

**A PRAYER**

When joy and laughter rock the world  
 And children laugh on every side,  
 When selfishness has been forgot  
 And hands and hearts are opened wide,  
 And shoulders bend to help the weak,  
 And hands reach out to guide along  
 The feeble ones, and all are kin,  
 And all the world is sweet with song—

When jealousies are pushed aside,  
 And envy finds no dwelling place;  
 When strong, and erst-aggressive ones,  
 Lift up the feeble in the race,  
 When beggars reap a harvest great  
 That make up for the year's scant dole,  
 When men are moving heart to heart  
 And standing soul to soul—

When it is joy to fare abroad,  
 And it is pleasure just to live,  
 And life's one bitter drop is that  
 Alas! we have not more to give!  
 We ask, O God, thy comfort for  
 The hearts bereft that grieve and break,  
 For those no open hands may help!  
 Dear God! for the Redeemer's sake!  
 —Judd Mortimer Lewis.

**THE VANDERBILT COACH**

We read in an advertisement of the Victoria Hotel in London that it is the place—  
 From where the Venture Coach, driven by Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, will leave every other morning for Brighton (The Hotel Metropole).  
 The fare is reasonable—only a few shillings, with an extra charge for a place on the box with young Mr. Vanderbilt himself, where elbows and even shoulders may be rubbed.  
 Small wonder that Mrs. Vanderbilt is about to divorce her husband! He prefers a coach and four in stuffy London to his home and ten thousand interests in the broad spaces of his native land.  
 Vanderbilt is a sorry specimen of overbreeding. He chooses to drive a coach as part of the advertisement for a London hotel when he might sit at the throttle of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world.—  
 St. Louis Times.

**A HAPPY LITTLE REPUBLIC**

On Friday the United States senate ratified a treaty with the republic of San Marino, which claims to be the oldest state of Europe. If this claim is correct, the republic is small for its age. Its territory comprises but thirty-eight square

**A Companion**

A delightful little traveling companion, indispensable to many who travel, are the "Little Comforters"—Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, by their soothing influence upon the nerves of the brain and stomach, they prevent dizziness, sick stomach and headache—car sickness.

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cure all kinds of pain quick and sure, are perfectly harmless and do not affect you in any way, except to soothe the nerves and cure pain. For real comfort never enter upon a journey without first securing a package of these "Little Comforters."  
 "I am pleased to recommend Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They not only cured a chronic headache, but since, if my head shows a disposition to ache, one tablet stops it. I give hundreds of them to sufferers on trains, and derive much satisfaction from the relief they afford."—M. H. CHARTUS, Traveling Salesman, St. Louis, Mo.  
 The first bottle will benefit, if not, the druggist will return your money, 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

miles, which is only six square miles larger than the city of Baltimore. But it is a happy little country, lying near the Adriatic sea in the embrace of the kingdom of Italy. Its capital city is built upon a mountain and is protected by walls. It has a population of 11,002, many of whom are office holders. It has a little army of 950 men and thirty-eight officers. But there is no public debt, the office holders and soldiers seem to be content with moderate pay, for the public revenues are only \$60,000, out of which must be paid an army of a thousand men, including thirty-eight officers; sixty legislators and two reigning captains. San Marino has for sale cattle, wine and marble. They seem to be a frugal folk. By the treaty with the United States, which they have just concluded, they agree to deliver up to us any fugitive from justice who may take refuge among them, and we upon our part agree to return the compaigner.  
 —Baltimore Sun.

**"ONE SAD DAY"**

I.

One sad day when the sun's gold crown  
 Jeweled the desolate, dreamy west,  
 I came with a burden and laid it down  
 Under the lilies and leaves to rest;  
 And, weeping, I left it, and went my way,  
 With the Silence whispering, "God knows best!"

II.

One sad day—it was long ago  
 And thorny the ways my feet have pressed  
 Since with tears and kisses I laid it low—  
 Soul of my soul, and life of my breast!  
 And kneeling now in the dark to pray,  
 There comes with a song from the sunless west,  
 The same sweet voice that I heard that day—  
 The Silence whispering, "God knows best!"  
 —Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

**THAT DAY!**

There was a pink and blue smell, and listening, she heard a cool noise in the garden, while before her eyes came the delicate perfume of orchids. Daintily she pulled the petals from a cauliflower and fed them to the silken-furred teakettle which coiled cosily in her lap. The kettle gave a short yelp of delight, and, looking up, she beheld the man coming toward her.  
 He was lazily puffing at a fragrant icicle. Then he saw her, and, drawing near, he gently stroked her fair bent head with a pick-axe.  
 "How natural it all seems," she breathed.  
 Taking off her face, he looked at it tenderly, and answered:  
 "Yes. It is the day of tariff revision."—Puck.

**THE AGE OF "LET US ALONE"**

The real origin of the motto "Let Us Alone," which has recently come into use in this country through the act of the National Prosperity Association that met in St. Louis, occurred nineteen hundred years ago. It is recorded in the Gospel according to St. Mark that there was in a synagogue a young man with an unclean spirit, who, when he heard One teaching with authority, and not as the scribes, cried out: "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee? Art thou come to destroy us?" Credit should be given to the man with the unclean spirit.—The Outlook.



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**WANTED Information A Good Farm**  
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For Descriptive Literature and full Information write to the Secretary  
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 Or to **Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Co.**  
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