An Ideal Woman's Medicine.

So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

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We sell the product in key-opening cans. Turn a key and you find the meat exactly as it left us. We put them up in this way.

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue
Ox Tongue (Whole), Veal Loaf
Deviled Ham, Brisket Beef
Sliced Smoked Beef, Etc.

All natural flavor foods—palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them.

FREE—the booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Send five 2c stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World.

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Fifty Years the Standard.

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TOOTH POWDER
There is no Beauty
that can stand the disfigurement of bad teeth. Take care of your teeth. Only one way—
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A bottle of **EC-ZINE** will be sent free to every reader of this paper who is suffering with any kind of SKIN Disease or Eruptions, Eczema, Blind or Bleeding Piles, Blood Poison, Old Ulcers or any other Germ diseases or sores of any name or nature. $50 reward will be paid for any case of Eczema which **EC-ZINE** will not cure. Thousands cured daily. Tell your friends. Send for free sample. THE EC-ZINE CO., 406 Ashland Bldg., Chicago.

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WANTED — AGENTS for latest patented self-heating flat irons. Live agents can make $50.00 per week during summer season. Best seller for house to house canvassing in the market. Write for terms immediately. GEO. FINN, 198 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U., Salt Lake—No. 26, 1903.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

STATISTICS OF NIGHT HERONS

They Are Sought by the Smithsonian Institution.

Eight hundred night herons are wandering free about the United States, each wearing on one leg an aluminum band inscribed "Smithsonian Institution" and a number. If any person shoots one of these birds he should write to Paul Bartsch, biologist of the Smithsonian, telling where it was and how large was the bird. The night heron is one of the most beautiful of the aquatic birds of America, but scientists know less about it than they are satisfied with. Last year Mr. Bartsch discovered several breeding places of these birds on the Potomac in the District of Columbia. Recently he visited the place with several assistants in the night and the 800 aluminum bands were fastened to the legs of as many young herons. Science is anxious to know how long the night heron lives, where it spends the winters and how much of the country it covers in its wanderings. It is believed that by the time a few of the numbered aluminum bands have been reported some of these facts will have been established to the satisfaction of the ornithologists. — Cleveland (O) Plain Dealer.

A GATHERING OF ARTISTS.

Commingling of Great Voices Made the Windows Rattle.

Now that the operatic artists—or most of them—have gone abroad, Mr. Campanari is desolate. His comfortable apartment has for several years been a favorite trysting place for many of the song birds during the long New York season; and Mme. Campanari serves spaghetti—Edouard de Reszke can say how well. The singing giant used to forego almost any other gratification of the palate to enjoy the Campanari Italian paste, together with strange sauces, anchovies, bovoli, fagioli, and caviare, like the fellow in "Cynthia's Revels."

"Alas!" mourns the versatile and semper paratus baritone, "what Sunday suppers they were; and how Edouard and I did sing; and how the windows rattled."—New York Mail and Express.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A WAITER'S RECEPTIVE BRAIN

Used to Quick Orders, He Becomes an Automaton.

"I believe that there is no work in the world that makes such machines of men as does the business of waiting in some of these 'quick lunch eating places,'" said the business man. "The brains of the waiters seem to work like phonographs. What they hear in the way of orders given them is seemingly registered and reproduced without any apparent mental activity or realization of exactly what the order means. The other morning, for instance, I overheard this dialogue and monologue in one of these restaurants Two men seated at the same table gave their orders to the same waiter.

"'Bring me a couple of soft-boiled eggs and a cup of coffee,' said the first man.

"'Same thing for me, waiter,' said the second, adding in a jocular way, 'but be sure the eggs are fresh.'

"'All right,' was the reply.

"And a moment later his voice came from the back of the restaurant: 'Soft-boiled for two—an' have two of 'em fresh!'"

New to Londoners.

The Londoner will be greatly annoyed by innovations when the American electrical cars are running in the Metropolitan underground and tu'penny tuba railways. The fare will be five cents for any distance; there will be no first, second or third class; the high speed will be over sixty miles an hour, and the twenty-second limit to stops will give him a Chicago education in movement.

BRAIN BUILDING.

How to Feed Nervous Cases.

Hysteria sometimes leads to insanity and should be treated through feeding the brain and nerves upon scientifically selected food that restores the lost delicate gray matter. Proof of the power of the brain food Grape-Nuts is remarkably strong.

"About eight years ago when working very hard as a court stenographer I collapsed physically and then nervously and was taken to the State Hospital for the insane at Lincoln, Neb., a raving maniac.

"They had to keep me in a straitjacket, and I was kept in the worst ward for three months. I was finally dismissed in the following May, but did no brain work for years until last fall, when I was persuaded to take the testimony in two cases. One of these was a murder case, and the strain upon my nervous system was so great that I would have broken down again except for the strength I had build up by the use of Grape-Nuts. When I began to feel the pressure of the work on my brain and nerves I simply increased the amount of Grape-Nuts, and used the food more regularly.

"I now feel like my old self again and am healthy and happy. I am sure that if I had known of Grape-Nuts when I had my trouble eight years ago I would never have collapsed and this dark spot in my life would never have happened. Grape-Nuts' power as a brain food is simply wonderful, and I do not believe any stomach is so weak that it cannot digest this wonderful food. I feel a delicacy about having my name appear in public, but if you think it would help any poor sufferer you can use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There are desserts and desserts. The delicious, health-giving kind are told about in the little recipe book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.

OUT OF THE CITY: A STORY OF THE NEW WOMAN.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

(CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED).

"As far as I know," Clara repeated, as the widow moved away to where the players were grouped round the net, or sauntering slowly towards the house. She rose to follow her, but her head was in a whirl with new thoughts, and she sat down again. Which would be best for Ida, Harold or Charles? She thought it over with as much solicitude as a mother who plans for her only child. Harold had seemed to her to be in many ways the noblest and the best young man whom she had known. If ever she was to love a man it would be such a man as that. But she must not think of herself. She had reason to believe that both these men loved her sister. Which would be the best for her? But perhaps the matter was already decided. She could not forget the scrap of conversation which she had heard the night before, nor the secret which her sister had refused to confide to her. If Ida would not tell her, there was but one person who could. She raised her eyes, and there was Harold Denver standing before her.

"You were lost in your thoughts," said he, smiling. "I hope that they were pleasant ones."

"Oh, I was planning," said she, rising. "It seems rather a waste of time as a rule, for things have a way of working themselves out just as you least expect."

"What were you planning, then?"

"The future."

"Whose?"

"Oh, my own and Ida's."

"And was I included in your joint futures?"

"I hope all our friends were included."

"Don't go in," said he, as she began to move slowly towards the house. "I wanted to have a word. Let us stroll up and down the lawn. Perhaps you are cold. If you are I could bring you out a shawl."

"Oh, no, I am not cold."

"I was speaking to your sister Ida last night." She noticed that there was a slight quiver in his voice, and, glancing up at his dark, clear-cut face, she saw that he was very grave. She felt that it was settled, and that he had come to ask her for her sister's hand.

"She is a charming girl," said he, after a pause.

"Indeed she is," cried Clara warmly. "And no one who has not lived with her and known her intimately can tell how charming and good she is. She is like a sunbeam in the house."

"No one who was not good could be so absolutely happy as she seems to be. Heaven's last gift, I think, is a mind so pure and a spirit so high that it is unable even to see what is impure and evil in the world around us. For as long as we can see it, how can we be truly happy?"

"She has a deeper side, also. She does not turn it to the world, and it is not natural that she should, for she is very young. But she thinks, and has aspirations of her own."

"You cannot admire her more than I do. Indeed, Miss Walker, I only ask to be brought into nearer relationship with her, and to feel that there is a permanent bond between us."

It had come at last. For a moment her heart was numbed within her, and then a flood of sisterly love carried all before it. Down with the dark thought which would still try to raise its unhallowed head! She turned to Harold with sparkling eyes and words of pleasure upon her lips.

"I should wish to be near and dear to both of you," said he, as he took her hand. "I should wish Ida to be my sister, and you my wife."

She said nothing. She only stood looking at him with parted lips and great, dark, questioning eyes. The lawn had vanished away, the sloping gardens, the brick villas, the darkening sky with half a pale moon beginning to show over the chimney tops. All was gone, and she was only conscious of a dark, earnest, pleading face, and of a voice, far away, disconnected from herself, the voice of a man telling a woman how he loved her. He was unhappy, said the voice, his life was a void; he had come to the parting of the ways, here lay happiness and honor, and all that was high and noble; there lay the soul-killing round, the lonely life, the base pursuit of money, the sordid, selfish aims. He needed but the hand of the woman that he loved to lead him into the better path. And how he loved her his life would show. He loved her for her sweetness, for her womanliness, for her strength. He had need of her. Would she come to him? And then of a sudden as she listened it came home to her that the man was Harold Denver, and that she was the woman, and that all God's work was very beautiful—the green sward beneath her feet, the rustling leaves, the long orange slashes in the western sky. She spoke; she scarce knew what the broken words were, but she saw the light of joy shine out on his face, and her hand was still in his as they wandered amid the twilight. They said no more now, but only wandered and felt each other's presence. All was fresh around them, familiar and yet new, tinged with the beauty of their new found happiness.

"Did you not know it before," he asked.

"I did not dare think it."

"What a mask of ice I must wear! How could a man feel as I have done without showing it? Your sister, at least, knew."

"Ida!"

"It was last night. [illegible] you, I [illegible] instl[illegible]

see in me? Oh, I do pray that you may not repent it!" The gentle heart was ruffled amid its joy by the thought of its own unworthiness.

"Repent it! I feel that I am a saved man. You do not know how degrading this city life is, how debasing, and yet how absorbing. Money forever clinks in your ear. You can think of nothing else. From the bottom of my heart I hate it, and yet how can I draw back without bringing grief to my dear old father? There was but one way in which I could defy the taint, and that was by having a home influence so pure and so high that it may brace me up against all that draws me down. I have felt that influence already. I know that when I am talking to you I am a better man. It is you who must go with me through life, or I must walk forever alone."

"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!" Still they wandered amid the darkening shadows, while one by one the stars peeped out in the blue-black sky above them. At last a chill night wind blew up from the east, and brought them back to the realities of life.

"You must go in. You will be cold."

"My father will wonder where I am. Shall I say anything to him?"

"If you like, my darling. Or I will in the morning. I must tell my mother tonight. I know how delighted she will be."

"I do hope so."

"Let me take you up the garden path. It is so dark. Your lamp is not lit yet, then, dearest."

"Till tomorrow, Harold."

"My own darling!" He stooped, and their lips met for the first time. Then, as she pushed open the folding windows she heard his quick, firm step as it passed down the graveled path. A lamp was lit as she entered the room, and there was Ida, dancing about like a mischievous little fairy in front of her.

"And have you anything to tell me?" she asked, with a solemn face. Then, suddenly throwing her arms round her sister's neck, "Oh, you dear, dear old Clara! I am so pleased. I am so pleased."

CHAPTER VII.

VENIT TADNEM FELICITAS.

IT WAS just three days after the Doctor and the Admiral had congratulated each other upon the closer tie which was to unite their two families, and to turn their friendship into something even dearer and more intimate, that Miss Ida Walker received a letter which caused her some surprise and considerable amusement. It was dated from next door, and was handed in by the red-headed page after breakfast.

"Dear Miss Ida," began this curious document, and then relapsed suddenly into the third person. "Mr. Charles Westmacott hopes that he may have the pleasure of a ride with Miss Ida Walker upon his tandem tricycle. Mr. Charles Westmacott will bring it round in half an hour. You in front. Yours very truly, Charles Westmacott." The whole was written in a large, loose-jointed and schoolboyish hand, very thin on the up strokes and thick on the down, as though care and pains had gone to the fashioning of it.

Strange as was the form, the meaning was clear enough; so Ida hastened to her room, and had hardly slipped on her light grey cycling dress when she saw the tandem with its large occupant at the door. He handed her up to her saddle with a more solemn and thoughtful face than was usual with him, and a few moments later they were flying along the beautiful, smooth suburban roads in the direction of Forest Hill. The great limbs of the athlete made the heavy machine spring and quiver with every stroke; while the mignon grey figure with the laughing face, and the golden curls blowing from under the little pink-banded straw hat, simply held firmly to her perch, and let the treadles whirl round beneath her feet. Mile after mile they flew, the wind beating in her face, the trees dancing past in two long ranks on either side, until they had passed round Croydon and were approaching Norwood once more from the further side.

"Aren't you tired?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder and turning towards him a little pink ear, a fluffy golden curl, and one blue eye twinkling from the very corner of its lid.

"Not a bit. I am just getting my swing."

"Isn't it wonderful to be strong? You always remind me of a steam engine."

"Why a steam engine?"

"Well, because it is so powerful, and reliable, and unreasoning. Well, I didn't mean that last, you know, but—but—you know what I mean. What is the matter with you?"

"Why?"

"Because you have something on your mind. You have not laughed once."

He broke into a gruesome laugh. "I am quite jolly," said he.

"Oh, no, you are not. And why did you write me such a dreadfully stiff letter?"

"There, now," he cried, "I was sure it was stiff."

"Then why write it?"

"It wasn't my own composition."

"Whose then? Your aunt's?"

"Oh, no. It was a person of the name of Slattery."

"Goodness! Who is he?"

"I knew it would come out. I felt that it would. You've heard of Slattery, the author?"

"Never."

"He is wonderful at expressing himself. He wrote a book called 'The Secret Agent,' or 'Letter-writing Made Easy,' and you not [illegible] models of all sorts of letters."

Ida burst out laughing. "So you actually did one."

"As to invite a young lady to a picnic, but I set to work, and soon got it changed so that it would do very well. Slattery seems never to have asked any one to ride a tandem. But when I had written it, it seemed so dreadfully stiff that I had to put a little beginning and end of my own, which seemed to brighten it up a good deal."

"I thought there was something funny about the beginning and end."

"Did you? Fancy your noticing the difference in style. How quick you are! I am very slow at things like that. I ought to have been a woodman, or gamekeeper, or something. I was made on those lines. But I have found something now."

"What is that, then?"

"Ranching. I have a chum in Texas, and he says it is a rare life. I am to buy a share in his business. It is all in the open air—shooting, and riding, and sport. Would it—would it inconvenience you much, Ida, to come out there with me?"

Ida nearly fell off her perch in her amazement. The only words of which she could think were "My goodness me!" so she said them.

"If it would not upset your plans, or change your arrangements in any way." He had slowed down and let go of the steering handle, so that the great machine crawled aimlessly about from one side of the road to the other. "I know very well that I am not clever or anything of that sort, but still I would do all I can to make you very happy. Don't you think that in time you might come to like me a little bit?"

Ida gave a cry of fright. "I won't like you if you run me against a brick wall," she said, as the machine rasped against the curb. "Do attend to the steering."

"Yes, I will. But tell me, Ida, whether you will come with me."

"Oh, I don't know. It's too absurd! How can we talk about such things when I cannot see you? You speak to the nape of my neck, and then I have to twist my head round to answer."

"I know. That was why I put 'You in front' upon my letter. I thought that it would make it easier. But if you would prefer it I will stop the machine, and then you can sit around and talk about it."

"Good gracious!" cried Ida. "Fancy our sitting face to face on a motionless tricycle in the middle of the road, and all the people looking out of their windows at us!"

"It would look rather funny, wouldn't it? Well, then, suppose that we both get off and push the tandem along in front of us?"

"Oh, no, this is better than that."

"Or I could carry the thing."

Ida burst out laughing. "That would be more absurd still."

"Then we will go quietly, and I will look out for steering. I won't talk about it at all if you would rather not. But I really do love you very much, and you would make me happy if you came to Texas with me, and I think that perhaps after a time I could make you happy, too."

"But your aunt?"

"Oh, she would like it very much. I can understand that your father might not like to lose you. I'm sure I wouldn't either, if I were he. But, after all, America is not very far off nowadays, and is not so very wild. We would take a grand piano, and—and—a copy of Browning. And Denver and his wife would come over to see us. We should be quite a family party. It would be jolly."

Ida sat listening to the stumbling words and awkward phrases which were whispered from the back of her, but there was something in Charles Westmacott's clumsiness of speech which was more moving than the words of the most eloquent of pleaders. He paused, he stammered, he caught his breath between the words, and he blurted out in little blunt phrases all the hopes of his heart. If love had not come to her yet, there was at least pity and sympathy, which are nearly akin to it. Wonder there was also that one so weak and frail as she should shake this strong man so, should have the whole course of his life waiting for her decision. Her left hand was on the cushion at her side. He leaned forward and took it gently in his own. She did not try to draw it back from him.

"May I have it," said he, "for life?"

"Oh, do attend to your steering," said she, smiling round at him; "and don't say any more about this today. Please don't!"

"When shall I know, then?"

"Oh, tonight, tomorrow, I don't know. I must ask Clara. Talk about something else."

And they did talk about something else; but her left hand was still enclosed in his, and he knew, without asking again, that all was well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR AN UNSPOKEN SPEECH.

The Irish Patriot Jailed for Words He Didn't Say.

A member of the Land league was sent from Dublin to a certain district to get up a meeting and make a speech, says the New York Journal.

On reaching the town where the meeting was to be held the speech-maker met a friend, and, both being genial fellows, they retired to a public house and had something. Then they began talking over old-time reminiscences, and the first thing the land-leaguer knew was that the attendant had come in to light the lamp.

"Great goodness!" he said, "I was sent down from Dublin to get up a meeting here and now it is too late."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said the other.

"Yes, but it does matter," said the organizer. "I have to report to my superior that the meeting was held."

"Oh, that's all right," said his friend. "Here, you write out a speeech and I will send it to the local papers, which will print it just as if the meeting was held. Then the people in Dublin won't know the difference."

This was quickly done and the speech that was never delivered appeared next day in the papers.

The fun of the thing comes in over the fact that the leaguer was arrested and was sentenced to four months in jail for a speech that he never delivered, at a meeting that was never held.

Are They All Tender?

By command of the emperor of Russia three enormous volumes, bound in black seal, with purple silk linings, and another in red seal with white linings, all with massive clasps in gold and silver, have been filled with cuttings from the entire American press referring to the illness and death of the late czar.

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And greater still, if possible, is the wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infantile and birth humours, milk crust, scalled head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies suitable for children, and even the best physicians, fail.

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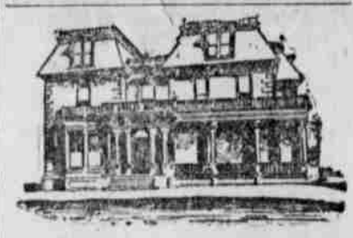
Send for "The Great Humour Cure."

Production of Nitrate of Soda.

The annual report of the Nitrate Association of Chile, which controls the world's supply of nitrate of soda, shows the production in 1902 to have been 2,982,522.80 pounds from seventy-eight works. The nitrate beds are near the surface and are worked as stone quarries. It is anticipated that the immense amount of nitrate the United States now gets from Chile for use in fertilizers will ultimately be supplied by factories making it by electrical process from the air, as is being done at Niagara Falls.



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