

The Home Department.

The Boy Who Succeeds.

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount
Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Work
and Strive,
Through the valley of persevere,
And the man that succeeds, while
others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my
boy,
Always a way to slide,
And the men that you find at the foot
of the hill
All sought for an easy ride,
So on and up, though the road be
rough
And the storms come thick and fast,
There is room at the top for the man
who tries,
And victory comes at last.
—The Christian Commonwealth,
London.

Recipe For Low Spirits.

Take one ounce of seed of resolution properly mixed with the oil of good conscience; into it infuse a large spoonful of the salts of patience. Distill very carefully a composing plant "other's woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity, as it will much assist the salts of patience in their operation.

Gather a handful of the fair blossoms of hope; then sweeten them properly with a syrup made of the balm of providence; and if you can get any of the seed of true friendship you will have the most valuable remedy that can be compounded or administered for this disorder. But be careful to get the seed of true friendship, as there is a seed that very much resembles it called self-interest, but which will spoil the whole composition.—Exchange.

The Good Old Tunes.

In a paper that drifted into my sanctum the other day, there was a bit of verse, a stanza of which lingers in my memory:

"Twas many, many years ago,
But still there comes to me,
The memory sweet of the old hymns
They sang in Genesee.

Perhaps, some of us, in reminiscent moods, love to recall the old hymns and the old tunes of our childhood. Not long ago I was in a large congregation, where a hymn, most appropriate in its phrasing and thought was given out, set to an unfamiliar melody. The congregation tried to sing, but could not. Thinner and thinner grew the strain, here and there a straggling voice keeping it up. Presently the leader stopped. "Let us all sing together," he said. "Coronation," and "All hail the power of Jesus' name," was lifted high, and went ringing and vibrating in the waves of triumphant harmony to the vaulted roof of the church. A good old tune that everybody knows, is just like a good staunch friend that everybody trusts.

When I am grown to man's estate,
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.
Robert Louis Stevenson showed a good deal of insight when he wrote that little quatrain. Most lads, looking with scrutinizing childish eyes on the conduct of their elders, or listening with thoughtful ears to their conversation, must be of the opinion

that grown people's first care is to warn others from their possessions. "No trespassers," most of us, in one way or another, write over our front gates. Nations, like individuals, are always cautioning others not to meddle with their toys. Hence the armies and navies of the world, bristling and defiant, that peace may be preserved. Hence the jealous vigilance about rights of way and frontiers. Hence the need of forts and fleets.

May there not yet be found a more excellent way? Shall we not bring up our children in the spirit of Christian altruism by example and precept?—Christian Herald.

Isolation of Women on Farms.

It is generally thought that women on farms have a life very much apart from other women. This is not altogether the fault of their husbands. Women are apt to get in the habit of staying at home and the more they do so, the harder it becomes to "get started." Many a farmer's wife is using strength and time to secure an extreme neatness in her home, to prepare elaborate dishes, to trim her children's clothes unnecessarily or to excel her neighbors in the number of patchwork quilts or carpet-rag balls, who hasn't time to drive or walk to a neighbor's. That neighbor, as well as herself, may be hungry for woman companionship.

The farmer's wife need not think she is working for her husband and her children alone, working from "sun to sun," for by so doing she may be bringing on a sickness and perhaps a fatal one.

The farmer's wife needs as much time, if not more, for recreation, than the hired girl, who has part of Sunday, part of Thursday and her evenings to use as she wishes. The former should consider it her duty to know more than she can possibly learn at home and by mingling with others she will at least learn that she is not the only burden-bearer, nor has she a monopoly of life's blessings.

Of course, there is always some woman who "goes" leaving work undone and children uncared for, but there is no need of going to the other extreme. We can "do for" our families in other ways than in manual labor. The mother who never takes drives or walks with her growing boys and girls regret it when they are gone from her arms forever.

Then, too, she ought to go out alone at times, that she may commune with nature and with human souls as she herself needs. Many women never learn to drive, or if they do, have to wait for a man to harness the horse. There is scarcely a woman who cannot have a horse to use if she is reasonable about it and can drive and harness it herself.

Then to learn to walk. Take walks the days you have sitting down to do. Have a stool and use it while ironing plain pieces, wiping dishes or paring vegetables or fruit, and when your work is completed, change your apron and take a brisk walk.

A woman who goes out seldom is apt to notice what others are wearing, and in return to feel that she is the "observed of all observed." In that connection, advice is here given for women to get styles in millinery and wraps and dresses that are not very pronounced and that are not liable to change, or if they do will not be so noticeable. Extremes in fashion are quick to go out of style and the farmer's wife who buys "the latest" craze, who goes out seldom and does not want to always wear her best, finds her

garments old-fashioned before worn out.

It is well for those who have long drives in dust, sunshine, wind and rain, to avoid flowers, feathers and much trimming, as such things soon look faded and old. Remember money put into good materials, especially good gloves and shoes, makes a pleasant appearance much more than shoddy goods do, however up-to-date in style.

With an all-wool walking skirt, plain jacket or cape, close-fitting hat, with a neat glove and shoe, the farmer women need never feel she is conspicuous by her clothes. If she is very stylish she should let that bent exhaust itself in fashionable wrappers and tea gowns and in house decorations. These will be worn out when the style passes away.

Provided with a good umbrella, mackintosh and rubbers, she should be able to get away from home to church on Sunday and once thro' the week to visit the school, friends or club. Yes, I think the farmer's wife can be a club woman.

By making our lives attractive for ourselves we make it attractive to others, and who does not know of many men who would gladly "go to farming" but for the opposition of the wives who dread its drudgery and isolation? If we find a way or make one to get away from home occasionally, who knows but others will be benefitted thereby?

"How does she manage to go so much and get her work done?" How often have we heard that said of some energetic woman, and have you not said, while faithfully hugging the hearthstone, "I work all day and accomplish nothing?" Try going out more and see if you do not return to work with renewed interest.—J. J. G. in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Monuments to American Women.

The patriotism of the American people has very worthily expressed itself in building monuments to perpetuate the fame of our heroes, and thereby to keep alive the nation's gratitude for the distinguished services of her illustrious dead.

We may be justly proud of the monument on the Hudson which domes the ashes of Grant. Chicago has shown her public spirit and artistic feeling in building fine monuments to the memory of Douglas and Lincoln, Logan and Grant. Our national capitol is replete with monuments bearing the names of our great military and naval heroes; and here, too, pierces the sky the highest and most imposing shaft in all the world, in honor of the immortal Washington.

Such expressions of national gratitude are most fitting and praiseworthy. Moreover, these monuments are educational and inspirational; they educate the rising generations in the history of American heroism and stimulate the patriotism of our youth.

But why is there such a lack of appreciation of America's great womanhood as is manifest in the dearth of monuments to her memory? A visitor from another planet, after studying the monuments of ancient and modern times, would be justified in concluding that the pagan Greeks and Romans placed a higher estimate upon the genius and virtues of woman than does our so-called Christian civilization.

Why does not England have the cavalry and good taste to adorn Westminster Abbey with the statues of some of England's great mothers? And may we not ask still more significantly in this free and democratic America, where are the monumental evidences of this republic's grateful recognition of the services of American motherhood? With what propriety might Boston adorn her Common with a statue of the mother of Samuel Adams! A monument of the

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mother of Benjamin Franklin or of William Penn would be well worthy of a conspicuous place in Philadelphia.

Let Chicago build a monument to Nancy Lincoln. Richmond would do herself credit by remembering in like manner the mother of Thomas Jefferson.

Let Cincinnati honor the memory of the mother of Grant.

And, if I could have my way, in every great city of America, beginning with Washington and New York, there would be a beautiful monument of Mary, the mother of Washington.

Which of all our greatest and generous cities will be the first to dedicate a monument to the honor of an American woman whose distinction is that as a mother she bore and trained and gave to her country a great man—a history-making genius or hero?—Mrs. John A. Logan, in Chicago American.

Books Received.

Good Cheer Nuggets, quotations from Moeterlinck, Le Conte, Hugo, and Dresser, gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington; published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

Toasts and Forms of Public Addresses, by William Pittenger; published by The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The Debater's Treasury, comprising a list of over two hundred questions for debate, with arguments both affirmative and negative, by William Pittenger; published by The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Law, and How to Keep Out of It, by Paschal H. Coggins, Esq.; published by The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

A Paradise Valley Girl, by Susanna D. Fry; published by The Abbey Press, New York.

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