A REMARKABLE TEST

APPLIED BY A TEACHER IN A LEADING UNIVERSITY.

Demonstrates the Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Restore Vigor to Shattered Nerves.

Mrs. Leander Lane, wife of the minister of the Christian Church, of No. 2010 I street, South Omaha, Neb., tells how her daughter has been enabled to resume her professional work as a teacher after suffering for nearly three years from severe nervous prostration:

"When she was passing from girlhood to womanhood," says Mrs. Lane, "she suffered greatly from difficulties peculiar to her sex. The physician did not help her, but a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought about the perfect regulation of her system.

"While she had escaped from one grave trouble, she unfortunately began to overwork, first as a student and then as a teacher in a large Iowa institution for orphan boys. She enjoyed her work and was very enthusiastic, but the strain finally told on her. She became pale, weak, nervous, unable to sleep; she had no appetite and she suffered from severe headaches. Then came a complete breakdown and her work had to be given up.

"In this emergency we again tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement came at first slowly and we sometimes doubted whether she was gaining, but we noticed that whenever she stopped taking the pills she fell back, and whenever she resumed the use of them she revived and so we kept up the treatment until she recovered her usual health and was able to take a position in one of our universities where she is happily at work. My mother, my daughter and myself have a well-founded confidence in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are always ready to recommend them."

This is simply one more proof that these pills seek disease at its source and effect fundamental cures. They cure various diseases because these have a common origin in impaired blood or nerves. They put the entire system in a healthy condition, because they introduce vigor that is distributed to every part. They arrest physical decay when it seems inevitable and find a road to restoration when the doctor misses it. They are sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Two men were fighting before the residence of M. Dujardin, a noted musician, of Paris. The latter, thinking to pacify the combatants, took his violin and began to play near them. One of the combatants immediately turned from his foe and stabbed the musician, who had to be conveyed to a hospital.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of urine difficulties. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 420, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.

I have used Piso's Cure for Consumption with good results. It is all right.—John W. Henry, Box 642, Fostoria, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1901.

The late King George of Saxony left a fortune of $50,000,000 and no fewer than 52 landed estates.

To have most delicious brown cakes for breakfast mix only cold water with Mrs. Austin's Pancake Flour. All grocers sell it.

Do as much as possible, and talk of yourself as little as possible.—Sallust.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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Men Are Inferior to Cats.

There are several points in which man is inferior to the cat. The cat, for one thing, has no vermiform appendix, and consequently never suffers from appendicitis. Furthermore, while man has chosen to be a nocturnal as well as a diurnal creature he has only the diurnal vision; whereas the cat, devoting "its days to civilization and its nights to barbarism," can see in the dark as well as in the light, having a patent adjustable eye.

She possess nine lives and all of them have to be taken in order to get rid of the cat. If the slayer thinks he slays he knows not well the subtle ways in which this admirable creature passes, turns and brings forward her successive entities for obliteration. Drowned in the pond she returns to the woodshed or the kitchen door, requiring to be shot. Shot, she comes back to be asphyxiated. Smothered by the fumes of chloroform, she revives and calls for prussic acid. She is a walking, living, breathing, vociferating exemplification of the principle of metempsychosis. Her reincarnations in one brief period outrival those to which man is condemned by the Hindoo theology in hundreds of years and her avatars outnumber Buddha's.

It is no wonder that the Egyptians worshiped the cat. She has been able to get hold of some principle which man, the boaster, who vaunteth himself almost a god, is denied—New York Mail and Express.

Every Walk in Life.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Perfumes for Pet Dogs

Nowadays the pet dog must be perfumed, but it is not enough to scent him with any old perfume. Modish women who consder their pets try to select an appropriate odor for them. Thus Japanese poodles are perfumed with frangipani, which has a spicy Japanese odor that suggests the oriental nativity of the animal.

Mexican hairless dogs, which are enjoying quite a vogue now, are scented with chypore, which has a heavy, tropical odor that suits these dogs of the south. Very little of it is used, as the scent is powerful. Two or three drops on the long hair behind the head, where the dog cannot indulge his tendency to lick it off, is all that is needed.

The shaggy Skye terriers are scented with a stimulating extract of Scotch heather redolent of the Scotch flower's perfume.

French poodles, which are not nearly so popular now as they used to be, smell delicately of some Parisian perfume.

Boston terriers have received as their special perfume a scent declared to be the sportiest of all odors.

An Inviting Prospect.

Will Canada in the next quarter of a century take the place of the United States as the great wheat exporting section of the western hemisphere? Everything points that way. In the opinion of experts the United States has reached high water mark as a wheat exporting country. The increasing population over there has reached the point when home consumption is becoming annually greater in proportion than the increase in wheat production. As a matter of fact, wheat production is decreasing over there as the land becomes more valuable and by reason of the demand for other forms of produce for home consumption. It is said that the wheat crop this year is not more than 70 per cent of the crop of 1901 and much below the crops of 1902 and 1903. It is estimated that this year the United States surplus for export will not be over 100,000,000, which is less than any year since 1878 with two exceptions. Not only is this the case, but a considerable quantity of the best Canadian wheat is being imported into Minnesota and also Chicago.

All this tends to keep the price of wheat near the dollar mark, and "dollar wheat" is the loadstone that will attract farmers to the Canadian Northwest, where land is cheap and can be farmed on a wholesale basis, particulars of which may be had from any agent of the Canadian government. The reduction of American exports will have the double influence of increasing Canadian production and keeping up the price. It constitutes a roseate prospect for this country, and needs no optimistic enthusiasm to foresee the near expansion of the Dominion into the actual position of the "granary of the empire."

Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has been erected by a well-known American cattle company along the Mexican border. It is seventy-five miles in length, and separates exactly for its entire distance the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling an easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to more than pay for it.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

What Coin Loses by Abrasion.

It is well known that coin in circulation loses weight by abrasion, but an additional loss results from the same cause in shipment to Europe. An instance has been cited in Wall street circles where as much as one thirty-second per cent has been lost through abrasion alone in shipping gold coin, which would be at the rate of more than $300 in a shipment of $1,000,000. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR

"All of us," said the Colonel, "are inclined to be impatient with the old soldier who does not take care of himself, and who drifts down to poverty. General Newberry stirred me up on the question the other day and the story is worth telling, not in palliation of a soldier's weakness, but in justice to a common soldier's memory.

"On the 24th of October Officer Ryan on the West Side picked up an old soldier who had fallen on the street and sent him to the county hospital, where he died an hour afterward, reviving just enough to give his name—Joseph Kimball. He was without a home, a wanderer, and his son and daughter had not known his whereabouts for many days, but the incident being published, their attention was called to it, the daughter visited the morgue, and found and identified the body of her father. Grant Post, No. 28, of Chicago took charge of the funeral and gave Kimball the burial of their order and bore him to an honorable resting place in their grounds at Elmwood. It was a beautiful service and the bier and grave were decorated with flowers and nothing but the virtues of the dead soldier were remembered.

"When the regular rites had been performed, General Walter C. Newberry was asked if he desired to make any remarks. We all knew that Newberry was one of the strictest disciplinarians of the general officers of the old army living in Chicago, and I did not believe he would have any remarks to make on such an occasion. But he had, and he began by saying: 'This man was a hero. He was a hero because he performed heroic and special deeds which entitle him to that distinction.' Then I knew there was a story worth telling, and it came in thus wise:

"'Kimball was a member of my regiment,' said General Newberry, 'a wild and reckless boy, but one who never failed to faithfully perform any duty devolving upon him. My mind is carried back to that terrible day of June 17, 1864, when the army had reached the front of Petersburg and in their desire to capture that city proceeded forward in several assaults upon the enemy's lines. In one of these, the Twenty-fourth New York cavalry leading a charge upon a battery, a compact body of men received a discharge of shrapnel which killed and wounded 113 of their number, and it being but a battalion, practically destroyed it. In that terrific fire men lay, in one instance, five deep upon the field at 11 o'clock at night, twelve hours after the assault. Under a bright clear moonlight from the federal works was observed a movement among what were supposed to be the dead, and I, turning to the men behind the works, said: "I will make a corporal of any man who will attempt to succor that living soldier."

"'Joe Kimball, a boy of 18 years, rising in his place, volunteered to perform the duty. The field was being swept by the enemy's bullets, and having been supplied with a canteen of water, a flask of whisky and a sponge, he was put over the works, crept through the abattoir, and down upon his face and stomach 100 yards away, covering himself behind the bodies of the dead comrades, pulled this wounded soldier—who proved to be Lieutenant Randall of Company B of the regiment—from under a mass of mangled bodies, clearing the blood and sand from his mouth, and, administering water and a little spirits, revived him, and, as a cloud shaded the field for a moment, threw him upon his back and ran to the works, safely bringing him inside. Lieutenant Randall was wounded in five places and lived for ten years, paralyzed in his arms and lower limbs, and all that time blessing the courage of that gallant boy.

"'But this is not all that this soldier did to make him a hero. The fire of the enemy across that field that night was a prelude of their retreat, and the early morning found our line following them over that bluff, through the woods and across the ravine, next circumscribing the city of Petersburg. The Twenty-fourth New York cavalry again took the lead in the assault, and with carbines only made a rush, capturing a part of the enemy's lines and holding it for forty minutes. The infantry support, owing to the rapid movements of the Confederates enabling them to enfilade the valley over which they must cross, were unable to reinforce this gallant assault made by the Twenty-fourth, and a grove of timber lying immediately upon the right, being recognized as a dangerous cover for a force to come out and sweep around our rear, taking us prisoners, I ordered Corporal Kimball to lay aside his gun and go through the woods to the outer line and observe any action the enemy might take toward such a movement, and to hasten back and inform me upon any attempt on their part to do so.

"'In about twenty minutes Corporal Kimball approached me in haste, bringing his heels together, saluting, and wiping the blood from his lips, informed me that a brigade was formed for just such a movement as I had anticipated. In spying the enemy he had covered himself behind a tree, the enemy's sharpshooters firing upon him, cutting the scalp just in the hair—a scar which his body bears now—and the blood had run down over his face, covering it entirely. This gallant and prompt performance of his duty enabled the colonel to fall back to the creek under a bluff and save the regiment.

"'So I say that Kimball is entitled to the credit of having saved the entire regiment from capture that day, and such acts are heroic. Therefore, I am authorized to say that this simple soldier, who lies before you, was a hero. I have gone into detail, not so much for his glorification, but to give his son and daughter, who are in attendance in these last rites of their father, a reminder that any weaknesses that have been displayed by this soldier in his later life were the result largely of this wound in the head, followed as it was in later years by a sunstroke, rendering him unaccountable for his acts. I assure them that their father's life has not been wasted, but that he bore a glorious part in that eventful war which made heroes numerous—yet he was one of the greatest of all.'

"That was the story, and it was worth the telling, most of all, on such an occasion. The Twenty-fourth New York cavalry, it must be remembered, lost June 17, 1864, forty killed and 101 wounded, including seven officers. On the 18th the regiment lost eighty-seven killed and wounded and five officers. In the assault of that day Colonel William Raulston, Twenty-fourth New York cavalry, commanding the brigade was wounded, and four other commanding officers of the brigade and division were wounded, and at 12 o'clock at night Newberry was the senior officer of the division, and crossed back to the lines of the main army, which were the advance line from that time until the next April, nine days before Lee's surrender."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sheridan's Other Ride.

"Not much of a giant in size," as he expresses it, was a lad who enlisted in the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment when he was 13 years and 3 months old. Because of his youth it was generally his fortune to be detailed at headquarters. When, in 1864, his regiment was attached to the new Nineteenth Corps, he became orderly to General Philip H. Sheridan, and in that capacity, as he tells the story in the Boston Globe, he took part in an earlier ride at Winchester than that which made the general famous. Says the veteran:

One day in the dead of winter when matters were pretty quiet, there was quite a fall of snow at Winchester, and it occurred to Sheridan that he ought to have a sleigh ride. A pair of old runners was found in some one's vacated stable, and the problem of a body for the runners was solved by some roving soldiers who ran across an old bath tub in a deserted home, and brought it to headquarters. "Just the thing," said Sheridan.

The blacksmiths were ordered to prepare the outfit for use as a sleigh. They did their best. The old tub was attached to the runners, a pole was put on for a pair of horses, and with numerous buffalo robes the turnout was made to look like a respectable family affair. Then the horses, a bay and a white, were hitched to the improvised sleigh. "Jump in, orderly," said Sheridan. I took a seat at the general's side.

"What's the matter with this, orderly?" said the general, as he whipped up the horses. Having all I could do to hold on, I made no reply. The old bath tub, at the rate we were going, was liable to drop to pieces at any moment.

"Now, orderly," said the general, "if that white horse had a little more mud on him he would be a better match for the bay.

I said nothing, but I thought the white horse would get all the mud he wanted. Much to my relief, the general soon espied a lady whom he knew and asked her to take a ride. She gladly accepted the invitation, although if she had known what kind of contrivance Sheridan was navigating she probably would have declined the honor of a spin with the commanding general.

"Well, orderly," said Sheridan, "I guess you will have to walk back.' I walked back willingly, and Sheridan survived his sleigh ride in a bath tub to drive Early out of the valley and be in at the finish at Appomattox.

In a Hospital for Forty-two Years.

Left deaf and dumb after a severe attack of scarlet fever when she was a child 12 years of age, Miss Eliza Adams has passed forty-two years in the Louisville City Hospital in complete ignorance of the place of her birth, her proper name or who her parents were.

This peculiar character arrived in Louisville in the fall of 1862 from Nashville, Tenn. She had been deported with the crowds of women and children of the United States government sent out of that State when the armies of the North and South were making its green pastures gory with the blood of the Civil War, and in the deportation she became separated from her parents and family.

In Nashville a great camp was prepared for the protection of these people and for several weeks Eliza Adams was confined in this place. Finally she became ill of scarlet fever, and owing to her age she was soon sent north. Raving in delirium, she reached Louisville and was taken to the City Hospital.

She had no friends and no one who arrived on the same train with her knew her name or anything of her parentage. Finally, under the care of Mrs. Garey, the superintendent, she began to improve, and within five months after she reached Louisville became perfectly well so far as mind and body were concerned, but the ravages of the disease had destroyed her hearing and power of speech. Owing to her tender years, her memory was also partially impaired, and after she learned to talk by the sign language used by deaf mutes she was unable to throw any light upon her history. Shortly after she became well Mrs. Garey took compasison upon the afflicted orphan and adopted her as her daughter, giving her the name she now bears.

Many efforts have been made to learn something of her history and parentage, formerly by Mrs. Garey before she died, two years ago, and later by friends connected with the hospital. These have been entirely unsuccessful owing to the meager information which can be gleaned from her memories of her younger days, and in all probability her parents have long since passed away.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I never hav jined enny church yet; I never hav thought I was bright enuff for an example.

Thare iz just az mutch real wit in the world az thare iz truth in the wit, and no more.

I like a mule for one thing—he never waz known to flatter ennybody—only with hiz heels.

Thare is but litle truth in this world, ennyhow; but, thank the Lord, thare iz enuff to save it, if it iz only followed.

The man to whom the strongest passions hav ben given, and who controls them with hiz reazon, haz got a better reckord than enny angell in heaven.

I think more ov mi faith than ennything else that God haz given me. I kan prove menny things with mi reason, but I kan prove all things with mi faith.

The man who iz willing to work for fame, and let bread and mollassis take care ov itself, haz got a perfekt right to do it, ackording to the stattues; but he must make up hiz mind to starve at publik expense, and be buried at last in the same way.

COLLEGE PRANKS.

Those of English Students Are Worse Than in This Country.

American students are hardly up to the British standard in the playing of college pranks. Not long ago on a wager a freshman of Trinity College, Cambridge, dressed in his sister's clothes and called on the head of the college to complain that "her brother" was being brutally ill-treated by the college authorities. He was, so "she" asserted, overworked, underfed and cruelly flogged.

The benevolent old head—a man much more sinned against than sinning—listened to these charges in helpless amazement.

"But, my dear young lady——" he exclaimed.

Thereupon "she" burst into a storm of sobs and would not be comforted. His protestations of innocence only made "her" weep the more copiously. The dear old man never had a worse quarter of an hour.

The following week he saw the Freshman play a woman's part in a comedy and the truth slowly dawned upon him. Meanwhile, the Freshman had collected the bet and spent the money in a "party," which ended in half a dozen students trying to fight the police force of Cambridge and spending the night in jail.

The old "town and gown" riots, which used to be such a strenuous feature of life in English universities, seldom occur nowadays, but there was one in Oxford not many years ago which raged for three days and nights uninterruptedly. Over 500 policemen were eventually required to restore the peace. Houses and shops were wrecked and many a townsman and gownsman had to be patched up in the local hospitals afterward.

Being an ardent politician, it is natural that the undergraduates should make the college elections, which are fought on political lines, exceedingly lively affairs. Some of the leading universities return members of Parliament to represent them in the House of Commons, but they are elected by the dons and graduates without much fuss and excitement. The real fun is over the election of the chancellor, the lord rector, or whatever the honorary head of the university may be called, for in that election the undergraduates take a hand.

This position is sought by the greatest men in the land—men of the caliber of Gladstone, Salisbury, Morley and Balfour. And they are willing to go through a most severe ordeal to win it.

A great statesman who sways the House of Commons and helps to shape the destines of Europe goes electioneering among a mob of yelling college boys, and they think nothing of pelting him with red ochre, bluing and rotten eggs if he happens to be of the opposite political stripe. Election day is always a wild pandemonium in a university town. Wise people stay at home and put up the shutters.

FIXING HIGH NOON AT SEA.

Wireless Telegraphy Expected Soon to Overcome the Difficulty.

The most momentous improvement in navigation since the invention of the chronometer, more than 140 years ago, has just been foreshadowed in a modest paragraph in the report of the chief of the bureau of equipment of the United States navy.

"It is believed," says Chief Manney, "that the development of wireless telegraphy will enable these (time) signals to be distributed over water as well as over land, and that before long every ship at sea, in addition to every land station, will receive daily noon signals from the standard observatory clock."

What does that mean Nothing less than the elimination of the last element of uncertainty from the problem of finding the position of a ship at sea. Hitherto the one weak point in navigation has been the difficulty of carrying standard time on a voyage.

Observations for local time as well as for latitude have been exact, but the comparison of local standard time for obtaining the longitude has involved a certain amount of guess work. The best chronometer is not quite infallible, and some allowance, which may not be precisely right, has always to be made for errors.

But with time signals received from a national observatory every day at noon the mariner will know his way over any part of the wide ocean as accurately as if he were threading a buoyed channel. The chronometer will join the cross-staff and the astrolabe on the junk heap of discarded makeshifts.

And of course a ship that can communicate with the shore for one purpose is equally in touch with the world for any other communication it needs to make.

Progress of American Press.

In addition to its other distinctions the year 1904 marks the completion of two centuries since the first American newspaper was started, says Leslie's Weekly. That paper was the Boston News Letter, whose publisher and editor was the postmaster of that town. Although the News Letter consisted of a sheet of only 7 inches by 10½, printed on both sides, it was the only paper that England's colonies in the new world had for over a decade and a half. Philadelphia got the second paper established in America and New York got the third. All these were technically weeklies, but often in the early days there were intervals of two or three weeks between their successive appearances. The first daily paper in the new world was the American Daily Advertiser, printed in Philadelphia. After nearly a century had elapsed since the first newspaper appeared on this continent—or in 1800—there were only fifteen dailies and 190 weeklies in the United States.

The contrast between those days and to-day is striking. There are 24,000 newspapers and periodicals of all sorts—weeklies, semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies—published in the United States in 1904, of which 2,400 are dailies and 16,000 weeklies. Any one or two or three of New York's daily papers of 1904 has a larger circulation than did all the daily and weekly papers published in the United States in 1804.

A Solemn Thought.

It is a solemn thought,
Most solemn, of a verity,
With pregnant meaning fraught,
That we were once posterity;

The people we've forgot,
Even the very pink o' them,
Were once unduly hot
To know what we would think o' them

From this a lesson good
We learn about futurity;
Cease vain solicitude
And rest in full security.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The truth, children, is that Sleeping Beauty slept with her mouth open and snored.

Good Rules for All.

A cap worn at a rakish angle is no sure sign of a riotous disposition, but some persons think it is. The better way is to take no chances, and if one is willing to regulate his cap—and other things—by good authority, he may profitably heed these rules, which the President of a New England railroad company has issued to his trainmen:

Don't wear your cap over your ear.
Don't wear your cap down over your eyes.
Don't wear your cap on the back of your head.
Don't wear your cap askew.
Wear it firm and square on the top of your head.
Keep your shoes polished like a mirror.
Wear a linen collar, and keep it clean.
Wear a dark necktie
Crease your trousers
Brush your clothes.
Wear a glad smile, and live up to it.

Greatest in the World.

Arlington, Ind., Dec. 5.—(Special.)—Mr. W. A. Hysong, the photographer, who moved here recently from Sapp, Ky., is firmly of the opinion that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney Remedy the world has ever known.

"In the years 1901 and 1902," says Mr. Hysong, "and for some time before I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. My joints were sore and stiff and I finally got so bad I could not turn in bed without assistance. In the spring of 1903 I was induced, by a friend, to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after using one and one-half boxes I was and am still completely cured. Several of my neighbors, too, used Dodd's Kidney Pills and in every case they did as recommended."

Cure the early symptoms of Kidney Disease, such as Backache, with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

Japanese Victories.

"You seemed to take the town of Fung-Wang-Chang very easily," said the admiring crowd, according to the Buffalo Express. "How did you manage it?"

"Oh, that was nothing," said the Japanese commander, modestly. "We simply tackled it one syllable at a time."

A Singular Plural.

In a little pamphlet called "Better Say," J. C. Fernald recalls the dispute of two friends as to whether the word "news" was singular or plural.

They telegraphed to Horace Greeley the question: "Are there any news?"

"Mr. Greeley promptly returned the answer: "Not a new."

New Train Service, Chicago to St. Louis.

The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad now runs night and day trains to the Exposition City, which represent the highest type of railroad construction. When you go to the World's Fair, be sure your ticket is made good over this line, and you will enjoy every mile of the short trip.

Your local ticket agent will gladly make your ticket good this way if you request it.

Obeyed His Chief's Order.

A smart young officer belonging to a cavalry corps in India was sent on sick leave to a convalescent station of Simla and, while recovering his health among the hills there was robbed of his heart and in return captivated the charming thief. The young fellow proposed and was accepted and with all possible dispatch the wedding day was fixed. But the colonel of the expectant bridegroom's regiment was strongly opposed to the lieutenant marrying and telegraphed an unwelcome "Join at once" to the amorous sub.

The chagrined soldier handed the peremptory message to his fair one. She glanced at it and then, with a becoming blush of sweet simplicity, remarked:

"I am more than glad, dear, that your colonel so approves of your choice, but what a hurry he is in for the wedding. I don't think I can be ready quite so soon, but I'll try, for, of course, the colonel must be obeyed."

"But you don't seem to understand the telegram, sweetheart," said the lieutenant. "It upsets every plan we have made. You see, he says, 'Join at once.'"

"Certainly he does, dear," replied the lady, looking up with an arch smile, "but it is you who don't seem to understand it. When the colonel says, 'Join at once,' what does he mean but get married immediately? What else, indeed, can he possibly mean?"

"What else, indeed, darling?" delightedly exclaimed the ardent lover, rejoicing in the new reading, which he received with the utmost alacrity. So forty-eight hours had scarcely passed before the colonel received the following: "Your orders have been carried out. We were joined at once."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Right Food Makes Happy Children Because They Are Healthy.

Sometimes milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the Magnolia and the mockingbird way down in Alabama, and says: "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well-known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived.

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest, aged four and one-half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly, although she is of a constipated habit.

"For the youngest, aged two and one-half years, I use one-half Postum and one-half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it.

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot, invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The letters of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, and Miss Claussen, prove beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains throught the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss Margaret Merkley, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Claussen Saved from a Surgical Operation.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It seems to me that all the endorsements that I have read of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound do not express one-half of the virtue the great medicine really possesses. I know that it saved my life and I want to give the credit where it belongs. I suffered with ovarian trouble for five years, had three operations and spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicines but this did not cure me after all.

"However, what doctors and medicines failed to do, **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** did. Twenty bottles restored me to perfect health and I feel sure that had I known of its value before, and let the doctors alone, I would have been spared all the pain and expense that fruitless operations cost me. If the women who are suffering, and the doctors do not help them, will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they will not be disappointed with the results."—Miss Clara M. Claussen, 1307 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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