

Envorable Conditions, Certainly.
Belle—So Maude has accepted Char-
ley! Would you have accepted him if
you had been in her place?
Lena—Very likely. She was in his
lap at the time.

In the Future State.
Miss Antek—Marriages, they say,
are made in Heaven.
Miss Sharpe—That must be encour-
aging to you. If you only lead an up-
right life there's hope for you yet.

Reforming the Language.
The movement in the National Edu-
cational Association to simplify English
spelling would arouse more enthusiasm
if it were of broader scope. It is an-
nounced that English is a difficult lan-
guage to master; that it is constantly spread-
ing to new quarters of the globe; that
the population of English-speaking
countries is steadily increasing; that
year by year a greater and greater num-
ber of persons are required to learn the
tongue; that its difficulties, therefore,
impose a continually growing burden
upon the mental energies of the world
and that to remove as many as possible
of these difficulties would release a great
quantity of brain power which would
be available for other uses.

All this, which constitutes the argu-
ment of the simplifiers, is readily con-
ceded. But why do they stop with the
mere spelling of simpler orthography?
The spelling, after all, is only one of
the minor troubles. The real difficulty
is the innumerable irregular verbs. Why require an
intellect of the world to wear itself out
wrestling with the participle? What
difference does it make, anyway,
whether a man says "I had gone" or "I
had went"? Consider how much easier
it would be if English were written this
way:
"I stood on the brij at midnite
As the kloks was striking the ovr
And the moon rized over the sity
Frum behind the dark church towr."
Let the new generation say: "We
goed to skul and was teached gramer."
Let the reform be thorough.

Bernhardt's Vocation.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt is such a
superb actress that it is difficult to con-
ceive that she has ever had any other
profession in her mind. But the fol-
lowing story shows how her first choice
of a profession was vetoed by her fam-
ily, and her present vocation suggested.
In some interesting pages of personal
reminiences Madame Bernhardt tells
how it was that she went on the stage.

"A family council was assembled," she
writes. "It consisted of my mother,
my aunt, my godfather and an old
friend of the family. My own wishes
were consulted, and I said timidly that
I thought I should like to be a painter,
against which audacious proposal every
one protested energetically.

"Well, make an actress of her," put
in the family friend.
"An actress! She's as ugly as she
can be," said my godfather, kindly.
"Ugly!" cried my mother, up in arms
at this insult to her maternal pride.
"My daughter ugly? You are mad, mad!
She is charming, with that wild air of
hers. Look at her eyes; aren't they
superb? Ugly! You are crazy, my dear
sir." And wounded in her feelings, my
mother marched up and down the room
till in the end my future vocation was
definitely decided.

A Watch Not Wearing Apparel.

Judge Lowell held recently, in the
United States District Court at Boston,
that a watch was not an article of wear-
ing apparel, and therefore was not ex-
empt from the provisions of the bank-
ruptcy law vesting the bankrupt's
property in his trustee. The bankrupt
claimed that the watch was exempted
from the law by virtue of the Massachu-
setts statute exempting from execution
"the necessary wearing apparel" and
"the tools, implements, and fixtures
necessary for the carrying on of a trade
or business," because by the bankruptcy
law the bankrupt was allowed the ex-
emptions prescribed by State laws.

The Acme of Comfort.

Husband—Don't forget to wake me
at 7 o'clock, as usual, to-morrow morn-
ing.
Wife—Why, you don't have to go to
the office. It's a holiday.
Husband—I know, but wake me at 7.
I want to have the satisfaction of roll-
ing over and going to sleep again.

Kitchen Intentions.

A little three-year-old miss, after
watching the cook scouring the pots
and pans, reported to her mother that
"Jane has scrubbed all the kitchen in-
tentions."

THE LOOM OF DREAMS

I broider the world upon a loom;
I broider with dreams my tapestry.
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea,
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame,
I broider my love, thread upon thread,
The world goes by with its glory and
shame,
Crowns are bartered, and blood is shed;
I sit and broider my dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my
dreams,
And my weaving the only happiness,
For what is the world, but what it seems,
And who knows but that God, beyond
our guess,
Sits weaving worlds out of loneliness?
—Arthur Symonds, in the Saturday Review.

In a Toy Shop.

ME walked into the toy shop
with the uncertain air bred
by unfamiliarity. He was
not old—perhaps fifty; he
may, indeed, have been younger. The
lines about his mouth and the crow's-
feet about the eyes told of a life that
had been none too easy, and yet there
was that subtle air of prosperity about
him, too, that in turn told its tale.

Outside in the street the sun beat
down on the white sidewalk with a
glare that reflected even into the care-
fully shaded shop. Behind the coun-
ters the young women stood or sat in
small groups. They looked cool and
pretty in their light summer frocks.
On the counters were toys, heaps piled
on heaps, it seemed to the man, al-
though the arrangement was orderly
enough.

For a moment he stood in the door-
way. After the glare of the street the
shop seemed almost darkness. Grad-
ually the forms of the young women
were outlined to his sight, and then he
saw dimly the things on the counters.

An officious and obsequious young
man came forward rubbing his hands.
Within a minute the man was in
charge of a cool-looking young woman,
with a pretty smile and a gracious
manner. Almost before he knew it
the man was talking with her and ex-
plaining things that needed no explana-
tion.

"I want to get a er—er—er, a toy,
you know," he said.
"Yes, sir," said the young woman.
"Here is a very pretty doll. How
would that do?" and she brought out
a wonderful creation with eyes that
opened and shut, and long blonde
curls. It was dressed in a pale blue
silk gown. "How do you like that?"

asked the young woman, holding the
doll up for inspection. Then she
pressed a hidden spring.
"Mamma, mamma, papa, papa!"
said the doll.

"Great Scott! what's that?" almost
shouted the man.
"I was making the doll talk," replied
the girl.

"Do they make dolls that talk?"
asked the man.

"Why," said the girl, with a pitying
smile, "they did that ten years ago."
"Did they?" said the man; "well,
you see, it's a good many years since
I've seen any toys."

"Shall I send it home?" asked the
young woman.

"No," said the man, "I don't think
that would do at all. I suppose you
think I'm a pretty old man to be buy-
ing toys," he continued, irrelevantly,
"but you see, I've been so busy trying
to get rich that I never had time to
think of getting married till about two
years ago. Been out West all the
time," he continued, half sadly, "and,
somehow, I didn't see many things like
that out there."

"Here is something else that you
might like, sir," interposed the young
woman, as she brought out a wonder-
ful locomotive and train of cars. She
pressed a spring and the engine bell
rang, the whistle blew, and off the
train started on the circular track.

"Is that what they call a toy?" asked
the man.

"That is certainly a toy," replied the
girl, with a laugh.

"I wish I could remember some of
the things I had to play with when I
was a boy," mused the man; "I don't
suppose you could get a Noah's ark,
could you?" he continued doubtfully.

"I'll see, sir," said the young woman,
"but they're awfully old-fash-
ioned."

"Mebbe so; mebbe so," said the man
absently.

The young woman walked to the
rear of the shop and soon returned
with the toy in question.

Yes, there it was. The Noah's ark!
It hadn't changed a bit in all the years
that had fled. The same old gabled
roof, one side of which opened like the
lid of a box. The same square win-
dows, the same narrow ledge around
the bottom, and the picture of the
dove, bearing the branch of olive
painted on the side.

Slowly the man opened the box and
began to take out the little figures.
His hands actually trembled with de-
light. The wonderfully made green
trees, standing on the little brown
bits of wood that are meant to repre-
sent mother earth. The quaint figures
of men and women; the soldiers with
their little wooden staffs. And then
the animals. Where has their like ever
been seen before?

He spread them out before him and
looked at and beyond them, and the
shop and the glare of the sidewalk
without vanished from his vision.
Green fields stretched before him, and
deep in their hollows nestled the little
white house with the bright green
blinds and the red chimney.

In front of the house was a narrow
little walk bordered on each side with
sweet peas in bloom. How they
smell! He could even smell them here
in the shop. Then he looked up. The
girl was wearing a bunch of those
wonderful blossoms in her belt. He

had not noticed them before, and he
had almost forgotten how sweet those
blossoms can smell. There is a small
lad running up the narrow walk to-
ward the house. One arm, broken by
a fall from a tree, hangs limp by his
side. A sweet-faced woman comes
rushing out to meet him, and with a
cry of tender love gathers him in her
arms. He lies in her arms, sobbing
while they rush for a doctor. And as
he lies there, bearing the pain as best
he can, the little sister came toddling
up with something in her hand for
him.

"Take this, Tommy; oo hurt," and
she hands him the choicest treasure
of all her treasures—the little blue
camel from the Noah's ark!

And here, almost half a century
later, he stands with something warm
and sticky held tightly in his hand.
He opens it, and lying in his palm is
the little blue camel from Noah's ark!
In all these years he had never for-
gotten the little blue camel, and its
companions have not changed. They
are the same now as then.

"I'll take that," he said, shortly, as
he turned away.

At home his wife laughed when she
saw the toy.

"Baby is too young for a Noah's ark,"
she said. "Why did you buy it?"

"There was a little blue camel in it,"
he replied, vaguely.

The wife laughed as she kissed her
husband.

"I fancy you bought that for another
baby," she said, tenderly, with per-
fect understanding.—Waverley Maga-
zine.

FUN IN CHINESE COLUMNS.

Curious Advertisements of the Wily
Oriental.

A noticeable feature of the China
newspapers is the "exuberant verbi-
osity" of their advertisements.

This is due to cheap advertising
rates, as well as to the flowery lan-
guage of the Kingdom. All sorts of
communications get into the news-
papers, but the business system of
Chinese editors is so admirable that
instead of airing private and public
grievances in "letters to the editor,"
they are inserted in the advertising
columns, and thus help the editor to
get an honest living.

An announcement inserted by a jilted
swain whose lady love eloped with
Chou Ling, closes with these heartfelt
words:

"I cannot control my wrath and bit-
terness. My loved one has, it is plain,
been enticed away by this rascal's de-
ceit. How, I wonder, can a mere
tailor's dummy like this succeed in
winning her?"

"Surely he has no law or justice be-
fore his eyes. It is on this account
that I am advertising. Should any
kind-hearted gentlemen give me in-
formation of her whereabouts by letter, I
will reward him with \$20; should he
bring her back to her parents, I will
joyfully give him \$40. I will most cer-
tainly not eat my words. His kind-
ness and benevolence for a myriad
generations, to all eternity, shall not
be forgotten."

Quacks in China advertise in beau-
tiful language. One such ad. reads:
"Our recipe has come down to us
from a physician of the Ming Dynasty.
A certain Mandarin was journeying in
the hill country when he saw a woman
passing southward over the moun-
tains, as though flying.

"In her hand she held a stick, and
she was pursuing an old fellow of a
hundred years. The Mandarin asked:
'Why do you beat the old man?' She
answered: 'He is my grandson, for I
am 500 years old and he is 114. He will
not purify himself by taking his medi-
cine, and so I am beating him.'

"The Mandarin alighted from his
horse and knelt down and did obeis-
ance to her, saying: 'Give me, I pray
you, this drug, that I may hand it
down to posterity for the salvation of
mankind.'

"Hence it got its name—'Fairy Re-
cept for Lengthening Life.' Take it
for five days, and the body will feel
light; take it for ten days, and your
spirits will become brisk; for twenty
days, and the voice will be strong and
clear, and the hands and feet supple;
for one year, and white hairs will be-
come black again, and you move as
though flying.

"Take it constantly, and all troubles
will vanish, and you will pass a long
life without growing old. Two dollars
a bottle."

Wardrobe as a Gallery Adjunct.

An enterprising photographer in
Washington, D. C., who is making
money right and left, keeps an elabo-
rate equipment of opera cloaks, Pa-
risian hats, ball dresses and other fem-
inine apparel constantly on hand for
his sitters, says the National Photo
News and Views. Thus, the young
woman who comes to him clad in a
home-made "tallor" gown and a fifty-
cent hat may appear before the eyes
of admiring relatives and friends in
other cities arrayed in sable furs and
a beplumed chapeau, or looking the
linguee to perfection in a debutante's
gown of white richly-trimmed with
pearls, which for all the fortunate ones
who receive the photographs know,
are of great price.

Heirs of Living Rulers.

Here are some interesting statistics
in regard to the heirs of living rulers.
There are thirty-nine rulers in Eu-
rope and twenty of them have no male
heirs. Seven of them have one son,
three have two, four have three, one
has four, three have five, and only one,
the Emperor of Germany, has six. Al-
together the thirty-nine rulers have
fifty male and thirty-seven female de-
scendants. Among these there are
twenty-four princes and fourteen prin-
cesses, who are the descendants of
German emperors, kings, grand dukes,
dukes and princes.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR
LOVERS OF FUN.

All in the Programme—With a Movable
Complexion—Dynamic Knowledge—
Out of His Class—The Wrong Man
Aroused—His Only Hope in Life, Etc.
Life is a jest, prolonged and great.
The humor oft is rough, you'll find.
When you are buffeted by fate,
It makes some laugh; so never mind.
—Washington Star.

With a Movable Complexion.
He—"A fortune teller said I was
going to marry a blonde."
She—"Well, I can be a blonde any
time I want to be."—Chicago Record.

Dynamic Knowledge.
"What do you know about drilling
wells?" asked the foreman of the gang.
"Why, I know the business from the
ground up," said the nifty applicant
for work.—Indianapolis Sun.

Out of His Class.
Schoolma'am—"Come, now, Harold,
spell chickens."
Harold—"Please, ma'am, I'm not old
enough to spell chickens, but you can
try me on eggs."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Wrong Man Aroused.
"Why is this called an owl car?"
asked one of the belated passengers.
"Hoot, mon!" sleepily responded the
passenger known as Sandy McGregor.
"How do I know?"—Chicago Tribune.

His Only Hope in Life.
He—"My uncle is a strange man."
She—"Why so?"
He—"He says the only thing he's
got to live for is the hope that he'll
have a large funeral."—Yonkers States-
man.

Good Subjects Make Good Talkers.
McCarthy—"Old Brown declares you
are the most entertaining talker in the
club. What do you usually talk about
in his company?"
McConnell—"Old Brown."—Harlem
Life.

Not Fatal.
Willie—"I think I could die listen-
ing to Miss Triller sing."
Cy Nick—"Oh, you may feel like dy-
ing, but you'll pull through; I've been
through it often."—Columbus (Ohio)
State Journal.

Proper Enough and Quite English.
Wickler—"Beastly weather, isn't it?"
Stickler—"Why will you insist upon
using those idiotic expressions? How
can the weather be beastly?"
Wickler—"Well, it's raining cats and
dogs."—Philadelphia Press.

In and Ex.
"Do you think that genius is moved
to exert itself by inspiration?"
"Sometimes," answered the very se-
rious young man. "But often by the
expiration of the period for which rent
has been paid."—Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint.
Mr. Nicetellow—"What do you think
is the proper age for girls to marry?"
Miss Lena—"Oh, about nineteen."
Mr. Nicetellow—"Indeed! And how
old are you?"
Miss Lena—"Oh, about nineteen."
Town Topics.

Not Just as He Meant.
"I've promised to go in to supper
with some else, Mr. Blaque, but I'll
introduce you to a very handsome and
clever girl."
"But I don't want a handsome and
clever girl; I want you."—American
Agriculturist.

The Merry Glyptodon.
"What period do you belong to?"
said the professor to the prehistoric
monster.
"No period," answered the beast
merrily. "People who observe me use
nothing but exclamation points."—
Washington Star.

Pleased to Release Him.
Harduppe—"Can you spare me
about ten minutes of your time?"
Gotrox—"Don't you know that time
is money?"
Harduppe—"Then let me have \$10,
and you may keep the ten minutes."—
Philadelphia Record.

Sweet Things.
"What sweet dears they are," said
Blanche to Mildred, referring to a
squad of West Point cadets.
"No doubt they have all qualified at
mess hall by eating a gallon of molas-
ses," added Mildred, who had been
reading the proceedings of the hazing
investigation.—Detroit Free Press.

Signs and Superstitions.
"I must confess I'm rather supersti-
tious."
"Well, I'm not. I wouldn't be that
way."
"You wouldn't, eh?"
"No, it's a sure sign that you're
going to have bad luck when you be-
gin to get superstitious."—Philadel-
phia Press.

A Mother's Methods.
"You see," said the mother, "Tommy
is so uncomplaining and yielding that
I always give him the first choice of
everything."
"As a lesson to Johnny?" asked the
caller.
"No. It gives Johnny a chance to
take it away from him. Then both
are satisfied."—Indianapolis Press.

Interests at Stake.
"I don't see what business you have
criticising the way the proprietor runs
this business," said one errand boy.
"You only get \$4 a week and he's got
thousands at stake."
"That's the point," answered the
other. "When a man's got thousands
at stake he can generally put by a
bank account and feel safe. But when
your working for 'four per,' you're
doing it because you need the money
regular."—Washington Star.

"Mrs. Pinkham Saved me from an Operation."



Hospitals in our great cities are sad places to visit.
Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white
beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case?
Because they have neglected themselves.

Every one of these patients in the hospital beds had plenty
of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at the left or
right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of
the back. All of these things are indications of an unhealthy
condition of the ovaries or womb.

What a terrifying thought! these poor souls are lying
there on those hospital beds awaiting a fearful operation.

Do not drag along at home or in your place of employ-
ment until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to
an examination and possible operation. Build up the female
system, cure the derangements which have signified them-
selves by danger signals, and remember that Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands
of women from the hospital. Read the letter here published
with the full consent of the writer, and see how she escaped
the knife by a faithful reliance on Mrs. Pinkham's advice
and the consistent treatment of her medicines.

Mrs. Knapp tells of her Great Gratitude.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have received much benefit from using your
Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. After my child was born, blood
poison set in, which left me with granulated inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries.
I had suffered from suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me
the ovaries would have to be removed. I took
treatment two years to escape an operation,
but still remained in miserable health in both
body and mind, expecting to part with my
reason with each coming month. After using
one bottle of the Compound, I became entirely
rid of the trouble in my head. I continued to
use your remedies until cured.

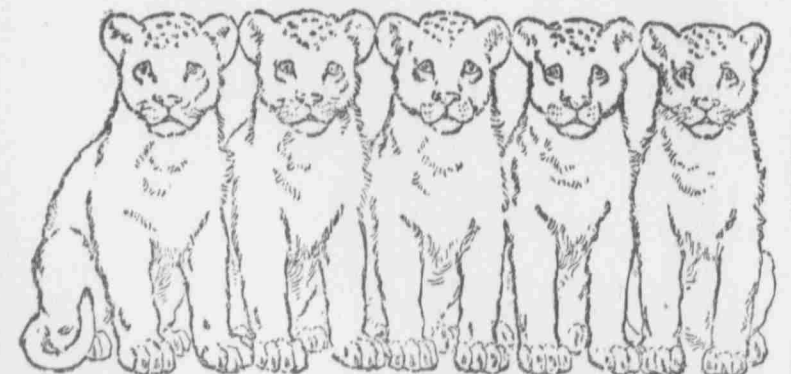
"The last nine months have been passed in
perfect good health. This, I know, I owe en-
tirely to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound.

"My gratitude is great indeed to the one to
whom so many women owe their health and
happiness."—MRS. F. M. KNAPP, 1528 Kinnic-
kinn Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical
people have from time to time questioned
the genuineness of the testimonial letters
we are constantly publishing, we have
deposited with the National City Bank, of New York, \$5,000,
which will be paid to any person who will show that the above
testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the
writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

LION COFFEE

A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL!



All Alike!

LION COFFEE

is always the same.
One package is just like another.
It is uniform in every respect.

IT NEVER VARIES.

Watch our next advertisement.

If you like one package you will like all

LION COFFEE.

LION COFFEE is not glazed or coated with egg mixtures and chemicals, but is
an absolutely pure coffee, full of strength and flavor.

In every package of LION COFFEE you will find a fully illustrated and descriptive list. No housekeeper, in
fact, no woman, man, boy or girl will fail to find in the list some article which will contribute to their happiness,
comfort and convenience, and which they may have by simply cutting out a certain number of Lion Heads from
the wrappers of our one pound sealed packages (which is the only form in which this excellent coffee is sold).

WOOLSON SPIKE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.