

Lovers Spread Smallpox.
Another case of smallpox has developed among the students of Indiana University at Bloomington, the result of a clandestine meeting of lovers. A few weeks ago several young men were quarantined, and one of them escaped guard and took frequent promenades with Miss Stevens. A few days later Miss Stevens was taken ill with varioloid, and her roommate, Miss Clara Davis, also grew ill of what the physicians pronounced a light form of smallpox. Hoping to escape quarantine, she left for Bluffton, but upon arrival there was prevailed upon to return to Bloomington. She went at once to the secretary of the board of health and explained the situation, when she was given a room.

At the Poker Club.
Sam—"I do jes' hate a bad loser."
Pete—"Dat's all right; but I'd radder play wif a bad loser dan wif any kind of a winner."—Puck.

A Mother's Tears.

"I Would Cry Every Time I Washed My Baby."

"When he was 3 months old, first festers and then large boils broke out on my baby's neck. The sores spread down his back until he became a mass of raw flesh. When I washed and powdered him I would cry, realizing what pain he was in. His pitiful wailing was heart-rending. I had about given up hope of saving him when I was urged to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, all other treatment having failed. I washed the sores with Hood's Medicated Soap, applied Hood's Olive Ointment and gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. The child seemed to get better every day, and very soon the change was quite noticeable. The discharge grew less, inflammation went down, the skin took on a healthy color, and the raw flesh began to scale over and a thin skin formed as the scales dropped off. Less than two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, aided by Hood's Medicated Soap and Hood's Olive Ointment, accomplished this wonderful cure. I cannot praise these medicines half enough." Mrs. GUERINOT, 37 Myrtle St., Rochester, N. Y.



The above testimonial is very much condensed from Mrs. Guerinot's letter. As many mothers will be interested in reading the full letter, we will send it to anyone who sends request of us on a postal card. Mention this paper.

A MEXICAN NIGHTINGALE.

Young American Ornithologist Anxious To Secure One.

William Johnson of Booneville, N. Y., one of the most earnest and profound of America's younger ornithologists, is visiting this city, says the Denver Post. "I am now on my way to Mexico," he said, "where I will spend perhaps two months studying the birds of that latitude and securing specimens for my egg collection. I am told that many of the birds of lower Mexico remain unclassified principally because they are so wild. A species of nightingale that sings with remarkable sweetness has proved so utterly unapproachable that not a single specimen has ever been captured, and, as only occasionally flitting glimpses of it can be had, it has been so variously described that no authentic data concerning it are to be found in ornithological records. It is my hope to be able to secure a live specimen, but of course I dare not build upon it greatly, for the task I have set myself is most arduous, but if I should be fortunate enough to get one I would be the happiest fellow in the world." And the bird lover clasped his hands in rapture at the thought.

FOR WOMAN'S HEALTH

Earnest Letters from Women Relieved of Pain by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before I commenced to take your medicine I was in a terrible state, wishing myself dead a good many times. Every part of my body seemed to pain in some way. At time of menstruation my suffering was something terrible. I thought there was no cure for me, but after taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all my bad feelings were gone. I am now well and enjoying good health. I shall always praise your medicine."—Mrs. AMOS FRESCHER, Box 226, Romeo, Mich.

Female Troubles Overcome

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had female trouble, painful menses, and kidney complaint, also stomach trouble. About a year ago I happened to pick up a paper that contained an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I read how it had helped others, I thought it might help me, and decided to give it a trial. I did so, and as a result am now feeling perfectly well. I wish to thank you for the benefit your medicine has been to me."—Mrs. CLARA STEINER, Diller, Neb.

No More Pain

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—YOUR Vegetable Compound has been of much benefit to me. When my menses first appeared they were very irregular. They occurred too often and did not leave for a week or more. I always suffered at these times with terrible pains in my back and abdomen. Would be in bed for several days and would not be exactly rational at times. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and menses became regular and pains left me entirely."—Mrs. E. F. CURTIS, Brule, Wis.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.
THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Resurrection of Christ—The Season of Spiritual Gladness and Refreshment—Victory Over Death and the Grave—The Mission of Flowers.

(Copyright 1904.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage rings all the bells of gladness, especially appropriate at this season, when all Christendom is celebrating Christ's resurrection; text, John xix, 41, "In the garden a new sepulcher."

Looking around the churches this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths and flowers in stars and flowers in crosses and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, you feel as if you stood in a small heaven.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps you may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of this flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth; its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so, I say it may be so. The ancestors of those tuberoses and camellias and japonicas and jasmines and heliotropes were born in paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood, underground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden; it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out everything material from their idea of heaven, and so far as I can tell their future state is to be a floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and Cassiopeia, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the arched hills and hear it say, "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning in 1903."

My text introduces us into a garden. It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem owned by a wealthy gentleman of the name of Joseph. He belonged to the court of Herod, who had condemned Christ, but he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was to be taken. At great expense he had laid the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees broad branches and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there were waters dripping down over the rocks into fish ponds, and there were vines and flowers climbing from the wall, and all around the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the beauties of the Jerusalem courtyard, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and pomological!

Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the mark of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subterranean recess. I push down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representations of the cross and flowers. I enter the portico, and either side there are rooms—two or four or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially worthy of scrutiny.

The fact is that Joseph realizes he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh, what a beautiful spot in which to deposit the coming of the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and His body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient aid. Joseph, the owner of this manseum in the rocks, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor, mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some preparation of medical skill, would point out the arteries, and the veins, and the decision must be made, and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the priests would come with the myrror and cassia and wine of palm tree and complete the embalment. But I think this embalment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another question and another riot.

The funeral hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the manseum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices, and the Mary. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico, they close the door of rock against the recess.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the sanhedrin to be put upon the door of the tomb, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the Government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard.

At the door of the manseum a fight takes place which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. A sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the sanhedrin on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left His mortuary attire behind Him, He comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook Him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such a shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under the King of terrors rattling before the King of grace! The Lord is risen! Let earth and heaven keep Easter to-day!

How often things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulcher. And, first, post mortem honors in contrast with ante mortem ignominies. If they could have afforded Christ such a post mortem, why could not they have given Him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillow for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the money in the tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave Him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after He was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs of the living. Post's corner in Westminster Abbey attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub street.

Go through that Post's corner in Westminster abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, from whose music you hear to-day; but while I look at his statue I cannot help but think of the disorders with which his fellow musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I cannot help but think at seventy years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras"; but while I look at his monument in Post's corner I cannot but ask myself where he died. In

a garret. There lies the costly tablet to the Post's corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Waller wrote: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a tedious poem on the fall of the empire. If the length of it be no virtue, it has none." There is a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! If he could have only discounted that monument for a good chop!

Oh, you unfaithful children, do not give your parents so much tombstone, but a few more blankets—less funeral and more bed-room! How many of our money we now spend on Burns's banquets could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been harried with the drudgery of an unsuccessful Horace Greely, out of courtly abuse while living, when dead is followed toward Greenwood by the President of the United States and the leading men of the State. How many of our money we could atone at the grave of Charles Sumner for the ignominious resolutions with which her Legislature denounced the living Sumner? Do you think that the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you do them you must do this side the gates of the Necropolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at their obsequies or to notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite or to read epitaphal commemoration. Gentlemen's manseum in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot pay for Bethlehem manager and Calvary cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. Post mortem honors cannot atone for ante-mortem ignominies.

Again, standing in this garden of the sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arboreous decorations are appropriate for the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sculptural arrangements Christ spent the short time of His inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers where the obsequies are so sympathetic, the funeral dirges so touching, the eulogies so magnificent in connection with it, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the means allow—I say if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the flowers that have borne with flowers. Put them on the brow—it will suggest coronation; in their hand—it will mean victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers in resurrection. Let us sympathize with the dead. Let us conserve and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory; the passion flower will express the sympathy; the daffodil will kindle its lamp and illumine the darkness. The cluster of asters will be the constellation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in her hand now she can have them more and pluck them for herself. On sunny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still hair.

Brookside has no grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. Let us have a grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. Let us have a grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. Let us have a grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain.

Again, standing in this garden of the new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead in the earth. If all means go for the charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves. They had no expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. If all means go for the charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves. They had no expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered and widowhood and orphanage go for the charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves. They had no expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. If all means go for the charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves. They had no expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread.

Again, standing in this garden with a new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead in the earth. If all means go for the charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves. They had no expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. If all means go for the charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves. They had no expenses absorbed everything. That went for craps which ought to have gone for bread.

With these eyes we may not look into the face of the noonday sun, but we shall have stronger vision, because the timest thing in the land to which we go will be brighter than the sun. We shall have bodies with the speed of the lightning. Our bodies improved, energized, swiftened, clarified, mortally, immortality. The door of the grave taken off its hinges and flung flat into the dust.

Oh, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be; for while we stand in this garden with the new sepulcher I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden there are four gardens, opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulcher, garden of the earth's regeneration, garden of heaven. Four gardens. Bloom O earth! Bloom, O heaven! Oh, my friends, we are to give peace on this Easter morning! This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with heaven, and it means peace with the world.

Oh, bring more flowers! Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert, that it may blossom like the rose; trail them into the mane of the returned war charger. No more red dabbles of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. All around the earth strew Easter flowers. And soon the rough voyage of the church militant will be ended, and she will sail up the heavenly harbor, seared with many a conflict, but the flags of triumph floating from her top-gallants. All heaven will come out to greet her into port, and with a long reverberating shout of welcome will say: "There she comes up the bay, the glorious old ship Zion! After tempestuous voyage she drops anchor within the veil."

Armor Plate Stands the Test.
A test was made at Indian Head, near Washington, of a plate representing 300 tons of the turret armor of the battleship Wisconsin. The fourteen-inch plate was attacked by a ten-inch gun, with unusual results. The shell was smashed on the face of the plate, which resulted in no substantial injury; the lot was accepted.

The Governor of Ohio has no veto power.

Novel and Costly Fad.
The duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has the finest collection of model ships in the world. They are nearly all made of silver and are perfect in every detail. As a boy the duke took a keen delight in modeling vessels, a pastime which with him really became an art. His collection of "silver ships" is constantly being added to, not only by private purchase, but by those who know what may be considered to be the duke's hobby.

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Pilo's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. HANLEY, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYE produces the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

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

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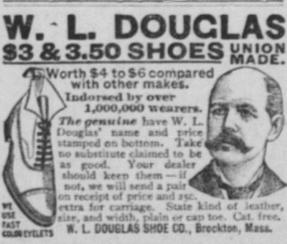
The cakes of Ivory Soap are so shaped that they may be used entire for general purposes, or divided with a stout thread into two perfectly formed cakes for toilet use. For any use put to, Ivory Soap is a quick cleanser, absolutely safe and pure.
A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.
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A TIP ABOUT USING STAMPS.

Something Which a Great Many People Do Not Know.

"Wait until I have washed off the postage stamp on this envelope, spoiled in the addressing," said a man, according to the Washington Star. "It is not necessary to do that," said a lawyer. "You may take your scissors and cut out the adhesive stamp and stick it fast to your new envelope with mucilage, notwithstanding the adhering piece of the old envelope. It does not look nice and may become detached in the mail, but if the stamp is a genuine, unused adhesive stamp it is not questioned. The government, when it sells an adhesive 2-cent stamp, undertakes for such consideration to transport and deliver to destination the letter to which it is affixed. The fact that it has with it a piece of envelope to which it was formerly attached, does not relieve the government from executing its part of the contract when the letter is deposited for mailing, the stamp being otherwise perfect."

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Causes bilious head-ache, back-ache and all kinds of body aches. Spring is here and you want to get this bile poison out of your system, easily, naturally and gently. **CASCARETS** are just what you want; they never grip or gripe, but will work gently while you sleep. Some people think the mere violent the griping the better the cure. Be careful—take care of your bowels—salts and pill poisons leave them weak, and even less able to keep up regular movements than before. The only safe, gentle inside Spring cleaner for the bowels are sweet, fragrant **CASCARETS**. They don't force out the foecal matter with violence, but act as a tonic on the whole 30 feet of bowel wall, strengthen the muscles and restore healthy, natural action—buy them and try them. You will find in an entirely natural way your bowels will be promptly and permanently put in good order for the Spring and Summer work.

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