

Why a Woman

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family physician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is



Mrs. G. H. CHAPPELL.

at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to us, and our advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the U.S.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Address Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn, Mass.

On a Fee.

"Doctor," said the stingy man, who was trying to save a fee, meeting Dr. Sharpe on the street, "what do you think of this? Very frequently I get severe pains in my feet. What's that a sign of?"

"I should say that was a sign of rain," replied the doctor.—Philadelphia Press.

The Ingrate.

This is an ungrateful world. It not infrequently happens that the man who laughs the loudest at the mother-in-law jokes at the vaudeville show is the man who lives at the expense of his wife's mother and depends upon her to supervise the cooking, perhaps to do it.—Boston Transcript.

To Oldest Residents.

Turning to the picturesque resident, the man from the east, with a praiseworthy desire to be pleasant, asked:

"Have you lived here long?"

"Naw!" replied Lariat Lem, carelessly shifting his gun from one hand to the other. "Nobody lives here long."—Chicago Herald.

The Boston Boys' Ranch.

A western cattle ranch belonging to the children of some Boston people has been named by them "Focus," because it is where the sons raise meat.—Boston Transcript.

True merriment may be distinguished from false by the fact that it bears reflection. We can think of it with pleasure next day and next week.

The oldest statue in the world is of the sheik of an Egyptian village. It is believed to be not less than 6,000 years old.

"STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY The Wind Blows."

And the constantly increasing demand for and steady growth in popularity of St. Jacobs' Oil among all classes of people in every part of the civilized world, show conclusively what remedy the people use for their rheumatism and bodily aches and pains. Facts speak louder than words, and the fact remains undisputed that the sale of St. Jacobs' Oil is greater than all other remedies for outward application combined. It acts like magic, cures where everything else fails, conquers pain.

BUTCHERS ARE IMMUNE.

Meat Dealers. It Is Said, Never Die of Consumption.

"Butchers never die of consumption." The big man with his sleeves rolled up, wielding the cleaver at the block, said this as he threw a beefsteak on the scale.

It sounded more like a trade superstition than a fact, but so far as diligent inquiry has been able to discover it is true, although not generally known outside of the meat chopping craft.

Butchers are no longer lived than men in other walks of life. They are subject to all the other ills that human flesh is heir to, but consumption they do not have. So far as a reporter was able to learn not a single case is on record of a butcher in this city being afflicted with the incurable wasting of the lungs which claims its hundreds of thousands of victims annually.

The fact is well known among butchers and has been often the subject of their comment, although none of them can give a reason for it.

"No," said a man who has swung sides and rounds in Washington market for the last 20 years; "I have had rheumatism and typhoid fever and lots of other things, but nothing has ever been out of gear with my lungs, and the same is true of every other butcher in this town. I know nearly all of them, and I never heard of one of them having consumption. They don't drink blood or take any especially good care of themselves either. I don't know why it should be so unless it's because the continual inhaling of an atmosphere of fresh meat is strengthening."

"I have often thought when hearing of consumptives going to Colorado and Egypt that I know of a climate nearer home that would do the business just as well. If they would stay in this stall for awhile and swing meat, they would get well quite as quickly as they would on the top of Pike's peak."—New York Mail and Express.

How They Do In China.

In China liquids are sold by weight and grain by measure. John buys soup by the pound and cloth by the foot. A Chinaman never puts his name outside of his shop, but paints instead a motto or a list of his goods on his vertical signboard. Some reassuring remark is frequently added, such as "One word hall." "A child two feet high would not be cheated." Every single article has to be bargained for, and it is usual for the customer to take his own measure and scales with him.

When you engage a servant or make a bargain, it is not considered binding until "the fastening penny" has been paid. Although his bad faith is notorious in some matters, yet, to do him justice, when once this coin has been paid by you he Chinaman, coolly or shopman will generally stick to his bargain even if the result to him be loss.

Cigars Are Rights and Lefts.

"It is not always because a cigar is badly made that the wrapper curls up and works off," said a tobacco dealer. "It is often because a right handed man is smoking a left handed cigar. Sounds strange, hey? Well, a left handed cigar is one rolled by the maker's left hand, for all cigar makers must be ambidexterous. A piece of tobacco, for a wrapper is cut on the bias and is rolled from left to right on the filler. The other piece, for reasons of economy, is then used and must be rolled the opposite way by the operator's other hand. Hence a smoker who holds his cigar in his right hand sometimes in twisting it about rubs the wrapper the wrong way and unlooses it."—Philadelphia Times.

The Marriage Cure.

One remedy against indigestion is matrimony. At least The Lancet tells us that it is the celibate young barrister, the lonely curate in lodgings, the struggling bachelor journalist or business man or clerk who suffers most from premature dyspepsia because he eats alone. He generally reads during his meals, which is bad, or he reads directly he has bolted his food, which is likewise bad. Obviously, therefore, matrimony is a bar to indigestion.—Lady's Pictorial.

ON A PRAIRIE TELEGRAPH POLE.

Past mountains and foothill, plain and lake,
Where it links the east and west,
The tense wire tingles from sea to sea,
A river that runs unrest.

As a two stringed harp of haste it throbs
With the rise and fall of states
And sings through a land of sun and peace
Of faroff wars and hates.

Through a glimmering sea of waving green,
Of silence and golden suns,
As a thread of pain in the woof of peace
From world to world it runs.

But the tales it tells are idle tales,
And the songs it sings are strange
To us who follow the glad, gold trail
Of the sun on the open range.
—Arthur Stringer in *Almslee's Magazine*.

DOCTORS AND EDITORS.

The Mighty Difference In Their Professions and Profits.

The doctors are all friends of ours, says the Iowa Medical Journal. We expect them to stay with us until death. Yet at the risk of incurring their displeasure we reproduce the following. We don't know where it came from any more than we know whose rain spout the doctor's medicine comes from. We find it in a paper credited to "Ex." If we knew the author, we would gladly give his name because the article is really good. Here it is:

"The doctor from Algona said that newspapers are run for revenue only. What in thunder do doctors run for, anyway? Do they run for glory? One good, healthy doctor's bill would run this office for six months.

"An editor works a half day for \$3, with an investment of \$3,000; a doctor looks wise and works ten minutes for \$200, with an investment of 3 cents for catnip and a pill box that cost \$1.37.

"A doctor goes to college for two or three years and gets a diploma and a string of words satan himself cannot pronounce, cultivates a look of gravity that he palms off for wisdom, gets a box of pills, a cayuse and a meat saw and sticks his shingle out, a full fledged doctor. He will then doctor you until you die at a stipulated price per visit and puts them in as thick as your pocket-book will permit.

"An editor never gets his education finished. He learns as long as he lives and studies all his life. He eats bran mash and liver; he takes his pay in turnips and hay and keeps the doctor in town by refraining from printing the truth about him.

"We would like to live in Algona and run a newspaper six months and see if the doctor would change his mind about running a newspaper for revenue only.

"If we didn't get some glory out of it, we would agree to take one of his pills—after first saying our prayers. If the editor makes a mistake, he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

"If we make one, there is a lawsuit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a foot long, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born one.

"The editor works to keep from starving, while the doctor works to ward off the gout. The editor helps men to live better, and the doctor assists them to die easy.

"The doctor pulls a sick man's leg. The editor is glad if he can collect his bills at all. Revenue only? We are living for fun and to spite the doctors."

The Home of Echoes.

Many valleys described in guide-books as "whispering valleys" are favorite resorts for tourists in all parts of the world. Few, however, exceed in wonder a valley at Staunfield in Essex, England. The rector of this parish in giving a careful account of his own experiences states that his house stands on a hill 288 feet above sea level, rising in rear to 300 feet, while in front the ground slopes away to a stream 100 feet below and again rises 180 feet on the opposite side. From the rectory the bells of 14 or 15 villages may be distinguished, while across the valley footsteps and voices in conversational tone may be heard at half a mile.

Domestic Joys.

Meeks—My wife prefers coffee for breakfast and I prefer tea.

Weeks—Then I suppose you have both?

Meeks—Oh, no. We compromise.

Weeks—In what way?

Meeks—We compromise on coffee.

"...That's a very disreputable neighborhood. It always has been and always will be."

"Oh! I think you're mistaken about that, I—"

"No, I aint I know, because I used to live there myself."—Philadelphia

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 14.—The value of Garfield Tea, the herb cure, is suggested by these facts: It is a specific for all diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels; it purifies the blood and lays the foundation for health.

Tempting Fate.

"No, thanks," said the sad faced man when he was asked to join a convivial party. "The fact is, I don't drink. Found I couldn't afford it, so I swore off. A number of years ago I lived in the west. I was doing well, and I had a bank account that I was proud of. Seeing a chance to double my money, I decided to draw it out. The day was a warm one, and, becoming thirsty, I stopped to take a glass of something cool. I didn't waste more than five minutes and was soon in line at the paying teller's window. The party ahead of me received his money, and I was shoving my check through the window when the teller pulled it down and announced that the bank has suspended payment. I believe that the receiver declared a dividend a year or so later, but the amount was so small that I never bothered to collect mine. It was a pretty expensive drink for me."

"Do I understand, sah," said a Kentuckian who was present, "that you took that drink alone?"

"Certainly."

"It was the judgment of heaven, sah," remarked the Kentuckian solemnly.—Detroit Free Press.

THIN AND NERVOUS

HOW A ST. PAUL WOMAN SUFFERED AWFUL TORTURES.

She was Afflicted with Rheumatism and Indigestion—Now She Gladly Tells Others How She Was Cured.

From The Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.

Anyone who has suffered from either rheumatism or indigestion can appreciate the condition of a frail woman whose body was racked by the agonies caused by a complication of the diseases. Such was the experience of Mrs. J. T. Sloggy, of 107 East Jasmine street, St. Paul, Minn. Happily she found relief by taking the advice of a friend and now, moved by gratitude for her delivery, she tells others how she was cured. To a reporter she said:

"During the winter season of 1898 I suffered very much with rheumatism, being confined to my bed some of the time under a physician's care and unable to do any work. I was also troubled with indigestion. When spring came I was thin and nervous, had a poor appetite and was broken down in health generally. That summer I made a visit to Wisconsin and while there met an old friend, Mrs. Ira Wilbur, of Big Springs. She said she had been a great sufferer from indigestion and had been completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I knew her word could be relied on so I got a box of the pills and commenced taking them. I felt benefitted in a few days but continued to take them for about five months.

"That winter I had no return of the rheumatism, my appetite improved and I gained in flesh and strength. My cure was permanent and I have not taken any of the pills since.

"I have told many how the pills helped me and I sincerely hope that others suffering in the same way may be induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

This statement was sworn to by Mrs. Sloggy before G. E. Sampson, a notary public, at St. Paul. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will not only cure rheumatism and indigestion but are also an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness. At all dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., fifty cents per box; six boxes, two dollars and fifty cents.