

WOMEN IN HOSPITALS

Experiences of Mrs. Rockwood and Miss Tierney



MISS MARGARET TIERNEY

MRS. CHAS. A. ROCKWOOD

A large proportion of the operations performed in our hospitals are upon women and girls for some organic trouble.

Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves, as every one of these patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in those dragging sensations, pains at left or right of abdomen, backaches, nervous exhaustion, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, and other organic weaknesses.

All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female system and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, has saved hundreds of women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more cases of feminine ills than any other one remedy. Such letters as the following

are constantly being received by Mrs. Pinkham to prove our claims.

Mrs. G. A. Rockwood, teacher of Parliamentary Law, of 58 Free St., Fredonia, N. Y., writes:

"For years I suffered with female trouble. It was decided that an operation was necessary, and although I submitted to a serious operation my subsequent condition, until Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and it proved a marvelous remedy, so quickly did it restore my health. I cannot thank you sufficiently for the good it has done me."

Miss Margaret Tierney, of No. 328 W. 25th Street, New York, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "When only eighteen years of age our physician decided that an operation was necessary to permit of my womanly organs performing their natural functions. My mother objected and being urged by a relative to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did so. I soon improved in health, the proper conditions were established and I am well and strong, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

No other remedy has such unqualified endorsement as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No other remedy in the world has such a record of cures of female ills.

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. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that may help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

J. D. DUBACK, Optometrist.

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25 per cent discount on all work before the 10th of May if you bring this advertisement.

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Layers and Breeders. Pullets on their first winter are the best egg producers. The older the pullets are when winter begins the more continuous will be the egg supply, according to the feather. Eggs from young pullets are not the best for hatching. Hens two years old are better for producing eggs for hatching than pullets. Immaturity is not conducive to strength and vigor in the offspring.

EUREKA!

Yes, I Have Found it at Last. Found what? Why that Chamberlain's Salve cures Eczema and all manner of itching of the skin. I have been a let for many years with a skin disease. I had to get up three or four times every night and wash with cold water to allay the terrible itching, but since using this salve in December, 1906, the itching has stopped and has not troubled me.—Elder John T. Ongley, Rootville, P. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

A FAMOUS GAMESTER.

Amazing Skill of Captain John Scott at Whist.

HIS RAPID ROAD TO WEALTH.

The Winnings of the "Gentleman Gambler" at White's, in London, in the Eighteenth Century Exceeded \$5,000,000—Fox's Reckless Play.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers at the close of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the immensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. On the subject of the campaign he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossip.

Writing to Richard Bentley from Arlington street on Feb. 25, 1786, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event in the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flung away his whole fortune at hazard. He 'other night lost in reckless play an immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of that luckless dicer, shot himself dead, after losing the last of his fortune, in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family of which Sir Walter was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of wizard. A later Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II. by marrying, when he was himself only fourteen years old, a lady who was three years his junior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died at thirteen. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made a marriage with the pet son of Charles II., Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was sixty years later, or about 1750, that young Scott, son of the laird of Scott's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamblers that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away fortunes over the gaming table at White's. The one historic loser of that era was Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival. Fox gambled away, all told, no less than \$5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Aeschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portemanteau in which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London and amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, nothing "but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in dicing, at which a stupid man has as good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game fortune fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1780. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played a perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so steadily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night while he was at the card table news was brought to him that his wife, the first Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a girl.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for this young lady."

But in a few hours he was £8,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck returning, and at 7 a. m. he went home the winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John

Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gambler.

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES.

Take one teaspoonful of the following simple mixture after your meals and again before going to bed, viz: Fluid Extract Dandelion one half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces.

Get the ingredients from some good prescription pharmacy and mix them yourself by shaking in a bottle.

The Kidneys often become clogged up and inactive, either from overwork or change of weather, and cause the back and sides to pain and ache. This is said to readily relieve almost any lame back; also overcome the worst forms of rheumatism, by toning up the Kidneys and forcing them to filter the uric acid or Rheumatism poisons from the blood.

Cut this out and save it.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Humorous Lecturer's Views About the Stage Hands.

I wonder why it is that one feels it is such a feather in his cap if he can make a stage hand laugh. I remember that one evening there was an unusually intelligent audience, made up of college professors and collegians, and they laughed readily and often at Jerome's sallies.

Just off scene sat a stolid and stupid stage hand, and he yawned at least four times while the reading was going on. I knew perfectly well that, if Jerome were to leap to his hands and walk around the stage with his feet in the air, singing "God Save the King" meantime, the stage hand would laugh, but I knew that Jerome never did that particular trick. And the stage hand sat there stolid.

"Will he like my work?" I asked myself, and I realized that I would value his verdict above a whole theater full of others, although they were alert mentalities.

I went on. The professors and collegians prospered my jests, for which I was grateful, but I heard a noise at the wings that made me do my level best. The stage hand was laughing out loud.

Later I heard what it was he said when he laughed.

"Gee, I have to laugh to see such a solemn lookin' cuss before the footlights. I bet he's lost his way."

But at the time I thought I had made a hit with him, and I was happy.

I always preferred churches to theaters, because there were no stage hands. I don't know how a stage hand acts toward an actor, but I always felt that they merely tolerated us, because we never used slapsticks nor yet made up. I know they made me feel uncomfortable, but once half a dozen of them laughed at me, and I didn't half try to make them do it. The first thing a lecturer does after accustoming himself to the darkness of "behind the scenes" is to find a "peep hole" and "count the house." One night I tried several, but they were all too small. Just at "tiptoes" was a big one, and I made for that, and, raising myself on my tootsies until I resembled a ballet dancer, I applied my eye. Then it was that they laughed, for I was looking into a little trick mirror that reflected my eye, but gave me no glimpse of the house.—Charles Battell Loomis in Success Magazine.

Voltaire in the Bastille.

The severest wit of his time, Voltaire, was more than once imprisoned in the Bastille for having directed his satire against the powers that were. His first incarceration for such an offense was in 1717, when he leveled a biting set of verses and later a satirical composition in Latin against the regent, the Duke of Orleans. The incensed regent ordered Voltaire to the Bastille; but, forgetting about him, left the writer in prison for eleven months. When at last the poet was remembered and released, the regent, a man of some generosity, unmindful of anything save the tedious imprisonment his lampooner had suffered, sent for him and granted him a pension of 2,000 francs a year to soothe his wounded feelings. It is related that Voltaire accepted the gift with as much witty grace as gratitude. "Monsieur," said he, "I most humbly thank your royal highness for continuing to charge yourself with the expense of my board, but I beg you never again to trouble yourself about my lodging."

Cured of Rheumatism.

Mr. Wm. Henry of Chattanooga, Tenn., had rheumatism in his left arm. "The strength seemed to have gone out of the muscles so that it is useless for work," he says. "I applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and wrapped the arm in flannel at night, and to my relief I found that the pain gradually left me and the strength returned. In three weeks the rheumatism had disappeared and has not since returned. It troubled with rheumatism try a few applications of Pain Balm. You are certain to be pleased with the relief which it affords. For sale by Frank Hart, and Leading Druggists.

The clock ticks and ticks the time away.

Shortening up our lives each day, Eat, drink and be merry. For some day you will be where, You can't get Rocky Mountain Tea. Free Samples at Frank Hart's.

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