

The Home Department.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

(By Charles Wolfe.)

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone

gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraided him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the random and distant gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

Household Hints.

It takes brains to make a milliner.
It's all head work.
Cream is better and cheaper to use in mashed potatoes than butter.

Some people are like clocks; they are going all the time, but never get anywhere.

While your boy is still helpless help him to help himself. Spend less time scolding and more time teaching.

"Jones grumbles at cold weather and he grumbles at hot weather, what does he like?" "He likes to grumble."

A woman scorns all advice about the selection of a husband, but takes two other women along to help pick out a hat.

When you have washed cashmere, iron it with a thin piece of muslin or crinoline over the ironing blanket. This will keep the thread from flattening too much.

A remedy for a hoarse cold that is highly indorsed is a bit of porous plaster. The plaster is cut into three pieces, one of them applied at a time, lengthwise, just below where the collar fastens, letting it extend down on the chest. After a day or two replace this piece with a second, and so on till all three are used. In the case of children who become hoarse without fever, this treatment is often useful.—Texas Farmer.

Deacon Blimben's Wisdom.

"If you want your child brung up in the way he should go, you want to travel that way yourself, now an' then."

"An' I want to tell you this. It ain't always the man what bullds a sky-scraper buildin' that's goin' to have a mansion in the skies, an' you mind what I tell you!"

"There ain't nothin' truer than that the race ain't always to the swift; but, all the same, if I was a bettin' man, I'd put my money on the fastest hoss."

"Don't never git down-hearted 'cause you hain't got somethin' good that somebody else has got. A hen ain't got no teeth, but jes' see the luck she strikes by it. She don't have to have no gam biles."

"There ain't no rose without its thorn. Jes' look at new cider. If there's a luxury on 'arth sweeter an'

fuller o' satisfaction than a tin dipper o' new cider I'd like to know it; but the achin' an' doublin' up it kin interduce into your system is a caution to wildcats!"

"It's awful to read in the papers about them unpardonable fellers that eats pie with their knife an' tucks their napkins under their chin, but sence I come to think on it, them ain't never the fellers that gits pulled up to be examined in supplement'ry procedin's, so I've noticed."

"Goodness ain't always rewarded jes' accordin' to the way the books has it sot down. Now I never sold my mother's three-dollar brass kittle fer two shillin' when I was a boy, to git money to go to the circus, an' I never played hookey to see a ball game, an' I never robbed birds' nests, nor tied tin pans to dogs' tails, an' yit, by Josh, I hain't never got to be president yit."

"After a man has learned enough to instruct others he knows too much to try to do it."—Dietetic Magazine.

Don't Be Blue.

Miss Seraphina was in the dumps, for no particular reason, simply because she had a chronic tendency to indulge in low spirits. Even the cat was aware that Miss Seraphina was blue, and humped her back in protesting fashion, as she sat in the corner looking in vain for her mistress' notice. Miss Seraphina's sister, Molly, observing the familiar signs of a wet-blanket day, had, early in the morning, decided to pay a long-promised visit to a friend in the next village. Molly could not endure Seraphina's melancholy fits. The maid in the kitchen stayed in her own department. She, too, had lost patience with the lady who was moody and cross without reason, whenever her life did not quite suit her.

Parrots are uncanny creatures, but I fancy Miss Seraphina's nephew, Tom, could have told how it was that the parrot in his cage suddenly called out vociferously: "Don't be blue! Don't be blue!" At any rate, Seraphina was very much startled. Just then, that cheery old soul, her plain-spoken Aunt Betsey, appeared at the door. She said briskly: "Come over and help me quilt, Phreny!" "Oh! no, Aunty, I'm too far down," said the niece. "More shame to you! You're only lazy! And," she went on: "You're ungrateful, too! Come along!" "Don't be blue!" said the parrot; and Seraphina threw a shawl over her shoulders, picked up her thimble and her bonnet, and followed Aunt Betsey to the cozy home around the corner, where that lady lived in never-failing sunshine.

"I tell you what it is, my dear," the relentless mentor continued, as they seated themselves at the quilting-frame. "Most of us could overcome our blues by making a brave and honest effort. You are drifting into a state of cheerlessness because you do not exercise enough in the house and go out too seldom into the open air. People dread your long face and your gloomy ways. Children run away from you. What you need is to see your folly, and then make a strong fight against it."

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism
No pay until you know it.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any state, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That's all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

"I do pray, Aunt Betsey," said Seraphina.

"Perhaps. But you don't mean what you say, or you'd help the Lord to answer your prayer. Prayer and pains go together! Remember your parrot's sermon, dearie, and don't be blue!"

Seraphina promised that she would try not to give up to low spirits any more than she could help, which, for her, was a step forward.—Christian Herald.

Fireside Chats.

When grown people are nervous and tired they want to rest and be let alone, but they never think a baby needs the same thing. If it is restless they rock it, toss it, shake rattles at it, anything to keep it awake and excited. They will not let it take a good cry, forgetting that it may be a relaxation to it, as it sometimes is to them. A baby's fretfulness is purely physical and the result often of over-excited nerves, and it should, at least for the first six months of its life, be kept quiet and unstimulated beyond its natural pace of development.

The day of usefulness for brooms may be doubled if a little care and attention are given them. They should not be used always one way, as this makes them wear one-sided. They should never be stood on the brush, but hung up. A hole through the end
(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND-COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

TEARFUL OR CHEERFUL?

Whether a woman is tearful or cheerful depends not on what she has materially, but what she is physically. Many an indulgent husband is driven almost to despair by the tearful outburst of a wife who has "everything she wants." He wants to know what's the matter. But the wife can't tell. She only knows that she is depressed and despondent.



Such a condition is usually related to some form of womanly disease. The mental depression has its corresponding womanly weakness.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription changes tearful women to cheerful women by curing the diseases which cause physical weakness and depression of spirits. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Mrs. Alice Adams, of Laboratory, Washington Co., Pa., says: "With many thanks I write to let you know how I am. I can say by God's help and your help I am well. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two of his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I can do all my work. I can't praise your medicine too highly. I will recommend your medicines as long as I live. If any one doubts this give them my address."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Keep the bowels healthy by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.