

Four Facts For Sick Women To Consider

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has an Unqualified Record of Cures—Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Is Confidential, Free, and Always Helpful

First.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacements of the uterus, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pain, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

Second.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, all internal and ovarian inflammations, weakness and displacements, regulating menstruation perfectly and overcoming its pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.

Third.—The great volume of unqualified and grateful testimonials like that at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

Fourth.—Every ailing woman in the United States is asked to accept the following invitation which may save your life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge which will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

By Leased Cable. The anarchist had just hurled the bomb. Simultaneously the democratic head of President Loubet and the royal pate of Alfonso XIII. ducked to avoid the flying fragments.

"If I had not," muttered the young king, "which one of us do you think that fellow was after?"

With true Gallic politeness, Loubet disclaimed the honor.

"After you, my dear Alfonso!" he murmured, bowing deeply.—Cleveland Leader.

Ingenious English "Duffers." Few people know of the hundred and one curious professions by which men make their living. In London, for instance, "duffing" gives regular employment to a number of men. These individuals purchase cheap jewelry and gilt rings and attempt to pawn them for more than their value.—The Tallor.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION

New York Lady Proves That Every Woman May Have It by Using Cuticura Soap.

Mrs. A. Heberling, wife of the well-known jeweler of 40 Fulton St., New York, says: "I had a friend who was justly proud of her complexion. When asked what gave her such a brilliant and lovely complexion, she replied, 'A healthy woman can be sure of a fine skin if she will do as I do, use plenty of Cuticura Soap and water.' She insisted that I follow her example, which I did with speedy conviction. I found that Cuticura Soap keeps the skin soft, white and clear, and prevents redness and roughness."

Willie's Reward. Mrs. Uperavell—Ab, Dorothy, why isn't brother Willie at our party, too? Dorothy—He was a good boy all day, so ma, said he needn't come.—Chicago News.

MILIONS OF WOMEN USE CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchy, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or undue perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic, purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Well known—ambitious—wanted to invest in a guaranteed opportunity for the future. Address: 1111 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa. Agents: Bridge and Garden Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Thompson's Eye Water

THE STORM KING.

I am Storm—the King! I rise in storm and cloud. You may hear my batteries, sharp and loud, In the midnight night. When I and my lieges arm for the fight, And the birchen moon, And the lightning bolts, As they bend beneath the terrible spring Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King! My troops are the winds and the hail and the rain. My foes the lakes and the leaves and the grain. The obstinate oak That guards his front to my charge and stroke, The ships on the sea, And they write and break as the war-guns ring Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King! I save an exile from Spain. To reddish with blood a maiden's reign. I buffed the boat With blow in the face on the island coast. And I wrote and break as the war-guns ring Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King! I scour the earth and the sea and the air. And drag the writhing trees by the hair. The desert dust and the prairie flame, The mountain snow, And never is folded plume or wing Of Storm—the King!

THE PITY OF IT. BY MARY PEABODY SAWYER.

IT must be done, William! It must be done, William!

William Soliday avoided his wife's gaze, and methodically arranged his necktie. He was a plain man, with a kindly smile, but he was not disturbed by his ambitious wife and daughter.

"Well, William, can't you tell me whether you can let me have two hundred dollars or not this week?" "I don't see how I can, Eliza. I've had all my accounts at the store and a good many accounts overdue. I wish I could make as much money as Charles, but I can't seem to do it, any way. He is a good talker and smart. You know, Eliza, that I've worked hard for the last twenty-five years, early and late."

"Oh, I don't accuse you of being lazy," remarked Mrs. Soliday, tartly. "What I would like to see is something to show for all your work. Charles doesn't get to his office till nine and is always through at five, and makes at least a hundred dollars a week in salary and commissions. 'Till now, Eliza, that though Charles is my cousin, I would not be in his line of business for a thousand a week. It's no use to continue this talk any longer, Eliza. I hope to be able to supply you and Elise with all the necessities of life, and a little more, but as for fitting out Elise, so she can run around with the set that her cousins belong to, I cannot even attempt it."

This closed the conversation for that morning, and while Mrs. Soliday sat in her room finishing her daughter's graduating gown, her mind went over and over in her cramped life with its petty economies. She had really loved William Soliday, thirty years ago. He was a clerk then, in her father's store, and a genial, honest young fellow. But when the business went down, and he was left with nothing but a few dollars, she had bought a good line of stock, and he had to sell at a close margin to compete with the cheap articles displayed by his rivals. Then he paid his help a fair price, and his roomy, well-ventilated store cut still deeper into his profits. She suspected that some of his old customers had not paid their bills for a long time; in fact, when a man was out of work or there was sickness, William never would push his claims, and sometimes he lost a good deal that way.

Elisa Soliday thought, her cheeks burned and the smoldering fire of discontent burst into a brighter blaze. She had not minded the scripping so much when Elise was little, her clothes cost such a small amount, and she had not begun to have her social ambitions awakened till the last year or two.

The other girls in the class were to have either a handsome piece of jewelry or a gold watch as a souvenir of graduation day, and there were photographs, spreads, class pins, dances, and the usual accompaniments of the festive time.

Charles Soliday's twin daughters had everything that any one had, and far more. Their father was to present them with watches, suitably engraved, and their mother had promised them elegant gold bracelets, with diamond studded clasps. They were to entertain the entire class at an informal dance, followed by a supper, at which each guest would be presented with a specially designed favor.

The girls' gowns were to be made by their mother's fashionable dressmaker, and nothing would be lacking to complete their stylish appearance. The dotted Swiss muslin which Mrs. Soliday was rapidly finishing looked coarse and cheap in her eyes, and she threw it on the bed with a completely disgusted expression on her handsome face.

That day Mrs. Soliday spent a few hours with her sister, who lived out in the suburbs. Returning home in a closely-crowded car, and her eyes were started by headlines in a special edition of an evening paper: "Charles Soliday Arrested. About to Escape with His Plunder. Denied Wrong-Doing, but Finally Broke Down and Confessed."

Mrs. Soliday felt her heart stop beating for a moment, then plunged like a runaway horse. Charles Soliday, whose wife and daughters she had envied—she could not believe her own eyes. Mrs. Soliday was too excited to remain in the car when it approached her locality, so signaling to the conductor, she left the car and walked rapidly toward her advertisement recommending the public to try some of her medicine. Then, taking off her hats with a sweeping gesture, the gentlemen bowed again, revealing four bald heads, on each of which was painted the same announcement, in black.

CATCHING FISH WITH CORMORANTS

How These Birds Are Utilized by the Ingenious Japanese.

TERRAPIN AND GOLDFISH FARMS IN JAPAN.

THE origin of cormorant fishing in Japan is lost in a very remote antiquity. At least a thousand years ago it is known to have flourished, and there is a tradition that it was introduced from the continent of its native land many years ago. Much romance and history are connected with the fishery in the early days, and the names of some of Japan's greatest warriors and statesmen are associated with it. While a commercial enterprise, it does not, however, give employment to many people, and is confined to rivers, and the most extensive, interesting and famous fishery is that in the Nagara River and most noted of the cormorant fishing villages is in the outskirts of the large city of Gifu.

At the time of my visit, the chief cormorant fisherman, whose ancestors for many generations had engaged in this fishery in the same locality, attired himself in the peculiar dress of the fisherman, and proceeded to show me the purpose of exhibiting his birds to the public, and the other fishermen on the river, was a redoubtable and gave a practical demonstration of cormorant fishing.

The cormorants are controlled by means of a slender cord, which passes around the neck, and is fastened to the middle of the back. The cord is made of woody fibers of the cryptomeria tree, with the exception of a short section next to the bird, which consists of whalebone. There is a supplemental cord tied around the neck at the lower end of the gill, for the purpose of preventing the fish from thrashing so far that they cannot be recovered. The tying of this cord is a delicate operation, for if too tight it may injure the bird and if too loose it will allow the fish to be swallowed.

The fishery is conducted from boats, which are of a special type, and are steered by means of a long pole, which is held by the fisherman, but when on route to the fishing grounds often provided with a sail. Each boat has a crew of four men and a complement of sixteen cormorants. Late in the afternoon the boats start for a place in the river where fishing will begin. The cormorants are stored in pairs in bamboo baskets. The fishing grounds cover many miles, and operations are confined to successive sections of the river nightly, in accordance with law. Stretches several thousands yards in length are set aside as imperial reserves, on which no fishing is permitted.

As soon as darkness prevails a blazing fire of pine wood is kindled in the iron basket overhanging the bow of the boat, and the boats drift down stream together, sometimes in a mixed group, sometimes in a line extending across the river, each guided and pulled by two men. The captain, standing near the bow, manages twelve cormorants and his assistant four, the cords being held between the fingers and frequently shifted as the birds are driven.

The boats drift in all directions, those of different boats often mingling. It is a wonder that they do not soon become inextricably tangled, but so skillfully are they managed that the lines rarely become fouled. In a short time the cormorants begin to catch fish with their bills; when they are well filled the birds are pulled up to the gunwales one by one and their catch is gently squeezed into baskets. This continues for several hours, and each cormorant may fill its gullet fifteen to twenty times.

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BRINGING HER AROUND.

The Old, Old Story Told in Another Way.

Having received her modern education, Gertrude was left loose upon an unsuspecting world.

She wanted herself to take a walk in the woods.

"Nature," said Gertrude, somewhat deprecatingly, "has been brought up on wholly unconventional lines. She has, alas! no system. These tree trunks are allowed to fall indiscriminately. Such waste! And as for conservatism of energy, where is it? Everywhere I see about me pathetic evidences of gross carelessness, not to mention wholly bad artistic effects."

Returning to her parents, she viewed them also with a certain savor of discriminating criticism.

"You appear," she said, "to be haunted by your surroundings. There is an intellectual calmness that comes from philosophic resignation, to which you are wholly alien. Your servants—when you have them—oppress you. Your friendships, made wholly without regard to utilitarianism, are too often unproductive of anything but vain pleasure, thus weakening your moral fibre. A more intelligent use of the principles of sociology would produce in you a greater symmetry. You worry, without knowing that worry is merely molecular, or perceiving for a moment that there is a psychology of the hearthstone which, if judiciously applied, would lift you above vulgar routine."

Forced by circumstances beyond her immediate control she was obliged to pass a few weeks at a summer resort.

"Fragrantness," said Gertrude, "is always amusing in its ulterior aspects. These poor souls, who maintain paragonisms of the mind, imagine they are having a good time. And yet how absurd their pose. Did they but know that things are not what they seem, that the sea is merely a sea, and that the clouds are but clouds, they would find their own minds only an appeal to the excitation of the ganglionic centers, they would seek in simple contemplation what pleasure there is in subjectivity, and shake off the shackles of mere materialism."

Recording these phenomena, and being for a moment quite alone on the beach, with the light of the moon overhead, she was approached by a young man, who upon several previous occasions had intruded himself upon her consciousness.

"I love you," said the young man. "I have loved Gertrude, in a purely relative to its action, and can never be a thing-in-itself. It has no objective validity."

"It is extremely pleasant," said the young man, taking her hand.

"Pleasure and pain," replied Gertrude, "are simply sensations obeying the law of contrast. All things are reduced to an absolute zero, there would be nothing at all. What we term reality is nothing but the interchanging of activities, producing heat which becomes latent in objects, thus enabling us to differentiate their identity."

"Good," said the young man, "I perceive that you are wound up, but believing as I do that at heart you are in reality a sweet and lovable girl, I'm going to let you run. For I love you, with all your peculiarities. You do the talking and I'll do the love-making. I have come to stay."

A few days later, when the moon had reached its full, and the soft sympathy of the night was falling, she rose to a supreme joy that she had never felt before—when earth and air and sky seemed to surround them, with a heavenly glow. Gertrude sat on the ground with her head on the young man's shoulder.

"Dearest," she murmured, "will you forgive me for all my nonsense?"

And he smiled indulgently as he said: "Yes, darling, I knew you would recognize my right. But I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything!" exclaimed Gertrude, penitently, as she snuggled up a little closer. "What is it?"

"Only this," replied the young man, as a momentary shadow flitted across his face at the thought of what he had endured for her sake: "I want you never to have a relapse."—Tom Masson, in Life.

COSMOLINE ENGINES

PRAYING OUTFIT FOR EXTERMINATING THE GYPSY MOTH THE OLD ENGINE WORKS 69-75 Washington St. North BOSTON MASS.

A Subtle Flatterer. A Scotch divane, who was a bachelor, and whose manse was in the keeping of an old housekeeper called Janet, was constantly annoyed by the fact that the good dame always fell fast asleep as soon as he entered the parlor, whereas she kept wide awake whenever a stranger was the preacher.

One day he summoned his courage to the sticking point and tackled the old lady on the subject, "Janet," said he, "ye ken when I preach you're almost always fast asleep before I've well given out my text; but when any of these young men from St. Andrew's preach for me, I see you never sleep a wink. Now, that's what I can't get my head about. I'm sure you're not ailing me, or anything of the kind. I'll soon tell ye the reason of that. When you preach, we've a ken the Word of God is safe in your hands; but when these young 'birkies' are in the land—ma certie! but it tak's an' a' to look after them!"—Glasgow Evening Times.

A Costly Desk. A desk from the Metternich art collection at Koenigsberg (Bohemia) has been sold for £40,000. The desk is of rosewood and gold, and is one of the choicest masterpieces of French artistic craft of the 18th century. It was made in 1765 by Napoleon I. Prince Metternich. It was originally given to the Duc de Choiseul by Louis Quinze. Princess Pauline Metternich declared to an interviewer that £80,000 were offered for the desk during the lifetime of her husband, the late ambassador in Paris. The desk is said to have been bought by a Paris museum.—London Chronicle.

The first Western State to possess a railroad was Michigan, in 1838.

FIT permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Tonic. Dr. R. H. King, 181 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Alcohol is coming into considerable use for illumination in France.

Use Allen's Foot-Powder. It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Itching, Burning, Red, Sore Feet, Corns and Bunions. It is a sure cure for all itching, burning, red, sore feet, corns and bunions. It is a sure cure for all itching, burning, red, sore feet, corns and bunions.

1750 diamonds were sold in Europe at \$40 a carat.

Pico's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of. It is a sure cure for all itching, burning, red, sore feet, corns and bunions. It is a sure cure for all itching, burning, red, sore feet, corns and bunions.

The German flag was first unfurled in 1807.

South American Letter Press. "Cigarettes and conversation, and ragtime dancing on ledgers," said Capt. Robert Quinton of the lightship Blunt's Reef, which recently completed a unique voyage of 16,000 miles from New York to San Francisco, "constitute the chief reasons why the men of South America are behind those of North America in all important particulars. As to the cigarettes and the conversation, I will arrive in a minute, but first of all I will speak of the ragtime dancing. In our business office in San Francisco when some clerks wish to take a copy of a letter or any other business document, why, of course, they take a copy in a proper and ordinary copying machine. But down in these South American countries when they wish to do that trick, why, the letter or other document is put between the carbon sheets in a big book, which is put on the floor, and then the clerks do a dance upon the book to take the copy. Say, it is the funniest sight in the world to see all these clerks, every one of them with a cigarette in his lips, dancing upon the books!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wetery Help. A man telephoned to the Coates House recently asking the clerk, Geo. Monger, if D. M. Pond was employed there. The clerk turned to W. E. Gardner, the cashier and timekeeper, and repeated the question. Gardner looked in the book to see, "No," he replied, "no Pond here, but we have Dick Rivers in the kitchen and Charley Waters in the engine room. Will they do?"—Kansas City Times.

WANTED TO SLEEP. Curious That a Third Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once? Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day. Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? His kind intention never accomplishes any good. Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish? Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your hearts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others. Why don't you take more pains to be self-sacrificing and loving in the everyday home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness so that all who come in touch with you may be made better? Is not this possible?—Class Mate.

The Husband's Letters. Should wives open their husbands' letters? This greatly depends on the husband, says Chit. If he be of such a steady going nature that his wife has perfect trust in him, she can comfortably allow him to read his letters. If, however, he be of a gay and roving disposition, it is clearly her duty to protect him from all epistolary temptation, in spite of the fact that he may not be profusely grateful.

Rodney Kipling says that the development of the automobile has benefited humanity.

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