

MORE LADY CHAMPIONS.

(St. Louis—Misses Faye Johnson and Armstrong won the bread-making championship contest at the recent competition at Mary Institute.) We hail the tennis champions, and each his or her own champion. To dance who display their skill and muscle, too, at golf. But here's "encore," and all the cheers that can be said. For these attractive maidens who are best at baking bread.

The "woman leader at the bar" is something good to see, and she who plays the violin. May all our hearts with glad. Each grave profession and each sport. Has women at its head. But here's a "good for you" to those who won by making bread.

The world is full of heroines. A large and lengthy list. May be compiled of those who win. From boating down to whist. But here's to those who realize "that mankind must be fed." The lovely ladies who have won. The prize for baking bread.

O, yes, the hands have played for maid. Who tell us "why" and "how." Each going, riding, ping-pong dame. Has laurels on her brow. But these two maidens! How easy 'tis. To know that soon they'll lead. They will be beautiful and wise. —Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

A WINSOME VILLAIN

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

THE advent of Helen Barr as stenographer created a genuine sensation in Hotel Packingham. The staid manager, broad of paunch and bald of head, began to ditch his owls, instead of leaving them to his assistant. The chief clerk surpassed even his own high standard of sartorial splendor and curled the ends of his mustache so high that the points served him as a "sight" for the aiming of many glances of admiration. The captain of the bellboys began to throw out his chest and take on the airs of a grown man, the clarion tones of "front" began to be heard to the ears of the "butlers," for it required a sudden appearance within range of Miss Barr's incomparable eyes. Even the house detective, the steward and the door men lighted up, and as for the male guests, they suddenly developed into continuous and most voluminous letter writers.

Miss Barr was a beauty, as anyone could see. Her hair was auburn and her eyes dark blue. The clerk insisted that they were "royal purple," and set a box of cigars with a bold traveling man that she would say so herself if asked. He lost the wager, however, for, when the saucy question was put to her, she blushed beautifully, and said: "I never noticed, sir." But, as the inquisitor attempted to push his investigation, the girl turned back to her typewriter and murmured: "Anyway, there's no green in them." This innocent retort had the effect of a rebuff, and Miss Barr's popularity "went off a point" with the clerk. But she could be very gracious without stepping across the boundaries of perfect decorum, and her calm amiability of disposition and habitual cheerfulness of expression intrenched her popularity without permitting familiarity.

Capt. Hugh Baldwin, U. S. A., came to the Packingham to "recuperate" after a period of detached service in South America. He was tall, sun-burned, blond, good to look at and distinguished, with all the frank gentility of a soldier and an officer. Of all her customers Miss Barr had found Capt. Baldwin the most interesting. He was friendly without being obtrusive, gay without being silly and respectful without being distant. The alert beauty had found out a great many things about him in the course of a week, for he wrote to Mrs. Baldwin every day. He had assured her that "he didn't know how soon he'd be home" because he was still "far from well," etc. These seemingly unwarranted explanations gave Miss Barr the idea that the handsome captain was something of a rogue, for she had never seen a finer example of robust manhood.

The number of gay young men who called on him seemed to indicate that he might be what she vaguely suspected as "one of the boys." Sometimes he wrote letters to other women than Mrs. Baldwin, and, although these were usually noncommittal and of the jolly sort that might well pass between a jolly bachelor and his society acquaintances, yet Miss Barr fancied that they were not the kind

of letters she would like her husband to be writing if she were married. Then, thought the girl, "he has children. Let's see. He mentioned Amy, Tom, Catherine and Baby Hugh. Umph! I think he is pretty gay for a man of family." It was not till he began the practice of leaving flowers and bouquets on her desk that Helen awakened to a realization of Capt. Baldwin's possible villainy. Without reflecting that his character, good or bad, should in no way interfere with her peace of mind, she began to worry, grieve and get pale. She knew that his wife was urging him to come home, and she was sure that his tramped-up excuses were either frivolous or utterly untrue. Finally she asked him to "please stop giving her presents," but try as she might she couldn't find an excuse for mentioning his wife and his duty toward his family. "I'm not supposed to know anything about that," she thought, and yet she puzzled over the question whether his candid display of his own duplicity was not proof positive that he was a shameless wretch, making love to an innocent girl without even taking the precaution to conceal his life obligations.

And yet she could not suppress the consciousness of pleasure in his presence. He quit his gift giving and dictated more letters, which proved that his wife was suspicious and had perhaps accused him of infidelity of some kind. He never discussed the contents of these letters with Helen, but rattled away as if she were a mere machine, and then changed the subject to any of a hundred delightful themes of which he seemed to be anxious to hear her talk. When at last he seemed to be weary of pleasure in her presence. He quit his gift giving and dictated more letters, which proved that his wife was suspicious and had perhaps accused him of infidelity of some kind. He never discussed the contents of these letters with Helen, but rattled away as if she were a mere machine, and then changed the subject to any of a hundred delightful themes of which he seemed to be anxious to hear her talk. When at last he seemed to be weary of pleasure in her presence. He quit his gift giving and dictated more letters, which proved that his wife was suspicious and had perhaps accused him of infidelity of some kind. He never discussed the contents of these letters with Helen, but rattled away as if she were a mere machine, and then changed the subject to any of a hundred delightful themes of which he seemed to be anxious to hear her talk.

The unhappy girl spent a sleepless night, for she had neither parent nor relative to share her troubles. A dozen times she resolved to beg of Capt. Baldwin to quit the hotel and go home to his wife. She thought of writing to him, or refusing to take his letters, or ignoring him, and finally resolved to do his work if he persisted, but remain deaf and blind to his personal attentions as she had done with every other man at the hotel. But her tired heart was in a flutter again the moment she got behind the railing of her little office, for she saw the captain strolling nervously about the rotunda. She kept her eyes on her work, but she knew he was watching her. Her work was cleared away and she was ready to leave for luncheon when he came suddenly to the desk and said:

"Take a couple of letters, please, miss?" She did not look up, but she was aware of a strange, hard note in his voice. He began with a letter to "Dear Catherine," as usual, and Miss Barr was wondering what new subterfuge he would pull off on his wife, when he began: "You have been a good sister-in-law to me, and I hope you will succeed in satisfying my brother, that—"

Miss Barr's cheeks were aflame with excitement. Catherine was not his wife, then! She could hear her heart beat the music of those words. But when he came to the end of that letter and said: "The fact is, I've made up my mind to get married and settle down if the girl will have me," Miss Barr got pale again and trembled. But the worst was to come. She could have struck him when he leaned over the railing and said: "Now, I want you to write out a proposal for me." She didn't hear exactly what followed. Her trained fingers flew mechanically over the keys as he dictated a stilted and very formal proposal, beginning "Dear Miss" and ending "Your anxious and devoted Hugh Baldwin."

"What's the address?" she asked, coldly. "Here's the envelope," he said in frigid tones. She picked it up with quivering fingers, said: "Fifty cents, please," and read the address—"Miss Helen Barr, Hotel Packingham, City." And they stood there smiling into each other's eyes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

Tons of It Have of Late Been Sent Through the Mails All Over the Country.

Washington is at this time and season a great educational center. Millions of documents, designed to enlighten the voters of the land, are being prepared and shipped from this city, and the government printing office and its bureaus are hard pressed to keep up with the work. The average citizen does not realize what a vast amount of educational effort proceeds from the capital every two years.

Nearly every member of congress has one or more speeches delivered by him in the house and senate, which he desires to distribute among his constituents. They may be remarks upon the great questions of the day or merely a spread upon some local subject, but the congressman does not think that he has done his duty unless he plasters his district or state with speeches. If he did not his constituents probably would ask him upon his return what he had been doing down in Washington.

So in every committee room at the capitol the clerks are busy inclosing and mailing the speeches of congressmen. Every senator and representative keeps a list of the people of his constituency whom he desires to reach, and the envelopes are addressed from these lists. The speeches go through the mails free, of course, but it is quite a task to get them ready for mother. They are taken from the capitol by wagon loads at a time, and for the next two

weeks the mail trains leaving Washington will carry extra cars to accommodate the increased traffic.

In addition to the large volume of political literature sent out by individual senators and representatives, the two campaign committees will distribute this year millions of documents. In the presidential campaign of 1920 the republican committee sent out 22,000,000 documents. No such number will be distributed this year, but the total will probably reach several millions, and the democrats will do as well.

The congressmen who do not have committee rooms, but whose clerks are compelled to do the work outside the capitol, have their speeches sent to their hotels or residences and there prepared for shipment.

Proof Sufficient.

"Why," said the man who was trying to sell me a horse, "a woman can drive him."

Of course I laughed scornfully at this preposterous claim. "I mean what I say," the man persisted. "Look! When I pull on the right-hand rein he turns promptly to the left, and when I pull on the left-hand rein he turns promptly to the right; and if I drop the rein and shriek 'Whoa!' in a terror-stricken voice, he moves off gently in the very middle of the road."

Now, here was ocular demonstration. Besides, the man seemed an honest fellow.—National Tribune.

Frisk.

"Her father, you know, started in life as a grave-digger." "Oh, did he? I wonder if that's why her proud mother is so anxious to have the past buried?" —Chicago Record-Herald.

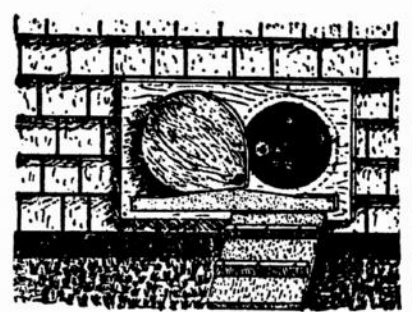


CHICKEN COOP DOOR.

It Is Simple in Construction, But Effective at All Seasons of the Year.

While making a visit to George I. Moore's farm in Plymouth county, Mass. he called my attention to a chicken coop door that he invented and has used for some time. The arrangement is simple, as the drawing will show, but is nevertheless effective. Doors that slide up and down between cleats are apt to bind when swelled by rain.

When doors are fitted with hinges, unless of leather, they will rust and break when exposed to the weather.



DOOR THAT NEVER STICKS.

Mr. Moore has obtained all this trouble by the use of a common one-quarter-inch carriage bolt, and the door is opened and closed with ease, no matter what the weather may be. The entrance hole to the coop should be circular and about ten inches across, while the door must be about one inch larger, with one side pear shape, in which to bore the hole for the bolt on which the door is hung.

The door rests on a cleat, the up-pear side of which just fits the side of the door. Mr. Moore has used these doors double on some of his coops, one inside, the other out, thus giving greater protection to the inmates, especially in the fall and winter months. In freezing weather the outside door might stick to the cleat, but this trouble can be avoided by driving two shingle nails or screws on each side of the cleat for the door to rest on. To insure the easy working of the door it would be well to put a washer between it and the side of the coop, which will prevent binding during a rain-storm.—American Agriculturist.

CLEANING FEATHERS.

Very Few Know That They Can Be Washed, Whenever It May Be Needed, Just Like Clothes.

The old-fashioned feather bed, once so popular, has been steadily on the decline for some time, as many claim, that feathers are hotbeds for germs, and breed all kinds of disease. There may be some truth in the theory, but the prejudice is, no doubt, greatly exaggerated. Our grandmothers for the most part slept on feather beds several times as large as the ones now in use, yet many of them enjoyed excellent health and lived to a ripe old age. Feathers are undeniably very comfortable in winter, and delicate persons and those who suffer greatly from cold should use them. If they are aired regularly and given hygienic care there is no danger.

It is commonly believed that feather beds should be sunned, but such is not the case, as the heat of the sun draws out the oil in feathers and gives them a rancid odor; air them in the shade, it does not matter how cold it is, provided there is no dampness. Many are not aware that feathers may be easily and successfully washed, thus insuring thorough cleanliness and disinfection, at stated periods or after illness. To wash a feather bed, it is more convenient to divide the contents by emptying them into two large sacks made of coarse cotton. Have ready a tub of boiling hot suds to which have been added two or three tablespoonfuls of powdered borax. Immerse the bag in the water and stir with a clothes stick until the feathers are quite clean. Then dip in a second tub of warm, clear water and rinse in the same manner. In warm weather there is no difficulty in drying them, but in winter they should be hung in a warm room, or better still, near a hot air pipe or register, and left for some time before they are again used. Pillows may be treated in the same way and are much easier to manage.—E. R. Parker, in Indiana Farmer.

Clean Versus Dirty Eggs.

Commission merchants say that on an average there is a difference of four cents a dozen between soiled eggs and those that are sent to market bright and clean, and it is not necessary that all eggs of a shipment shall be soiled in order to make the consignment rank as such. Even a very small proportion of soiled eggs in a package will cause the whole to be rated several cents below the best market price. The tramping on the eggs by the dirty feet of the hens, fresh from the moist earth of the yard, and the discoloration produced, does not affect the contents, but it gives the eggs an uninviting appearance, and it is not expected that people will be in different to the looks of things which they buy for their table. Poultry keepers can afford to take time to clean the shells of the eggs which they send to market when the failure to do so means the loss of four cents a dozen.—Rural World.

Engines for Farm Purposes.

An Iowa farmer who believes in labor-saving machinery for the farm, remarked a few days ago that the time was not far distant when the failure of engines would occupy an important place in the farm equipment. It has been only a few years since the engines have reached a stage of practicality, and in this short period of time the farmer has learned to make one machine do the work of several men. Purchased originally to run a pump, many of the smaller engines are now performing duties from running corn-shellers and cream separators to propelling the fans in the dining-room.

PREPARE FOR DROUGHT.

Many Seasons That Begin With Copious Showers of Rain End in Dry Spells.

A look ahead is worth more than a dozen glances behind, unless the latter are used to draw a lesson from. After the drought it is poor consolation to say that if we had done so and so the crops would have been saved. It is better to be prepared for a drought early in the season, and to do this is simply to give the crops the cultivation they actually need. First we should do our plowing as early as possible, and then the harrow and cultivator should follow the plow at regular intervals. By giving early and deep and continued cultivation we accumulate moisture in the soil so that we have a surplus to withstand any ordinary droughts. But to retain a surplus of moisture the soil must be in a finely pulverized condition. Lumpy and cloddy soil soon parts with moisture, either through soaking down into the subsoil or being carried away by the winds and sun. Deep plowing is necessary at first, but surface cultivation thereafter is best. The few inches of topsoil that is finely pulverized may then dry out by the hot weather and winds, but the roots of the plants will find a moist subsoil which they can run down to. This is beneficial to the plants because it strengthens their power of resistance to drought and makes them sturdier and more vigorous growers. Surface feeding plants are always the first to succumb to drought.

One should use the roller more freely on soils to store up moisture against drought. This is particularly true on very light, loose soils where the capillary openings are all ways so large that water passes too readily upward and downward. The roller compresses this soil and makes it firmer, so the movement of the water is slower. Rapid movement of the water in the soil, either upward or downward, is to be avoided. The soil that holds it and refuses to part with it is what we need. We can get such mechanical conditions in almost any soil if we plow, harrow, cultivate and roll properly. Such preparations against drought are the best that can be done, for if the dry spell does not appear the plants will be benefited by the cultivation to such an extent as to pay for all the trouble.—W. E. Farmer, in Boston Budget.

POPULAR IN SOUTH.

Outdoor Fresh-Air Closets for the Storage of All Sorts of Household Necessities.

It is common in the south, for country folks to have a sort of outdoor fresh air closet, a small detached structure set in the shade, a place possible, standing upon four tall legs, with a flat shingled roof of barely enough space to shed the rain. The floor is at least four feet



OUTDOOR FRESH AIR CLOSET.

from the ground and the whole structure only wide enough to reach well across one's arm. There are shelves all around and the weather boarding up near the roof is drilled with tiny auger holes for ventilation. The door fits tightly and fastens with a lock. Around each of the legs is fastened a tar bandage place with a tar bandage. The structure is whitewashed inside and out twice a year. In hot weather and shelves and flooring are washed every morning and scoured twice a week. Such a fixture should not cost over three or four dollars, even if one hires it built.—Mrs. T. C. Cummings, in Good Housekeeping.

TIMELY FARM NOTES.

Horses exist in a wild state in various portions of the globe, but they are easily domesticated, even the progeny of those that have run wild for centuries.

The best way to keep weeds out of the fields is to keep fertility in. The grass will then assert itself and conquer the weeds.

All good soil contains some clay even though it may not seem to do so. Without some clay in it a soil would be retentive of neither moisture nor manure.

Wrapping ice in newspaper when it is put into a refrigerator will make it last longer, and it can be kept for a long time outside an ice box by wrapping in paper and covering with a blanket.

Whether potatoes are to be grown on the level or in ridges depends largely on the soil and to some extent on the season. It would be a mistake to attempt to raise potatoes by level culture in a clay soil badly drained.

When once established alfalfa should be cut at least three times yearly, the first cutting occurring in June, well before the usual time of haying, but cutting be delayed quality suffers. It must, therefore, be grown by itself, unmixed with grass.

Valuable Salve for Horses.

A salve valuable to horsemen, says the New York Tribune, may be made of equal quantities by measure of pine tar, sulphur and lard. Mix the sulphur with the tar and stir it well, then add the lard and stir again. Set it on the stove and simmer for six hours, occasionally stirring it. It will cure the scratches on horses, and galls from the harness. For scratches thoroughly wash and clean the parts with castile or some other good kind of soap, and then rub on the salve.



SCIENCE OF DUSTING.

How to Keep Pictures and Woodwork Perfectly Clean, Without Injuring Them.

With clean, dry dusters wipe down the side walls, faces of pictures and the woodwork. As often as it is to the window and shake thoroughly; when grimy, change it for a fresh one. A feather duster is not recommended, as it merely flaps dust from one article to another and does not remove it. Clean off finger marks and soiled spots on paint and woodwork by using water containing a little ammonia or borax. When there is a fireplace in the room wash the hearth; if there is any iron work go over it with a cloth slightly dampened with kerosene. Carefully remove the dust sheets, folding them with the dusty side in and send out of doors to be shaken and aired before folding and putting them away for the next week. Have the windows washed, also the mirrors, and all glass globes or shades. Close the windows, arrange the draperies; replace furniture and ornaments, and the room is done.

Where a hall is to be swept, remove all clothing from the hat rack, carry out the rugs, pin up and cover all draperies, put movable furniture into the nearest rooms after dusting each piece. See that all doors are closed. Begin at the upper hall, sweep and take up the dust as each landing is reached. Use the whisk and hair brushes on the stairs; if carpeted, whisk the dust on the pan at each step. Follow the same methods in dusting, being especially careful to go thoroughly over each stair rail.—N. Y. Ledger Monthly.

THE GIRL WE ADMIRE.

She Has a Sunny Disposition and the Gift of Smiling Away the Troubles of Life.

The most lovable girls in the world are those with a sunny disposition. A few people like the quiet, thoughtful girl; others like the girl who is perpetually vivacious and bubbling over with spirits. But every one likes the girl with the cheerful, sunny disposition. Girls of this character are never extravagantly boisterous or dimly quiet; they have a pleasant smile for every one. They never seem troubled or worried, their voice is low and musical, and their smile—they pretty or not—is always sweet.

The only trouble that the sunny-tempered girl has is the outcome of her popularity. Every one wants to talk to her, and be in her company. Young men are attracted to her without effort on her part, for her character shows itself so plainly in her actions that young men are so delighted at the cheeriness and sympathy of her nature that they are drawn to her at once.

For every reason, then, the girl with the sunny disposition, who smiles away the troubles of life, is a favorite. And, what is more, old people are just as charmed by her as are those of about her own age.—N. Y. Weekly.

RICH AND BEAUTIFUL.

Duchess of Westminster Is Considered to Be One of the Happiest of British Peersesses.

The duchess of Westminster, Shilagh Edwina, daughter of Col. William Cornwallis-West, was married to Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, the second duke of Westminster, hardly more than a year ago. Her husband is one of the richest men in the world. He owns the best part of



DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

London. This property, which was bought by an ancestor among the sixteenth century, when it was only an outlying farm, now brings in a rental of something like \$3,000 a day, or \$1,825,000 a year. Grosvenor house, the town residence of the duke and duchess, is one of the glories of the English metropolis. The private picture gallery is one of the most magnificent in the world.

Persian Complexion Secret.

Persian ladies, who are said to have complexions whose bloom and velvety softness are simply wonderful, use no cream or ointment or their faces. Instead, they apply, half an hour before their daily bath, a coating of white of egg. When this has completely dried it is sponged off with tepid water, to which is added a little tincture of benzoin, and then the face is sponged over with cold milk. The white of egg cleanses the skin, and the treatment described removes all impurities from the complexion, leaving it smooth and soft as that of a child.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Home-Made Barometer.

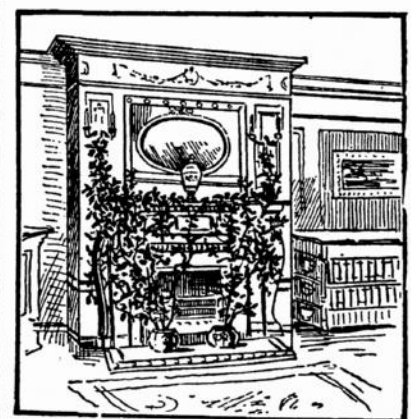
Any boy who loves to experiment can find pleasure in making a barometer with the tar and stir it well, then add the lard and stir again. Set it on the stove and simmer for six hours, occasionally stirring it. It will cure the scratches on horses, and galls from the harness. For scratches thoroughly wash and clean the parts with castile or some other good kind of soap, and then rub on the salve.

FIRE PLACE FERNERIES.

Hearth Gardens That Preserve a Delightful Temperature and Are an Aid to Beauty.

Of a number of excellent plans for screening or decorating a fireplace none is more sensible or ornamental than that of turning it into a sort of fernery. Ferns, ivy, swamplilies, periwinkles and two or three varieties of oriental iris love to root in cool, dark, misty places, and properly drained and planted, a fireplace garden can be made just as attractive as one in a window. One woman, whose cottage drawing-room is provided with a very old-fashioned square brick fireplace, in which the antique crane still swings, and above which the narrow mantel shelf is set very high, resorted to very simple measures for beautifying it during the summer. She bought three copper pots, such as the florists hang in their windows full of flowers. These she filled with earth, and planted with green things that love the shade, and stringing them along the crane, she effectively screened the smoke-blackened cavern where the flames had leaped all winter.

Many of her friends have since had polished steel cranes fixed in their modern fireplaces, and on these they have hung brass kettles and bowls, and one went so far as to have her bric-a-brac dealer hunt up for her a true old-



IVY AWNING SCREENS.

fashioned three-legged iron crane pot. Another resourceful housekeeper who has had large experience with house plants found last winter that English ivy would grow gratefully if allowed a vase of fresh water every day in which to keep its green toes moist. With the coming of spring she dared not plant her ivy out of doors, knowing it could not withstand the withering heat of our climate. Accordingly she bought two green boxes, made of small green tiles, filled them with rich earth and a larger portion of sand, and, taking two well-grown ivy sprays from the water, she planted them on either side of her plain hearth. Two more sprays she put in boxes and put them on either end of the black marble mantel shelf.

The ivy has already grown up and down, and promises to throw a rich green veil over the whole fireplace, frame the mirror above it and do away with bric-a-brac at that point. As hers is a city house, where the meter portion of every summer, she finds the curtain of green a most delightful and refreshing ornament.

The florists, who are always quick to accept good ideas, have come to a realization of the fact that something is needed for fireplace decoration in summer. Accordingly the fireplace screen has been introduced. In the leaves of the screen the ribbons and tendrils of iron form a series of brackets, into which large and small green plants are rooted, and their garlands and long tendrils, weaving as they grow through the wrought iron fret work, form a delicate and effective screen for the whole hearth. By another equally pleasing arrangement the florist will measure a fireplace and build a special floral hearth box. He makes this box of beaten brass, or copper, or tiles, or painted wood and roots in it irises, lilies, and green up-standing things, that will shut off the view of the grate or the gap left by the removal of the fire dogs and logs with a wall of color and verdure that is a delightful ornament to any room.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Woman's Lot in Japan.

According to western ideas the married woman in Japan is not to be envied. A Japanese girl's marriage dowry consists of nothing beyond her dresses, a little writing desk, a box of cosmetics and other toilet necessities, a couple of little dining tables and a few lacquer plates. Japanese women do not inherit fortunes, and in families where there is no son one is adopted as an heir. Women of the poorer classes are most to be pitied. A husband is as free as a bachelor, and can do exactly what he chooses. A man marries when he likes, and when he tires of his wife he may put her away and take another with as little fuss as we make about changing our tradespeople. These exchanges, or divorces, are most frequent among the poor, but are comparatively rare among the upper classes.

Arab Boys Play Marbles.

The boys of Arabia have a curious way of playing marbles. The marble is placed in the hollow between the middle finger and the forefinger of the left hand, the hand being flat on the ground and the fingers closed. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, which pushes the middle finger suddenly aside and the forefinger slips out with sufficient force to propel the shooter very accurately.

The Only Case on Record.

Johnny's tooth was aching dreadfully. He started for a dentist's office. When he came to the stairway leading up to the office he didn't hesitate an instant. His tooth was aching worse than ever, and he went upstairs and had it extracted. This, it is believed, never happened before in just this way.—Chicago Tribune.

Purifying the Atmosphere.

A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly from cooking odors and is especially refreshing in a sick-room.

A Word About Veils.

Veils should either be washed or thrown away when soiled, for the dust which collects in them is bad for the complexion.

WHERE DOCTORS FAIL.

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Soon after my marriage two years ago I found myself in constant pain. The doctor said my womb was turned, and this caused the pain, with considerable inflammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON, Secretary of Schenckton Golf Club, Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became impatient because I grew worse instead of better, and in speaking to the druggist he advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. How I wish I had taken that at first; it would have saved me weeks of suffering. It took three long months to restore me, but it is a happy relief, and we are both most grateful to you. Your Compound has brought joy to my home and health to me."—Mrs. PAULINE JUDSON, 47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps.

Homeseekers' Excursions. Great Northern Railway sells homeseekers' tickets, St. Paul or Minneapolis, to all points West, including Montana and Washington, on the first and third Tuesdays of July, August, September and October, 1902. Rate, one fare for the round trip.

Betting is a fool's argument; but, unfortunately, there are others.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.—Beattie.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Ward's Big Bargain Book. Offers off high prices, by hoarding goods to all, or a dollar. It saves you many dollars.

It contains over 1,000 pages quoting wholesale prices of goods, and is a most valuable book for all who are interested in the retail trade. Send for catalogue and list of goods to make four dollars do the work of five.

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO. The house that tells the truth.

HAZARD. Hazard Smokeless gives the best pattern because it develops uniform pressure. If you want to pattern your gun use our target. Hazard Smokeless Target. P. O. Box 525, N. Y.

THE OPENING TO SETTLEMENT OF THE GREAT CHIPPEWA INDIAN RESERVATION in Northern Minnesota. A large, finely illustrated sectional map, showing Townships, Railroads, together with a large descriptive pamphlet, containing the text of the Morris Bill as passed by congress. Also many valuable "pointers" on securing homesteads, with extracts of laws, and lands for investment.—