

ONCE THE KING LOVED ME.

I sit me sewing on my endless seam
Within the casement, clad in hoddan gray,
And count the dial yonder, in the sun
Where the leaves' shadow falls; it winds away
Till the day goes, and all the hours are spent;
Once the king loved me—and I am content.

I mark the earth turrets, rising high
Beyond the forest, dark, and vast, and dim.
Mine eyes first seek it in the dull, gray dawn,
My evening prayer goes there; it holdeth him
Who was mine own one happy hour that went—
Once the king loved me, and I am content.

I mind me of the forest depth of green,
Of sunlight, falling in the wooded place,
As on you dial. Was it heaven then?
Or saw I only heaven in his face?
I know not, all I know is joy is spent,
Once the king loved me, and I am content.

I mind me of the day the shadow fell,
And through the gilded halls a whisper ran
And courtiers who had fawned stood cold far,
And with a broken heart beneath my hand
Which held it fast, lest life itself be rent.
Once the king loved me, and I am content.

I stood before the queen, who, cold and dark,
Lifting pale eyes, said softly: "Thou dost go."
(Never before had she deigned speech with me.)
Meekly I bowed and answered, "Queen, I go."
With gathered robe and stately step I went.

A Temporary Substitute.

Felix Livingstone was not in a good temper. He had a fortnight's leave, which duty required him to spend with his maiden aunt in the country, while inclination strongly urged him to go up to town in order to see the girl he loved. But on this occasion duty had to be considered, for Miss Drury, the aunt in question, was a wealthy old lady, and he was practically dependent upon her.

All things considered, however, Fate had not been so very unkind to Felix. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been adopted by his mother's elder sister, who had done her duty nobly by him. Now at the age of twenty-five he found himself a subaltern in one of the line regiments, with a handsome allowance from his aunt, and every prospect of becoming her heir. But—there is always a "but" in most people's lives—although Miss Drury had been more than liberal to her nephew and forbore to exercise any but a very nominal restraint over his actions, yet she had given him to understand that she meant to exert her authority in one important matter, namely, the question of his marriage.

In due course of time she intended Felix to become master of Woodlands, her beautiful old house, and since his wife would occupy her place as mistress, Miss Drury meant to limit, if not direct, her nephew's choice of a bride.

She did not approve of the modern woman, the up-to-date girl, with her cigarette and her slang, her talk of golf and bridge, her contempt for needlework, and all things pertaining to domesticity. Felix could see in his mind's eye the wife his aunt destined for him—a meek and modest young woman of ultra-refined speech and appearance, and always with a piece of fancy work between her fingers—and he shuddered at the picture. Then he thought, with a sudden tightening of his heart, of Kitty Bellairs, as he had seen her last summer at the house of a brother officer—beautiful, mischievous, high-spirited, a keen tennis player, a brilliant horsewoman, full of life and laughter. She had charmed the young man's heart out of him, and though Felix tried desperately hard to banish her from his memory, absence, in this case, had certainly made the heart grow fonder.

"I daren't tell Aunt Minnie about Kitty," thought the young man, disconsolately. "Of course if she knew her as I do she couldn't help but love her, although she isn't quite her style, but I don't see how they are ever to meet, since my little darling knows no one in this neighborhood, and Aunt Min never will come up to town."

In the depth of his heart Felix was genuinely fond of the old lady, who had so generously mothered him all his life, and he was therefore rather disconcerted to find when he reached Woodlands that Miss Drury was very much perturbed and upset about something. Generally his aunt was a very dainty looking little old lady, exquisitely dressed, and the perfection of a hostess. But on this particular afternoon she greeted her nephew in an absent-minded fashion, her cap slightly awry, her cheeks flushed, and her beautiful hands trembling.

"Why, Aunt Minnie," said the young man, anxiously, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, my dear Felix," replied the old lady, looking into his handsome face with troubled blue eyes, "I have had such a dreadful upset. Two of the housemaids are down with influenza, and now Parkins, who is quite invaluable, has declared she can hold up no longer, and has gone to bed seriously ill, I fear."

Felix gave a whistle of dismay. Parkins was cook-housekeeper at Woodlands, and the pivot upon which the rest of the household turned. She was an exceptionally good cook, and he knew that his aunt prided herself that her dinners were unsurpassed in the neighborhood.

"I would not have minded had we been alone," continued Miss Drury, "but the house is full of people, and I have a large dinner party to-morrow."

"What a catastrophe!" exclaimed her nephew, sympathetically, who knew how vexed was Miss Drury's orderly mind when any household affairs went wrong. "Can't you get a woman from the village to help?"

"Of course I can, but you don't know what these village women are like, my dear Felix; dirty, incompe-

tent creatures, and as incapable of sending up a dinner as you are. No, I must just leave Susan, the kitchen maid, to do her best; but I know I shall be disgraced to-morrow, and I do not mind so much, if my guests don't have the best of everything. And to make matters worse, that greedy old Sir Gregory is coming, and he always says he never dines so well anywhere as here. You don't know of a cook that you can recommend by any chance, do you, Felix?" she asked desperately.

This wistful appeal touched the young man's heart. As a rule, a substitute home on leave is not the person one would naturally apply to for a cook, but Miss Drury was at her wits' end. Felix knitted his brows and thought hard for a minute, at the end of which a brilliant inspiration came to him.

"Look here, Aunt Minnie," he exclaimed suddenly, "don't you worry any more. I'll go straight up to town first thing to-morrow, and I'll find you a cook somehow, and bring her back with me in the afternoon."

Miss Drury looked at her nephew with tears in her eyes.

"Felix," she said solemnly, "if you get me out of this difficulty you may ask me for anything in the world."

Felix was as good as his word. He departed for town directly after breakfast next morning, smiling good-humoredly at the chaff of his fellow guests, and re-appeared triumphant in the afternoon proudly escorting the new cook.

"I've brought her, Aunt Min," he announced, rushing excitedly into Miss Drury's boudoir. "She was at the Rawson's last summer, and an uncommonly good cook she is. Blair is her name, it's a great piece of luck that she was disengaged, you know."

Miss Drury went hurriedly down stairs to inspect the new arrival and to explain to her the arrangements for the evening's dinner.

"I was a little taken aback at first," she said later on to her nephew. "Blair looks so young and so pretty, and so—er—refined, but she seems very capable and fully qualified to send up an excellent dinner."

"Yes," replied Felix, eagerly, "she has had a course of cooking lessons at South Kensington. I believe she is no end of a swell at it."

"Really, my dear boy," said Miss Drury, looking affectionately at her nephew, "I am most touched by the interest you have shown in this domestic difficulty and the trouble you have taken. If only Blair does not falsify our expectations I shall owe you a debt of gratitude."

The dinner proved an immense success, and even Miss Drury had to confess that Parkins could not have done better. As for Sir Gregory, he chuckled with delight and went steadily through the menu from beginning to end.

"Really, my dear Miss Drury," he said when at length he was obliged to desist, "that cook of yours has surpassed herself. I don't know when I have eaten a better dinner; that soufflé was simply a work of art."

Only one contretemps marred the harmony of the evening, and fortunately Miss Drury did not witness this little incident, as it occurred when the ladies had retired to the drawing room.

Felix was doing the honors of his aunt's table when the sound of a scuffle arrested his attention, and with a

hasty excuse to his guests he left the room and rushed into the passage, where he found an ardent young footman trying vainly to embrace a very angry but bewitchingly pretty young woman in a white cap and apron.

"You impudent wretch!" she was saying, "how dare you try and kiss me? Mr. Livingstone, help!"

Felix turned on the man in a perfect fury and dragged him away.

"John," he said, looking as if he could have killed him with pleasure, "leave that lady alone at once and clear out. Here are your wages. Go!"

The man gazed at him, dumb with surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Felix," he stammered at length, "I meant no harm. I often used to kiss Miss Parkins. I didn't know as 'ow Miss Blair would mind."

The cook's angry face relaxed, and she burst into a peal of laughter, in which, after some hesitation, Felix joined.

"Never mind, John," she said, "I'll forgive you this once, only don't try it again. I dare say Mr. Felix will allow you to stay if you behave yourself."

Felix nodded impatiently, and the man fled to the lower regions, but it was some minutes before "Miss Blair" took her place at the servants' hall supper looking rather flushed, or before Felix joined the men in the dining room.

Parkins' illness lasted a week, and throughout that time Blair continued to charm the palates of the inmates of Woodlands. All the same, Miss Drury was rather relieved when the last day of the temporary cook's stay came, for try as she would to disbelieve the evidence of her senses, there was no disguising the fact that Felix was always hanging about the kitchen on some pretext or another. That her nephew could so far forget what was due both to himself and to her, as to even carry on a mild flirtation with a servant, Miss Drury would not allow for a moment. Her horror can therefore be better imagined than described when, on descending to the kitchen the last afternoon for the purpose of paying Blair her wages, she saw on opening the door a pretty, white-capped head reposing on her nephew's shoulder, while his arm was tenderly clasping an aproned waist.

"Kitty, darling," she heard him say tenderly, "I couldn't let you go away without telling you I loved you. I know I ought not to have done so, for goodness only knows when I shall be able to marry you."

"Do you think Miss Drury will be very angry?" asked the girl.

Miss Drury coughed, and at the ominous sound the guilty couple started apart and looked with dismay at the intruder.

The old lady's face had turned very white, and Felix, cut to the quick by her piteous expression, crossed the room hastily and took her hand.

"Don't look so shocked, Aunt Minnie," he said; "this is not a cook really; it is the lady I love—Miss Kitty Bellairs. I met her at the Rawson's last summer and fell in love with her; and I knew she could cook beautifully, so when you were in such a fix I asked her to come and help. We—we thought, perhaps, you might take a fancy to her and ask her to stop."

"Are you Archie Bellairs' daughter?" asked Miss Drury, in astonishment.

"Yes," said the girl, gently, "he is dead, you know, and I am an orphan and very poor—but I love Felix."

The old lady's eyes grew very wistful and tender as she remembered the far-off days of her youth when poverty had stood between her and the one whom she loved—Archie Bellairs.

She took the girl's hand and smilingly put it into that of her nephew.

"So do I, my dear," she said, "and I am sure you will make him an excellent wife. I shall be exceedingly glad to offer the temporary substitute a permanent place in my household." —New York News.

She Can Smoke.

During the hearing of a case which came before Justice Grantham a few days ago, it was mentioned that one of the members of a certain well known ladies' club smoked cigars. Whether they were mild, medium or full flavored was not stated, but the fact that a woman can smoke a cigar tends to dispel the popular notion that she is constitutionally unfit for such a habit. As a matter of fact the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is an inveterate smoker, prefers a mild cigar to a cigarette; so does the Countess of Paris, the mother of the Queen of Portugal.—Tit-Bits.

Johnny's Last Speech.

YOU'D scarcely expect one of my age, in merchandising to engage and hope to get a paying trade without the local paper's aid. And yet I did that very thing; I opened up a store last spring—the sheriff took my stock and sold it at the auction block. Don't view me with a scornful eye, but simply say as I pass by: "There goes a fool who seemed to think he had no use for printer's ink." There is a truth as broad as earth and business men should know its worth, 'tis simply this: The public buys its goods from those who advertise.

For the Children

THE THIMBLE FAMILY.

Good Mistress Thimble, neat and nimble,
Drives Brother Needle with a push and a wheedle,
While light Sister Thread, with a noiseless tread,
A stitch drops behind as she flies ahead.

Then comes Father Scissors and gives her a nip,
And starts them off on another trip,
Over a hem, or down a seam,
Needle and Thread, a lively team.

Then Grandfather Bodkin, with many a jerk,
Will do his part, and finish the work.
Now, where is their home? Well, since you ask it,
I'll tell you—they live in a little work-basket.

—Martha Burr Banks, in Youth's Companion.

CAPTURING WILD BEASTS.

In St. Nicholas, A. W. Roiker writes interestingly of the capture of wild animals in Africa for the menagerie. The easiest victims of the wild animal trapper are specimens of the most ferocious type—the lion, tiger, panther, jaguar and the leopard, for it is simply a matter of stealing the cubs. The hunter goes to the heart of the darkest, most impenetrable thicket, where the lion mother lies with her four to six cubs, golden puff balls, scrambling over her great yellow body, which none on earth, save those defenseless kittens, may come near. Says the trapper, "nature herself renders these babies defenseless when the mother stirred by the pangs of hunger, ventures forth to hunt and to eat." Accompanied by two Kaffirs, the hunter steals upon the unprotected little cubs, the hunter, rifle in hand, loaded with the heaviest bullet. Quickly the Kaffirs work, for should the lioness return, nothing but a bullet, accurately aimed, could save them from instant death. With the capture of the cubs, which are thrown into a bag, hasty flight is made.

Capturing these cubs, however, is child's play compared with capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the pig tribe, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. There is hardly a wild animal in existence more dangerous than this rarest of menagerie captives. Awkward as the great beast appears when at rest, once aroused the "rhino" dashes through a thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train. The hunters make their way into the interior of unexplored territory in Africa, searching for a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and which is not so large but that it can be transported back to civilization. Frequently months elapse before the search is rewarded with success. This how the capture is made:

Noislessly and from well to leeward the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are enclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a racehorse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch-thick armor with which the beast is clad. Now and then it happens that the hunter fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere, or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends on his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him within a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet, and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

After the death of the mother cow it is easy to track the frightened calf, which is soon pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of long skids into the cage of a bullock cart, after which the weary march to a market begins. While the "rhino" is more savage to deal with than the hippopotamus, still the greatest peril lies with the latter, for, as says the writer:

"The trapper hunts the 'rhino' on land and brings it down at a comparatively safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two-ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe. For the hippopotamus, as its name, the 'river horse,' means, is a land-and-water animal, and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotami instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught."

Burglars Are Unknown.

Consul Edward J. Norton, of Malaga, cannot encourage American safe makers to attempt the building up of a trade in that district of Southern Spain. He writes as follows: Not over half a dozen American-made safes could be found in this entire consular district, and the outlook for the development of the safe trade is not an encouraging one. The demand for safes generally is extremely light. Many business men possess nothing in the way of a safe for the protection of valuables or books. The annual fire loss is insignificant, and burglars or safe blowers are unknown, so there is no actual necessity for the purchase of a fire-proof, burglar-proof safe.

History Lesson.

Diogenes, dear children, was the man who lived in a tub, and who searched for an honest man. "I'm honest," cried a candidate for re-election. "Where's your tub?" asked Diogenes. "Look at my barrel!" cried the candidate. But Di went on hunting.

PLAYHOUSES.

There have been much bustle and activity among the little people of the Massachusetts coast this fall, for during the summer many playhouses

were erected, and the little folks have been as busy closing up their play homes as their mothers with their grown-up home.

These playhouses are much more than shacks, for they are carefully planned and have verandas, three or four rooms and even an 'upstairs.' One fortunate little woman who has a house at the end of an old fashioned garden has across the front a covered veranda, furnished as out-door living room. The entrance door, ornamented with a brass knocker, opens on a small hallway, from one side of which ascends a winding staircase. An oldtime hall lantern hangs from the staircase beam. To the right opens the living room, twenty feet long by ten feet wide, with a fireplace in which logs are always piled ready to be lighted. To the left of the hallway is the kitchen. Here is a stove of medium size, and along one side of the wall is a dresser fitted with glass doors, which permit glimpses of Dutch china. Directly opposite are a table and a roomy closet, with an array of cooking utensils on hooks. The floors are covered with rag mats.

On the second floor is a single room, which the little lady of the house retires to when she is tired of the world. There are a pretty writing desk, well equipped with writing materials, and a roomy couch piled high with soft pillows. The walls are hung with posters. The windows are draped with white muslin curtains, and on the floor is a pretty rug.

Another playhouse is like an English cottage, and has pretty latticed windows which open outward. The shingled exterior is stained dark red, with door and window trimmings of pure white. The quaint entrance porch opens upon a single large room, furnished with tools and other appliances for manual training.

On the Salem shore is a little house made over from a discarded bathroom. It stands near the water's edge, and across the front is a wide covered veranda. Inside is a fireplace of brick, and between two windows is a piano, which the small hostess and her friends may bang on all day if they please.

At Peach Bluff is a beautiful Colonial playhouse, designed for the comfort of both the boys and the girls of the family. It is painted white, with green blinds, and the entrance porch is supported by Colonial pillars. As it is intended to be a place where the children can have a good time, the furniture is of the plainest, most substantial oak, and the floors are without carpets. The walls are of plain boarding, not even painted. Beyond the living room are two smaller rooms, one for the girls, where they may cook to their heart's content, and the other for the boys, where there are tools and a carpenter's bench.

One of the most elaborate of these playhouses, a four-room cottage fully equipped for housekeeping, is at Cohasset. It has a latticed entrance porch, with built in seats, with flowering shrubs about the sides and front, and window boxes in the windows. The first floor is divided into living room, dining room and kitchen, all furnished with sheathed walls and ceilings and hardwood floors. The living room has low white bookcases, with cretonne hangings of pink and white. Muslin curtains drape the windows, and on the walls are pretty prints. Small rugs of artistic design partly cover the floor. The dining room has a plate rail on which have been placed numerous souvenirs. Opening from this room is the kitchen, where the little maiden may cook and serve what she pleases. On the second floor is a good sized bedroom, furnished with two cot beds, a washstand and several chairs. Curtains shade the windows, and Japanese grass mats cover the floor.

On this same estate in Cohasset is a playhouse for the boys. This has an exterior finish of shingles left to stain with the weather. Across the front and rear extend broad, uncovered verandas. The interior consists of a single room fitted up as a boy's den, and in the loft above is ample storage room for footballs, boxing gloves, tennis rackets and the treasures dear to boyish hearts. —New York Tribune.

Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.



ONE CERTAINLY SEES THINGS DIFFERENTLY WHEN THE LIVERS ARE WORKING RIGHT.

IF YOU THINK THAT RAW/PAIN PILL YOU TOOK LAST NIGHT WOULD DOUS HARM, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT IT WILL KILL BY LIVER STOMACH AND BOWELS IN GOOD CONDITION WITH A FEW DAYS' LAXATIVE RAW/PAIN PILLS TO BRING THEM TO CENTER.

Murray's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; in vigorous instead of weak. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. The pills contain no coloring, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c boxes. If you need medical advice, write Murray's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MURRAY'S 634 and Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Murray's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Murray's Rheumatism Remedy relieved in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

A Valid Reason.
The Count—Vai! Economize!
The Countess—Yes, Father, says we are living beyond his means.—Lippincott's.

Only One "Iroquo Quinine,"
That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Heads of Philadelphia's police department plan to equip each patrolman with a pocket electric searchlight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Over-Education a Curse.
But, some one asks, how can you ever expect a boy to graduate from college or university if his education does not begin until he is 10 years of age? He will be far too old.

First I answer that the curse of modern child-life in America is over-education. For the first ten years of this, the most sensitive and delicate, the most pitiable life in the world, I would prepare it. The properly prepared child will make such progress that the difference in time of graduation is not likely to be noticeable; but, even if it should be a year or two later, what real difference would it make? Do we expect a normal plant to begin bearing fruit in a few weeks after it is born? It must have time, ample time, to be prepared for the work before it. Above all else, the child must be a healthy animal. I do not work with diseased plants. They do not cure themselves of disease. They only spread disease among their fellows and die before their time.—Luther Burbank in Nautlius.

Charles Reade's Method of Work.
Reade's literary work was, Sir Robert Anderson remarks, a rare combination of genius and plodding. A brass scuttle which stood by the fireplace held the illustrated and other papers which reached him week by week. From there he culled anything that took his fancy, and the cuttings were thrown into a companion scuttle, to be afterward inserted in scrap books, and duly indexed. Materials for his novels and plays were thus supplied or suggested. The accuracy of his descriptions of events and places was phenomenal.—Westminster Gazette.

CLEAR-HEADED
Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or, rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble, I verily believe, for I am a well man to-day and have used no other remedy.

"My work, as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum, and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

"There's a Reason."
Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.