

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N. Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."

—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

"If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

In Luck, remarked Noah.

"In what way?" inquired Japhet. "We can go ahead and build this ship ourselves without asking for an appropriation."

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR

Prevent It by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls try the following treatment: touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Regular Nightmare.

"Well, Bobby," said young Lightwitt, as the small brother of the only girl entered the grocery, "how are all the folks—and what can I do for you this morning?"

"Oh, the folks ain't got no kick comin' 'cept Mame. I heard her tellin' maw she dream'd about you again last night."

"And what did your maw say?" inquired Lightwitt, bending over the counter eagerly.

"Maw told her she'd have to cut out mince pie and pickles before she went to bed after this—and I want a nickel's worth of crackers and two cents worth of milk," rejoined the youngster.

Not Exactly Comforting Scripture.

At the anniversary meeting of the Bible Reading association Rev. W. Y. Fullerton of the Baptist Missionary society told a story of illustrate the fact that some people needed guidance in the selection of their Bible reading. According to the Westminster Gazette the story was a reminiscence of Mr. Fullerton's mission days, when a man came to one of his meetings and told of his efforts to comfort his wife as she lay upon the sickbed.

"I read to her every night," he said. "What did you read to her?" asked the missionary.

"Well," said the man, "I began at the first chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and when I had finished the book she died!"

He who has health has hope. And he who has hope has everything"

(Arabian Proverb)

Sound health is largely a matter of proper food—which must include certain mineral elements best derived from the field grains, but lacking in many foods.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., most necessary for building and energizing the mental and physical forces.

"There's a Reason" Sold by Grocers everywhere.

The GOVERNOR'S TRIBUTE A Memorial Day Story by Adele Brown

REUBEN HENSHAW chewed a bit of oat straw ruminantly as he sat in his barn door one morning in May. Already the cherry blossoms were sending down their white shower of petals.

In the opposite corner of the barn door sat the chairman of the selectmen of the village. He had just paid Reuben what the farmer considered a wonderful compliment.

"Of course," said Reuben. "I expect to be present at the exercises that day. Tain't often this town has a centennial, and I ain't likely to see another," smiling whimsically. "When I heard the Guv'nor was comin' I was more'n anxious to go, 'cause he's got a name like an old friend of mine—nicest boy you ever see—shot 'way back in '64 in a skirmish—same night I got this hole in my leg. I kinder think the Gov'nor may be some kin of his'n. Maybe I'll have a chance to get speech with him."

"Sure you will. We don't care for oratory, Mr. Henshaw. We want plain facts, and you'll give us those. Good morning."

Long after Mr. Whitney's top buggy had disappeared over the crest of the hill, Reuben sat in the barn door and mused. In imagination he was back in the autumn morning long ago, when the fifteen volunteers of the little village marched away. How gay they were, or pretended to be! The maple trees had spread a flaunting carpet of scarlet and gold for their feet. The leaves rustled merrily as they marched, heads up, faces front. The girls waved and cheered, but the mothers knew and hid their faces. He could see his mother's white face now. We smiled, as he recalled Samantha's face that morning, round and rosy, with a wealth of curls on either side, and blue eyes meeting his eyes shyly.

She had pressed a small package in his hand when he went to say good-by to the evening before. He waved his thanks as he passed her in the crowd. Dear little dagnerr-type! he had it still, faded but beautiful to him. He must go and tell her about Mr. Whitney's compliment. She would be glad to know. Samantha was always glad when honors came to him.

As he reached the kitchen door, Samantha came down the steps to help him. Putting her hand under his arm she said:

"Why, father, I didn't know but I'd have to come and get you. Thought you'd fallen asleep."

"I was dreamin', ma, but I wasn't asleep. I was way back in war time. Al Whitney was here this mornin' to get me to make a speech at the Centennial. 'A Tribute to Our Boys of '61,' he said I was to call it. But I ain't goin' to put no such high-flyin' title as that on it. If they want an account of how our boys fit and suffered and died, I can give it."

"That's so, father; no one can do it better. But won't you be afraid talkin' to the Guv'nor and so many folks?"

Reuben laughed softly. "Now, mother! the Guv'nor ain't a day older than our little Tom would have been. And just like 's not Tom would have been Guv'nor if he had have lived. No, I ain't a mite scared."

Joe, the hired man, had double work for several days after Mr. Whitney's visit; for Reuben spent many hours at the old desk in the sitting-room, writing his manuscript laboriously.

At last the great day dawned, bright and clear. Preparations had been going on for several days in the village. The hotel and post office were gorgeous in flags and bunting. Flags floated from many house windows. At one end of the common a huge tent had been erected, and there the speakers would face the assemblage. An organ had been placed in front of the rostrum, and a choir of village boys and girls drilled for the occasion. The band from Upper Hallam had volunteered their services. In front of the hotel was placed a dining-tent to accommodate the overflow. The village was astir early, and long before ten o'clock, the hour set for the exercises to begin, the church sheds were filled with horses, carriages, express wagons and farm wagons, while a long line of nondescript vehicles, with often indifferent locomotive power, lined the fences. Purveyors of badges and postal cards wandered up and down and the toy balloon man arrived early. The entire township had poured its full measure of enthusiasm into the village; and in the home gatherings were brought together for the first time sons and daughters who had



turned their backs on the village for wider horizons years before.

It was all blurred confusion to Reuben as he was ushered on the platform and saw the sea of faces before him. He could not distinguish an acquaintance, and decided that his eyesight was growing poor. By and by as the mist cleared he saw Samantha's sympathetic face, and to that face he turned when the time for his speech came. Then Mr. Whitney turned and introduced "our honored citizen and sole remaining veteran of the Civil war, Mr. Reuben Henshaw." As he stood up, tottering a little on his wounded leg, there was a surprised murmur at the rear of the tent among a group of strangers.

Reuben fumbled for his manuscript, gripped it tight, and sought out the face that had never failed him. Then he began his speech. "Fellow-citizens, neighbors, friends," he began, "your chairman selected me to talk to you about some of the bravest men this town ever had. I've got it all writ down here, but my spees ain't workin' right, and I don't believe I can read it. Guess I'll jest have to tell it to you after all. I'm wearin' gray today 'stead o' blue. I've buried all hard feelings toward the color. Them fellows that wore it fit jest as hard as we did, and they got licked, and I guess we ain't drawin' the color line very tight now. I didn't feel that way, though, forty-five years ago, when I marched out of this town in the fall of '61, along with—"

Here followed the string of fourteen names well-known and revered in the village. Reuben forgot his audience and talked as he had talked many times to the children and friends who loved to hear his war stories, giving kindly tribute to his companions of campfire and battlefield, telling of lonely pickets and forced marches, dwelling upon acts of bravery and fearlessness, till his hoarses thrilled with the recital and many eyes were wet. At last the chairman was obliged to touch him on the shoulder and tell him his time was up; and he sank into his seat amid a thunder of applause.

There was one more speaker before the governor should make the final address. Reuben, his mind freer now, studied the young governor's face as he sat bending slightly forward to catch the speaker's words. "Strange," thought the old man, "how much he looks like Tom Duffield, my old tentmate and chum. Tom was shot way back in '64, long before this boy was born. But he is strangely like; the same alert, eager face, the look Tom always had before a battle. Poor Tom! how tired he was that night we camped below Hazel Run. Tom was almost sick that night, anyway. I was a lot stronger, and glad to take his place on the picket line. 'Twas pretty hard to keep awake, though. I couldn't help it—if my feet—did stumble—my head—felt—as—though—"

A sudden jerk. "Why, I thought I was a boy on picket duty again; I must have dozed." And Reuben looked about in wonder till his eyes found Samantha's face again and rested there. Now the governor was on his feet. He was speaking. What was he saying? Reuben leaned forward, his old hands with their knotted veins clutching his knees, his blue eyes filled with wonder. "Friends," the governor was saying, "before I begin the speech I am here to make, I want to pay a tribute to one of your volunteers whom your speaker has overlooked. I have a father—he is here today—who was also a volunteer in '61. In Washington he met a boy from his own state. They became chums and tentmates. They were to-

gether in many a hard-fought battle. Many a night they lay in the trenches or marched weary miles in each other's company. One night—my father tells the story with loving remembrance—your soldier boy did picket duty. It was cold and wet. Next day the march was a hard one, through the mud of a country road. My father was not well. When after plodding wearily for many miles a halt was called, and camp made, he was assigned to picket duty. He was very tired, too tired to keep awake, and so your boy volunteered to serve in his stead. Your boy had served the night before. He had marched as far as my father, but he accepted the duty to spare his friend. Can you not see him as he trudges painfully back and forth on his post?"

"There was another night"—the governor's voice was quiet now and all was very still—"a small detachment of the Fifth was surprised by the enemy. In the skirmish that followed, my father was shot."

Reuben's mouth had fallen open. "I kno't; wasn't I there to see? But he was killed," he murmured.

"His chum," continued the governor, "seeing his comrade fall, dashed in amid a rain of bullets thick as hair, and dragged the senseless body to a place of safety, then disappeared."

"Grays ketch'd me," muttered Reuben.

"When my father recovered consciousness he was in a field hospital of the Christian Commission. There he learned of his friend's part in that night attack. Search was made; but all effort to find that friend proved unavailing, and he was given up for dead. When my father recovered, minus his right arm, he received an honorable discharge, and returned home. Later he left his home and went to Vermont. I learned today that his old comrade is still alive. I have listened with interest to the glowing tribute your speaker has paid to the volunteers of this village. But he has been too modest. Some of the bravest deeds he has left unrecorded. So I take pleasure in giving my inadequate testimony to the bravery and kindness of your neighbor and my father's comrade, Reuben Henshaw."

There was not a sound to be heard as the governor turned and clasped Reuben's hands in both his own. The old man's eyes were full of tears, and his voice trembling as he asked eagerly, "Is Tom alive? Is Tom alive?"

"Yes," returned the governor, "not only alive, but here. He came with me today because it was to your town I was coming."

The crowd had been quiet long enough and now broke into tumultuous applause.

Down through the aisle another old man was coming, gray, bent, his right sleeve hanging empty. Making his way through the curious applauding throng he reached the platform, while the governor, still holding Reuben's hand, stepped forward to meet him. One look into each other's eyes, and the two old comrades clasped hands with a cry of "Reuben!" "Tom!" Then their trembling voices faltered and their eyes overflowed.

Samantha laid a timid hand on that of her neighbor.

"I'm afraid father can't stand it," she said anxiously. "I must go and get him."

Shouldering her way to the platform, she caught Reuben's coat. "Come, father," she said, "you and Mr. Duffield come outside with me. I'm 'traid you can't stand it." And so, led by Samantha, they passed out into the sunlight.

FORT DOUAUMONT SCENE OF BATTLE

FRENCH DRIVE GERMANS OUT OF TRENCHES AND RECAPTURE PART OF FORT.

CONTINUOUSLY UNDER FIRE

Berlin Also Makes Claim of Capturing More Than a Mile of British Trenches.

London—The French have recaptured part of Fort Douaumont, the only one of Verdun's ring of 20 forts taken by the Germans since they began their offensive, February 21. This was announced in the Paris war office statement which added that the French had also forced the Germans from positions west of the Meuse on Hill 287 and near Dead Man Hill.

No point on the Verdun front has been so continuously under fire as has Fort Douaumont, or rather the ruins of the fort and the hill they occupy.

The fort itself was destroyed by the Germans in the first days of the battle and the site was captured by them February 25. Since then the French have made scores of attacks in efforts to regain the position, always failing until Monday.

The Paris statement says that after a vigorous artillery preparation the French infantry stormed the hill, drove the Germans from trenches about a mile long and penetrated the fort. The Germans, however, still hold the northern part of the fort.

Berlin's official statement of Monday indicated that the French were making attacks both on the east and west of the Meuse that equalled in vigor those of the Germans. All these attacks were repulsed, according to Berlin, whose report only covered the fighting up to this morning.

Berlin also reported an attack by Germans on the British front, saying the invaders captured more than a mile of trenches and inflicted heavy losses on the British.

With this attack on the British the Germans and Austrians are now engaged in an offensive which experts here regard as the beginning of a new phase of the war.

That the onslaught of the Austrians against the Italians, the renewal of the attack on Verdun and the opening of assaults on the British front and at other points are parts of one general strategic plan, is evident.

THREE STATES CALLED BUT NONE ANSWER

Texas, Arizona and New Mexico National Guards Called on May 9

Washington—Reports to the war department from Major-General Funston indicate almost a complete fall down on the part of the National Guard organizations of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico in responding to the call of the president for service with the regular army along the border. Summoned to the colors, May 9, not a single organization from any of the three states has been mustered in. Not even the mobilization preparatory to the mustering of the militia into the federal service has been completed.

An official report from San Antonio states that 116 enlisted men of the Texas National Guard have daily refused to respond to the call and although court-martial proceedings will be instituted to punish them in accordance with the law, officials of the war department declare that beyond the infliction of punishment for failure to respond, there is no means of compelling the guardsmen to serve.

At the present rate at which mobilization is going on for these three states army officers figure it would require between one and two months to mobilize any considerable number of National Guard organizations from various parts of the country.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

Milan, Italy.—A new world's record for altitude with an aeroplane carrying a passenger has just been made at the Mirafiori aerodrome by Victor Luvet, who ascended 20,460 feet.

New Comerstown, O.—Four persons were killed Sunday when a fast Pennsylvania passenger train wrecked an automobile driven by Frank Wilson at a crossing two miles west of here.

Geneva—French newspapers say travelers who have just arrived in Switzerland from Berlin have the impression that the resignation of Clemens Delbrueck as vice-chancellor and minister of the interior will be followed by the retirement of Gottlieb von Jagow, the foreign minister. It is reported Prince von Buelow, former chancellor, will become foreign minister.

Cincinnati—Henry Morgenthau, who recently resigned as ambassador to Turkey, told the Wise Center Forum here that the sale of Palestine after the war, so that the Ottoman empire might obtain money, had been discussed by him.

Paris—Corporal Kiffen Rockwell, of Atlanta, Ga., a member of the Franco-American flying corps, has been proposed for promotion to the rank of sergeant as a reward for bringing down a German aeroplane near Hartman's Wellerkopf May 18. He will be decorated with the military medal.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. Not Contents 15 Fluid Drachms. 900 DROPS. ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER. A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Don't Suffer Longer and allow yourself to become grouchy, upset, nervous and depressed. These conditions usually indicate a disordered digestive system, which, if neglected, may be hard to remedy. Remove the disturbing element and put your digestive organs in good working order by taking BEECHAM'S PILLS. They gently stimulate the liver, act on the bowels, tone the stomach—purify the blood and regulate the system. These benefits are particularly marked by women at such times when nature makes special demands upon their vitality. They act promptly and safely. The next time you feel low-spirited and out of sorts, take Beecham's Pills. Their sure, mild, thorough action will Give Quick Relief. Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

Put a ... Stop to all Distemper CURES THE SICK. And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A. The Cure. Robert W. Chambers, the popular novelist, said in an anti-suffrage address in Brooklyn: "A modern girl—one of those pretty, vote-chasing, athletic modern girls who ride astride, swim in men's swimming suits, smoke cigarettes and read Wells and Shaw—a modern girl of this type repeated one day at a tea because she could not be an aviator in the war. "Oh," she sighed, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke from her lips—"Oh, if heaven had only made me a man!" "Heaven did, my dear," said a placid matron, "and you'll find him some day, and then all this new-thought nonsense of yours will cease forever!"

The Wheat Yield Tells the Story of Western Canada's Rapid Progress. 160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA. The heavy crops in Western Canada have caused new records to be made in the handling of grains by railroads. For, while the movement of these heavy shipments has been wonderfully rapid, the resources of the different roads, despite enlarged equipments and increased facilities, have been strained as never before, and previous records have thus been broken in all directions. The largest Canadian wheat shipments through New York ever known are reported for the period up to October 15th, upwards of four and a quarter million bushels being exported in less than six weeks, and this was but the overflow of shipments to Montreal, through which point shipments were much larger than to New York. Yields as high as 60 bushels of wheat per acre are reported from all parts of the country; while yields of 45 bushels per acre are common. Thousands of American farmers have taken part in this wonderful production. Land prices are still low and free homestead lands are easily secured in good localities, convenient to churches, schools, markets, railways, etc. There is no war tax on land and no conscription. Write for illustrated pamphlet, reduced railroad rates and other information to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or M. V. McKINNIS, 178 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agent.

INTERESTING ITEMS

William H. Crane, the veteran actor, is the oldest comedian on the American stage, having been on the boards for 53 years.

Quail hunters have nearly obliterated the birds in Missouri. Ten thousand quail have been imported from Arizona to restock the depleted coverts.

Alba Johnson, head of the great Baldwin Locomotive works, began as a clerk in the office of that concern.

By fastening them together with string one inventor proposes to prevent mistakes in the use of poison tablets while another suggests including them in pointed metal guards which would block attempts to swallow them.

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire who recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, has been a United States senator for 25 years.

Iron in its red-hot state vibrates at the rate of 477,000,000,000 times in a second.

Sectional. Church—You say he has a sectional bookcase in his library? Gotham—Oh, yes, half of it contains books all about the Union army and the other half about the Confederates.

Natural Curiosity. "The fellow in that automobile is a regular lady-killer." "How does he manage it?" "Oh, just happens to run across them."