

Practice and Preaching.

When the late Bishop Hare was presiding over a Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City a large reception was given in his honor to which a brother of his, a lawyer, who closely resembled the bishop, was invited.

During the evening a member of the conference who had never met the bishop's brother approached him and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said:

"Good evening, Bishop Hare. I greatly enjoyed the sermon you gave us today. It is just what this church needs."

"You are mistaken in the person," said the brother, smiling, as he pointed to the bishop on the opposite side of the room, "that is the man who preaches. I practice."

FIVE YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Restored to Health by Curing the Kidneys.

Mrs. A. P. Hester, 614 Fourth Ave., Evansville, Ind., says: "For five years I was laid up with kidney trouble for weeks at a time. My limbs were swollen and I suffered almost unbearable pain. The kidney secretions were scanty, passed too frequently and scalded. I shook like a person with palsy. My case completely puzzled the doctors. Finally I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, soon felt better and ere long was cured."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unusual.

Corporal of the Guard—Sentry, port arms! Give up your orders!

Sentry proceeds to give over his orders until he comes to the hackneyed "in case of fire or any unusual occurrence immediately alarm the guard."

Officer of the Day (to sentry)—What would you call an unusual occurrence, my man?

Sentry—Well, sir, if I were to walk to the far end of my post and turned round and found the sentry box marking time I should call that an unusual occurrence.—London Answers.

Unpleasant Complexions.

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies, and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find Cuticura Soap most successful in realizing every expectation.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are admirably adapted to preserve the health of the skin and scalp of infants and children, and to prevent minor blemishes or inherited skin troubles becoming chronic, and may be used from the hour of birth. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the civilized world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free Cuticura Book, 32 pages of invaluable advice on care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair.

A Great Help.

"I look forward to having a great garden this year."

"You do? Bought some new varieties of seeds?"

"No, but I've found a man in the neighborhood who owns a wheelbarrow, and that will be a great help."—Detroit Free Press.

Montreal and Quebec.

A veritable edition de luxe among railroad pamphlets has been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System to proclaim among tourists the glories of the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The brochure is beautifully printed and generally arranged in the artistic style of earlier days, when the ornamentation of a volume was regarded as an important incident to its presentation of reading matter. It gives an interesting description of the two most interesting cities in Canada, with many illustrations from photographs. Sent free to any address. Apply to W. S. Cookson, 917 Merchants Loan & Trust Building, Chicago.

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. A European traveler witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pliers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.



THE BUGLE SONG.

HE went away to the war that day,
To the swinging bugle song;
All staunch and true in his suit of blue,
And sturdy, brave and strong.
Mid the tramp of feet and the loud drum beat,
And the ringing of the cheers,
There were none to see such a one as she
Who could not see for tears.

And back again came the marching men,
With the bugle singing still;
Yet the music's surge was a sighing dirge,
All sad and slow and shrill.
For a woman wept, and a soldier slept
In the dreamless, silent sleep;
And the bugle song had a measure wrong
For the buglers sometimes weep.

And the bugles' lure while the years endure
Will coax them to the line,
And the luring strains on the hills and plains
Still echo fair and fine.
But the suits of blue, and the sabers, too,
And the worn and battered caps,
Will tell some maid what the bugle played
When it sighed the song of "Taps."
—Baltimore American.

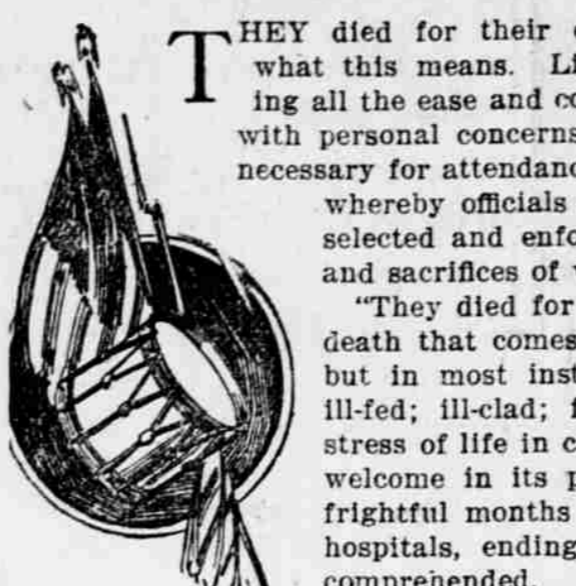
A DARING RIDE.

Feat of a Union Officer That Won Confederate Cheers.

One morning in February, said General Wesley Merritt, my division of cavalry started with instructions to discover the extent of Lee's forces on the Rapidan without bringing on a general engagement. In due time we found ourselves face to face with the enemy and the river between. A lively skirmish with small arms began, but the result was insignificant. The enemy declined to show force beyond what was necessary to engage our skirmish line. The breastworks were long and formidable, but whether they were occupied by few or many soldiers our ingenious plans failed to discover.

It was finally decided that the only way to make the enemy show force was to try to cross the ford in our front. If this succeeded, the enemy was to be driven out of his works if possible; if not, he would drive us back across the ford, probably with severe loss to our troops. Reluctantly, under these conditions, the division was organized for the work.

Leading the advance guard, which consisted of a squadron of cavalry, was Captain Ash. His instructions contemplated that only his advance guard should cross. It was hoped that this maneuver would draw the enemy from behind the breastworks and cause him to display his force. Ash advanced with his squadron amid the



THEY DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

THEY died for their country. Maybe we don't appreciate what this means. Living amidst peace and plenty; enjoying all the ease and comforts of happy homes; often too busy with personal concerns to give even the few minutes a year necessary for attendance at the primary and general elections, whereby officials are chosen and policies of government selected and enforced, we know nothing of the horrors and sacrifices of war.

"They died for their country." Not always the quick death that comes to crown a fit of spasmodic devotion, but in most instances after years of great privation; ill-fed; ill-clad; fever-racked; reduced by hardship and stress of life in camp and on the march until death was welcome in its promise of relief—or else it was after frightful months in hellish prison pens or overcrowded hospitals, ending torture neither to be described nor comprehended.

"They died for their country." What death means, even at best, few can realize until it strikes home. These men went away young, sturdy, strong, full of life's joy and pleasure, many leaving behind them unprotected wives and children, for whose future provision had not been made. They died, but their death was merciful in contrast with the long suspense, then the agony and afterward the pitiful struggle of those tender ones whom it threw penniless upon the cold mercies of the world. Make the case your own in imagination. Conceive of your wife and your babies put to that ordeal. You might be willing to forfeit life yourself in some great, inspiring cause, but the contemplation of what it would mean to the loved ones left behind might properly give pause to the boldest man.

"They died for their country." But for what they and their comrades did, think what America would be to-day. Not the great, rich leader among the nations, but a bunch of snarling States, each jealous and possibly envious of the other, a prey to strife or gross ambition, and the whole fine experiment of freedom ruined, for us and for mankind.

Can we pay them too much honor? Shall we begrudge memorial attentions? Ought we not to burn with shame at the selfishness which coolly appropriates the rich fruits of their great sacrifices and then forgets even the fading flower in garland on their tomb?

and smoke of bygone battles. Very soon there came among the veterans a little girl perched on the shoulder of her soldier papa. Her golden curls floated in the breeze and her eyes sparkled as she clapped her hands to the music of "Marching Through Georgia."

John was watching her with delight when he became aware of an ugly muzzling near him, and before any one in the crowd quite understood what was happening the owner of the ugly voice stepped out and tripped the soldier carrying the child.

A murmur of horror came from the onlookers as the soldier swayed. Quick as a flash John rushed in between the tramp and the falling man, and catching the girl in his arms saved both father and child from being prostrated.

The tramp was quickly disposed of and little golden-locks restored to her papa, but John had disappeared in the crowd, eager to escape thanks. The mother, watching from the window, saw and understood. "Thank God," she sighed; "he will love his country and live for her."

A Peace Hymn of the Republic.
There's a voice across the nation like a mighty ocean hail,
Borne up from out the southward as the seas before the gale;
Its breath is in the streaming flag and in the flying sail
As we go sailing on.

'Tis a voice that we remember, ere its summons soothed as now,
When it rang in battle challenge and we answered vow with vow,
With roar of gun and hiss of sword and crash of prow and prow
As we went sailing on.

Our hope sank, even as we saw the sun sink faint and far;
The ship of state went groping through the blinding smoke of war—
Through blackest midnight lurching, all uncheered of moon and star,
Yet sailing, sailing on.

As One who spake the dead awake, with lifeblood leaping warm,
Who walked the troubled waters, all unscathed, in mortal form,
We felt our Pilot's presence with His hand upon the storm
As we went sailing on.

O voice of passion lulled to peace, this dawning of to-day!
O voices twain now blent as one, ye sing all fears away
Since foe and foe are friends, and lo, the Lord as glad as they—
He sends us sailing on.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Unsentimental.
A veteran of the Civil War was asked if he felt that interest in Memorial day was dying. He answered the question with a question:
"You will die, won't you? Nothing lasts forever. It's natural that this change should come."
"Then you aren't indignant that a feeling of indifference should be manifested by a younger generation?"
The old soldier said:
"No. Why should I be? I don't care a fig. Talking about the war won't make heroes. I dare say if there was an occasion for it the young men of to-day would make as good a record as they made forty years ago. But you can't expect young people to-day to feel about the war the way we older fellows do. They aren't close enough to it."
"I know that's so, because when I was a boy I was just about as far away from the war of 1812 as you are from the Civil war, and I know people didn't take any account of it. It's just as well, it seems to me. War is a bad remedy—necessary sometimes, but bad, all the same."
"Naturally I don't like to see the observance of Memorial day becoming more slack. It is an indication of the advance of time—nothing more. You can't say it shows deficient patriotism, for it's simply human nature, and I can't see that we're any different from what we've ever been."
"People aren't any more selfish than they ever were. It seems to me that they are just the same. The old soldiers have had a good deal done for them."—New York Evening Post.

waved it over his head. It was a signal of triumph.

To our amazement the Confederates, moved by admiration, ceased firing. Instead, they mounted on their breastworks as thick as they could stand and, throwing their hats into the air, cheered him again and again.

Ash reined up his horse and, turning toward the Confederates, raised his hat in a graceful salute. Then he rode leisurely into our own lines, amid the cheers of both sides. He had accomplished the work without the loss of a man and had for himself seen and displayed to every one else a full force of infantry occupying the Confederate works.

Captain Ash said afterward that he had not thought of the scheme of drawing out the enemy's force until he had reached the brink of the river and seen the great number who occupied the works. To go on meant certain death to many of his command; to retreat in the direct line of fire was equally disastrous, and the inspiration to act suddenly seized him.

A Young Patriot.
The veterans were parading in large numbers, and John and his mother stood at the window watching their march by. How like a hero every old veteran looked! And how tattered and scarred the battleflags seemed as they

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TO-DAY'S PATHETIC DWINDLING LINE.



stillness of death. The skirmish firing was hushed, and the silence which prevailed showed that the enemy was intent on keeping us in ignorance of its numbers and determined to make us pay heavily for information.

The anxiety was intense. We knew that when the enemy opened fire at short range our loss would be great and that the advance guard must be the first and greatest sufferers. Ash, with his small command, moved on. The works in front, gloomy, silent, denuded, seemed deserted. The men started to cross the ford, and Ash pushed on ahead. He gained a point of vantage where, because of a turn in the river, he could see the interior of the breastworks.

Just then the Confederates opened fire with a withering volley. Suddenly Ash commanded his squadron to retreat, while he, bending forward on his horse's neck, rode at a rapid gallop along the river bank parallel to the breastworks, followed, as he came up to each new part of the works, with volley after volley.

There seemed no hope for him, and we waited in intense anxiety. On he kept in spite of the storm of lead. Then, as he reached a point where his view of the Confederate lines was still more extended, he raised his hat and

were proudly held on high by the standard bearer!

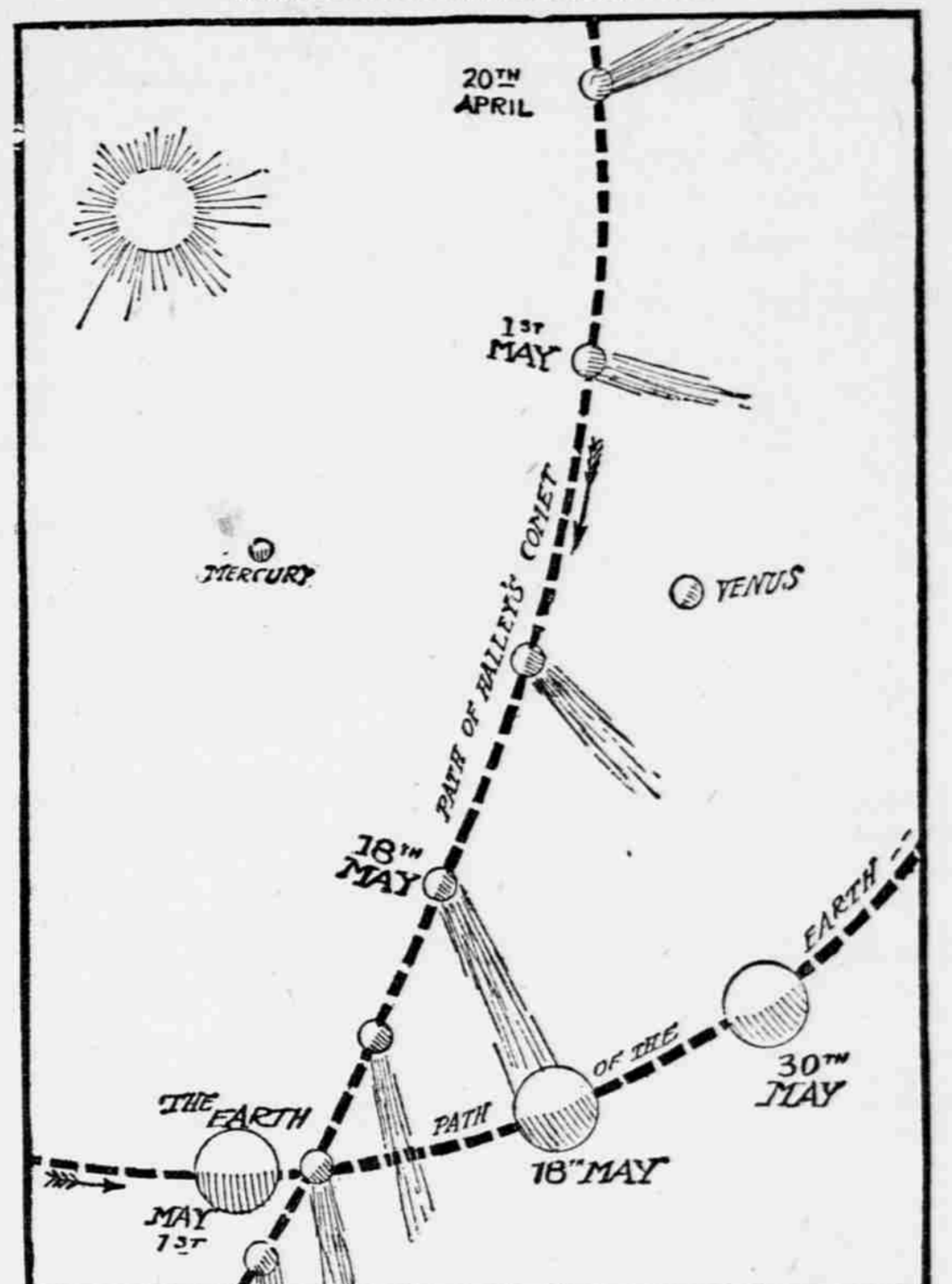
That very morning John's mother had shown him, for the first time, a suit of blue and the sword her brother had worn on the field, and although the mother was sad at the recollection she was proud of the service her brother had done his country, and she told John all about the brave young man who died fighting.

"Mother," said John, moving closer to her, "I wish I could do something for the United States. I should like to have lived in the 60s."

"There is yet much work to be done," answered his mother, "even though we live in later years."

"What can I do? The slaves are free and our country is at peace."
"I don't think you'll ever be called on to fight in war, John, but there are other ways; just watch for your opportunities."
And now as they gazed out of the window John thought of his uncle and longed to be a hero.

"Please, mother, may I go down and stand on the curb; I'd love to be closer?"
His mother gave consent, and in another minute John stood close to the passing soldiers and the flags, and he fancied he could smell the powder



The diagram shows the path of the heavenly wanderer with respect to the earth's orbit.

Halley's comet is a trifle when compared with the comet of 1811, which had a head of a million miles in diameter. It is not so large as the comet of 1832, which, with a head 200,000 miles across, had a tail 100,000,000 miles long, with a spread at the end of 20,000,000 miles.

The course of the comet was first calculated by Edward Halley, an English astronomer and friend of Sir Isaac Newton, who was born in 1656. Halley observed it in 1682, identifying it with a similar visitant seen by Apollonius in 1531 and by Kepler in 1607. He predicted its reappearance about the end of 1758 or the beginning of 1759. It was observed on Christmas day, 1758, after Halley's death. Since then its regular appearances at intervals of three-quarters of a century have been traced back to 11 B. C. The earliest appearance known is 240 B. C.

Its latest appearance was in 1835, and its next is scheduled for 1985. On its present visit it was first described Sept. 11, 1909.

It is traveling through space with a velocity of forty miles a second. Its head is over 200,000 miles in diameter and its tail, which is at its greatest length, is approximately 30,000,000 miles long.

The nucleus of the comet consists of a loose conglomeration of matter, like rocks, with large interstices.

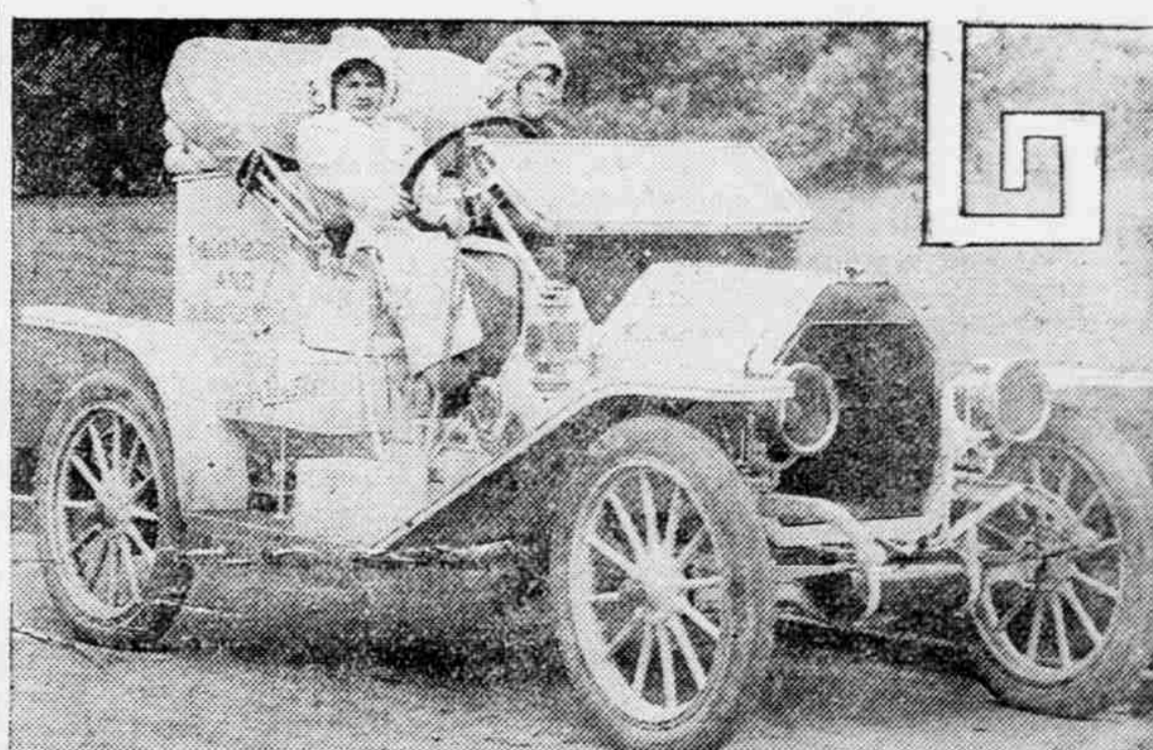
The density and mass of the comet's tail in proportion to its size is extremely small, almost too minute to be measured. The comet starts without a tail, accumulating one gradually as it approaches the sun.

The tail is not continuous, scientists believe, but is formed anew each second.

The tail is curved, its curvature depending upon the relative velocity of the matter leaving the head of the comet on its course.

Conflicting theories have been advanced to explain why the tail points away from the sun, in apparent contradiction of the law of gravitation. It is assumed that some electrical force in the sun repels the tail.

GIRL IN AUTO TRIP FROM COAST TO COAST.



Blanche Stuart Scott of Rochester, N. Y., is making the trip from New York to San Francisco in an automobile, accompanied only by her maid. She expects to show what an American girl can accomplish by herself in an American automobile running over American roads. She will depend entirely upon her own resources for replacements and repairs, as well as for supplies of gasoline and oil.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

With \$14,999 in currency strapped about his waist, which he is charged with having obtained by fraudulent drafts deposited with banks of Denver, T. C. Mowery, 54 years old, was arrested in that city.

Thomas F. Grady, leader of the minority in the New York Senate, announced in Albany that he was going to resign in the fall and devote all his time to the Fraternal Order of Eagles, of which he is vice president.

Ed Hart was shot and instantly killed and Mrs. Hart, his wife, was fatally wounded by Rufe Miller at the home of the former in Dodge County, Georgia. It is said that the shooting was the result of an old grudge between the men.

Unlawful Strikes Defined.

The Iowa and Dakota Interurban Railroad is issuing \$200,000 worth of first mortgage bonds to farmers, and the promoters, capitalists of Yankton, Centerville, Wagner and Lake Andes, will put in the balance of \$300,000 to finance the road. The contracts call for completion December 31, 1910. Work on the road has been going on since August last, and comprises ultimately a line from Sioux City quite direct to Mitchell via Viborg and Olivet, a distance of 125 miles.

Woman Still a Savage.

Dr. Max Baff, of Clark College, Worcester, makes the statement that from a psychological standpoint woman is no better than the savage of old. He says: "She emulates them by her love of birds, feathers, hanging ornaments to her ears, wearing bracelets, rings and necklaces and affecting gaudy colors. She arranges her hair in fantastic shapes by artificial methods and is partial to a dab from the powder or paint pot. Like savages, she is color blind, prone to religious hysteria and impressionable." May, he says, has put these fads and fancies behind him. Dr. Baff thinks woman suffrage agitation a form of woman's emotional insanity which will soon end.

Supreme Court Justice Gerard, of New York, in granting a permanent injunction against the Waist Makers' Union of New York City to prevent it from calling a strike on a firm alleged to have furnished goods to a struck shop, has rendered a decision having a wide bearing on future strikes. He says it is unlawful interference for a union to oppose a proprietor for selling goods to a firm against which a strike is in progress, and that it amounts to an unlawful boycott.