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THE SUBJUGATION OF JOE GOUGH

The red-faced individual in the long overcoat, who had been peering at the numbers on the doors all the way down the short road, stopped dead at No. 9, and taking off his greasy hat proceeded to abstract a blue paper from its interior. Then, thrusting open the front gate, he strode on to the vestibule mat and gave the knocker an emphatic rat-tat-tat.

Penelope, the maid-of-all-work, threw down the dish-cloth disgustedly as she heard the summons and, clutching the towel, hastily dried her steaming arms.

"Not ter-day!" she snapped, opening the door a meagre three inches, and without ceremony she proceeded to bang it to again. An unexpected obstacle in the shape of an interposed boot prevented its closure. Perceiving it she desisted from her violent efforts, and, jerking it wide open, made a verbal unslaught on the smiling intruder.

"That's orlright, Gertrude," said the unabashed individual, stepping inside the hall "Guy'nor in?"

"Well; of all the imperence!" snorted the indignant abigail, at length. "An' who might you be, mister, with yer Gertrudes?"

"Sorry I haven't a card," he said, "but my name's Gough — Joseph Gough — I've a little private business with the boss, my dear, if you'll 'ave the courtesy to let 'im know I'm 'ere."

"Very likely!" returned the girl, derisively. "I guess I know your sorter private bizness, but allow me to inform you my boss ain't in the 'abit o' dispensin' promiscuous charity; so you can cut as quick as you like."

"Ain't in, ain't he?" muttered the man. "Well, no matter; I'll wait."

"Wait!" cried the girl. "Not much yer won't, seein' as 'e won't be 'ome till five o'clock."

"Time's of no account with me," returned the man. "It's all in the day's work. So here, now, I'm a sheriff's orficer, an' I'll 'ave you to know I'm in persession of this 'ouse until the boss comes down with the ready."

"Wot!" shrieked the girl. "You—a bum-bailey? O—oh!"

She fell back against the wall and glared at him wildly. He coolly lifted the hanging and peered into the dining-room. Recovering herself with an effort she confronted him again, arms akimbo.

"'Ere now, mister; stow yer gammon!" she said. "My boss owes nobody a stiver. 'E could buy you and the bloomin' sheriff up. You're on the wrong lay, I tell yer, so sling yer 'ook."

"Nary a bit," said the man, imperturbably. "Name, John Smith; number, nine. That's so, ain't it? Well, jest pilot me to the kitchen an' try to ease the tedium of waitin' by makin' yerself agreeable. I'm a bit of a phisniognomatist, an' I know, in once, you can be very pleasant if yer like."

Heedless of the trenchant retort he strode past her into the kitchen, and, dropping into a Windsor armchair, produced his pipe and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

"Don't object ter smokin,' do yer?" he said. "That's right. Sensible gel. Make some lucky chap a good missis one o' these fine d'ys. It's now three o'clock. Boss be 'ome at five, you said? Well, don't let me hinder yer in yer work." He wiped his lips with the back of his hand suggestively and favored her with a meaning wink.

"No, yer don't!" she said. "Yer won't guzzle 'ere, Mister 'Ome-snatcher, so don't you kid yerself." She shot at him a wicked glance and sidled to the back door. "I'll show the beauty," she muttered, running quickly up the garden.

"Nice little gel," observed Mr. Gough. "I like a show o' spirit. Sorter relieves the monotony." Wondering at her intent he leisurely rose from the chair and moved towards the door. He caught the rattle of a chain, a subdued growl and the girl's adburation, "Watch 'im, Bill!" and the next instant he was racing for the kitchen fender.

Even as he grasped it the bulldog was upon him. There was an ominous tearing sound, and Joe Gough backed for the chair, leaving a respectable piece of his trouser-leg in the ugly jaws of his bloodthirsty canine aggressor. His hat, containing the official document, had fallen off in the hurry of his retreat, and, dropping his trophy, in a trice the dog had pounced upon it.

"'Ere, wot!" he spluttered, as the girl re-appeared. "My 'at, yer varmint. 'Sh! 'sh! Wot d'yer mean, yer baggage? Call that dorg orf or there'll be murder."

"Watch 'im, Bill!" screamed the girl, and the dog glared up out of the corners of his wicked eyes and continued the worrying process. "Now, then, mister broker," she cried, exultantly, "you've come in 'ere uninvited, an' in that chair you stops till the marster comes. Bill's a 'oly terror, an' so I warn yer."

For an hour and a half he sat there, murder in his heart, incapable of movement. Work finished, Penelope left him still glaring at the dog, and went upstairs to change her dress. The clock chimed half-past four, and he heard her in the dining-room laying tea for her master. She re-appeared, and taking up the 'Family Startler,' became immersed in its thrilling pages. The kettle sang merrily on the hob, while Joseph Gough racked his brain to devise some fitting death for his merciless tormentor.

Five o'clock, and, as a key grated in the latch, Penelope threw down the paper and flew along the passage. In disjointed sentences she explained the situation to her master.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed worthy John Smith, in his high-pitched, quavery voice. "Where d'ye say he is? In the kitchen? Well, I never!"

He strode along the hall and confronted the cornered bailiff. Mr. Gough had the impression of a dapper little gentleman, whose round, spectacled face was beaming with amusement, and the pent-up vials of his wrath found vent at last. For two minutes, heedless of expostulations, he poured out a string of maledictions on the head of the inoffensive little gentleman, his maid-servant, and his dog, until his breath gave out and he desisted perforce. "My good sir," said John, blandly, when he could cut in; "my very good sir, pray let me assure you of my regret that you should be placed in this—er—extremely painful position through the zeal of this worthy girl for her master's interests. . . . Bill, you rogue, get out!"

"Two mortal 'ours!" raved Mr. Gough. "Two mortal 'ours o' concentrated agony. By Jiles, mister, somebody'll 'a' to pay a pretty penny for this bizness! Look at these trousers. Fifteen good bob they corst me a fortnit since. I'll live to see that gel o' yourn in a prison cell——!"

"My dear sir, you must remember you entered my house quite uninvited," remarked John, urbanely. "Coke, I believe it was who observed, 'a man's house is his castle.'"

"Coke be burned!" retorted Joseph. "If you'd cleaned your slate there wouldn't ha' been any call."

"I'm afraid I don't take you," said John.

"I'll enlighten you then in a very few words," said Joseph. "Have the goodness to order that femile outer the room, an' I'll explain my bizness."

John signified that the maid should depart, and Mr. Gough stooped and picked up his dilapidated hat.

"Great Jupiter!" he screeched, holding it in his extended hand. "Look at it! Four bloomin' 'ard-earned bob it corst me larst Saterd'y. Look at it!"

Mr. Smith regarded it interestedly. "It certainly does appear a trifle worried," he remarked. "What is it?"

Mr. Gough extracted a tattered remnant of paper from the ruins. "Well, I'm dishod!" he yelled, madly. "Blowed if the varment ain't chawed up my ticket!"

"Ticket?" exclaimed the little gentleman, at a loss.

"Yes; the writ of distress on your property, at the suit o'—somebody or other who's bin chawed up —for unpaid rent. Here y'are. 'John Smith.' That's you, ain't it? Well, I give yer to understand that I, the said Joseph Gough, am in persession o' this 'ouse until you come down with — wot is it?" He straightened out the ragged paper in his hands. "'Ere we are. 'Five pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence.'"

Mr. Smith stared, wide-eyed with amazement. Then he slowly shook his head.

"Come now, Gough," he said. "I owe nobody a penny for rent. As a matter of fact this is my own house." He took a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket. "As for this unfortunate occurrence, which allow me to again regret, perhaps this little solatium will succeed in smoot little scratium will succeed smoothing your outraged feelings."

Joseph took the sweetener with assumed reluctance.

"That's all right then," said the little gentleman, holding open the door and inviting him with a gesture to pass through. "You'll permit me to partake of my deferred tea?"

"Old 'ard!" drawled Joseph. "I'm too old a bird to be caught on that twig. If you're prepared to 'and over the peace o' I'll say 'Walker,' otherwise not forty bloomin' dorgs will knock me orf my dooty."

"But I tell you there is a mistake," said Mr. Smith, banging his hand emphatically. He was beginning to get annoyed at the man's stupid persistence.

"No mistake at all. 'John Smith, No. 9.' That's good enough for Joe Gough, I reckon. Would you mind arskin' that bright gel o' yourn to loan me a needleful o' cotton?" he asked.

Mr. Smith snapped his fingers disgustedly and bounced out of the room.

Penelope re-appeared and favored him with a withering look.

"M'dear," said Joe, "might I trouble you for a needleful o' cotton? Yer see——!" She jumped up and bounced into the scullery. Joseph, thinking she meditated a further demand on the services of the bulldog, gripped the fender. Back again to the attack rushed the excited householder.

"Look here, my friend; be warned!" he burst out. "I've assured you it's an absurd mistake. You don't want to lose your job, do you? Well, go now. Penelope, does this house belong to me, or does it not?"

"It does!" returned the girl, decidedly. "But the idjut won't believe it if yer talk for a moon. Let Bill convince 'im. That's wot I ses."

"It's beastly awkward," muttered Mr. Smith. "Look here, Gough, I've got a most particular friend coming round for an hour tonight. I can't have you on the premises. It would spoil everything."

"Then pay up!" remarked Joseph, laconically.

"Pay!" ejaculated Mr. Smith. "Never!" I'll see you further first!"

"Very well," returned Joseph. "Them's my larst words. I'm not the man to incommode if I can 'elp it, an' unless I sees hanythink crooked I can make meself comfertable in the serciety o' the lydy 'ere."

"Great Punjab, what a quandary!" raved the little gentleman, rushing from the room. The girl followed him into the dining-room. "Penelope," he cried, distractedly, "in half an hour Mrs. Twallop will be here. You must keep the fiend in the kitchen."

A hard look came into the girl's face as she witnessed her master's distress.

"Leave 'im to me, sir," she said, gathering up the tea-things. "I'll keep 'im right enough. 'Ere," she said, re-entering the kitchen. "Thort you'd like the evenin' paper."

"She's a wonder!" muttered Joseph, taking up the paper. "I don't think I've ever been struck with a female before so much as with 'er." For the next twenty minutes he contented himself with the paper.

A ring at the door bell called the girl from the room. "Visitors!" she said, as she passed him.

"I'm mum!" observed Joseph.

The sound of an unmistakably feminine voice came to him through the closed door. The greeting, "Good evening, John, dear!" came plainly to him. He heard Mr. Smith's warmly expressed welcome, and grinned.

"The little cove's flanshay, for a quid!" he murmured.

Presently the girl re-appeared.

"Is that the party the guvnor's sweet on, Penhelophy?" he asked.

"That's the future Mrs. John Smith," the girl replied. "'Ere, be good, an' I'll mend that rip for yer."

"Will you really?" said Joe, grinning delightedly. "Now, that's good on yer. But I knew you was a bit orlright."

"I ope to goodness she don't take it into 'er head to come nosin' in 'ere like she gen'rally do," muttered Penelope, as she hunted for the cotton.

"D'yer know wot's the difference between you an me, Penhelophy?" queried Joe, as the girl deftly plied the needle.

"No!" replied the girl, shortly.

"Why, you can gather up the rent —I carn't," he said, and gave vent to a loud explosion of mirth at his own wit, which was promptly choked by the hand of the girl over his mouth.

"You born idjut!" she remonstrated. "Carn't you 'old yer row?"

"Beg pardon," he said, meekly. She rose and pulled the door open a trifle so as to be in readiness for the anticipated visit. From the drawing-room came the subdued tones of the couple, who were engaged in animated conversation. Joe was feeling decidedly hungry. "Might I suggest a bit o' bread an' chee—?"

"Shut up, you idjut!" muttered the girl. On tip-toe she stole along the hall.

"John, dear," the lady was saying to her intended spouse, "as I shall soon be mistress here don't you think it would be as well if I had a few words with your servant?"

Mr. Smith, feeling like a fish out of water, managed to mutter, "Yes, my dear; I will ring for her."

"No; pray don't trouble," cried Mrs. Twallop. "I will go to her."

The little gentleman's remonstrances were over-ruled, and he was compelled to open the door.

At the first announcement of the lady's intention the girl had fled back to the kitchen. Thrusting a mug into the bailiff's hand, she dragged him perforce to his feet.

"'Ere, Joe," she panted. "That's the cellar. Go an' draw yerself some beer." Pushing him through the door, she turned the key and, snatching up some sewing, dropped into a chair just as the smiling Mrs. Twallop swept majestically into the kitchen.

"An, Penelope," said the lady, graciously. "Busy; I see. I want to have a little chat with you."

The harassed maid glared at the buxom widow in despair as to how to get rid of her before the irrepressible bailiff returned. John, in the drawing-room, was seized with a sudden inspiration. Springing to the bell he gave it a vigorous peal.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Penelope, rushing from the room.

"Strange!" ejaculated the lady, resentfully. "He knew I wished to speak to the girl." Her matron's eye glanced critically round the room, and encountered — Mr. Gough's dilapidated hat.

"Ah!" she murmured, screwing her lips together. "That girl has a visiter. I noticed the flush of guilt on her face——"

Penelope showed in the doorway. "Mr. Smith would like to speak to you, ma'am," she stammered.

Mrs. Twallop eyed her suspiciously. "Is that the master's hat?" she queried, indicating the disreputable article under the table.

Penelope gasped. "Oh—er—no," she muttered. "That's an old thing Bill's been worrying. I'll take it away."

The portly dame lingered, as if she had something further to say. In the drawing-room poor John was dancing about like a man demented.

"Selina!" he called, desperately. "Selin——!" But Fate was against him, for even as he called the handle of the cellar door turned.

"'Ere wot!" came the smothered voice of Joseph. "Penhelophy! open this bloomin' door, an' none o' yer monkey tricks!"

Mrs. Twallop's face broadened with an "I-told-you-so" air.

"John," she called, sweetly. "Come here: I want you."

The little gentleman stole into the kitchen, the picture of misery.

"Penelope, will you please open that door?" said the lady.

The girl gazed at her master, undecided what to do.

"'Ere, come on," growled the bailiff. "Don't be silly!"

There was no help for it. Mr. Smith slowly crossed the room and threw open the door. Joseph, with the mug in his hand, stopped on the threshold, and gazed open-mouthed at the trio.

"John," said Mrs. Twallop, "it is no business of mine, of course, but I should imagine you will require an explanation of this unwarrantable liberty on the part of your hireling. Regaling followers at your expense. Who is this impertinent rascal?"

"Impert—rascal!" gasped Mr. Joseph Gough. "Madam," he cried, brandishing the mug; "allow me to inform you I am here in the execution o' my dooty. An' wot's more, I'm not to be bullied out of it by anybody. Fust the gel, then the dorg, then the boss, an' now you. I'm about fed up. . . . Five pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence. That's my figure."

"Then you are a bailiff?" gurgled Mrs. Twallop.

"It's all an absurd mistake, Selina," protested Mr. Smith. "I no more owe this money than you do. The man's mad!"

"Mistake nothing!" snapped Joe. "You're John Smith, ain't yer? This is No. 9, ain't it? Well then, wot's the use o' comin' it?"

"Mrs. Twallop, ma'am," faltered the girl, "I've told——"

"Twallop!" cried Joe. "W-w'y, that's the bloomin' name the dorg chawed orf the piper. At the suit of 'Selina Twallop.'"

"What's that?" queried the lady, sharply.

"That's the party wot's issued the execution!" returned Joe.

"Imbecile!" cried the lady. "Dolt! I am Selina Twallop. My property is in the next road, the other side this block—Wimbush Road. The John Smith who won't pay my back rent lives at No. 9. This is No. 9, Pinyng Road."

Mr. Smith jumped to his feet excitedly. Joseph, with mouth agape, stared at the trio wildly.

"Wot!" he exclaimed. "Yer mean ter tell me . . . Well, strike me queer! Now I come to think, so it is. I took the wrong turn. . . Wot a bloomin' fool I am. . . . 'Ere, let me get out!"

He grabbed his hat precipitately and made a bolt for the door.

The girl followed him along the passage.

"Penhelophy," he said, as she held the front door open for him to pass out, "call me an idjut once again."

"Cert'nly," she said, promptly. "You're a idjut, and a hugly one at that."—London Tit-Bits.

STORIES ABOUT RAVENS.

One Formed a Close Friendship With a Dog.

The raven always pairs for life, says R. Bosworth Smith, writing in the Nineteenth Century, and the strength of affection, the fidelity, the dignity, which this implies seem to me to raise him indefinitely, as it does the owls, above birds which congregate in flocks and so abjure family ties and duties through a great part of the year.

A raven kept at the "Old Bear" Inn at Hungerford, England, struck up a close friendship with a Newfoundland dog. When the dog broke pans, his pet raven waited on him constantly, catered for him, forgetting for the time his own greediness, and rarely, if ever, left his side. One night, when the dog was by accident shut within the stable alone, Ralph succeeded in pecking a hole through the door, all but large enough to admit his body.

Another, kept in a yard in which a big basket-sparrow trap was sometimes set, watched narrowly the process from his favorite corner, and managed, when the trap fell, to lift it up, hoping to get at the sparrows within. They, of course, escaped before he could drop the trap. But, taught by experience, he opened communication with another tame raven in an adjoining yard, and the next time the trap fell, while one of them lifted it up, the other pounced upon the quarry.

A female raven, known at that time to be sixty years of age, who had passed much of her early and middle life with a strange companion, a blind porcupine, was given, in the year 1854, by Mr. J. H. Gurney, the well-known ornithologist, to the rector of Bluntisham in Huntingdonshire. She seemed so disconsolate at the loss of her surroundings that her new owner, failing to get another raven, managed to secure a seagull as her companion. A warm friendship soon sprang up between the birds. They followed one another about everywhere, and the raven used often to treat her companion to pieces of putrid meat which she had buried for her own companion in the shrubberies. These were delicacies in the eyes of the raven, but they were not so good for the gull. In the course of time, whether from indigestion or not, the gull fell ill and the raven became more assiduous than ever in her attentions, never leaving him and plying him with her most nauseous titbits. The gull grew worse, as was, perhaps, natural under the treatment, and less companionable; and one day, when he positively refused to touch a more unsavory morsel than usual which the raven had denied to herself, and doubtless thought to be a panacea, the raven, in a fit of fury at the ingratitude of her patient, fell upon her friend, killed it, tore it to pieces, and, burying half of it for future consumption, devoured the rest.

DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons, and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning.

"An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend, as they walked home from the kirk.

"Weel," said his host, slowly, "it was a fair discoorse, Will'm, a fair discoorse; but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking so fresh and wide awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should hae been."

A GENTLE HINT.

Hungry Higgins—"Pardon me, ma'am, but I'm a clock regulator. If your clock runs fast or slow I can set it for you. It's exactly 12.30 now.

Mrs. Hausskeep—"Indeed! And how do you know?"

Hungry Higgins—"I know 'cause I always gets hungry at 12.30."

About the ....House

TESTED COOKERY.

Stewed Lima Beans.—Soak dried Lima beans over night in cold water. Drain and parboil in water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Drain again and cook slowly in water to more than cover until almost soft but yet unbroken. Take off the cover and let the water evaporate, then season with butter, or cream, and salt and pepper.

Braised Fowl.—Singe, draw and wipe a fowl with a cloth wrung from cold water. Make a small quantity of stuffing and put into the neck, then skewer and truss the fowl so that it is in compact shape. Heat some butter in a frying pan, allowing about three level tablespoons, or use part olive oil, and put in the fowl. Turn it over and over until it is browned slightly on all sides. Add a small onion, a small carrot cut in slices, a bit of bay leaf and salt. Pour about four cups of water over, put a cover on the pan and cook slowly one and one-half to two hours, according to the size of the fowl and its age. Make a brown sauce from the liquid in the pan.

Boiled and Crumbed Ham.—Select a small ham weighing about seven pounds and soak in cold water overnight. Take from this water in the morning and put on to cook in cold water. Let the ham cook slowly; the water should just simmer. When the meat is tender remove the skin, sprinkle with a little sugar, gash the surface slightly and sprinkle with fine bread or cracker crumbs. A little pepper also may be dredged on. Set the ham in the oven to brown. It is good served hot, but is also excellent sliced thin after it is cold and is convenient to have on hand.

Excellent Buns.—Dissolve a yeast cake in two cups of milk which have been scalded and cooled. Add one-half level teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar and flour enough to make a soft batter. Let this rise until very light. Cream one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, add to it risen batter and also enough flour to make a stiff dough, and last one-half cup of currants. Knead thoroughly, then let rise again. When well risen mold into small buns, place in a buttered pan; let rise light, then bake about half an hour. Rub over with sugar and water.

Whole Wheat Bread.—Scald two cups of milk in a double boiler and let it become lukewarm. Add four level tablespoons of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, one yeast cake dissolved in one half cup of lukewarm water. Mix with two cups of white flour and three and one-half cups of whole wheat or graham flour from which the coarse bran has been sifted. This will make a dough a little softer than for white bread. Cover the dough closely and let rise until double in size, then cut down with a knife, but do not knead. Put into buttered pans, let rise again and bake about an hour. The heat should not be quite so great as for white bread. Fill the pans half full of the dough and let it rise nearly to the top of the pans. This bread rule originated at a cooking school and is made in five or six hours; it is saving of labor because there is no kneading.

Tomato Bisque—Use two cups of canned tomato, four cups of milk, one-third cup of butter, two level tablespoons of cornstarch, one level teaspoon of salt, half a saltspoon of pepper. Cook the tomatoes until thry are soft enough to sift easily through a strainer. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Cook a rounding tablespoon of the butter which has already been measured and the cornstarch together in a small saucepan until it is smooth, add enough of the hot milk to make it pour easily and turn into the boiling milk; stir and cook ten minutes. Cut the remainder of the butter into pieces and add to the thickened milk, add the salt and pepper and last the strained tomato. If the tomatoes are very acid add a pinch of soda before straining them. Serve this bisque very hot.

KITCHEN CONVENIENCES.

Many conveniences may be provided for the kitchen that are worth much more than their cost. One of these is a white porcelain lined sink, which is both useful and ornamental, so easy to wash and keep free from dust, and so clean. Do not be a little closet built under for it will be damp and dark in spite of all you can do.

Most stoves have reservoirs, which if kept well filled, settles the water question, for the water will keep warm long after the fire has gone out. The next best thing is a copper or nickel plated tank large enough to hold five or six gallons, with a faucet near the bottom, made to set on the back of the stove.

There should be a large shelf or table for the dishwasher, for if the housekeeper wishes to lessen and brighten this task, she needs plenty of water and plenty of room. The soiled dishes may be put on one side the draining pan on the other, with the dish pan half full of hot water, in which a little washing powder has been dissolved between. Then with plenty of clean towels for drying, this will become a pleasant task. A row of drawers under the kitchen table for dish cloths, towels and other much needed articles is a delight to the careful housewife.

Have a place cut in the partition between the kitchen and the dining room, about two and a half feet square and four feet from the floor. Place a shelf on the lower part of this opening, which will project on each side five or six inches, and a little door that may be left up or down When the dining table is cleared off, the dishes can be placed on this shelf, and after washing them, put them back there while you set the table again, thereby saving many steps.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Cake is apt to stick to new tins, despite care in buttering them, and it is provoking to have a layer cake break up, or a chunk come out of a loaf cake on that account. Try this when the cake sticks: Turn the pan upside down, have ready a cloth wrung out of cold water, lay it over the bottom and sides of the tin, and in a few seconds the cake will drop out without a break.

It is said that cake which is beginning to dry out may be "freshened up" in this way: Put it into a tin pail or dish that has a cover, wring a napkin lightly out of hot water, spread it over the top and put the cover on tightly. Leave thus over night, and in the morning the cake will be fresh, without dampness or clamminess.

The liquor in which ham is boiled may be made the basis of a delicious and nutritious soup. Soak a pint of black beans over night, boil till perfect tender in the water in which they were soaked, mash fine, add a pint or a little more of the ham liquor, which must be allowed to get cold so that the fat can be removed, and press through a sieve, upon a few slices of lemon and rings of hard-boiled eggs. This is the "black bean soup" which has such a reputation.

There is no article of food—unless it is potatoes—that is so often set before the family that falls so far short of what it might be and ought to be, as toast. Bread for toast should be stale, it should be cut in thin slices, and toasted slowly enough to take out the moisture and make it crisp. It should be "dark-complexioned," but not burnt. One slice should not be laid on top of another, for it steams in this position. A slice of new bread, browned on the outside before a hot fire and then spread with butter which melts and permeates the doughty mass inside, is a dyspepsia breeder.

SWIMMING DONT'S.

Some Bathing Hints Which You Should Know.

1. Don't go into the water soon after a meal, nor for at least two hours after a hearty one. The main efforts of the body must be in the line of digestion then, and the action of the water, as well as the violent exercise, prevents or retards the digestive process.

2. Don't go in when too tired to make it a real pleasure. Swimming is a delightful pastime under the right circumstances.

3. Don't swim too far. Keep within the limits of your own strength, even on a "dare," except in cases of emergent need. Better swallow the dare than enough water to sink you.

4. Don't presume on your good health by going in too often, nor when you are too warm or the water too cold.

5. Don't come out of the water so chilled that your lips are blue and your teeth chatter, and then sit or stand around. Stir, and stir lively, until your blood, which has stagnated a little, begins to react, and you get warmed by its normal circulation.

6. Don't make any false motion or noises as if needing help when you do not, for your companions will soon learn not to believe your signals, which may afterward be neglected when you are in actual distress. Remember Boy who frightened the shepherds by crying "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf, and who was left to be torn by that animal when it actually came, because the shepherds did not believe his signal.

7. Finally, don't go near the water if it makes some one's "worry" teeth on edge to have you do so, no matter how much pleasure you might get out of it. Better do with less pleasure yourself than be the cause of anxiety to your family.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think that women ought to be prevented from voting?" "Certainly not." "Would you try to stop me if I wanted to go to the poll?" "Not for an instant."

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MARRIED GIRL HE SAVED

WM. OGILVIE RESCUED HER FROM DROWNING.

The Celebrated Canadian Explorer Marries an American Bride.

When William Ogilvie, who had at that time just resigned his office as Governor of the Klondike district of Canada, was on an Alaskan steamer, two years ago, he met Miss O. P. Richardson, a young American woman, who was going to meet her brother at St. Michael. The steamer stopped off that port and Mr. Ogilvie and Miss Richardson took seats in a small boat to be taken to the land.

A wave upset the boat and Miss Richardson, struggling in the water, would perhaps have been drowned if Ogilvie had not swam to her side and held her head above water until help came to them. This was the beginning of a little romance, of which another chapter may now be written, for the couple were married a short time ago at Paris, Tex.

All Canadians and all geographers know of Mr. Ogilvie. Sixteen years ago he began the explorations in the northern part of Canada that made him famous. He was a surveyor in the service of the Canadian Land Survey when he took his journey through the northern and little known wilds, covering a distance of 2,700 miles. This journey ranks among the notable feats to the

CREDIT OF THE EXPLORERS.

Ogilvie was away from civilization nearly two years, and when he returned with many sheets of new maps and modestly told of his achievements, he suddenly sprang into notice in all geographical centres. He was specially honored by the Royal Geographical Society of England and later represented the Government of Canada in the Klondike. During the early years of gold mining there, with a small force of police at his command, he was the sole representative of executive authority.

He began his explorations in May, 1887, pushed for hundreds of miles down the Lewes and Yukon Rivers, then up the Taton-duc, Porcupine, Bell, Trout and Peel rivers to the Mackenzie and then southward along the great system of lakes and tributaries in the Mackenzie basin until he reached Ottawa in 1889.

Much of our information with regard to the regions he traversed had been derived from agents of the Hudson Bay Company, who had entered the country only to buy furs from the Indians and whose geographical reports were far from accurate. Ogilvie was a man of scientific training, and this fact gave much value to his work and made it possible greatly to improve the maps of northern Canada.

He ascertained the altitudes of rivers and mountains, traced the directions of hills and ranges, offshoots of the Rockies, and made some entirely new discoveries. He found, for example, a pass leading from tidewater in Chilkoot Inlet to the navigable part of the Lewes

TRIBUTARY OF THE YUKON.

On his journey to the Mackenzie he discovered a hitherto unknown river over 200 miles long, which has since been named the Ogilvie River. He determined the place where the Yukon River crosses the national boundary. On one side of the river he blazed the letter "A" on trees, and on the trees of the other side the letter "C" to denote that they were respectively in the territories of Alaska and Canada.

Most of Ogilvie's explorations were carried on in two basswood canoes built extra strong and weighing about 140 pounds each, so that two men could carry them without difficulty. Each canoe carried two men and 1,400 pounds of goods. They transported Ogilvie and his heavy outfit over 2,500 miles along the rivers. He met a considerable number of Indians who had never seen a white man before.

Since that journey a large area of Canada east of the Mackenzie River has been explored by members of the Canadian Geographical Survey; but nothing has been added to the maps of the region between the lower Mackenzie and Alaska except what Ogilvie supplied in his journey of 1887-89. The working out of his observations showed that they had been made with great care and had added a large amount of accurate information to the mapping of that part of Canada.

LIFETIME WORK OF THE HEART

The human heart is practically a force pump about six inches in length and four inches in diameter. It beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day and 36,792,000 times per year, and 2,575,440,000—say, two thousand five hundred and seventy-five million four hundred and forty thousand—times in seventy years, which is "man's appointed threescore years and ten." At each of these beats it forces 2½ ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, 656¼ pounds per hour, or 7½ tons per day. All the blood of the body which is about thirty pounds, passes through the heart every three minutes. This little organ pumps every day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high or one ton 122 feet high—that is, one ton to the top of a forty-yard mill chimney, or sixteen persons weighing 125 pounds each to the same height. During the seventy years of a man's life this marvellous little pump, without a single moment's rest, night or day, discharges the enormous quantity of 178,850 tons of blood.

NOT THE GENUINE KIND.

"I am afraid she isn't cut out for a society woman?"

"Why not?"

"Well, she seems to have no idea of the pleasures of extravagance."

DIZZY SPELLS AND BODY WEAKNESS
Tell of a Run-down System and Exhausted Nerves—Strength Comes With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To many people peculiar spells of dizziness and weakness are a source of almost daily annoyance and distress. Some see flashes of light before them, and become blind and dazzled; others experience severe attacks of headache. The cause is exhaustion of the nervous system and deficiency in the quality and quantity of blood. In all such cases Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most certain as well as the most thorough cure obtainable.

Mrs. Symons, 42 St. Clair street, Belleville, Ont., states: "Some weeks ago I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found it a very satisfactory medicine. I was formerly troubled with nervous exhaustion and a weak, fluttering heart. Whenever my heart bothered me I would have spells of weakness and dizziness, which were very distressing. By means of this treatment my nerves have become strong, and the action of my heart seems to be regular. I can recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as an excellent medicine."

Mrs. James Clancy, 714 Water street, Peterborough, Ont., states: "I have used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found them an excellent medicine. I was troubled more or less for nineteen years with severe headaches, which made me useless as far as accomplishing my work was concerned.

"The Nerve Food seemed to build me up generally, and so made a thorough cure of my old trouble. I would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the house, and would strongly recommend anyone suffering as I did to give it a trial. It succeeded in my case after a great many remedies had failed."

To the thousands of women who are victims of nervous headache this letter should prove of inestimable value. If they will but follow the advice of Mrs. Clang they can be certain of great and lasting benefit.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.