

# LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## Has Cured More Women Than Any Other Medicine in the World.

Its annual sales are greater than those of any other medicine exclusively for women. It holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of woman's ills. This fact is attested by hundreds of thousands of letters from grateful women which are on file in the Pinkham laboratory, and which are constantly being published. Merit alone can produce such results. Good advertising serves to call attention for a time, but merit alone can stand the test of time. The ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for woman's ills known to medicine. All sick women should note these facts, and placing all possible prejudices aside, should realize the truthfulness of these statements, and that a cure for their troubles actually exists. Wise is the woman who has faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for health and happiness is sure to follow its use.

—YOU CAN GET HELPFUL ADVICE FREE—

If there is anything about your illness you do not understand, Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., will be glad to receive a letter from you telling her all the details. She will send you promptly a reply which may save you years of suffering and pain. She has helped thousands of women. For all this she will not charge you a cent; besides, she will keep your letter strictly confidential. Write her to-day; don't wait.



## FOR THE FAIR SEX

### SELBY HILL WRECK

MARIE GIVES HER VERSION OF THE DISASTER

Was One of the Passengers Who Were Made to Realize for a Few Moments the Horrors Experienced by Patrons of the Iroquois Theater.

The writer was in the Selby car smash-up on Wednesday night, and desires to give her version of the affair because of a statement of one of the papers that in the excitement men trampled on women in their efforts to get out. This was not so. The people were heaped one upon another for a moment or two, the writer with the others, escaping with no injury beyond a sprained foot, but it is a pleasure to say that the men in the car acted with the greatest courtesy and gallantry toward the women, trying to quiet them and assist them in their flight.

This is the way it happened: A train of two cars of the old-fashioned kind with red-hot stoves in them was going up town, all seats taken and many standing. At College avenue the brakes did not hold and the cars did not even stop, but immediately began to go down the hill, increasing in speed until they crashed into the ascending push-car, which seemed to be at a standstill at Pleasant avenue. Those of us who were in the end car and saw the inevitable approaching collision, rose to our feet, women screamed and rushed for the front door, but the shock threw them all in a heap at the back door. For a moment the horrors of the Chicago disaster were realized by every one in the car. The stove pipe was loosened from the stove, the door was wrenched and smoke and fire poured out, but a policeman on the outside smashed the windows quickly and let in the air. Those of us who found we could stand upright turned our attention to the others. One little boy cried pitifully and women moaned and general horror ensued. The motor-men and conductors seemed dazed, but the men in the cars and one or two women kept their heads very well, and no trampling upon others was done. Of course men fell upon women in one or two instances, but that was unavoidable.

That this accident has not happened a dozen times before in this slippery weather is strange. It will happen again if the street car company does not return to the old system of having the push-car meet the up-car at Pleasant avenue, instead of at College, as at present. The writer has often thought that it was nothing but the grace of God which kept a crowded car from slipping down from College to Pleasant before the dummy got to it. In the old system, which was infinitely better, the push-car was attached on almost level ground, and once attached there was no danger of an accident happening. A petition should at once be circulated among those who use these cars daily, asking for a return to the old way of going up the hill. Another thing is that there should be an increased number of large cars run on the Selby line during the rush hours. Between 5 and 6 in the evening they are crowded beyond decency and safety. The open stoves in the old cars are a menace, and those who were in the Wednesday accident had a narrow escape from worse things than mere broken bones. The papers were correct in saying that the end car was full of men of struggling humanity, but wrong in stating that the actions of the masculine passengers in the least resembled those alleged of men in the Iroquois

fr. It was a scene that those who witnessed it will not soon forget, and it is safe to say that some of the passengers will walk up the hill for a day or two. It is to be hoped that the patrons of the line in question will insist upon the old method of going up the hill.

Mrs. H. A. Stone, of Dayton avenue, will give a card party yesterday afternoon.

### Mainly About People

Mrs. Dr. W. M. Pack and daughter Genevieve, of Brooklyn, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brown, of 262 Selby, and Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Brown of 276 Dayton.

Mrs. Archibald MacLaren, of Holly avenue, gave a tea last night from 5 to 7 in honor of the bride, Mrs. E. W. Durant, of Charleston, S. C. Mrs. MacLaren was assisted by Mrs. E. W. Durant Sr., of Stillwater; Mrs. Charles P. Noyes, Mrs. N. S. Dousman, Mrs. John Jackson, Mrs. E. N. Saunders and half a dozen girls of the younger set.

The Endless Chain Social club will give a card party Saturday afternoon at Bowley hall, Sixth and Robert streets. Mrs. T. S. F. Hayes, Mrs. Cabanne and Mrs. Welker have charge.

Mrs. Peter H. Van Hoven and daughter, Miss Helen, left on Friday for St. Cloud.

Mrs. L. L. May, of Cedar street, will give a fancy dress party Friday, Feb. 12, in honor of her daughter, Miss May.

Mrs. William H. Elsinger, of Summit avenue, gave a card party Monday night.

A meeting of the State Art society was held at the capitol yesterday afternoon. Miss Margaret J. Evans, of Northfield, came up for the day and was the guest of Mrs. C. G. Higbee, of Dayton avenue.

Mrs. John B. Meagher, of Goodrich avenue, is entertaining Miss Angline, of Crookston.

The Evergliding Euchre club was entertained by Mrs. T. Reilly, of Arundel street, Tuesday evening. High scores were made by Miss Annie Ludden, Miss Mollie Nieman and Mrs. Angela Moore. Miss Annie Ludden, of Washington, called on the steamship Harbors, Minn. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will reside in Two Harbors.

Bride Has First Railroad Ride. Special To The Globe. WINONA, Minn., Feb. 4.—E. L. Roberts, of La Crosse, and Miss Grace Barrett, of Onaska, came to Winona today and were married by Rev. Percy E. Thomas. The bride stated that this was the first time in her life she had ridden on a railway train. The couple will go to Montana to make their home.

### Off for Bermuda.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Senator William A. Clark, of Montana; Mrs. T. Dewitt Talmage and Miss Talmage, of Washington, sailed on the steamship Trinidad for Bermuda today.

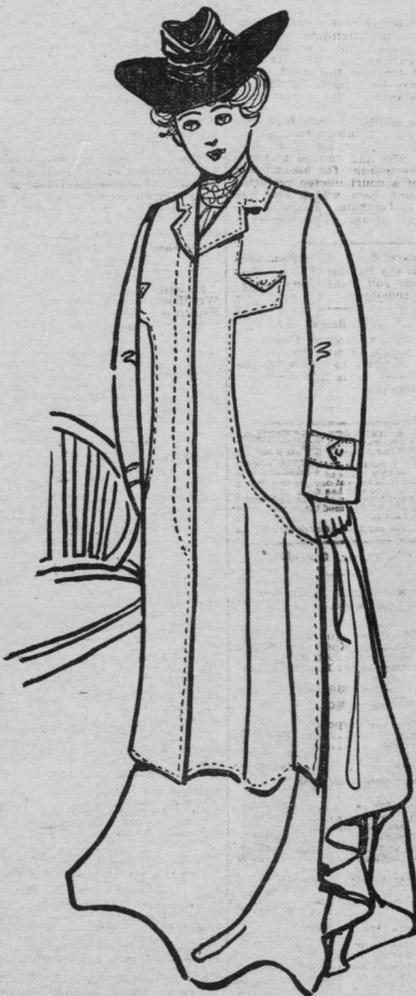
### PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Rich and handsome brocades are much used for demi-dress mantles, and demi-season dresses. These brocades are shown in all the soft and brilliant colors thrown on a rich satin ground, and are beautiful beyond description. Many dinner and evening gowns are made of old-fashioned taffetas and brocades in pompadour and Dolly Varden pattern in their dainty colorings. By the way, the newest organdies for the summer are in the exact shades and designs of these lovely silks. Another fact which is well to note is that

## FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.

Marie



An ulster of some description is a necessity to every woman, for if it is not needed for rain, it will be needed for dust, or traveling, or some other purpose.

For rain, ankle length coats of medium weight are the most serviceable, for they cover the dress completely and are much lighter to wear than a coat of heavy cloth and additional warmth may always be obtained by wearing a woolen sweater or waist-coat under it.

Some women, however, prefer three-quarter length coats for stormy weather and wear with them short skirts of waterproofed cloth. If a coat is merely intended for driving, walking, etc., one of three-quarter length is advisable, for greater freedom of movement is obtained by such a garment.

The coat illustrated is an English model that possesses some unusual points and is particularly full in the skirts.

These dainty organdies show far better made up over fine white Swiss muslin linings, made with separate skirt and waist, so as to launder easily, than over colored silk linings so long used. The white muslin lining throws out the floral designs effectively, and the cleanliness and coolness are greatly enhanced. Any aged gentlewoman will tell you: "That's the way we wore them in 1830."

Entire gowns and separate waists are made of the lovely crepe chiffons that are "barred" with wide satin bands in self-color, and beautiful with loose bunches of flowers—thrown over them in natural tints.

## Mrs. Brown Potter at Home

BY J. JAMES.

ONE of the most beautiful houses up the river in the neighborhood of Maldenhead is that owned by Mrs. Brown Potter. It is indeed a fitting setting for its owner, who stands forth as a gift to the actress from the late Li Hung Chang, who was a great admirer of her art.

The drawing room is another beautiful room, the background of which is of creamy white, and its furniture is of gilt, upholstered in rare silks, many of which are hand-painted. Like the rest of the house this room is lighted by electricity, a proof of what was said above of Mrs. Brown Potter's fondness for up-to-date comforts. In the drawing room is a settee, on which is a brass plate bearing the words "The Routh Settee, 1771." It stood in the assembly rooms at Bath, where it was used by the beauties of a by-gone day, and in their powdered wigs, their Watteau trains borne by little Blackmoors, and beribboned canes in their hands.

Out of one corner of the dining room opens a boudoir, rich with some splendid Chippendale furniture and some old embroideries, while on the walls are framed some antique samplers, of which Mrs. Brown Potter is at once a connoisseur and a collector. In this room, as in most of the others, are some splendid specimens of china, old Plymouth Bibles of the sort which is almost impossible to get now, old Chelsea, old Battersea boxes, and last, but by no means least, a Satsuma teapot which was presented to the actress by the chief authority on Japanese porcelain when she was traveling in that country.

Up stairs—for the house is two stories high—are the bedrooms, of which there are now a large number, each named after a flower, from the color and decoration of the room. Thus there is the violet room, a lilac room, a pink rose room, a yellow rose room, a white rose room, a green trellis room, a pink trellis room, and a red rose trellis room, etc. The pictures on the walls, for the most part, reminiscences of Mrs. Brown Potter's travels—for in her long tours she has been four times round the world—do not do her credit, for she bought largely of works of art wherever she has been, but admirers of her genius have naturally showered gifts at her feet, begging her to do them the honor of accepting them.

Mrs. Brown Potter's own rooms are naturally the most interesting ones, and she reserves for herself a bedroom and a boudoir, with a dressing room and bathroom between them. These rooms are separated by a door from the rest of the house, the reason being that Mrs. Brown Potter is a heavy sleeper, and the least noise disturbs her. Indeed, as she has more than once been heard to say in her characteristically humorous fashion, she is herself a heavy sleeper, but she has been known to be wakened by her guests when they have retired and the house is dark, and she has heard the door will cause her to get up, and with a warm dressing gown wrapped around her, she will go all over the house to find out what the burglars are about, and she will be back in her room, and the room she uses as her bedroom is furnished in the style of the First Empire. The bedstead is low and narrow, Mrs. Brown Potter uses few pieces, but once the property of Distinctive Pottery and was bought by Mrs. Brown Potter when she was in France. There are no pillows on the bed in the daytime, so that the room might well be used as a sitting room. On the walls are some exceedingly valuable engravings of old Paris, as well as of three great actresses, Rachel, Adrienne Lecouvreur and Duclos, women for the history of whose art the actress has the greatest admiration, as she has for the engravers, whose beauty is the reason why they have the place of honor in her house. In her dressingroom is an old-fashioned dressing-table, with beautiful appointments for the toilet. Conspicuous among them is the characteristically shaped white and blue flask of Odol, which, it need hardly be said, Mrs. Brown Potter uses in accordance with her idea of employing the most up-to-date comforts, and of buying only the best toilet materials. "Perfect" she should never say to express the varied qualities of Odol in an age when perfection is always sought, but rarely found. No higher praise can be awarded to this preparation, which I have used not only with great advantage, but also with much pleasure, for it is fragrant as it is effective," wrote Mrs. Brown Potter in the merits of what is universally admitted to be the most perfect deodorant in the world. She is, however, no less enthusiastic on the subject in private life. "It is simply excellent," she was heard to say the other day, "and I find it no less valuable in the theater and concert room than I do in private life. During my tour last winter, for instance, I often resorted to two different towns in one day, and after finishing my string programme at a matinee, had to travel by train to undergo no less fatiguing a ordeal at night. The refreshing quality

and form a complete Adam's set, have arms, and conspicuous in the room is a wonderful screen of Chinese workmanship, a gift to the actress from the late Li Hung Chang, who was a great admirer of her art.

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of Odol acted like a charm, while by keeping my mouth absolutely free from germs, and therefore perfectly healthy, the microbes which teem in millions in the atmosphere of crowded buildings did not affect me in the least. You can understand, therefore, that wherever I go my flask of Odol accompanies me, and it will go with me on my tour with "For Church and Stage," the Rev. Forbes Phillips play, in which I am going to act this autumn in all the chief provincial towns."

In Mrs. Brown Potter's boudoir is a table which was once the property of Marie Antoinette, and it is at this she invariably does her writing. It came to her as an heirloom, for it was originally the property of her Spanish grandmother. In striking contrast with it is a simple little chest of drawers, given to her by her mother to teach her to keep her things in order, a lesson which she learned thoroughly, for in Mrs. Brown Potter's surroundings there is a place for everything, and everything in its place, as she is no advocate for the "modern disorder" in which so many artists revel.

Down stairs again, is a large oak hall and music room, in which latter is a magnificent concert grand piano, covered with a rich piece of purple and gold brocade that at one time formed part of a Shakespearean costume. Over the mantelpiece in the hall are some large framed photographs of the king, the queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and other members of the royal family all autographed and presented to the actress by the originals, so that she always refers to the pictures as her "royal gallery." Among Mrs. Brown Potter's other photographs of the queen are naturally some letters from the queen thanking her for reciting for her majesty, and paying generous tributes to the brilliant talent of one of the most charming, most versatile, most original and most popular women on the stage today.

### REVELATION.

I am not any more a dreamer: I have learned that song and body I must die.

But yesterday I was content to sing. Down Time's vast hall my tiny voice to fling.

Daring to dream of everlasting fame For these my songs and this my mortal name.

Shelley and Burns and Keats of broken White flashes of the Earth's divinest fire—

O they did lure me onward like the light That gleams and fades above the marsh at night;

Their vanished faces faint and fairy-fine Left e'en effluo-musico unto mine.

I was sustained by God's eternal love; Four walls of space around me, and Four above.

Sun, moon and stars that from His hand Had birth To serve our own divinely favored Earth.

Last night night I had a revelation: I For the first time did read the awful sky.

Its darkness fell away and in the spaces Between the shining stars I saw dead faces—

Grim, sightless masks of mighty planets born And stricken silent ere the Earth was torn.

A ragged flame, from its far mother's breast How many Shelleys locked in dreamless rest.

Within the ley bosom of each sphere! How many Saviors rose—to disappear!

What poignant longings, hopes and fears and prayers Perished upon mid-heaven's unheeding airs!

I do withdraw my childish challenge: I Hereafter am content to sing and die.

And if my song die first, I shall not sorrow; My little day will pass and on the morrow.

Singer and song alike forgotten quite, Will rest with that that slumber through Time's night.

—Frank Putnam in February National Magazine.

## HAND SAPOLIO

It ensures an enjoyable, "vigorous" bathing; makes every pore respond, removes dead skin, ENERGIZES THE WHOLE BODY Starts the circulation, and leaves a glow equal to a Turkish bath. ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

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"We used your sample bottle of liniment on a severe burn, and found it the best I have ever handled. Enclosed find order for more as usual."  
Large bottle, 5s., and 25c. at all druggists.  
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