

Meadow Brook

BY MARY J. HOLMES

(Sunny Bank Farm)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

For an instant I felt a thrill of pride, to know that there was yet aught in me which could interest him, but 'twas only for a moment, and then there came up before me thoughts of the stranger, and owing to some unknown influence, which I shall not attempt to explain, the doctor's power over me was from that moment at an end; and though I still liked him, it was as I would like any friend who evinced a regard for me.

Of the stranger I often thought, wondering who he was and whence he came; but no one knew, and all that I could learn was that Herbert saw him the next morning standing on the steps of a hotel, and changing the same afternoon to the Worcester depot, he saw him enter the cars bound for Albany, and heard from one of the by-standers that he was a Georgian, and had probably come to Boston after "a runaway slave." Being a true-born daughter of freedom-loving Massachusetts, this intelligence of course had the effect of cooling my ardor somewhat, and wishing in my heart that every one of his negroes would run away, I banished him for a time from my mind.

After many inquiries, and much consultation with her particular friend Mrs. Ashley, my aunt at last decided to send me to a private school; while Anna, after a two weeks' siege with dressmakers, was introduced into society, where, if she was not a reigning belle, she was at least a favorite; and more than once I heard the most flattering compliments bestowed upon her, while it was thought to be a pity that her sister was so plain and unpretending in her appearance.

CHAPTER XI.

Aunt Charlotte, Anna and myself were sitting in the parlor one morning, about four weeks after our arrival in Boston, when the door bell rang, and the servant ushered in a young lady, who I readily guessed was Ada Montrose, for there was about her an air of languor, as if she had just arisen from a sick bed. All doubt on this point was soon settled by my aunt's exclaiming, as she hastened to greet her, "Why, Ada, my child, this is a surprise. How do you do?"

The voice which answered was, I thought, the sweetest and most musical I had ever heard, and yet there was in it something which made me involuntarily shudder. I do not know that I believe in prescientia, but sure I am that at the moment I heard the tones of Ada Montrose's voice, and looked upon her face, I experienced a most disagreeable sensation, as if, in some way or other, she would one day cross my path. She was beautiful, yet do what I would, I could not rid myself of the idea that she was my evil genius, though how in any way she, a proud Southern belle, could ever affect me, a plain school girl of fourteen, was difficult to tell. She was, as I afterward learned, twenty-two years of age, but being rather diminutive in size, and affecting a great deal of childish simplicity, she passed for four or five years younger, and, indeed, she herself gave her age as eighteen.

Divesting herself of her warm wrappings, which she left upon the floor, and shaking out her long curls, she informed my aunt that she had come to spend the day, saying, by way of apologizing for not having sent her word, that she had ventured to come without an invitation, she felt herself so perfectly at home.

Several times I fancied she seemed to be listening for something, and when at last I heard Herbert's voice in the hall, I was sure that she felt more than a common interest in him, in his usual good-natured, off-hand way he entered the room, tossing into my lap a letter from my brother Charlie, and telling Anna that her head hadn't yet written; then, as his eyes fell upon Ada, he started back in evident surprise. Soon recovering himself, however, he said, as he took the little snowflake of a hand, which she offered him:

"Why, Ada, who knew you were here?"

"Not you, or you would have come sooner, I reckon," said she, looking up in his face in a confiding kind of way, which brought a frown to Anna's brow.

"Maybe I shouldn't have come so soon," he replied, laughing, at the same time stealing a sidelong glance at Anna.

"Here, sit right down by me," said Miss Montrose, as she saw him looking for a seat. "I want to scold you for not calling on me oftener when I was sick. You don't know how neglected I felt. Why didn't you come, hey?"

And she playfully pulled his hair, allowing her hand to remain some time among his wavy locks. This was a kind of coquetry entirely new to me, and I looked on in amazement, while Anna, more disturbed than she was willing to acknowledge, left the room. When she was gone, Ada said, letting her hand fall from Herbert's head to his arm, "Tell me, is that the Lee girl who attracted so much attention at Mrs. Gore's party?"

"There was a look of gratified pride on Herbert's face as he answered, "Yes—the same—don't you think her pretty?" They had probably forgotten my presence—Ada most certainly had, or else she did not care; for she replied, "Pretty enough for some tastes, I suppose, but she lacks polish and refinement. Is she at all related to you?"

"My step-father's niece, that's all," replied Herbert, while Ada quickly rejoined in a low tone, "Then, of course, I shouldn't have to cousin her."

"Probably not," was Herbert's answer, which I interpreted one way and Ada another.

Her next remark was a proposal that Herbert should that afternoon take her out to ride; but to this he made some objection; whereupon she pretended to be sorry, leaning back on the sofa and muttering first that she didn't believe he cared for her, and he might as well confess her own ones.

Now the dinner bell rang, and offering me to go to the parlor, Herbert went to the dining room, where she was seated. I did not see her again until she came in, when she had a very sad expression on her face, and she said, "I don't know what it is, but I feel as if I should never see you again."

couldn't ride when she wanted to, she wouldn't ride at all."

"Where's Anna? She'll go, I know," said Herbert, glancing round the room, and adding in a low tone, which reached my ears only, "and I'd far rather she would."

When I explained to him that she had a headache, and did not wish to be disturbed, he exclaimed, "What ails all the girls to-day? Anything the matter with you, Rosa? If there isn't, put on your bonnet and I'll show you the city, for I am resolved upon riding with somebody."

As my aunt made no objection, I was soon ready and seated by the side of Herbert in the light vehicle, which he drove himself. I think he exerted himself to be agreeable, for I never saw him appear so well before, and in my heart I did not blame my poor sister for liking him, as I was sure she did, while at the same time I wondered how he could fancy Ada Montrose. As if divining my thoughts, he turned suddenly toward me and said: "Rosa, how do you like Ada?"

Without stopping to reflect, I replied promptly, "Not at all."

"Frankly spoken," said he; and then for several minutes he was silent, while I was trying to decide in my own mind whether or not he was offended, and as he was about to ask him when he turned to me again, saying: "We are engaged—did you know it?"

I replied that I had inferred as much from the conversation which I had heard between her and Miss Marvin, saying further, for his manner emboldened me, that "I was surprised, for I did not think her such a one as he would fancy."

"Neither is she," said he, again relapsing into silence. At last, rousing up, he continued, "I must talk to somebody, and as you seem to be a sensible girl, I may as well make a clean breast, and tell you all about it. Ada came up here from Georgia last spring, and the moment mother saw her she picked her out for her future daughter-in-law. I don't know why it is, but mother has wanted me to get married ever since I began to shave. I believe she thinks it will make me steady; but I am steady enough now, for I haven't drunk a drop in almost a year. I should, though, if Ada Montrose was my wife. But that's nothing to the point. Mother saw and liked her. I saw her, and liked her well enough at first, for she is beautiful, you know, and every man is more or less attracted by that. She is, too, that she is wealthy, and though I would as soon marry a poor girl as a rich one, provided I liked her, I should not deny her money had its influence with me to a certain extent. And then, too, it was fun to get her away from the other young men who flocked about her, like bees round a honey jar. But to make a long story short, we got engaged, heaven only knows how; but engaged we were, and then—"

Here he paused, as if hearing a painful subject, but soon resuming the thread of his story, he continued: "And then I stopped writing to Anna, for I would not be disagreeable. Do you think she felt it?"

The question was so unexpected, that I was thrown quite off my guard, and replied: "Of course she did; who wouldn't feel mortified to have their letters unanswered?"

"'Twas wrong, I know," said he. "I ought to have been man enough to tell her how it was, and I did begin more than a dozen letters, but never finished them. Do you think Anna likes me now, or could like me, if I was not engaged, and she knew I'd never got drunk again?"

Could he have seen her when first she learned that his affections were given to another he would have been sufficiently answered, but he did not, and it was not for me, I thought, to enlighten him; so I replied evasively, after which he continued: "As soon as I was engaged to Ada, she began to exact so much attention from me, acting so silly, and appearing so ridiculous that I got sick of it, and now my daily study is how to rid myself of her; but I believe I've committed right. Can I make a confident of you, and feel sure you'll not betray me to any one, unless it is to Anna?"

I hardly knew how to answer, for if it was anything wrong which he meditated, I did not wish to be in the secret, and so I told him; but it made no difference, for he proceeded to say: "I shall never marry Ada Montrose, never; neither would I break her heart if I shouldn't, for she's more than half tired of me now."

I thought of the dark stranger, and felt that he was right, but I said nothing, and he went on: "Sometimes I thought I'd go up to Sunny Bank, tell Anna all about it, ask her to marry me, and so settle the matter at once; but then I did not know but she might have grown up raw, awkward, and disagreeable, so I devised a plan by which I could find out. Mother would burn her right hand off, I believe, to save me from a drunkard's grave, and when I wish to win her consent to any particular thing, all I have to do is to threaten her with the wine cup."

"Oh, Herbert, how can you?" I exclaimed, for I was inexpressibly shocked.

"It's a way I've got into," said he, laughing at my useful face. "And when I suggested that Anna should send the letter to her, I hinted to the old lady that if she didn't consent, I'd go off with a party of young men on a hunting excursion. Of course she yielded at once, for she well knew that if I joined my former boon companions I should fall."

"And so we are indebted to you for our winter in Boston," said I, beginning to see things in a new light.

"Why, no, not wholly," he answered; "mother consented much easier than I supposed she would. The fact is, she's changed some since she was at Sunny Bank. She's joined the church, and though that in my estimation don't amount to much, of course, she has to do better, for it wouldn't answer for a professor to put on so many airs."

It was nearly dark when we reached home, and as the lamps were not yet lighted in the parlor, I went immediately to my room, where I found Anna lying upon a sofa, with her face buried in the cushions. I knew she was not asleep, though she would have repeated her name. Then lifting up her head, she turned toward me a face as white as ashes, while she said, motioning to a little stool near her, "Sit down by me, Rosa; I must talk to some one, or my heart will break."

Taking the seat, I listened while she told me how much she had loved Herbert Langley—how she had struggled to overcome that love when she thought he had abandoned her, and how, when she saw him daily in his own home, it had returned upon her with all its former strength, until there came to her the startling

news that he was engaged to another.

"I cannot stay here," said she. "I am going home. I have written to mother—"

and she pointed to a letter which lay upon the table, and which she bid me read. It was a strange, rambling thing, saying that "she should die if she stayed longer in Boston, and that she was coming back to Sunny Bank."

There was the sound of footsteps in the hall, and Herbert's voice was heard at the door, asking for admittance. He had often visited us in our room, and now, without consulting Anna's wishes, I bid him enter, going out myself and leaving them alone. What passed between them I never knew, but the supper table waited long for Herbert, and was finally removed, my aunt thinking he had gone out, "to see Ada, perhaps."

she said, and then she asked me how I liked her, telling me she was to be Herbert's wife, and that she hoped they would be married early in the spring.

I made her no direct reply, for I felt I was acting a double part, a treble part in being thus confided in by those, but I could not well help it, and I hoped, by betraying neither party, to atone in a measure for any deceit I might be practicing. After that night there was a great change in Anna, who became so lively and cheerful that nearly all observed it, while Herbert's attentions to her, both at home and abroad, were so marked as to arouse the jealousy of Ada, who, while she affected to scorn the idea of being supplanted by "that awkward Lee girl," as she called her, could not wholly conceal her anxiety lest "the Lee girl" should, after all, win from her betrothed husband.

(To be continued.)

SOME POINTED QUESTIONS.

Put Yourself in the Other One's Place and Answer.

The great task of sound ethics is to stimulate the social imaginations. We must be continually prodding our sense of social consequence to keep it wide awake, says a writer in the Atlantic Magazine. We must be asking ourselves at each point of contact with the lives of others such pointed questions as these:

How would you like to be the tailor or washerwoman whose bill you have neglected to pay?

How would you like to be the customer to whom you are selling these adulterated or inferior goods?

How would you like to be the investor in this stock company which you are promoting with water?

How would you like to be the employer whose time and tools and material you are wasting at every chance you get to loaf and shirk and neglect the duties you are paid to perform?

How would you like to be the clerk or saleswoman in the store where you are reaping extra dividends by imposing harder conditions than the state of trade and the market compel you to adopt?

How would you like to be the stoker or weaver or mechanic on the wages you impose?

How would you like to be the business rival whom you deprive of his little all by using your greater wealth in temporary cut-throat competition?

Conscientious Official.

"There is nothing like the authority of even the lesser officials on the continent," said a tourist who had just returned from Europe. "In Germany the least clerking in the employ of the government assumes the right to interfere with your smallest private affairs."

"When I was in Paris," he says, "I had a little joke with a friend of mine about an old felt hat I wore on our walking tour. A month or so after, when I was in a little town in Germany, it happened that my part of the joke was to send the hat to him. So I tied it up and took it to the postoffice, a small box of a place with one old German in attendance. He asked me what was in the package."

"Merchandise," I said.

"What kind of merchandise?" he asked, and then put more and more questions, until I told him it was an old felt hat.

"How much is it worth?"

"I thought this was part of the regulation, so I told him it was not worth anything."

"And you are going to send it by mail?"

"Yes."

"When it has no value?"

"Yes. But it has a certain kind of value."

"How much?"

"Nothing that I can estimate."

"Then it is not worth the postage and you had better not send it."

"But I want to send it."

"It is folly, mein herr, and I cannot allow it."

"So I had to go to an express office and send it that way. Now that is a paternal government for you."

Overtimes.

Grump—Is there such a thing as a "planist's union?"

Register—I never heard of one. Why?

Grump—I thought if there was one I'd like to call it to the attention of the young woman next door and get her to join. She works at her piano more than eight hours a day.—Philadelphia Press.

Snuff Using Is Increasing.

The snuff users of the United States have increased in number about 6 per cent a year for several years, taking the annual consumption of snuff as the basis of calculation. The aggregate weight of pinches of snuff taken last year was 18,000,000 pounds.

There Are Exceptions.

"It is said that all persons' sons turn out to be worthless. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Some persons have no sons, you know."—London King.

Automobiles and lynching parties travel at a break-neck pace.

Success is the only road on the map that leads to prosperity.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

The Perfect Woman.

She shall be
As is a flower, so born in purity,
And in her virtues boundless as the air;
Girt up with fear, fenced round with
chastity.

Rounded in wisdom perfect as a star,
Reverence shall wait upon her steps, and
Love
Shall clothe her like a garment; on her
brow
Shall Truth sit smiling like the watch-
ful star
That hangs upon the forehead of the
Eve.

A great simplicity shall mark her ways
And bind the linked action of her time;
Years shall lie near the surface of her
life;

Infinite pity, like a living spring,
Shall bubble in the silence of her heart;
Her soul shall hunger with an awful
wish.

And all the pulses of her being yearn
To mitigate the sorrows of her kind.

Calm-eyed and patient, never speaking
ill,
And slow to speak wherein she cannot
praise;

Faith, never dim, shall guide her feet;
And Hope
Shall brood upon her being like a dove;
And over all like Benediction's calm,
Shall all her paths be lit by Charity;

Faith, Hope and Charity, these three
yet so
As Charity is greatest, shall she
Be known by Charity.

—Exchange.

The Well-Bred Girl.

Good breeding, to be sure, depends much on home and mother. It is said one's ancestors have a finger in it also.

But the girl who hasn't ancestors needn't despair.

Nor need she whose family are not everything that is to be desired.

It is nice, of course, to be born well bred. But one can achieve it.

Here are some of the ways it can be done:

The well-bred girl never fusses. She takes her gowns, her hats, her successes quite as a matter of course.

She is quite unconscious of her veil or her pompadour, her jewels, or her new shoes.

A pretty girl who is always admiringly spoken of as being "so well bred" was complimented on the pretty gown she was wearing. She was so entirely unconscious of it that she actually had to look down and see which one she had on.

The well-bred girl never airs family differences nor domestic uprisals. She never asks personal questions.

If some sudden reversal of fortune comes she isn't always talking of her former circumstances.

Neither does she apologize for working for her living.

Her repose is not the quietness of weakness, but the calmness of strength. She is sure of herself, her family, her position; if she have not these, then of her own worthiness.

The well-bred girl is a rest, a delight. We know she will never betray a confidence, pry into personal affairs, nor put us to a disadvantage before others.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Cares for 110,501 Children.

Mrs. E. C. Pickett of St. Louis has had charge, during fifteen years, of 110,501 children. With this record, she retires from the position of matron of the South Side Day Nursery in St. Louis. An interesting fact is that she disapproves of whipping.

When it is considered that none of the children in the position of matron of the nursery was and is to care for the small children of mothers who are forced to earn a livelihood for themselves and children, and also for the children of widowers.

Woman with Humor.

If you consider the list of your friends, it will not take you long to discover that the woman you like best is the woman with a sense of humor. She is the one you think of first if you are getting up a picnic or a card party. You do not, perhaps, formulate it even to yourself, but in your mind she stands for the utmost good humor. If it rains, or it shines, if anybody else is cross and grumpy, the woman with a sense of humor can extract fun out of the dreariest proposition, and the first thing you know she has set every body to laughing at her drill sayings, and turned defeat into a triumph, for who cares whether your original plan was carried out or not, just so everybody has a good time?

A sense of humor is said to be lacking in most women. Alas! I have found this only too true, but I have noticed that when a woman does have it, she is the first to find it out.

and all she has to do to acquire a husband is to pick and choose. The day of the girl with the doll face is going out and the day of the girl with a sense of humor is coming in.—Harper's Bazar.

Was a Cat Farm.

There is a woman on the coast of Maine who has made a very considerable income conducting a cat farm. In her locality is a beautiful species of cat called by some of the natives "coon cat" and by others "shag cat." These cats in many cases attain to a considerable size, eighteen and twenty pounds being not at all uncommon.

They vary in color, have large heads, and many of them pronounced mutton chop whiskers in addition to their "smellers," the fur on their chests grows very long, and some among the finest of the breed have a small fur tasseled growing from the very center of the chest.

In frequent instances these cats mature with blue eyes, and it is not uncommon to see a full-grown cat of this breed with one blue eye and one green eye.

Years ago many of the Maine sea captains brought home from their trips to Eastern ports specimens of the beautiful cats of the Orient, which in after years developed into the present coon cat.

The price ranges from \$5 upward, size, color, etc., determining the cost. The proprietor of this cat farm says that cats are easier to raise and command readier sales than dogs.

Gives Up the Pulpit to Marry.

Rev. Marie H. Jenney, a Unitarian minister in Des Moines, Iowa, and the daughter of the late Col. E. S. Jenney of Syracuse, N. Y., will leave the pulpit to marry Frederick O. Howe, a lawyer of Cleveland. Miss Jenney has been a pastor for five years. She was graduated from the Meadville Theological seminary in 1890 and afterward was assistant pastor of the Unitarian Church at Sioux Falls.

Three years ago she accepted a call from the Des Moines church and has been preaching there since.

Miss Jenney is a handsome young woman and was leader in society before she entered the ministry. Mr. Howe is a member of the law firm of Garfield, Garfield & Howe, in Cleveland, and is in politics with Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of that city.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Don't bend the knees in walking. No one wants to appear "weak-kneed." If you do you cannot be a poem when you walk.

Don't walk too far at first, when taking up outdoor exercise for the sake of your complexion. Stop just short of being tired.

Line in the eye should be washed out quickly with vinegar and water, squeezing some drops on the eyeball. Then place a soft pad soaked in vinegar over the closed eye and secure it to the head by a bandage.

A speck of dust in the eye can be removed by a pointed piece of paper or a camel's-hair brush. Afterward close the eyes and bind a soft pad over the lids and allow it to remain until all feeling of pain is gone.

A sty, which is a bluish sore on the face, is best treated with an application of hot cloths. Wring them out of water as hot as can be borne. Also bathe the eyes frequently with warm water containing spirits of camphor, the proportion being five drops to half a cup of water.

A simple preventive of seasickness is said to be a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a half-pint of water. Drink immediately on leaving shore. Some little time previously take an aperient. By maintaining a horizontal position the tendency to seasickness may be counteracted.

Monotony is the foe to appetite and digestion and also to good living. And there is no earthly excuse for it. We may be restricted to a few articles of food by reason of distance from market, but that is no reason why potatoes should be always "boiled in water" or eggs perpetually fried. Especially in spring is a change relished.

To remove yellow stains from the face take an ounce of dried rose leaves, add half a pint of white wine vinegar and let it stand for ten days; then draw off the vinegar and add to it half a pint of rose water. Keep this liquid bottled and when using pour a tablespoonful or so on a bit of cloth and sponge the face. Let it dry on the skin.

Blackheads are a mass of congested matter and dust; obviously their cure is in cleanliness and restored circulation of the blood vessels of the face—nothing but friction and cleanliness will prevent their return. Often they are the result of a disordered stomach, indigestion and constipation, and strict attention should be given to the laws of hygiene. Daily baths are necessary.

Don't bend the knees in walking. No one wants to appear "weak-kneed." If you do you cannot be a poem when you walk.

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