

THEN LIFE WOULD BE A JOY.

If a feller didn't have t' go t' bed at eight o'clock,  
 If no cradles wuz around th' house he had t' rock and rock;  
 If he didn't have t' stay at home when company comes 'round,  
 If he didn't have t' wear th' stiffest collars ever found;  
 If he didn't have t' go t' school, ner figger up a sum,  
 I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller didn't have t' wash himself behind th' ears;  
 If he took things from th' pantry, an' had afterward no fears;  
 If he didn't get a lickin' when in swimmin' he wuz found;  
 If he didn't have t' speak a piece when every one's around;  
 If he never had t' take advice from people old an' gium,  
 I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller didn't have t' keep th' clothes he had on clean;  
 If his dog wuz just th' biggest any one had ever seen;  
 If th' boys around th' corner bowed their heads when he went by;  
 If he never had t' do a single thing upon the sly;  
 If whenever he might wish t' he could lay around at home,  
 I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

If a feller could buy peanuts an' some ice cream by the brick,  
 An' then have no one t' tell him that they'd 'surely make him sick';  
 If that cannon by the schoolhouse, when he wished it, would be fired;  
 If he could but go a-fishin' an' stay there until he's tired;  
 If he never fer th' ball game failed t' have the proper sum,  
 I'd just like t' keep on livin' fer a thousand years t' come.

-N. Y. Press.

CALLED BY ALONZO.

WHEN Alonzo's telegram came Thursday evening, saying "Join me here immediately," I knew at once that he was desperately ill. It must have been something sudden, for I had a letter from him that morning, and he didn't speak of anything out of the way—just told what a good time he was having and about a golf tournament that he was to play in in a few days. I was sure he wouldn't have sent for me unless something serious was the matter—husbands don't you know—and I thought it might be an accident. Somebody got awfully hurt with a putter in that morning's paper, and the same thing might have happened to Alonzo as well as not.

It was after ten o'clock at night when the dispatch came, but I threw some things into a dress-suit case, while Bridget went to call a cab and Della telephoned to the station to find out about the trains. I was so excited that I couldn't choose a thing for the bag, but I picked up whatever came along from my bureau and a wrapper from the closet to wear on the sleeper and crammed them in any old way.

Bridget came back with the hansom just as Della finished telling me about the train, and I rushed off without giving them a single direction about anything and paid the man double to get me to the Grand Central in time. We did it, but when I got out I noticed that I had brought my fluffy white chiffon parasol instead of an umbrella, and it upset me so that I spilled all the things I had in my chatelaine bag over the floor at the ticket window and nearly lost the train while I was picking them up, although the policeman and another man helped me all they could.

I didn't have time to ask at the information bureau how I was to reach where Alonzo was, but I got on the Boston train because I knew we went through Boston, but whether it was because he had business there or whether he had to in order to get to Upper East Scottypaw I couldn't remember.

Naturally I was wide awake after such a shock as that telegram had given me, but I couldn't sit up all night, so I rang for the porter to find my berth for me. It was lower 6. I looked hard at the number, for I'm always careful about those things. Some women make such fearful mistakes.

The porter said the upper berth wasn't taken, and, of course, I was glad. I've never been to Europe, but I can't understand why Americans brag so about our traveling conveniences. Traveling inconveniences, I should call them. And how anything in Europe can be worse than an American sleeping car I don't know.

I crawled behind my curtains and sat down on the edge of the berth to get some things out of my valise. The man who belonged in the section across the aisle came from somewhere and steadied himself with his hand on my knee as he dug his coat case out from underneath his berth. Of course I realized that he didn't know it was a part of me he was leaning on, but it did seem a little informal.

It's hard work to unpack your bag doubled up in the darkness of your berth, with the upper berth bumping your head every time you move and jamming the hairpins into your skull, but I managed at last to pull out my wrapper. It felt fearfully tumbled, for I had put it in simply anyhow. But, then, what's a wrapper for but to get mussed up? I hung it over my arm, and started for the cubby hole that they call a dressing room in sleeping cars.

Just as I reached there I remembered that I didn't have my comb and brush, and I turned back for them. Then I did what the comic papers are always getting off jokes about. I went to the wrong berth. I don't know how I ever made the mistake, for I knew very well that I belonged to No. 6, but I guess the fat round part of the figure eight deceived me, and I poked in between the curtains and felt about for the valise. Imagine my horror when a big bass voice inside roared out:

"Oh, fade away!"

I fairly staggered back into the aisle, I was so startled, and I stepped with all my weight on to the bare foot of a man who was sitting behind the curtains of the opposite berth. He said something with about a dozen A's in it that made it a wall of pain, and I turned round and apologized to the curtain.

By that time I was so confused that it's a wonder I ever arrived anywhere, but I did find No. 6 at last and hunted for my brush and comb.

Do you know, I couldn't find them? I took every blessed thing out of that suit case, and the list was something like this: A shoe-horn, a spangled fan, an ostrich feather stole, an empty cologne bottle, four vells, the three best stocks I own all wet with cologne and rolled into a little ball, a pair of long white evening gloves, a lace handkerchief, a pink chiffon sash and a whole armful more of stuff that I had swept out of my top bureau drawer, and not a single thing that was of the least use to me for going to bed purposes. Literally not one! And you can realize all that that means if you think about it for a moment!

There was nothing to do but be philosophic, so I thought I'd arrange my hair the best I could with my side-combs, and I started again for the dressing room. When I got under the lamp I glanced down at the wrapper over my arm and I recognized in that tumbled mass not my wrapper, but my new black velvet princess dinner gown. That was the finishing touch to my misery, for I hadn't had it in the house a month, and I'd been wanting one for years, and it was all wet with cologne and a regular wrinkled wreck.

I was so discouraged that I went back to my section and went to bed just as I was.

My only ray of consolation was that there was no one over me; but just as I was thinking that there was that, at least, to be thankful for, a black hand came in through the curtains and the porter said:

"Lady, there's a gentleman come for the upper, and I want to put on your supplementary curtain."

"Supplementary," indeed!

Of course I said "very well," and he hung up a foolish little strip of green stuff, and I tried to feel very exclusive and secluded while a big, fat man climbed up the step ladder, and so nearly fell off it that he lit in the berth above with a crash that frightened me to death. All night long it was a toss-up which groaned the louder, he or the berth, and it sounded frightfully near and horrid, and I couldn't sleep a wink; but lay awake and worried about Alonzo.

When Alonzo went to Upper East Scottypaw he wrote to me about the Boston terminal station. He said it was "great."

He didn't do it justice. It is "great" in several senses of the word. My train came in on track 28, and I took about a half mile of pedestrian exercise before I found the information office. They seem to have everything a traveler can want in that station except a brush and comb and a wrapper, but I couldn't find any signs of a desire to provide me with those lacks in my outfit.

I discovered that my quickest way of getting to Upper East Scottypaw was to take a train to Portland and a boat from there. Why in the world Alonzo ever went to such a far-off place I can't guess. I sent him a telegram to say I was on the road. I had to send it "collect," because I had spent all the money in my chatelaine bag, and it was so embarrassing to take off my shoe right there at the telegraph window and get out the bills I had in it. I did it, though, before I crossed the city to the station that the Portland train went out of.

Have you ever been to Boston? It's a cross-eyed sort of town. I don't wonder everybody wears glasses. I took a car that looked as if it ought to go somewhere. But you needn't ever talk to me again about Boston intelligence. That car had no sense at all. It didn't know what it wanted. It went on the surface and it went underground and it went on the elevated. Or else it was another car that I changed into at a place called Roxbury that went on the elevated. At any rate, they said I was about four miles from the station I needed, and

I got exactly into the car they pointed out, and when I asked again they said I was in Charlestown. I don't think the people had any more sense than the car.

I was nearly two hours riding around before I found the station, and then I did really have a few hours' peace until I reached Portland.

There I telegraphed again to Alonzo so that he'd keep his courage up. They say a patient's will plays a great part in his recovery, and I knew that Alonzo would try to live until I got there.

If ever I did get there. Every moment seemed an hour, though the boat started almost immediately and seemed to be doing its best.

I was so exhausted by not having slept for so long that I went to bed early and fell asleep at once, but I was awakened some time in the middle of the night by the most awful noise, that sounded like horses.

I lay awake and listened, just trembling with fright, and, sure enough, it was horses. The boat was tossing about, and every time she gave an extra bad shake those horses would blow the way they do when they're excited, and dance around, and a man would shout at them. I think they had a stateroom directly under me.

I didn't sleep very much after that, of course, and I was a wreck when I got up in the morning. There was still a little jaunt of 50 miles to be made on a train, and how I was to accomplish it I didn't know. Only my fearful anxiety for Alonzo made it seem possible that I could live through it. I was so tired. But I pictured him to myself lying so wan and weak upon a bed of pain, and it gave me strength to struggle on.

I picked up my dress-suit case, full of its collection of useless things, and then unlocked my door. Or, rather, I didn't unlock my door, for the key wouldn't turn! I twisted, I struggled. I sat down and cried. I rang the bell, but in the bustle of preparing for the landing nobody paid any attention to it. You can imagine that by that time I was almost distracted. I never felt so helpless in my life, not even when the hammock broke and let me down flat on my back and unable to move, right at the feet of the bishop of Oklahoma! Oh, no, that wasn't nearly so bad, for there, at least, was the bishop of Oklahoma, while on that boat I might as well have been in my grave for any attention that anybody paid to me.

All night long people had been tramping up and down in front of my room. Now there wasn't a footstep, of course.

At last it occurred to me to let down my blind and shout out of the window. You can fancy my delight when I saw a deckhand way off in the distance, and I called to him with all the strength I had left in me. It wasn't much, but he heard me at last, and came on the run. I handed out the key to him, and he wrestled with the lock from the outside. It seemed to be a case where outsiders and insiders were even. The thing wouldn't budge.

"I think I'll be obliged to haul yez outen the winder, ma'am," said the deck hand respectfully.

I must say that was a staggering proposition, but I didn't see any alternative except to sit there until they cut out that lock and lose my train to Scottypaw.

But the window was discouraging. It was small, you know, and I'm not as tiny as I used to be. Why, when I was married I only weighed 92 pounds, and I measured 18 inches round the waist, while now—well, never mind what it is now; enough more so that I didn't like the looks of that window, at any rate.

I tried my feet first and I tried head first, and the man pulled and I pushed, and which way I got through at last I don't know, but I did light on that blessed deck after a terrible struggle. My rescuer reached in and got my valise, and I started for the gang-plank more dead than alive.

I suppose I looked as haggard as I felt, for a man on the pier ran forward to take my bag. He pulled off his cap as he seized it and cried, "Hullo, Mamie. This is great!"

It was Alonzo. Rigged up in golf things, and as tanned as an Indian, and fairly bursting with good spirits. I sat down on a truck and burst out crying.

"What did you mean by sending me that telegram?" I sobbed. "It was a contemptible thing to do. I thought you might be dead by this time."

Alonzo took me right in his arms before all the passengers and everything—wasn't it awful. "I never said I was sick, child. I thought you might enjoy the tournament—it begins to-morrow—so I wired you to come down. I think I have a pretty good chance," he went on, patting me on the back in an absent-minded sort of way, "and they're going to have tea every afternoon, and you will like that, at any rate."

That was the finishing touch. I looked up at my husband and put all the sarcasm I could rake together into my voice.

"Your thoughtfulness for my amusement is really too great for words, Alonzo. What do you expect me to wear to those teas of yours? My black velvet dinner gown?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.



Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular. "I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MISS FANNIE KUMPE, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

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

YOUTH EARNS A FORTUNE.

Starts with Small Capital in London and Now Makes \$100,000 a Year.

Evelyn Wdench, whose coming of age was celebrated by a banquet in the Hotel Cecil at London recently, is a remarkable example of inborn business initiative turned to profitable account. He is a son of Privy Councillor Wrench, one of the commissioners under the Wyndham new Irish land act.

On leaving Eton school he went three years to complete his education in Germany. There he foresaw the future of the picture post-card craze. He returned in three months to London and opened a small shop on the Haymarket, with agencies in Germany and other countries for picture post cards, and less than three years' trading finds him with more than \$500,000. He began on \$250, and now is earning \$100,000 a year.

The business has been turned into a joint stock company, which is publishing 80,000,000 post cards per annum.

Tess—"He proposed to me to-day, and he was so impatient. He wanted me to marry him right away. But I was not to be hurried." Jess—"So you put him off, eh?" Tess—"Yes, indeed. I told him he'd have to wait until to-morrow."—Philadelphia Press.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "gits credit foh bein' lucky 'cause dey has sense; an' others gits credit foh havin' sense 'cause dey's lucky."—Washington Star.

Virtue and happiness are twin sisters.—Chicago Daily News.

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