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Model Wives.

In a wedding sermon entitled "The Rib Restored," preached in St. Dionis Back church, Fenchurch street, in 1655, by Richard Meggot, afterward dean of Salisbury, the preacher thus defined a good wife:

"A help she must be in her family, being not only a wife, but a housewife—not a field wife, like Dinah, nor a treet wife, like Thamar, or a window wife, like Jezebel, but a housewife."

And another preacher about the same date, the Rev. Simeon Singleton, said that a wife should be at once like and unlike three things. "First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like the town clock, always keep time regularly; but she should not be like the town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Patiently Wait For Her.

A Missouri contemporary rises to remark: "Once I was young, but now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the miserable lives of many unfit homes. I'm speaking for the boys this time. If one of you chaps comes across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as she comes to the door, 'I can't go for thirty minutes, for the dishes are not washed yet,' you wait for that girl. You sit right down and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a bur to a woolly dog."

Curious Bird Habits.

It is a well known fact that if the young of almost any kind of bird are taken from the nest before they can fly the old ones will feed them attentively if the cage in which the little birds are inclosed is placed somewhere where the parents can reach it, and a popular but erroneous belief is current that they do this for a time, and end by poisoning the young ones. This, however, is a mistake, the fact being that at a certain stage of a young bird's existence, when it is naturally able to begin catering for itself, the parent birds, also quite naturally, cease to attend it, and then, if the birdlings are shut up in the cage and their custodian has not thought of placing some food at their disposal they necessarily die, not from poison administered by the parents, but from starvation.

The Storching.

Norway's legislative body is known as the storching, which means the "great court" and should be pronounced to rhyme with "courting." The second part of the word is identical with the English word "thing," as the Scandinavian languages, in common with Anglo-Saxon, have the same word for "thing" and "council." In modern English a trace of the second sense survives in the word "hustings," which came to mean the public platform upon which a candidate appeared at election time, though originally the "hustings" was the council at which the candidate was elected, the "house-thing" or house council.

How Thermometers Are Made.

A small glass tube blown into a bulb at one end is partly filled with mercury. The mercury is boiled to expel the air and fill the tube with mercury vapor and then the tube is hermetically sealed and allowed to cool. The graduations are found as follows: The instrument is immersed in ice water and the freezing point is found and is marked. Then it is placed in water, which is allowed to reach the boiling point, and so 212 degrees is found. The spans between are marked by mathematical calculations.

Monkeys and Knots.

The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untangling of a knot. You may tie a monkey with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the beast can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and, though a monkey may possess both, he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

Handing Out a Hint.

School Director (to teacher)—We were thinking of having a nice motto framed and put over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do? Teacher—That wouldn't do at all. The children know how small my salary is, and they might draw conclusions of their own.

Sullivan and Booth.

It is a pathetic as well as a humorous remark that Laurence Hutton in his reminiscences attributes to John L. Sullivan. When the news came of the death of Edwin Booth the great fighter in sincere sorrow remarked, "Well, there are only a few of us left!"

Asking Too Much.

He With the Whiskers—Say, fellow, why don't you wear two glasses instead of only one? He With the Monocle—Why, deuce take it, y' know, a fellow has to see, doesn't he?

Never be grandiloquent when you want to drive home the truth. Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on it if you want to tingle.—Beecher.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Origin of Dog Days.

According to the generally accepted doctrine, the dog days begin on July 3 and end on Aug. 11, but there have been disputes as to every possible point about them. It was universally agreed that they were connected with the dog star, Sirius, or Procyon, the little dog? Then there were disagreements as to the particular astronomical performance of the star that fixed the dog days, as to their number, which varied in different estimates between thirty and fifty-four, and whether they were to be reckoned before, after or around the star's performances. The forty settled on precede the rising of Sirius with the sun. A belief grew up that in these days dogs went mad, but terrestrial dogs have really nothing to do with it. The original belief was that the star and sun together brought intense heat and all sorts of plagues.—London Chronicle.

The Spoiled Child.

"No," wailed Tommy, "I don't want that big pink necktie on."

"It doesn't matter what you want," replied his mother. "You must have it on."

"Well, if you put it on me I'll cry all over it an' that'll spoil it!"—Philadelphia Press.

Blood.

Keep your blood clean as you keep your body clean. You don't wait until your body is foul before you cleanse it.

It is a matter of surprise that many people who are so careful to have clean bodies make no effort to keep the blood clean. Everyone knows that uncleanness breeds disease; that those who do not keep their bodies in a wholesome condition and who dwell in filthy surroundings are the first to fall when some epidemic of disease sweeps the country. But foul blood is more dangerous to the individual than a foul body. An unclean body is rather a passive than an active hindrance to health. But unclean blood is an active threat against the very life—it makes the body a prepared breeding place for disease.

It is part of Nature's plan for human safety that in many cases where the blood is impure or corrupt she sets a sign on the body in proof of the corrupt current that is flowing through the veins. Scrofula with its disgusting sores and scars, eczema with its irritation, salt-rheum, tetter, erysipelas, boils, pimples and other eruptions are only the outward signs of the impurity of the blood. But often in the earlier or simpler stages of the blood's impurity there are no outward signs of this condition; only dull, languid, sluggish feelings, which are commonly attributed solely to the sluggishness of the liver.

Of all preparations for purifying the blood Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery easily takes the first place. It eliminates from the blood the elements which clog and corrupt it, and which breed and feed disease. It acts directly on the blood-making glands, increasing their activity, and so increasing the supply of rich, pure blood which is the life of the body.

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Little Dorothy's Courtship

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Dorothy knew that it was about time for Joan and the rest of them to be returning from their sail on the lake. It would never do for Joan to find the "big fish" of the house party—that was the name she had given the young English earl—talking to her alone. She, alas, was only poor little Cousin Dorothy and acting in this particular house hold as Joan's mother's paid companion! So she pretended to be bored with his lordship's society.

"La-la, la-la, la-la-la," she hummed, sinking back into the depths of the easy chair and stretching her white arms lazily.

"I say," said the earl, "am I boring you, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy stopped humming. "No," she drawled, with mock mischief, "exactly. But—here she smiled her sweetest smile upon him—"you would be vexed, will you, if I tell you that I'm a bit sleepy and that I must sleep in the sun? Will you draw this chair over for me, please?" Rising slowly, she adjusted the fleur-de-lis at her waist while his lordship drew the chair to the sunny corner of the big veranda.

"How'll that do?" asked he.

"Splendidly. Now for cushions."

"How many?"

"Hundreds," said she.

He collected as many as he could carry and fetched them to her.

"Here are thousands," he announced. "Delicious!" murmured Dorothy, sinking back into them with a sigh of content. "This is quite perfect."

"It will be when I fetch you a sunshade," he amended.

"Sunshade?" cried she. "Go away, you Goliath! I want the sun!"

"You'll be piddled!" warned he.

"No," corrected she, dimpling, "pre-served." Her long black lashes lay motionless on the wild rose flush of her cheeks.

The earl chuckled and, pretending that he fancied her already asleep, crept elaborately away on tiptoe. Joan and the rest of them were in sight, and he advanced to meet them.

Joan Shannon was unquestionably a beauty. She had been photographed in every variety of pose; she had been painted by several of the most celebrated artists on two continents, but in spite of this fact she had passed through the whirl of three seasons and was still unweary.

"She must be waiting for a title," people said, as other girls far less beautiful came out, danced through a season or two, and were led to the altar by men of their choice.

However that may be, included among the guests at this particular house party at the Shannon's big country place on the sound was the young Earl of Stowbridge, and it was common property that Miss Shannon already had found him very attractive.

"So awfully sorry you couldn't join us in our sail this morning," she began in her sweet, suave voice, with an accent which was the result of much travel. "Is your headache better now?"

"Oh, my honor, I've not given it a thought for the last half hour. I found Miss Dorothy reading on the veranda, and she took pity on me and put down her book, and—well, somehow she must have cured my headache! She's got jolly pretty dimples, and she's a cousin of yours, isn't she?"

"Yes—distant. Mamma never liked me to associate much with her family when we were little, and now, as you can imagine, we aren't very—er—congenial."

"Such fun," observed the earl facetiously. His fair companion turned and looked at him reproachfully. "And who would wish to be 'fun'?" said she.

"Oh, I don't know," said his lordship gallantly.

Miss Shannon found herself wondering for a moment as they walked on whether the earl might not prove testy after all. Would he be uneasy under the crushing and ordering about to which her father and mother submitted. If there was one thing she disliked it was obstinate people. She had been brought up to expect people to agree with her.

"Of course," she sighed, shrugging her beautiful shoulders discreetly. "I feel sorry for poor little Dorothy. Mother won't need her after the autumn, and I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of her then. Besides, she hasn't any practical sense. Just look at her now lying asleep in all that sun. She'll be simply black with freckles!"

That afternoon when everybody was resting for a dinner dance in the evening the Earl of Stowbridge wandered into the library, a cool, dim apartment banked with books and made comfortable with couches.

He had just discovered one of his favorite authors and settled down to read when the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room disturbed his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that it was no ordinary interview and that he should make a step forward to announce his presence. It was not in his character or traditions to be an eaves-dropper; nevertheless he found himself curiously unable to move or utter a sound.

"Angling for him—!" It was Dorothy's voice, low and impassioned, but with a quick little gasp or two, such as would come from one who had suddenly received an unexpected donche of cold water.

"There can be no doubt of that," came Mrs. Shannon's icy tones. "Only

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yesterday Joan was telling me of her own misgivings."

"Misgivings!" There was still that tremulous catch in the breath.

"Oh, of course young men will be young men," continued Mrs. Shannon, with a purr in her well bred tones. "They will pursue the girl who holds out the angling iron. You are clever—I don't dispute the fact; you are clever and calculating—but one thing I have to tell you: If you wish to remain in this household you must assume a different pose. And, remember, not another conversation alone with the Earl of Stowbridge while he is under this roof. You may go home."

There was silence just for an appreciable fraction of a second; then little Dorothy seemed to be drawing herself up to her full height as she flung a defiant, passionate answer into her aunt's face:

"I thought at least you were a lady, but you're not. You're cowardly and cruel and vulgar. Oh, how can you be so?" Dorothy, sobbing miserably in her hot anger and insulted girlhood, was obliged to leave the room. Mrs. Shannon, cool and collected, as always, touched a bell and sent the cook some orders about the salad.

After dinner, while they were dancing, the earl sought Dorothy out in the star sprinkled night, where she had wandered to a hammock under the trees, far from the chattering groups on the veranda.

"I've been wondering who was behind that lighted cigar," she said lightly as he joined her, and then, more seriously, drawing in her breath deeply: "Isn't it splendid out here tonight? I like to catch that strong brine from the sea. It gives one courage."

"Is that what you want—courage?" asked the earl, looking at her tenderly in the starlight and feeling his big, honest heart a-throb. He sat down on a stump of a tree close by. "You're plucky enough, I fancy."

"I shall need it all, all the courage I have. I— She faltered, and under the sweet, sudden spell of sympathy her lips trembled piteously. The earl leaned forward impulsively and gently imprisoned one of her hands.

"I know," was all that he said. She measured him, not understanding.

"You see," he started to explain in his straightforward fashion, "I was in the next room this afternoon when your aunt—"

Why Women Are Pretty.

According to an English specialist who has made a careful study of the subject, the reason why women are better looking than men is because they are more indolent and are not called upon to use their brains as much as men are. Hard intellectual work and assiduous attention to business, he says, are harmful so far as physical beauty is concerned. As proof that his theory is correct he points to the Zaros, whose home is in British India. Among them women hold the place which in other countries is occupied by men. The Zaro woman manages the affairs of state, goes into business on her own account and does not wait for a proposal of marriage, but proposes herself, whereas the Zaro man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after his children. The natural result, says the scientist, is that the men of this singular tribe are very pretty and the women are unusually plain.

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"No medicine could be more beneficial than Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes Mrs. Mary E. Ayerton, of Victoria. "I have been strengthened my digestion is better, I have improved in color and feel considerably better since using Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Sold everywhere, 25c. per box or five boxes for one dollar.

Women Taking Men's Places.

Former United States Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright is perhaps overenthusiastic in his belief that woman may successfully take man's place in "outside" employments. There are many lines of work for which woman is unfitted by nature, yet no one should deny her the opportunity to do that which she can do well. It is not safe to say that contact with the business and industrial world and her consequent independence robs her of desire for a life of domesticity, for most women would exchange their independence and so-called free-lance for love and home and real happiness.—Editorial in Macdonald.

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Medicines that aid nature are always most effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. For sale by all druggists.

Reasonable.

Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and, splash, down went his glass of milk! "I knew you were going to spill that!" said mamma angrily.

"Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

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THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

Michael, relates his experience: "I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay in bed, and I became very despondent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me, guessed my secret. Imaginative dreams at night weakened me—my back ached, had pain in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair loose, memory poor, etc. Numbness in the fingers set in and the doctor told me he feared paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, wore an electric belt for three months, went to Mt. Clemens for baths, but received little benefit. While, after treatment at Mt. Clemens I was induced to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor going through my nerves. I was cured mentally, physically and sexually. I will continue to do so."

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