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It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular periods, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

"For nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with inflammation and female weakness and worn out with pain and weariness. One day noticed a statement by a woman suffering as I was, but who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I determined to try it. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked about it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well and happy, as it has me."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacements, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 11, Brockton, Mass.

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IF YOU ARE A MAN...

# Essyllt's Wedding

By Joseph Keating

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

At the wedding of Grafog and Essyllt, held in the house of the bride's father—a company of merry friends with their harp-player and sweet singers were present.

Green woods and golden fields, encircled the house to keep and hold which Essyllt's father would forfeit his own life. The tribal element grips these people. By inheritance the house and its farm lands came from his father to him, by inheritance it should go down to his son.

And for this son he sacrificed a daughter! A mere glance at the pale face of the bride, seated at the head of the table, would tell you that instead of smiling in sympathy with the festivities, she felt the horror of beholding a company feasting at the death of her soul. Her gorgeous robes of red and blue and green mocked the sorrow in her dark, frightened eyes, in her hollow cheeks, and pain-drawn mouth.

The boisterous bridegroom at her side pretended not to note his new-made wife's distress. But sometimes the flush in his face gave way to sudden paleness.

A guest suggested: "Essyllt will sing! She will give us a merry song to-day!"

The others applauded and laughed at the happy bit. Essyllt looked to be on the verge of weeping.

"Excuse her; excuse her!" quickly requested old Rhys. "She is too much overcome to-day."

Grafog, her husband, turned with a tender look in which elation and fear mingled, and said:

"Are you too happy to sing, Essyllt?"

"I cannot! I—"

Essyllt bowed her head and hid her face in her hands.

Grafog looked at her a moment in silence. Then turning upon the others boisterously called for a song. The elation in his look and manner, conveyed the idea of victory, the sense of achievement by the defeat of another. As he called loudly for a song, a cruel line came into his face, a gleam of hatred into his deep-set gray eyes; they rested on the face of a young man opposite, whose gaze was riveted on Essyllt.

The pale, intense face and large, sorrow-laden, brown eyes of this youth reflected the agony of the bride. The flash of triumph that lighted Grafog's face revealed the secret. Here the victor met the vanquished.

In his fierce elation Grafog, lacking perhaps, the chivalrous sense, could not resist the temptation to torture this boy and girl between whom he stood.

"Come," said he, hoarsely, "Emlyn Lloyd shall sing!"

Clapping hands, moving chairs about, and settling in new places, the company kept up hilarious calls in order to ensure Emlyn's compliance. A running fire of complimentary phrases went round for the same purpose.

And Emlyn? As Grafog and the others persisted, he at last yielded. A change came over him. Sadness deepened in the lines of his white face. Into his eyes came a look of anger. A sense of outrage crept into his expression. He stood up. The fierce chords with which the harpist preluded the song heralded an indignant outburst.

The singer moved forward till he stood in the midst of the gathering.

In a voice of liquid, golden beauty, glorious as a mountain sunset, he sang an old, old melody, "The Love-Token." Upon a finger of his left hand there gleamed a ring of gold, which his right hand involuntarily touched as he sang. With every line the terror in Essyllt's eyes deepened, and the triumphant elation of her husband increased. Grafog looked from the singer to his bride with a smile of satisfaction.

The company first nodded approval. The pathos and the sweetness of the singer appealed to them more powerfully than ever. But presently they began to exchange looks of wonder at the intensity of his manner.

The song told of a ring which a maiden gave to a youth as a token of her true love; then told of her forsaking him at the bidding of ambition; of her union with one better-born than he; of the bitterness of the youth, who broke in twain the ring and threw these fragments at her feet.

The passion of the singer as he dwelt on the woman's falsity thrilled all who heard him. Essyllt covered, weeping at her father's side. Grafog watched her and laughed.

When the singer came to the line: "Now here is a token of love that was broken"—he seemed to lose all control over himself. Heart-broken despair overpowered him. His voice faltered and sank into sobs. To the amazement of his friends he drew the gold ring from his finger, crushed it in his hands till it snapped in two, and threw the pieces at Essyllt's feet.

Essyllt, with a moan fell fainting. Her father in great sorrow bent over her, calling her endearing names and weeping. He loved the motherless Essyllt. He had sacrificed her, because in the same cause he would have sacrificed himself. Not that he liked Grafog particularly, or disliked Rhys.

Indeed, now that, as the price of Essyllt, her husband's power had made the household side, old Rhys would rather see her wed to the end of the world than to Grafog.

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must spend her life with a man she abhorred.

"She is dead," moaned old Rhys.

"No, no," quickly said the motherly woman who had raised the girl from the floor and held her in her arms. "See! she is breathing."

The company looked eagerly at Essyllt's pale face. The silence became absolute, everything was still, save the silver sun-rays playing within that serious circle. Neither the green trees, seen through the big window behind father and daughter, nor the golden fields, showed any emotion.

The intense mountain stillness fell upon all things without and within.

Then upon this mysterious hush there broke the song of a woman. The voice came from the outside, under the big windows, and its sadness and its sweetness searched the hearts of the hearer like the moan of a suffering child. The song and the sunshine came through the window together, and the sad notes of the melody mingled like shadows with the bright sun-rays that played around them.

The story told in the song belonged, indeed, to the age of the hills, the story of false love, betrayal and vengeance.

The people listened entranced; as if listening to the voice of some mountain fairy.

Then came a sudden breaking of the spell: "Trovana!"

The word came in a gasp of terror from the lips of the bridegroom. The harsh sound seemed to bruise the beautiful melody upon which it fell.

All eyes turned upon Grafog. "She's only a beggar woman singing for coppers," said he, strangely. "Drive her away!"

But no one moved to obey him. Looking at him, they noted his agitation.

"Trovana," he muttered, repeatedly. During the song, Essyllt slowly recovered. The song caught her attention. She listened intently. As the story unfolded itself, her eyes flashed from the direction of the voice to the face of her husband.

His agitation became painful. He looked like a wild animal entrapped. But he strove to hide his emotion, and glanced about him furtively to note if he were watched.

"Trovana!" he cried in despair. The company broke into a clamor of delight. Their weakness for and appreciation of good singing overbore all other considerations.

"Bring her in—bring her in," they cried. "We must hear her sing again."

But besides the delight they felt in a good voice, they also felt merry at observing Essyllt fully recovered. And the reaction from grave to gay made them irresponsible.

So some rushed out to bring in the singer, while others prepared a place for her performance and fixed the harpist in position, that they might begin without delay.

Grafog rose in alarm to put a stop to these preparations; but the good humor of the company out-ran his wish.

"Come—come and sing to us again!" they urged.

The woman's voice, sad and faltering, protested. The guests seemed to pay no attention. They led her to the doorway.

She appeared at the entrance to the feasting-chamber. She looked young and terrible. Her black smooth hair covered her ears, then was twisted into a peculiar roll at the back of her head. Her face, thin and white with suffering and hunger, expressed the bitterness of the forsaken; and in her dark eyes gleamed the patient hate of those who treasure up a wrong.

Her dress bespoke the worst of poverty—painful poverty. And at the threshold, beholding the women inside in their best robes she seemed to draw back ashamed of her rags.

But the men drew her in against her will. Grafog turned away, his face in contortions of agony.

The others called to him reproachfully. "Grafog!—welcome your new guest—'Trovana' is her name."

Unable to resist, he turned about. He and the singer stood face to face. A scream of rage and hatred came from Trovana. Her thin hands closed and trembled feverishly. Her eyes flashed on the staring people. With out-stretched hands she cried frantically:

"You see my piteous state—my distress? Here, is the cause!—this man—to whose wedding with another I come an unbidden guest. I have wandered night and day upon the hills seeking him and at last I have found what I sought—at his wedding feast!"

The relentless hate in her words struck terror into the people's hearts. Grafog, with a cry of fear, turned from her, as if with a hopeless desire to hide from Trovana's burning eyes. Wildly screaming she leaped toward him and clutched him. He turned upon her with a blow. A steel blade flashed in the sunlight then quivered in the heart of Grafog.

The horror of the spectacle still held the people, when Trovana darted from their midst.

The guests bending over the bridegroom, found him to be injured beyond human help. They lifted and quickly carried him from the room.

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# OBLIGING THE SHOPKEEPER.

Traveler Had Time to Try On a Few Garments.

There has been a great deal of complaint of the way in which a certain class of shopkeepers try to force their wares upon passers-by, says London Tit-Bits. One man, a traveler, has managed to get the better of one of these shopmen, a clothing dealer, who had a way of almost dragging people into his place. One day, shortly after his arrival in London, the traveler stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing establishment, when the shopman rushed out and asked:

"Won't you try on some coats?" "I don't know but I will," responded the traveler, consulting his watch. "I have some time to spare. Yes."

He went in and began to work. No matter how often he found his fit he called for more coats, and after he had tried on thirty he looked at his watch again, resumed his own garments and walked off, saying:

"I won't charge anything for what I have done. I believe in a man who'll oblige another when he can. If I'm ever this way again and you have any coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help you."

What the shopkeeper said we are not told, but it is not hard to imagine what he thought.

"The A. B. C. Excels."

Having attended other commercial schools, previous to my enrollment at Aaker's Business College, I believe I can say that my testimony is based upon actual experience and proof. I find that the A. B. C. does not advertise one thing and practice another, but that a person can rely upon it in every respect. The school is strictly modern in equipment, building and methods of teaching. With pleasure I recommend it to all those desiring a good business education. For direct information write to:

HANS OVERBY, Binford, N. D.

Binford, N. D., 3-21-'06.

No Let-Up.

"She says she was dying to speak to you this morning when she saw you," said the peacemaker.

"Why doesn't she, then?" replied the girl with the steely eye.

"You mean you'd like her to speak to you?" "No; die."

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB, (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

On His Father's Side. Small Boy (just home from school)—Mamma, Miss Simpson says I'm descended from a monkey. His Mother (glancing severely at her husband)—Not on my side, darling.

# Method in His Madness.

The special mania of an insane man was the belief that he himself was a poached egg. One day he said to his keeper, "I would like a piece of toast." It was not at meal time, and the keeper asked: "Why do you want a piece of toast now?"

"Because," answered the man, "I am tired, and I'd like to sit down!"

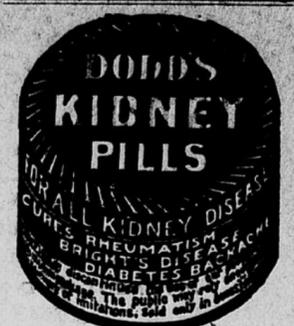
Remarkable Man. "Popley seems to be quite an extraordinary individual."

"In what respect?" "It appears that he can remember quite a number of incidents connected with his own boyhood that are fit to repeat to his children."

The Retort Bitter. "Why, how d'ye do?" said the barber to his one-time customer.

"Howdy," snapped the latter. "You're a stranger. I haven't seen your face for a long time."

"That's odd. I left most of it on your razor the last time I was in your shop."



His Limit. Scribbles—Pennington certainly knows how to treat a subject. Dribbles—Yes, and that's his limit. I never knew him to treat an acquaintance.

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We also make the "Western Lady," and the "Martha Washington" comfort shoes and a full line of men's, women's and children's shoes. Our trademark is stamped on every sole.

F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

# THE WINNING STROKE

If more than ordinary skill in playing brings the honors of the game to the winning player, so exceptional merit in a remedy ensures the commendation of the well informed, and as a reasonable amount of outdoor life and recreation is conducive to the health and strength, so does a perfect laxative tend to one's improvement in cases of constipation, biliousness, headaches, etc. It is all important, however, in selecting a laxative, to choose one of known quality and excellence, like the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., a laxative which sweetens and cleanses the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after effects, as it acts naturally and gently on the internal organs, simply assisting nature when nature needs assistance, without griping, irritating or debilitating the internal organs in any way, as it contains nothing of an objectionable or injurious nature. As the plants which are combined with the figs in the manufacture of Syrup of Figs are known to physicians to act most beneficially upon the system, the remedy has met with their general approval as a family laxative, a fact well worth considering in making purchases.

It is because of the fact that SYRUP OF FIGS is a remedy of known quality and excellence, and approved by physicians that has led to its use by so many millions of well informed people, who would not use any remedy of uncertain quality or inferior reputation. Every family should have a bottle of the genuine on hand at all times, to use when a laxative remedy is required. Please to remember that the genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale in bottles of one size only, by all reputable druggists, and that full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co., is plainly printed on the front of every package. Regular price, 50c per bottle.

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.

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