

"The Burial of Sir John Moore." A writer in the Critic has discovered why the author of that old-time favorite of the school readers, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," never succeeded in writing any other poem which was considered worth printing. It appears that "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is nothing but a translation from the French of a poem by Lally-Tollendal, an officer of the French army, who wrote the poem after the death of a fellow soldier. Here are two stanzas from the French poem:

Ni le son de tambour, * * * ni la marche funebre, * * * Ni le feu des soldats * * * ne marqua son depart— Mais du brave, a la hate, a travers les tenebres * * * nous portames le cadavre au rempart! De minuit c'etait l'heure, et solitaire et sombre— La lune a peine offrait un debile rayon; La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'ombre, Quand de la balconnette on creusa le gazon.

The opening stanzas of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" are as follows: Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried. We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning; By the struggling moonbeams' misty light And the lantern dimly burning.

This similarly runs through the entire poem, and leaves no room for doubt that Rev. Charles Wolfe simply appropriated to his own use the work of the French poet, put a new title on it, and thus instead of dying unknown beyond the boundaries of his little parish made his name familiar to all English-speaking people. It was a master stroke on the part of Rev. Charles. The Critic's investigator appears to have been unable to discover where Lally-Tollendal stole the poem.

The Waiter's Napkin.

The waiter without his napkin? Impossible, declares Boniface. One might as well imagine the table without a tablecloth. The waiter has carried a napkin ever since he donned black and white, and therefore it is unseemly, barbaric to think of his appearing at table without the fluttering and obsequious linen. We have seen him and his napkin. First he draws out the chair and flicks away an intrusive crumb. Next he polishes a plate and then furtively wipes his brow. A spoon is a little greasy—water daubs it with his napkin. A glass is finger-marked—rubbed with the napkin. A bottle is dusty—the napkin. There may be other napkins, but the waiter is not an aesthete. Were he an aesthete he would not be a waiter. He does not remember to change his napkin. He uses it indiscriminately. The only cure is to take it away from him, and keep things clean as a matter of course. The speck of dust which the waiter removes with such grave and elegant circumspection has no business to be where he finds it. It would be a pity indeed, to denude him of his insignia of office, says the Chicago Post, but the efforts of Prof. Kron, the Berlin physician, who would drive this "deplorably unhygienic piece of linen from all civilized countries," are prompted by the most sensible motives, and should be seconded by every restaurant proprietor who does not consider his duties fulfilled when he floats a geranium leaf in a finger bowl.

Forests Falling Fast.

Finally the lumbermen can see the beginning of the end. They have been leveling the forests and converting them into money. Now they have arrived at the point where they can conceive that soon there will be no more great primeval forests to cut down. The lumbermen have been doing a little figuring. They have estimated that there is 1,475,000,000,000 feet of lumber standing in the United States. The quantity which is cut every year amounts to 45,000,000,000 feet. It is a deduction easily made that it will require only 33 years to consume the present supply. The lumbermen are beginning to clamor for government assistance to save their business. They request that the exportation of logs shall be prohibited and that all tree plantations shall be exempt from taxation. It is clear that some such measures must soon be taken, says the Cleveland Leader. But it is doubtful, however, that those recommended by the lumbermen will in themselves prove to be effectual. Additional and stronger protective laws will probably be found necessary.

It takes an eyelash 20 weeks to reach a length of half an inch, and then its life is from 100 to 150 days. By means of a camera the wink of an eyelid has been measured, and it was found that 20 winks can be made in four seconds. We should like to ask whether it was a soda fountain wink that was measured?

They are calling for artisans and laborers in San Francisco, and yet it is said that 70,000 people are in danger of freezing there next winter.

Fact and Fancy for Little People

The King's Orders.

But They Were Not Executed Because the Prince Held His Nerve Until Crisis Was Passed.

A story is told of one of the Moorish princes of Granada, which is well worth noting, showing as it does, the great value of coolness and self-control in trying circumstances. When Mohammed the Sixth usurped the throne of Granada, he set aside his elder brother Yousuf, the rightful heir to the throne, so that the kingdom might be secure to his own children. He caused Prince Yousuf to be imprisoned in the castle of Shalobanya, where he remained for the ten years of his brother's reign, Mohammed intending, when he felt his health failing, to have his brother assassinated. The unfortunate prince, though brave and courageous to the last degree, was forced to submit to his brother's arbitrary will, knowing that rebellion would be in vain. He was a man of commanding presence, courteous to all about him, and of so winning and gracious a manner that he gained the love and fealty of his entire household, any one of whom would gladly have risked life in his cause. This was especially true of the alcaide of Shalobanya, who was his devoted friend.

Prince Yousuf passed the weary days of his captivity the best he could, his favorite recreations being the game of chess, of which he was a passionate

the heads of half the Spanish youth, a type that Cervantes has immortalized in Don Quixote.

The fascination of chess, however, rivaled those of the tournament with the knights of Spain, and many an hour was beguiled over the game by Prince Yousuf and the faithful alcaide. They were seated thus, one day, both intent upon the game, Yousuf for the time completely forgetting the sword that was always hanging over his head.

He was losing slowly but surely, his adversary's knight and castle were steadily bearing down upon his king, when a page hastily entered the room and informed the alcaide that a messenger was without, desiring to see him upon an urgent matter of state.

"Tell him to wait until our game of chess is finished," said the prince.

But the page made an imploring gesture to the alcaide, which brought the latter instantly to his feet, and he hastened out to meet the messenger, who silently and gravely handed him a sealed note from the king. Hastily tearing it open, the alcaide glanced over the contents, his cheek blanching as he did so. With tottering steps he reentered the room, and the prince, shocked at his pallor, exclaimed:

"My friend, what is thy trouble? Thou lookest as though thou hast just received thy death warrant! Oh," he added, jokingly, "perchance the king, my most loving brother, demands my head! Speak! Is it so?"

For answer the alcaide handed him the letter, but his hand trembled so that the paper fluttered to the floor. Yousuf, stooping, coolly picked it up, and read at a glance the following words:

"My servant, when thou receivest this letter thou shalt immediately take the life of my brother Yousuf and send me his head by my trusty messenger."

The eyes of the brave prince never quailed, nor did his voice falter as he said quietly to the page:

"Bid the king's messenger wait until our game is ended; it will be but a few moments now, for I am losing rapidly; fate is against me on every side."

They repeated themselves at the board, but the alcaide played wildly. It was an easy matter for the prince to regain his lost advantage, and he was just giving checkmate when in the distance was heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. Nearer and nearer they came, and soon two caballeros from Granada, armed cap-a-pie, covered with dust, and in the maddest haste, came dashing into the courtyard at full speed.

"The king is dead! Long live the king! Long live our good king Yousuf!"

The lesson for children to learn from this story is of course obvious. Never give up hope in the face of misfortune. —Chicago Daily News.

The Obsolete Man

By ALBERT E. HUNT.

"Good-by and good luck!"

If there was a covert irony in the Warden's words it was not premeditated, and neither he nor his parting guest perceived it. The conditions in which they stood were not favorable for the perception of fine shades. And the hand-clasp was hearty. It expressed the Warden's sense of loss. For eight years he had known and liked this man, and now he was going away.

Ideals, in the common definition, the Warden had not, but in the ethical code of prison keepers he knew "what was right," and this man had approximated very near to it. His resigned and tractable spirit in confinement had bespoken the position he once had held.

Before their hands parted the Warden had considered this, and more. He recalled the noise of exposure, the falsification of the books, flight, arrest—then the plea of guilty, and the sentence—since reduced by good behavior. He remembered, too, that there had been political elements in the case and much talk about scapegoats suffering for other men's sins. But that was all so long ago and these other men, sinners and saints, were dead and gone to rewards or reckonings.

The little wicket in the monstrous studded doors of the prison closed silently and the man stood in the world again. It was early morning in summer, and the sun was sailing listlessly over from the east, with only a promise of the opulent splendor of his midday wakening.

Originally the penitentiary had been on the outskirts of the town, but now it was envied by rows of small dwelling-houses and cheap stores. Once it had worn a fittingly penal air of sequestration; now the sombre dignity of its great gray walls was flouted by the tawdry brick of these interloping neighbors. Yet it loomed so far above them that its granite spaces seemed informed with a sardonic ridicule which relieved the incongruity.

There came to the free man a vague recognition that during the silent expanse of time which had widened—widened—on the other side of these walls the world here, only a step from them, had been ceaselessly whirling away, with all its wonted clamors and contentions, heedless as ever of the individual atom. It was a shock to realize that only within there, in that still and separate world, had there been no change.

Presently he found himself walking. He did not realize this until the empty clang of a gong sounded in his ears and he started back in sudden panic. When the car had whizzed by he was visibly quaking, but in a moment he was going on again.

Although without purpose in his route, this overpowering fear of the electric cars delayed his progress so that the morning was well advanced when he stood at a corner in the heart of the business section and watched the crowds press past him. He shrank in the half shelter of a post, with the surreptitious air of one who has no right to be seen. Indeed, he vaguely felt himself alien and irrelevant, and his forefinger went falteringly to his lip with a motion become habitual.

Of all these legions rushing by him none so much as glanced in his direction, and he wondered why they did not seem to know that he was a lately released felon. He might have found the reason when he fell to studying their faces. The habit of observation had once been keen in him, as it is in many men who constantly handle large sums of money, and even now it is not quite gone.

He saw that only the children were absolutely placid countenances. All others carried a look of preoccupation, often exhibiting writhing lips and flashing eyes or muttering their thoughts in half-audible sentences. Once a woman, quite alone, passed near him, and he heard her exclaim to herself, "Oh, my! oh, my!" It might have meant only a forgotten pocketbook or a tight shoe, but the tone had a tragic ring. Again, a man talking vigorously to himself swept by, frowning.

None looked toward him; all were ignorant of his existence, and a great loneliness rose within him.

Suddenly an impulse to escape seized him. He felt bound, stifled—as though—as though he were in prison. He turned and fled—first with a rapid stride into a side street, afterward breaking into a run when he was away from the crowds.

The impulse became uncontrollable. On, on, he sped, throwing startled looks over his shoulder. Once he fancied that a crowd was rushing after him with a great hue and cry, but no one followed. At last, panting and breathless, he drew up in front of his goal. In a subconscious way he had all the time known whether he was making his mad flight to escape capture.

For a moment he leaned weak against the little door. Then, with another look over his shoulder, he brought all his strength together and pounded fiercely upon it.

The Warden himself appeared and heard the gasp:

"I've come back—home!"

But the Warden shook his head sadly and said:

"I have no power to take you in. There is no place for you here now." And he closed the door.—St. Louis Republic.

BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA.

Mouth and Eyes Covered with Crusts—Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest and back, in short the whole body was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down; otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1905."

SANE SENTIMENTS.

The black sheep in every family was once the most petted lamb.

Did you ever notice that the size of trouble depends on whether it is coming or going?

Beware of the man who boasts of his good deeds; he probably only awaits a favorable opportunity to do a mean one.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

China to Own Postoffices.

After the return of the Chinese mission which is now making a tour of Europe and America for the purposes of study, the Chinese government intends to assume control of the entire postal system and at the same time to abolish all the postoffices in China now maintained by foreign powers.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY.

There is no one any prouder than the girl who has a pretty white neck.

We have noticed that a baldheaded man has always plenty of hair brushes. Love may make the world go 'round, but it takes jealousy to make it move lively.

When a man eats a peach in the dark, is the joke on him or on the worm?

One of the remarkable features of childhood is the kind of singing that will put it to sleep.

When a woman announces that she puts up cherries with the pits in, the women who take out the pits think to themselves: "How shiftless!"

What has become of the old-fashioned person, who said, when attending a funeral: "I prefer to remember him as he looked in life, and don't care to view the remains?"—Aitchison (Kan.) Globe.



USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

PITMAN FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

When the average man dies the loss is generally covered by insurance.

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

A woman is never satisfied with herself until she has outdone her neighbor in some respect.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight six cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

In the course of conversation one must change the solid gold of one's thoughts into countless pieces of such small coin that one invariably appears poor.—Carmen Sylva.

ITS MERIT IS PROVED RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, and thinking people generally.



The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvelous results among sick and ailing women. Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"About nine months ago I was a great sufferer with female trouble, which caused me severe pain, extreme nervousness and frequent headaches, from which the doctor failed to relieve me. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and within a short time felt better, and after taking five bottles of it I was entirely cured. I therefore heartily recommend your Compound as a splendid female tonic. It makes the monthly periods regular and without pain; and what a blessing it is to find such a remedy after so many doctors fail to help you. I am pleased to recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. Sara Wilson, 31 East 3d Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you have suppressed or painful periods, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, pelvic catarrh, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, or some derangement of the organs. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Libby's Food Products

enable you to make good meals out of "hurry" meals.

Libby's Food Products are ready to serve when you get them, yet are cooked as carefully and as well as you could do it in your own kitchen.

Ox Tongue, Dried Beef, Boned Chicken, Deviled Ham, Veal Loaf—these are but a few of the many kinds your dealer keeps.

Try for luncheon or supper tomorrow, some sliced Chicken Loaf.

Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," free if you wish

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



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READING HIS DEATH WARRANT.

lover; and the perusal of the exciting literature of the day.

In the early part of the fifteenth century, knight errantry was rife. The young Spanish nobles vied with each other in proving their prowess in arms, incited by the reading of such wonderful romances as "Adventures of Amadis di Gaul," a book that turned

The Magic Bottle.

How You Can Make It Appear That You Are Pouring Through the Bottom of the Bottle.

Here is a trick that will prove a puzzle to those who are not pretty well up in physics.

Take an ordinary dinner plate, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, and fill it with water, then a small empty bottle, and assure the spectators that you are wizard enough to pour water through the solid bottom of the latter.

Pass the bottle around, that all may see it perfectly empty and dry, then, having thrust a stick into it and held it to the fire until it is very hot—too hot to hold in the bare hand—stand it, mouth downward, in the plate of water. At the same time pour a tablespoonful of water on the upturned bottom, as if you were beginning to fill it in that way.

Each time you do this the bottle



THE WATER RISING IN THE BOTTLE.

will be seen to retain more water, and as a corresponding amount will have disappeared from the plateful from which you are dipping it, it will easily appear as though the water had passed through the bottom of the bottle.

A Clever Trick.

Requires Careful Balancing and You May Fool Your Boy Friends with It.

The accompanying picture shows this little feat better than any words could do. Place a chair on the floor, front downward, in such a way that the legs are horizontal and the back is uppermost.

Get one of your boy friends to kneel on the lower back bar of the chair and take up with his lips a piece of candy placed on the back of the top bar. The picture shows his position, just as he is about to make the attempt.

It is not unlikely that the boy will think you have set a trap for him; that you want to give him a "header" on to the floor, but you can overcome his reluctance by first doing the thing yourself.

All that is necessary is for you to keep the center of gravity back of the chair seat, and this you can do by crouching very carefully. Perhaps, suggests the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, it might be as well for you to practice for a while in private, and



DOING THE TRICK.

you might also find an advantage in having a pillow or some other soft thing just in front of the chair, so that if you come down you will come down easily.

Foolish Idea.

Some people suppose they can return to nature in an automobile.