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Markowmanship.
"I am afraid those militant suffragettes are going to give us serious trouble," said one London policeman. "They mean business."
"Why do you think so?" inquired the other.
"A lot of them have quit giving parades and making speeches and are practicing with quilts and baseballs."

A Believer.
Gifford Pinchot, at his brother's house, in Park avenue, New York, listened quizzically to a political story that was being submitted to him for verification by a political reporter.
When the reporter finished his narrative Mr. Pinchot laughed and said: "I'll reply to that as the old Italian peasant replied to the statement that his fellow-countryman loved birds too well ever to eat them:
"Well, I don't mind believing that myself," the old man said, "but there's a good many who wouldn't."

NOT HIM.



Preacher—Here, stop fighting, little boy.
Little Boy—What, stop, and my girl standing on the corner eyeing me! Not on your life! She'd think I was a quitter.

COFFEE HURTS
One in Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffer from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse."

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?"

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken to Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change."

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum." "There's a reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CHINESE REVOLUTION EXPERIENCES



ESCAPING BY RAILWAY

ALADY correspondent who has just returned from China has given the Sphere some very interesting details of her flight to safety during the revolution in China.

"After five days' traveling by road in native conveyances," she writes, "putting up at Chinese inns except when we were fortunate enough to meet with a mission station, we were in the highest spirits at finding ourselves once more on a railway station platform. We were now collected, a party of 23 of various nationalities, all having been recalled to the coast by our several ministers. The station was Yute, the last but one on the French line which will in time cross the province of Shansi from north to south. The present terminus is Tai Yuen Fu, the provincial capital, where fierce fighting had recently taken place when the city fell into revolutionary hands."

"Our train was timed for ten a. m., but it was four p. m. when it arrived from Tai Yuen Fu containing several officials on their way to Nian tz Kuan on the northeast frontier of the province. On either side of the mountain at this point were massed large numbers of soldiers belonging to the army of the emperor and the army of the Chinese, impatient at this time to begin fighting. We were aware of this, and hoped to pass through the armies before the fighting began. This hope was soon dashed when our train after three hours' traveling stopped at a station called Yang Chuen, and Mr. Lin, the secretary of the Tai Yuen foreign office, appearing at the door of our compartment, said: 'Velly much fighty; train no go on.' It was true, and we were soon detached from the remainder of the train, which with military officials on board, steamed towards the scene of action and left us on a siding."

"Mr. Lin was most attentive, but the situation looked black. There were no inns open, the innkeepers having closed their doors and run away for fear of the soldiers, who commandeer everything and do not pay. We were therefore obliged to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in our large third-class railway car, which fortunately was new and clean."

No Heating Apparatus.

"We had a good supply of rugs and Chinese wadded coverlets. Our luggage was piled up in our car, and so we made our beds as best we could and spent a pretty uncomfortable night in an icy atmosphere, for the heating apparatus was not working, and for all light a couple of candles, which we dared not use for fear of running short. We did not suffer from hunger, for we had provisions with us, and Mr. Lin kindly sent us rice, eggs and bread cooked in the railway station kitchen. That night we heard trains continually passing through, and peeping out we saw truckloads of revolutionary soldiers, packed like sheep, going to the front. They must have suffered terribly from the cold in spite of their wadded clothes and sheepskin coats. The next day we had to resign ourselves to remaining in our car for another night. They were fighting at Nian tz Kuan, and we were told it would be impossible for us to pass across the frontier into the province of Chihli as the railway lines were mined by both parties. The station officials were evidently very anxious to get rid of us and offered either to send us back to Tai Yuen or find us lodging in a village close by. But we felt safer where we were, and preferred discomfort to unknown danger."

"The next day news came—first rumored and then confirmed—that the revolutionary army had been beaten. Soon trains loaded with them were hurrying back to Tai Yuen. There were many wounded, and we were able to render some little assistance with bandages and simple remedies. There were closed wagons of dead, and we heard afterwards that the rebel losses had amounted to 500 men. As for the unhurt, they streamed back all day by train, trolley and on foot."

"Our Mr. Lin, who had traveled up with the soldiers, now returned to us very crestfallen. He announced that the imperial army would soon be coming, and considering himself in a position of great danger prepared to fly

across country. We were very anxious to get on with our journey, but it seemed quite impossible as there was not an engine to spare, the imperialists having secured most of the railway rolling stock. Moreover, we heard that the rails were being torn up, bridges broken, and contact mines placed on the track. That night we did not sleep much, and huddled in our rugs listened to the passing trains full of returning rebels. The sentries who had been placed to guard us had now departed with the other soldiers, leaving us quite unprotected on the railway track. Hot food was no longer obtainable at the station, the cook having flown as well as the railway employees. We now felt it was time to take matters into our own hands, so after some deliberation two men of our party went off on foot to see for themselves how matters really were up the line. They returned at nightfall the same day, having done some nine miles, to find a bridge broken and rails torn up.

Secured Trolleys.

"Judging it impossible for a train to pass over this gap they retraced their steps. They were overtaken by a trolley loaded with soldiers, which gave them the idea of transporting the whole party in this fashion if trolleys were to be obtained. We succeeded in securing four, much to the station-master's dismay. On these we piled our luggage. The ladies sat on the top, wrapped in rugs, and so the third stage of our journey began. None were sorry to leave the chilly railway car which had afforded us free lodging for four uncomfortable nights. We very soon met some soldiers on a small trolley, which they surrendered to us without demur. This became our pioneer trolley, going ahead to see if the line was clear. We carried a red, white and blue flag indicating neutrality, the white flag having been adopted by the revolutionary party."

"It was glorious winter weather, exceedingly cold, but the sun shone and kept us from feeling frostbitten. We were surrounded by high hills all the way, while in the valley below us lay the frozen river. Little temples were perched high up on the hills, and we passed deserted villages whose inhabitants must have fled to more distant villages. We went through many tunnels, generally with fear in our hearts, for there were no lights and no signals. The line was never level for long. Sometimes we would descend rapidly for a mile or two, and then turn sharply on an upgrade when it became necessary to push the trolleys. We were able to engage four coolies to help, and they were much needed when we came to the spot where the rails had been torn up, when the trolleys had to be lifted off, carried, and replaced. A breakdown gang had luckily been at work and had mended the broken bridge and replaced some of the rails."

"At nightfall we came to a railway station, where we determined to pass the night even if it meant breaking open the door. It proved not to be necessary, for a friendly Chinese railway porter appeared with the key. He also swept floors, lit fires, and even made biscuits for our breakfast the next morning. We were off again at daybreak, and before noon encountered the first detachment of the emperor's soldiers coming by train into Shansi. They came sharply round a corner, and our pioneers only just had time to jump off their trolley and avoid a collision. Once more our trolleys were unloaded and pulled off the rails to let the train pass by."

"An hour later we had crossed the frontier and passed close to the battlefield. At Nian tz Kuan we were surrounded by the imperial soldiers in their gray uniforms and flat German military caps. There we met a military attaché from the British legation at Peking, who obtained a reserved car for us in a train carrying troops to Si Gia Gwang. Our adventure was now ended. We were bona fide travelers, and the next evening saw us in Tientsin."

"Time effaces the recollection of fatigue and discomfort, but it cannot obliterate from our memories the kindly courtesy we received from the revolutionaries, now no more known as revolutionaries, but as Chinese patriots, who fought and won liberty for their country."

FLED FROM TROUBLE AND MEETS DEATH

Chinaman Is Slain in New York After Evading His Enemies in Cleveland.

New York.—Len Chu Jung came from Cleveland to New York to escape threatened Tong trouble and found death at the end of his journey the other night. He was found lying wounded in the hallway of 22 Pell street after three revolver reports had sent Chinatown denizens scurrying for cover, and died at St. Gregory's hospital an hour later.

The Four Brothers' society was holding its banquet, the third and last



Found Lying Wounded in Hallway.

of the district's three big annual festivities, in the Chinese Delmonico's at 24, next door, when the shooting occurred. Much rice wine was spilled as members of the Four Brothers, dining under the Damoclean sword of On Leong vengeance, stampeded from the banquet hall.

Lieutenant Underhill and a half dozen detectives rushed up the stairs in 22 Pell street and found Len in the second floor hallway.

Ong Foon, a Hip Sing leader, went to the hospital to see if he could identify the victim. The man was dead when Ong Foon, accompanied by Detectives Mangin and Repstein arrived there. The Hip Sing member read two letters that had been found in the wounded man's pockets and said their contents indicated he had fled from Cleveland to escape enemies.

One of the letters was addressed to Hang Lum Chang, who has a novelty store at 4 Doyers street.

Six Chinese are held at the Elizabeth street police station in connection with the shooting.

BOY OF THREE SMOKES PIPE

Massachusetts Infant Whose Regular Plaything Is Its Great Grandfather's Old "Dudeen."

Pelham, Mass.—Wilbur Rhodes Lovern, three years old, has smoked his great grandfather's pipe since he was a year old. When Wilbur was an infant and cried for something to play with his grandfather, to whom the pipe had descended, gave him the pipe. When Wilbur's mother discovered that he had learned to smoke, she tried in vain to break him of the habit.

"I took the pipe away from him for a time," the mother said, "but he made such a fuss I had to give it back."



He Cried for the Pipe.

When he does not have it he will whittle at a piece of wood and put it in his mouth and try to smoke it. When anybody passes by he will run out and ask for tobacco."
Mrs. Lovern fears the authorities will not permit her son to attend school unless he gives up smoking.

VERY GOOD REASON.



Startem—Why didn't you get a bigger automobile?
Shovem—I wanted one I could push up hill.

Life Sentence.

The marquis of Queensberry, apropos of the long sentence of Foulke E. Brandt, said at a dinner in New York: "It reminds me of an incident in London. A certain peer drove in a taxicab to Westminster and, when he got out, gave the driver a very small tip.
"The driver mistook him for a member of the house of commons and snarled:
"I hope you get turned out next election and don't never get in again!"
"Don't worry, my friend," said the peer, as he set off for the house of lords. "Don't worry—I'm in for life."

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When an old man dies and his relatives say that he is better off the chances are that he is.

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J. S. Crawford, Canadian Government Agent 301 Queen Street, West, Toronto, New York. Please write to the agent near you.

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The "change of life" is a most critical period in a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, she may be predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of some organ. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared to meet the needs of women's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.



Mrs. Estella Gillispie

ONE CASE OUT OF MANY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS.

St. Anne, Ill.—"I was passing through the change of life and I was a perfect wreck from female troubles. I had a displacement and bearing down pains, weak fainting spells, dizziness, then numb and cold feelings. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen. I was irregular and had so much backache and headache, was nervous, irritable and was despondent. Sometimes my appetite was good but more often it was not. My kidneys troubled me at times and I could walk only a short distance."

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I was helped from the first. At the end of two months the swelling had gone down, I was relieved of pain, and could walk with ease. I continued with the medicine and now I do almost all my housework. I know your medicine has saved me from the grave and I am willing for you to publish anything I write to you, for the good of others."—Mrs. ESTELLA GILLISPIE, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 34, St. Anne, Illinois.