

"Take Time by The Forelock."

Don't wait until sickness overtakes you. When that tired feeling, the first rheumatic pain, the first warnings of impure blood are manifest, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will rescue your health and probably save a serious sickness. Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER Disappoints

RRRR
ADWAYS READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Bruises, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Headache, Rheumatism, Asthma, Sprains, Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Headache, Rheumatism, Asthma, Sprains.

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.
No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Neuritic, Neuralgic, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Will Afford Instant Ease.

NEURALGIC—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
50 Cents per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.
BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S.

MONEY FOR LADIES, BOYS OR GIRLS.
\$15 to \$25 a Week.
Easily made by selling to your friends our Famous Lammong Private Estate Java and Merino the finest in the world. Write us for particulars. The Java Coffee Imp. Co., 136 Water Street, New York City.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
The best remedy for Consumption. Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 25¢ for 50¢.

Grimm and the Doubting Child.

One day a well-dressed child, about eight years old, called at the house of Professor William Grimm, the man who wrote the delightful fairy tales, and asked to see him. Looking at the professor, the child asked: "Is it thou who hast written those fine fairy tales?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the professor; "my brother and myself have written the tales."

"Then thou hast also written the tale of the little tailor—the one where it says at the end that whoever will not believe the tale must pay a dollar?"

"Yes, I have written that, too."

"Well, then, I do not believe the tale," said the little one, "and so, I suppose, I have to pay a dollar; but I have not so much money now and can only give you part on account. I will give thee seven cents now and pay the rest by and by."—Chicago Record.

Curious Facts About Calendars.

There are some curious facts about our calendars. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April or July; September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other, and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29.

Facts For Sick Women

First—the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Second—Mrs. Pinkham can show by her letter files in Lynn that a million women have been restored to health by her medicine and advice.

Third—All letters to Mrs. Pinkham are received, opened, read and answered by women only. This fact is certified to by the mayor and postmaster of Lynn and others of Mrs. Pinkham's own city. Write for free book containing these certificates.

Every ailing woman is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham and get her advice free of charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
An! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy, forward,
march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink,
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
When the music ceases and the cheerers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Pluck and valiant, forward march,
And smile whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the space,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Chicago Interior.

A Ride in the Night.

How the First Officer Received His Wound.

It was the evening of the first day out. Behind us the sun had dropped down below the sea, and the steamship was plowing on steadily into the east, where the darkness was gathering fast. The first officer stood with his back against the rail, lazily watching the throng of passengers on the promenade deck. The whole affair started with a commonplace "Good evening." It ended with the following story:

"Yes, that was rather a nasty cut at the time," he began. "I came by it during the last hour of the ride, soon after we had sighted the town lights, and, strange enough, it wasn't from a bullet at all—not one of them had touched me all night—but it came from the broken lantern of the last man that fell. As the fellow pitched from the saddle he swung his lantern across him, and the glass of it struck me in the face and bust to pieces.

"That was back in—no, it wasn't either. Let's see, now, it was some years after we stole that gunboat I told you of, but I've forgotten when that was, too. Well, it isn't of much consequence, anyway. I was one of the intelligence officers in the service of the Indian government, and just before sundown that evening the colonel came up to me sort of languid-like, a way he had when he didn't want to let on he was excited. I never knew a man that tried so hard to be dignified.

"We've got important despatches to carry down to headquarters tonight," said he. "See that the horses' iron shoes are replaced by the leathers, and be on hand yourself at 9 o'clock. The orders are that we've got to get the papers through by daylight."

"We had other orders beside these, sort of special orders that weren't written down anywhere, but none of us were likely to forget them, or we didn't speak about them much among ourselves. You see, the government wanted those despatches to go through, and if a man dropped out of the running—well, it was exceedingly bad luck for him, that's all—the rest of us couldn't stop.

"There wasn't any moon that night, but the sky was clear, which was a good thing you see, for we only had the stars to go by, and if we once got off the track we'd go wandering round the desert till we died. Prompt at 9 o'clock we started. There were 12 of us. The colonel took the lead—and I was an old hand at the game—and I took up the rear guard behind. Between us rode the sergeant and nine troopers. We passed the sentry just as taps was sounded in the stillness. Then we lit the lanterns, which we carried on the end of lances, swinging out slowly into the desert.

"Nobody spoke a word. There was a little draught of wind blowing in from somewhere, and all around the desert sort of sneaked off into the blackness and disappeared. It was terrible quiet. The steady creaking of leather and the jangling of the bits made it worse. The lanterns, too, they made us all look funny, swinging gently at the end of the long poles and throwing yellow discs of light before the horses. The colonel had a notion about those lanterns. He said the niggers could see us anyway, if we showed a flare or not, and the light kept the horses going steady. I could never quite make out whether he was a genius or a jackass, as the saying goes, but he being the colonel didn't leave any room for argument for me.

"We had jogged along about an hour or so, when of a sudden I heard a low rumbling from somewhere behind us in the night. I was just going to speak of it when the colonel up and hollers: "Now, boys, they're after us. Put it to 'em." And away we went a-tearin' down the desert.

"For the first two miles we hit a terrible clip. The wind was sweepin' past us like the rush of a sudden squall, and the lanterns were a-bobb'n' fit to die.

"By and by we come to slow up a bit for a breathing spell, and the rumbling grew plainer. I had turned half around to take a look at them when a flash of fire spat at me from out the blackness behind, and 'ping!' by jove she whistled close. That started us off again a-whoopin'.

"At the next breathing spell the sergeant was hit. He held on grand for upward of half a mile; but soon he turned to wabbling, and gripping to the saddle, and grunting softly. It was enough to turn a man sick to see the poor fellow fightin' that way when there wasn't any use, for we all know what he was comin' to, and so did he.

"Then I all at once his lantern swept downward to the ground, and my horse jumped him. None of us looked back—we knew enough not to—but we rode like fury to get out of earshot before they found him.

"That was the first of 'em. The bullets kept a-whizzing by without a bit of let-up. The gang was straining crazy mad to catch us. It had come down to solid business now. Each man was riding for himself. So all through the night we tore on down the vast stretch of desert, with the rush of the niggers behind us, and nothing but the blackness ahead. And the lanterns were always awaying and bobbing up and down, with the light circles dancing on the sand. If they had only yelled now and then 'twould have been easier. But they didn't, and we listened to the hard breath of the horses and the singing slugs. There wasn't any talking. We were staring before us, straight in front, trying to raise the town beyond the skyline, and waiting always for to see who'd catch it next.

"Then we began to feel that the horses were playing out beneath us, and with the breathing spells growing longer and more often, the niggers gained. The next man was shot dead, and we didn't have to shut our teeth for him. But over and over again it happened just the same; the soft grunting, the awaying in the saddle, that horrible choking thud as he struck the ground, and the rest jabbing our horses like wild men to get as far away from him as we could. We had set out, you see, to carry the papers through—we had to do it—and by the time we lifted the town lights over the horizon there were three of us, riding abreast. Then the last man dropped. 'Twas his lantern that caught me in the face. Things got funny after that. The colonel said I was talking silly when we got in. Well, I scarcely think the company is paying me to stand round here idling and spinning yarns like this. I'll see you again sometime."

And the officer passed forward along the deck to disappear in the thick darkness that had settled down over the ship.

STOOD BESIDE HIS OWN GRAVE.

Read the Inscription, but Doesn't Know Who Is Buried There.

Dr. John W. Sage, who was buried recently at Hartford City, Ind., saw his grave and headstone while he was yet living, but the grave had been dug and the stone had been carved without his authority and knowledge of himself or friends. Dr. Sage was a member of one of the Indiana regiments that fought in the battle of Chickamauga, and he was wounded there. When he came out of the hospital he was transferred to the reserve corps, where he remained until the end of the war.

A year ago the doctor, in company with a party of excursionists, visited the southern battlefields over which he once marched. He saw the old tree under which he slept after a day's terrific engagement, in which he was badly wounded. It was on this night that he threw away his knapsack and lay down to die alone.

While making a tour of the battlefield of Chickamauga he came upon what purported to be his own grave. There could be no mistake, as the epitaph on the tombstone read: "John W. Sage, Company F, Seventy-fifth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers."

It gave him quite a shock when he saw it there. He never learned the correct name of the soldier buried there, although he made a thorough investigation.

The doctor received a communication from Dr. C. S. Arthur of Portland, Ind., who during the war was on duty in a hospital. Arthur writes that on Saturday, Sept. 19, 1863, Sage came to the hospital for treatment, after which he returned to his regiment. On the following Sunday afternoon a man was brought to Arthur's hospital, near Crawford Springs, Ga., mortally wounded. The dying man resembled Sage so closely that he was given the name of Sage of Company F, Seventy-fifth regiment, Indiana volunteers.

The man was attired in a cavalryman's uniform, but nothing was thought of this, as some of the members of the Seventy-fifth were compelled to care for themselves as best they could, and Arthur naturally concluded that Sage had appropriated a dead cavalryman's clothes. He thereby made a mistake, which afterward proved very embarrassing to Sage and his relatives.

Arthur afterward met Sage in Winchester, Ind., where, after explanations were made, Sage told Arthur that on going into battle on that Saturday he laid aside his knapsack, in which were a testament, diary and some letters from Winchester, Ind. The knapsack was taken by the cavalryman resembling him, and thus became the cause of further complications. The supposed John W. Sage was buried by Dr. Arthur, Dr. John McCurdy and Dr. C. W. Fowler of Youngstown, Ohio; Dr. Frank Morris of the Thirty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, A. H. Shaffer of Huntington, Ind., and O. I. Herrick of the Thirty-fourth Illinois Volunteer infantry.

Dr. Sage left his tombstone on the battlefield of Chickamauga unmolessted.

Most People Do.

Some people make a life study of things that are of no earthly use.—Chicago Daily News.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It is said that successful trials of a telephonic apparatus without wire have been had in Italy. The instruments were installed on moving trains. The details of the experiments and apparatus are very meagre.

Three "cures" for tuberculosis are at present competing for professional favor in Italy—two of them, that of Cervello of Palermo—and that of Ruata of Perugia, consisting of medicated inhalations, and the oldest of them, that of Maragliano of Genoa, proceeding by sero-therapy.

Emile Camis has exhibited before the Paris academy of medicine an appliance to obviate the danger of premature burials; it consists of a lever and spring, by which any movement or struggle by the buried person sets a signal and starts an automatic alarm-bell ringing.

Mountain toothache is a new addition to our bodily ills. It has attacked engineers and laborers on the Jungfrau railroad at a height of 8500 feet above sea-level as a jumping toothache that attacks several teeth at a time, lasts seven or eight days and leaves the patient with a swollen face, which it takes another week to reduce. After that, the teeth are acclimated and give no further trouble.

A somewhat novel form of rail joint has recently been introduced on a Western railroad. It is a base-support joint located between ties, and comprises in addition to angle bars on either side of the rails fastened together by four bolts, a short piece of rail inverted and placed under the joint. This piece of rail is fastened to flanges of the angle bars by U-bolts. Three of these bolts are used in some cases and two in others, the presence of the middle bolt having not yet been proved absolutely necessary.

For many years efforts have been made from time to time to measure the heat radiated from some of the brightest stars. The most successful attempt appears to be that of Professor Nichols at the Yerkes observatory. With the aid of an apparatus recalling the principle of the Crookes radiometer, he has ascertained that the star Vega, which shines very brilliantly near the zenith in midsummer evenings, send to the earth an amount of heat equal to that of an ordinary candle six miles distant. Arcturus, the star celebrated by Job, and which has a somewhat fiery color, radiates about twice as much heat as Vega.

An explanation of fog has recently been given by Professor Barr of the University of Glasgow, who says that it was once commonly believed that the particles composing a fog or a cloud consisted of small vessels of water filled with some very light gas. This explanation was given to account for the suspension of these particles, but the manner in which the bubbles or vesicles were formed, and the inclusion of a gas lighter than air, and other circumstances quite obvious were never made plain. Very small particles of water have a tendency to fall slowly in still air, while a very slight upward current will be enough to keep them from descending at all in the case of very small particles. It has been shown that the globules of water forming a fog or cloud are each composed of a film of water condensed upon a particle of dust, and the cores are solid instead of gaseous, as the old theory indicated.

The Mars Flash Light Nuisance.
[Extract from an Editorial in the Star for January, 1909.]

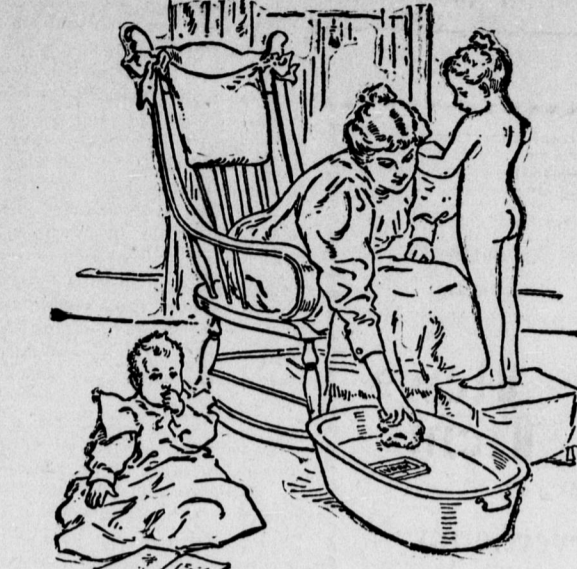
It is now but little more than a year since we received the first signal from Mars. What a sensation it made, to be sure! The question that had vexed centuries was solved at last. Mars had inhabitants. The earlier lights were somewhat dim, and no one imagined that the messages that were flashed by their means through millions of miles of ether would in time assume the proportions of a public nuisance.

But night after night the light waxed stronger, and what were at first serious questions concerning our world, propounded by a scientist, degenerated into remarks not more volatile than they were impertinent.

Last night promptly at nine o'clock the blinding flashes were turned on the earth, and those of our citizens who had assembled in the aerial park to witness the passage of the beautiful airship Light of the West on her nightly encircling of the globe were forced to devote all their energies to dodging the annoying glare.

It is only fair to suppose that it is some officer boy who in the absence of the astronomer indulges in a love for mischief. The fact that he is beyond the reach of human agencies makes his conduct all the more distressing, and as his signalings are of very questionable taste, we can only hope that death comes to the inhabitants of Mars, and that this unquiet freak may soon fill a grave (if graves are filled in the planets) of the proper dimensions.

A fortune awaits the man who invents a means to rid the earth (we had almost said to rid the universe) of this destroyer of the optic nerves. And until then we would advise people to stay indoors during the half hour that he devotes to his unseasonal flashes of illeged wit.—Harper's Bazar.



BABY'S BATH.

Nothing is more easily affected by irritation than the dainty, delicate skin of a young child. Ivory Soap is cleansing and refreshing. It is wholly free from impurities, and its mild, creamy lather leaves the tenderest skin unharmed.

IT FLOATS

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Care of Costly China.

Washing the costly china which wealthy people use at grand dinners is almost a fine art. Such china is often hand-painted by celebrated artists, and a single piece not infrequently costs from \$25 to \$100 or more.

The contents of the china closets of some of our multi-millionaires are worth a moderate fortune, and their care is entrusted only to experts, who charge high prices for their services. Some of the dishwashers employed by fashionable caterers receive salaries which far exceed those of the average bookkeeper or clerk.

In the first place, the pieces are never allowed to touch each other, but are brought to the table and removed one at a time.

When not in use they are kept in padded cases, with thick layers of folded tissue paper over each piece. Nor are they ever put into a dishpan, even for a dip into water. Instead, each piece is tenderly sponged with the soft silk sponge known as surgeon's sponge, from its use in washing wounds before the days of medicated cotton.

Not even with this it is rubbed, only brushed as lightly as a raw wound might be, until it is perfectly clean. After which it is as tenderly dried with old, soft linen or with an Indian silk handkerchief.

Less expensive china, which is still "too costly for working days," is kept in piles with either tissue paper or double-faced cotton flannel between the plates, to prevent any possible rubbing of the hand-paintings, which, though unsigned, are artistic and beautiful.—Philadelphia Press.

The Burial of Flags.

In connection with the story of the British flag said to be buried in Pretoria, it is perhaps worth mentioning that in the middle of the last century it was no unusual occurrence for the tattered or "wounded" colors, as they were quaintly styled, to be interred. In a North country paper of May 31, 1763, there is the following passage: "The old colors of the Twenty-fifth regiment of foot, Lord George Lennox's (now the King's Own Borderers) quartered at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, being much wounded in Germany, particularly at the glorious and ever memorable battle of Minden, were buried with military honors."—London Chronicle.

Oom Paul's Penmanship.

Oom Paul can handle a rifle much better than he can a pen. His signature is cramped and scarcely legible. He signs himself "S. J. P. Kruger," his full name being Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger.

What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choicest grades of coffee, but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

The trip by motorcar from Cairo to the pyramids is made in fourteen minutes.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHEENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheene for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUXAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In Sendai, Japan, Bibles are on sale in five of the leading book stores.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWN SEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

You can buy tea in China for one cent a quarter cents per pound.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Cleveland, Ohio, ranks as the greatest iron ore market in the world.

Horse Sickness.

Horse sickness is a complaint known only in certain parts of South Africa, but science has, so far, been baffled as to its causes, although its effects are only too patent. When the first frost comes it seems to disappear as if by magic, but immediately the hot weather sets in then this ravaging complaint makes its reappearance. But if the British authorities are ignorant as to the cause of the trouble experience is teaching them how to guard against it. The correspondent of the Globe who signed himself "Transvaaler" may rest assured that the military authorities are taking every precaution against what he describes as "another enemy besides the Boer." And the precautions adopted are on the lines he has suggested, although, as has been pointed out, it is impossible when an army is on the march to adopt the only safe course, and stable animals every night.—London Globe.

Lord Wolsley's Steps.

No other living British soldier has gained promotion more rapidly than Lord Wolsley. The following are his various steps, with dates: Ensign, 1852; captain, 1855; major, 1858; lieutenant-colonel, 1859; colonel, 1865; deputy quartermaster-general, 1867; assistant adjutant-general, 1871; major-general, 1873; quartermaster-general, 1880; adjutant-general, 1882; general, 1883. He received twenty-five thousand pounds for his services in Ashanti, and twenty thousand pounds for his conduct of the Egyptian campaign. He was the youngest captain in the army, having reached that rank after only three years' service.

All except bad ones!

There are hundreds of cough medicines which relieve coughs, all coughs, except bad ones! The medicine which has been curing the worst of bad coughs for 60 years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Here is evidence:

"My wife was troubled with a deep-seated cough on her lungs for three years. One day I thought of how Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved the life of my sister after the doctors had all given her up to die. So I purchased two bottles, and it cured my wife completely. It took only one bottle to cure my sister. So you see that three bottles (one dollar each) saved two lives. We all send you our heartfelt thanks for what you have done for us."—J. H. BURGE, Macon, Col., Jan. 13, 1899.

Now, for the first time you can get a trial bottle of Cherry Pectoral for 25 cents. Ask your druggist.