

A True Southerner.
 Senator Beveridge was praising the sa-voir-faire of a Southern Congressman.
 "His sa-voir-faire," said the Senator, "never deserts him. I once sat next him at a banquet. Suddenly there was a clattering fall, and a clumsy waiter spilled a plate of soup clear down his back. He just bit his lip."
 "It was thick soup I asked for," he said, "in a slightly reproachful voice, to the man."—Washington Post.

Cure For Toothache.
 A London physician at a meeting of a medical society stated that extraction of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled to cure the most desperate case of toothache, he said, unless the case was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to tooth.—London Globe.

WOMEN SUFFER NEEDLESSLY.
 Many Mysterious Aches and Pains Are Easily Cured.

Bachache, pain through the hips, dizzy spells, headaches, nervousness, bloating, etc., are troubles that commonly come with sick kidneys. Don't mistake the cause—Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women afflicted in this way.
 Mrs. William Jones, R. F. D. No. 6, North East, Pa., says: "Inflammation of the bladder kept me in agony for six months. I could hardly walk from one room into the other. I had no sleep night after night; my ankles were swollen all the time. I often reeled and fell. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. My health began to mend at once. At the end of six months I was as well as ever before in my life."
 Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Congress refused United States Commissioner of Education Brown's request for \$3000 to study a certain phase of child life, but granted \$15,000 for a scientific study of clams.

A Rare Good Thing.
 "Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."
 —Mrs. Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I.
 Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Men Who Guard the King.
 The British Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the body-guard of the King, has just celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of its founding. It is now composed of Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Fletcher, clerk of the cheque and adjutant of the body-guard, and Colonels Mitford and Sprague. The corps was formed by Henry VIII. immediately after his accession. In the old days one of the duties of its members was to accompany the sovereign on the battlefield, and there to form a ring around him and to guard him with battle-axes. Nowadays, when it is not the custom for the sovereign to go in person to war, the gentlemen-at-arms are called upon to assume less onerous work. For instance, they are required to attend levees at St. James' Palace, and to keep clear the ways to the royal presence. When there is a court at Buckingham Palace they attend there; and they are present at Westminster when the King opens Parliament.

Examination Time.
 Miss Clara Evelyn McHugh, a teacher in one of the Topeka schools, read at a recent teachers' meeting from a collection of quaint examination answers that she had been gathering for some years.
 The gems of Miss McHugh's collection were:
 "A blizzard is the inside of a hen."
 "The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth."
 "Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides."
 "The cuckoo never lays its own eggs."
 —Washington Star.

WON'T MIX
 Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse, but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.
 If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.
 "A year ago I became much alarmed about my health, for I began to suffer after each meal, no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.
 "I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin."
 "My home cares were very heavy, for beside a large family of my own I have also to look out for an aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down."
 "I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food, and acting on this suggestion, I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing."
 "My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic, and in an incredibly short space of time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."
 "There's a Reason." Trial will prove. Read the famous little book "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.
 Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BALLADE OF TALK.
 Oh, if you sleep, or if you wake,
 And if you smile, or if you sigh,
 And if you mar, or if you make,
 And if you sell, or if you buy,
 And if you praise, or vilify,
 And if you spurn, or if you woo,
 If you pollute, or purify—
 Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!
 Oh, if you give, or if you take,
 If truth you tell, or if you lie,
 If you be brave, or if you quake,
 If you disgrace, or dignity,
 If you enrage, or pacify,
 If you preach, or creeds-pooch-pooch,
 If you amuse, or terrify—
 Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!
 Oh, if you build, or if you break,
 If you be bold, if you be shy,
 If you be slow, or if you spry,
 If you admit, or if you deny,
 If you retreat, or if you pursue,
 If you corrupt, or edify—
 Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!
 Oh, be you low, or be you high,
 If you be false, if you be true,
 And if you live, and if you die—
 Why, folks will talk, whate'er you do!
 —Harold Susman, in Life.

HE WON THE GIRL

"There goes one more of th' un-appropriated blessings on this community," said Philander Beasley, as a middle aged spinster passed the blacksmith shop. "There is shore a pile of unclaimed valuables of the lady gender in this village."
 "You don't need to worry," said Biddad Smiley. "You've claimed your share. Is it four or five claims you've put in at the matrimonial department?"
 "You mind your own blamed business, young feller, an' I'll mind mine," returned the offended Philander. "I've been blessed with three good wives, if you want to know, an' I made a livin' fer them while they was in this vale of tears."
 "It's right queer that so many of our gals has stayed single," interrupted Reason Jue, with the laudable desire to lead the talk away from dangerous channels. "I don't know," he continued, "ez I ever see a place where they was sich a percentage of handsome women ez we hev. An' about every third one grows up a ol' maid."
 "They ain't nothing queer about it at all," said Jabe Henry. "How in nation are our gals goin' to marry if they ain't no men to choose from? Why, great snakes! There's three gals for every boy born in this country. Everybody knows the women outlive men—exceptin' when they marry into the Beasley family. So even of a gal was ez ez pretty ez all git out she wouldn't hev much show to git married unless they was a pestilence broke out that took only female women an' she was the only one that had been vaccinated."

"The rule hasn't worked in some cases in this country," said Martin Underdunk. "I knowed three gals over in Beulah township that hed all kinds of fellers in love with them afore they fin'ly got married. They was ol' Hausenger's daughters."
 "I've heard tell of the famby," said Jabe. "They was three of four boys, too."
 "They was," replied Martin. "An' it was owing to them boys that th' gals didn't git married quicker'n they did."
 "Yes, consarn their pictures!" exploded Philander Beasley. "They ort to be a law in this country makin' it a capital offense to raise sich boys as them!"
 "Hi, Philander!" cried Biddad Smiley. "So you hed one ov th' Hausenger gals in that killin' eye ov yourn once, had you?"
 "Dad, fetch you!" stormed Philander. "Ain't you quit your foolishness yit?"
 "I kaint help it, Philander, honest I kaint. If I kep' quiet I'd blow out a fusion plug or somethin' like a automobile does. Ever sense that time after your second wife was took an' you made th' speech in town meetin' I hev had a awful ticklish place on my funny bone."
 "I didn't know I said anythin' funny on that occasion," said Philander stiffly.
 "That's why it was funny," grinned Biddad. "Ef you hed tried to be humor you'd hev jes' made me sad. All you said was, in referin' to your recent bereavement: 'Th' memory is ever with me of that dear departed one whose place never will be filled—perhaps.' That's all you said that I remember."

"Tell us about th' Hausenger gals, Martin," said Reason Jue, the lover of peace.
 "Sure, I will, ef them two fellers'll quit jawin'. You see, it wasn't ez if them Hausenger boys was little kids that didn't know no better an' would git into mischief ez natural ez sneezin'. One could make excuses fer sich. These boys was older than th' gals—big, lumberin' fellers, but ez full of tickle ez a dog is full of fleas. They didn't do things jes' a purpose to scare away their sisters' fellers, but they must have their fun whate'er stood in th' way."
 "Ef a feller driv up in a buggy an' went in to ast one of th' gals would she accept his company to a drive in th' pale moonlight, them boys 'ud change th' buggy wheels, put th' hind ones on in front an' vicy-vercy. When th' feller come out he'd hev to drive off with his knees up to his chin, an' him tryin' to peep over th' dashboard to see th' hoss."
 "They'd tie a stroing to th' parlor door knob when a feller was stayin' a little late, then tie th' other end to a paul of ol' iron on th' top landin' of th' stairs. When the caller started to tiptoe out he'd haul that load of junk downstairs an' ol' Hausenger 'ud come out madder'n a wet hen. They'd pour water out o' th' upper winder on th' head of a feller that was talkin' in a gal on th' outside steps."
 "Th' way they hurt Philander's feelin's was by catchin' him an' lockin' him up in th' smokehouse. He didn't get outen there till th' ol' man come round in th' mornin' fer bacon an' blame near busted Philander's head with his lantern, thinkin' he was a thief."

"That's a lie," interrupted Philander. "He didn't do sich thing as hit me with a lantern. He used a ax handle an' I hev th' lump on my head yit."
 "Well, anyhow," said Martin, "th' boys kep' up th' line ov humor till they mighty high spiled their sisters' chances."
 "Then one fall Bud Powis come over from Bog Holler to look around an' he got his eye on Medory, th' youngest Hausenger gal. She looked good to him from th' fust, an' they made a mighty fine lookin' couple. Bud was big ez a hoss an' Medory was little an' powerful cute lookin'. He driv her home from singin' school a few times an' didn't say nothin' when them fool brothers ov hers played their monkey shins on him. Bud was a scrapper, all right, but he wanted to git in good with th' family."
 "One night Medory got a spell like all gals does when they git shore that a feller is gone on 'em. She treated Bud shameful all evenin'. He went in th' parlor with her to try to make up, but she only treated him worse'n ever."
 "He wasn't felin' right cheerful when he came out, an' when he found his wheels tied together with an ox chain he lost his temper in a minute. Yes, sir, he got on th' warpath in dead earnest. He knowed them four boys was hid in th' barn snickering at him. So in there he goes, lit th' barn lantern an' after lookin' round a spell pulled them boys out from behind th' oat bin."
 "They tried to rush him in a bunch, but he got hold of th' belly band of a plow harness an' finished up th' purt-iest job ov whalin' ever done in this State."
 "He was just throwin' the last joker out through th' barn winder when Medory come runnin' out. Bud thought he was goin' to git a big roast afore she sent him home fer good, but she comes smilin' inter th' barn, pleasant ez a basket of chips."
 "Bud," sez she, "when you git over your awful temper you kin come into th' house an' say you're sorry you was sich a bad boy."
 "Then she held up her skirts, dainty-like, to step over one o' them badly frazzled brothers o' hers on her way out."
 "Medory and her sisters didn't hev no more trouble after that night. They all got married afore spring."

"I wish the feller'd broke the four foot necks o' them Hausengers," said Philander Beasley, spitefully.
 "It wouldn't hev done you no good," said Biddad Smiley. "You was took with another fit ov matrimony afore that happened." — Chicago News.

Rushing the Canal.

Every two minutes a ton of coal is burned up at Panama, every minute twelve carloads of rock and gravel are torn from the earth, every hour 1666 pounds of dynamite are exploded in mountain and jungle, every minute \$124 is spent for labor!
 One hundred and thirty-two locomotives are shrieking and creaking in the nine-mile ribbon of the Culabra cut—10,000 shirtless men are sweating and swearing—1250 flat cars are running and grumbling! One hundred and six miles of track split the gorge—a dozen sets of rails, in a width of 200 and 300 feet, are hung in tiers one above the other. Sixty-seven steam shovels are plunging twenty-ton scoops into the earth two and three times every minute. Over 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth are being wrested from the rainbow strata of soil every thirty days.
 And on the two sides of the inferno squat the twin peaks of Gold and Snow hills like a couple of apples which a schoolboy has nearly bitten through.
 Roughly, a hole measuring 97,515,000 cubic yards must yet be bored in the Panama clay to make the canal a reality. When the French were routed \$1,500,000 cubic yards had been excavated. The Americans have added 42,000,000 cubic yards to this total.
 Picture a chasm measuring 125 feet in every direction, in which could be buried twenty-five ordinary three-story houses forty feet in height, in width and length. The equivalent of such a chasm is bored every day along the course of the Panama Canal—the excavation amounting to nearly 2,000,000 cubic feet daily.—From an Article in Putnam's and The Reader.

Fighting Tuberculosis.
 Three large fraternal orders are at present conducting sanatoria for their tubercular members. The Royal League, the first order to take up this form of work in the United States, has a sanatorium at Black Mountain, North Carolina. The Modern Woodmen have recently opened a sanatorium at Colorado Springs, and the Knights of Pythias one at East Las Vegas, New Mexico. The Royal Arcanum and the Brotherhood of American Yeomen will consider propositions at their coming grand councils for the erection of similar institutions.

Truth in Death.
 Those collectors of queer epitaphs still are raining them in on poor Tip. As usual the husband is the malefactor, and here's a sample, taken from an English churchyard:
 Here lies my wife,
 Who's gone on high;
 If I said I was sorry
 I too would lie.
 —New York Press.

In Merry England.
 In a case at Lambeth County Court yesterday a woman stated that she received 2d. (four cents) each for making blouses and had to find her own cotton and pay another woman 1s. (twenty-five cents) a dozen for making the sleeves. It took two days to make a dozen.—London Daily Mail.

All employees in the Netherlands who are boarding with their employers are entitled to medical treatment for at least six weeks.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—The blouse that can be made from the pretty flouncings and bordered materials that are so numerous this season is one that is quite certain to be needed, and this model is charmingly attractive, while it involves very little labor in the



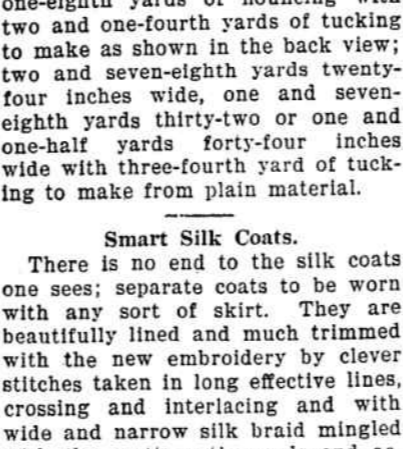
making. As illustrated the front and back portions and the under portions of the sleeves are made of tucking, and the effect is a most desirable one, but while the pattern is simple it allows of several variations. The sleeves can be made of tucking to match the front and back, as shown

Ruching For Blouses.
 Wide ruching is used for front of blouses.
Vells as Drapery.
 Long lace vells will be used to drape the hats.
Long Fringe on Frocks.
 There is a wide return to the use of fringe of all widths on indoor gowns. In other days it was used on street frocks, but it is to be hoped, for the sake of convenience and comfort, that this fashion will never return.
Cretonne on Hats.
 Many hats are finished with a little bit of crettonne just to add color. Sometimes it borders the satin ribbon which is used for the big cabbage bow, sometimes it appears in a band round the crown and sometimes it is used as a piping around the edge of the brim.
Linen Blouses and Skirts.
 Blouses of heavy white linen of the best quality, with insets of real Cluny, Irish crochet or filet medallions and embellished with balls, tassels or cords, pay better than any other sort of waists, even if they do cost a pretty sum at first. It pays to be individual in one's blouses.
Child's Dress.
 This simple little frock has a great many advantages to recommend it. It is dainty and attractive and childish in effect, yet it is very easily made and easily laundered. The front and back panels are cut in one piece each, but at the sides the pleated skirt and body portion are joined beneath the belt. If the Dutch neck is not liked the dress can be cut high and finished with a standing collar, and the sleeves can be extended to the wrists. In the



illustration rose colored linen is embroidered with white, and colored linens so treated are essentially smart this season.
 The dress is made with front and back panels, the side portions of the body and the skirt, which are pleated and jointed to the body and to the front and back panels below the belt. The sleeves are just comfortably full, and whatever their length are gathered into bands. The belt is arranged over the seam at the waist line and is buttoned into place and the dress is closed invisibly at the left of the front.

Smart Silk Coats.
 There is no end to the silk coats one sees; separate coats to be worn with any sort of skirt. They are beautifully lined and much trimmed with the new embroidery by clever stitches taken in long effective lines, crossing and interlacing and with wide and narrow silk braid mingled with the pretty satin cords and accentuating dots.
Orchid Design Used.
 The orchid is used for the beautiful design with which an elegant bridal gown of white satin is embroidered about the train.



The quantity of material required for the medium size (six years) is four and three-fourth yards twenty-four, three and seven-eighth yards thirty-two or two and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

PREPARING FOR A REST.
 If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 For tomorrow I start packing, as I do this time each year.
 I am going for vacation up where mountain streamlets run,
 And I'll need a rest, dear mother, long before my packing's done!
 I must fold my shirt waists, mother; there are twenty to think,
 And my lingerie needs ribbons—I shall run it all with pink;
 And the skirts must not be crumpled and the hats must not be crushed,
 And my coiffure puffs, dear mother, must be all unrolled and brushed.
 Then my slippers need new boxes and my silk embroidered hose
 Must be laid out lengthwise, mother, in the nearest kind of rows.
 And my sheath and evening dresses and my jewels ought to be
 In the safest trunk, dear mother; so, at least, it seems to me.
 Seven parasols, I fancy, will be quite enough to do,
 And a dozen three-piece costumes really ought to see me through.
 I shall wear my cherry basket and an automobile veil,
 And the yellow Rajah empire with the stunning fan-shaped trail.
 If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 For there's such a lot of packing now my fortnight's grace is here.
 But it must be done, dear mother, ere I gain the rest I seek—
 Where? Just going to the mountains; Wild Cat Cottage. Six a week!
 —Lurana W. Sheldon.

FLASHES OF FUN.
 She—"Oh, isn't the man that throws the ball, on your side, just splendid! He throws it so they hit it every time!"—Life.
 "Here's a man what say de world's comin' ter a end next July." "What! In de juicy middle of de watermelon season?"—Atlanta Constitution.
 "My dear, why do you call that young man Spring? Is that his right name?" "No, mother. I named him that because he's so backward."—Detroit Free Press.
 "In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease," remarked the tramp, as he threw a package of white powder into the eyes of the policeman who was about to arrest him.—The Harvard Lampoon.
 Mother, may I go out to spin?
 Yes, my darling daughter,
 Spend your time in the limousine,
 But don't go near the chauffeur.
 "You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her."
 "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."—Cleveland Leader.
 The Parson—"Might I inquire why you think I operate an alrshp?"
 "Why, when you was walkin' along dis mornin', de boss sez to de missus, 'Heah comes de new sky pilot.'"
 "Never trust to synonyms," said the man who was threatened with a breach of promise suit. "What is the trouble?" "I wanted to say something fancy, so I wrote, 'veritably thing,' instead of 'yours truly.'"—Washington Star.
 "I see by this paper," said Mrs. Griggs, "that growing children require occasional change." "Well, ours certainly get their share," replied Griggs. "They brace me three or four times a day for nickels and dimes."—Chicago Daily News.
 "Do you think I ought to send my daughter abroad to complete her vocal training?" "I dunno. Haven't you consulted anybody?" "Yes, my neighbors." "And what do they say?" "They all agree it's the very best thing for me to do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 The way to get a raise in pay—
 Learn it:
 Is just to go to work to-day
 To earn it.
 —Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Lapsing was in a high state of indignation. "I'm done with Mrs. Whilks," she said, her eyes snapping. "She got hold of a letter I wrote to my brother, in which I said something about the Snagges, and she's going around giving a gargled version of it."—Chicago Tribune.

POLICE CATCH 7 BABY FOXES.
 They Had Been Living High on Thetfs From Boston Suburbs.
 Poultry owners in Aburndale, Weston and adjacent places will feel more secure because of the latest capture made by the Metropolitan Park police at Riverside. Seven baby foxes have been taken from a den on the Newton side of the Charles River below Norumbega Park.
 The cubs, which are about half grown, are confined in a large box in the basement of the station. Several weeks ago a patrolman saw an old fox running along the bank of the river, and after some difficulty discovered the entrance to the burrow.
 Saturday a squad of officers, armed with shovels and a gun, found four other entrances to the den. They commenced digging in a spot as near the centre as possible, leaving a man on guard at each hole. One tiny fox made a dash for liberty, but was caught and immediately made friends with his captor. When the den was finally opened the remaining six were huddled in one corner.
 The place was littered with feathers, fish bones and other evidences of the energy with which the mother fox must have hunted to feed her large family. The body of a muskrat formed part of the contents of the lair. It is thought that the cubs will be sent to the Zoo on the Middlesex Fells reservation. The mother fox has not been caught. — Boston Transcript.

Jimson Juice.
 The chemist who will extract the bleaching principle from the common jimson weed and place it within reach of family and laundry use has a fortune in store. It is a well known fact that there is no better way of bleaching the family linen during washing than by putting a few leaves of jimson into the boiler, but there is an objection to this practice, as a very unpleasant odor is the result. This can be removed, however, by placing the clothes in cold water and boiling them, or by repeated rinsing, and all this is troublesome, and therefore many who know the value of the leaves do not use them. — Eternal Progress.

Tea Table Etiquette.
 Tea table etiquette was somewhat complicated in the days of that "hardened and shameless tea drinker," Dr. Johnson, when many people thought nothing of drinking ten or twelve cups at a sitting. It was considered proper for the cups and saucers of a party of tea drinkers to be all passed up to the hostess in one batch when replenishment was considered necessary, and in order that each person might be sure of getting back the right cup the teaspoons were numbered.
 When the cups were passed up those who did not require any more were supposed to place the spoon in the cup. This writer remembers a very ancient dame teaching a small boy to place his spoon in his cup after the first cup had been emptied. He wondered for the reason. Now he knows that tea was once very expensive and little boys were not expected to ask again.—London Chronicle.

Lightning Change.
 The three-year-old boy on the side seat in the street car turned suddenly to look out of the window.
 Thereby wiping his muddy shoes on the light-colored trousers of the middle-aged man sitting next to him.
 "Madam," exploded the man, "is this your nasty little—"
 Here the boy's pretty mother turned her head and looked at him.
 "Angel boy!" he finished with a gasp.—Chicago Tribune.

No Hurry.
 The minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A laborer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked: "Weel, weel, ye needn't kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sabbath, an' this is only Wednesday night."—Argonaut.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAWPILLS
 The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Get a 25-cent bottle and if you are not perfectly satisfied I will refund your money.
 —MUNYON FIFTY-THIRD AND JEFFERSON STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Are Best For Your Table
 Because they are made of the choicest materials and guaranteed to be absolutely pure.
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Thompson's Eye Water
 Tea Table Etiquette.

Lightning Change.
No Hurry.

Jimson Juice.

Tea Table Etiquette.

Lightning Change.
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