

No Bunnies. There was a time, remembered easily by many, when the tender husband did not shrink from carrying home materials for his dinner. Men of learning in those simpler days, says the Boston Herald, grasped the eel of commerce, as the eel of science, by the tail. The statesman with Jovian brow and blue coat with brass buttons was very human with a dried codfish wrapped carefully in brown paper under his eloquent arm. To see a highly-respectable citizen with a demijohn was a cheering sight. Nor was it beneath the dignity of a painful preacher of the Word of God to carry a pair of trousers to the tailor when the rent was beyond the skill of domestic ingenuity. The present civilization may be real or chromo; at least is certain: The age of carrying bundles is gone, so far as the men are concerned, although no one has celebrated in sonorous prose its passing. The man protests against the burden of a can of peas, a jar of marmalade, his wife's bank-book. The youth insists that the two or three collars bought to bridge him over the weekly coming of the laundryman shall be sent home. The schoolboy, however his mother may coax or threaten, sulks at the thought of a bundle, for he fears the ridicule of snobbishly trained companions. The bundle is avoided, not respected, as it was by the great Napoleon. Democratic simplicity is found only in tradition and in De Toqueville's book. It is not surprising that the bundle should be spurned; that a fashionable mother may not be able to support the weight of her own baby in the street.

Getting Nearer the Sun. Astronomers, basing their figures on eclipses and other phenomena, have calculated that the sun is 94,000,000 miles away from the earth. This seems an instance of astronomical overcapitalization to Theodore M. Geisel, a mechanical engineer of Jersey City. He figures the distance is only 1,400,000 miles. In a printed communication lately published he explains the process by which he reaches his conclusion. He starts with the assumption that the diameter of the earth is 8,000 miles and its circumference 25,132.8 miles. It makes, he says, 25,132.8 miles of its circuit around the sun each 24 hours. As it takes 365 days for it to complete the circuit, its orbit around the sun just naturally must be 365 times 25,132.8, or 9,173,472 miles. That would make a circle with a diameter of 2,920,000 miles. "A little judgment must convince any thinker," he says, "that the sun must be at the center of this circuit, or at a distance from the earth of one-half of the diameter of the circle. So that the distance from the surface of the earth to the center of the sun is 1,460,000, and not, as the great students of economy claim, 93,999,000 miles." This intelligence may make the leaman more automatic the coming summer.

"Sargent" Cupid. "Cupid is one of the best recruiting officers that Uncle Sam has," confided one of the sergeants attached to recruiting headquarters to a reporter the other day. "Back of nearly every enlistment there is a woman in the case. Lovers quarrel chase a lot of fine lads into the service. Your romantic youth gravitates to the recruiting office after a serious break with his sweetheart as naturally as a duck takes to water. It seems to him the most fitting way in which to sacrifice himself when love's young dream is apparently dispelled. Way down in his heart he nurses the idea of making his erstwhile enamored one sad, and it's the army or navy, with the possibility of death in battle, for him. Again, other first-class material is recruited by the desire of young fellows to sport a uniform before their girls. In such cases Cupid does his recruiting through vanity. But in both ways he manages to fill up big gaps in the ranks of Uncle Sam's fighters."

"I have studied the police system of this city most thoroughly," said an amateur reformer before a woman's club in New York, "and have been forced to the conclusion that the spy system is the only one that will keep the policeman up to his work. The roundsman should keep a watch upon the patrolman and report upon him. The captains should watch the roundsman and report upon him. The inspector should keep an eye upon the captain and report him." "Who will watch the inspector?" asked a woman in the front row. "I do not know," responded the orator, "unless that should be made one of the duties of the patrolmen."

While it is not unusual to-day for a woman to be a successful medical practitioner, it is most unusual for a woman to have a record of anesthetizing 2,000 patients without an accident. Such is the remarkable credit due to Dr. Leora Johnson, of the state university of Iowa. After taking a post-graduate course in the London (England) university, Dr. Johnson was made acting assistant to the gynecological clinic in London Homeopathic hospital, the only woman ever admitted to the classes of that institution.

A DINGY WINDOW

By HARRY BALL

SIT all day long multiplying, subtracting, dividing and adding up columns until I hate the sight of figures. "Multiplication is vexation. Division is an abend. The Rule of Three doth puzzle me. And Practice drives me mad." says the poet. You may laugh if you choose, but it was a poet that said it; for it is true it is beautiful, and if it is beautiful it is poetry; for poetry is both beauty and truth; and I testify that it is true; so there you are.



A NUMBER OF FRIENDS OF MINE.

any consideration (that is for any consideration that usually prompts people to the cleaning of windows). It is the home of a number of friends of mine, and a whole world of hopes and hates and fears and ambitions and passions and tragedies goes on among them all day long. They are only little brown spiders; but anyone who watched them closely and did not discern that they were very much like human beings must be dull-eyed and slow of mind. The window is barred on the inner side with iron rods (do not jump at the conclusion that I am in jail, please), which the spiders probably assume were placed there to serve as supports for their webs. Innumerable flies, gnats and tiny unclassified winged things throng to the sunlit window, apparently perfectly unconscious of the nets and snares that await them.

Some of the spiders are so tiny that they look like motes hanging on their almost invisible webs; but they are all evidently of the same species, and these I take to be the babies of the community. From the size of the head of a pin they range to that of a large pea. Each one has his own separate web, the smallest no bigger in circumference than a silver dollar, and with threads so fine that eyes grown dull by staring vindictively at columns of figures can scarcely see them. Although they are so close to each other that when one is touched by a gnat it shakes the three or four adjoining ones, only the spider whose net has actually made the capture ever pays any attention to it. They appear to respect each other's boundaries absolutely, even the very smallest making his capture and enjoying it unmolested by his neighbor, who may be much bigger than himself.

The webs of the very little spiders are too weak to hold a prey as strong as a fly, so these very little fellows content themselves with minute gnats, and flee in terror to crevices in the window sash when musca blunders into their homes and tears the fairy work to pieces with his buzzing wings. Sometimes I kill a fly, or disable him, so that he cannot struggle much, and carefully place him in the web of one of the little spiders, but the small owner runs away all the same, and will rather make a new net in another place than return to the old one while the dangerous intruder remains. I believe it is not generally known that each thread of a spider's web is covered with a very glutinous matter, and when the web is

ODE TO "ROOTERS."

Now hark ye, merry rooters, for the rattle of the fray; All hail the joyous season that began on yesterday. The training in the Southland is a matter of the past. Behold the last year's pennant proudly floating from its mast. Behold the long and crowding row; reluctantly it waits. Its progress all too small-like as it surges through the gates. Bring forth your trusty megaphone, your score card and your pass. When the grass is on the diamond and the shortstop's on the grass. In far-off Cincinnati, in the palace of the fans, A mighty din betokens the arrival of the teams. Chicago in St. Louis, and Boston in New York. And every where a horde of fans with hearts as light as cork. And every where a panic with the umpire's strident call. And every where the ecstasy that greets the cry "Play ball!" Say, is it not a picture no great artist can surpass. When the grass is on the diamond and the shortstop's on the grass? The same old demonstration as the warming-up begins. The same old laughter when a foul bounds off the catcher's shins. The same old trusty pitcher with his "slow one" and his speed. And other tricks a pitcher turns in order to succeed. The infield all a-quiver, the outfield calmly tense. The long, hard drive that caroms off the farthest bit of fence. And many a merchant shrieks with joy, and many a dainty lass, When the grass is on the diamond and the shortstop's on the grass. -W. F. Kirk, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

newly spun whatever touches it sticks. A gnat or a fly is not entangled. It is simply caught as if by bird lime, and its struggles, by jerking the thread, apprise the spider of the capture.

Many of my spiders are really too little to have ever captured anything, and I am quite sure I have been a witness to several first experiences. I hate mosquitoes. They make great white bumps wherever they bite me, and there are far too many of them in this cell of mine. It is my great pleasure to watch one of them alight on my hand, and just as he has braced his ugly legs, thrust out his poisoned dagger and bored into me, to smite him gently but firmly—not kill him, but only to crumple him up a bit so that he cannot fly and still can kick vigorously. Then I take him by one wing and delicately touch him against the web of one of my small spiders—not one of the very tiniest, for they are afraid of anything larger than a midge. The mosquito sticks immediately to the gummy thread. He kicks and whirrs about in an ecstasy of well-deserved terror. The little spider, sitting lumped up and apparently asleep at the other end of the web, springs up and thrusts out all his legs. I can actually see him quiver with excitement. He runs down the web until he is an inch from the mosquito, stops and jerks the thread sharply half a dozen times. The mosquito flutters again. The little spider goes quite wild. He doesn't dare to rush on the prey, but jerks the threads, until between the two the net seems in danger of being torn to pieces. Sometimes fear gets the better of him, and just as he is about to touch the mosquito he turns and rushes frantically away to hide in a crevice. In a moment he is out again, however, as if ashamed of his cowardice. He advances resolutely, jerking the thread as he comes, and at last springs on his victim with all the ferocity in his wicked little body, runs quickly all over the mosquito, ties down the fluttering wings and settles to his feast without further ceremony.

The biggest spider in the window is a very different person. She is as large as a pea—a marrowfat pea. She has the best place, and the sunniest corner, and her web spreads over nearly a foot of space. Its threads are so large and thick that the biggest fly is doomed when he gets into it. I call her Mrs. Jacobson, because she reminds me so much of a lady I know. The lady is so puffy, and so rich, and so calm, and so greedy, and so well content in the assurance that everything she has is so much finer and better than anything her neighbors have. My Mrs. Jacobson is evidently the richest and greatest person in the window. She possesses two great treasures, which she keeps close together in a corner of her web in an angle of the sash, surrounded by a dense network of threads. They are two large brown bags, each as big as herself, and whatever is in them must be very valuable, for she is all day long between them, touching one with each hand. She is very business-like, and doesn't waste any time when a fly gets into her web. She never runs away to hide. She never rushes aimlessly back and forth, jerking the threads and trying to screw up her courage. She goes to her fly as far as she can, and when she reaches him she thrusts out first one and then another of her long, skinny arms, first over him, then under. The fly whirls around like the arms of a windmill, actually screaming, his buzz is so loud and wild and shrill and despairing. But he is done for. Mrs. Jacobson proceeds calmly, methodically, relentlessly. First a leg is fastened tight to his body, then a wing, and in a minute he is encased in a neat white shroud of threads and can't move an eyelash. When he is completely helpless she takes him to the corner near her precious bags, and if she is not hungry (and she is already fat enough, in all conscience), she hangs him up in her cupboard, maybe with one or two others which are there. Then she goes back to her treasures, and sits listening remorselessly to his gradually weakening screams, which sound like the wind in a very small keyhole.

Mrs. Jacobson's dinner occupies about two hours. At the end of it she appears to simply cut a thread, and the fly, in his little shroud, at once drops from the web to the window sill below. There is nothing left of him but a little shell. A touch of my finger crushes it to powder. But here comes the man I dread—the porter—with a broom. That fellow seems to be beset with a determination to "clean" my window, and I believe he thinks I am crazy because I don't wish him to do it. Of course I can't tell him why. He would think me crazier than ever. But he cleans it.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

KISSING ADVERTISEMENT.

Paris Restaurants Wherein the Cashier Pays Peculiar Premium on Checks. In many of the European cafes of the cheaper order it is the invariable custom to print the daily menu on the napkin provided for the guest, so that when the latter desires to study the bill of fare he has to raise his serviette from his knee in order to do so. But perhaps the most extraordinary custom in connection with restaurant life, says a writer, is that which obtains in a certain little cafe in the suburbs of Paris, where every customer whose bill amounts to one shilling or over is entitled to receive a kiss from the very attractive young lady who acts as cashier to the establishment. So used has the damsel become to the osculation routine that she goes through it without the slightest reticence, looking upon it purely as a matter of business, and it is reported that the proprietor of the restaurant is more than satisfied with the result of his curious device for attracting patrons. Another enterprising restaurateur has instituted the practice of making a present of a box of Havana cigars every New Year's day to those patrons who have been pretty regular in their attendance at his establishment during the preceding year. States and cities do not consist of mortar and brick and stone, but of the character of their citizenship.

DRESSMAKER COMES

AN AUTOCRAT BUT A FAITHFUL FRIEND IS THIS VISITOR.

Lady of Scissors and Styles a Personage of Distinction—Man is Superfluous Furniture, When She Appears—She Regards Most Elegant Stuffs with Indifference—Never a Vendor of Malice, She Gleams with Gayety and Gossip.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Howles. A function, mysterious and sacred, as recurrent as moon or the tides in the sea, is known to the initiated as the coming of the dressmaker. Its rites are treated with the deepest awe, and never without proper ceremony, although there be those who tear their hair and gnash their teeth when the time for celebration comes around.

To the man of the house, the coming of the dressmaker is as annoying as the old-fashioned house-cleaning. In both cases he is made to realize his insignificance, is impressed with the fact that he is only a big clumsy and blundering man-body, and is, for once in his life, flung aside with as little formality as if he were merely a superfluous bit of furniture. The dressmaker, let it be understood, is a personage of distinction. For weeks before her arrival affairs have been so arranged as to give her an undisputed right of way. She is often engaged months in advance and her dates are as fixed and as carefully made as those which announce visits of royalty. In her own character she is plain Mary Jenkins or Kitty Cassidy. In her role of dressmaker she is an autocrat, and stately dames and fair demoiselles bow before her. One solicits her in the autumn for a week in the spring. One who is at all forehanded engages her for the fall the day the spring sewing is finished. Her prices are high, but nobody disputes them. A dressmaker who has style and savoir-faire in the creation of feminine toilettes may simply ask what price she pleases.

When she is expected an air of excitement pervades the household. Breakfast is earlier than usual. The children are hurried off to school. Visible impatience furries the mistress, and the maid moves about as hastily as if looking for an invitation to a wake. Should John choose that special morning to loiter a little before going to business, saying that he has to meet a man on his way to the office and will take a later train, deep dejection seizes his womankind. There are times when the best of men is a stumbling block; when one waves a joyful hand at the most adorable husband as he disappears around the corner.

Everything else yields to the urgency of the moment when the lady of the scissors and the styles appears on the scene. Samples were sent for weeks ago, and goods anxiously selected and purchased. Mother and daughters have reminded one another whenever errands have been made to the local shops, to bring home needles and buttons and braids and sewing silk and linings and hooks and eyes and twist. It would be too dreadful to find anything lacking when the dressmaker's time had come.

When she has taken off her hat and jacket, and unrolled her patterns, the artist surveys the materials laid out for her inspection. The shimmering silks, the filmy gauzes, the sheer lawns, the flowered organdies, the lustrous mohairs, the soft wools, whatever the fabrics chosen may be, are spread before her with a certain pride. Beautiful and costly they may be, but the dressmaker is never enthusiastic. She regards the most elegant stuffs with indifference, as befits one who handles such goods daily, and to whom nothing is so sumptuous or magnificent. She is often haughty, and occasionally condescending, but take her for all in all she is businesslike, and who does not know that between business and sentiment there is a divorce which cannot be ignored? If she says nothing critical, you may thank your stars; if she approves, be certain that your horoscope was cast in a fortunate hour; if she waxes cordial in her glance and words, fate has indeed been kind to you.

After a little, the dressmaker, in the place of commanding officer, assigns to each member of the family her task. One presides at the sewing machine, another meekly stitches according to direction, another bastes; each does as she is told. If three or four gowns are in process of making at once, there is superficial confusion, and there are naturally wearisome half-hours of trying on, of hanging skirts and adjusting sleeves. The latter indicate the ebb and flow of fashion's waves. One year they puff at the shoulder, the next they flare at the wrist. Sometimes the puff is below the elbow. Sometimes the sleeve clings to the arm, as the rind of an apple to the fruit. Turn to any toilet-chronicle of the past thousand years, and observe how sleeves have varied in caprice and whim all the way along the centuries, just as they do now. Empires crumble, dynasties wane, battles rage, the map of the world is changed, but sleeves maintain their whirling dance through all, and the dressmaker sits as calmly on the top of a heap of ruins as in the palace of a queen.

Princesses indeed bow at her behest. Our first lady of the land could not have gone to the inaugural ball the other evening in March, had not some lady of the ears fashioned her splendid gown, from yards and yards and yards of iridescent brocade, woven on special looms from a pattern immediately destroyed. To the queen on her coronation day and the maiden on her bridal, the dressmaker is alike indispensable.

The house is kept at concert pitch until the work is under good headway. Then the potentate of the occasion relaxes her severity and conversation begins, eddying in and out, rippling on like a brook, swirling around familiar topics and gleaming with gayety and gossip. Joining as she does everywhere, the dressmaker hears no end of pleasant things, and knows no end of interesting occurrences. She is no vendor of malice or surveyor of scandal. She is only a hard-working little woman, who earns every dollar she receives, and who entertains

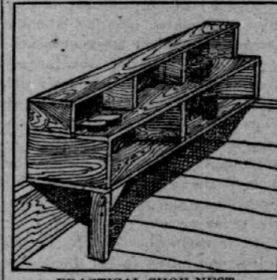
her employers agreeably by a bit of chat from the world outside, even when she dictates to them most firmly as to the length of their petticoats and the height of their stocks. Do not grudge her the money you pay into her faithful hand. Of course, while she is with you, callers cannot be admitted, committee meetings must be evaded, and parties of pleasure abandoned. By an unwritten but imperative law, the dressmaker's days are her own, and she takes precedence for the time, every other engagement lessening in importance before hers. For this reason the woman lavish prefers another course from that of the woman economical. She sends her goods to a dressmaking establishment, goes there to be fitted, and has her dresses sent home, wrapped in many folds of tissue paper, and finished to the last fluting and frill, with a bill far in excess of the one presented by the itinerant seamstress. One who has a big bank account, or a deep purse, may save herself trouble by going to the dressmaker, instead of summoning the dressmaker to her.

In India, this whole branch of handiwork is given to men, who charge very little, yet perform miracles of beautiful needle-craft. European and American ladies have great satisfaction in the evening gowns made by gentle natives, with deft hands and smiling faces. They dress the Mem Sahibs as those gentlewomen wish, making anew or making over with swift dexterity. But when they dress a Mohammedan or Hindu bride, the gown is something like one described by an author who writes of India, and whose words I quote: "She wore a purple petticoat embellished with a rich border of scattered bunches of flowers, each flower formed of various gems, while the leaves and stems were of embroidered gold and silk threads. Her bodice was of the same material as the petticoat; the entire vest was marked with circular rows of pearls and rubies."

TO HOLD ONE'S SHOES.

Here is a Sensible Means for Keeping the Shoes Out of the Dust and Out of the Way.

A box can easily be converted into a shoe-stand, like the one shown in the illustration.



PRACTICAL SHOE NEST.

Illustration, where shoes, slippers and rubbers may be kept in orderly condition, says a contributor to Farm and Fireside. This double-deck shoe-stand requires but little skill and very little practical knowledge to make, and as no definite size can be given the drawing shows quite clearly how one or several of them can be made to fit the space in any closet. In a small closet no legs will be required under one corner of the nest, as both ends can rest on the top of the surface; in a large closet, however, where it is not desired to extend it along the side, the unsupported end is held up by a leg.

Nursery Portiere. For a nursery portiere nothing is prettier than burlaps in one of the artistic tones of blue or brown, or whatever color matches the room, with a border of English tapestry illustrating nursery rhymes. Strips of these tapestries 50 inches wide cost 90 cents. They are delightful in color and design, and the choice of subjects is ample. One may have a procession of goose girls driving their flocks through lovely meadows to an unseen brook; a windy garden with mounds hanging out clothes, and several others as dear to memory or as exciting to the imagination. The strips may be used for wall decorations, also.

The Hygiene of Perfumes. Perfumes are not selected for their hygienic value, but such they have. Doctors tell us that a handkerchief may be made antiseptic by the use of perfume. The action of the spirit of the scent and the essential oils can destroy the germs. Lavender is supposed to soothe the nerves. That is why the bed linen is lavender scented. Jasmine induces nerve exhaustion and depression. Don't use strong scents. Use delicate, clean perfumes only.

Blus Broadcloth Suit. An attractive dark blue broadcloth suit has straps of braid finished by inches below the knees and has strap after strap of the braid graduating into the waist line and then out again toward the bottom. Each strap is finished by a button, is close fitting and single-breasted. The sleeves are rather small, with turned back cuffs trimmed with the braid. The skirt is box plaited and has straps of braid at each side of the whole center box plait.

SUBURBAN SNOBBERY.

"My Sybil is quite fashionable with her motor-car, isn't she?" "Yes, dear, but I'm afraid my Angelina Montmorency will have to cut her, as I do not allow her to mix with anybody but carriage folk."

DESCIPLE OF SOCIALISM.

Mike Was Willing to Share with His Fellows Anything He Didn't Have.

Once, as the story goes, two Irishmen were engaged in a discussion, when Pat asked Mike what socialism was, relates the Louisville Courier-Journal. "Well, socialism is sort of an equal division of property," declared Mike. "What's mine is yours and what's yours is mine. That's the idea." "If you had \$2,000,000," asked Pat, "would you give me \$1,000,000?" "I would that," said Mike. "That's according to my principles." "If you had two houses would you give me one of them?" was Pat's next question. Mike insisted that he would. "And if you had two fine horses would you give me one?" "Mike declared that he would follow his principles." "And if you had two goats would you give me one of them?" finally asked Pat. "I would not, I have them," declared the socialist disciple. "And there is not in the books, be it remembered in these days when so many men are pretending to be socialists, a better definition of socialism than that."

A Tale of Suffering.

Okley, Mich., May 8th.—(Special)—"I could not sleep or rest in any place," says Florence Capen, of this place, in a recent interview. "I had a pain in my back and hips. If I sat down I could not get up. If I got up, I was in pain all the time. I got poor, for I did not eat enough to keep a small child. I could not rest nights." "Then I sent for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and went to taking them, and what do you think, that very night I went to bed and I slept till morning. I got up and thanked God for the night's rest and Dodd's Kidney Pills. I know that Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed for them." This is only one of the numerous experiences that show the way to build up run down people is to cure the kidneys. Thousands of people in every state bear witness to the fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the kidneys.

When the lobster has become extinct, and its extinction is said to be probable if not certain, it might not be a bad idea to turn its exterminators loose upon the mosquito.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

MERCILESS ITCHING.

Another Speedy Cure of an Itching Humor with Loss of Hair by the Cuticura Remedies.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an ungraceful bald spot, and the soreness, inflammation, and merciless itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after a few applications the torment subsided, to my great joy. The sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Harry J. Spalding, 104 West 104th street, New York City.

Russia's "free balance" presumably represents the money the czar dukes have not yet taken possession of.—Detroit Free Press.

Watch for It.

It will pay you to watch for the very first symptom of indigestion or liver trouble and to prevent the trouble from gaining headway, by quickly taking Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin. Nothing is more weakening to the system than chronic dyspepsia, and all its complications. Nothing will cure it so quickly, pleasantly and surely as Syrup Pepsin. Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

So far the Russians have made no claim that Japan's new volcanic island was thrown up by a Russian submarine mine.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Help Yourself.

Cure Rheumatism, Weakness, Pains, Impure Blood, Nervous Exhaustion, Indigestion or Stomach troubles, Skin diseases, Catarrh, etc., by taking Pusheck's Kuro. Prove the effectiveness of this remedy by using it after doctors and all other remedies have failed. Write for free booklet to Dr. Pusheck, 192 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

A good many doctors are much more skillful at the autopsy than at diagnosis.—Chicago Sun.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Paste. Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful Smelling Feet, Swollen Feet. At All Drug Stores and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A sincere reformer first converts himself.—The Commoner.

If your stomach troubles you at any time take "Stomachic." Will relieve you at once and cure you. Save druggists' profits. Sold only direct—delivered by you for \$1.00. S. Omachic Co., Sturgis, Mich.

The self-satisfied need to be short sighted.—Chicago Tribune.

Piso's Curc cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Many a love symphony hath been written in bank notes.—N. O. Picayune.

LIVING TOO HASTILY

Irregularities and Female Derangement. Remedy. Prepared by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Owing to our mode and manner of living, and the nervous haste of every woman to accomplish just so much each day, it is said that there is not



one woman in twenty-five but what suffers with some derangement of the female organs, and this is the secret of so many unhappy homes. No woman can be amiable, light-hearted and happy, a joy to her husband and children, and perform the duties incumbent upon her, when she is suffering with backache, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, bearing-down pains, displacement of the womb, spinal weakness or ovarian troubles. Irritability and snappy retorts take the place of pleasantness, and all sunshine is driven out of the home, and lives are wrecked by woman's great enemy—womb trouble.

Read this letter: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I was troubled for eight years with irregularities which broke down my health and brought on extreme nervousness and despondency. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound proved to be the only medicine which helped me. Day by day I improved in health while taking it until I was entirely cured. I can attend to my social and household duties and thoroughly enjoy life once more, as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, without an ache or a pain.—Mrs. Chester Curry, 43 Saratoga Street, East Boston, Mass.

At the first indication of ill health, painful or irregular menstruation, pain in the side, headache, backache, bearing-down pains, nervousness or "the blues," secure at once a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

MOST PROFITABLE FARM INVESTMENT.

This is what the Cream Separator has proved to be. Twenty years of experience upon the part of hundreds of thousands of users in every country of the world bear witness to the fact. No one disputes it.

There never was a better time to make this important farm investment than the present. Butter is undeniably high in price. It is most desirable that some be left to waste, and that the quality be such as to command top prices.

If you have cream to separate you cannot afford to delay this investment a single day. If you have the ready cash the machine will earn its cost while you are paying for it.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

Sanford & Canal Sts. | 74 Cortlandt Street CHICAGO | NEW YORK



AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a most desirable medicine. It is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea.

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25c and 50c. Buy it to save a family doctor's fee. It is the best remedy for all ailments. Write for the booklet "Lanc's Family Medicine." Sold by all druggists. 25c and 50c. Lane's Family Medicine, New York City.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

A Certain Cure for Fever, Constipation, Headache, Colic, and all the ailments of childhood. It is the best remedy for all ailments. Write for the booklet "Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children." Sold by all druggists. 25c and 50c. Lane's Family Medicine, New York City.

"Nearly Everybody Eats It Now"

WORK THAT TELLS.

The Kind That Brings Real Success in Doing with a Healthy Body and Brain. How can you expect to do the best work of which you are capable with either brain or body if you don't eat that real health-giving and good feeling that comes from perfect digestion? Egg-O-See is not a medicine simply a perfect food. Easily enough assimilated for the invalid, yet containing enough nutriment to sustain the greatest physical exertion. Try it for breakfast and lunch and see how it goes. It is so easy to eat, it is so crisp and palatable that you will want it again. It brings the right kind of energy for real success. Egg-O-See is a food especially adapted to people living in a smaller town and country districts because of the abundance of rich cream at hand.

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