JAPANESE ART.

They Wiped Up the Blood and Said No More About It.

"From Sea to Sea," by Rudyard Kipling: Long ago a great-hearted king came to Nikko river and looked across at the trees, upstream at the torrent and the hills whence it came, and flownstream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains. "It needs only a dash of color in the foreground to bring this all together," said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressinggown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness, an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the king swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite slabs of the river ford in a sheet of purest vermilion. The king smiled. Chance had solved the problem for him. "Build a bridge here," he said to the court carpenter, "of just such a color as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of gray stone close by, for I would not forget the wants of my people." So he gave the little child across the stream a thousand pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood, they wiped it up and said no more about it, and that is the story of the Nikko bridge. You will not find it in the guide books.-Chicago News.

His Offer. A generous if not alluring offer was that made by an exasperated physician to the penurious father of an insane young man. The old man wished to secure his son's admission to the insane asylum, but seemed unwilling to pay for the necessary certificate. After hearing his plea of povertywhich the doctor knew to be falseand hearing him also tell of the many expenses to which he had been put by his ungrateful children, the physician waved his hand to end the recital. "Now, see here," he said sharply, "you just pay me for this one, and I'll give you a certificate for yourself whenever you wish to use it, for nothing."

At the Dinner Table. "Georgie, don't stare at Mr. Crumley that way. It isn't polite." "I was just waitin' to see him pick up his glass of water, ma. I heard pa tell you that he drinks like a fish."-Cle land Plain Dealer.

The city of Rochester, with an estimated population of 180,000, pays \$1,575 per month for the collection and disposal of its garbage.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Smarting and Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Japanese tea merchants are contemlating establishing tea houses, after the Japanese style, in the large cities of the

It requires no experience to dye with Pur-man Fadeless Dres. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

Most kinds of clay contain a considerable proportion of iron; the red color of bricks, for example, is due to the presence of oxides

To Cure a Cold in One Day, Take Laxative Brome Quining Tarlets. All drugglats refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Cigarettes are smoked almost exclusively in Germany, Austria, Russia and Greece, and generally through Europe.

Piso'c Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1960.

The city of Cleveland is the first to create a department whose sole object is the abatement of the smoke nuisance.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Chief Kipley, of Chicago, has proposed appointing reporters of the city as members of the detective force.

H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

Sheets, blankets, pillows and coverlets or counterpanes were frequent subjects of bequest in the middle ages.

FITS perma lently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after fight day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nervellestorer Extrial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One of the men serving in the Imperial Yeomany in South Africa is worth \$50,000

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrupfor children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Charles Frohman will have a dramatiza-tion of Mary Cholmondeley's novel, "Red

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GHOVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Sadie Martinot will play with Henry Miller in his summer season in San Francisco.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Pep-sin Tutti Frutti after each meal.

Olga Nethersole has closed herseason. She will return to New York next year.

Better Blood Better Health

If you don't feel well to-day you can be made to feel better by making your blood better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. That is how it cures that tired feeling, pimples, sores, sait rheum, scrofula and catarrh. Get a bottle, of this great medicine and begin taking it at once and see how quickly it will bring your blood up to the Good Health point.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

ar affected with } Thompson's Eye Water

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Roll of Honor-A Tribute to Everyday Heroes-In the Final Read. justment They Will Receive the Crown of Valor,

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who proclaim Christ to i...c people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give twenty-five cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appear. [Copyright 1900.] Washington, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of nnal readjustment be crowned with high honor; text, 11 Timothy ii, 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness."

that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appar-

that their children may be wen appar-eled. You call them paupers or ragamuf-fins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not ..now where they live or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler or may have only picked a splinter from the nail of a child's

picked a splinter from the half of a child's ninger or have put only two mites like the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an atternal mansion and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory and all the applause of earth and the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up

will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble work-

ers in His kingdom and to say to them.
"Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruins

lest you should catch co

blow your brains out.

morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the

neatest and most expeditions style, to

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out if you are going to pray. Steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord." said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I

an love Thee better and serve Thee more

who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature, may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, Thy most unworthy but faithful servant. Amen."

He rose and said, "Isabel, the hour has

He rose and said, "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now, for the love of God to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work! Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the

text, 11 Timothy ii, 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness."

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in back ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged—those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to quered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations—and seraph and rapt-spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

mon, everyday life.

In this roll in the first place I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth Tny hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out—that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile, to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot, to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temple like a razor or to put the foot into a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgas they have gone and through hodily distress that rapped the stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found, because of anything we have done for God or the church or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her, "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the iully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and be the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dull light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker and every "good night" was feebler than the "good night" before, yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield amid shot and shell were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in he field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness, yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of lifelong invalidism, heroes and heroines! They shall reign for ever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It out. He said to her, "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "Then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry. This isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "It seems that you three have laid your holy beads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew. Rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision." And he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatic, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into batte when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory, it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives, it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks you know that your ser nents are adopted, but to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is or to have the whole garment Lrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your childens will started. In this roll I also find the heroes of toil can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have set in indement in this londy back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve! Ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battlefields of our civil war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. They are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he' comes out of it. The exasperations of business life, augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God.

Society to-day is strewn with the for them!

have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work! Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragment of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh." she said, "I always thought weel of him. He has been very good to me. I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out His heroes and heroines! Who are those paupers of cternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and Herods and those who had seerters and crowns and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe, woe. woe!

What harm can the world do you when trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God.

Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storms of domestic felicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—something heavier than a stroke of the fist, unkind words, staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken and full organ played the wedding march and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but there is a thirty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining, no bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry, no bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal, bending over the battered and bruised form of him who when he took her from her father's home promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and pravers and forgiveness before they are asked for; no bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, vou say, 'Well, how are you getting along now?" and, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says, 'Pretty well. I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered

Particularly polite and gallant was the young man who was sauntering down Witherell street one day not long ago, when the sidewalks were covered with slush and the ditches were flooded to the top of the curb. He wore a pink carnation in his coat lapel; his trousers were definitely creased; his shoes had lately been polished, although the wealth of slush on the walks had dimmed their brilliancy. He was approaching a crossing. Just ahead of him a young woman was wheeling a baby carriage in the same direction. The gutter was more than ankle deep with ice cold water. The young woman hesitated. To the rescue came the young man. "Can't I assist you?" he asked. "Thank you so much," was the reply, so appreciative in its tone that the young man boldly stepped into the watery ditch and ferried the lady across. Then he picked up the carriage and carried it over. "There," he said, as he sat it down, "I guess I haven't wakened it." He said "it" because he didn't know whether there was a girl or boy under the shawl. "Oh, it isn't a baby," volunteered the young lady. "I was down markoting and this is such an easy way to get the groceries home, you know -Detroit Free Press.

The Trouble with Slankins. You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth, and yet, 'ooking at it, I was not so impressed—you may set it do... at to bad taste, but I was not so deenly stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey, the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him a good many years in his house, the "scription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eves—the epitaph, "Well "I haven't heard anything from Slankins for a long time. He went out west and got to be a county treasurer or something of that kind. How was ae getting along at last accounts?" 'His last accounts, I am informed, did not balance."-Chicago Tribune.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :-- I have seen cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies in regard to my condition.

four years and have ent medicines, but benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruction is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."-Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.' "-CLARA KOPP. Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

The Best Prescription Is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.

Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called "Tasteless" chill tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are so many letters from ladies who were not experimenting when you take Grove's—its that I thought I would ask your advice superiority and excellence having long been I have been doctoring for established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold taken different pat- throughout the entire malarial sections of the received very little United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 500

> A Foreign Tongue. On the strength of a story printed in the Washington Star, it may be said that it is a wise person that knows his own vernacular after the dialectwriter is done with it. "What on earth is de matter wid yoh talk?" asked Piccanniny Jim's mother. "Dat talk what was jes' now talkin'?" "Yassir." "Oh, dat ain't sho-nuff talk! Ev'ybody's gotter speak in school, an' de CLARA KOPP, Rockport, teacher is learnin' me a negro dialeck

> > His Great Opportunity. Applicant-Is there an opening here for a sharp young man? Employer-What can you do? Applicant (confidently)-Anything. Employer-Very

well. Take my chair here and tell me how to run my business on a profitable basis. We've been waiting years for you to be born.-Stray Stories.

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B N U 23. PISO'S CURE FOR

RIA RIA



Puffs under the eyes; red nose; pimpleblotched, greasy face don't mean hard drinking always as much as it shows that there is BILE IN THE BLOOD. It is true, drinking and over-eating overloads the stomach, but failure to assist nature in regularly disposing of the partially digested lumps of food that are dumped into the bowels and allowed to rot there, is what causes all the trouble. CASCARETS will help nature help you, and will keep the system from filling with poisons, will clean out the sores that tell of the system's rottenness. Bloated by bile the figure becomes unshapely, the breath foul, eyes and skin yellow; in fact the whole body kind of fills up with filth. Every time you neglect to help nature you lay the foundation for just such troubles. CASCARETS will carry the poisons out of the system and will regulate

you naturally and easily and without gripe or pain. Start to-night—one tablet—keep it up for a week and help the liver clean up the bowels, and you will feel right, your blood will be rich, face look clean, eyes bright. Get a 10c box of CASCARETS, take as directed. If you are not cured or satisfied you get your money back. Bile bloat is quickly and permanently



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