

CAMELS IN AMERICA

Uncle Sam Once in the Business of Breeding Them,

WAS A DISMAL FAILURE

Some of Their Descendants Still in Arizona District.

A few lines in the telegraphic news of the daily press the other day concerning the killing of a camel on the Colorado Pacific railroad train by a Southern Pacific train was the first intimation to millions of Americans that a herd of genuine camels of the desert eye ran at will anywhere within the domain of Uncle Sam. Indeed, there are thousands of people who have made their home for years in California who have never heard that camels from Arabia and Egypt have been wandering over the sandy wastes of the extreme southern part of their own state.

The history of the camels of western Arizona and along the Colorado river is very interesting and forms one of the most curious chapters in the annals of the United States. The first intimation to millions of Americans that a herd of genuine camels of the desert eye ran at will anywhere within the domain of Uncle Sam. Indeed, there are thousands of people who have made their home for years in California who have never heard that camels from Arabia and Egypt have been wandering over the sandy wastes of the extreme southern part of their own state.

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STORY OF DR. DAVIS

Queer Physician Who Made His Own Drugs.

OTHER DOCTORS JEALOUS

Tried to Get the Secret of His Medicine.

Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, May 5.—After living the life of a hermit for fifteen years, Dr. C. J. Davis, once a well known physician of New York City, died in the Hotel Diez, in El Paso, Tex., last night. He had been taken there by persons who found him naked and nearly dead in the little old adobe hut which he had called home, where he had lived alone for more than twenty years. With him died a medicine secret which physicians had tried for years to obtain.

Dr. Davis was far from poor. He owned mining properties which brought him in much more than he ever spent, and his account with two El Paso banks was a steadily increasing one.

He was fond of good eating and jewelry and he gratified himself. When he was taken to the hospital several gold watches and a number of diamonds were found in his hat.

The romance which caused him to give up society, life as a physician, was a strange one. Twenty years ago he had a well established practice in New York and was about to be married, when he discovered in himself the germs of consumption.

Knowing the infectious nature of his disease and the practical impossibility of curing it in New York, he hastened as to his duty. Should he marry the young woman and lead the life he had planned or should he give up everything and ex-ile himself to the Southwest?

Dr. Davis made up his mind. He had no right to expose a wife to the danger of contracting the disease which threatened his life. So the physician came to the table-lands of Northern Mexico.

Then came a change in the physician. Where he had been congenial and amiable, he became morose and shunning society. Mexicans did not thrust themselves upon a stranger, and the few Americans were soon repelled by Dr. Davis's desire to be alone. So he was left untroubled in the life he had chosen.

The home he selected was unattractive. It was a weather-worn hut more than two hundred and fifty years old. Its single walls were pierced only by one window and a door. The roof was made of mud and brick, the floor of adobe, and the walls were of mud and brick.

For some time he lived like this. Then he added a few comforts. He had a wooden floor laid to cover the beaten earth which had served him since the house was built.

But he was as far from seeking comfort as ever. Those from whom he bought his supplies knew nothing of him save that he always paid in cash. Attempts were made to draw him out, but they were repelled. Beyond his name no one knew anything about him.

The discovery was made that he was a skilled physician. His knowledge of pneumonia is a peculiarly fatal disease. The altitude adds an obstacle to the work of the physician.

But Dr. Davis's New York experience had not gone for nothing. He had studied pneumonia and had experimented until he was satisfied that he could defeat it. One day he heard of a person not far from the adobe whose life was despaired of. He went to the house and told who he was. He promised to do his best to cure the sick man.

He laid his hands on the patient and in a few minutes the patient was breathing more freely. The doctor was not far from the adobe whose life was despaired of. He went to the house and told who he was. He promised to do his best to cure the sick man.

"I'm Simply all Worn Out."

Overworked Women.

Evidence of Mrs. Pinkham's Cures.

Fatigue is the natural result of hard work, but exhaustion results from weakness.

Hard work for a weak woman is traffic in flesh and blood.

It makes little difference what the field of work is, whether at home or elsewhere, if there is weakness, work brings exhaustion.

Ability to stand the strain of hard work is the privilege of the healthy and robust.

How our hearts ache for the sickly women that work for daily bread at some ill-paid factory employment!

How distressing also to see a woman struggling with her daily round of household duties, when her back and head are aching, and every new movement brings out a new pain!

If the mere looking on at these suffering women touches our hearts, how hopeless must life be to the women themselves!

Their devotion to duty is a heroism which a well person cannot understand.

Can these ailing, weak women, who are called upon to do work which would tire a strong man, be made to see that they can easily and surely better their condition?

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, convince them of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the FACT that it WILL HELP THEM be made plain?

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Read the letters from women in the opposite column of this paper, and when you go to your drug store to buy this sterling medicine, do not let yourself be persuaded to accept the druggist's own valueless preparation because it is a few cents cheaper than

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

\$5000 REWARD

Offering to the person who can show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.



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If the mere looking on at these suffering women touches our hearts, how hopeless must life be to the women themselves! Their devotion to duty is a heroism which a well person cannot understand. Can these ailing, weak women, who are called upon to do work which would tire a strong man, be made to see that they can easily and surely better their condition? Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, convince them of the virtues of this medicine? How shall the FACT that it WILL HELP THEM be made plain? When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?" Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

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Evidence of Mrs. Pinkham's Cures.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—One year ago I read a letter in a paper telling how much good one woman had derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had been sick all winter and was nearly discouraged, as the medicine the doctor gave me did me no good. I had kidney complaint, leucorrhoea, itching, bearing-down feeling, and painful menstruation. I wrote to you describing my trouble and soon received an answer telling me what to do. I followed your instructions, and have taken nine bottles of Sanative Wash and one box of Liver Pills. I am well now, do not have those sick spells at the monthly period, but can work all day, and that I never could do until I began taking the Compound. I cannot praise the Compound too highly. I do hope every suffering woman will learn of your remedies and be cured as I have been. I wish all success to the Compound; it has done wonders for me and I am so thankful.—MRS. GENIE KELLOGG, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to let you know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation from which I suffered terribly. I really believe that I would be insane to-day if it had not been for your medicine. I cannot praise your Compound enough and feel that if all who suffer from female troubles would put themselves under your care and follow your advice they will find relief.—MISS K. R. SCHULTZ, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For eight years I have suffered with inflammation of the womb and bladder, profuse and painful menstruation, and at times it seemed as though I should die. I doctored most of the time, but seemed to fail every year. A short time ago I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am today as well as ever. Your medicine is woman's best friend.—MRS. L. J. FOWNE, Littleton, N. H.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write this letter for you to publish for the benefit of poor, suffering women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me a great deal of good. I have taken three bottles and feel like a new woman. When I began the use of your medicine, I was hardly able to get up, could not do half a day's work, I ached from head to foot, was almost crazy, had those bearing-down pains, and stomach was out of order. Now all of these troubles have left me and I can work every day in the week and not feel tired.—MRS. JENNIE FREEMAN, 602 Pennsylvania Ave., Lima, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for seven years without any relief, although treated by two of the very best doctors in this city. A few years ago I was nothing but a living skeleton. The doctor said my heart was the cause of all my sickness and that I could only be relieved, but never got well. Sometimes I would get so exhausted and short of breath that I would not know what to do. My nerves were very weak, blood impure. Was troubled with headache and feet swelling; also had leucorrhoea. I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel well now. I have gained twenty-seven pounds and am able to work all day in the store and do not feel tired when I get home at night. Would express my gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me.—PETRA M. LOVA, care of L. Wallace, San Antonio, Texas.

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