Washington Standard.

"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May."

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Editor and Proprietor.

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HAPPY TIMES.

In days of old
When dudes were bold
And sheet-iron trousers wore,
They lived in peace,
For then a crease
Would last ten years or more.
—*Washington Herald.*

In those old days
They had a craze
For steel shirts, and they wore them,
And there was bliss
Enough in this—
For the laundry never tore them.
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

In many ways
In those old days
The clothes they wore were nice;
But think of how
It would be now
With a steel-trust clothing price.
—*Tacoma News.*

Why do you sigh
For years gone by
With their sheet-iron trouser day;
Do you wish it known
'Mongst those of tone,
That you wore "Jeans" of gray?
—*Lue F. Vernon.*

ART OF PIPE SMOKING.

How to Fill a Pipe and to Take Care of It—Tobacco Mixtures.

As important as the condition of tobacco smoked is the state of the pipe itself. A straight pipe with a wide bore in the stem is the best, says the *London Globe*, because it is easy to clean with a few twists of a feather. No doubt feathers are the finest pipe cleaners.

Next, no doubt, to a good, seasoned tobacco is to have a battery of pipes, so that a frequent change is possible. The ideal plan is never to smoke a particular pipe more than once in a day. When done with, it should be cleaned and stood on the rack, bowl downward, and all pipes should be used in rotation. There is a great art, too, in filling a pipe. If the tocacco is crammed in haphazard it will not burn evenly, and a tightly packed pipe is the cause of more tongue blisters than even an ill-conditioned, half-drowned tobacco. Pipe filling is perhaps the most difficult thing a smoker has to deal with. Old hands cannot be sure of always exactly hitting the right degrees of even density throughout the bowl, and beginners invariably make a botch of it.

Some people will never master the thing in a lifetime, try as they may, and they are perforce limited to the minor delights of cigar and cigarette smoking, or at least have to put up with mixtures which, by reason of their short, choppy nature, are fairly fool-proof from this point of view.

A perfectly filled pipe should light at once in on evenly glowing disc, and should burn through almost to the bottom uninterruptedly, preserving a slightly coned shape the whole time.

A curious, not to say unaccountable, thing about pipe smoking is the way in which the formation of the "cake"—hard, black substance which collects on the inside of the bowl—varies with different smokers.

It does not appear to depend on the nature of the tobacco used, but almost entirely on some mysterious attribute of the user. With some smokers this cake grows rapidly, and must be as constantly pared away; while with others its collection is just as slow. In either case the interior of the bowl must be kept as smooth as possible by frequent scrapings. This ensures the "rim fire" necessary for the cone-shaped burning; a rough bowl means "center fire" and waste of tobacco.

To many people the first smoke from a new pipe is always a terror; but the breaking in of a new briar should never be attempted by smoking in the ordinary way. It must be done by some sort of bellows arrangement. A bicycle pump is not a bad thing. The pipe should first be packed hard with the strongest and juiciest tobacco obtainable. It is then lighted and drawn up to a glow with the mouth. A few puffs will suffice for this, when it is laid on the table and blown at steadily until the charge is all consumed. A pipe treated in this way is ready at once to go in the rack and take its turn with the rest.

A word of counsel might here be given to beginners in the fine art of pipe-smoking. It is just this: Have nothing to do with mixtures containing half a dozen different sort of tobacco. No wine-drinker would think of combining port and sherry, champagne and claret, in the same draught. And just as every kind of wine has its own distinctive flavor and properties, so has tobacco. Honeydew, Cavendish, Turkish, Latakia, each has its peculiar and undeniable merits, each its own fragrance different from the rest. Yet there are thousands to-day who cram them all together into the one pipe-bowl, and that with no more reason than the man who should mix his wines.

Care of the Eyes.

On rising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water—twenty passes are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading, etc, is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovably. Imagine, then, the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain, save after years of neglect.

Innocent Boys of Youth.

"Gracious, Fanny!" exclaimed a mother to her little daughter, "why are you shouting like that? Why can't you be quiet like your brother?"

"He's got to be quiet," replied Fanny. "He's playing papa coming home late."

"And who are you playing?"

"Oh, I'm playing you."

WILL TAKE A REST.

PRESIDENT WILL TRANSFER EXECUTIVE OFFICE.

It Will Be Over One of the Stores at Oyster Bay, and Sagamore Hill Denied to Visitors Far as Practicable—President Now Intent Upon Study of Irish Sagas—Strange Epidemic Amid Quails and Grouse—Women Score Success as Rural Mail Carriers—"Uncle Jo" Says There Will Be No Tariff Legislature Next Winter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1707.

The President returned to Washington this week from a short outing at Mrs. Roosevelt's lodge at Pine Knot, Va. He was away from the city about a week, shot a little and walked and rode a great deal. He is looking much better for the outing and will put in the time working till the start is made for the long outing of the family at Osyter Bay, where they will spend the summer. Secretary Loeb has already shipped most of the office furniture for the temporary executive office that the President occupies over one of the stores in Oyster Bay, and the home of the family at Sagamore Hill will be kept as free as possible from visitors in the rather vain hope of giving the President a real rest. His way of resting is rather a joke and amounts to what would be a good days' work for most men. There is about as much business carried on in the summer at Oyster Bay as there is at the White House in the winter, but the President has told some of his friends laughingly that he intends to be good this summer and will merely get off some reams of literary work as recreation.

It is understood that this will include some more reviews of Irish folk-lore. This was a comparatively recent line of research by Mr. Roosevelt. He is said to have been introduced to it last winter by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the professor of the Catholic University who has just been offered his choice between the mission to Denmark and that to Portugal. Dr. Egan is himself an Irishman, as might be suspected from his name, and is an authority on Gaelic literature. He got the President interested in the subject which he promptly devoured, and when Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League was here in the winter he was surprised to find that the President apparently had no recreation except studying the Irish classics. Then when the row come on with Tillman, Chandler and Bailey, over the rate bill, the President decided that he would divert himself a little and forget what the papers were saying about him. He started work on his magazine article "The Irish Sagas," promptly forgot all about politics outside of offiee hours, and by the time the partizan papers had gotten through dissecting the rate-bill row, the magazine article was finished and the President had missed the bulk of the newspaper criticism.

It will be bad news to sportsmen all over the country but according to the Department of Agriculture there has an epidemic broken out among the quail and grouse that promises to be as severe as the deadly "grouse disease" that periodically sweeps the English shooting coverts and the Scotch moors. It was almost a year ago that the first indications of the disease were found by the Department in some birds that had died of a mysterious malady in the hands of a Washington dealer. More birds died in the same way in the hands of the same man and his healthy stock was infected on the premises. It was found that the disease came in shipments of birds from a point in Alabama. Then there were similar reports from Kansas and up to date areas of infections have been determined in Kansas, Alabama, Indian Territory, Massachusetts and Nova Scotia. The disease attacks quail and grouse and is something like infectious pneumonia. The germ of the disease has been isolated ahd it appears closely allied to, if not identical with, the dreadful English grouse disease. The spread is serious enough to cause alarm, and the Department has sent out circulars asking for reports wherever there seems to be an outbreak of infectious disease among the quail and grouse. It is hoped that the infected areas can be defined and quarantined and the spread of the disease checked. The Department will be grateful for any specimens of birds having died a suspicious death. The specimens can be wrapped in carbolated cotton and shipped promptly to the Bureau of Animal Industry in Washington. The general co-operation of the bird-loving public will help to check the ravages of the disease.

Reports have been coming in to the Rural Free Delivery section of Postoffice Department as to the performances of the women rural carriers on the Department's staff. There are not proportionately very many women carriers, there being only 253 women out of a total force of 35,666. Attention was first called to the work during the past winter of Miss Ella Banks, a carrier on one of the New England routes. She had a route of 25 miles and had kept it up regularly through the worst snowstorms of the winter, times when everone else was storm-bound. On one occasion she even had to abandon her horse and wagon and make the trip on foot, but she did it and was the first passenger of any sort over the trail.

Since then there have been a number of similar cases brought to the attention of the Department in Indiana, Idaho and Alabama. Some of the women have been nearly drowned in flooded streams and forced to go afoot over almost impassable roads but they have kept up to their work quite as well as the men and the Department is proud of them.

It may be said the Rural Free Delivery service is doing as much in a practical way for the cause of good roads as any other one agency. Many of the country roads where the rural routes are laid out are almost impassable in the spring and fall and the Department has scores of pictures showing their bad condition. Where there is a practically bad stretch of road reported, the department threatens to suspend the route on the plea that the carrier cannot travel it. This threat has almost uniformally the effect of bettering the local condition, for the rural delivery is one of the most popular experiments ever tried by the Government.

Speaker Cannon was in town this week and it is said that he had a long conference with the President, just before the departure of the latter for Virginia, over the possibility of tariff legislation of the next session of Congress. The prospect is not at all bright. Speaker Cannon was adverse to touching the tariff on the eve of a national election, and in this he is understood to have the backing of the leaders in both Houses of Congress. This probably settles it, for in matters of tariff legislation, the speaker is almost all-powerful.

Household Aids.

Melt lard, as for doughnuts, and fry raw sliced potatoes.

A woman who walks a great deal and is always comfortable has her Monday shoes and her Tuesday shoes, etc. She never has tired feet and never a corn.

To Make Shoes Last.

Coat soles of shoes with three or four coats of opal varnish and they will never need resoling.

Potato Salad.

Boil eight good-sized potatoes until soft, drain and mash. Put with them one third cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful vinegar, a little onion juice, and one well-beaten egg, slice three hard-boiled eggs over the salad and shake salt and pepper on to taste.

To Stop Bleeding.

From whatever source bleeding arises prompt remedial measures are imperative. If from an artery or from a vein the best method is to put pressure on each side of the wound (that nearest the heart and that most remote from it) so as to prevent further access of blood to the part. Ordinary bleeding from a cut or bruise may be arrested by the application of cold water.

Use of Chloroform.

An English physican points out that doctors are somtimes blamed for the death of patients under chloroform, when the catastrophe is due entirely to the parents or friends, who ignore the strict orders not to give any food before the operation, and by administering milk, eggs, and orange, or chocolates, "to fortify him for the operations," brings on fatal complications.

A Novel Covering for the Floor.

An inexpensive floor covering for a chamber or bathroom, fill all the cracks with the following filler: Make flour paste, stiff; tear paper in small pieces, and then add to the hot paste; stir thoroughly and fill all cracks on the floor smoothly. Then select a wall paper as near a carpet pattern as possible and paper the floor the same as you would a side wall. Dry perfectly, after which give it a coat of shellac or varnish. With ordinary use it will last four or five years.

Green Apple and Onion Pie.

Six apples and six onions each. Line a square tin with pastry, peel and core apples; put a layer of apples, cut thin, then a layer of strong onions, cut thin, then a layer of salt, fat pork cut off rind; don't cut the pork too very thin; three-fourths of a cup of sugar over this, sprinkle spices, repeat from first until the tin is full, then cover with crust and bake one and one-half hours, or until the pork is done. Be sure and use plenty of sugar as the sweeter this pie is the better it will be.

Strawberry Float.

Make a custard with the beaten yolks of four eggs, one pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and drop them in large spoonfuls into a pan of boiling milk, cook a minute, turn over carefully and cook a minute longer. Lift out with a skimmer on to a platter or large plate. The milk may be then used for the custard. Put a layer of fine, ripe, sweetened berries in the bottom of a deep glass dish; pour over it a layer of the custard, then alternate layers of berries and custard until the dish is nearly full; the custard should be very cold, so as not to combine with the berries until just before serving. Heap the whites of eggs on top, and garnish with fine large berries.

Have a Rest Hour.

Farmers' wives should have a few minutes at least every day to lie down and rest. Commence this practice now and you will be so much more able to endure the cares and work every housekeeper must necessarily have, especially on the farms, where it is almost impossible to get good health. System, carefully management and a rest hour, or half hour, are wonderful helpers in the journey of life. We so often hear that life on the farm is drudgery, but it need not be so if we are interested in our work. Country living has many cares, yet it brings beautiful thoughts of the peace and quiet of nature, of the songs of the birds, and practical thought of gardenmaking and of taking a vital interest in all that pertains to the prosperity of the farm. Begin the practice of taking a rest daily; it will wonderfully increase your happiness and health.

STRIKES.

Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation of all the Harriman lines west of Chicago, while in Seattle recently, in speaking of the rebuilding of San Francisco, said:

"Mechanics of all kinds are in demand for the reconstruction of the city, but what is the result; strike after strike. I have personal knowledge of many wealthy men who have the money and are ready to construct buildings, but the contractors are afraid. The strike problem is a serious menace to the welfare of the entire West."

Certainly the strike problem is a serious menace to the welfare of the entire West, he might have went still further and added, "of the entire North, West, East and South." I do not believe in strikes of any description, whatever. The history of strikes, so far as I have observed, shows the strike to be a mistake. It never injures the employer as much as it injures the employe. The money value of time lost on strike is never regained by the strikers. The strike of the workingman is not only a bad thing for himself, but a bad thing for the small merchant everywhere.

The greater the dimensions of a strike, the wider the disaster to the working people, for the shutting down of business in any one line means the loss of work for hundreds of men in the related industries, and all industries are related in these days. The man who favors a strike in the present condition of the country, to my mind, has lost the better part of his reasoning powers. When men with money wish to invest their capital in enterprises which receive a "bank account" and which will give work to the workingman, it looks to me as if he was, to use an old phrase "cutting off his nose to spite his face," when he favors a strike of any sort, for he is deliberately throwing away the opportunity to work when work is plentiful. And while there are many jobs for men in prosperous times, it is a fact that the jobs are mostly for the men who are working. It is—from my experience—much easier to find a place while holding a job, than it is to get one when out of a job. Therefore it is a vast piece of folly for a great number of men to put themselves deliberately out of a job.

The strike is money in nobody's pocket; it is money out of everybody's pocket, and out of the poor man's pocket in more onerous proportion than the employers' or the merchants'.

The effect of a strike is almost invariably against the interests of the men who start it and carry it on. The history of labor disturbances prove this.

Very seldom does a strike win when it is started. Often demands made under threat of a strike are granted, but once the big strike is on, the end is always the same—the men who go out, stay out; or if they return to work, stay but a short time. It seems fo be true that the strikers never win in the long run, not even when they are of such an order of intelligence as the telegraphers, or the printers.

It is my individual opinion that a strike is a thing which should not be sought, but should be avoided by all possible means. The true, honest and hardworking man is opposed to strikes as a rule. He knows what they mean, especially if he ever went through one. He knows that the leaders of strikes, somehow, are not always the best workmen. Workingmen, belonging to whatever union they may, to-day know that nothing worse for themselves could happen than that they should quit work and pay right now. They know that a strike means ruin for the many, and the best men suffer most and longest as the result of such a disturbance.

A strike is private war; and the government cannot afford to permit private war among its people. A strike of any proportions is a public nuisance and a public injury. It benefits no one—not even the "Business Agent" who agitates and foments it—in the outcome.

There is, of course, no way to prevent men from quitting work, but there should be a way to prevent the intimidation of people who want work, and there should be devised some means to stop the loud-mouthed "walking delegate" of associations known as labor unions from interfering in any manner or form whatever with men who are contented, satisfied and honestly trying to earn a living while briefly sojourning on this old planet. LUE F. VERNON.

Lovers' Ink.

There are various kinds of invisible inks, but there is a method of making ink which can be wiped off a sheet of paper with a pocket handkerchief without leaving a trace: Dissolve some starch in water until it is as thick as cream. Then add to the starch a few drops of tincture of iodine, which will turn the starch to a dark red color. Now take a pen and write with this prepared ink upon a sheet of note paper. The ink will dry right away, after which you may erase the whole of your letter by simply wiping the sheet with a pocket handkerchief. It will disappear as easily as chalk will from an ordinary school blackboard when a rubber is used upon it.

Compensatory Misfortune.

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days." "Then it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?"

About the State

A Big Smelter on Chambers Creek.

Work will soon be started on the big smelter of the Tacoma Tin Smelting and Hydraulic Co. on Chambers Creek, which is to cost a half million million dollars. The money to carry on the work was secured by mortgaging its property to the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Co.

Benton County Fruit Trees.

The estimates heretofore made of 300,000 fruit trees in Benton county have been too low, the report of Fruit Inspector L. D. Lape for April showing that there are 418,313 fruit trees and vines. With the large number of new orchards constantly being planted, it will only be a short time until the new county of Benton, destined to be the greatest fruit-producing county in the State, will contain a showing of 500,000 fruit trees.

Spokane Takes a Census.

Forty-two mail-carriers started out last week to take the census of Spokane under the auspices of the One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Club. They were authorized by city ordinance and by the Secretary of State to do this work, and their count will have the official sanction and seal of the State. It will be credited by the Government, which now lists Spokane at 37,000, the 1900 figures. The work will last two weeks. The population is estimated at 96,000.

Robber's Cave.

Workmen blasting rock for ballast on the side of Turkey mountain, near Tulsa, on the Midland Valley, discovered what is believed will turn out to be one of the largest caves in the country, says the Spokane *Chronicle*. Entering the mouth of the cave the party found curiosities in the last stages of decomposition. On the wall to the right near the entrance was transcribed "J. A. Cox, 1864." Cox was the leader of a notorious band of outlaws in the early days of the Territory, and it is thought that this cave was the lair of his gang.

An Auto-Celebration at Walla Walla.

Walla Walla is making arrangements for a monster Fourth of July celebration. The Northwest Auto Association, with headquarters in Seattle, will have an exhibit and races at the fair grounds. The celebration will be along the usual order in the morning, with speaking by some prominent orator, a parade and short programme of sports. In the afternoon the usual races will be dispensed with, and instead will be the more exciting automobile races of the big cars to be taken from Seattle. In the evening the scene will be transferred to the Whitman College campus, where a fireworks display will be given.

FOUNTAIN BLACKING BRUSH.

Trigger to Handle Controls Flow of Polishing Fluid.

The actual amount of labor involved in blackening a pair of shoes is practically nothing, but the majority of men prefer to entrust the blacking to a bootblack, for the simple reason that more or less of the shoe polish is bound to get on the hands. And shoe polish is not an easy thing to wash off. An Illinois man seems to have overcome this difficulty in a fountain blacking brush which he recently patented. The ordinary dauber is used and attached to a hollow casing and handle. In the casing a reservoir for holding a fluid blacking. At the bottom of the reservoir is a small opening normally closed by a tight-fitting cap. The cap is controlled by a lever connected to a trigger; the latter being placed on a handle where it can be easily operated by the thumb of the hand. In the top of the dauber are small passages to allow the blacking fluid to freely flow into the end of the brush, when the trigger is released. The ease with which a pair of shoes could be polished with the aid of this fountain brush will be apparent.

A Harem Dinner.

"It was my first harem dinner," said the lady missionary. "We sat on the floor at a round table a foot high. Servants eased us down into our seats and lifted us up again after the meal was over. I asked the blessing. Each course was served in one great dish, and we helped ourselves with our fingers—the first two fingers of the right hand. Since I was their guest, the cadi's wives continually selected tidbits and passed them daintily between my lips with finger and thumb. To refuse would have been rude. I gulped the tidbits down. The dish I remember was a lamb roasted whole. Inside the lamb was a turkey, inside the turkey was a chicken, inside the chicken was a pigeon, inside the pigeon was a quail, and inside the quail was a becafic. The becafic tastes like a reedbird. It is so small you swallow it, head, bones and all, in one mouthful."

Correct But Unexpected.

She was examining a class of boys on the subject of "birds" Having received correct answers to the questions relating to feathers, bill, feet and wings, the teacher put the question: "What is it a bird can do which I am unable to do?"

"Fly" was the answer she hoped to get.

For several moments the boys thought, but gave no answer. At last one held up his hand.

"Well, Johnnie, what is it?"

"Lay an egg," shouted the boy.

Tribute for Blessings to Come.

"When she gave you the piece of pie did you say 'Thank you?'"

"Yes'm, but it didn't do no good."

"Didn't do any good?"

"No'm; she didn't give me another piece."

DRIFTWOOD

BY LUE F. VERNON

The hand that rocks the cradle
May rule the world, but still,
The hand that keeps things going
Is the hand that pays the bill.

She: "What's the difference between dimple and wrinkle?"

He: "O, about thirty or forty years."

The bagpipe may tickle the Scotchman but it is not in it with the "fiddle" for the man born down in Arkansas.

It is now claimed that Noah christened the ark The Arkansas for it is said that "he looked out of the ark-and-saw."

It is strange to me why some people just bubbling over with happiness, will go to the trouble of writing verse about it.

Seattle is growing quite metropolitan, to be sure. We notice this ad. in a daily paper:

"Wagner's All-American Band."
Crash the cymballs, toot the horn.

Over in the Isle of Pines the government has been raising money by giving Sunday ice cream festivals. They can now raise some more by buying an oyster and giving an oyster supper.

Old gentleman (to boy cleaning his shoes)—"Why do you wear those green glasses, my boy?"

Bootblack—"Cause I put such a splendid shine on the gents' shoes it hurts me eyes to look at it."

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpeater. He can "file" an argument, make an entry, set up a case, frame an indictment, empannel a jury, put them in a box, bore a court, chisel a client and such things.

If there is any word more disagreeable than another it is the word "genteel." It is a word that suggests patched poverty and old china dishes with nothing in them. It is a word that women like, but that men abominate.

It is the men and women of uncommon attributes of character who move the world to better things. Their origin as to birth, is absolutely immaterial, their individual nobility and strength of character is everything. Born to the purple or evolved from the slums, it is the *man* that counts, and nothing more.

Freddy, the son of a well-known minister, had misbehaved, and, to punish him, he was not allowed to eat at the family table. A small table was set for him in the corner of the dining-room. When his dinner was placed before him, Freddy said very solemnly: "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast spread a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

He sighed. Yes, and that sigh had all the phenomena peculiar to a world-weary mortal, letting his sorrow go forth from a disappointed heart.

Alas, it was only too true—too bitterly true!

She had refused his suit.

However, there was just a grain of comfort in the knowledge that her husband would return in an hour.

Possibly he would advance $1.60 on the garments.

First Stranger (in railway train): "So you are selling Professor Blank's new books, are you? Strange coincident. I am Professor Blank."

Second Stranger—"That so? Then you wrote the very book I am canvassing for?"

First Stranger—"Yes. The hardest work I ever did was writing that book."

Second Stranger—"Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. the hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."

Every cultivated person knows how keenly he has to contend against a certain rudeness both in others and himself, how much his culture costs him, how apt he is after all, in certain cases, to think of himself alone, forgetting what he owes to others. How often has a worthy person to reproach himself with having failed to act with proper delicacy? And when a fine nature too delicately, too conscientiously cultivates, nay, if you will, over-cultivates himself, there seems ts be no toleration, no indulgence for it in the world. Yet such persons are, without us, what the ideal of perfection is within us, models not for being imitated, but for being aimed at.

IN a street-car the other day a young man attracted the attention of the other passengers by suddenly leaping from his seat and picking up something from between the slats of the floor. For a moment he examined his find. Then he asked, "Did anybody lose a five-dollar gold piece?"

A ministerial-looking man got up from his seat at the other end of the car and started toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, "I dropped a five-dollar gold piece when I got on, but owing to the crush I couldn't find it."

"Very well," said the young man gleefully, "Here's a nickel toward it."

The Marrying Parson.

"I'll marry any pair I please,
Why should you think it funny?
The reason I can state with ease—
I really need the money."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the *cause* of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

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