

THE WATERMILL.

Listen to the Watermill
Through the living day
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away?
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid—
Love while love shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in time to-day.
Tender, intelligent, and health
May not, cannot last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh.
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard—
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take—oh! hold it fast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the
Land of the Old.

By MISS HUNT MORRIS.

Author of "Heaven, Hell and the Kingdom of God."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

La Hermana Rosa read the usual portion of "Early Biography during the evening meal, but the Hermana Juana did not derive much profit from the holy portion of how St. Teresa used to tell her beads at a miraculous elevation of three feet from the floor of the chapel. The monotonous tones of the tired reader droned on, until supper was duly finished, and meanwhile Juana's thoughts had been busy, and the result of her cogitations was, that the shades, whom she cordially hated, had betrayed some of the convent secrets to the new novice, whom she hated still more heartily. Padre Maluquis would probably be there in a day or two, and she would communicate her suspicions to him. "And who knows what may happen?" she said to herself. "Perhaps some day I may be a shade, and then, won't I rule well over those ladies of the *angre* and?"

While Juana was nursing thus her large family of suspicions, animosities, and ambitions, Padre Renaldo was very differently employed.

On leaving the shades and Elvira, he returned to the vaults by way of the chapel, intent on tracing out the passage allotted to her by the former as unexplored by her. He travelled it for a considerable distance without coming to any outlet, one passage after another, all varying slightly in breadth and height, succeeding in a seemingly endless course until his perseverance was at length rewarded by some change in the scene, as the way opened into a wide hall, similar to that in which he and the Conde had rested during their first private walk together. He had brought a pocket compass with him that day, in view of some examination of the vaults under the convent, and carefully noted the bearings as he proceeded. Since his first acquaintance with the other subterranean road, he had examined it carefully in the same way as he was examining this one, in hope of finding some entrance to the convent in that direction. On reaching this hall he paused, and compared his present notes with those he had made of the other road. The result was the feeling of confusion for the worn and weary man, whose frame was evidently powerful as it was, in great need of further repose; but he had promised—besides, his daughter's perilous situation, called for the utmost possible speed in the arrangement of measures for her rescue from it.

So he bent over the slumbering priest, and lightly touching his hand, low and distinctly.

"Padre Don Renaldo?"

The sleeper stirred uneasily, and muttered something unintelligible.

"Padre Renaldo, it is eleven o'clock!"

Renaldo's eyes opened, with a confused gaze, but as the sight of the Conde brought him back to full wakefulness, he sprang to his feet, and was very soon prepared for his expedition.

"I am only grieved that you should be obliged to walk, *senor*," said the Conde, the irregular cave in which he found himself. At length, behind an angle of rock which protruded beyond the smoother surface around it, his quick eyes observed a series of high ledges, so rude were they as to be unsuggestive of anything more than accidental irregularities; the unpolished rock, except to a seeker as keen and anxious as Renaldo. He, however, instantly, though with some difficulty, began to climb these uneven steps, trusting that he was on the verge of a discovery. As he ascended the ledges were wiser, and when he was about thirty feet from the floor a hole appeared in the rock side, about a yard in diameter. This he boldly entered, and crawled along, cautiously feeling his way, for he could no longer hold up his lamp, until his head emerged on the other side. By dint of peering down as far as

his faint light would reach he managed to discover several ledges for foot rests, like the former ones, and again putting up his lamp he slowly felt his way downwards to the floor, and then looked round to note his position.

With a cry of thanksgiving he recognized the cavern. It was as he had hoped. The way of escape was found. From the quantity of soil and dust which adhered to his dress he inferred that the connecting passage had not been used for a long time, and was probably unknown to the present occupants of the convent. To discover the man out of the convent path was how his object, in order to which he retraced his steps to where he had diverged from it, and after sundry windings found that it terminated in a grotto, where was one of those rudely-carved images so often seen among the mountains of Spain and Portugal. Weary, but triumphant, he hastened back to the Villa Hernandez and communicated his success to Don Fernando.

"And we can rescue my child at once!" exclaimed the Conde, in the first burst of joy.

"Senor, that is a matter for grave consideration," replied the priest. "True, we can now quietly bring her away, at almost any moment. But she will be sought. When she disappears I must disappear also, and my stored-up necessities yours, if you value your safety for one hour."

"We can hide in the caves until our arrangements are made for final flight to the coast," answered the Conde, readily. "That is so, *senor*," returned the priest. "We can hide there, but we don't want to be disturbed till the booty is shared round among the muchachos. Do you want to see him, *padre*?"

"Yes, I came, hoping to find him," replied the priest; "but I am uncertain of the waymarks just here, and tried the signal, hoping some of you might be at hand. When are you going to do as I advised you, *Pacorro*, and give up this wild life for one more pleasing to God?"

"As to that, reverendo *padre*, I shall confess my sins to you, and set it all right with the church. But you want to see El Aguilá. I will soon get you a guide."

And putting a small horn to his lips, he blew one long shrill blast.

The sound of a quick blast was heard, and a man mounted on a small wiry steed came cantering, gliding, springing down the rocky path.

"Chepe," said Pacorro, as his comrade came within hearing, "here is the good *padre* waiting to see El Aguilá; take him with thee to the fortaleza."

"Chepe dismounted with a ready movement of grace, and showed how strong was the influence which Renaldo possessed over these wild outlaws. As he turned to lead the way back, he suddenly noted the pallid, wasted face of the priest.

"For la santísima virgen," he exclaimed, "your reverence has fasted too strictly since you were last among us. You look like your own spectra, like an alma del otro mundo. The man I need, *padre*; you must take things easier. You are not one of the jolly padres who love to eat their fat capons while the poor are starving. *Padre*, I beg you to influence over him is considerable. In all probability he is not many miles off. At all events, I know how to find out his present location. Give me some refreshment quietly, here in your room, *senor*, and a couple of hours' rest, and I will bring you news of his whereabouts."

Don Fernando looked at him admiringly, but anxiously.

"Don Renaldo," he said, in a moved voice, very different from his usual tone of cold courtesy, "you have had hours of toil and excitement. Can you so soon make fresh exertions?"

"I can do anything to save the *senorita*, by God's grace," replied the priest, earnestly. "I assumed the post of her spiritual director, and so led her into danger. Now I must do my utmost to repair at least one error. Would to God I could as easily put away all the terrible sins of my ignorance! I will rest but two hours, *senor*, trusting you to awaken me then. Will you promise not to allow me to sleep longer?"

"I will," answered the Conde; "and if there is God, may He bless you for the work you are doing!"

"To-night, then, I will seek our contraband friend; to-morrow we will bring away the *senorita*."

He threw himself on a lounge, and was soon in a heavy sleep, dreaming of to-morrow. Ah! To-morrow!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

At the time agreed on, Don Fernando aroused Renaldo from his deep sleep of exhaustion, although sorely against his feeling of confusion for the worn and weary man, whose frame was evidently powerful as it was, in great need of further repose; but he had promised—besides, his daughter's perilous situation, called for the utmost possible speed in the arrangement of measures for her rescue from it.

So he bent over the slumbering priest, and lightly touching his hand, low and distinctly.

"Padre Don Renaldo?"

The sleeper stirred uneasily, and muttered something unintelligible.

"Padre Renaldo, it is eleven o'clock!"

Renaldo's eyes opened, with a confused gaze, but as the sight of the Conde brought him back to full wakefulness, he sprang to his feet, and was very soon prepared for his expedition.

"I am only grieved that you should be obliged to walk, *senor*," said the Conde, the irregular cave in which he found himself. At length, behind an angle of rock which protruded beyond the smoother surface around it, his quick eyes observed a series of high ledges, so rude were they as to be unsuggestive of anything more than accidental irregularities; the unpolished rock, except to a seeker as keen and anxious as Renaldo. He, however, instantly, though with some difficulty, began to climb these uneven steps, trusting that he was on the verge of a discovery. As he ascended the ledges were wiser, and when he was about thirty feet from the floor a hole appeared in the rock side, about a yard in diameter. This he boldly entered, and crawled along, cautiously feeling his way, for he could no longer hold up his lamp, until his head emerged on the other side. By dint of peering down as far as

his faint light would reach he managed to discover several ledges for foot rests, like the former ones, and again putting up his lamp he slowly felt his way downwards to the floor, and then looked round to note his position.

With a quick step Renaldo once more traversed the cavern route, and on emerging from the mountain-entrance proceeded to follow a steep, almost imperceptible path, which wound away up into the lofty regions of the Sierra. After walking about four miles, a second shadow seemed to follow him in the clear moonlight; but nothing more substantial appeared until Renaldo paused and looked around, with the air of one who is doubtful of the right road to pursue. He hesitated a little while, and then uttered a low, peculiarly quivering whistle, which was instantly answered; and a shaggy mountain dog, that the *senor*'s original stepped out from the shelter of the trees so suddenly that Renaldo started.

"Buena noche, *padre*," said the new arrival. "You scarcely thought your call would be so soon obeyed, did you?"

"No, truly, *amigo*," replied the priest, failing to note that the customary benediction, much to the surprise of the mountaineer.

"I've been following your reverence this fifteen minutes," he added. "You kept your cloak so close around you that I did not recognize you, and I am on the right night along this way, from your bent pine down to the bottom of the hill."

"Is anything new going on to-night, good *Pacorro*?" asked the priest.

"Not that we know," said the brigand, for once in two hours ago, and he didn't want to be disturbed till the booty is shared round among the muchachos. Do you want to see him, *padre*?"

"Yes, I came, hoping to find him," replied the priest; "but I am uncertain of the waymarks just here, and tried the signal, hoping some of you might be at hand. When are you going to do as I advised you, *Pacorro*, and give up this wild life for one more pleasing to God?"

"As to that, reverendo *padre*, I shall confess my sins to you, and set it all right with the church. But you want to see El Aguilá. I will soon get you a guide."

And putting a small horn to his lips, he blew one long shrill blast.

The sound of a quick blast was heard, and a man mounted on a small wiry steed came cantering, gliding, springing down the rocky path.

"Chepe," said Pacorro, as his comrade came within hearing, "here is the good *padre* waiting to see El Aguilá; take him with thee to the fortaleza."

"Chepe dismounted with a ready movement of grace, and showed how strong was the influence which Renaldo possessed over these wild outlaws. As he turned to lead the way back, he suddenly noted the pallid, wasted face of the priest.

"For la santísima virgen," he exclaimed, "your reverence has fasted too strictly since you were last among us. You look like your own spectra, like an alma del otro mundo. The man I need, *padre*; you must take things easier. You are not one of the jolly padres who love to eat their fat capons while the poor are starving. *Padre*, I beg you to influence over him is considerable. In all probability he is not many miles off. At all events, I know how to find out his present location. Give me some refreshment quietly, here in your room, *senor*, and a couple of hours' rest, and I will bring you news of his whereabouts."

Don Fernando looked at him admiringly, but anxiously.

"Don Renaldo," he said, in a moved voice, very different from his usual tone of cold courtesy, "you have had hours of toil and excitement. Can you so soon make fresh exertions?"

"I can do anything to save the *senorita*, by God's grace," replied the priest, earnestly. "I assumed the post of her spiritual director, and so led her into danger. Now I must do my utmost to repair at least one error. Would to God I could as easily put away all the terrible sins of my ignorance! I will rest but two hours, *senor*, trusting you to awaken me then. Will you promise not to allow me to sleep longer?"

"I will," answered the Conde; "and if there is God, may He bless you for the work you are doing!"

"To-night, then, I will seek our contraband friend; to-morrow we will bring away the *senorita*."

He threw himself on a lounge, and was soon in a heavy sleep, dreaming of to-morrow. Ah! To-morrow!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

At the time agreed on, Don Fernando aroused Renaldo from his deep sleep of exhaustion, although sorely against his feeling of confusion for the worn and weary man, whose frame was evidently powerful as it was, in great need of further repose; but he had promised—besides, his daughter's perilous situation, called for the utmost possible speed in the arrangement of measures for her rescue from it.

So he bent over the slumbering priest, and lightly touching his hand, low and distinctly.

"Padre Don Renaldo?"

The sleeper stirred uneasily, and muttered something unintelligible.

"Padre Renaldo, it is eleven o'clock!"

Renaldo's eyes opened, with a confused gaze, but as the sight of the Conde brought him back to full wakefulness, he sprang to his feet, and was very soon prepared for his expedition.

"I am only grieved that you should be obliged to walk, *senor*," said the Conde, the irregular cave in which he found himself. At length, behind an angle of rock which protruded beyond the smoother surface around it, his quick eyes observed a series of high ledges, so rude were they as to be unsuggestive of anything more than accidental irregularities; the unpolished rock, except to a seeker as keen and anxious as Renaldo. He, however, instantly, though with some difficulty, began to climb these uneven steps, trusting that he was on the verge of a discovery. As he ascended the ledges were wiser, and when he was about thirty feet from the floor a hole appeared in the rock side, about a yard in diameter. This he boldly entered, and crawled along, cautiously feeling his way, for he could no longer hold up his lamp, until his head emerged on the other side. By dint of peering down as far as

his faint light would reach he managed to discover several ledges for foot rests, like the former ones, and again putting up his lamp he slowly felt his way downwards to the floor, and then looked round to note his position.

With a quick step Renaldo once more traversed the cavern route, and on emerging from the mountain-entrance proceeded to follow a steep, almost imperceptible path, which wound away up into the lofty regions of the Sierra. After walking about four miles, a second shadow seemed to follow him in the clear moonlight; but nothing more substantial appeared until Renaldo paused and looked around, with the air of one who is doubtful of the right road to pursue. He hesitated a little while, and then uttered a low, peculiarly quivering whistle, which was instantly answered; and a shaggy mountain dog, that the *senor*'s original stepped out from the shelter of the trees so suddenly that Renaldo started.

"Buena noche, *padre*," said the new arrival. "You scarcely thought your call would be so soon obeyed, did you?"

"No, truly, *amigo*," replied the priest, failing to note that the customary benediction, much to the surprise of the mountaineer.

"I've been following your reverence this fifteen minutes," he added. "You kept your cloak so close around you that I did not recognize you, and I am on the right night along this way, from your bent pine down to the bottom of the hill."

"Is anything new going on to-night, good *Pacorro*?" asked the priest.

"Not that we know," said the brigand, for once in two hours ago, and he didn't want to be disturbed till the booty is shared round among the muchachos. Do you want to see him, *padre*?"

"Yes, I came, hoping to find him," replied the priest; "but I am uncertain of the waymarks just here, and tried the signal, hoping some of you might be at hand. When are you going to do as I advised you, *Pacorro*, and give up this wild life for one more pleasing to God?"

"As to that, reverendo *padre*, I shall confess my sins to you, and set it all right with the church. But you want to see El Aguilá. I will soon get you a guide."

And putting a small horn to his lips, he blew one long shrill blast.

The sound of a quick blast was heard, and a man mounted on a small wiry steed came cantering, gliding, springing down the rocky path.

"Chepe," said Pacorro, as his comrade came within hearing, "here is the good *padre* waiting to see El Aguilá; take him with thee to the fortaleza."

"Chepe dismounted with a ready movement of grace, and showed how strong was the influence which Renaldo possessed over these wild outlaws. As he turned to lead the way back, he suddenly noted the pallid, wasted face of the priest.

"For la santísima virgen," he exclaimed, "your reverence has fasted too strictly since you were last among us. You look like your own spectra, like an alma del otro mundo. The man I need, *padre*; you must take things easier. You are not one of the jolly padres who love to eat their fat capons while the poor are starving. *Padre*, I beg you to influence over him is considerable. In all probability he is not many miles off. At all events, I know how to find out his present location. Give me some refreshment quietly, here in your room, *senor*, and a couple of hours' rest, and I will bring you news of his whereabouts."

Don Fernando looked at him admiringly, but anxiously.

"Don Renaldo," he said, in a moved voice, very different from his usual tone of cold courtesy, "you have had hours of toil and excitement. Can you so soon make fresh exertions?"

"I can do anything to save the *senorita*, by God's grace," replied the priest, earnestly. "I assumed the post of her spiritual director, and so led her into danger. Now I must do my utmost to repair at least one error. Would to God I could as easily put away all the terrible sins of my ignorance! I will rest but two hours, *senor*, trusting you to awaken me then. Will you promise not to allow me to sleep longer?"

"I will," answered the Conde; "and if there is God, may He bless you for the work you are doing!"

"To-night, then, I will seek our contraband friend; to-morrow we will bring away the *senorita*."

He threw himself on a lounge, and was soon in a heavy sleep, dreaming of to-morrow. Ah! To-morrow!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

At the time agreed on, Don Fernando aroused Renaldo from his deep sleep of exhaustion, although sorely against his feeling of confusion for the worn and weary man, whose frame was evidently powerful as it was, in great need of further repose; but he had promised—besides, his daughter's perilous situation, called for the utmost possible speed in the arrangement of measures for her rescue from it.

So he bent over the slumbering priest, and lightly touching his hand, low and distinctly.

"Padre Don Renaldo?"

The sleeper stirred uneasily, and muttered something unintelligible.

"Padre Renaldo, it is eleven o'clock!"

Renaldo's eyes opened, with a confused gaze, but as the sight of the Conde brought him back to full wakefulness, he sprang to his feet, and was very soon prepared for his expedition.

"I am only grieved that you should be obliged to walk, *senor*," said the Conde, the irregular cave in which he found himself. At length, behind an angle of rock which protruded beyond the smoother surface around it, his quick eyes observed a series of high ledges, so rude were they as to be unsuggestive of anything more than accidental irregularities; the unpolished rock, except to a seeker as keen and anxious as Renaldo. He, however, instantly, though with some difficulty, began to climb these uneven steps, trusting that he was on the verge of a discovery. As he ascended the ledges were wiser, and when he was about thirty feet from the floor a hole appeared in the rock side, about a yard in diameter. This he boldly entered, and crawled along, cautiously feeling his way, for he could no longer hold up his lamp, until his head emerged on the other side. By dint of peering down as far as

his faint light would reach he managed to discover several ledges for foot rests, like the former ones, and again putting up his lamp he slowly felt his way downwards to the floor, and then looked round to note his position.

With a quick step Renaldo once more traversed the cavern route, and on emerging from the mountain-entrance proceeded to follow a steep, almost imperceptible path, which wound away up into the lofty regions of the Sierra. After walking about four miles, a second shadow seemed to follow him in the clear moonlight; but nothing more substantial appeared until Renaldo paused and looked around, with the air of one who is doubtful of the right road to pursue. He hesitated a little while, and then uttered a low, peculiarly quivering whistle, which was instantly answered; and a shaggy mountain dog, that the *senor*'s original stepped out from the shelter of the trees so suddenly that Renaldo started.

"Buena noche, *padre*," said the new arrival. "You scarcely thought your call would be so soon obeyed, did you?"

"No, truly, *amigo*," replied the priest, failing to note that the customary benediction, much to the surprise of the mountaineer.

"I've been following your reverence this fifteen minutes," he added. "You kept your cloak so close around you that I did not recognize you, and I am on the right night along this way, from your bent pine down to the bottom of the hill."

"Is anything new going on to-night, good *Pacorro*?" asked the priest.

"Not that we know," said the brigand, for once in two hours ago, and he didn't want to be disturbed till the booty is shared round among the muchachos. Do you want to see him, *padre*?"

"Yes, I came, hoping to find him," replied the priest; "but I am uncertain of the waymarks just here, and tried the signal, hoping some of you might be at hand. When are you going to do as I advised you, *Pacorro*, and give up this wild life for one more pleasing to God?"

"As to that, reverendo *padre*, I shall confess my sins to you, and set it all right with the church. But you want to see El Aguilá. I will soon get you a guide."

And putting a small horn to his lips, he blew one long shrill blast.

The sound of a quick blast was heard, and a man mounted on a small wiry steed came cantering, gliding, springing down the rocky path.

"Chepe," said Pacorro, as his comrade came within hearing, "here is the good *padre* waiting to see El Aguilá; take him with thee to the fortaleza."

"Chepe dismounted with a ready movement of grace, and showed how strong was the influence which Renaldo possessed over these wild outlaws. As he turned to lead the way back, he suddenly noted the pallid, wasted face of the priest.

"For la santísima virgen," he exclaimed, "your reverence has fasted too strictly since you were last among us. You look like your own spectra, like an alma del otro mundo. The man I need, *padre*; you must take things easier. You are not one of the jolly padres who love to eat their fat capons while the poor are starving. *Padre*, I beg you to influence over him is considerable. In all probability he is not many miles off. At all events, I know how to find out his present location. Give me some refreshment quietly, here in your room, *senor*, and a couple of hours' rest, and I will bring you news of his whereabouts."

Plutarch's Wife.

When the wife of Plutarch lost her little daughter, during his absence from home, he wrote her a remarkably beautiful letter in reference to their affliction, which shows the perfection of the relation existing between them as husband and wife. In this letter he recounts the charms of the child, and says that he sees no reason why remembrance of those charms, which delighted them while she lived, should grieve them now that she was dead. And he goes on to commend his wife for the good taste of the funeral ceremonies, which were without cost or pomp, and were managed in silence and moderation, with no spectators but the relatives—a course of conduct in which many families might imitate the Roman lady to-day. "I remember," he says, referring to the previous death of an older child, "when the news was brought me of my son's death, as I was returning home with some friends and guests who accompanied me to my house, when they beheld all things in order, and observed a profound silence everywhere—as they after had declared to others—they thought no such calamity had happened, but that the report was false, so discreetly had you settled the affairs of the house at the time when no small confusion and disorder might have been expected."

An Inscription on a Sun Dial in Venice.

Mrs. Stowe, while visiting Venice, noticed this inscription on a sun dial there: "Hours not mine, mine not hours." "Count no hours but unclouded ones." She was impressed with the inscription, and mentioning it in a letter to a friend wrote:

"I have come to a firm resolution to count no hours but unclouded ones, and to let all others slip out of my memory and reckoning as quickly as possible. I am trying to cultivate a general spirit of kindness toward everybody. Instead of shrinking into a corner to notice how other people behave, I am holding out my hand to the right and to the left and forming casual or incidental acquaintances with all who will be acquainted with me. In this way I find society full of interest and pleasure. . . . The kind words, and looks, and smiles I catch forth by looking and smiling are not much by themselves, but they form a very pretty flower-bore to the way of life. I embellish the day or the hour as it passes, and when they fade they only do as you expected they would. This kind of pleasure in acquaintanceship is new to me. I never tried before. When I used to meet persons, I was in a hurry to get away. I have such and such a character, or have they any thing that might possibly be of use to me? I ask those questions no longer!"

Finish What You Begin.

My old great-grandmother Knox had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob-house, they must not leave it until it was done, and nothing of work or play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon incomplete. I sometimes saw her in the way of this way. How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief, time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go back and finish four. Patient, persistent toil into the matter, and be assured, one completed undertaking will yield you more pleasure and the world more profit than a dozen fair beginnings of which you are never able to finish.

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop into serious troubles in the way of Consumption or Laryngitis, or even Consumption. Use Baird's Balm of Horehound.

A Standard Remedy.

For many years the public has been accustomed to see the cabalistic R. R. R. in the columns of nearly every newspaper in the country, but very few people ever knew the history of this liquid preparation or can form any idea of the extent of its use.

Sometime about 1844, Dr. John Radway, who had previously had extensive experience in a drug store, and who had a considerable knowledge of chemistry and was always compounding and testing the sorts of cures, formulated the recipe for what is now known as Radway's Ready Relief. He tested it in hundreds of cases until, satisfied of its utility and value, he commenced its manufacture and to introduce it into general use.

Like all new things it moved slowly at first, but as people began to learn of its merits, they inquired for it at the drug stores, and by advertising it freely it soon became the leading popular remedy, and for more than forty years has been a favorite remedy. It is known all over the world, is sold in leather lands, and has been used by millions of people, and to-day holds its stand as the leading liquid remedy in the world.

Its uses are so