

The White Epulchre

The Tale of Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Copyright, 1906, by Will Levington Comfort.
Copyright, 1907, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I guess that's right, too. So you had to look up Stenbridge?"

"Yes, I found it a terrible one day after he had tried to steal the ship—while I was ashore in San Juan," Constable explained indignantly. "I'm glad you came, because it will save me from taking him back. This is the last time I'll have to go back, too. I did play pretty rough with you, but your man made me going strong about that time. You've got to acknowledge that he's an artist. Let's get out of this. What do you plan to do?"

"Go out and get Stenbridge, and settle with you."

"The word 'settle' usually refers to dollars up in the States," Constable said delicately.

"It doesn't pay to buck the detective bureau, Constable, and I'm authorized to take cash for your part—this time."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars and expenses."

"It costs money to keep you off one's ship."

"I'm Cruse of the detective bureau, and I usually go where I please," was the direct answer. "And your man's mother tells me that you are not going."

"No, we are not going," she repeated in a lifeless voice.

"Is it too much for me to ask why?"

She did not answer at once, but seemed trying to penetrate his brain with her eyes. "Then, you have not seen the New York papers?" she said. "You may have this. The others are below."

She handed him the front page of a daily journal, dated three weeks before. His own name was there, and not in honor. When he looked up from the paper the door was shut. Constable went below.

"Where is Mr. Wall?" he duly inquired of the maid servant.

"He went out to the plantation, sir, immediately upon bringing in the mails."

"Where is Mr. Breen?"

"He went down to the city, sir."

Constable left the house and walked rapidly out the driveway, turning toward Saint Pierre. Here the man's pride intervened. He had committed a folly, perhaps, but no brand of the state's honor was at stake. The state's honor was at stake. The state's honor was at stake.

"I can handle Stenbridge very tidily, having your moral support," he declared. "He's too old a bird to resist arrest when he's once cornered."

"Just as you say," Constable said swiftly. "Turn your rig about and follow on. My launch is ahead, at the Sugar Landing."

It was not until the house was behind, and the back of his own carriage shut, that he realized that Constable had been drenched with perspiration.

The launch had agreed to be ready at nine, in case Uncle Joey had returned with the mail by that time. His several errands must wait. The present matter would take the entire time, and must be done at once. In order to get the driver's attention, Constable made good speed to the launch, which was in readiness. Cruse dismissed his rig; Constable bade his driver wait, and the two men boarded.

"Make her bring Ernest," the owner said to the sailor in charge. "I'm expecting for a drink and a mouthful of clean air."

Cruse was deeply interested in the present manifestation of Martinique's climate, and was not readily diverted from the subject which challenged his companion. Once launched, however, upon the deal of Nicholas Stenbridge, alias Hades Breen, he became fluent, and Constable learned that his guest was "Hades Breen," among the swiftest of civilization.

Stenbridge, according to Cruse, had started a Central American revolution in order to seize a range of rich silver hills; had made good, worked his mine, and sold them, a year later, "sailed to a brine," to a syndicate of New York capitalists. He had engineered the Yarmouth-Leams oil syndicate which discarded London financiers for a day. Of these and other interesting engagements Constable learned as the launch sped across the fouled harbor.

"What does this price of manipulation do with all his money?" he asked finally.

"Well, you see," Cruse replied, "he has his army to pay, and he must pay the men pretty well, for the rumor is abroad that he would go on the case for him. And then he is a golden boy of a spendthrift. I've heard that Paris looks for his second coming as for a Messiah, since he has promised the Tenderloin a punch from the Milky Way."

"Here we are. Perhaps you don't think I was pleased to see your craft lying here this morning when I came in on the Panther?"

"I presume you were," Constable replied idly.

They were on the ship's ladder, Cruse walking ahead. The sailor above, on the main deck of the Madame, caught a strange gesture from Constable's hand, and a stranger expression on his face, in which a little reproach was mingled.

"What's your law, Constable?" he inquired almost steadily. "You're smarter than I thought, and a deal more crooked."

"Listen," the other said, "I didn't like to do this, but there wasn't any way out of it. I've got a lot on my mind this morning, and you complicated matters. I'm going to have your eyes examined, and I'm going to have your eyes examined."

"I'll see you about that later on. He's been square as a plumb-line to me. You're a good man, Cruse, and Breen is too. Your lines are different, that's all. You'll get your five thousand and call for anything you want. We'll be good friends yet."

Captain Negley, having Mr. Cruse quartered on the floor, she was gathering up the litter of broken envelopes and newspaper wrappings upon the library table. Constable imagined that the maid servant regarded

him strangely. He ran to the stairway and called:

"Are you almost ready, ladies?"

He heard footsteps above and low voices; then a door opened and Mrs. Stenbridge crossed the upper hall and appeared at the head of the stairway. Already he was filled with a confusion of ideas.

"Pardon me for calling you, but everything is ready—as soon as you can come."

"We are not going on your yacht, Mr. Constable," the elder woman said coldly. "I sprang up the stairs and faced her in the dim light. Two or three times in his life he had become cold like this, some trait of his breed equipping him with an outward calm, when the issue of the moment was won or lost, but lifted from his hands."

"What is the latest difficulty, please?"

"I would rather not discuss the matter, Mr. Constable."

"May I speak with Miss Stenbridge?"

It was given to the mother to accede or refuse, for the door behind her was opened and the girl stood in the aperture, her anguish eyes intent upon him.

"I returned to announce that everything is ready," he said quietly, "and your mother tells me that you are not going."

"No, we are not going," she repeated in a lifeless voice.

"Is it too much for me to ask why?"

She did not answer at once, but seemed trying to penetrate his brain with her eyes. "Then, you have not seen the New York papers?" she said. "You may have this. The others are below."

She handed him the front page of a daily journal, dated three weeks before. His own name was there, and not in honor. When he looked up from the paper the door was shut. Constable went below.

"Where is Mr. Wall?" he duly inquired of the maid servant.

"He went out to the plantation, sir, immediately upon bringing in the mails."

"Where is Mr. Breen?"

"He went down to the city, sir."

Constable left the house and walked rapidly out the driveway, turning toward Saint Pierre. Here the man's pride intervened. He had committed a folly, perhaps, but no brand of the state's honor was at stake. The state's honor was at stake. The state's honor was at stake.

"I can handle Stenbridge very tidily, having your moral support," he declared. "He's too old a bird to resist arrest when he's once cornered."

"Just as you say," Constable said swiftly. "Turn your rig about and follow on. My launch is ahead, at the Sugar Landing."

It was not until the house was behind, and the back of his own carriage shut, that he realized that Constable had been drenched with perspiration.

The launch had agreed to be ready at nine, in case Uncle Joey had returned with the mail by that time. His several errands must wait. The present matter would take the entire time, and must be done at once. In order to get the driver's attention, Constable made good speed to the launch, which was in readiness. Cruse dismissed his rig; Constable bade his driver wait, and the two men boarded.

"Make her bring Ernest," the owner said to the sailor in charge. "I'm expecting for a drink and a mouthful of clean air."

Cruse was deeply interested in the present manifestation of Martinique's climate, and was not readily diverted from the subject which challenged his companion. Once launched, however, upon the deal of Nicholas Stenbridge, alias Hades Breen, he became fluent, and Constable learned that his guest was "Hades Breen," among the swiftest of civilization.

Stenbridge, according to Cruse, had started a Central American revolution in order to seize a range of rich silver hills; had made good, worked his mine, and sold them, a year later, "sailed to a brine," to a syndicate of New York capitalists. He had engineered the Yarmouth-Leams oil syndicate which discarded London financiers for a day. Of these and other interesting engagements Constable learned as the launch sped across the fouled harbor.

"What does this price of manipulation do with all his money?" he asked finally.

"Well, you see," Cruse replied, "he has his army to pay, and he must pay the men pretty well, for the rumor is abroad that he would go on the case for him. And then he is a golden boy of a spendthrift. I've heard that Paris looks for his second coming as for a Messiah, since he has promised the Tenderloin a punch from the Milky Way."

"Here we are. Perhaps you don't think I was pleased to see your craft lying here this morning when I came in on the Panther?"

"I presume you were," Constable replied idly.

They were on the ship's ladder, Cruse walking ahead. The sailor above, on the main deck of the Madame, caught a strange gesture from Constable's hand, and a stranger expression on his face, in which a little reproach was mingled.

"What's your law, Constable?" he inquired almost steadily. "You're smarter than I thought, and a deal more crooked."

"Listen," the other said, "I didn't like to do this, but there wasn't any way out of it. I've got a lot on my mind this morning, and you complicated matters. I'm going to have your eyes examined, and I'm going to have your eyes examined."

"I'll see you about that later on. He's been square as a plumb-line to me. You're a good man, Cruse, and Breen is too. Your lines are different, that's all. You'll get your five thousand and call for anything you want. We'll be good friends yet."

Captain Negley, having Mr. Cruse quartered on the floor, she was gathering up the litter of broken envelopes and newspaper wrappings upon the library table. Constable imagined that the maid servant regarded

him strangely. He ran to the stairway and called:

"Are you almost ready, ladies?"

He heard footsteps above and low voices; then a door opened and Mrs. Stenbridge crossed the upper hall and appeared at the head of the stairway. Already he was filled with a confusion of ideas.

"Pardon me for calling you, but everything is ready—as soon as you can come."

"We are not going on your yacht, Mr. Constable," the elder woman said coldly. "I sprang up the stairs and faced her in the dim light. Two or three times in his life he had become cold like this, some trait of his breed equipping him with an outward calm, when the issue of the moment was won or lost, but lifted from his hands."

"What is the latest difficulty, please?"

"I would rather not discuss the matter, Mr. Constable."

"May I speak with Miss Stenbridge?"

It was given to the mother to accede or refuse, for the door behind her was opened and the girl stood in the aperture, her anguish eyes intent upon him.

"I returned to announce that everything is ready," he said quietly, "and your mother tells me that you are not going."

"No, we are not going," she repeated in a lifeless voice.

"Is it too much for me to ask why?"

She did not answer at once, but seemed trying to penetrate his brain with her eyes. "Then, you have not seen the New York papers?" she said. "You may have this. The others are below."

She handed him the front page of a daily journal, dated three weeks before. His own name was there, and not in honor. When he looked up from the paper the door was shut. Constable went below.

"Where is Mr. Wall?" he duly inquired of the maid servant.

"He went out to the plantation, sir, immediately upon bringing in the mails."

"Where is Mr. Breen?"

"He went down to the city, sir."

Constable left the house and walked rapidly out the driveway, turning toward Saint Pierre. Here the man's pride intervened. He had committed a folly, perhaps, but no brand of the state's honor was at stake. The state's honor was at stake. The state's honor was at stake.

"I can handle Stenbridge very tidily, having your moral support," he declared. "He's too old a bird to resist arrest when he's once cornered."

"Just as you say," Constable said swiftly. "Turn your rig about and follow on. My launch is ahead, at the Sugar Landing."

It was not until the house was behind, and the back of his own carriage shut, that he realized that Constable had been drenched with perspiration.

The launch had agreed to be ready at nine, in case Uncle Joey had returned with the mail by that time. His several errands must wait. The present matter would take the entire time, and must be done at once. In order to get the driver's attention, Constable made good speed to the launch, which was in readiness. Cruse dismissed his rig; Constable bade his driver wait, and the two men boarded.

"Make her bring Ernest," the owner said to the sailor in charge. "I'm expecting for a drink and a mouthful of clean air."

Cruse was deeply interested in the present manifestation of Martinique's climate, and was not readily diverted from the subject which challenged his companion. Once launched, however, upon the deal of Nicholas Stenbridge, alias Hades Breen, he became fluent, and Constable learned that his guest was "Hades Breen," among the swiftest of civilization.

Stenbridge, according to Cruse, had started a Central American revolution in order to seize a range of rich silver hills; had made good, worked his mine, and sold them, a year later, "sailed to a brine," to a syndicate of New York capitalists. He had engineered the Yarmouth-Leams oil syndicate which discarded London financiers for a day. Of these and other interesting engagements Constable learned as the launch sped across the fouled harbor.

"What does this price of manipulation do with all his money?" he asked finally.

"Well, you see," Cruse replied, "he has his army to pay, and he must pay the men pretty well, for the rumor is abroad that he would go on the case for him. And then he is a golden boy of a spendthrift. I've heard that Paris looks for his second coming as for a Messiah, since he has promised the Tenderloin a punch from the Milky Way."

"Here we are. Perhaps you don't think I was pleased to see your craft lying here this morning when I came in on the Panther?"

"I presume you were," Constable replied idly.

They were on the ship's ladder, Cruse walking ahead. The sailor above, on the main deck of the Madame, caught a strange gesture from Constable's hand, and a stranger expression on his face, in which a little reproach was mingled.

"What's your law, Constable?" he inquired almost steadily. "You're smarter than I thought, and a deal more crooked."

"Listen," the other said, "I didn't like to do this, but there wasn't any way out of it. I've got a lot on my mind this morning, and you complicated matters. I'm going to have your eyes examined, and I'm going to have your eyes examined."

"I'll see you about that later on. He's been square as a plumb-line to me. You're a good man, Cruse, and Breen is too. Your lines are different, that's all. You'll get your five thousand and call for anything you want. We'll be good friends yet."

Captain Negley, having Mr. Cruse quartered on the floor, she was gathering up the litter of broken envelopes and newspaper wrappings upon the library table. Constable imagined that the maid servant regarded

him strangely. He ran to the stairway and called:

"Are you almost ready, ladies?"

He heard footsteps above and low voices; then a door opened and Mrs. Stenbridge crossed the upper hall and appeared at the head of the stairway. Already he was filled with a confusion of ideas.

"Pardon me for calling you, but everything is ready—as soon as you can come."

board a ship that had been a thief's refuge.

Rue de Rivoli was white and empty. The door of the shop was shut but not locked, and the little round window darkened with a cloth. Breen entered, slamming the door quickly, to keep out the hot, poisoned air of the street. The dark shop was as empty of humans as the thoroughfare, but a quick step sounded in the rear. A Nabab entered from the ash-quilted court.

"What a day, M. Breen! The birds are dead and dying. Soronia is ill unto death!"

"Soronia?" Breen said under his breath.

The old man hastened away. At the rear doorway, Soronia pushed by him. Her hair was unfashioned, and the loose white garment that she wore was open at the throat. The Nabab stared as if he were a spectator. His lips moved, and he turned suddenly to the man standing in front of the shop. She moved toward the American.

Her eyes aroused him. The darkness had no power to divert them from the thought, for the passions were burning there—fear lest this was not flesh which filled her gaze; ecstasy in that he was there at all, in life or death or dream. His act of yesterday had wrought the ghastly pallor; the deadly illness was heart-starvation. She touched his shoulder and his cheek with chilling hands; there fell from her lips strange, low words of no language that he knew. Suddenly she caught his hand to her breast, whispering that she had feared she was dreaming.

"What were you dreaming, little one?" he questioned.

"I thought I was dying when I heard your voice. You said—you said you would come no more."

"But did I not come, little fairy? Who could remain away from you?"

She seized his face in her cold hands, whispering, "Do you mean that you will stay?"

(To be continued.)

THE HELL OF WAR.

Deaths from Battle and Disease in Time of War Are Appalling.

The splendid achievements of scientific medicine in civil life in the prevention of disease, should be even more effectively obtained in an army, where only healthy men are accepted, and vigorous outdoor camp life should keep its units, who are subject to strict military discipline, in perfect physical condition. Health alone, however, is no guarantee against the insidious attack of the silent foe that lingers in every camp and bivouac," says an article in Appleton's. "It is this foe, as the reason of war for the past few years, has been proved, that has been responsible for four times as many deaths as the guns of the enemy, to say nothing of the vast number temporarily invalided or discharged as unfit for duty. It is this dreadful unnecessary sacrifice of life from preventable disease that constitutes the hell of war to-day. In the Russo-Turkish war the deaths from battle casualties were 20,000, while those from disease were 50,000; in our great civil conflict, of the nearly 500,000 men who perished on both sides, about 400,000 were sacrificed to disease to 100,000 from battle casualties."

In a recent campaign of the French in Madagascar 14,000 men were sent to the front, of whom twenty-nine were killed in action and over 7,000 perished from preventable diseases. In the Boer war in South Africa the English losses were ten times greater from disease than from the bullets of the enemy. In our recent war with Spain fourteen lives were needlessly sacrificed to ignorance and incompetency, for every man who died on the firing line or from the result of wounds.

"The difference between the martyr and the victim, between the soldier who falls on the field of honor and the man who meets a miserable death from preventable disease, for which his government is criminally responsible, is as wide as the celestial diameters. The one meets death compensated in the thought that his life is given in the protection of his country's flag and honor, the other is ignominiously forced to his grave through the neglect of the government that shamefully failed to protect the life he offered in its defense. This man represents the victim of the hell of war."

"That the monstrous sacrifice of 80 per cent is almost totally unnecessary, was abundantly proved in the records of the Japanese war, where 1,200,000 men were sent to the front, in a country notoriously insanitary, and only 27,000 men died from disease to 50,000 who fell in the legitimate line of duty on the field of honor."

This became the Japanese had a properly equipped medical and sanitary department, whose officers were empowered to enforce proper sanitation and hygiene. In the army of the United States in 1898 2,649 picked soldiers died in three months in the pest camps of their native land, without leaving the country, or ever having heard the hum of a hostile bullet. These men represent the hell of war as it would exist again in the future. If we were suddenly called upon to face an enemy who is prepared to meet us."

Loading Freight by Cars.

"I don't know whether the practice is still kept up in the far south, but I remember how tickled I was at seeing the method used in loading goods into freight cars down in Mississippi some while ago," said a railroad man of St. Louis.

"A lot of strapping black fellows will be on the job under the supervision of a white man, who will be issuing orders with great volubility. 'Put this aboard the king of diamonds; take this to the apex of hearts; load this on the top of spades; this to the Jack of clubs, and so on, and then you'll notice each one of the long line of freight cars has tacked on it some one of the fifty-two cards composing a full deck. The Senegambian loafers for the most part were ignorant of letters and figures, but every man of them knew the paste-board emblems which he had often handled in games of seven up. That next to cards is the chief diversion of the colored sports of Dixie.'"—Baltimore American.

The Reason.

"I was sitting in a crowded car to-day when Mrs. Nabot got on."

"Did she thank you for your seat?"

"Er—no."

"That's funny! She has such a reputation for being polite; I wonder why she didn't."

"She didn't get it."—Houston Post.

His Jonah Number.

Bleeker: "Do you believe that thirteen is an unlucky number?"

Meeker: "You bet I do. My wife was the thirteenth woman I proposed to."

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we regret, but our severity.—George Eliot.

The secret of all true greatness is simplicity.—Jordan.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Idle Rich Like Savages.

There are savages sitting to-day on the porches of the big family hotels of the country's biggest cities. This is one of the charges that Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, dean of women at the University of Chicago, brought against the idle rich in her talk before a woman's club.

"The same spirit," she said, "that makes the savage deck himself with a beak and feathers makes the rich man load his wife and daughter with diamonds and silks and surround them with superfluous servants. Luxurious leisure is held to give prestige. This false idea is passed down to the working girls. The mere contemplation of such a life of idleness causes harm. Many girls get to believe that when they marry they should cease to do anything but finger trinkets and order servants."

Marriage is really an institution of usefulness, and its burdens should be looked forward to.

How to Teach Truthfulness.

Teach the truth by being absolutely truthful. You have sharp little eyes in your home, seeing more than you imagine, and ears that drink in every word; minds that think over all that is done and pass judgment on all; so be very careful. If you make a promise, however small to your child, keep it faithfully. In this way does your child learn to be a man of his word in after years. Do not give too many orders, but when an order is given, be sure that it is obeyed. Never permit a child to tease you into anything. If it can have what it requests, give it at once, but if it is "No," then stick to it. But consider it well, and do not say, "no" when it might just as well be "yes."

escaping the ground by two to four inches and darning gracefully at the lower edge.

The empire and the Grecian are a particularly happy combination for a summer evening gown, the tulle lending itself admirably to the long skirt.

For the more dressy tailor-made suit a new combination of white skirts and colored coats is making its appearance. The little red golf jacket has also reappeared.

There is an almost imperceptible thread of blue in the design of culotte which was seized on as an excuse for the vivid blue of the linen coat that accompanies it.

No summer frock is complete without its yard or two of superfluous chiffon. It is a sad presenting such alluring possibilities to the feminine mind that it cannot be ignored.

Not yet has the long skirt come to be accepted for other than dressy wear, yet the makers of fashion recommend it for more constant use and the American woman is adopting it slowly.

A new use has been found for batiste. It now makes its appearance in the guise of coats heavily embroidered and braided and worn with colored gowns of crepe de chine, ponce and cashmere.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Weak borax water is a good dentifrice.

A foot bath in which a handful of common salt has been placed and followed by a brisk rub will often remove a severe headache.

Weakness of the heart is indicated by breathlessness after any slight exertion and by such evidences of imperfect circulation as pale finger-nails and cold extremities.

A harmless bandoline is made from three ounces of gum arabic dissolved in half a pint of warm rose water. This will take several hours, and after it is strained a drop of a solution of ammonia is added to give a tint. To use it put on the hair before waving with irons or on curls.

The girl who is going away on a vacation should not fail to take these few things with her as first aid to the injured: Antiseptic plaster; ready-made mustard plasters; a folded alcohol lamp, with alcohol; a small jar of boracic acid; aromatic spirits of ammonia; bicarbonate of soda; a warm salt water enema.

For sunburned skins take two ounces of pure honey, three drams citric acid and one ounce of bay rum or pure grain alcohol, put all together and shake well before applying to the arms. Honey and pure cider vinegar mixed thoroughly will also give relief. Work the mixture well into the hands, wipe them carefully with a dry towel and powder with talcum.

To Dissip Flesh.

If you are overweight, don't use drugs. They may bring on another evil worse than flesh. Use the flesh brush. Get a square cornered clothes brush of manila fiber. At first the skin will be sensitive, but use the brush gently and steadily and it will not irritate. Pay attention to the muscles of the shoulders and arms, and especially the back of the neck where that unsightly mound of flesh rises. Whenever you can walk, do so. Imagine that the trolley car engenders disease. When you feel sleepy, go out in the sunshine on an increasing mission. Do your sleeping at night and omit the afternoon nap.

A Morning Frock.

A smart little morning frock is of dark, single-blue cloth—the exact shade of a Princess of Wales' velvet—with black satin, with a neat waistcoat of violet-leaf green cloth, and a jabot of pleated crepe de chine in the same tone of blue. It is worn with a green hat massed with market bunches of violets and a great bushy green and black algrette.—Queen.

Have a Pendant or Two of Unattached Chiffon.

Flaunting about you—it makes little difference where—and the success of your gown will be established.

Not a few charming gowns are shown resting on the ground all around, while on the other hand the walking skirt is short enough to show the ankles,

gaining favor, though it cannot be said that the arrangement is generally becoming. Nodding plumes or tips are graceful, but the heavy bow of ribbon, with short, closely packed loops, is decidedly the opposite in effect. There is a heaviness about it suggestive of anything but good taste and not frequently the wearer is positively dowdy looking in consequence, for this style is only suited to very few faces. Most women need the aid of clothes that will not detract from a good appearance.

Try to Make the Best of It.

There is scarcely any one who does not think that he has been unjustly dealt with, either by nature or fortune. If these individual imperfections can be remedied, strive in every legitimate way to help ourselves. If not, make the best of them. It is not so much our own actual condition of life that breeds happiness as the use which we make of our opportunities. Some people will be cheery and useful anywhere, and under any livable conditions. Others are correspondingly dismal. Therefore, as a matter of self-convenience, make the best of things, says Woman's Life. A smile and a bright word will lend you to success, when dismal thoughts mean failure.

DAME

MADEMOISELLE

The crepe de chine coat is a great favorite.

Pompadour ribbon applied as skirt borders and waist decorations makes a delightful trimming for a dress.

The satin coat is an excellent example of the present craze of associating a cloth or veiling skirt with a wrap of satin.

Have a pendant or two of unattached chiffon flaunting about you—it makes little difference where—and the success of your gown will be established.

Not a few charming gowns are shown resting on the ground all around, while on the other hand the walking skirt is short enough to show the ankles,

gaining favor, though it cannot be said that the arrangement is generally becoming. Nodding plumes or tips are graceful, but the heavy bow of ribbon, with short, closely packed loops, is decidedly the opposite in effect. There is a heaviness about it suggestive of anything but good taste and not frequently the wearer is positively dowdy looking in consequence, for this style is only suited to very few faces. Most women need the aid of clothes that will not detract from a good appearance.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Weak borax water is a good dentifrice.

A foot bath in which a handful of common salt has been placed and followed by a brisk rub will often remove a severe headache.

Weakness of the heart is indicated by breathlessness after any slight exertion and by such evidences of imperfect circulation as pale finger-nails and cold extremities.

A harmless bandoline is made from three ounces of gum arabic dissolved in half a pint of warm rose water. This will take several hours, and after it is strained a drop of a solution of ammonia is added to give a tint. To use it put on the hair before waving with irons or on curls.

The girl who is going away on a vacation should not fail to take these few things with her as first aid to the injured: Antiseptic plaster; ready-made mustard plasters; a folded alcohol lamp, with alcohol; a small jar of boracic acid; aromatic spirits of ammonia