

A ONE-MINUTE SERMON.

A little leaf fell on the moving stream,
And twisted and turned its way.
Like the feather that floated before the
wind
On a breezy autumn day.

This little leaf saw the change of scene,
The trees both great and small,
And gazed at the ships and the little
boats,
And passed o'er the waterfall.

Tossed by the foam that splattered free,
The leaf through the rapids ran,
So swiftly it turned on the rushing wave,
'Twas as dizzy as a drunken man.

And after it went so many miles
That you couldn't count them true,
It floated upon a quiet shore,
And slept the winter through.

Like the leaf, our lives are on the stream,
The river that runs along;
We're sailing away to the rapids fleet,
To the march of the water's song.

And some day, like the tiny leaf,
We'll stop on a sandy shore,
And sleep and sleep the winter through,
Away from the river's roar.

—O. C., in Manchester (N. H.) Union.

"Full Equipment" For Something Better.

By EVELYN ORCHARD.

"I am so tired of it all," she said to herself. "I am sure it could never have been intended that we women were to get our own living. We have not the full equipment, as Alaric used to say, so all the time we fight against odds." It was the physical part of her that was weary, nay, exhausted beyond power to express. She was only conscious of that dull feeling of misery which is the heritage of the continually overworked. Yet never had her mental faculties been more feverishly acute; each detail of her life, possibility of her future, stood out before her in startling vividness. And before the prospect she felt herself quail. She was thirty-three, and at the moment looked her full age. She stood there by the table in the sitting room of her little flat, on the Embankment, her lithe, nervous figure thrown into relief by the yellow light in the room. It was a summer afternoon, and though the yellow silk blinds were drawn closely across the window, the room seemed full of a weird, searching light.

She had chosen yellow because she had furnished her home in the dull days, when the heart cried out for the glow of sunshine. And she was too poor always to make a set of a cooler color for summer use.

The little room was very plain; cheapness stared at you from the colored walls, the furniture of bent wood, the thin art square upon the floor. But it was not an offensive cheapness, nor was there any pretence. Things were plain, neat and wholesome, proclaiming what they were, not suggesting or striving to appear what they were not.

But there was no beauty. Just above the mantel-piece was one picture, a little river scene, painted by a true artist, who might have been a great one had he lived. He had been a friend of Joan's, in happier circumstances they might have been lovers. But the struggle for recognition had killed him, and she was left with the picture and her memories. It was the sheer loneliness of her lot that had killed hope in her; she knew that day that she must give up, that the limit of her endurance had been reached.

She had a very beautiful face, for those who can appreciate the spirituelle beauty which is reflected from within. And she was a lady; dress, manner, air, everything proclaimed it. Had she been made of coarser stuff she had doubtless fared better on the crowded way. Her profession was journalism, in which the finer susceptibilities do not count. Joan had not yet, after five years of struggle, mastered the art of putting her best goods in the front window. She was at once too shrinking and too outspoken; it was her misfortune always to speak at the wrong time.

That day the last remnant of her assured occupation had been taken from her by the firm that employed her, and given to another, whom she knew to be less competent, though much more pretentious. Disappointed, disheartened, on the verge of tears, she looked round helplessly as she spoke under her breath the words of her confession: "We have not the full equipment." A whole world lay behind them, a world of bitterness and disillusionment.

Presently, conscious of the sickly faintness of physical exhaustion, she went to her little kitchen, boiled her kettle, and got herself a cup of tea. She had an egg with it, and a slice of bread and butter, after which she felt better. When she had cleared away, and made her little place the picture of order it always was, she sat down at the table to write.

It was an important letter, a letter which might alter the whole color of her life. Small wonder that she lingered, and hesitated over it, tearing up many sheets, altering every sentence, weighing every word.

Although it was not so expressed, it was practically an inquiry regarding a new occupation, and the same thought of incompetency haunted her. Her heart answered it even in the same words: "I have not the full equipment." She read and re-read it, and finally, with a little gesture of impatience, as if weary of the theme and its treatment, put it in an envelope and addressed it. Yet had any one opened and read it, they might have wondered that it had taken so long, or required such planning to make it fit. These were the words written across the page, in the beautiful, nervous handwriting which had been often admired:

"Bellevue Mansions,
"Embankment Terrace, June 4.
"Dear Mr. Westcote: If you have not forgotten our conversation of last January, pray come and see me this evening. I shall be at home from now onwards.
Yours faithfully,
Joan Dena."

When she had addressed and sealed it, she opened the door upon the landing and knocked at her next door neighbor's. It was opened to her by a small, bright-faced girl of twelve.

"Ah, there you are, Polly! Is there any one to mind the baby? If not, I'll mind him, if you will take this note for me to Cornhill. I will give you the money. It will not take you more than an hour."

"He's asleep, Miss. I'd like to go, if you'll come in and mind him. Any answer?"

"No, Polly, and I want you to go quickly, this very moment, in case I change my mind."

The child nodded, not conscious of anything strange in the words.

In five minutes she was out of the house, and Joan was within it, sitting with some mending in her lap, by the baby's cot, where she made an unconscious, but quite striking picture. Polly was the niece of an artisan, a man for whom Joan had a great respect and an honest liking. He had been left a widower just nine months ago, when his wife died in childbirth. Polly was his brother's daughter, who had come to look after him and the baby. She was a very tiny mother, but Joan had stood amazed at her capability. The kindness of the poor to one another also was another thing to wonder at. She liked the people, and they liked her; they were friends.

Polly did her errand expeditiously, and when she returned the baby had just risen, who appeared contented with his new nurse.

"You did not see the gentleman, I suppose, Polly?" said Joan.

"Yes, Miss Joan, I did, and he gave me half-a-crown."

"Polly, you didn't take it?"

"Well, I did; he remembered me; he told me to buy something for the baby. He's that sort, Miss—masterful—I do like 'im."

Joan smiled, but a little shiver passed through her, nevertheless.

Masterful? Yes, that was the word. Could she suffer herself and her life to be dominated? Would the long struggle not be better after all? She held the baby while Polly got her uncle's tea ready, then went back to her little room to wait. It was now five o'clock. By six, or soon after, she calculated her visitor must arrive, or a letter explaining that he would not come.

He was very methodical in his ways and careful in his courtesies. There was nothing of the Bohemian about the man to whom she had written; he left nothing to chance. Therefore he came to answer the letter in person.

He was a large, tall man, whose presence seemed to fill the little room, making it appear smaller by comparison. Not quite young, he had a fine, open, clever face, though it was not the kind of cleverness Joan admired.

It was the capacity to get on, to grasp the main chance, to make the best of every opportunity; so she had judged from an acquaintance now covering a period of three years. But in this her judgement had shown its limitations. There was another side to John Westcote, which as yet she had not touched. He put down his hat, and looked at her with a great depth of compassion on his face. He ran his fingers through his gray hair, as if something perplexed and worried him.

"You look wretchedly ill," he said quickly.

"I feel it," she answered dismally. "I may as well open up, I'm at the end of all things. I've—I've been paid off."

"I'm not surprised," he answered as he knelt his brows. "I've been expecting it."

"Why?"

"Why, because you have been the round peg in the square hole. It was impossible that you could satisfy those vampires. I know their tribe."

"Why didn't you warn me?"

"Dear woman, I did; and you told me to mind my own business."

She faintly colored.

"I am sure I never was so rude."

"Not in these blunt words, I admit; but you drove it home. Now what can I do for you?"

In the circumstances it was an extraordinary, even a terrible question. The occasion to which she had referred in her letter was one on which he had asked her to marry him, and she had declined. Her allusion to it, she had imagined, would be sufficient. She colored painfully, and drew herself up.

"I don't know why I wrote to you, I am sure, except that I felt desperate, and wanted a friend," she said faintly.

"Well, I am your friend," he answered steadily. "But I can't be purchased at such a price."

"What can you mean?" she asked quickly.

"What" I say. You would marry me, Joan, because there is no other way out. But what would become of us both? I love you as devotedly as ever, but will not make shipwreck of both our lives. Believe me, if I were to take you at your word, your last end would be worse than your first. I can wait or I can endure; but I couldn't face that, my dear."

Sharply reproached, she had not a word to say. She had held him too cheaply. He began to rise in value in her eyes, in proportion as he seemed to become inaccessible.

"But I am your friend; you have accorded me the privilege, and I am going to take you in hand. You give up this flat at once; let it, or do what you will; and you go abroad. I know of a little house near Dinard, where you will be welcome, and where you can recover your bodily and mental health. And you will stay there until I give you leave to quit."

"At whose expense? I have twenty-eight shillings in the whole world."

"Mine."

He spoke the word quite ruthlessly.

"What does it matter? I have money, there is no one to spend it on. God knows how gladly I will give you the very little you require. Payment! There cannot be any question of that between you and me. Don't you see it will be something for me? Not much, but something; it will make perhaps a little bond."

"No!" she cried quickly. "Not a bond, a debt, which would weigh upon me. I can't do it."

"I am sorry you feel like that. I don't think I have deserved it, Joan. I have effaced myself."

She walked to the window, drew aside the yellow blinds, and looked out. The river flowed sluggishly, the whole city seemed to languish in the burden and heat of the day. She stood there so long in silence that at last she spoke again.

"If you don't do as I say, what can the end be?" he asked gently. "You will break down completely; then there is the hospital, and Heaven knows what. It is an economic question you are to solve. If there is no other way, in Heaven's name let it be a debt to be paid. I will make the arrangements to-morrow, and you will leave England on Saturday."

She turned round to him at length, and there was something different in her face.

She took a step across the little room and came quite near to him. "You have—you have something I did not know of," she said brokenly. "If it is debt to be paid, take me in payment if you still care. It is the only way."

"But, Joan, it would be for life—and you told me so plainly that it would never be possible."

"I did not know myself," she answered. "I will go to Dinard if you take me," she added; "not unless. Let it be a debt, and take me in payment."

"Nay, for how can there be a debt between husband and wife, Joan, can there?"

"I don't know," she answered, but there was that on her face, the expression of the awakened heart, which told him the debt would be paid in full.—British Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A "small country seat" is the latest definition of a milking stool.

The flounder is an industrious fish and lays seven million eggs in a year.

A finger of St. Louis of France was stolen from the reliquary in the church at Poissy, near Paris.

A stone house is not so durable as one of brick. A brick house, well constructed, will outlast one built of granite.

English people eat on the average thirteen pounds of butter a head yearly. This is more than is eaten per capita in any other nation.

The salaries committee of Stockport, England, has advanced the salary of the municipal draughtsman \$2.50 a year—about 4 cents a week.

In the southern states the mule ranks with the horse as a standard work animal. Of the 3,000,000 mules in the United States, 2,000,000 are in the South.

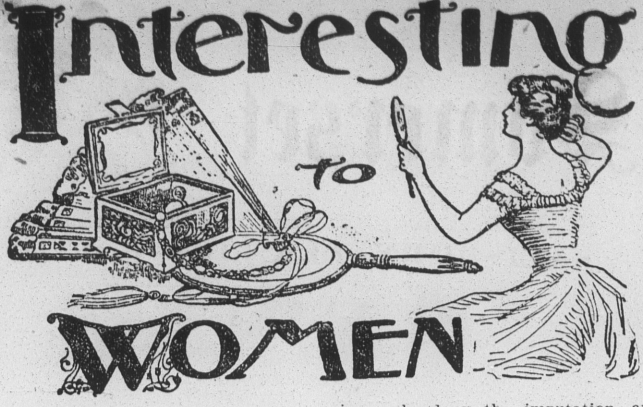
By repeatedly stamping with her forehoofs on a black snake, five feet long, a mare, which was in a paddock with her foal on a farm near Bainsdale, near Melbourne, succeeded in killing the reptile.

According to Chinese chroniclers bank notes were current in China 297 B. C., under the name "flying money." They were probably written as printing from wooden tablet was only known in China in the year 160 A. D.

At the state fair at Dallas, Texas, bread, cakes, doughnuts, pies, tarts, crullers, biscuit, brown bread, muffins and pancakes were made from cottonseed flour, and all said that the goods were better than the same kinds of things made of wheat flour.

Mules bring big profit to the breeders. They are always salable. The supply has never caught up with the demand. The government is now wanting horses and mules at \$180 a head, and cannot get them. Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky are the leading mule states of the Union. East St. Louis is the largest mule market in the world.

Westmoreland, with seven acres to each inhabitant, is the most sparsely populated county in England.



Interesting to WOMEN

Plea for More Dancing.

It seems a very great pity that some determined effort cannot be made to make dancing more popular. Nowadays, when exercise is a kind of religion to men and women alike, it is odd that one recommended by all doctors, and recognized all the world over and in all ages as an attractive pastime, into which the art of fascination largely enters, should be more and more neglected among us.—Lady's Pictorial.

One Way to Earn Money.

One of the least expensive, and easiest ways of earning a living for a woman to adopt is that of dyeing. In small towns where people have no city facilities it is a paying investment to start a dyeing establishment.

Its wonderful how many old gowns, coats, odds and ends, and even carpet rags every housekeeper has that she wishes dyed. One of the principal advantages of this sort of work is the small investment that is required to be made. Several 10-cent packages of dye of staple colors are all she needs to start with.

After one gets accustomed to the work it is fascinating as well as profitable.—Chicago Tribune.

Expressionless Faces.

It is being said of the faces of present-day women that they lack expression. Artists sometimes tell us that they value wrinkles. Lines in the faces how character. How expressionless are often the photographs of celebrated men and women from which all characteristic lines have been effaced! If a miniature has to be copied from them, the painter is in despair; he gets no likeness. So when all faces aim at blankness the result will be monotony. Would not this be deplorable? It must be left for the women themselves to decide whether their faces shall be natural, lined, and interesting, or fashionably smooth, expressionless, and fixed.—The Lady.

Plea For the "Not Outs."

An English writer commends the American practice of letting the "not outs" have a good time. What does an English girl between twelve and sixteen know of the joy of living, she asks. "She is more often than not snubbed all around, and left to her own devices—and her governess." She is persistently overworked, and I am sure, ever-gymnasiumed. Growing in stature as fast as she can grow, she is yet made to burn the candle of learning and athletics at both ends. Can't we have some pity on her, and let her have a little fun of the right sort? The age of fifteen is an impressionable age, when girls are apt to get a little sad, a little neurotic, unless brightness and movement of a healthy sort are introduced into their lives.—New York Tribune.

Her "Strict Mourning" is White.

"Strict mourning" is far from a specific term. Anybody who thinks it means you must wear your heart upon your sleeve in a black symbol is ignorant of the subtleties of fashion. For instance, the Countess of Suffolk (Daisy Leiter that was) is said to be "in strict mourning" for her sister, Lady Curzon, yet she went driving the other day in Washington in a white cloth suit, made with a pony jacket and deep flounces on the demi-trained skirt. A narrow band of crepe edged the left cuff and a narrow band of crepe finished the flowing white chiffon veil. Friends say Daisy Leiter has gone off in looks, and that she will never gain the reputation for loveliness enjoyed by her sister. As a young girl, Mary Leiter was thought only "pretty," but as a matron she developed into a celebrated beauty.—New York Press.

Do They All Powder?

Statements of hotel managers in New York indicate that Marie Corelli will not find her "ideal womanhood" and natural-beauty literary heroines along the Great White Way. While women are indignantly refuting the attack made by the English novelist pertaining to wigs, pads and beauty dyes the hotel managers make statements that tend to support Marie Corelli's charge.

The hotel men with one accord say that they buy supplies of paint and powder, eye pencils, hairpins and other beauty accessories the same as they buy their stock of breakfast foods and lobsters. The only difference in these purchases of widely different variety, they generously admit, is the lessened quantity of the former.

The managers say behind the barricaded doors of their private offices, "without fear of contradiction" that "New York women are addicted to the paint and powder, the eye-pencil habit, and all other facial evils that they are accused of by the English novelist. New York club women flatter and

vigorously deny the imputation, and there you are.—New York World.

Don't Fuss Over New Frocks.

"In this season of princess styles and delicate fabrics that woman is wise who doesn't worry about infinitesimal errors in the fit of her gown, provided the essentials are correct and smart," said a designer in a Fifth avenue establishment yesterday. "Fine materials," she explained, "cannot be handled and rehanded by a number of sewing girls without bearing a resemblance to a purchase from a second-hand shop. It is sufficiently difficult to keep a two-piece garment fresh and dainty looking when many corrections are to be made, but with the princess gown the difficulties double. Since it is all in one piece, several girls must work away at the waist, while two or three more, seated opposite, sew on the skirt. Naturally in the effort of each to get her work into the easiest position and the best light, the garment comes in for more pulling and jerking than is good for it. One of our customers ordered a violet velvet gown a few weeks ago. Waist and skirt were trimmed richly with handsome white lace over white chiffon. This woman insisted on at least six fittings, and at each she suggested a new alteration in the garniture. Result? When that gown finally was forwarded to her it looked as if it had had several weeks of hard wear."—New York Press.

Mending Wrinkles.

The best method of mending a silk gown is to use the ravelings from the material itself, first of all, because there can be no doubt as to your having the exact shade—which is not apt to be the case even with the most closely matched silk—and secondly because the twist is the same and the stitches do not show, as they will if the stitches are taken with a thread more tightly twisted than the woven fibre. The place should afterward be pressed with a heavy iron. The iron, of course, should only be warmed, as a hot one would leave an imprint of its shape.

Again, ravelings of woollen garments are the only threads that will make a darn which can be concealed perfectly. From the roll of pieces you have taken one that will give ravelings eight or ten inches long. If the whole to be darned is very irregular or large baste it into as good shape as possible with a fine thread, which may be withdrawn after the work is completed more easily than a coarse one could be.

A very good plan is to lay a book of piece of pasteboard under the hole, which will enable you to draw the edges together smoothly and flatly. A small piece of pasteboard held under the rent while darning is as great a help as a darning ball to the heel of a stocking, says Woman's Life.

Do not mend a kid glove with sewing silk, for the silk cuts the kid and shows the repair more plainly. Fine cotton thread will give a much more satisfactory result. If a glove is torn put a piece of silk of the corresponding shade under the torn part. baste carefully so as not to reveal the stitches, and then draw up the rent with cotton thread.

Fashion Notes.

Black hats are worn with colored costumes.

Colonial buckles continue a popular decoration for dressy low shoes.

Very pretty are the lace blouse coats with square fichus or collars hemmed with chine silk.

Two or three shirrings just below the bust on silk matinees suggest the Empire style pleasantly.

Buckles of oxidized silver mounted with bright peridot are among the handsome fastenings for belts and capes.

As a rule, low tones have prevailed, gray, mauve, fawns and plum shades, rather than black or the more brilliant hues.

Narrow velvet ribbon the color of the waist may decorate the stock of white linen to be worn with an afternoon shirtwaist.

Red velvet, ivory satin and cloth and gold buttons and embroidery are combined in a sumptuous opera wrap for a New York society woman.

Light Persian silk made very ornate with sections and bands of lace edged with folds of plain color silk is favored for separate dressy waists.

Narrow silk ruffings and plaitings ready to put in place upon intricate bodices and skirts are beaded with tiny plaid silk folds or bright colored silk braids.

Ribbon or braid applique finds a place upon the upturned, rolling brim of a jaunty velvet turban, a feather pom-pom with slender upstanding spikes contemplating the simple or ornamentation of the hat.

The Badge of Honesty

Is an every wrapper of Doctar Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia, as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all wasting diseases where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

"The Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

"UNWRITTEN LAW" EFFECTIVE.

Slayer of Man Who Had Relations With Killer's Wife Acquitted by Texas Jury.

Lee Randol, charged with the murder of J. P. Stacey, has been acquitted by a jury at Fort Worth, Tex., after a trial of a few days. The case was similar to that of Harry K. Thaw, but the defense relied entirely on the "unwritten law."

Randol killed Stacey September 23, 1906, and, according to all witnesses it was a cold-blooded affair. The dead man was unarmed.

The defense did not attempt to prove self-defense or insanity. Instead, it introduced a letter written by the dead man to Randol's wife just before the killing.

When the prisoner was asked, "Did you kill Stacey because of his relations with your wife?" Randol answered, "I did."

The verdict of the jury was unanimous.

Women in the Postal Service.

According to a report made by the United States postoffice department, Uncle Sam has 188 women assistant postmasters and 2,100 women employed as stamp, delivery window or money order clerks. The women clerks receive on an average \$1,130 a year, or about \$70 less than the men clerks.

Two women employed in the postoffice department prosper at Washington earn \$1,800, sixteen receive \$1,600, forty \$1,400, seventy-one \$1,200, and seventy-four \$1,000 per annum. A majority of these women are either wives or widows. The testimony of the postoffice authorities is that women make highly efficient public servants and that they are equal in honesty to men, if not superior to them.—Weekly Bulletin.

Deepest of Gold Mines.

Australia now possesses the deepest gold mine in the world. The shafts at the New Chum Railway at Bendigo, Victoria, have been sunk to a depth of over 4,300 feet, and the quartz there tapped has been sampled and crushed, with the result that a yield of gold equal to an ounce a ton has been obtained. The operations in the mine have been tested by government officials in view of the fact that never before in the world's history has gold been obtained from so low a depth as three-quarters of a mile.—Chicago Journal.

DREADED TO EAT

A Quaker Couple's Experience.

How many persons dread to eat their meals, although actually hungry nearly all the time!

Nature never intended this should be so, for we are given a thing called appetite that should guide us as to what the system needs at any time and can digest.

But we get in a hurry, swallow our food very much as we shovel coal into the furnace, and our sense of appetite becomes unnatural and perverted. Then we eat the wrong kind of food or eat too much, and there you are—indigestion and its accompanying miseries.

A Phila. lady said the other day: "My husband and I have been sick and nervous for 15 or 20 years from drinking coffee — feverish, indigestion, totally unfit, a good part of the time, for work or pleasure. We actually dreaded to eat our meals."

"We tried doctors and patent medicines that counted up into hundreds of dollars, with little if any benefit."

"Accidentally, a small package of Postum came into my hands. I made some according to directions, with surprising results. We both liked it and have not used any coffee since."

"The dull feeling after meals has left us and we feel better every way. We are so well satisfied with Postum that we recommend it to our friends who have been made sick and nervous and miserable by coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason."