

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Heard I once my old nurse telling
Stories by the fire at night,
All about big, bearded giants
Till I shivered in affright;
Then her voice came from a distance
From a drowsy, far-off clime,
Echoing the sweet old cadence,
"Once upon a Time."

Read I once a golden story
Of King Arthur's wonder court,
Lancelot and Guinevere,
All the knights of brave report.
But amidst the loving, hating,
Still I heard the insistent chime,
Like a cuckoo clock repeating,
"Once upon a Time."

Will our lives when we have lived them
Seem like stories we have read
Stories which our nurses told us
As we lay all snug in bed?
Will they seem as vague as dreams are,
All the days we thought sublime?
Shall we hear the faint, low whisper,
"Once upon a Time."

When the earth and day and sunlight
Grayly fade away,
When the years that we have lived here
Seem like one brief day;
Shall we hear again at twilight
Echo of our nurse's rhyme,
"Here you lived and loved and labored,"
"Once upon a Time."
—Leslie's Monthly.

AFTER THE OTHER MAN.

THEY were in the hall where a fire crackled on the broad hearth. The winter day was dying, and already the gloom of a bleak twilight was filling the room. They drew their chairs close to the fire, and Vrail stretched out his hands to the grateful heat.

A gust of wind rattled the sleet sharply against the dripping window. Vrail rose and stood for a moment looking out at the leaden sky.

"The melancholy days are come," he quoted gloomily.

Babbette roused herself from the comfortable depths of the chair.

"Come back to the fire, and have some tea," she said. "This weather gives me the blues."

"I wish I might lay my own private, particular blues to the weather," said Vrail bitterly.

"What else?" she said lightly. "You'll feel differently to-morrow when the sun shines again."

"Will the sun shine to-morrow?" he asked. "If it does, it won't be the same sun."

"Tommy Vrail," she cried in exasperated tones, as she stamped the floor with one little foot, "this is not a funeral!"

"Not yours, anyway," he said, as he resumed his seat near her.

"You and the weather are a delightful combination this afternoon!" she mocked.

"I can't see the weather home, so I'll go myself," he said, half rising.

"Sit still, foolish!" she said. "Will you have one lump or two?"

"My temper needs all there is in the bowl, I fear," he said humbly.

"It does," she said grimly. "Your mood is villainous."

"It's a recent development," he said, suggestively.

"And possibly not incurable," she supplemented.

"O, there's a cure," he said, eagerly.

"So I've heard before," she said, and laughed softly.

"It's real funny!" he sneered.

"Crosspatch!" she said, still laughing.

"Bah," he said, turning to her, "is it your mother?"

"I generally manage my own affairs," she said.

"Then he isn't a millionaire?" he asked.

"Poorer than a church mouse," she confided.

"O, Lord!" he said, in despair.

She looked at him steadily. A sardonic smile curved her mouth.

"Must have brains, then," he pursued.

"Intermittently," she said.

"What on earth did you ever fall in love with him for?" he groaned.

"Just because I shouldn't, I suppose," she explained. "He's the most improbable, impractical, charming dreamer I ever knew. He writes me most deliciously foolish sonnets."

"I wrote you sonnets, too," he reminded her.

"His are really charming," she said, looking away.

"I see," he said, coldly.

There was silence for a time.

"I hope you'll be very happy," he said, at length.

"Now, that's like the old Tommy," she said, warmly.

"You'll probably forget me," he complained.

"Never," she said, stoutly.

"And I shall never forget you, Bah," he said. "In fact, there are a thousand and one things I shan't forget."

She was silently staring at the fire.

"We've had some high old times, anyway," he observed.

She nodded.

"The day we went fishing—remem-

PALACE OF MACHINERY, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR---THIS BUILDING COVERS TWELVE ACRES



Among the vast structures that loom white and stately on the St. Louis Exposition grounds is the palace of machinery, which covers twelve acres of space. Topped with gleaming towers, the vast building astounds the eye by its magnitude. In this palace will be housed all modern machinery kept whirling and whirling by tremendous motive power, and pandemonium will reign supreme after the great fair is opened. The palace of machinery demonstrates on what a gigantic scale the whole fair will be, for it is but one of a dozen tremendous piles of staff that will astonish the millions who visit the great show.

ber it?" he went on. "You wanted the water lilies, and I got in beyond my depth. How you laughed, you heartless little wretch!"

"You laughed so absurd, Tommy," she said, giggling at the recollection of him, "with your clothes all mud and your hat gone and your hair all dripping. And you swore, too, and it sounded funny because the water got into your mouth and made you gasp and sputter."

"I got the lilies, though."

"Of course you did," she laughed.

"And the day we went tramping," he said. "Great Scott! Didn't it rain! Do you remember that house on the Cloverly road, where I asked for shelter for you, and they told me if I'd take my wife—didn't you blush at that?—round to the back door, the servants would feed us? And we fed and dried out there like a couple of real tramps. It was ripping, wasn't it?"

She was silent.

"Suppose you'll have to forget all that now," he said.

"I shall always remember those times," she said quietly.

"You won't remember them as I do, though," he said.

"Perhaps not," she sighed.

"Look here," he said, suddenly. "I need some more tea. This thing is getting on my nerves."

She filled his cup and looked at him archly.

"Poor old Tommy," she said softly.

"Hang him!" he burst out. "He's an interloper!"

"Hush!" she said. "You mustn't say that."

"Of course not," he said. "I must conceal the murder in my heart and congratulate him."

He rose and stood with his back to the fire.

"I'd better be going," he said.

"So soon?" she asked.

"My temper is getting the best of me," he growled.

He pulled on his coat and picked up his hat. Then he turned to the girl by the fire.

"Awfully pleasant afternoon of it," he babbled, formally.

"When shall I see you again?" she said.

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm going away."

"Away?" There was a bit of dismay in her voice.

"Foolish!" she chided. "You don't know what he looks like. You don't even know his name."

"I'll find him, and—choke him," he said, tersely.

She burst into a peal of laughter.

"Tommy, you idiot, you mustn't—er—choke yourself. It would be suicide you know."

It was the turning point of his life. He embraced it stupidly.

"Huh!" he gasped, and stood staring at her flushed cheeks and downcast eyes.

It was dark when he finally left. The sleet still came down in long, slanting lines and the wind howled dolefully.

"Rippling weather," said Vrail, as he stood at the door turning up his coat collar.

"Isn't it?" said the girl.—Indianapolis Sun.

CLOUDS OF GREAT EXTENT.

They Are Frequently Eight Miles Long and One and Two Miles High.

Scientists have recently been measuring the dimensions of the clouds and have arrived at some rather startling conclusions. The dimensions of single clouds, as far as the area covered by their base is concerned, vary, as anyone can see, from the cloud the size of a man's hand to that which covers the entire visible heavens, but the height of clouds can be observed more definitely and can be estimated with convincing accuracy, and it is this height that largely determines their contents and characteristics.

A great, cumulous thunderhead, towering up on the horizon like a huge, flamboyant iceberg, is often higher than the highest Alps would be if they were piled on top of the Himalayas. It is not unusual for these clouds to measure five, six or even eight miles from their flat, dark base, hovering a mile or two above the world, to their rounded, glistening summits, splendid in the sunlight. And in these eight miles the changes of temperature are as great as those over many thousand miles of the earth's surface.

These clouds contain strata of temperature, narrow belts of freezing cold alternating with large distances of rainy mist and frozen snow and ice particles. Hailstones, which are formed from a snow particle that falls from the upper strata and is frozen hard in the freezing belt and coated with added ice in the wet belt, are often found with a series of layers in their formation, showing that they have passed through this succession of cloud strata more than once on their way from the upper air to the earth.

Alpine Flowers in Danger.

Alpine flowers and plants are so quickly becoming extinct that strong measures are to be taken in the future for their preservation.

When a man is abused for meanness, it is a sort of a compliment if no one suggests that some one "put him up to it."

REMAINS OF SENATOR HANNA LYING IN STATE IN CLEVELAND



Miss Whittaker, a prominent club woman of Savannah, Ga., tells how she was entirely cured of ovarian troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a Uterine Tonic and Regulator. I suffered for four years with irregularities and Uterine troubles. No one but those who have experienced this dreadful agony can form any idea of the physical and mental misery those endure who are thus afflicted. Your Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I was fully restored to health and strength, and now my periods are regular and painless. What a blessing it is to be able to obtain such a remedy when so many doctors fail to help you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is better than any doctor or medicine I ever had. Very truly yours, Miss EASY WHITTAKER, 604 39th St., W. Savannah, Ga."

No physician in the world has had such a training or such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills as Mrs. Pinkham. In her office at Lynn, Mass., she is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own trouble who will not take the pains to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free.

A letter from another woman showing what was accomplished in her case by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women prove beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

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

Not Natural.

"I suppose the prisoner refused to talk—referred you to his lawyer, eh?"
"Oh, no; the prisoner is a woman."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusements; but abuse of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation to vice.

The Jews are the only immigrants who, as a rule, bring their women with them.

Perrin's Pile Specific
The INTERNAL REMEDY
No Case Exists it Will Not Cure

There is a way of trifling that costs a heap of money. Neglect

Lumbago and Sciatica

and it may put you on crutches, with loss of time and money.

St. Jacobs Oil

will cure surely, promptly. Price, 25c. and 50c.

I INTEND
TO
SUCCEED

That's the motto you should put in your hat, and always remember it. You can succeed best in business. We educate you practically for business and assist you to a well-paying position when competent. Write for catalogue today while you think of it.

Behnke - Walker
Business College
Portland, Oregon



PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER

Kills Lice on Poultry, paint the perches, fumes kill the lice, cannot feed lice and...
you. Price, 50c and \$1.00 a can. Sold by dealers.
PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn.
Gentlemen—I am a breeder of first-class H-L-Lace Wyandotte. I won a can of your PRUSSIAN LIQUID LICE KILLER as a premium at the St. Paul Poultry Show of 1900, and find it right. There are several here that want a reliable lice killer. Yours is all right. WM. M. SWAGGERT, Waynesboro, Va.
J. H. MALONE, of Adel, Mo. says the PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER is just the thing for lice on hogs, and is worth five times its cost.

FORTLAND SEED CO., Fortland, Or., Coast Agents