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Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system. The blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown. It is not head work, nor over physical exertion that does it, but poor stomach work. With poor, thin blood, the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption. Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a rare combination of native medicinal roots without a particle of alcohol or dangerous habit-forming drugs.

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GAVE UP SUPPORTER.

"I was a supporter for four years, to keep up my womb," writes Mrs. S. J. Chrisman, of Mannville, N. Y. "My doctor said no medicine would help me. After taking Cardui I gave up my supporter and am now well."

FIRST CARRIAGE IN MAINE.

How a Minister Came to Buy It and Why He Sold It.

The Rev. Francis Winter was a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard college. He went to Bath early in 1767 and, after preaching on probation for the orthodox church, was invited to settle, which invitation he accepted. He was ordained in the autumn of the same year. He went to Bath on horseback in company with Lemuel Standish. Mr. Winter came from Boston, where he had associated with such eminent men as Adams, Otis and Warren, himself becoming an ardent patriot, taking the lead in the Revolutionary measures adopted in Bath during that memorable period.

Mr. Winter married Miss Abigail Alden in 1768, and it is through her that the Winters of today trace their ancestry back to the "Puritan Maiden of Plymouth."

Three years after the marriage of the Rev. Francis Winter and Abigail Alden they started to visit a sister of Mrs. Winter living in Connecticut and intended to ride all the way on horseback, but Mrs. Winter became so fatigued that Mr. Winter sold one of the horses for a carriage and harness. It was the first carriage that ever came into Maine and was called a chaise. Traveling was so difficult that two negroes were employed to accompany them with shovels and axes to clear the road. Several times the chaise had to be taken apart and lifted over fallen trees. The minister's parishioners thought that it was putting on too much style for their pastor to ride in a carriage, and in consequence Mr. Winter sold it. This was in 1771. It was a two wheeled chaise, the body resting on leather braces, which were attached to wooden springs.—Lewiston Journal.

A DAZZLING EFFECT.

Old Time Illumination With Lanterns and Candles.

In these days of electric lights, with all their capabilities for brilliant illumination, it is amusing to read what the subjects of George II. considered a dazzling effect. A Frenchman visiting in London at the time of the coronation of that monarch in 1727 writes enthusiastically in praise of the lighting of the city as well as of a banquet display.

"Most of the streets," writes M. Saussure, "are wonderfully well lighted. In front of each house hangs a lantern, or large globe of glass, inside of which is placed a lamp which burns all night. Large houses have two of these suspended outside the doors by iron supports. Some even have four."

How one era light would have dazzled the good people of that day! "When the coronation procession entered Westminster hall," the writer continues, "the light of day was beginning to fade. Forty chandeliers, in shape like a crown, hung from the ceiling, each having thirty-six wax candles."

"On the king's appearance all suddenly lighted, and every one in the room was filled with astonishment at the wonderful and unexpected illumination. Little cords of cotton wool, imperceptible to the eye, saturated with sulphur of saltpetre, spirits of wine and other ingredients, had been prepared and arranged so as to carry the flame rapidly from one candle to another. The arrangement had been so skillfully prepared that scarcely a candle failed to take fire."

For Dosing Oneself.

A physician recommends rochelle salts for amateur doctoring. He says that it is an excellent thing, several times a day, to take as much of the salts as may be put on a cent in a little water. That will sweeten the stomach and act as a very desirable spring medicine. He also speaks highly of soda, having no patience with those timid people who have an idea that it is a dangerous dose, doing some vague harm to the coating of the intestines. "Why, everything we eat, almost, has soda in it," he cried in disdain. "It is an admirable thing to take half rochelle salts and half bicarbonate of soda, as directed, several times a day. I know of few gentler and still more beneficent general medicines."

A Poisonous Frog.

People in general look upon all species of the frog as being perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Granada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to let a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid and is used by the natives as a poison for their arrows.

Write as You Feel.

If you would write to any purpose, you must be perfectly free from within. Give yourself the natural rein; think on no pattern, no patron, no paper, no press, no public; think on nothing, but follow your impulses. Give yourself as you are—what you are and how you see it. Every man sees with his own eyes or does not see at all.—Emerson.

Wouldn't Trust Him.

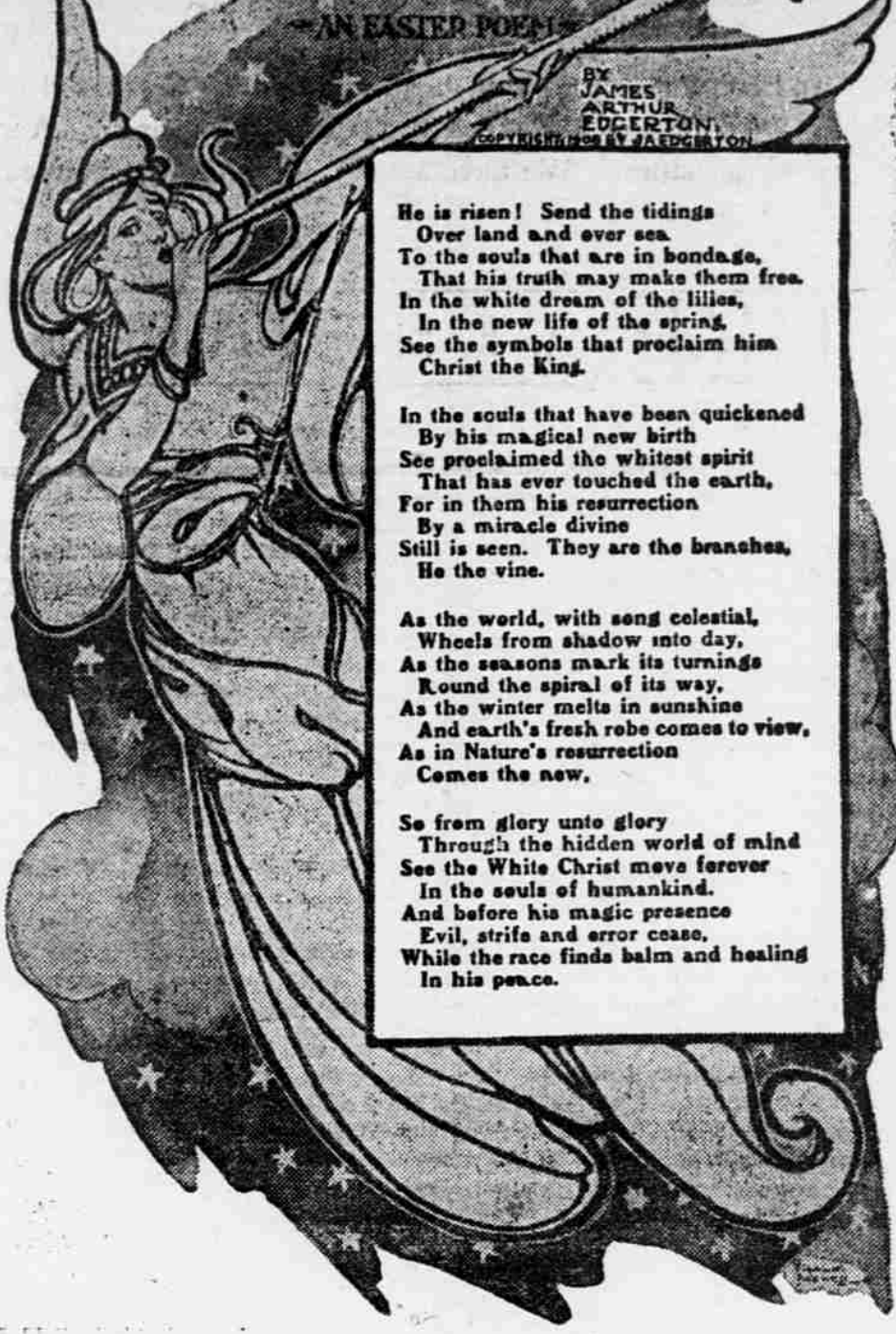
"Of course," said the sarcastic man, "you always do your wife's bidding." "Gracious! No!" replied Mr. Henpeck. "She wouldn't let me. When she goes to an auction sale she never takes me with her."—Philadelphia Press.

Contradictory.

"Has your son arrived at years of discretion?" "Oh, yes. He's about to be married." "How you contradict yourself!"—Cleveland Leader.

All pain must be to teach some good in the end.—Browning.

RESURRECTION



He is risen! Send the tidings
Over land and over sea.
To the souls that are in bondage,
That his truth may make them free.
In the white dream of the lilies,
In the new life of the spring,
See the symbols that proclaim him
Christ the King.

In the souls that have been quickened
By his magical new birth
See proclaimed the whitest spirit
That has ever touched the earth.
For in them his resurrection
By a miracle divine
Still is seen. They are the branches,
He the vine.

As the world, with song celestial,
Wheels from shadow into day,
As the seasons mark its turnings
Round the spiral of its way,
As the winter melts in sunshine
And earth's fresh robe comes to view,
As in Nature's resurrection
Comes the new.

So from glory unto glory
Through the hidden world of mind
See the White Christ move forever
In the souls of humankind.
And before his magic presence
Evil, strife and error cease,
While the race finds balm and healing
In his peace.

The Italian Easter



THE ancient city of the Caesars no longer sees the triumphal processions of the conquerors, but in place of these are almost as spectacular church ceremonies and pageants. These are especially in evidence during holy week, culminating in the elaborate Easter services. Then all Rome becomes a vast church, and the different church edifices are departments in the larger scheme, each contributing its share to the general programme. On Easter day worshippers hurry from church to church, making the whole round if possible. Peasants touch elbows with the old nobility, and they kneel together in prayer. Devotion, like death, levels all ranks. The queen of Italy often makes the rounds with the rest. Foreign lords and princes and even members of royalty are in the city by the Tiber at this season and participate in the celebration with the people.

One peculiar ceremony is the climbing of the holy stairs, which is done by the pilgrims on their knees. Prince and peasant thus toll slowly up the well worn steps together and kiss the image of the Saviour at the top. These stairs are said to have belonged to Pontius Pilate and to have been trodden by Jesus at the time of the trial. They were brought from Jerusalem to Rome by Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the fourth century.

During a portion of holy week no bells are heard in Rome. In place thereof small boys go about the streets marking the hours with a quaint instrument known as the triktrak, a clapper made of wood and iron. On Palm Sunday the streets are filled with vend-



THE SPIDER SWEEPERS.

ers of imitation palms, and worshippers linger on the steps of St. Peter's and other churches to buy these symbols of the day. On Easter morning priests may be seen on their way to bless the breakfast of the people. This meal consists for the most part of eggs and sausages, and the blessing of it is considered essential by every devout Catholic.

Another quaint custom that is still observed in Rome is that of spider sweeping on Easter. It is meant to typify cleansing. Vendors on the streets have small brooms fixed at the ends of long handles for the purpose.

With these all the webs are swept out of the houses.

Easter is a glad holiday in the Catholic capital. The feelings of the people are in accord with the resurrection idea, the triumph of the Christ over death. The common salutation is, "Happy Easter," and this salutation is offered not alone to acquaintances, but to strangers as well. The bells ring out joyfully, and Rome becomes a great musical instrument, vibrating with chimes. In other times the season was marked by a perfect carnival of form, a riot of ceremony. In later days something more of democracy and simplicity has been introduced, but



THE TRIKTRAK BOYS.

even yet the formal predominates. Some of these ceremonies are very impressive—for example, the singing of the "Miserere" in the glowing gloom of Saturday evening. For many years the blessing offered by the pope himself on the city and the world, "Urbi et orbi," on Easter day was always witnessed by a vast concourse of people. It took place from the steps of St. Peter's and was followed by the joyous ringing of bells and by the firing of salutes.

Easter For Two

SHE stood in the doorway, a frown wrinkling her pretty forehead and something of tragedy in her voice and gesture.

"I can't go," she declared, in evident disappointment.

"Can't go, Elizabeth?" he repeated, in perplexity. "You're not ill. What on earth has happened?"

"My hat!" she began and stopped abruptly.

"Well?" he queried.

"Didn't come," said she.

"Horror!" he exclaimed. He pulled aside the curtains and looked out on an ideal Easter morning. "Horror!" he repeated, while the ghost of a smile relaxed his firm mouth.

"It's no laughing matter," said the girl, with some warmth.

"I know," he said contritely. "Of course it isn't. Haven't you another hat?"

The girl glanced at him scornfully. "Perhaps you'd like me to wear a winter hat," she said.

"Exactly," he said calmly. "I certainly would. It will be a tremendous service at the Church of the Apostles. Menon is to sing, and there's to be a string quartet from the Symphony."

"You don't imagine," said she, in amazement, "that I'd go to the Church of the Apostles Easter Sunday wearing my winter hat, do you?"

He smiled patiently.

"I confess I had no proper realization of the enormity of such an act," said he. "Would they put you out?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders in a quaint little gesture of despair. "That's the man of it," she said. "Of course I can't hope to make you understand, but the simple fact remains that I can't go."

"All right," he said cheerfully, and he resumed the seat he had vacated when she entered the room.

"But you'll go just the same," she said.

"Alone? Never!" he protested, with vehemence.

"I hate to keep you away from church on the only day in the year you ever go," she said.

"See here," said he, "we'll compromise. We'll attend service this morning at a place where your hat will not be conspicuous—at a place, in fact, where they will never know whether it is of the winter variety or the latest Easter creation. Will you go?"

"Of course I will," she replied.

They took a suburban car and rode to the end of the route. Then they walked a mile or so along a secluded road and presently turned into a clump of woods.

Elizabeth looked about her with interest, then turned to her companion. "And where is the church?" she asked.

"The groves were God's first temples," he quoted serenely.

"I believe you're glad the hat didn't come," she said.

He regarded her with quiet amusement.

"I believe I am," he returned.

"I don't believe my hat will be unduly criticised here," she said, with a meaningful glance in his direction.

"And I shall have you all to myself," he said, with content. "Let's perch on the fence and have an Easter service for two. There is at least one devout worshiper here," he said pointedly.

They climbed the low fence and sat down on the top rider. The air was soft, and it was freighted with the smell of warm, wet earth. The sunlight through the branches made an interwoven shadow fabric on the ground. Bird voices piped with a pleasant plaintiveness.

"It's good to be alive," he commented.

"Isn't it?" she said.

"And to be here," he went on. "Rather than at the Church of the Apostles?" she asked.

"Decidedly," he averred. "I've much more courage here."

"More courage?" she questioned.

"Yes. More courage to make an Easter confession," he explained.

"Shall I be given absolution?"

"That depends. It isn't murder, is it?"

"More like suicide, I imagine," he returned grimly. "You won't laugh at it, will you?" he said, with very apparent anxiety.

"The seal of the confessional, you know," she said. "Certainly not."

He thoughtfully studied a neighboring tree. The girl was covertly watching him with curious eyes.

"I'm almost afraid to confess," he said at length.

"It must be a grievous sin," she observed.

"I fear you'll think it is," said he.

There was silence again for some moments. Then he straightened himself and cleared his throat.

"I love you," he said simply. "That's the confession."

The color surged into the girl's face. She turned away her head so that her face was hidden.

"Do I get absolution?" he asked anxiously.

"No," she said, her head still turned away.

The ensuing silence was decidedly tense. The man broke it.

"Anyway, I'm glad I confessed," he said stoutly.

The girl made no reply.

"Well," he said finally, "I suppose we'd better go back."

He helped her from the wall, and they walked back toward the road. The man's face was very grave. He could not see the laughter lurking in the girl's eyes.

"I thought perhaps you might have surmised as much," he said, and his voice was grave.

"Well, I have," she answered defiantly.

"May I ask, then, why my confession was not granted absolution?" he said.

"Because—well, because it's—its only sins that are absolved," she replied.

"And we owe it to the hat," said he.

"That didn't come," she laughed softly.

T. BLAIR EATON.

The First Electric Train.

The earliest public trial of a passenger boat driven by an electric motor was that conducted by Professor Jacob of St. Petersburg in the year 1838, though for four years previously he had successfully experimented with electric traction in the privacy of his own grounds. The trial of Jacob's vessel took place on the Neva and was witnessed by a vast crowd of people. The boat was twenty-eight feet long and ten feet wide and carried fourteen persons.

It was not until four years later that we find any record of a passenger carriage driven by electricity on land, and in this case the inventor was Alexander Davidson of Edinburgh. The carriage was sixteen feet long by seven feet wide and was impelled for a mile and a half at the rate of four miles an hour on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway.

The Game of the Sheep.

Among the gypsies of Bosnia there is a curious game called "the game of the sheep."

You know they skin a sheep or goat in the east by dragging the skin off whole over its head. This skin the Bosnians drip and grease most carefully. Then they tie up the four legs and the neck and blow it full of air, so that it looks like a very greasy, badly shaped sheep. This is thrown in the middle of a ring, and each man in turn jumps on it with bare feet until one succeeds in bursting it. The lucky one then gets a purse. Such a funny sight as it is to see them jump and sprawl, for of course if they do not strike it at just the right angle they slip on the greasy surface as if it were a toboggan slide and go sprawling.

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