"BELA"

"It is well," said Musq'oosis.

"You know my fat'er?" asked Bela, eagerly.

He nodded gravely.

"Tell me."

Musk'oosis seemed to look within. "Long tam ago," he began, "though I am not young then neither. It was in the Louis Riel war I see your fat'er. He a soldier in that war, wear red coat, ver' fine. Ot'er soldier call him Smiler Forest. Red people call him Bird-Mouth for cause he all tam mak' music wit' his wind, so"—here Musq'oosis imitated a man whistling. "He is one good soldier. Brave. The Great Mother across the water send him a medal wit' her face on it for cause he so brave."

"What is medal?" interrupted Bela.

"Little round piece lak' money, but not to spend," exclaimed Musq'oosis. "It is pin on the coat here, so everybody know you brave.

"Always I am a friend of the white people," Musq'oosis went on, "so I right for them in that way. I can't march me, or ride ver' good. I canoe scout on the Saskatchewan River. Your fat'er is friend to me. Moch we talk by the fire. He mak' much fun to me, but I not mad for cause I see he lak me just the same. Often he say to me, 'Musq'oosis, my boy, I bad lot.'"

"Bad lot?" questioned Bela.

"He mean no good," Musq'oosis explained. "That is his joke. I not believe ev'ryt'ing he tell me, no, not by a damnsight. He say, 'Musq'oosis, I no good for not'ing 't'all but a soldier.' He say, 'When there ain't no war I can't keep out of trouble.' He ask moch question about my country up here. He say, 'When this was over I go there. Maybe I can keep out of trouble up there.'

"Me, I all tam think that just his joke. Bam-by the fighting all over, and Louis Riel sent to jail. Me, I got brot-ers up here then. I want see my brot'ers after the war. So I go say good-by to my friend. But he say, 'Hold on, Musq'oosis, I goin' too.' I say, 'W'at you do up there? Ain't no white men but the comp'ny trader.' He say, 'I got fight somesing. I fight nature.'"

"Nature?" repeated Bela, puzzled.

Musq'oosis shrugged. "That just his fonny way of talk. He mean chop tree, dig earth, work. So he come wit' me. He ver' good partner to trip. All tam laugh and sing and mak' music wit' his wind. He is talk to me just the same lak I was white man, too. Me, I never have no friend lak that. I lak Walter Forest more as if he was my son."

The old man's head drooped at this point, and the story seemed to have reached its end.

"What you do when you come here, you two?" Bela eagerly demanded.

Musq-oosis sighed and went on. "The Fish-Eaters was camp down the lake by Musquasepi then. Your mot'er was there. She ver' pretty girl. Mos' pretties' girl in the tribe, I guess."

"Pretty?" said Bela, amazed.

"She is the first noe we see when we come. We are paddling up the river and she is setting muskrat trap on the bank. You fat'er look at her. Her look at you fat'er. Both are lak wood with looking. Wa! I think me, Bird-Mouth ain't goin' to keep out of trouble up here neither! Well, he is lak crazy man after that. AH night he want stay awake and talk me about her. He ask me what her name mean. I tell him Loseis mean little duck. He say, 'Nobody ever got better name.' 'Better wait,' I say; 'plenty ot'er girl to see.' 'Not for me,' he say.

"In a week he marry her. Marry her honest wit' priest and book. He build a house at Nine-Mile Point and a stable. Say he goin' to keep stopping-house for freighters when they bring in the company's outfit in the winter. He cut moch hay by Musquasepi for his stable. He work lak ten red men. When the ice come, right away he start to freight his hay across. I say, 'Wait, it is not safe yet.' He laugh.

"One day come big storm wit' snow. He got lost out on the ice wit' his team and drive in air-hole. We find the hay floating after. He never see you. You come in the spring. He was a fine man. That is all."

After a silence Musq-oosis said: "Well, what you think? What you goin' do?"

"I goin' outside." Bela promptly answered. "To my fat'er's country."

Musq'oosis shook his head heavily. "It is far. Many days' journey down the little river and the big river to the landing. From the landing four days' walk to town. I am to old to travel so far."

"I not afraid travel alone," exclaimed Bela.

Musq'oosis continued to shake his head. "What you goin' do in town?" he asked.

"I marry a white man," replied Bela, coolly.

Musq'oosis betrayed no astonishment. "That is not easy," he observed with a judical air. "Not easy when there are white women after them. They know too much for you. Get ahead of you."

"I am a handsome girl," said Bela, calmly. "You have said it. You tell me white men crazy for handsome girls."

"It is the truth," returned Musq'oosis, readily. "But not for marry."

"My fat'er marry my mot'er," persisted Bela.

"Ot'er white men not same lak your fat'er."

Bela's face fell. "Well, what must I do?" she asked.

"There is moch to be said. If you clever you mak' your white man marry you."

"How?" she demanded.

Musq'oosis shrugged. "I can't tell you in one word," he replied.

"I can't stay with these people," she said, frowning.

"All right," said Musq'oosis. "But stay in the country. This is your country. You know the way of this country. I tell you somesing else. You got some money here."

"Money?" she echoed, opening her eyes wide.

"When your fat'er die he have credit wit' the company. Near six hundred dollars. Beaton, the old company trader, he talk wit' me for cause I you fat'er's friends. He say this money too little to go to law wit'. The law is too far from us. He say, 'I not give it to Loseis, because her people get it. They only poor, shiftless people, just blow it in on foolishness.' He say, 'I goin' to keep it for the child.' I say, 'All right.'

"Well, bam-by Beaton leave the company, go back home outside. He gave me an order on the new trader. He say keep it till Bela grow up. I have it now. So I say to you, this money buy you a team, mak' you rich in this countr. But outside it is nothing. I say to you, don' go outside. Marry a white man here."

Bela considered this. "Which one?" she asked. "There is only Stiffy and Mahooly, the traders. The gov'ment won't let the police to marry."

"Wait," said Musq'oosis, impressively. "More white men are coming. Many white men are coming"

"I can't wait," complained Bela rebelliously. "Soon I be old."

"Some are here already," he added She looked at him questioningly.

"Las' week," he went on, "the big winds blow all the ice down the lake. It is calm again. The sun is strong. So I put my canoe in the water and paddle out. Me, I can't walk ver' good. Can't moch ride a horse. But my arms strong. When I yo'ng, no man so strong lak me on a paddle. So I paddle out on the lake. Smell sweet as honey; shine lak she jus' made today. Old man feel lak he was yo'ng, too.

"Bam-by, far across the lake I see little bit smoke. Wa! I think, who is there now? I look, I see the sky is clean as a scraped skin. I think no wind to-day. So I go across to see who it is. I go to Nine-Mile Point, where your fat'er built a house long tam ago. You know it. Wa! Wa! There is five white men stopping there, with moch horses and wagons, big out, fit. Rich men.

"So I spell wit' them a while. They mak' moch fun. Call me ol' black Joe. Feed me ver' good. We talk after. They say gov'ment goin' measure all the land at the head of lake this summer and give away to farmers. So they come to get a piece of land. They are the first of many to come. Four strong men, and anot'er who cooks for them. They got wait over there till ice on the shore melt so they drive around."

"All right. I will marry one of them," announced Bela, promptly.

"Wait!" said Musq'oosis, again, "there is moch to be said."

"Why you not teli me when you come back? "she demanded.

"I got think first what is best for you."

"Maybe they got girls now," she suggested, frowning.

"No girls around the lake lak you," he stated.

She was mollified.

"Do everything I tell you or you mak' a fool!" he remarked, impressively.

"Tell me," she asked, amenably.

"Listen. White men is fonny. Don't think moch of somesing come easy. If you want get white man and keep him, you got mak' him work for you. Got mak' him wait a while. I am old. I have seen it. I know."

Bela's eyes flashed imperiously. "But I want him now," she insisted.

"You are a fool!" sad Musq'oosis calmly. "If you go after him, he laugh at you. You got mak' out you don' want him at all. You got mak' him run after you."

Bela considered this frowning. An instinct in her own breast told her the old man was right, but it was hard to resign herself to an extended campaign. Spring was in the air, and her need to escape from the fish-eaters great.

"All right," she agreed sullenly at last.

"How you goin' pick out best man of the five?" asked Musq'oosis slyly.

"I tak' the strongest man," she answered promptly.

He shook his head in his exasperating way. "How you goin' know the strongest?"

"Who carries the biggest pack," she said, surprised at such a foolish question.

Musq'oosis' head still wagged. "Red man carry bigger pack than white man," he said oracularly. "Red man's arm and his leg and his back strong as white man. But white man is the master. Why is that?"

She had no answer.

"I tell you," he went on. "Who is the best man in this country?"

"Bishop Lajeunesse," she replied unhesitatingly.

"It is the truth," he agreed. "But Bishop Lajeunesse little, skinny man. Can't carry big pack at all. Why is he the best man?"

This was too much of a poser for Bela. "I don't want marry him," she muttered.

"I tell you," said Musq'oosis sternly. "Listen well. You are a foolish woman. Bishop Lajeunesse is the bes' man for cause no ot'er man can look him down. White men stronger than red men for cause they got stronger fire in their eyes. So I tell you when you choose a 'osban', tak' a man with a strong eye."

The girl looked at him startled. This was a new thought.

Musq'oosis, having made his point, relaxed his stern port. "To-morrow if the sun shine we cross the lake," he said amiably. "While we paddle I tell you many more things. We pass by Nine-Mile Point lak we goin' somewhere else. Not let on we thinkin' of them at all. They will call us ashore, and we stay jus' little while. You must' look at them at all. You do everyt'ing I say. I get you good 'osban'."

"Bishop Lajeunesse coming up the river soon," suggested Bela. "Will you get me 'osban' for him marry? I lak marry by Bishop Lajeunesse."

"Foolish woman!" repeated Musq'oosis. "How do I know? A great work takes time!"

Bela pouted.

Musq'oosis rose stiffly to his feet. "I give you somesing," he said.

Shuffling inside the teepee, he presently reappeared with a little bundle wrapped in folds of dressed moose hide. Sitting, he undid it deliberately. A pearl-handled revolver was revealed to Bela's eager eyes.

"The white man's short gun," he said. "Your fat'er gave it long tam ago. I keep her ver' careful. Still shoot straight. Here are shells, too.

Bela's instinct was to run away to examine her prize in secret. As she rose the old man ponted a portentous finger.

"Remember what I tell you! You got mak' yourself hard to get."

During the rest of the day Bela was unobtrusively busy with her preparations for the journey. Like any girl, red or white, she had her little store of finery to draw on. Charley did not show himself in the teepee.

Her mother, seeing what she was about, watched her with tragic eyes and close mouth. At evening, without a word, she handed her a little bag of oread and meat. Bela took it in an embarrassed silence. The white blood of the two women cried for endearments that their red training forbade them.

More than once during the night Bela arose to look at the weather. It was with satisfaction that she heard the pine-trees complaining. In the morning the white horses would be leaping on the lake outside.

She had no intention of taking Musq'oosis with her. She respected the old man's advice, and mean to apply it, but an imperious instinct told her this was her own affair that she could best manage for herself. In such weather the old man would never follow her. For herself, she feared no wind that blew.

At dawn she stole out of the teepee without arousing anybody, and set forth down the river in her dugout alone.

CHAPTER III.

The camp at Nine-Mile Point was suffering from an attack of nerves. A party of strong men, suddenly condemned in the heat of their labors to complete inaction, had become a burden to themselves and to each other.

Being new to the silent North, they had yet to learn the virtue of filling the long days with small self-imposed tasks. They had no resources excepting a couple of dog-eared magazines—of which they knew every word by heart, even to the advertisements—and a pack of cards. There was no zest in the cards, because all their cash had been put into a common fund at the start of the expedition, and they had nothing to wager.

It was ten o'clock at night, and they were loafing indoors. Above the high tops of the pines the sky was still bright, but it was night in the cabin. They were lighted by the fire and by a stable lamp on the table. They had gradually fallen into the habit of lying abed late, and consequently they could not sleep before midnight. These evening hours were the hardest of all to put in.

Big Jack Skinner, the oldest and most philosophic of the party—a lean, sandy-haired giant—sat in a rocking chair he had contrived from a barrel and stared into the fire with a sullen composure.

Husky Marr and Black Shand Fraser were playing pinocle at the table, bickering over the game like a pair of ill-conditioned schoolboys.

On the bed sprawled young Joe Hagland, listlessly turning the pages of the exhausted magazine. The only contented figure was that of Sam Gladding, the cook, a boyish figure sleeping peacefully on the floor in the corner. He had to get up early.

It was a typical Northern interior; log walls with caked mud in the interstices, a floor of split poles, and roof of poles thatched with sods. Extensive repairs had been required to make it habitable.

The door was in the south wall, and you had to walk around the house to reach the lake shore. There was a little crooked window beside it, and another in the easterly wall. Opposite the door was a great fireplace made out of the round stones from the lake

Of furniture, besides Jack's chair, there was only what they had found shore.

In the shack, a rough, home-made bed and a table. Two shared the bed, and the rest lay on the floor. They had some boxes for seats.

Something more than discontent ailed the four waking men. Deep in each pair of guarded eyes lurked a strange uneasiness. They were prone to start at mournful, unexpected sounds from the pine-tops, and to glance apprehensively toward the darker corners. Each man was carefully hiding these evidences of perturbation from his mates.

The game of pinocle was frequently halted for recriminations.

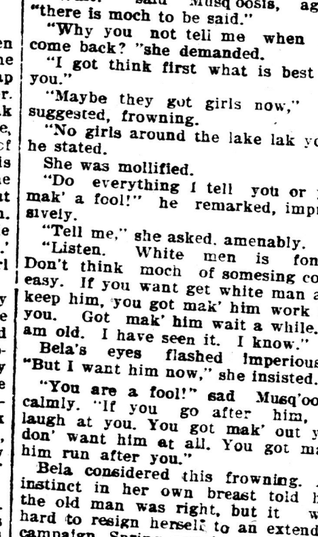
"You never give me credit for my royal," said Shand.

"I did."

"You didn't."

Husky snatched up the pencil in a passion. "Hell, I'll give it to you again!" he cried.

"That's a poor bluff!" sneered Shand.



PILES

Zam-Buk ends the pain, and stops bleeding. Try it!

All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

Big Jack suddenly bestirred himself. "For God's sake, cut it out!" he snarled. "You hurt my ears! What in Sam Hill's the use of scrapping over a game of fun?"

"That's what I say," said Shand. "A man that 'll cheat for nothing ain't worth the powder and shot to blow him to hell!"

"Ah-h! What's the matter with you?" retorted Husky. "I only made a mistake scoring. Anybody's liable to make a mistake. If it was a real game I'd be more careful like."

"You're dead right you would," said Black Shand, grimly. "You'd get daylight let through you for less."

"Well you wouldn't do it," snarled Husky.

Shand rose. "Go on and play by yourself," he snarled disgustedly. "Solitaire is more your style. Idiot's delight. If you catch yourself cheating yourself, you can shoot yourself for what I care!"

"Well, I can have a peaceful game, anyhow," Husky called after him, smiling complacently at getting the last word.

He forthwith dealt the cards for solitaire. Husky was a burly, red-faced, red-haired ex-brakeman, of a simple and conceited character. He was much given to childish stratagems, and was subject to fits of childish passion. He possessed enormous physical strength without much staying power.

Black Shand carried his box to the fire and sat scowling into the flames. He was of a saturnoine nature, in whom anger burned slow and deep. He was a man of few words. Half a head shorter than big Jack, he showed a greater breadth of snoulders. His rms hung down like an ape's.

"How far did you walk up the shore to-day?" big Jack asked.

"Matter of two miles."

"How's the ice melting?"

"Slow. It 'll be a week before we can move on."

Jack swore under his breath. "And this the 22nd of May!" he cried. "We ought to have been on our land by now and plowing. We're like to lose the whole season.

"Ill luck has dogged us from the start," Jack went on. "Our calculations were all right. We started the right time. Any ordinary year we could have gone right through on the ice. But from the very day we left the landing we were in trouble. When we wasn't broke down we was looking for lost horses. When we wasn't held up by a blizzard we was half drowned in a thaw!

(To be continued.)

What the Germans are Saying

In the first weeks of July the Germans were confident that the Allies had made their great effort for 1917, and were now going to wait until next year, when the Americans would be ready to help. Major Moraht, one of their most competent military writers, writing in the Kreuzzetung of July 10th, even discussed why the Germans themselves did not begin an offensive. He quoted a brother military critic:—"One thought seems to be justified, however, that the High Commands of the Central Powers might be able to exchange the defensive which they have so far observed for its opposite." He admitted that "attack is the German desire" and said that "at home we watch for signs of attacks and hold our flags ready". After discussing at some length the general situation, he remarked: "We do not care for attacks which do not have certain prospects of success." If our High Command has not so far decided on a great offensive in the West, it must be because they have concluded that our general situation does not yet require a decisive offensive by land. Our Navy is waging an offensive war with really destructive and thorough success. Nor do we require for political reasons any hurried offence. This would be a gamble, and the German people can only be grateful to its leaders for their sense of responsibility in the sparing of German lives."

Ten days later in the Deutsche Tageszeitung, the same writer had plainly changed his mind and was thoroughly uneasy. "It is time" he wrote, "that an appeal from the highest places should recall the aim and the duty of the war to the remembrance of the German people, which remains sound at heart. It is of course plain that he would not have used te phrase "sound at heart"; unless he had the best reason to fear that there was a great deal that was unsound in the corporate body of his nation, and he made it clear, that some of the unsoundnes was in the army itself. "The front demands and will be grateful for a clear pronouncement from those in authority. It has never understood the political activity of the last few months. The language it has been using about it aloud and in whispers will be heard everywhere when the time comes." "Concentrated and perfectly organised force is not everything. Hearts must work as well as hands."

The Kaiser, in the words of his great ancestor, "ever the first servant of his people," or at least of the military section of his people, has responded to the appeal, and on August last issued a resounding Proclamation. His words are defiant: "New nations continue to enter the war against us, but that does not frighten us" "Thus we stand erect at the close of this year, immovable, victorious, intrepid." There is however a subdued note: "We must still continue the fight and furnish arms for it, but our people may rest assured that German blood and German zeal are not being gambled with for the empty shadow of ambition or for schemes of conquest and subjugation, but in defence of a strong and free Empire in which our children may life in security."

"Unfortunately the Kaiser, like his new Chancellor and like his old Chancellor, prefers general phrases to exact statements. The defence of a strong, free and secure Empire seems a reasonable proposition, unless the words be interpreted in the way Germans have interpreted them in the past. The War against Denmark in 1864 was said to be a war of defence; the war against Austria in 1866 was said to be a war of defence; the war against France in 1870-71 was said to be a war of defence and yet each of these resulted in the territorial aggrandisement of Germany and the subjugation of unwilling peoples. Take the case of Belgium alone. The Morgenpost of July 26th wrote:

"How stands the German government towards Belgium? What is the meaning of the Chancellor's words about Germany's frontiers 'which must be for all time assured'. One must concede that precisely here, as formerly in Bethmann-Hollweg's speeches, many constructions are possible, and the English Prime Minister can appeal to the contradictory constructions of the sentence to be found in the German Press. The advocates amongst us of far-reaching frontier rectifications, as well as the majority which supported the peace resolution, have approved the speech in the Reichstag. How should a foreigner be able to to form a clear conception of the views of the Imperial Government?" The Vorwarts is even more clear. "Safety of frontiers", it says "generally means extension of frontiers, and in this way German annexationist Press. If safety, that is to say, extension, of frontiers is an imperative necessity, then extension of territory is necessary, and it must be obtained by force." When the Kaiser and the German Chancellor have succeeded in stating their war-aims in terms that are intelligible to their own people, it will be time for the Allies to take their protestations of defence seriously.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

The bat is the only animal which flies.

There are 102,530 autos in New York city.

The Young condor is a year old before it flies.

It is said that the Chinese used natural gas 2,000 years ago.

On a train going out of Chicago, hot coffee is served in paper cups for those who want some refreshment without visiting the diner.

A tree which is said to shed water in abundance from its leaves and branches grows in the Philippines, where it is known as "acacia", in Hawaii it is called "monkey pod."

A front bicycle wheel, equipped with a suitable handle and a cyclometer, is now employed in a number of the national forests of the West in measuring trails.

A scientific instrument named the "turbidimeter" has been invented for the purpose of measuring the turbidity of spinal fluids, with a view to aiding the diagnosis of mental diseases.

A flower which grows in China is white at night but red in the sunlight.

The Chinese Government is about to open an aviators' school at Canton.

A Western bungalow has "folding rooms," which greatly economizes space.

London weddings during 1915 numbered 58,354, compared with 43,373 in 1914 and 41,409 in 1913.

In a California felt factory cotton is blown from one department to another by means of compressed air through pipes. This method is said to be clean and rapid.

One of the electric locomotives employed on a Western railway recently made an exceptional run of 339 miles without receiving any special attention en route.

The time saved by the use of the mechanical milker increases with the increase in the size of the herd. Thus with herds of 15 cows or less the average time required to milk a cow by hand is a fraction under five minutes. With herds of over 50 cows it takes slightly under seven minutes to milk a cow by hand and but 4.15 minutes by machine.

They are making very good sauer kraut in Germany out of white turnips, instead of cabbage.

Steps are being taken to establish a plant in Columbia, S. C., which will manufacture starch from sweet potatoes.

Material for making good paper, it is said, can be produced from refuse hops that have hitherto been thrown away in breweries.

The world's total production of gold last year, though nearly equal to the record output for any year, was less than the amount imported into the United States in that period.

Consumption of aluminum in the United States in 1916 is estimated at over 121,000,000 pounds. This is an increase of more than 21 per cent. over the consumption in 1915.

During the last cold snap of the season the water consumption of Louisville, Ky., rose from 24,000,000 gallons per 24 hours to 72,000,000 gallons, there being few houses in the city equipped with meters, and the average resident merely turned on his faucets to prevent freezing.

THE ABUSE OF SOAP.

Too Free Use of the Cleansing Agent May Injure the Skin.

"The oft quoted aphorism attributed to Wesley that 'cleanliness is next to godliness' constitutes an article of belief among civilized peoples," says the Medical Record. "There is a strong prejudice against dirt in general and particularly against personal uncleanliness. The prejudice is healthy and to be encouraged, but should not be allowed to become a fetish."

This is part of a review of an article by Dr. Frank Barendt in the Liverpool Medical and Chirurgical Journal on the abuse of soap. Dr. Barendt attributes many skin troubles, especially in children, to too much soap. Among these are the furfuraceous patches on their faces. Nurses, he says, often use too much soap on their patients, especially when these are confined to bed, when the "secretion of their skin is sluggish and the excessive removal of natural grease leaves the skin rough and brany."

The delicate skin of newborn babies is sometimes irritated by the zeal of the nurse in rubbing with soap and water.

Dr. Barendt says the best toilet soap is a combination of oleate and stearate of sodium. But even it should be used with discretion.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

Every mother knows how fatal the hot summer months are to small children. Cholera, infantum, diarrhoea, dysentry and stomach troubles are rife at this time and often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevents stomach and bowel troubles, or if trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the baby safely through. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Curious Superstition.

The ancients believed that the marrow contained in the human backbone often transformed itself into a serpent.

Pliny ("Natural History," volume 10, page 68) says that the marrow of a man's backbone will breed to a snake. The Chinese (Wonder's Eastern Travels) burned the backbone to destroy serpents that might hatch therefrom."

How to Dry Fruit at Home

Drying of fruit in Greece and the northern part of Africa is done on a large scale in the open air, even in the Midi of France the prunes d'Agen are dried on trays in the open.

In more temperate and moister climates this process is insufficient, because either the season is too short when apples and pears ripen or evaporation is too slow to prevent rotting of the water contained in peaches, plums, figs, prunes and cherries.

Therefore, artificial means must be resorted to. It should be mentioned that drying apples, etc., does not produce the flavor to such an extent as might be fancied. For commercial purposes the fruit is treated in different ways, but for household requirements it is best to use the kitchen oven. Apples and pears are skinned, cored and may be divided into quarters or sixths or cut into rounds, spread on trays and put into the oven. It is absolutely necessary to avoid any excess of heat, because this would promote oxidization and blackening of the fruit. Therefore, it is recommended to use the oven at such a temperature as when it is cooled down at night.

During the first stage of the drying, while the fruit contains much moisture, the trays should not be filled too full. Later, however, the produce of several trays may be put together. During the whole of the process the fruit must be watched and the oven opened from time to time to let the steam escape. The fruit is replaced in the oven as often as necessary to reduce it to a slightly brownish, leathery substance—this may take several days, because the oven is only used when it is not required for ordinary cooking purposes.

Peaches and apricots are cut into halves and the stones removed. For these however, the drying must be controlled more carefully because of the softness of the fruit. It is necessary that evaporation should be very slow. cherries and ordinary-sized plums are dried whole. These latter stand the heat better because evaporation, taking place through the skin, is naturally delayed. Before the fruit is stored in biscuit boxes it must remain at least twelve hours in a dry room, and the inexpert dryer is recommended to look at the produce no longer than three weeks after drying, in order to see that the fruit has been sufficiently dried.

Don't Cross Your Legs.

"Every time a man crosses his legs he gives his heart that much extra work to do," says William Muldoon. "You know what happens to a stream of water when you squeeze the rubber hose."

This widely known physical instructor attaches great importance to proper training. He told me of the trouble he had in making John L. Sullivan breathe properly, and he dwelt on the harm that numbers of Americans do themselves (witness the prevalence of catarrhal affections) by the bad habit of mouth breathing.

"Keep your mouth shut. Breathe through your nostrils," he is always saying to his patients.

If the nostrils are stopped up he explains how they may be made to function properly by simple cleansing ablutions, and he insists that these be performed regularly.

"We need filtered air just as we

Black Fridays.

In England the term Black Friday was first applied to Dec. 6, 1745, the day on which news reached London that the pretender, Charles Edward, had reached Derby. Again on May 11, 1866, when the failure of a large English discounting institution brought on a most disastrous panic, the day of the suspension of the Bank of England raised the rate of discount 9 per cent. Wild speculation in gold in New York and other cities culminated in a monetary crash on Sept. 16, 1875, that swept thousands of firms and individuals into financial ruin and caused a commercial depression that extended into the eighties of the last century; hence the origin of the term Black Friday in the United States.

Improvement.

Mrs. Josiah Cowles, the new president of the National Federation of Women's clubs, was talking in New York about dress.

"Women, once they get interested in our movemnt," she said, "dress more sensibly. They give less thought to dress. I may claim in fact—" Mrs. Cowles smiles—"I may claim in fact," she ended, "that these women start making their own clothes and stop picking their friends' clothes to pieces."—Exchange.

Mr. Guzzler—Ah! woman is the cocktail of life. Mrs. Guzzler—And man is the chaser.