

**Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.**  
A powder to shake into your shoes; relieves the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The person with a sharp tongue is the one who makes cutting remarks.

### A Mother's Tears.

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

"When he was 3 months old, first fevers 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 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.

### THE DAY OF PEACE.

What of the day, my brother?  
What of the day of peace?  
When the dripping sword turns the green sword  
And the dull, dread noises cease—  
The claron call of bugles  
The shriek of the angry shell—  
What of battle that shall pierce the night  
Of battle—is it well?  
What of the dead, my brother?  
What of the dead and dumb?  
Who shall pay at the Judgment day  
When the Messenger shall come,  
Come in the light and glory,  
Come in the fire and flame,  
Whose the strain of the blood and pain,  
My brother—whose the blame?  
What of the grief, my brother,  
What of the grief and woe?  
What of the tears shed o'er these biers  
These stricken hearts brought low?  
Low in the day of terror,  
Low in the night of gloom,  
Whose the weight of this curse of Hate?  
Whose the pain of Doom?  
What of the blood, my brother?  
What of the blood that flows  
In a crimson stream where the lances gleam  
And the bugle blows and blows?  
Whose the strain of the shudder,  
Shudder and start and cry,  
When the battles' cost by God engrossed  
In blood on the brazen sky?  
Hasten the day, my brother,  
Hasten the day of peace,  
When men not slain for greed of gain  
And the dull, dread noises cease!  
When shall shall shriek no longer,  
When hatred sink away,  
The breath of God the blood-stained soil  
Make clean—and Peace shall stay!  
—Bismarck Tribune.

### MISS FERGUSON.

Indiana Ferguson impatiently awaited the evening. For a week she had been visiting her cousin, Silas Beck, and his wife, and this evening Robert Scruggs was to come. Had she known that Mr. Scruggs was expected she would not have dared to visit her cousin just at this time. She was here, however, and now that he was coming she did not deceive herself by saying that she was sorry.

Miss Ferguson felt that she had been unkind to Mr. Scruggs. He had offered her his heart, and he was a sincere man. She had answered coldly: "Mr. Scruggs, it is impossible." How heartless it seemed to her now. But there had been Prof. Edward Cantwell Reed, and it seemed different then.

Miss Ferguson was a mathematician. Not that she ever did much in a practical way, but she loved the science for its own sake. She and Professor Reed had sat by the hour discussing problems in which they were interested. But for these meetings her answer to Robert Scruggs would have been different.

She now sat in meditation before the bright fire. How stupid she had been, she thought, to suppose that she could enjoy sitting forever drilling away at her mathematics! Do people ever marry for that? What had Professor Reed done? Married that veritable chatterbox and mischief loving Tomboy, Sadie Moore. As for herself, did she ever really love Professor Reed? Well, perhaps. Anyhow, she was very stupid—she was sure she was stupid.

And now—certainly fate had thrown her in the way of the man whom she rejected. He believed in woman's intuition, and that intuition told her that this was fortuitous. She was almost happy.

When at last she heard Mr. Scruggs stamping the wet snow off his boots outside the door she felt that she turned a little pale. She was certainly nervous—an unusual thing for her. When he addressed her as "Miss Ferguson" it sounded odd and cold. He used to call her "India."

"So you're acquainted!" exclaimed Mrs. Beck, as they sat about the fire, her face radiant with amiability. "Now, I'm afraid we'll have to watch you two. But then, if you'd a—been marrying people—too such people as you—you'd a—been married, both of you, long ago."

"You may trust Miss Ferguson," answered Mr. Scruggs. "I'm an audacious scoundrel, you know, but you will find Miss Ferguson, as rigid as—as the North pole."

Miss Ferguson could not have felt more uncomfortable than she did now. To conceal her confusion she turned to arrange some grasses in a vase, which, as soon as she touched it, tumbled to the floor, breaking into a dozen pieces. Stopping quickly to pick these up, now blushing very red, she awkwardly upset a large easel and its painting. Then she rose up very quickly and left the room, mortified to the verge of despair. She wondered if she would ever dare to see Mr. Scruggs again.

The following morning she had her breakfast sent to her, complaining of a headache, and did not venture downstairs until she heard Mr. Scruggs' footsteps going out of the little gate and down toward a cabin where one of his queer fancies took him at every opportunity to converse with an ignorant but self-important and garrulous woodman settler. Then she crept softly down and entered the parlor—and there sat Mr. Scruggs looking into the fire.

With an effort Miss Ferguson controlled herself.

"Good morning, Mr. Scruggs," she said. "I thought I heard you going out this morning."

"Not I, this day," he replied. "I am disposed to mope. I have sent Silas down to bring my woodman friend to see if he cannot cheer me up. Are you ill, Miss Ferguson? I imagine that you used to look stronger."

"I am well now," she answered. "I have changed since you saw me last."

"I believe you are more beautiful," he declared.

"Don't flatter me," she protested.

"I, flatter!" he exclaimed. "When will you learn, Miss Ferguson, that I am incapable of the art? You have not changed so much, then, after all."

"You are cruel if you contradict me," she replied.

"And were you never cruel?" he asked.

"Perhaps," she answered. "But I repented."

"Repentance means sorrow," he said. "Will you be sorry for me now? I have the blues."

At this moment Silas Beck came in, followed by the woodman, and when Mr. Scruggs turned to introduce his friend to Miss Ferguson she was gone.

On the following day Mr. Scruggs put on his overcoat and left the house as soon as breakfast was over. What this meant to Miss Ferguson she would not acknowledge even to herself. It was a lonely day—the loneliest that she ever passed. Mrs. Beck, to be sure, never ceased to chatter, but what woman's talk can fill the emptiness of a woman's lonely heart? When Miss Ferguson put on her arctic to walk down to the village post-office Mrs. Beck spoke of Robert Scruggs, and she sat down to listen. Directly Mrs. Beck's gossip diverted itself to a neighbor who claimed to have a cousin who married a niece of General Grant, and Miss Ferguson rose to go.

"There goes Robert now," cried Mrs. Beck, "with Ida Gates. If that girl don't talk him to death it won't be her fault. She's a turrible gab."

Miss Ferguson looked out. The road ran near the house, and she saw that Mr. Scruggs looked perfectly happy. He was leaning back in the sleigh, and Miss Gates was driving, chewing gum and talking all at once.

Miss Ferguson did not speak. She went to the fire, removed her arctic, selected a book from the table and read. She read determinedly. She told herself that she was going to read, and what Miss Ferguson would do she usually did.

When she had been reading about half an hour Mr. Scruggs came hurriedly in.

"I am sorry," he said to Mrs. Beck, "but I have to return to the city. I have just now received a dispatch. Good-by, Mrs. Beck—and Miss Ferguson, I don't know when I shall see you again. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Scruggs," she said naturally, extending her hand.

He took it, pressed it mechanically, and in another moment he was gone.

Miss Ferguson sat down by the fire. She admitted to herself that she was disappointed. Mr. Scruggs no longer cared for her. He was happy with Miss Gates, who chewed gum. But then why should she care? She was determined not to care. She made a practice to take things philosophically, and there was little that ever disturbed her. She liked Mr. Scruggs, but he was nothing to her. She had been foolish—stupid—and she would try to forget it. Picking up her book she resumed reading where she had left off and spent the rest of the day with the novel.

Notwithstanding, that night her pillow was wet with tears. They were foolish, she said, but they would not last, and she could put it from her easier after a little feminine cry. After that she was determined to have no regrets, and what Miss Ferguson would do she nearly always did. The next day she seemed as fresh as she had been for a year.

Two days later she received a letter from the postoffice. It read:

"Dear Miss Ferguson—I once asked you to marry me. What I said then I now repeat with twofold vehemence. Does the change in you extend to your heart or is your answer the same?"

"ROBERT SCRUGGS."

The answer she wrote read simply:

"Dear Robert—I have changed. The answer is yes."  
INDIA F."

**AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.**  
The Victim Put Where Her Story of It Was Taken for Insane Talk.  
In the month of December last an elegantly dressed man presented himself to the governor of the district in which the City of Mexico is situated, and solicited the admittance of his aunt, a lady whose name he said was Mrs. Aurelia Granados de Jaimes, into the insane asylum for women in Canoa street. He said that she had lost her mind and that, as there was no one at home to look after her, he was afraid that some accident might happen to her. The governor issued the permit and the lady was admitted into the hospital.

The lady was not violently crazy, but she complained to the doctors of a pain in her head and she was constantly saying that a man had driven a nail into her head. The attendants of the asylum paid no attention to this statement, as it was thought to be a part of her ravings.

The lady gradually got worse and on a recent Sunday she died.

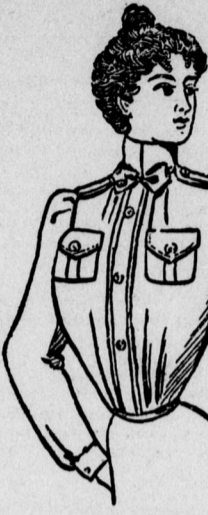
Dr. Alberto Lopez Hermosa, director of the asylum, and Dr. Francisco de P. Echeverria, assistant director, believing that the lady's case had been a peculiar one, examined her cranium after death and made a sort of preliminary autopsy. To their astonishment they found in the region of the right temple the head of a steel wire nail, which proved to be about eight centimetres in length. The flesh had almost cicatrized over the nail's head and the latter was hardly visible.

The doctors immediately informed the governor and the judicial authorities. An investigation has been started to find the immediate object is to find the man who first brought the lady to the governor. The lady apparently was about 35 years of age.

**Mixed Metaphor.**  
A lecturer before a large audience at an impressive moment exclaimed: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand." —Tit-Bits.

### THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

**New York City (Special).**—The novelties of the moment include what the English call "a patriotic khaki shirt for ladies," it being made of that



KHAKI SHIRT WAIST.

material and, so far as possible, following the shirt pattern worn by the British soldier in South Africa. As shown by the cut, this model, save for its pockets, is not unlike that used for the regulation shirt waist for women in America. It has the same slightly full front, and the same perfectly plain back. Down the front is a broad stitched band with buttons, the two breast pockets, the plaits and

the jacket lined and faced with white satin and buttoned down the front with a double row of silver buttons. These are not burnished like the plate upon your dinner table, but have the dull look of unburnished metal. The buttons are not too small and look solid.

**Up-to-Date Underlines.**  
Now that our dresses are made to fit so tightly around the hips, well-fitting underclothing is a necessity. The latest Parisian idea is to have chemise and petticoat made in one. The upper part is cut to fit the figure without the least vestige of fullness, and then below the hips it widens out into an ordinary skirt. These garments have simply a strip of lace or ribbon to support them on the shoulders and fasten down the centre of the front to just below the waist.

**New Round Skirts.**  
The newest round skirt from Paris is either gathered, tucked or gathered at the waist and over the hips; consequently the wearer of it should be slight, and the cloth must not be too thick. Other skirts are tucked at the top and then accordion plaited. This skirted cloth is chic and has the advantage of novelty, but unless carefully manipulated it will develop into an unwieldy garment.

**Concerning the Parasol.**  
Golf parasols are something new. A golf stick of suitable size is used for the handle and the decidedly large frame is covered with an intense emerald green. The correct thing to wear with this sunshade is a white-brimmed manila straw hat. The manila straw is as light as air and very



flaps of which recall those worn by the London policeman, being buttoned also. The skirt sleeve ends in a narrow cuff at the wrist and the shoulder seams are strapped and finished with buttons. A high straight collar with a small butterfly bow in black or white finishes the garment at the throat.

pretty. It comes in a deep tan and should be decorated by a twist of white veiling and several big pom-poms of silk floss in Irish green caught almost in the front of the hat.

**Sleeves For Thin Frocks.**  
Elbow sleeves are very fashionable for thin frocks, and they are completed with cuff turned back, from which falls a fringe of lace or chiffon wider at the back than it is in the front.

**Substitute For Watch Chains.**  
Serpents of oxidized steel which have a life-like flexibility are used for watch chains. They come in different lengths.

**A Smart Golf Costume.**



**Vogue of Appliques.**  
Appliques are a prominent feature of the handsomest and smartest of the spring tailor-mades. It is, however, really an underletting, for, instead of the appliques being of lace or silk set on, the material of which the gown is composed is stamped out into a pattern, and silk set under it. Our large picture shows an exceedingly stylish spring costume of pastel gray broadcloth, made with the prescribed Eton jacket with revers and collars covered with applique. The skirt has a circular ruffle around the front and sides, with a band of applique at the top.

With the box-plaited back skirt do rignar this spring, the back is allowed to have its full graceful swoop its entire length. Any side and front decoration stops on either side of the back, as the figure of our illustration shows. In this costume the applique band is put near the bottom edge of the skirt, as it has no ruffles. This is much liked, too, as well as the ruffled effect of the other, particularly for short women who do not care to risk the becomingness of breaking the length of their skirt.

**Unburnished Silver Buttons.**  
A fashionable gown of "cherbat au lait" (a warm pinky-brown), has the skirt almost covered with a complicated system of tucks. The released fullness escapes about the ankle. The distinguishing feature is

**SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.**  
Scientists are recommending the electric light bath. It is free from the exhausting effects of Turkish baths, and is soothing to sore muscles and joints.

Coal miners at Hazelton, Penn., a few days ago made an interesting discovery, in the Laurel Hill colliery. A shank of virgin copper was dug out of the middle of a solid seam of anthracite coal. Copper in a coal seam is a geological curiosity.

Electric flatirons are used exclusively in many large laundries; their advantages are apparent. The heat can always be controlled so as to keep the iron at the right temperature thus obviating the danger of spoiling a finished dress by smut from an iron heated by gas.

Poisonous snakes when with young are sluggish and retiring in their habits. The little ones are born with fangs and poison glands in full perfection, and are dangerous even before tasting food or water. The young are much more active than the adults and probably their poison is more virulent.

The percolation experiments made at Rethamsted for about 20 years have shown that in the winter months more than half the amount of rain penetrates into the soil and is available for springs, while in summer this amount only reaches a quarter that of rain. Three gangues were used, each having an area of one-thousandth of an acre. The water was collected at three depths, and was always greater in quantity at 40 inches than at 20 or at 60.

Wherever land is valuable for agricultural purposes the fact that wire fences take up little space is becoming more and more recognized. Some stone fences are often three to six feet wide, and therefore, waste many acres of valuable soil on every farm. The zigzag fence wastes a considerable amount of land. The hedge is also wasteful and they may profitably all be torn down and replaced by wire fences, for the crops which could be obtained from the area thus reclaimed would soon pay for the fence.

Dr. William Calver, a scientist of Washington, claims to have solved a problem that has been puzzling the wise men of the earth for 3000 years, and says that he has devised a method to utilize the heat of the sun as a substitute for fuel and power. His discovery is based upon the simple principle of the burning glass, and by an arrangement of mirrors he can gather to a focus of a few inches all the rays of the sun that fall upon an acre of ground. He can melt iron and steel as if it were ice, and obtain a heat of several thousand degrees Fahrenheit. He also has devised a method by which the natural heat of the sun, gathered in that way, may be stored in reservoirs and applied both to stationary and locomotive engines. Dr. Calver has a laboratory on the outskirts of the city and has a number of inventions to his credit in the patent office.

**TOOTHACHE.**  
There Are Several Kinds Due to Very Different Causes.  
There are several kinds of toothache, due to very different causes, and not all sorts are capable of relief by the same means, it is useful to be able to distinguish among them.

One form of toothache is due to disease of the tooth itself, another to disease of the parts about the tooth, and still another to neuralgia of the nerves, the teeth themselves being perhaps perfectly sound.

The most common toothache is caused by congestion or inflammation of the pulp of a tooth. The pulp is a soft material filling the centre of the tooth and serving as a bed for the nerve and the blood vessels. When the blood vessels are charged, as they are in case of congestion or inflammation, the pulp is compressed, since the hard walls of the tooth prevent expansion, and so the nerve is pressed upon and becomes painful.

The ache so caused is fierce and throbbing (a jumping toothache). It is worse when the sufferer stoops or lies down, and is increased by contact with cold or hot water or food, with sugar or salt, or with the air. The only difference between the pain of a congested tooth-pulp and that of an inflamed pulp is that the latter is worse.

If in a case of toothache of this kind there is a cavity resulting from decay of the tooth, the pain can usually be relieved by the insertion of a little pledget of cotton soaked in oil of cloves.

Severe toothache may be caused by inflammation of the socket of the tooth, which may go on to an abscess with swelling of the face and great distress. In this case the tooth is sore when tapped or pressed upon. The pain is severe and continuous—not intermittent, as in inflammation of the pulp—and is usually relieved little by cold, but aggravated by heat. Sometimes relief is afforded by applications to the cheek; but a course a dentist should be consulted as early as possible in order that the inflammation may be controlled before it results in the formation of an abscess.

The worst form of toothache, or at least the most obstinate, is usually neuralgia. In this case there is not apt to be swelling, the teeth are sore, and the pain is not increased by sweet or salt, or by moderately cool or warm food. —Youth's Companion.

Whales are never found in the Gulf stream.

### 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 choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

**Try Grain-O!**  
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

**Vegetables in Education.**  
City boys and girls who never have seen growing cabbages, pumpkins, corn, potatoes, spinach and other garden produce soon may have an opportunity to supply the deficiency in their education. The School Teachers' Club asked the West Park Board yesterday to set aside three or four acres in one of the parks where vegetables may be raised by the school children. Frank E. Tremain is at the head of the movement. The teachers think this will be a great advantage for young children, who think that grasshoppers make grass and that butterflies make butter. There are many children, they say, who believe that potatoes grow on bushes and who do not know whether watermelons come from the water works or grow on trees. Yet these same children can find the common denominator of things and recite the multiplication table up to seven times seven.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### 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 FESCHLER, Box 236, Romeo, Mich.

#### Female Troubles Overcome

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had female trouble, painful mensts, 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 STIEBER, Diller, Neb.

#### No More Pain

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound has been of much benefit to me. When my mensts 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 mensts became regular and pains left me entirely."—Mrs. E. F. CUSTER, Brule, Wis.

(afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water