

## The Home Department.

### The River of Time.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime  
As it blends in the Ocean of Tears.  
  
How the winters are drifting like flakes of the snow  
All the summer like birds between,  
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and go  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow  
As it glides into shadow and sheen.  
  
There's a magical isle up the River Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing,  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junes with the roses are straying.  
  
And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago."  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are beams of beauty and bosoms



The man on the stage who does the trick of escaping from firmly tied ropes, submits to the bonds with a smile. He knows he can get out of the ropes that are being knotted. Put the same man in the woods and let Indian captors bind him to a tree for torture and he would struggle to the last against the bonds.

When the stomach is diseased there are bonds being woven every hour about the organs dependent on the stomach—heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc. The folly of mankind is to passively submit to the fastening of these bonds with no effort to escape until the pain they cause arouses fear.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures diseases of heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and other organs, when these diseases, as is often the case, have their origin in the diseased stomach.

"For a long time I was suffering and was hardly able to get about," writes Mr. Andrew J. Jennings, of Thomas, Tucker Co., W. Va., Box 194. "Was bothered with kidney trouble and my whole system was out of order; had no appetite. A friend of mine told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I did so and the first bottle restored my appetite. I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and some of 'Pleasant Pellet' and feel like a new person."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from impurities.

of snow,  
There are heaps of dust—oh! we love them so—  
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.  
  
There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
There are parts of an infant's prayer,  
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken beads and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.  
  
Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,  
All the day of our life until night;  
And when evening grows with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closed in slumber awhile,  
May the home of our souls be in sight!  
—Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

### A Mother's Influence.

In a lecture once delivered by Dr. J. H. Vincent, he remarked that while it is often said the character of a person is almost entirely formed between the ages of fifteen and twenty, there was another fact often overlooked; that what character will be depends very largely on what influences have surrounded the child from five to fifteen years of age.

If such is the case, and I firmly believe it is, what a responsibility rests upon the mothers of our land! If each one realized how far-reaching their influence is in forming the character of their child a greater responsibility would often be felt.

And yet how many mothers foolishly—yes, wickedly, deceive their children to enforce obedience?

I once knew a bright little fellow of three summers who was pitifully afraid in the dark. One evening when I was present, for some trifling misdemeanor he was put to bed and the lamp taken out of the room. His little heart was filled with fear, and sob after sob came to our ears, until the mother finally said: "Clark, if you do not keep still and go to sleep, the black man will get you." Bravely the dear child tried to obey, but faintly I heard the smothered sobs under the bed clothes, until he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

O, how I longed to fold him in my arms and tell him of the kind Father who watched over him in the dark night, as well as in the day.

A little incident was once told by a lady who had been walking on the street with a friend. They met a lady accompanied by a little child just old enough to toddle along. Just as they were passing, the little one took a notion to pull off his cap and throw it down on the sidewalk, resisting all the attempts of his mother to put it on his head.

Finally she said: "Put it on, put it

on, or the Jack will get you." The little one obeyed at once, seemingly having heard of this "something" before.

After they had passed along the lady gave vent to her indignation that anyone should govern a child by such means, when, to her surprise, her friend remarked: "Oh, you have to tell them such things sometimes, to make them mind. I tell Willie the rag-man will get him."

What an influence surrounds such children. In time they will come to know they have been deceived, and, as they grow older they will not believe what is told them by their mother in regard to forbidden paths or pleasures; and, as a consequence, many a mother heart has been made to ache—alas, when it was too late to remedy the evil.

Another little incident that I once witnessed, comes to my mind. I was visiting a lady whose husband was absent from home. A little daughter of twelve years walked the floor with a fretful babe while her mother was getting tea. When the meal was ready and the mother went to take the babe, the dear girl said: "I will tend him while you eat, mother, you will enjoy your visit so much more." The mother replied: "No, dear, I will take him now, and you will please take papa's place." Without a word of remonstrance the babe was put into the mother's arms, and she took her place at the table. Bowing her head she reverently asked God's blessing on the food before them, then waited on the table with a grace that would have done credit to a much older person. It was plain to be seen that this was no "company manners" put on for the occasion. I could not help but think of the beautiful home influence under which she was developing into lovely maidenhood. Would that we had more such homes and more such mothers.—Jennie M. Willson, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

### Growing Flowers.

The fact is, to grow plants well, one must have a real love for them. Having that love, we seem to know, instinctively, what the flowers expect and demand of us—that is, to a considerable extent. Many things about floriculture are only to be found out by practical, personal experience. But the love of flowers makes us conscious of their common needs, and that love makes it impossible for us to neglect them. Such a love may be natural or acquired. I have known cases where persons began to grow flowers without caring much about them, but in a short time they become enthusiastic floriculturists. Unless the attempt at flower growing develops a love of this kind where it is lacking at the outset, the chances of utter failure are as ninety-nine to a hundred. I don't know that the flowers have a

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sense which enables them to recognize those who love them for their own sweet sakes, but I believe they have, and I believe that, unless they can arouse a feeling that in time may grow into friendship for them, they will refuse to respond to every effort the owner puts forth.—Eben E. Rexford, in Home and Flowers.

### Persimmon.

Have you ever  
On your travels  
Through the queer, uncertain south,  
Had a 'simmon—  
Green persimmon—  
Make a sortle on your mouth?

—Frank H. Sweet.

### Do Not.

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and as you can try to imitate it and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.—Ruskin.

### My Symphony.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy not respectable, and wealthy not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—Wm. Henry Channing.