to him.

"I had a pretty shrewd idea of how the land lay. So had Bella."

"Bella?"

"Why, my wife."

"Oh, a thousand pardons. I thought you rather backed Mrs. Witt."

"My dear fellow, we wanted her to have fair play. I suppose there's no question of the marriage now?"

"I suppose not."

"What's the fair Mrs. Witt going to do?"

Vane wanted to be let alone, and Tommy worried him. He turned on the little gentleman with some ferocity. "My dear Tommy," he said, "you backed her through thick and thin, and blackguarded George for attacking her."

"Yes, but——"

"Well, whoever was right, you weren't, so hadn't you better say no more about it?" And Mr. Vane rose and walked away.

In fact, he was thoughtful. What would Mrs. Witt do next? And what would George Neston do? Vane knew of cases where the accusation suggests the crime; it seemed not unlikely that if George had to bear the contumely attaching to a connection with Mrs. Witt, he might think it as well to reap the benefit. He might not have sought to win her favor yet, but it was very possible he might do so now. If he didn't—well, some one would. And Mr. Vane considered that he might find it worth his while to be the man. His great relatives would cry aloud in horror; society would be shocked. But a man will endure something for a pretty woman and five thousand a year. Only, what did George Neston mean to do?

It will be seen that Sidmouth Vane did not share Laura Pocklington's conviction that George cared nothing for Mrs. Witt. Of course he had not Laura's reasons; and perhaps some difference between the masculine and feminine ways of looking at such things must be allowed for. As it happened, however, Vane was right—for a moment. After George had been for a second time repulsed from Mrs. Pocklington's doors, finding the support of his friends unsatisfying and yearning for the more impassioned approval that women give, he went the next day to Neaera's, and intruded on the sorrow-laden retirement to which that wronged lady had betaken herself. And Neaera's grief and gratitude, her sorrow and sympathy, her friendship and fury, were all alike and equally delightful to him.

"The meanness of it!" she cried with flashing eyes. "Oh, I would rather die than have a petty soul like that!"

Gerald was, of course, the subject of these strictures, and George was content not to contradict them.

"He evidently," continued Neaera, "simply cannot understand your generosity. It's beyond him!"

"You mustn't rate what you call my generosity too high," said George. "But what are you going to do, Mrs. Witt?"

Neaera spread her hands out with a gesture of despair.

"What am I to do? I am—desolate."

"So am I. We must console one another."

This speech was indiscreet. George recognized it, when Neaera's answering glance reached him.

"That will make them talk worse than ever," she said, smiling. "You ought never to speak to me again, Mr. Neston."

"Oh, we are damned beyond redemption, so we may as well enjoy ourselves."

"No, you mustn't shock your friends still more."

"I have no friends left to shock," replied George, bitterly.

Neaera implored him not to say that, running over the names of such as might be supposed to remain faithful. George shook his head at each name; when the Pocklingtons were mentioned, his shake was big with sombre meaning.

"Well, well," she said with a sigh, "and now what are you going to do?"

"Oh, nothing. I think some of us are going to have a run to Brighton. I shall go, just to get out of this."

"Is Brighton nice now?"

"Nicer than London, anyhow."

"Yes, Mr. Neston——?"

"Yes, Mrs. Witt? Why don't you come too."

"At any rate, you'd—you and your friends—be somebody to speak to, wouldn't you?" said Neaera, resting her chin on her hand and gazing at George.

"Oh, yes, you must come. We shall be very jolly."

"Poor us! But perhaps it will console us to mingle our tears."

"Will you come?" asked George.

"I shan't tell you," she said with a laugh. "It must be purely accidental."

"A fortuitous concurrence? Very well. We go to-morrow."

"I don't want to know when you go."

"No. But we do."

Neaera laughed again, and George took his leave, better pleased with the world than when he arrived. A call on a pretty woman often has this effect; sometimes, let us add, to complete our commonplace, just the opposite.

"Why shouldn't I?" he argued to himself. "I don't know why I should get all the blame for nothing. If they think it of me, I may as well do it."

But when George reached his lodgings, he found on the table, side by side with Mr. Blodwell's final letter about the Brighton trip, Laura Pocklington's note. And then—away went Brighton, and Neaera Witt, and the reckless defiance of public opinion, and all the rest of it! And George swore at himself for a heartless, distrustful, worthless person, quite undeserving to receive such a letter from such a lady. And when the second letter came the next morning, he swore again, at himself for his meditated desertion, and by all his gods, that he would be worthy of such favor.

"The child's a trump," he said, "a regular trump! And she shan't be worried by hearing of me hanging about in Mrs. Witt's neighborhood."

The happy reflections which ensued were appropriate, but hackneyed, being in fact those of a man much in love. It is, however, worth notice that Laura's refusal to think evil had its reward; for if she had suspected George, she would never have shown him her heart in those letters; and, but for those letters, he might have gone to Brighton, and——; whereas what did happen was something quite different.

CHAPTER. XIX.

Being a public character, although an object of ambition to many, has its disadvantages. Fame is very pleasant, but we do not want everybody in the hotel to point at us when we come down to dinner. When Neaera went to Brighton—for it is surely unnecessary to say that she intended to go and did go thither—she felt that the fame which had been thrust upon her debarred her from hotels, and she took lodgings of a severely respectable type, facing the sea. There she waited two days, spending her time walking and driving where all the world walks and drives. There were no signs of George, and Neaera felt aggrieved. She sent him a line, and waited two days more. Then she felt she was being treated as badly as possible—unkindly, negligently, faithlessly, disrespectfully. He had asked her to come; the invitation was as plain as could be; without a word, she was thrown over! In great indignation she told her maid to pack up, and, meanwhile, sallied out to see if the waves would perform their traditional duty of soothing a wounded spirit. The task was a hard one; for, whatever Neaera Witt had suffered, neglect at the hands of man was a grief fortune had hitherto spared her.

She forsook the crowded parade, and strolled down by the water's edge. Presently she sat down under the shade of a boat, and surveyed the waters and the future. She felt very lonely. George had seemed inclined to be pleasant, but now he had deserted her. She had no one to speak to. What was the use of being pretty and rich? Everything was very hard, and she had done no real harm, and was a very, very miserable girl, and—— Under the shade of the boat, Neaera cried a little, choosing the moment when there were no passers-by.

But one who came from behind escaped her vigilance. He saw the gleam of golden hair, and the slim figure, and the little shapely head bowing forward to meet the gloved hands; and he came down the beach, and, standing behind her for a moment, heard a little gurgle of distress.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Can I help?"

Neaera looked up with a start. The upright figure, bravely resisting a growing weight of years, the iron-grey hair, the hooked nose, and pleasant keen eyes seemed familiar to her. Surely she had seen him in town!

"Why, it's Mrs. Witt!" he said. "We are acquaintances, or we ought to be." And he held out his hand, adding, with a smile, "I am Lord Mapledurham."

"Oh!" said Neaera.

"Yes," said the Marquis. "Now, I know all about it, and it's a burning shame. And, what's more, it's all my fault."

"Your fault?" she said, in surprise.

"However, I warned George Neston to let it alone. But he's a hot-headed fellow."

"I never thought him that."

"He is, though. Well, look at this. He asks Blodwell, and Vane, and me—at least, he didn't ask me, but Blodwell did—to make a party here. We agree. The next moment—hey, presto! he's off at a tangent!"

Neaera could not make up her mind whether Lord Mapledurham was giving this explanation merely to account for his own presence or also for her information.

"The fact is, you see," the Marquis resumed, "his affairs are rather troublesome. He's out of favor with the authorities, you know—Mrs. Pocklington."

"Does he mind about Mrs. Pocklington?"

"He minds about Miss Pocklington, and I suspect——"

"Yes?"

"That she minds about him. I met Pocklington at the club yesterday, and he told me his people had gone abroad. I said it was rather sudden, but Pocklington turned very gruff, and said, 'Not at all.' Of course that wasn't true."

"Oh, I hope she will be good to him," said Neaera. "Fancy, if I were the cause——"

"As I said at the beginning," interrupted the Marquis, "I'm the cause."

"You!"

Then he settled himself by her side, and told her how his reminiscence had been the first thing to set George on the track of discovery, whence all the trouble had resulted.

"So you see," he ended, "you have to put all your woes down to my chatter."

"How strange!" she said, dreamily, looking out to sea.

The Marquis nodded, his eyes scanning her face.

Then she turned to him suddenly, and said, "I was very young, you know, and—rather hungry."

"I am a sinner myself," he answered, smiling.

"And—and what I did afterwards, I——"

"I came to make my confession, not to hear yours. How shall I atone for all I have brought on you? What shall I do now?"

"I—I only want some friends, and—and some one to speak to," said Neaera, with a forlorn little sigh.

The Marquis took her hand and kissed it gallantly. "If that is all," said he, smiling, "perhaps we may manage."

"Thanks," said Neaera, putting her handkerchief into her pocket.

"That's right! Blodwell and Vane are here too, and——"

"I don't much care about them; but——"

"Oh, they're all on your side."

"Are they? I needn't see more of them than I like, need I?"

The Marquis was not young, no, nor inexperienced; but, all the same, he was not proof against this flattery. "Perhaps they won't stay long," he said.

"And you?" she asked.

He smiled at her, and, after a moment of innocent seriousness, her lips wavered into an answering smile.

(To Be Continued.)

MUZAFFAR-ED-DIN OF PERSIA.

The New Shah the Most Learned Monarch in the East and an Authority in Theology.

According to Persian accounts, Muzaffar-ed-din, the new Shah-in-Shah, besides having the largest private fortune of any monarch on earth, is the most learned of all the crowned heads. Nasr-ed-din left behind him the most dazzling collection of jewels in the world, and about $20,000,000 in coin. He had picked out his second son as his successor, because this son was the issue of a legal marriage with a royal Princess, while the oldest son's mother was one of the women of the harem, and he determined, in part for political reasons, that his son should not suffer from the lack of education which had hampered him.

The Kadjars are of Turkish origin, and on that account suspected by the Iranians who form the most influential portion of the people of Persia. Nasr-ed-din himself used to talk a Turkish dialect within the precincts of his palace. He was determined that the heir to his throne should be an educated Persian of the old school and able to hold his own in any theological dispute. Muzaffar-ed-din's education began when he was twelve, and before he was twenty, besides speaking the national language of Persia, he knew Kurdish, Turkish, and Arabic. There is probably no one in the Orient to-day who has a more thorough knowledge of the classical literatures of the East. He then devoted several years to the study of the endless problems arising out of the interpretation of the Koran. He reads the works of the chief commentators of

THE CHIITE SECT,

and before his accession to the throne had become an authority in matters of religious doctrine. This study of theology he engaged in because his father considered it the best means of resisting the Babists, whose religious and political opposition forms the greatest danger to the absolute power of the Kadjar dynasty.

The new Shah is a thoroughly good Mussulman in practice as well as in theory. He observes with the utmost scrupulousness the rules laid down by the Koran. Five times a day he goes through his ablutions and recites the prayers obligatory on all faithful Islamites. He has never drunk wine or spirits, which is the more remarkable as the Persians do not always follow the precepts of the Prophets in this respect. The poets have sung the delights of wine as well as the perfume of roses and the bulbul's song.

The Persian monarch has also studied the philosophy of the West. He reads Aristotle and Plato and is acquainted with the ideas of Leibnitz and Kant. He knows French well, and does not limit his reading to scientific works, but tries to follow all the phases of life in Paris. He is fond of astronomy, and recently had sent to him from London a large telescope and other scientific instruments. Besides this he is a first-class rifle shot and a bold hunter. His tastes and the turn of his mind are said to be European rather than Oriental. One way in which this is shown is the strong influence which he has allowed his wife to obtain over him. Disregarding the permission of the Prophet and the temptation of his position, he has refused to become a polygamist. His wife is one of his cousins, a Princess of the royal blood of the Kadjars, and she was all powerful within the palace of Tauris, and made her influence felt in the administration of the province of Azerbijan over which her husband was Governor.

Muzaffar-ed-din's first step on ascending the throne was to abolish the taxes on bread, meat, and other necessaries of life, a measure which, however popular, made a big gap in the revenues of the Government. It remains to be seen whether learning and philosophy on the throne will suffice to keep in order a country whose only law hitherto has been the despotic will of the sovereign and brute force.

JANIZARIES.

he Sultan's Strange Army and Its Historic Place.

The Janizaries are unique in the history of the world. Nothing like them has ever been known in the constitution of any state. We think of them somehow in association with the Mamelukes of Egypt, but though there were some points in common between them, they differed widely in their character and aim. The Mamelukes, though originally a race of slaves, founded a sovereign dynasty in Egypt, but the Janizaries, even at the height of their power, never ceased to be soldiers, and they maintained throughout all their history the proofs and symbols of their lowly origin. They made and unmade sovereigns, but they never aspired to the high positions of state, and were content to fill their original posts. Not one of their number ever occupied the throne of Turkey, and the whole corps acted ostensibly only as its guardians.

They formed the first standing army of which we have any record; but they were appointed not as the defenders of the national interests, but simply as the executors of the personal designs of the Sultan. The name by which they were best known and which inspired most awe was Yenitzer, signifying in Turkish the new army, because it superseded, as a perpetual and consolidated force, the old troops which were raised only in emergencies and scattered when war was over.

MODERN PROVERBS.

More men die too late than too soon.

A coward can sometimes deal a terrible blow.

The truest sympathy is never expressed in words.

Faith with some people means simply trusting to luck.

No amount of kind words ever atones for an unkind deed.

Most men who are "made" by their wives are made worse.

It is easier to spend all you make than to make all you spend.

When a woman can find nothing to worry about she worries about that.

All men are born free and equal, but a good many of them get married.

The man who says only what he thinks will soon acquire a reputation as a cynic.

No man can outlive his usefulness; he may still serve as some sort of horrible example.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Mrs. Annie L. Webb in the only woman is Idaho who is in the life insurance business.

The daily shipment of celery from Kalamazoo is 80 tons, an unprecedented amount for this time of the year.

The members of a hose company in Saginaw, Mich., have equipped themselves with helmets of aluminum.

The sale of oleomargarine butter, when coloured to imitate natural butter, is now prohibited by laws of thirty-two States.

Telephone rates in Chillicothe, Mo., have been reduced to $18 and $24 a year respectively, for residences and business houses.

The coloured people of Baltimore have started a movement for the erection of a monument to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's memory.

The sun, if hollow, would hold 300,000 earth globes, and an eye capable of hourly viewing 10,000 square miles, would require 55,000 years to see all its surface.

There is a scarcity of "subjects" in the Atlanta Medical College, and under an old law the faculty has demanded that the bodies of paupers be given to the students for dissection.

The statue of Edgar Allen Poe, which is to be set up in Bronx Park, New York, by the Shakespeare Society shows the poet seated in a armchair in meditation, with a raven at his feet. The statue is of heroic size, and will rest on a granite pedestal.

A coloured teachers' institute in Georgia has asked the State authorities to provide them experts of their own race to instruct them instead of white teachers. They also object to Bill Arp's "School History of Georgia" as abounding in untrue statements about the negro race.

There has arrived at Yakima, Wash., a combination harvester and thresher of immense size, to be used in harvesting a big crop of wheat. The machine will cut a 20-foot swath, threshing and sacking the grain as it goes, and will require thirty horses to pull it.

Newton F. Hurse, 24 years old, is a grocer's clerk in Buffalo, and gets $5 a week wages. Some time ago he invented a car-coupler, and last week he received a letter from a manufacturing firm offering him $30,000 in cash and a royalty of all couplers sold for his invention.

A Nodaway, Mo., County boy, only 11 years old, confessed himself a thief to the local authorities the other day, and took them to a hiding place where he had concealed numerous articles of value which he had stolen from residents of Hopkins. He was let off with a sentence of one day in jail.

Nowadays the plumbers of Laramie City, Wyo., are kept very busy looking after private water pipes, which become choked up. In nearly every instance the trouble is caused by fair-sized trout which in some manner continue to get in the big main and from thence are carried into pipes running to private residences.

The Liberty bell at Philadelphia cracked while being tolled July 8, 1835, to announce the death of John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The bell was cast in London in 1752, broken up and recast in April and in June, 1753, so it was 82 years old when it broke, and had some hard usage. The crack probably came naturally.

A. B. Jones, of Newnau County, Ga., is 72 years old, has a wife to support, and only has one arm with which to work. He owns a little home of twenty-seven acres, all uplands, and yet on this he is making a good living. He raises no cotton, but has an abundance of corn, meat and the usual farm supplies. He is independent and out of debt.

Leman Bishop, an old coloured man, while out in the woods near his house, beyond Crawfordsville, Georgia, heard a partridge whistle and thought he would kill it; but while looking for his bird he found the whistler to be a black snake in a brush pile with his head above the brush, whistling in perfect imitation of a rooster partridge.

What is believed to be the celebrated Swift silver mine has been discovered on Round Stone Creek, thirty-five miles south of Richmond, Ky., in Rock Castle County. The ore is combined with lead and smelts at $65 a ton. Down several feet below the top ledge were found crucibles and other implements, which leads to the belief that the mine had been worked in past years.

The water in the Columbia River Oregon, is so cold that it is dangerous to swim in it. Frank Thornberg was swimming in about 15 feet of water when cramps suddenly seized him and he sank. Reaching the bottom by a vigorous movement he kicked himself to the surface again, but, being powerless to move his arms, sank again. Seven times he sank and rose in this manner before a boat reached him and drew him in.

Two men in a rowboat fought for their lives amid a school of ten whales recently off Newport Beach, Cal. The men were camping at Newport and had gone out for a fishing trip in a rowboat. Having found a good fishing ground, they were pulling in yellow tail and barraconda, when suddenly what appeared to be an island arose from the water alongside the boat. Whales then appeared on all sides, and, after being in the school for some time, the leviathans swam away, leaving the frightened men at peace.

The receipts of salmon at the various Oregon river canneries continue unusually heavy, and are far in excess of the capacity of the packing establishments. Tons of fresh fish are being thrown overboard on account of the lack of means to preserve them until they could be canned. As many as possible have been salted for winter use by citizens, the fish being freely given to all who would carry them away. Fishermen assert that never since the canning industry began has such a run been seen.

COULDN'T BE HER.

Miss Kissam—You seem depressed tonight, Mr. Dexter.

Mr. Dexter—Yes, I am. I went to a fortune teller to-day to find out my fate and was told that the girl I loved would not marry me.

A freshly caught fish has red gills. Those of a fish not recently caught are paler in color, or of a dark purple. Tricky dealers to make stale fish seem fresh, put beef blood on their gills.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; nocturnal emissions; lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night sweats; loss of ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $500 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTIAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a "gay life" and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.

We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

BLAMED THE CLIMATE.

No Wonder the Poor Man Was in a Bad State of Health.

He threw himself on the lounge and exclaimed mournfully: "I guess we'd better sell out and move."

"I don't think so," was his wife's emphatic reply. "We have made our home here, and our friends are here, and I'm sure there isn't a prettier city anywhere."

"I don't like the climate."

"Everybody else seems to think it's as good a climate, take it the year round, as is to be found in the whole country."

"It doesn't agree with me. My health's bad."

"It wasn't bad this morning. You said you never were better."

"That's the worst part of it. It's one of these mysterious things. I can't say just what's the matter with me, and yet I know that I feel terribly bad. It's the gloomy uncertainty of it that makes it dreadful." And he gave a suppressed groan.

"You don't pay enough attention to your diet," she said with the quiet emphasis which betrays a thorough knowledge of one's subject.

"That simply shows how a woman will jump at a conclusion. I didn't eat any luncheon till 2 o'clock, and then I discovered that I felt a little played out. I knew that if I didn't eat anything you'd say that was what made me feel badly. So I put my coat right on and got a bite or two just to keep you from complaining."

"What did you eat?" his wife inquired, suspiciously.

"I ate a caviar sandwich and drank a glass of buttermilk."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes. I didn't feel just right then, so I got a piece of lemon-custard pie. That didn't do much good, so I bought some pears at the fruit stand and ate them. But they didn't help. If anything, I felt worse than ever. I thought maybe I was overheated, so I went back to the lunch-room and got a dish of ice cream and some angel cake, and just before I started home I drank a glass of root beer, but it was no use. I don't feel right yet, and I've made up my mind that if I want to keep my health the only thing more for me to do is to move out and out to some place where the climate agrees with me."

His wife looked at him, but did not try to argue. She merely called the hired girl and sent her on an errand to the drug store.

Ladies' Favorite

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Manufactured by The Cook Co., Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich., is the only known safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in *"the hour and time of need."* Every lady who reads this is requested to inclose two postage stamps, with her address, for

Free Sample

and full particulars, which we will send by return mail in plain, sealed envelope.

An old physician, 35 years continued practice treating diseases of women, has charge of the office, and can be consulted by letter or in person. Address our main office

THE COOK COMPANY,
Room 3—No. 253 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold by all responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion of Canada and United States for One Dollar per box.

KAFFIR DENTISTRY.

How Molars Are Extracted in This Section of Africa.

The methods of extracting teeth among the Kaffirs are barbarous in the extreme, and remind one of the tortures of the dark ages.

The patient is placed on the ground, and four men are employed to hold him down, two taking his arms and two his legs. Then the operator kneels down beside him, and taking a piece of sharpened ivory, steel, or wood, he calmly proceeds to hack away at the gum until the offending tooth is loose. He then extracts it with finger and thumb, the patient having suffered naturally unspeakable agonies.

The time occupied in the operation is often of long duration, sometimes extending over as much as 30 minutes, but, of course, this varies according to the strength of the tooth. Persons in this country who make a practice of taking an anaesthetic when having a tooth extracted would probably find the operation as performed by the Kaffir dentist a little troublesome, to say the least of it.