HIS HOUR OF WEAKNESS.

Helen McM. Williams in Chicago Times-Herald.

He was the toughest looking tramp you ever saw. Shifty-eyed, shamble-gaited, brazen-jawed, with lines between the eyes and mouth that showed that no apologies were needed between them; they understood one another and belonged to the same class. The bullet-shaped head was cropped close, but nature had made some attempt to conceal the badness of the mouth with a scraggly, drooping growth of hair—as she sometimes does soften ruin, knowing how thin the veil of charity through which we look is apt to be. Tobacco juice drizzled in a furtive and dingy stream from one corner of his mouth. His shoes were whole, though worn and dusty. His flannel shirt was thin and old and dirty, and the opening for coolness of its first two buttons showed that his trunk had not lately been charged with excess baggage.

The day had been oppressively warm, but a cool lake breeze sprung up as the tramp sloucked up the street, and, turning in a haphazard sort of way, walked between white lilacs and close-cut lawns to the door of a house.

An artist would have said of this house that the lines and colors were simple and cool and restful. A poet would have said that the huge bowlders in the fountain spoke of depths of forests and rushing streams. Friends said it was the welcome that gave them refreshment in summer and warmth in winter. But the tramp said: "By thunder! This's a dum sof' spot some feller's got to come to."

Mrs. Wetherby was tired of expurgated editions. For the society editions of her acquaintances to suppress certain chapters before coming to her polite perusal was undoubtedly good for them and respectful toward her. Mrs. Wetherby was not decadent, neither was she particularly "new," but she loved truth and loved humanity. Circumstances had been wrapt about her with the soft resistance of jewelers' cotton, preventing any contact with that shiftlessness and filth and crime which at least adds little hypocisy to its degradation.

She had been working hard all this hot day. But the work was done in rooms with cool, green, walls, or on shaded porches, in the freshest of summer house gowns. There had been fruit to preserve and babies to look after, and all the detailed vital things to see to, which no one knows about until they aren't done some day. But done in such attractive places, with such dainty appliances, the repression and selection back of all harmonious result met fewer obstacles. The incense from these home altars is fragrant as housewife's lavender with unpretending self-sacrifice and glad endeavor.

Mrs. Wetherby came slowly down the stairs at 5 o'clock with that contentment of mind which only the consciousness of looking one's best has the power to bestow. Her thin pink gown was fresh. The flush from standing over the preserving kettle lingered only in her cheeks. She glanced in at the dining room as she passed. No flowers on the table. Starting out doors to get them she met the tramp. "Got any more work for me, Miss Wetherby?" he asked. She looked at him steadily for a moment, and then replied: "Any more work for you to do? No, I never saw you before; I never forget faces."

"Well, that gag don't go down you, then," he cheerfully answered. "But hain't you got something for me to do? I kin clean ketch basins, take care o' flowers, cut grass, lay sidewalks, scrub floors, run a locomotive—oh, I can do most anything you'd be apt to want done."

"I havent' any locomotives around the place that need running just now," she gravely replied. Their eyes met, and they both laughed. "I've got some vegetables that need thinning out, and the back lawn needs cutting. Will you do these for your supper?"

"Sure. Where's your tools?"

He went to work with a will.

A little later Mrs. Wetherby leaned over the piazza railings, near where the tramp was trimming the grass around some bushes, and said: "How did you know my name was Wetherby?" The tramp chuckled. "Well," he said, "that was funny the way I come to know that. You see I met a bum 'way out west, and was goin' the same road, so we tramped together for a while. He was a sickly-looking bloke, and he was tellin' me how near he come to dyin' one time gettin' to Chicago. It must 'a' been three or four years ago, last winter. He got 's far 's this town and he'd walk-near dead with the cold, and he'd walked clear from Aurora. Every house he struck had a dog or a cross biddy, till he struck this one. You give him a cup o' hot coffee, or your girl did—an' a old coat. He's never forgot how good that coffee tasted."

"But how did he come to tell you my name, and how did you happen to remember it?"

The tramp laid down the shears, pushed back his hat, and extracted from the depths of his trousers pocket a small, greasy, dog-eared blank book. He looked around furtively. "When one of us," he said, impressively, "is goin' to a place we gets a list of all de snaps along the way."

"And I was one of the snaps?" Mrs. Wetherby interrogated.

"Oh, gee!" replied the tramp, "they says you feeds every good for nuthin' bum on the road. But they do say, too, that somehow or other, you makes' em work for it. Then I says to the feller I told you about givin' me your name. 'Well, she must be green.'" The tramp paused dramatically, and his eyes forgot for a moment that they weren't honest. "Say, Mrs. Wetherby, he pretty near eat the face off'n me for sayin' that."

"And how did you know that I was Mrs. Wetherby?"

"Oh, first I guessed it, and then when you squared off an' looked at me I was sure. That feller said he bet you looked right through and see the shade of his black hair while you was talkin' to him."

Just then Mr. Wetherby came into sight up the street. Mrs. Wetherby took time to say "Come again, to-morrow," and "What's your name?" and then walked quickly over the lawn to meet her husband. The tramp looked up and saw the greeting. "By thunder! this is a dum sof' spot for that feller to come to," he gently soliloquized.

* * * * * * *

The next morning saw Devine, the tramp, hard at work in Mrs. Wetherby's yard. After giving him directions about transplanting some roses, she turned to him, and said abruptly: "Devine, do you drink?"

"Sure, like a fish," he replied promptly.

Here was frankness, at any rate, and it was a relief after cringing hypocrisy of the average backdoor transient.

"I suppose that's the reason you don't keep a steady job?" isn't it?" Mrs. Wetherby resumed, "or do you like tramping for itself?"

Devine was surprised at not having called forth the usual temperance lecture by his bravado. He also felt the personal interest back of the words. The rare magnetism of self-oblivion is a potent charm in woman. "Yes an' no, Mis' Wetherby," he ruminated. "You see I was workin' on the railroad durin' the strikes of '94. I was a union man, and we was layin' off, waitin' for the bosses to come to our way of thinkin'. Buttin' agin a stone wall is more like what we were doin'. Durin' the deadlock at the Q deepo they tried to git one man to drive a locomotive out o' the yards, so's to show the union men they was others to do the work. One after another they called 'em up at the head office, but the men stood pat. They sent word for me to come up there. They was gettin' simply desprit. Everything at a standstill. They jest had to git an engine out that night. Knowin' thro' their records I understood locomotive drivin', also thro' other records that I were no tin angel, they was sure o' gettin' me to do their job. Say! it was a reg'lar auction. They kep' biddin' higher and higher. They'd give a job fer a year, sure, an' good pay an' two hundred down. I'm not sayin' I didnt' like the looks of the tin an' I wasn't stuck on bein' on their black list."

"Did you do it, Devine?"

He turned savagely, "I'm no dum scab," he snarled.

"But if you had done good work for that year you would have had a steady place and—"

"What do you know about it?" he interrupted. "I'd a blowed in the tin in two months an' every bum on the road would be callin' me a bloomin' scab."

The approval of one's fellows is not the highest motive for heroic action. But it is back of more physical daring and moral conquests than were ever instigated by abstract heroism. And who of us is so ruled by that inner, higher ideal that he can think less worthy Devine's tribute to public opinion as it would touch him?

"Come again to-morrow, Devine," Mrs. Wetherby said, as she turned and went into the house.

There was a barrel of hard cider in the Wetherby cellar, also four bottles of beer on ice in the refrigerator. When Devine came up from some work in the basement he said to the simple-minded cook: "It's turrible weather for rheumatism of the legs." And her gentle Swedish soul was wrung with pity for the poor man as he came unsteadily into the kitchen. "I tell Mis' Vedderby you troo," she said. Her mistress came out. "How much do I owe you, Devine?" She said it cooly, but her heart was sick to see how the drink had deepened all the evil in the man's face, and beat a little faster as she caught the look of craft and cunning in his narrow eyes. She counted out what he said was due him. It was more than the amount they had agreed upon. He took it greedily; the thirst for more drink was craxing him.

As Mrs. Wetherby turned he realized drunkenly that the rings on her hands were worth money. He lurched toward her. She came back a step, fronting him squarely. "Good-by, Devine; you've done good work for me," she said, at the same time holding out her firm, white, womanly hand, which touched his rough, shaking fingers for one conquering moment.

The next week a summer rain beat down some of the climbing roses in the garden. Mrs. Wetherby put her pink line sunbonnet on, rolled up her sleeves, tucked up her skirt, put some storm rubbers over her slippers and went to work at them. As she pulled and tied and tacked every now and then a shower of the fragrant rose petals would fall over her. One branch needed support just out of her reach. She tried to climb up on one of the boulders underneath the wall. It was moss-grown and slimy. She slipped and instinctively grasped the rose stalks. Her damp pink palms were cut sharply by the thorns and one arm had a deep red scratch, almost from elbow to wrist.

"Say—oh! I say! lem'me do that," called a voice from the road, and without waiting for a reply Devine, the tramp, came up and over the terrace. "You jes' set up there on the porch an' boss, an' I'll ten' to these here rascals. Blood!" he exclaimed, as she took her handkerchief from her arm. "Shaw—why, your skin ain't no sort o' use at all." He worked earnestly and intelligently. The sun sent fragrant steam from the damp earth. There was no room for fear, nor reproach, nor anger in this fresh, green June world.

When Devine finished the roses to Mrs. Wetherby's satisfaction she said: "Can you beat some rugs for me now?" His face was as lit up by pleasure as a face woefully out of practice in expressing that emotion can be.

When he brought a pile of dusted rugs from the line he found Mrs. Wetherby polishing brasses at the kitchen table. Devine hung around in an uncertain way for some moments. He cleared his throat once or twice; then he took a drink of water. Finally he blurted out: "I played you a bloomin' mean trick Saturday."

"Did you, Devine?"

"Yes'm. I come up here an' see the corkscrew lyin' in the knife box. I swiped it an' opened all the beer I could find downstairs. Then I topped off with a bracer from the cider bar'l. Say, I carried a load." Pride struggled with penitence. "I overcharged you, too."

"Yes, Devine, I know all that—but I'm glad you told me."

"An' you len'me work here again, knowin' I played you that trick?"

"Why, yes—you've got to pay for your beer," she answered, looking up at him with a smile.

Suddenly she laid down her work. She leaned forward and looked at him earnestly. "Devine," she said, "of course I can't understand your temptations, and you wouldn't understand mine. But when I want to do something wrong as badly as you wanted a drink Saturday—I'm afraid I do it without half your excuse. So you see, I'm not the one to judge you. But I want to tell you something. I have so much money a month for help. You overcharged me a dollar and a half, and I couldn't do anything but pay it, for you were drunk. One can't argue with a drunken man, you know, Devine." He nodded acquiescence. "Well, I needed an extra woman to-day to help with the cleaning, but I'd paid you what her wages would come to, and every other cent was needed elsewhere. Now, Devine, is it fair that I should work hard all day so that you could have more money to spend—you know how," She paused. The tramp said nothing. He tried to raise his eyes to hers, but they got no further than her tightly clasped hands. "Is your money all gone, Devine?"

"Yep—ain't got a cent on earth," he mumbled. He shifted uneasily. His voice was husky when he spoke. "By thunder, you're square, Mis' Wetherby. You're square's a man. An' square'n most o' them. You aint' said a word o' this here Sunday school rot for ladies and children to me. But I tell you when I want drink I'm crazy. I'd do anything to get it."

"Would you steal?"

"I ain't sayin' what I'd do if I was broke an' the thirs' came on me," he said, sullenly. "Gee! there's that puppy goin' for them rugs." He hurried out and Mrs. Wetherby did not see him again.

* * * * * * * *

The next day Anna, the housemaid, was to start on her summer vcation. A little while before train time she came running upstairs. "Oh, ma'am, oh, Mrs. Wetherby! My ticket's gone; the ticket Mr. Wetherby got for me. Somebody took it out from under the knife box."

"Are you sure you put it there, Annie?"

"Oh, yes, mum; night before last, when Mr. Wetherby brought it home so's I'd be sure to know just where it was."

They looked in every nook and corner for the mileage book. No one had been in the kitchen but themselves, the grocer's boy and—Devine.

"You must go just the same, Annie, the loss is through me," insisted Mrs. Wetherby.

"Of what use could the book be to him?" argued Mrs. Wetherby that night to her husband, "it had the girl's name on it."

"Oh, he might raise a few dollars on it at some ticket scalper's. They'd gamble that much on the chance of using it. You say he had worked on the railroad, so he knows the ropes."

"I ought to have paid him something for his work yesterday. I knew he didn't have a cent."

"Better let such customers alone, my dear," said Mr. Wetherby sententiously. "This democracy of yours will end in the burglary of our valuables and the kidnapping of the children if you go on at this rate! He was just working you."

"Well, he did it cleverly, anyhow. It's tough, Tom, that one can't be decently human without suffering for it in some way. I really thought I had touched him. He certainly did me!"

"Conventional standards are nearer right than you think," rejoined Tom. "Why, that degenerate rascal and you cannot talk the same language, literally and mentally and morally, any more than do a savage from Central Africa and a Boston school-ma'am."

"Well, Tom, I hate to fence in my sympathy and love and understanding—to tell the truth, I've grown a little tired of polite charities and worthy poor."

The Wetherbys closed their house in July and went across the lake for two weeks, which they spent mostly in appreciating how consciously comfortable they would be when they returned.

Devine, the tramp, thief, degenerate, but withal, man, came back once more. This time he crept stealthily in the shadows of the white lilacs and tiptoed on the grass, around to the back door. With skillful, practiced fingers he picked the lock. He turned the door knob softly and stole into the kitchen. No sound nor light in the house, and it was only 9 o'clock. He was safe. There was evidently no one at home. He sat down on a chair to rest. He was very tired. He was "broke" and had walked the ten miles from town. The gang he had lately fallen in with were expecting him back at 12. He started toward the sink to get a drink. The moonlight streamed through the windows. Instinctively he avoided the light places. "I'm a bloomin' fool to run the risk o' bein' caught here," he half said, half thought. "I'll shake the place." He turned and his eyes fell on what looked in the moonlight to be the ghost of a little white sunbonnet. Suddenly he seemed to see her, as she had sat leaning over the kitchen table. Her earnest eyes, her glowing cheeks and the ugly scratch on her bare white arm.

"She treated me square." He wrestled apologetically with himself. "She treated me square." He pulled out from the bosom of his old flannel shirt the mileage book he had stolen a month before. He lifted a corner of the knife-box and slipped the now greasy little book under it. Shame-faced, he crept noiselessly back toward the door, touching the little white sunbonnet furtively and guiltily as he passed. As softly as he had opened it, he closed the door, and more of the old bravado came back to his gait, and deeper lines of evil to his face, as if in compensation for this hour of weakness, as he slouched back toward the city.

A Sharp Retort.

London Answers: A London dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so he was duly lectured for his lack of manners.

"You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught."

"Very likely, answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches me, but OI feeds meself."

She Saved Her Jewelry.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.—Mrs. I. Schurtzenberg, a national delegate from the Red Cross Society to the Philippines, and a personal friend of President McKinley, is lying at the home of Mrs. S. S. Wise, 01 Thirty-third street, under a physician's care, with her face bruised and swollen, and her arms and body black and blue as the result of a struggle with a burglar last night. Mrs. Schurtzenberg was to have left for Washington to-day, but will be confined to her bed for some time. She saved her money and jewelry.

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OLD HORSE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Mrs. Mountain Lion's Pride in Her Newborn Triplets—Toothache of the Great Lion—Wickedness of the Tigress and Her Death From a Broken Heart—Professional Service in a Circus Menagerie.

"Why don't you ask me how I came to be a horse doctor?" interrupted the graduate of a veterinary college to whom a friend had been delicately insinuating that he was built for better things. "Well, I'll tell you," he continued, after a moment's reflection, "though I can't see why you should place the relief of suffering in the case of a four-legged friend so far below the corresponding human profession.

"When I was a boy I lived in a big city, near the public Zoo. I got to know the head-keeper pretty well by always hanging about and never being in the way. He used to let me into the lot where they moved the cages containing the sick wild beasts, and I took a great interest in studying why they got well or died. I often looked on at minor surgical operations until I became very used to the beasts, and being very fond of wild things anyway, concluded there would be many a worse way of making a living than by gaining the gratitude of dumb animals.

"Not that they seem speechless to me, you know. I never heard anything more eloquent in my life than the actions of Mrs. Mountain Lion on the day she increased the population by three. When triplets come to an independent, self-supporting family they bring with them, to say the least, a temporary feeling of dismay, if not real annoyance, but whehn a similar calamity descends upon a royal household, the benficiaries of a charitable institution, nobody minds. What difference can a baby more or less possibly make when all are public charges? Well, the morning those babies came, you would have known it at once by the important way the parents walked about in their front yard, while at every thirteenth turn before the door Mrs. Mountain Lion would break the promenade and enter the house, only to return prouder than ever.

"But that was not what I started to tell you about. I was a bit older, but yet a full-fledged vet, when there came to be trouble on Lion Hill. Three big lions, Judge, Mollie and Bob, lived together happily in one of the most prominent flats in that thickly settled locality. Judge was the superintendent's special pet, and the biggest lion in town. He had recently lost his appetite, and though he lay quietly enough in a corner, Mollie and Bob were suffering from having to eat up all the raw material which Judge sniffed at, because they had to keep their porch clean. So much good food was making them cross, and besides, it hurt them to get no answer back from Judge when they asked why he did not get his share.

"The upshot of it was that Judge's continued dislike for general society finally attracted the keeper's attention, and he promptly called upon the big lion, politely inquiring during the visit how he did. Getting no very detailed statement of symptoms, he finally begged for a view of the big red tongue. This was promptly granted, but its lack of coating showed that whatever the trouble might be, it had no connection with the stomach. Next came the teeth, and here was where the difficulty lay. The second molar on the left side of the jaw was badly ulcerated, and needed to be extracted. Suppose you were a Boer, just from Africa, landed at a hotel where our English was spoken, with your jaw hurting and wanting a hamburger steak in the worst way, wouldn't you crawl into a corner and sulk when you couldn't possibly get it? That was all that ailed Judge.

"So far Molly and Bub had shown only a mild interest in the proceedings, but when they were suddenly and violently thrust through their own front door and fastened in the flat, there arose a howl of rage, but the keeper and his helpers had to have the porch to themselves. Similarly, Judge seemed to think it quite the proper thing to let the keeper fumble about in the big red abyss and appeared quite prepared to open his mouth still wider if necessary, although it was already stretched sufficiently to take in a man's head. But then there were eight of us inside with him, and the big fellow felt his hind legs fast and knew he could not bite the ropes which held down his forepaws, it was different. With a two by four plank thrust in his mouth, and a stout cord fastened about each jaw, he felt and acted quite like a human king whose subject had been too many for him. He attempted no resistance whatever, apparently understanding its futility, but watched me carefully while I prepared to administer the chloroform. As soon as he was thoroughly under the influence I cut away the gum and yanked one way with a forceps two feet long while an attendant pulled the great jaw quite as hard in the opposite direction, and presently I was holding up the tooth to an admiring crowd.

"That happened while I was a student, and it was the first time I ever rendered real professional service to a wild beast. The next time I ministered to similar needs, or tried to, was a year after my graduation. Having settled elsewhere, I was back at my old haunts, visiting my parents and incidentally the Zoo, just when my old friend the keeper was greatly in need of a vet.

"The lady for whom my professional services were required was Mrs. Jenkins. For seven years she had occupied a most substantial residence on Tiger row, and was well known to every child in the state, being particularly noted for her bad temper. Her near neighbors had mourned frequently and loudly because of her unwomanly conduct, her visitors had been heard to complain of their reception at her hands, servants could not be induced to remain with her even for the usual limited period—Indeed, no one but the superintendent of the menagerie houses had ever been able to influence the lady at all.

"Circuses, you know, have a way of giving, if they can't sell at a double value, to public menagerie purveyors animals which are either too old or too vicious to live. Mrs. Jenkins was entirely eligible on both counts, on the day when Forepaugh gave her to the authorities, and every day of residence had seemed to add unnecessarily to her previous meanness

"Just before my visit there had been new developments in the case of Mrs. Jenkins. A large lump had been growing upon her back until it had come to be the size of a pint cup and almost as hard as bone. The handsome creature absolutely refused to eat unless she could have an attendant served up as an appetizer, and she was wasting away so fast that my request to be allowed to try to save her life was speedily accepted, and the lady was coaxed into a portable cage, carried into a large yard set apart for the breeding of domestic fowls, and left there quietly for a day or two to let the strangeness of her surroundings wear away.

"On the appointed day the head keeper and four assistants accompanied me into the enclosure. Mrs. Jenkins greeted us with a snarl. An assistant put an iron hook through the bars and got a good hold on her shoulders. This was preliminary to putting a stout rope on each forepaw and tying the hind legs together. It took the entire force to accomplish this, and all the time the huge tigress was growling and biting at the bars, and her eyes said very plainly:

"It's not fair. Five to one in the jungle would be all right, but five to one and me in a cage! If I would only get at you!"

"Presently she was secure. Then, while one man held the ropes which fastened her forepaws, another held the iron hook across her shoulders, a third held her head down with a crowbar and a fourth fastened the rope about her forepaws to a convenient tree, the superintendent and I entered the cage.

"Careful probing of the tumor showed no pus, but when I laid my head on her hairy breast to listen to her breathing and had fully sounded her lungs, I knew that the trouble was that great enemy to all animals brought here from tropical climes, tuberculosis. I said as much to the superintendent. All this time Mrs. Jenkins had been uttering objections in her characteristic fashion and had broken her remaining fangs on the bars of the cage. There was baffled rage in her eye and murder in her snarl, and our lives would have been worth little had she regained for a minute that freedom for which she longed.

"I said there was nothing to do but to kill her, and we left the cage. The ropes were taken off one at a time and as she felt the first one give there came a terrible sigh from the tigress, who then lay quiet, making no effort to rise or strike out as the bonds were carefully relaxed and removed. A minute later the reason was evident.

"Mrs. Jenkins was dying. The telltale glaze was creeping slowly over her fiery eyes. That great sigh had been her last earthly protest against the injustice of captivity. Within ten minutes the great handsome creature which just a moment before it had taken five men to bind and hold, was being dragged about by the tail by one of them. To me who had watched her gallant fight against such odds and who understood the physical suffering she must have endured, perhaps for years, this seemed a sorry end.

"Under the shade of the tree which had helped to subdue her, I presently sat beside the beautiful striped beast and made the incisions which verified my diagnosis. To the keeper I pointed out the tumors and watery vapors which showed how diseased were the lungs. To myself I said, 'she died of a broken heart.'"

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No. 3—Sheep, Tan Color, Marbled Edges, Extra Quality High Machine Finish Book Paper, $75.00.
First payment, Three Dollars ($3.00) and Five Dollars ($5.00) per month thereafter.

A reduction of 10% is granted by paying cash within 30 days after the receipt of the work.

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STANDARD MALE QUARTETTE,
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Repairing of all kinds of machinery promptly and quickly executed.

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Used in Millions of Homes!
Accept no substitute!
Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

Best Coffee for the Money!
Try LION COFFEE and you will never use any other. It is absolutely pure Coffee and nothing but Coffee.

These articles mailed FREE in exchange for lion heads cut from front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

STRENGTH, PURITY AND FLAVOR

Gold Collar Button.
Mailed free for 5 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Made of rolled gold and with mother-of-pearl back; suitable alike for ladies and gentlemen. This shape is handy and popular.

Daisy Neck-Pin.
Genuine Hard-Enamel and Gold.
For 18 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. The illustration is only two-thirds actual size. Color a delicate pink, with jewel setting and gold trimmings. Best enamel finish, stylish and durable.

"The Lion's Bride."

Mailed free for 12 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. An unusually fine picture, from the brush of the noted German artist, Gabriel Max. It is founded on Chamisso's poem, "The Lion's Bride." The story is interesting, and we send with each picture a handsome folder, containing copy of the poem and telling all about it. Size, 15x26 inches.

"Dorothy and Her Friends."

A bright, cheery picture.
For 8 lion heads and a 2c. stamp.
A bright, cheery picture, representing a little girl playing with her chickens and her rabbits. The predominating colors are rich reds and greens. Size, 14x28 inches.
For 10 lion heads and 2-cent stamp we will mail it tinned, ready for hanging.

Stylish Belt-Buckle.

Handsomely gold-plated, with Roman finish, and set with ruby colored jewel in the center. This will be welcomed for "dressed-up" occasions by the ladies who like to wear different colored sashes. The gold-finish goes well with any of them. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Ladies' Apron.

Made of good quality lawn, with alternate rovering and tucks; broad hem at bottom, and is neatly gathered at waist; a very superior and stylish article. Size, 36 x 40 inches.
Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Fruit Picture.

Size, 16x24 inches. Given for 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

50-Foot Clothes Line.

Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of closely braided cotton threads, strong, and will give the best of satisfaction.

Mantel Clock.

By express, prepaid, for 110 lion heads and a 2c. stamp. Frame beautifully finished with gilt. Stands 8 inches high. A beauty and good time-keeper.

Alarm Clock.

Sent by express, prepaid, for 80 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. When ordering either clock, please name your nearest Express Office, if there is no express office located in your town.

Box of Colored Crayons.

For 10 lion heads and a 2c. stamp. Fine wax crayons, fifteen different colors, accompanied with outline pictures for coloring. Each crayon is wrapped with strong paper, to prevent breaking.

Child's Drawing Book.

A collection of nice outline pictures bound into book form with sheets of tissue paper between the leaves. On these tissue pages the children can trace the pictures beneath, thus affording enjoyment, as well as instruction to the hand and eye. These drawing books and the box of crayons go very well together. There are six different kinds, and each drawing book requires 6 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Naval Box Kite.
See it Fly!

The celebrated box kite now so popular. Thirty inches long and comes safely folded, but can quickly be spread to fly. Every American boy wants one, and older persons also are interested
Mailed free for 40 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

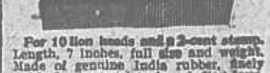
Ladies' Scissors.

Length, five inches, suitable for cutting, trimming and general household use. Given for 12 lion heads and a 2c. stamp.

Razor.

Given for 35 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. A first-class razor, made of best English steel, and extra hollow-ground.

Rubber Dressing Comb.



For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Length, 7 inches, full size and weight. Made of genuine India rubber, finely finished. Appreciate for a ladies' dressing-case or for use in the household.

Game "India."

Similar to "Parchesi," which has been played in eastern countries since before the dawn of history. The illustration shows plan of the game, with usual counters, dice and dice-cups accompanying it. A game which people never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Every time you buy a pound package of LION COFFEE you have bought something else, too. Don't overlook it! You have bought a certain portion of some article to be selected by you from our new Premium Lists!

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE LION COFFEE PREMIUMS. Another list will shortly appear in this paper! Don't miss it! The grandest list of premiums ever offered!

You always know LION COFFEE by the wrapper. It is a sealed package, with the lion's head in front. It is absolutely pure if the package is unbroken. LION COFFEE is roasted the day it leaves the factory.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

(When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 15 lion heads are sent, you can save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.