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Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.



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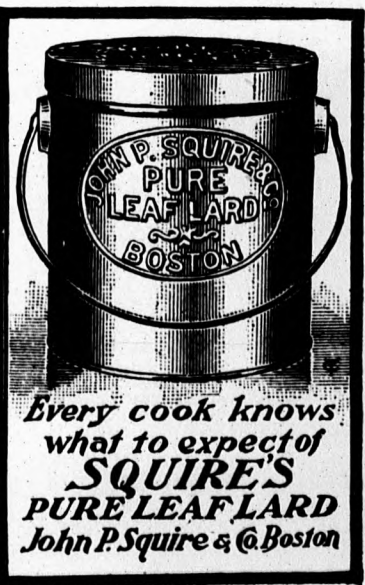
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Cubans in Church

Another Interesting Service in the Old Cambridge Baptist Church—Dr. Adams' Address in Spanish and English—A Large Audience Present.

Another service was held for the benefit of the Cuban teachers in the Old Cambridge Baptist church Sunday evening. The songs and addresses were in Spanish and English. The church was crowded, the greater portion of the audience being teachers.

These meetings have proved very successful thus far. Their only object, as Dr. Adams puts it, is to do the visitors good, and there is no reference to denominational issues whatever. Another service will be held next Sunday evening, when an address will be given by another one of the teachers and there will be songs in Spanish.

The service Sunday evening was in charge of Rev. R. J. Adams, D.D. A short sermon was preached by Jose Manuel Cabrera of Havana, and prayer was offered by Rev. Gozara Hernandez, a Congregational minister of Tampa, Fla.

An address was delivered by Dr. Adams, which was interpreted for the Cubans by Miss Lopez of Havana. Dr. Adams spoke as follows:

"Friends and teachers from Cuba: Your vocation is one of the noblest and best on earth. You will be largely the makers of the men and women of your country. As true educators, you will aim to cultivate the heart as well as the intellect. You will aim to make noble character as well as high scholarship. A true education involves a right development of the spiritual nature. It recognizes the fact that every human being has a conscience that separates him by an impassable gulf from all other creatures of the universe; that he has a spirit immortal, allying him to Deity and making him capable of high fellowship with his Creator forever. Hence, when a true teacher takes a boy for training, his primal question is not how shall he be fitted for this business or that station, for this office or that profession, but how shall his slumbering powers be aroused and rightly directed. How shall his possibilities of a noble manhood and a useful life be brought to actual achievement. Our Lord came into the world that man might have life and have it abundantly.

"A good life to the glory of God is the chief end of man. If your work as teachers shall help to produce such life in the rising generation, it will be successful and glorious and great will be your reward in this world and in the next.

"There is a legend that Jupiter once offered the prize of immortality to the man who would prove that he had been the most useful to mankind. On a set day a great number of competitors met at the court of Olympus to contend for the prize. The warrior boasted of his patriotism and Jupiter thundered. The painter showed that he could give life to inanimate canvas, and Jupiter breathed aloud in derision. The orator claimed that he had power to sway the nation with his eloquence. With a nod, Jupiter marshaled the obedient host of heaven. The poet said that with his verse he was able to move even the gods. Jupiter blushed. The musician said that he taught and practiced the only art that is transferred to heaven. Jupiter hesitated, and, seeing a venerable man looking on with great interest, asked of him, 'Who are you?'

"The venerable man answered, 'Sir, I was the teacher of all these competitors.'

"Jupiter quickly responded, 'Crown him, crown the faithful teacher with immortality and make room for him at my right hand.'

"Estimable teachers of Cuban youth, do your work faithfully and thoroughly, as unto the Lord, and your fellow-men will honor you, and your Divine Master will give you a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

The address as interpreted in the Spanish tongue by Miss Lopez, was as follows:

Maestros y maestras Cubanos. Vuestra vocación es una de la mas alta y mejor del mundo. Vds. seran verdaderamente los hacedores supremo del futuro pueblo de Cuba. Como verdaderos instructores Vds. designaran a cultivar el corazón lo mismo que la mente. Vds. designaran a hacer caracteres nobles lo mismo que buenos educadores.

Una verdadera educación envuelve una correcta manifestación de la naturaleza espiritual. Esto reconoce la realidad que todo ser humano tiene una conciencia que lo separa por un golfo intransitable de todas las otras criaturas, que el tiene un espíritu inmutable, aliándolo al ser supremo y haciéndolo capaz de una alta igualdad, para siempre, con su creador.

Por esto cuando un maestro verdadero toma a un muchacho para enseñarle por medio de practica, su primer pregunta no es, como sera el preparado para un negocio especial, posición social o cierto cargo publico y profesian pero es, como seran sus ideas despertadas y correctamento dirigidas, como seran sus posibilidades de una virilidad noble y una vida util traídas al conocimiento actual? Nuestro Señor vino al mundo para que el hombre pudiera tener vida abundante. Tanto como vuestros trabajos puedan ayudar a hacer estas vidas en la generacion naciente seran prospero y glorioso y grande sera vuestra recompensa.

Hay una leyenda que Jupiter una vez ofrecio un premio de immortalidad a el hombre que pudiera probar que el habia sido el mas util a la humanidad. En un dia nombrado un grand numero de competidores se encontraron para enseñar sus pretenciones. El guerrero se vanagloria de su patriotismo. Jupiter al oír esto, trono. El pintor ensenale que el podia dar vida al caneva inanimado. Jupiter respiro alto en irritacion.

El orador reclamaba que el podia dominar la nacion con su eloquencia. Con una señal de la cabeza Jupiter ordeno al obediente patron del cielo. El poeta dijo que el tenia el poder de mover hasta los dioses con su verso. Al oír esto Jupiter se sonrojo. El musico reclamaba el premio en la tierra, que el ensenaba y practicaba el unico arte que es transferido al cielo. Jupiter vacilo y viendo un venerable hombre, que estaba mirando la escena con interes, le pregunto, "Quien es Vd?" El anciano contesto, "Señor, yo soy el maestro de todos estos competidores." Jupiter respondio enseguida, "Coronelo, Coronelo"

al Maestro fiel con immortalidad y hagan paso para el a mi lado derecha."

Maestros de Cuba, trabajen Vds. fielmente y verdaderamente como para el Señor y vuestros compatriotas le honraran y el Divino Maestro le dara una corona de gloria que nunca se decaera.

PROSPECT UNION ATHLETICS.

Interesting Meet Held on Holmes Field Saturday for a Few Contests—How the Events Resulted.

The members of the Prospect Union, who are inclined to athletics, met on Holmes field Saturday and held an interesting list of contests. The object of the meet was to create an interest in athletics, and to provide a little pleasantry.

The events were as follows: One hundred-yard dash—Won by Schwartz; second, Keenan; third, Coyne. Time—11 2-5s.

Quarter-mile run—Won by Coyne; second, Hoben. Time—59s.

Shot-put—Won by Coyne, 28 ft., 10 in.; second, Baird, 28 ft., 5 in.

Broad jump—Won by Coyne, 15 ft., 2 in.; third, Keenan, 14 ft., 10 in.

One mile run—Won by Hoben; second, Coyne; third, McDonald. Time—5 m., 12 s.

Hop, step and jump—Won by Keenan, 32 ft., 9 in.; second, Hoben.

One mile bicycle race—Won by Coyne; second, Paradis. Time—2 m., 47 1/2 s.

Sack race—Won by McDonald; second, Anderson. Time 13 s.

Potato race—Won by Hoben; second, Schwartz. Time—1 m., 16 s.

Three-mile bicycle race—Won by Paradis; second, Coyne. Time—9 m., 5s.

The officials were as follows: Referee and starter, James L. Whitney of the Yale track team; judges, Frank Styles and Charles Sweeney; announcer, Maj. Theodore R. Bird.

Professor MacVane on Webster and Calhoun

The series of lectures now being delivered in the Old South Meeting House on "The United States in the Nineteenth Century" was continued Wednesday afternoon, when Professor S. M. MacVane of Harvard spoke to a large audience of young people on "Webster and Calhoun, or the Nation and the States."

The lecturer said that a federal government like ours was the most difficult government that had ever been attempted. It always involved an attempt to balance the powers of the central with those of the various state or local governments. Usually the states wanted one thing, while the federal authority required another, and thus friction came as a result. Germany had had this trouble, so had Switzerland, and every country must have it where local powers were included within general powers.

Having thus dealt with the general aspects of his subject, Professor MacVane went on to describe the controversies on the subject of the relation of federal to local government, which were associated with the names of Webster and Calhoun. He described the misunderstanding between North and South in the thirties, as well as the rival views which clashed when the Congress met at Philadelphia to decide on a constitution. Among the great questions which then came up was the question of states' rights and national sovereignty. Calhoun, who was committed to the support of slavery, and viewed with apprehension the growing power of the North, took the view that our system is a system of states; that the constitution, when adopted, was thus adopted, not by a vote of the people, but by a vote of the states; and that, in order to get a decision by the country, it must be obtained from the states, and that when it had been obtained from them, it did not matter whether it came from the majority of the people or not.

He also held that, as the states had delegated certain powers to the Union, the state must always be the judge for itself of what it had delegated; also that the powers of the United States did not come from the people, but from the constitution, which vested certain power in the national Congress.

Against these views the lecturer cited the positions taken by Webster, who defended the doctrine of national sovereignty, and took in the famous debate with Calhoun immediately after the passage of the nullification act by South Carolina, by which the national tariff act of 1832 had been declared null and void. Professor MacVane, in developing the facts of the controversy, described the various phases of the anti-slavery agitation.

"I Thought I Would Never Be Well Again."

One of the saddest things that can happen to a woman is to fall into such a depth of despondency through unnatural weakness and disease as to imagine that she can never recover. "For two years," says Mrs. W. G. Day, of Trussville, Jefferson Co., Ala. "I had suffered with weakness, headache, pain in my back and side, which would become so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my hand on it. I had cold hands and feet and many other bad symptoms too numerous to mention. Home physicians' treatment did me no good. I had become very despondent and thought I would never be well again."

"But with a faint heart I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and described my symptoms best I could. He promptly answered by letter, and sent me a treatise on 'Woman and Her Diseases'; he also outlined a treatment for me which I followed to the best of my ability, and after taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' I can truthfully say that I felt like a new woman. In a few months afterwards, when I was suffering with the many troubles due to pregnancy, I procured 'Favorite Prescription' again and took it through that time. I soon became very stout and felt well. I was in labor only a short time and got along well; better than I ever did before. My baby is a fine boy, now two months old, and has never been sick any. I cannot find words sufficient to express my praise of Dr. Pierce's medicine. I never miss an opportunity to recommend it. I hope all suffering ladies will consult him, for they will be benefited by taking his medicine."

Letters to Dr. Pierce are treated in the most sacred confidence, and never published without permission, and the most careful, professional advice is given by return mail free of charge.

Women would understand their own mental and physical natures better; they would make better wives and mothers; they would be every way healthier, happier, and more capable, by reading and studying Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book, 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser.' It is a veritable, complete family medical library in one magnificent volume. More than half a million copies have been sold at \$1.50 each, but a free copy, paper-bound, will be sent to any woman on receipt of one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing copy; or, if a heavier, handsome cloth-bound book is preferred, send 31 stamps.

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THE TOY COMMANDMENTS.

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT.

Oh, the black night, oh, the long, lagging hours,
When the soul yearns and tugs and fawns and cowers
Eager to know, yet loath to meet its fate,
Sick with the penitence that comes too late!
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
What if my years are stained with many crimes?
Death hurts but once, and life a thousand times.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my fevered brain.
Ever before me, wistful-eyed and wild,
I see the phantom figure of a child.

It is my night, the time of life and day,
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched throughout the day.
And all good children with their hearts aflame
Are crooning soft and low their father's name,
Or running to and fro from place to place,
To catch the first quick glimpse of his dear face.
But I am lurking where the shadow's grace
Covers the pallor of my wretched face,
Whistling brave tunes so no good child may guess
That I am crazed with fear and bitterness.
But every footstep at the outer door,
And every sound that creeps along the floor,
And every gentle wish of wind or rain
Crashes like nightmare through my tortured brain.
The night grows darker, shadows crawl and creep,
The other children have been soothed to sleep,
But I am left alone to bide my fate,—
O Father God, what makes you stay so late?
They thrust me into life, and left me free,
Told me to stay until you came for me,
Gave me for comfort in my hours of need,
To calm my body and to curb my greed,
Those toy commandments which your own cool hands
Fashioned for children of all times and lands.

O God, I never meant in any way
To hurt those treasures in my rough child play!
I put them high up on my treasure shelf,
And let no children touch them but myself,
And climbed up to them when my hands were clean.
If you had only come back then and seen!
But, God, my hands, my eager man-child hands,—
Mad with unrest no mortal understands,
Blind with the breathless joy that power brings,
Crazed for the knowledge of the why of things,
I broke at noontime all my blessed toys,
Then turned and mocked the timid other boys.
It was a grand play-time, that little hour,
Vibrant with life and blood and love and power;
Breathless,—so breathless was its moment's trend,
I did not know my sin until the end.
Then, when my soul awoke to know and care,
All the good children stood around to stare,
Prodding their white hands deep into my pain,
To watch me writhe and wince and writhe again.
God, my own sorrow was enough indeed
To furnish me the full strength that I need,
But their relentless hands, contemptuous gaze,
Have left me festering in my length of days.
I cannot stand another touch of scorn.
I hate the ghastly day that I was born.
I do not dare to pray, for fear that I
With lips once loosened will curse God and die.

Now comes the night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched through all the day.
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain,
Strange fancies flit across my dying brain,
Father, I do not need your strength and might,
I only want a little love tonight.
If you must come in wrath with threats of Hell,
I can go bravely and can call it well.
But if you should come with a smiling face,
And take me close and warm in your embrace,
And kiss away the years of sin and pain,
I think, I think I could be good again.

—From Harper's Magazine for August.

The School Laws of Cuba.

A decree published in the Gazette of Havana on December 6, 1899, established the present school laws of Cuba. The military governor appoints a superintendent of schools for each province except Havana, where two are appointed. The superintendents have general charge of the schools of their districts, examination of pupils, certification of teachers, textbooks, supplies, visitation of schools, school census, reports to secretary of public instruction, and other similar duties. Each municipality has a board of education, consisting of the mayor (ex-officio) and six other members (in Havana eight), appointed by the mayor. Every city or town of over five hundred inhabitants must have at least one school for boys and another for girls or a single school for both sexes. No teacher, unless for special reasons, shall instruct more than fifty pupils. Schools with a minimum of thirty-five pupils are known as complete schools and with a less number as incomplete schools. Towns with less than five hundred inhabitants may establish an incomplete school with a minimum of fifteen boys or girls of both sexes. All boys and girls between six and fourteen years of age must attend school, public or private, for not less than thirty weeks of the school year. The school day consists of five hours, in one or two sessions. Home study for pupils under twelve years is forbidden. Parents or guardians are fined for violation of the attendance law. Children physically unable to attend school, defective, living at great distance from school or with widowed mothers depending on them for support are exempted from attendance. Teachers of both sexes receive equal pay for similar services, and are paid monthly, as follows: In Havana, \$75; in capitals of provinces (and in Cardinas and Cienfuegos), \$60; in other municipalities, \$50; assistants in complete schools and teachers in incomplete schools, \$30. A teacher of a class having supervision of not less than two other classes, is "principal," and receives \$10 extra per month.

The subjects of study for elementary schools embrace reading, language (Spanish and English), writing, arithmetic, geography, history, hygiene, drawing and nature study. The courses of study and methods of teaching are prescribed by the board of superintendents. A manual for teachers (in Spanish 16mo, pp. 146, has been issued, with the following contents: General Rules, Physical Exercise, General Notes, Reading, Language and Grammar, English Idiom and Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Geography and Nature Study, History of Cuba, Hygiene, Music, Drawing.

Text-books and supplies are free. Until otherwise decreed the department of finance of Cuba provides for the support of schools. Various other items, as powers of boards of education, terms and sessions, janitors, etc., are specified in the laws.

Old Home Week in Maine.

The tickets and badges for the excursion to Portland can be obtained of the president of the Sons and Daughters of Maine, A. H. Ricker, at his store on Boylston street, next the post office. President E. B. Hayes of the Dirigo Federation has arranged for the Lewiston Cadet band to meet the excursion trains from Boston at Portland at 10.30 and escort the Massachusetts clubs to the grand stand in Longfellow square. Those Massachusetts men who are in Portland, are requested to be at the Union station and march to the square with those coming on the trains. Seats will be reserved for those marching in this procession and wearing the Massachusetts badge.

CASTORIA.
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Beware the
Signature
J. C. Watson