

# WANDERLUST.

By Gerald Gould.  
Beyond the East, the sunrise, beyond  
The West the sea,  
And East and West the wanderlust  
That will not let me be;  
It works in me like madness, near,  
To bid me say good-by!  
For the seas call and the stars call,  
And oh, the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs  
Nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the sun for friend  
And for his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when  
Once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls and the road calls,  
And oh, the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and  
There by night and day  
The oil ships draw to home again,  
The young ships sail away;  
And come I may, but go I must, and  
If men ask you why,  
May put the blame on the stars  
And the sun and the white road  
And the sky!  
—From the *Louise Spectator*.

## O-Ume

The Story of a  
Little Japanese  
Girl and the  
Cherry-Blos-  
soming.

The sun was warm on the thatched  
roofs and the groves of trees, and a  
merry crowd filled the streets of the  
little Japanese village, for it was the  
festival of the cherry-blossoming.

In Japan the "Sunrise Kingdom,"  
as it is called, the calendar is divided  
into the time of the blossoming of the  
flowers. The cherry-blossoms, which  
shrouded in snowflakes, help to usher  
in the New Year; then, after a few  
weeks of cold rains and hail skies,  
the branches of the withered old  
black plum trees are starred with  
fragrant white blossoms, followed soon  
by the cherry-blossoms, and until  
November, when the brilliant maple  
leaves light up the scene, this gentle  
people count the seasons in flowers.

In this little village most of the  
cottages had thatched eaves on their  
heads. Some were worn with age  
and rain, but Dame Nature had  
patched them with velvety mosses  
until the whole village looked like a  
picture. There were only two streets  
and these ran almost at right angles  
like a rude cross. The sea, curving  
far inland, hugged the houses with  
caps of thatch on two sides, so that  
one could hardly feel looking out  
over the water wherever he stood.  
Even though they wore of the sea's  
rough caresses they could not run  
away, for great hills guarded them  
at the rear, and only stepped away  
a little at one side to let the smiling  
rice fields climb down, terrace by  
terrace.

If you have never seen a Japanese  
rice field you would be surprised to  
see one. The plants are set out in  
the mudiest mud that you can think  
of. The workmen wade up to their  
knees in this thin mud and set out  
the plants; then, as they grow up,  
there are men and boys who weed  
them, stooping all day until their  
backs are weary. At first the field  
looks like a great pond or lake; then  
some morning you look across it and  
it is all emerald green. A week or  
so later, the wind blowing across it  
ripples the rice stalks like long,  
green waves and it is beautiful. Raised  
paths cross the field and inclose  
them, and in the corners are great  
beds of pink lotus flowers, something  
like pink water-lilies, with broad, flat,  
pad-like leaves. If you look across the  
fields at nightfall, you may occasion-  
ally see a crane standing on one foot,  
and looking like a bird stuck down on  
a long black stick. If the crop ma-  
tures early in the season you will  
hear more frogs croaking than you  
ever heard before, for the fine, fat  
bugs that live in the mud are just  
to frog taste. Looking down on the  
fields from high up on the mountain-  
side it looks as though someone had  
made them to order, leveled off a ter-  
race on the steep slope and shoved  
each one in, for there is a level space  
with a rice field slid over it, then a  
climb and another field, sometimes  
four or five in succession. When the  
rice begins to ripen the birds must  
be kept away by boys with wooden  
clackers, something like those our  
boys play with. But the fields are  
wide and the birds so hungry and ag-  
gravating, that it could not be by any  
stretch of the word be called fun for  
a wide-awake boy.

But we must go back to the little  
village with thatched roofs and the  
merry crowd in the streets. There  
were women in gay kimonos of silk  
and crepe, with huge sashes and  
wooden clogs, their hair piled high in  
black coils. There were little maids  
like women of small size, only the  
wee maid's sash was soft and the  
grown-up sash was stiff and wide. The  
babies were strapped on the back of  
mother or sister, but some learned to  
cling and get a comfortable position.  
Their heads, bare and shining, ex-  
cept for a few tufts of black hair,  
wobbled and bobbed as if they would  
roll off, but their soft, tiny hands  
clung tightly to the neck of the bearer,  
and they never cried.

There were little men in long robes,  
jinriksha runners in washbow-shaped  
straw hats, laborers with bare brown  
legs wearing blue coats with big let-  
ters stamped on the back, and over-  
head dangled gay banners and lan-  
terns.

Of all the crowd, only the little  
brown babies were silent, all the  
others were chattering and laughing.  
As I went up the street at a good  
pace in my two wheeled baby cab,  
which they call a jinriksha, with the  
gay crowd dodging out of the way of  
the runner who held the shafts and  
acted as my horse, I felt just like a  
part out of a story book, or like one  
of the pictures.

We were all going to see the cherry  
trees at the park. Now I had seen  
the cherry trees at home, but not

ing like those pink-tinged double blos-  
soms as large as a double rose, cover-  
ing every branch and twig; nothing  
like these clouds of odoriferous pink,  
caught and held down by the clinging  
black branches. There were no green  
leaves, these came later on the cul-  
tivated trees; only the fleecy pink  
cloud of bloom, and under the trees  
was a drift of pink snow from fallen  
petals.

Benches were set close together un-  
der the trees, and people were drink-  
ing tea served by tidy maids from the  
teahouse near by. Yet they were not  
benches, they were tiny low tables,  
about like a doll table, before which  
they squatted on their heels. Now my  
muscles are not limber enough to sit  
long or comfortably in that position.  
Even the babies of that land are  
taught to sit on their heels, instead  
of putting their feet out in front of  
them, as our babies do, so their mus-  
cles are trained to it. But I went a  
little to one side and sat down on the  
grass with my American walking  
shoes sticking their toes out in front  
of me and enjoyed the scene.

Japanese people are very polite and  
kindly, and as I watched the darling  
children in scarlet, yellow and lavender,  
chattering and catching at their  
odd toys of paper and feathers, one  
solemn little girl, looking like a bit  
of rainbow, came timidly toward me  
with a cup of tea and some sweet-  
meats.

I quickly went down into the pocket  
of my memory for some of my best  
Japanese, and came up with enough  
of it to say, "Thank you; come and  
sit by me," and she squatted beside  
me. Everyone is gay and ready for  
fun when the cherry trees bloom, so  
I was soon surrounded by a crowd  
of curious little people, all looking  
wonderfully at the strange foreigner  
who had so unusual there, and we  
were soon quite well acquainted. I  
drank the tea and ate the sweet-  
meats, which were round balls made  
of rice, and they showed me their  
toys. Japanese children have no pockets  
in their quaint, long gowns, but  
the sleeves, wide and reaching to the  
knees, made an excellent substitute,  
and out of them came tops and balls,  
little toys made of paper and rice  
straw to imitate figures and boats,  
and we had plenty to talk about for  
awhile. Then the gay little butter-  
flies flitted off to chase each other  
down the long aisles of the tree  
trunks. All but one, a maid whose  
name, as she told me, was O-Ume,  
which means Honorable-Flower-of-the-  
Plum. In that country they name  
little girls after flowers and graceful  
things, the O meaning honorable, a  
title of respect. There are many such  
names as Ear-of-Young-Rice, Bamboo,  
Chrysanthemum, Spring-time. O-Ume,  
with her kimono of yellow crepe em-  
broided in pale green leaves, sat  
beside me, as eager to hear about  
American girls as you are to hear  
about her. So I told her of one and  
another; of Margaret, who lived in a  
great city and took long rides on  
street cars to our own parks; of Eliza-  
beth, who lived on a farm and fed  
the chickens, cared for the baby tur-  
keys and learned to make butter.

We talked so long that the shadows  
deepened, and the sunset turned the  
clouds of cherry blossom golden rose,  
like real clouds, and over the brow  
of the hill came the Japanese moun-  
tain to take her little daughter home.  
After a few moments' conversation I  
found that O-Ume's home was near  
mine, so I begged her company in my  
jinriksha, for she was a little mite,  
and I am not large, so we could easily  
ride together.

Hand in hand we walked down the  
avenues of trees to the granite gate-  
way, where the sturdy runner sat  
with a group of others. Climbing in,  
we snuggled close together and joined  
the gay colored, chattering crowd  
homeward.

Over the curved bridges and past  
the lotus lake we rolled, the funny  
washbow-shaped hat of the runner  
bobbing up and down in front of us.  
At one side of the road in the dis-  
tance was the sea, and now and then  
under the glow of the sunset flashed  
the running of the surf. At the other  
side was a sea of green reaching to the  
far-off mountains, a vast sea of  
rice fields, rippling into waves when  
the breeze blew across it. Beyond  
was Fujiyama, shadowy in the twi-  
light, and as we came into the village  
with its houses in their thatched caps  
lights were twinkling far out on the  
horizon line from the fishing boats  
riding at anchor, and nearer lights  
gleamed from the open houses.

Then O-Ume slid a little brown  
hand into mine, with a soft Sayonara.  
Good-bye, as the runner stopped, and  
I went in to my supper of rice, fish  
and tea, served by a quiet maid with  
hair as black as the night that was  
about us.

The Homeless of London.  
From an investigation made by the  
medical officer of the London County  
Council it is estimated that one in  
every 2,000 of the population of the  
City of London is homeless.

A census of the persons who could  
not pay for a night's lodging in the  
cheapest of lodging houses and passed  
the night out of doors in the streets,  
or under arches, or in the recesses of  
front doors, or on landings and stair-  
cases of tenements where the doors  
had been left open, revealed such a  
number in a certain district that the  
officer felt justified in making the es-  
timate presented to the council. On  
the night this investigation was un-  
dertaken there were 6,000 vacant beds  
in the lodging houses.—New York  
Medical Record.

Woman Predicted Her Own Death.  
Near Cynthiana, Mrs. Lula Devers,  
while in the enjoyment of her usual  
health, stated that she would fast ten  
days and at the end of that period she  
would die. From that time she refused  
to eat, drink or to see a physician.  
She persisted and promptly at the  
end of the period she was dead.—Do-  
ver (Ky.) Messenger.

Of course, nobody need be surprised  
to find that the modern highwayman  
has taken to the motor bicycle as a  
means of holding up the passengers  
in an automobile. The incident offers  
fresh and exciting material for the  
messenger boys' favorite authors.

# YOUNG INDIANS AT PLAY.

Amuse Themselves in the Same  
Fashion as White Children.

As soon as the Seminole child is  
four years old he is set to work at  
some light task about the house. He  
stirs the boiling soup, watches the  
fire and replenishes it with sticks of  
wood, aids in kneading the dough for  
bread, washes and pounds the "koon-  
ti" root, a sort of potato, and contrib-  
utes in many ways to help his mother  
in her work, says the Minneapolis  
Times.

But the children have plenty of  
time for play, too. The little girls  
have dolls made of sticks, with pieces  
of rag wrapped around them, and they  
are as fond of them as white  
girls are of their wax dolls with  
winking eyes.

The Indian children build little  
houses for their dolls and call them  
"camps," while the boys take little  
bows and arrows and go into the  
woods to shoot small birds, saying  
when they return: "We have been  
turkey hunting."

Boys and girls sit around a piece  
of earth into which they stick blades  
of grass and call it a cornfield.

One amusement of which the little  
Seminole Indians are fond is playing  
with teetotums. They take a dried  
deer skin and peg it out tight on the  
ground.

Then they take the round roots of  
a peculiar grass called "deer foot"  
and thrusting through them little  
sticks about as thick as a match and  
twice as long, they set them whirling  
on the deer skin by rubbing the up-  
per end of the stick quickly with the  
palms of the hands. This they call  
"having dance."

The Seminole boys and girls have  
a bad habit of eating between meals.  
A big kettle filled with stewed meat  
and vegetables always stands ready  
with a big spoon in it for anyone  
who happens to feel hungry, and they  
will sometimes even get up in the  
middle of the night to take a spoon-  
ful of stew.

The streams of the Seminole coun-  
try abound in fish, and the Indians  
soon become good fishermen. But  
their ambition is to be trusted with  
a shotgun and as soon as they are  
old enough they are allowed to take  
one and go into the woods to shoot  
wild turkeys. When the Seminole  
boy is allowed to do this he counts  
himself no longer a child, but a man.

## A COOL OFFICER.

He Faced an Angry London Mob and  
Got Fair Play.

During the reform riots in Hyde  
Park, London, in 1866, the mob on a  
week remembered night began tear-  
ing down the fences of Hyde Park  
for fires and barricades. Colonel  
Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells  
in the Atlantic Monthly of an Eng-  
lish officer who was dining with a  
friend, all unconscious of the im-  
pending danger. Presently he received  
a summons from the war depart-  
ment, telling him that his regiment  
was ordered out to deal with the mob.

He hastened back to his own house  
but when he called for his horse he  
found that his servant had received  
permission to go out for the evening  
and had the key of the stable in his  
pocket. The officer hastily donned  
his uniform and then had to proceed  
on foot to the guards' armory, which  
lay on the other side of Hyde Park.  
Walking hastily in that direction, he  
came out unexpectedly at the very  
headquarters of the mob, where they  
were already piling up the fences.

His uniform was recognized, and  
angry shouts arose. It must have  
seemed for the moment to the mob  
that the Lord had delivered their  
worst enemy into their hands.

There was but one thing to be  
done. He made his way straight to-  
ward the center of action and called  
to a man who was mounted on the  
pile and was evidently the leader of  
the tumult:

"I say, my good man, my regiment  
has been called out by Her Majesty's  
orders. Will you give me a hand  
over this pile?"

The man hesitated a minute and  
then said, with decision: "Boys, the  
gentleman is right. He is doing his  
duty, and we have no quarrel with  
him. Lend a hand and help him  
over."

This was promptly done, with en-  
tire respect, and the officer in bril-  
liant uniform went hastily on his way  
amid three cheers from the mob.

Then the mob returned to its work,  
to complete it if possible before he  
whom they aided should come back  
at the head of his regiment and per-  
haps order them to be shot down.

## Education.

"I know John Dorrigton?" asked  
Judge Bradshaw. "You ought to know  
him. He is a newspaper proprietor  
himself. He is owner and publisher  
and managing editor of the Arizona  
Weekly Sidewinder. Whenever he  
writes an editorial they take it to the  
cold storage room of the ice plant to  
keep the office from catching on  
fire. His words is like a branding  
iron. He is long-loined, long-gaited  
and he has a long, honest face, like  
a horse."

"I visited him about a month ago,"  
Judge says he, "has you seen my  
new dog? Come along and take a look  
at him."

"He takes me out to the barn,  
which is built on stilts, and com-  
mences to claw on a log chain. Pretty  
soon evolves a yellow cur, with his  
hind feet stuck back like a fighting  
mule. John holds him up by the  
chain for about a minute and kicks  
him frequent in the side. He was  
about the mangiest Indian cur I ever  
saw. Finally John lets him go and  
the dog runs under the barn to the  
length of his chain. 'Stay there, you  
brute,' shouts John under the barn.  
'What d'ye think of my dog?' he  
asks me."

"Finest dog I ever saw," says I.  
"Now, you won't believe me,"  
Judge says he, "when I first got that  
dog he didn't know a thing."—San  
Francisco Call.

General Kuroptskin, the Russian  
commander, is a devout member of  
Protestant church.

# WROTE HIS TITLE CLEAR.

Humorous Indian Tells Good Story on  
His Superior.

Gen. Pratt has quite a fund of in-  
teresting experiences from his twenty-  
five years' service as Superintendent  
of the Carlisle Indian school.

One of the earlier students was Sam  
Six Killer, who took up the printer's  
art at the school and became not only  
quite proficient, but a universal fa-  
vorite in the office and school be-  
cause of his ready wit. One time it  
became necessary for the Superintend-  
ent, then Capt. Pratt, to discipline  
Sam for some prank, and he was  
taken out of the office for several  
days. When he entered the office on  
his return to duty Sam received quite  
an ovation from his brother types, and  
said:

"Fellows, come here. I want to tell  
you a dream I had last night." When  
all the boys had gathered around,  
Sam said:

"I dreamed last night that the world  
had come to an end and everybody  
ran out of their houses and was look-  
ing up. I asked what for, and they  
said the names of all who were to be  
saved would be found written in the  
sky. So I looked and looked every-  
where, but could not find 'Sam Six  
Killer' anywhere; but there was  
R. H. Pratt' written clear across the  
sky in the Captain's own handwrit-  
ing."

## Deaf Mute's Advantage.

At a social gathering, some time  
ago, a number of deaf mutes were  
present. Refreshments were served  
during the evening, and in handing a  
small glass of wine to one of the  
guests a deaf mute gentleman hap-  
pened to spill a few drops on his  
wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf  
mute, and it was evident that she took  
the mishap in a rather irritable way.  
She wrinkled up her forehead and  
at once made a series of remarkably  
swift movements with her nimble fin-  
gers. The husband, looking exceed-  
ingly apologetic, made a few motions  
in return.

One of the guests, who had noticed  
this little play, slyly slipped out a  
bit of paper, and penciling something  
on it handed it to a friend.

This is what the letter read:

"No matter how badly afflicted,  
woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return:

"Yes; but in the present case the  
husband is luckier than the average.  
He doesn't have to look."

FIT'S permanently cured. No fits or nervous-  
ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great  
Sery-Bestor, Buffalo, N.Y. (treatise free).  
Dr. H. M. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The United States leads all countries as  
a consumer of coffee.

Pico's Quire cannot be too highly spoken of  
as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third  
Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1903.

The average cost of labor in the produc-  
tion of coffee is 4.7 cents a pound.

Dyeing is as easy as washing when PUT-  
NAM'S FADELESS DYES are used.

The Chat employs 30,000 servants.

China's Medical School.  
The Dowager Empress of China has  
given a sum of money for the estab-  
lishment of an institution for teaching  
medicine, the management to be con-  
fided to the missionaries.

How's This?  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for  
any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by  
Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CLEMENT & Co., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.  
Clement for the last 15 years, and believe him  
perfectly honorable in all business transac-  
tions and financially able to carry out any  
obligations made by him.

Wear & Tear, Wholesale Druggists, To-  
ledo, O.  
WALDRON, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale  
Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-  
ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-  
face of the system. Testimonials sent free.  
Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His Just Deserts.  
A Chicago railway ticket scalper  
must serve eighteen months in the  
House of Correction for fraudulently  
representing himself to be a clergy-  
man to obtain half-rate tickets.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.

Mrs. S. W. Marine, of Colorado Springs,  
Began to Fear the Worst—Doan's  
Kidney Pills Saved Her.

Mrs. Sarah Marine, of 428 St. Union  
street, Colorado Springs, Col. Presi-  
dent of the Glen Eyrie Club, writes:

"I suffered  
for three years  
with severe  
back ache. The  
doctors told  
me my kidneys  
were affected  
and prescribed  
medicines for  
me, but I found  
that it was only  
a waste of time  
and money to  
take them, and  
began to fear  
that I would  
never get well.

A friend advised me to try Doan's Kid-  
ney Pills. Within a week after I began  
using them I was so much better that  
I decided to keep up the treatment,  
and when I had used a little over two  
boxes I was entirely well. I have now  
enjoyed the best of health for more  
than four months, and words can but  
poorly express my gratitude."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50  
cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Probably the chief reason why  
children are so fond of fairy tales is  
because of the seeming reality such  
stories have for them. The enchant-  
ed palaces, the wonderful transforma-  
tions, the mysterious people and an-  
imals that talk, is for the imaginative  
child much nearer the real than it  
is to the fantastic. Of course he ad-  
mires heroism, and in these tales  
such heroic deeds can be done, and  
to him they do not appear as strange  
as we may think they do. In fact,  
the fanciful child takes the same in-  
terest in the fairy tale that the adult  
does in the book of fiction, where im-  
probable but perhaps not impossible  
things happen.



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose  
letter follows, is another woman in high  
position who owes her health to the use of  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general  
weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite  
was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep,  
until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After  
reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of Lydia  
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad I did. No one  
can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully,  
and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison  
out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl.  
Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."  
—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.  
Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce  
displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation,  
standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most  
ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action.  
Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea  
that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand  
write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few  
timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This  
advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.



Mrs. Leah Stowell, 177 Wellington  
St., Kingston, Ont., writes:  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a  
goodness to women, and if they all knew what  
you could do for them, there would be no need  
of their dragging out miserable lives in agony."  
"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains,  
womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating head-  
ache, but a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound made life look  
new and promising to me. I am light and  
happy, and I do not know what sickness  
is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound can always be relied upon to restore  
health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for  
the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak  
back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and  
all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the  
uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancer-  
ous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the  
entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and  
should be relied upon with confidence.

\$5000 REWARD If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of  
above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Knew How It Was Himself.  
They had just been married, and  
were on their way to Niagara Falls  
to spend the honeymoon. The bride  
was indifferent as to who saw her  
with her head resting on his shoulder.  
The bridegroom was also per-  
fectly satisfied openly to squeeze her  
hand or encircle her waist when the  
inclination seized him. A little old  
man sat in front of them, and he  
looked around and smiled at the hap-  
py couple so often that the young  
husband finally said:

"We've only just been married, sir."

"So I thought," chuckled the old  
man.

"And we can't help being a little  
spoony, you know."

"No; of course not."

"It probably all seems very silly to  
an old fellow like you, though?"

"Does it? does it?" chuckled the old  
man. "Well, I can tell you it does not,  
then. I've been there three times al-  
ready, and now I'm on my way West  
to get No. 4. Follow me up and  
you'll get a few pointers."

Milk Caused Wrinkles.  
A writer on beauty in one of the  
society papers urges her readers  
never to wash the face with soap and  
water, as being certain destruction  
to a fine complexion. I cannot in-  
dorse this view.

Cleanliness is absolutely necessary  
to the beauty and delicacy of the  
texture of the skin. If soap is not liked,  
at least oatmeal should take its  
place, and pure or distilled water in  
variably be used. I once saw the re-  
sult of only washing the face with  
milk in a lady who started life with  
a good complexion, but before she  
reached middle age had lost all fresh-  
ness, and showed a faded skin cov-  
ered with fine wrinkles. Nothing  
equals the complexion of the country  
woman who rises early, is much in  
the open air, and bathes freely in cold  
water. The homely idea of washing  
in the dew of the morning as an aid  
to beauty is simply a practical way of  
expressing this fact.—Lady Greville in  
London Graphic.

Necessary.  
The other Sunday two boys were  
industriously digging in a vacant lot,  
when a man who was passing stopped  
to give them a lecture.

"Don't you know that it is a sin to  
dig on Sunday, except it be a case of  
necessity?" asked the good man.

"Yes, sir," timidly replied one of  
the boys.

"Then why don't you stop it?"  
"Cause this is a case of necessity,"  
replied the little philosopher. "A fel-  
ler can't fish without bait."

Like Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia  
Fred M. Warner, Republican candi-  
date for governor of Michigan, is of  
English birth. He was about three  
months old when his parents moved  
from Nottingham to this country.

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