Pleasures and Troubles of the Husband and the Wife After the House Had Been Settled in Order-Problems Encountered—Experiences in Search for Dinner-

(N. Y. Sun.)

The woman who would go housekeeping declared at the outset that she would not move into her new home until it had all been set in complete order.

"I want to get it all ready for you," she explained to her husband. "Then, when we do get into it at last, everything will move along smoothly and you won't be bothered a bit. I do so want to keep you from being bothered at the start. because if you began with a bad impres sion of housekeeping, you'd never get

so there began a period when she started out in the morning cheerful and bright and bustling and came home in the evening tired and gloomy and bedraggled. Her husband remonstrated

with her in vain.

"You oughtn't to work so hard," he would say. "You ought to let me try and help you."

She rejected all such suggestions sadly, but bravely and firmly. 'No," she would reply, earnestly, as she described how she had tacked down

a piece of carpet in the attic that day, or cleaned out the ice box. "This is my work, and I intend to show you that I can do my share. I am going to make you a comfortable home." And with fresh courage she would start out the next morning with the determination of putting the linen closet in order.

All things have come to an end in time. Thus it happened that one eveing she announced to her husband that the house had been settled, and that on the following day when he went home from business it was to his new dwelling that he was to go. The sight of the new house, full of cosiness and warmth and subdued lights and comfort, pleased him mightly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he tossed his overcost on a chair in the hall and jammed his hat on a hook of the hat rack, "this is real living at last! How kind it was of you my dear, to do all the work of fixing up the house yourself and reserve for me this delightful surprise!" A patient, weary smile succeeded the bright look which his wife had come for ward to greet him.

"It was my fault; I ought to have told you," she said, as she took the overcoat up from the chair and the bat off the hook of the hat rack. "See the nice nails I have driven for you here in this closet. I put them there on purpose for you to hang your coat and hat on."

"You are too good; you think too much of me," returned her husband. "It was quite unnecessary. The hall would have done quite as well. You take entirely too much trouble for me."

"The trouble is nothing," the wife replied softly. "I do not mind taking trouble for you; and then," she added, examining anxiously the leather seat of rested and the bronze hook on which won't you?" the hat had hung," and then, the furniture will be much less likely to be damaged if you don't put your hat and late, isn't it?" coat on them, and you will like that so much better, won't you, dear?"

'Huh!" said the husband. She led the way into the cosey sitting armchair, and took upon her lap two you at once." objects which she had laid aside when she rose to welcome her husband. A contemplated them, and her features rehusband noted her contracted brows and and sparkling glass. sympathized with her.

What is the matter?" he asked

"It is only a new problem that I have to solve," she replied. "You know that in housekeeping as soon as one problem is settled another arises."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. "Every day a dinner has to be planned. By the way, what are we going to have for din-

The wife was holding her head first on one side and then on the other as she peered first at the article she was balance ing in her right hand and then at the object she had in her left hand. Her expression of care and doubt and indecision grew deeper as she gazed, and she was so absorbed in her study that she

did not reply for a moment.
"Dinner?" she exclaimed finally with
a start. "Oh, yes; dinner." What have you there?" asked her

husband. A light of sudden hope came into her face. She sat straight up in her chair and looked appealingly and confidingly at her husband.

"Perhaps, after all, you can tell me," she said.

"At any rate, you had better tell me," replied her husband, nerving himself for the communication.

Well," she said with wrinkling brows, holding up one hand, "you see this pocketbook?" "H m-m," remarked the husband, with a well-defined suspicion of what

was coming next. "And this hat?" holding up the other

hand. 'Ha!" remarked the husband, with the suspicion changing rapidly into ab solute certainty. "Now, my dear," he remonstrated quickly, "I think that is a very nice bat indeed. Just as good as new; just. And then you forget how becoming it is to you; how I have always admired you in it."

The wife put down the pocketbook and held up the hat with both hands, so that he might inspect it the better. "You see," continued the husband, in his most persuasive manner, "you really

do not need a new hat." The wife looked at it doubtfully. "You're sure you prefer the hat?" she asked, as she put down the hat and

took up the pocketbook and began to examine it critically. "Of course, of course, my dear," re-

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plied the husband in a tone full of conviction.

But it is such a nice pocketbook." she rejoined with symptoms of doubts returning as she turned it over and over. "Yes," he retorted with all the determination he could muster, "and it's just as nice in its present condition as

it would be if its condition were differ-The wife laid down the pocketbook with a low, happy sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad to hear you say so," she said. "I thought it would be the best way, too, but I wanted to be economical, and you know the pocketbook will cost so much more than the hat."
"The pocketbook?" asked the hus-

band, perplexed.
"Yes." was the reply. "You see it has to be mounted in silver, and the skin costs so much."

"Well, what has that to do with it?" he demanded. "Do with it?" she replied, "Why, a

pocketbook to match my new dress."
"I don't understand," he murmured feebly.

"How strange," returned the wife. It's simple enough. I asked you whether I had better get a dress to match my hat or one to match my pocketbook. You said to get one to match the hat, and so now I have to get a pocketbook to go with the dress, don't 1?

The husband looked around the room, hesitated, and finally advanced to the nearest chair. His wife followed him with her eyes, first questioningly and then with a growing alarm.

"Oh! oh!" she exclaimed, as after some indecision he manifested an intention of sitting down on the chair.
"What do you mean to do?"

He stopped short in the act and looked at her. She hurried up to the chair and removed it firmly out of his reach.

"You must promise me never, never to attempt to do such a thing again,' she said gravely, "unless you wish to ruin my peace of mind."

"But I wanted to sit down," said the husband blankly. "I felt the need of

The wife considered one chair after another, and then a light broke upon "I knew it," she said sorrowfully,

and yet I tried so hard to avoid it. It kept me awake—that thought that I would forget something." "What's wrong?" her husband asked.

"I've forgotten the chairs," returned his wife, looking thoughtfully about the room. "Forgotten the chairs?" exclaimed

her husband in amazement. "Wny there are so many chairs here now that I can't walk across the room without stumbling."

"Yes," was the reply, given with a gentle, uncomplaining smile, "but don't you see that every one of them has a searf or a cushion on it, and you know. dear, that you must never even think of sitting down on a chair decorated so. lt's bad enough to have company use them," she added with a sigh as she gave a caressing touch to a pink satin bow tied on the back of a bony gilt chair; but people do talk so if you seem care ful of your furniture."

"Huh!" said the husband. "Then there's no place for me to sit down?"

"Poor boy, you can have my place." said his wife, indulgently. But you were speaking of dinner. You must be tired and hungry after your work, and the hall chair on which the coat had so you will like to see the dining room,

"Yes," said the hasband, 'I've a fer s cious appetite to nigh, and dinner's She took him to the dining-room door

and told him to wait there.

"It's all ready," she explained, "but 1 want to light the room up before you room, sank gratefully into a soft, low come in so that it will all burst upon

A moment later she threw the curtains apart and stood with her eyes ready to faraway look came into her eyes as she | feast upon his face when the expression of delight and pleasure and appreciation. solved themselves into an expression of should come over it at the sight of the care and doubt and indecision. Her white glistening linea and shining silver

"Hun!" remarked the husband, 'It's very nice. Dinner not ready yet?"

"Nice?" rejoined the wife, "Way, it's perfectly grand!" "I see," continued the husband, that you have los of spoons and forks out;

that, I take it, is a sign of an claborate dinner.' "But tell me," she interrupted, "do

you like these white candles with pink shades?"
"Oh, yes." he replied. "I suppose

they give as much light as any other. But shall I ring for the girl to bring the dinner in?"

"Or would it be better to have yellow candles with heliotrope shades?" she went on. "It doesn't matter," he replied. 'Shall we sit down now?"

"Some women," she resumed, "only think of matching their complexion or their dress; but I think of what looks best on the table."

"What have we got to eat, dear?" asked her husband.

"To eat?" she replied. "Oh. of course, you must see that, too," and she led the way to a closet door, which she unlocked. It looked and smelled like a miniature grocery store. On the shelves were ranged piles of canned goods, packages of spices, boxes of cereals, bottles of condiments, jars of preserves One whole side was taken up with tin chests and stone crocks, each of which had the name of its contents in big letters in front. Under the shelves were barrels of flour and other staples, and boxes of starch and soap. Hanging from the ceiling were hams and bacons and sausages. The husband's eyes glis-

"That isn't all?" cried the wite, triumphantly, and away she flew to the cellar, where she pointed out barrels of potatoes and cabbages and turnips and beets. The husband's smile broadened. "And that isn't all!" gurgled the wife

tened.

with delight as she raced up the stairs and made for the icebox. In it she pointed out steaks and roasts and chops

"Isn't it glorious?" she asked, breath-"Quite so," her husband answered. "And you have all that besides what you



these provisions in case of a blizzard, when we couldn't get out to buy any

BHE RUB WILLIAM STANDER WHO DESTRUCTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

"They'd be pretty good things to eat now," he interjected.

"Oh, I do so wish a blizzard would come this winter!" she sighed. "Do you think we will have one?"
"I think," he reptied, "that I could

supply a very fair imitation of one if I had only something to set it to work upon"
"Now, tell me the truth," she said

earnestly. "Don't you think that house keeping is perfectly grand!"
"Yes," he returned; but I want dinner." Oh, dinner," repeated the wife sud-

denly coming down from the clouds. "You haven't forgotten about it. have you? he demanded in sullen alarm.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I have some nice tea and some toast and some tine cake. That'll be enough, won't it, for the first night? You know I hadn't much time, and then I really couldn't bring myself to take anything out of my store room, it looks so beautiful now." The husband groaned and ate.

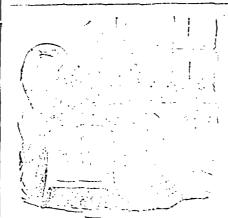
IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA,

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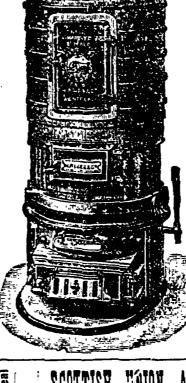


benefitted. The symptoms in her discusdiffered in no way from those affecting thousands of young girls about her age She was suffering from extreme weak ness, caused by an impoverished condition of long duration, sometimes extending over as much as 20 minutes, but seemed to grow less every day. The best and brightest fade away as well as others, but when we see a young girl of sixteen years, who should be in the best of health, with cheeks aglow with the rosy flush of youth and eyes bright and flashing just the opposite with sallow cheeks, bloodless lips, listless in every motion, despondent, despairing of life with no expectation or hope of regaining that the towns go to the ordinary density one wish left. that of complete rest physical and men-tal, we think it one of the saddest of sights. In the quiet little hamlet of Strang-

field, in Essex County, just such a case was presented to the sorrowing eyes of loving friends a few months ago in the person of Miss Ella Beacon, who frequently said she did not care how soon she died, as life had no charms for her. To our reporter she declared that life had been a burden, but after suffering in this way for months, and after trying all sorts of remedies prescribed by physicians or jurnished by friends from some cherished recipe handed down from their grandmother, but without being benefitted in the least, she was at last persuaded by a neighbor to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial; but she had tried so many remedies without getting relief that she still refused for some weeks. However, after repeated urgings by her parents and friends she began the use of the pills. Before one box was taken she experienced some relief, and after the use of a few more boxes she was restored to perfect health, and there are few young girls now who enjoy life more. She savs she owes her life and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is willing that all the world shall know it. Her case attracted much attention and her perfect recovery has created much comment.

The facts above related are important have cooked for dinner?"

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Kaffie Dentistry.

The method of extractin, teeth among the K dars are barbarous in the extreme, and remaind one of the formula of the

dark ag 🦏 The parieur is placed on the ground. and four upon are employed to hold him down two holing his arms and two his les. Then the person kneels down beside him, and taking a piece of sharp ened ivory, steel or wood, he calmiy proceeds to back as is at the guar until the offending tooth is locse. He then extracts it with dager and thombs the patient having sufficed naturally un-

speakable agonies.

The time occupied in the operation is of course, this varies according to the strength of the tooth. Persons in this country who make a practice of taking an anesthetic, when having a tooth extracted, would probably find the operation as performed by the Kaffir dentist a little troublesome, to say the least of

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denied both chair and cake, and possibly a wife with a bank account. All this has to be admitted; social sugar and social flies cannot be argued out of the world; but for all that, there is a large number of level headed and practical lads who are neither dudes nor imbeciles who by the mistake named are as misplaced in their callings as a man would be in the shafts of a cart and a mule on the driver's seat. It would not be getting outside the law of gravitation, or on the dark side of the moon, if some good horse sense was used in determining the trade or calling of a boy. It would save some repentance and possibly some big mistakes

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