

The Game of Life.

This life is like a game of cards, which mortals have to learn. Each shuffles, puts and deals the pack and each a trump doth turn. Some bring a high card to the top and some will bring a low; Some hold a hand quite full of trump and some but few can show. In playing some throw out their trumps, their winning cards to save; Some play the king, some play the deuce, but many play the knave; Some play for money, some for love and some for worldly fame— But not until the hand's played out can they count up their game. When hearts are trump we play for love and pleasure rules the hour; No thought of sorrow checks our joy in beauty's rosy bower; We laugh, we dance, sweet verses write, our cards at random play, And while the heart remains on top, our life's a holiday. When diamonds chance to rule the pack, the players stake their gold, And heavy sums are lost and won by players young and old; Each one, intent upon the game, doth watch with eager eye, That he may see his neighbours cards and cheat him on the sly. When clubs are trump look out for war on ocean or on land, For awful deeds of blood are done when clubs are held in hand; Then lives are staked instead of gold and dogs of war are freed, And sad it is for any land when clubs are in the lead. Last game of all is when the spade is turned by the hand of Time! He waits for the end of the player's game in every age and clime; No matter how much each one means or how much each may save, The spade will finish up the game and dig the player's grave.

SCORES OFF THE BEAR.

Gathering Hay in Thibet While Russia is in Manchuria. (New York World.)

John Bull is chuckling mightily these days over the plight of Br'er Bear in Manchuria. And while Russian influence is waning in the Northeast of Asia he is making hay in the centre.

A beeline from Bombay to Peking would pass through the centre of Thibet just where the British "exploration" outfit with 2,000 armed guards is now strolling leisurely towards the capital. But beelines don't count in a country with mountains over 20,000 feet high. The railroads of the future from Asia's teeming east to west must pass from Peking to the southwest for 500 miles, and then thread the headwaters of the Yellow river into Thibet, and thence into Turkestan, following, indeed, exactly the wagon route from Peking.

Lhassa, the dirty and ill-conditioned capital of Thibet, is 1,800 miles from Peking by the long road, which at times threads the desert; it is only 500 miles from the sea at Calcutta, and the pass from Darjiling in British India, is in summer fairly easy and is traversed by thousands of traders. Too many traders, according to the belief of the Chinese generals, who practically rule Thibet. It is there the shoe pinches. The desire to keep Thibetan trade to themselves has had much to do with the Chinese policy of exclusion.

It's a tea and opium rivalry. Chinese opium is growing into profitable rivalry with that of British India and the Chinese wish to push its sale in Thibet and in Chinese Turkestan to the westward.

With tea the case is reversed. Here it is the Indian and Ceylonese product that competes with the Chinese. Darjiling, right on the Thibetan border, is the centre of the Indian tea district.

So much for the trade side. Besides her commanding position in Chinese trade in Kong Kong and at half a dozen treaty ports up the Yang tse kiang river the British are boring a railroad from Mandalay, in Burmah, through to the northeast, into Yunan and Szechuan, the latter naturally one of the richest provinces in China. Here again the road south to a British Indian seaport will be much shorter than that to Peking or Canton.

Russian influence has for the past few years been stronger in Thibet than British. The Dalai Lama—the "sea" Lama, as he is called because he never saw the sea—is the head of the Buddhist religion. Personally he is always a weak boy, who is poisoned off as soon as he shows signs of strength or independent thought, when his successor is discovered by the priests through miraculous manifestation in some babe of humble birth. During the long childhood of the new Lama the court officials do as they please.

News trickles slowly to Thibet, but the story of the Russian defeats should get there in about two months by means of Chinese officials, not all of whom love the Bear. The advance of Col. Younghusband, the British Commissioner in Thibet, with his little body-guard of 2,000 men, taken in connection with the difficulties of the Russians elsewhere, is expected to make the court of the Lama listen to "reason."

Col. Younghusband doesn't want to annex Thibet. That would be equivalent to the heinous sin of "dismembering China." No, he just wants to overcome the unneighborly exclusiveness of the Thibetans and coax them to be more chummy and sociable like with their nearest neighbors.

The Dalai Lama is the spiritual head of 500,000,000 Buddhists in India, China and

Japan. A preponderant influence at his court would be of vast political value in all these countries.

Religious shrine as it is and the capital of the second in order of numerical strength of the world's faiths, Lhassa is a filthy town, and Thibet is one of the most backward of countries which profess to boast an ancient civilization and an intellectual life. China is far superior.

Not The Limit.

Signor Zanetti, the magician, had been displaying his dexterity to an interested crowd of spectators in a Kentucky town. Stepping forward, he said:

"For my next trick I will require a small flask of whiskey. Will some gentleman in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a pint flask?"

No one stirred. The magician was plainly nonplussed. With an appealing gesture he said:

"I had received a different impression than this as to Kentucky customs. Perhaps you did not understand me? Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whiskey?"

Again there was no response, and, briefly apologizing, the magician said he would be compelled to omit this from his repertory for that night. He was turning again to his table when a tall, lank man in the rear of the hall rose.

"Mistah," said he, "would a quart flask do as well?" producing a bottle of that capacity.

"Just as well, sir," replied Zanetti. And every gentleman in the house rose with that size flask extended.—H. I. Dobbins, in March Lippincott's.

Pocketing a Golf Ball.

Horace G. Hutchinson, the well-known writer on golf, a two-time winner of the British amateur championship, tells this story:

"In the next year's meeting, which was held at Prestwick, I was knocked out by Mr. 'Andy' Stuart, who beat me by the simple and obvious means of playing a good deal better than I played. But, in the course of that match, I played a shot that no other probably has played in any championship. At the hole after the Himalayas going out I played a lofted shot from behind the sand hills west of the green, after slicing the second, and the ball alighted in the breast pocket of the late Mr. James Kirk, who died at St. Andrews only the other day. And what was even more curious is that neither Mr. Kirk nor any of the 30 or so spectators had seen the ball come over and go into his pocket, for I was out of sight when I played the shot. Only, when my caddie and I asked where the ball was, the ground being perfectly open, we were assured it had not come over the hill. Of course we knew better, and finally Mr. Kirk said 'I did feel something tug at my pocket,' and, looking in, there was the ball. There are people living who can vouch for this story. I should not tell it but for their confirmation."

Rudyard Kipling and Imperialism.

Richard Le Gallienne, in Success.

Those who would depreciate the power of poetry in the sternest practical affairs have only to be reminded how much modern imperialism owes to Rudyard Kipling, and it is by no means trivial to remark that the most successful advertisements have been in verse. So soon as "poetry" so called, really is poetry, its appeal is immediately admitted and its force undeniably felt. It is the false poets who account for the false ideas of poetry. One has only to confront a "practical man" with the real thing to convince him that, without realizing it, he has cared a great deal about poetry all his life. Probably he has imagined that his great stumbling block has been the verse. "Why not say it in plain English?" he has impatiently exclaimed—thinking all the time of bad verse, of lifeless contorted rhyming, and of those metrical inanities of the magazines; and yet, when you bring him a verse that is alive, in which the metre is felt to be the very life-beat of the thought, you don't find him asking to have it turned into prose.

The King and the Botanist.

King Oscar, who had just celebrated his birthday, is the hero of a story told by M. Gaston Bonnier, the eminent French botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing in the neighborhood of Stockholm, and he met a stranger similarly engaged. The two botanists fraternized, and, luncheon time arriving, the Frenchman asked his friend if he knew of an inn to which they could repair. "Come to lunch with me," was the reply. The invitation was accepted, and M. Bonnier, following, presently found himself in front of the royal palace. His face indicated his astonishment, but his host apologized. "I am so sorry," he said, "but I happened to be the king of this country, and this is the only place in which I am able to receive my guests. Won't you come in?" And M. Bonnier went in, and the two botanists talked botany all the afternoon.—[Westminster Gazette.]

A farmer's wife at Driffield has given seventeen shillings to the Church Missionary Society "proceeds of eggs laid on Sundays."—London "Daily Mail."



Mrs. Weisslitz, Buffalo, N. Y., cured of kidney trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives. Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden, I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicine, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—MRS. PAULA WESSLITZ, 175 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

His Sole Avocation.

"So your Uncle Tottlerly lived to the great age of one hundred and nine years! How do you account for his longevity?"

"I attribute it to the fact that he was never known to do much of anything else."

The annual report of the Government engineer in charge of improvements on Lake Superior shows that the commerce of the Duluth Superior harbor is the third in importance in the United States. If the subport of Two Harbor's is added, as it should be, the traffic of the harbor is above that of any port in America except New York, with a probability that it stands fourth among the shipping ports of the world.

"Did you ever get what what you prayed for?" "Not always, but I had de satisfaction or distractin' de angels!"—Atlanta "Constitution."

The rain it raineth every day Upon the just and unjust feller; But mostly on the just, because The unjust steals the just's umbrella.

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The above cut shows the Re-Acting Washer, with round body—the cover is open to show the internal working parts. The Quickest Acting and Easiest Running Rotary Washer made. Every machine warranted to give Perfect Satisfaction.

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