

"One of my physicians told me I had something growing in my

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stomach; and the medicine that I took gave me relief only for a short time. I thought I must die. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it worked like a charm

"After taking the first bottle I could walk across the street; now I am well. I advise all my friends to take it, for it is surely the most wonderful medicine for female ills in the world. I feel that my cure is miraculous." MARY E. CAMPBELL, Albion, Noble Co., Ind.

> Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in the history of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day. Druggists say it is wonderful. From Maine to California, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, come the glad tidings of woman's suffering relieved by it. All intelligent women now acknowledge its reliability.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



ly old eyes.

"Move on, there!" came the rough voice of the policeman. And Grace and Mr. Walton found themselves taking the woman's place; and then, all in a breath, they were out in the great room beyond, amusing themselves by listening to the broken English of a group of Coreans who stood in one corner, gay in native costume, with their odd caps on their heads.

"Four o'clock aiready," said Mr. Walton, looking at his watch. "We shall have to hurry, if you want to see the conservatory."

Just as Mr. Walton was putting Grace on her train, Mrs. Walton drawled a lazy "Come!" to the maid who brought her the afternoon post. There were two letters. One, a fat one, from a young cousin of Mr. Walton's, she opened first:

"MY DEAR HETTY: I gather from Tom's letters that you two are still mooning along in your nuptial bliss, not settled down enough to enjoy visitors. So I'm not coming to see you. But you can't guess where I have been!

'It seems a year or two, but it's really only a morth, I've spent with a dear funny old aunt of Tom's and mine. I thought knew what it would be like to live that way, but Gooseberryville exceeded my most fantastic visions.

"Aunt Martha lives in a little old place. not picturesque enough to be called a cot-tage, and not sizable enough to be a house. I just pumped my brain to remember all the 'news' for years back of anybody connected with our enormous family. She would roll piecrust while I washed tea cups; or, to be less poetic, but more fre quently true, she filled the oil lamps while scoured the griddlepans-or polished up the gilt frame of Mr. Cleveland's picture in the parlor. "Poor old soul! I heard that the villagers

about there call her 'Ruts.' I found that she had had for breakfast ever since she was left alone, which is several months ago, griddlecakes and molasses; for dinner, bread without butter and half a pie; and for supper, the rest of the pie and bread and cheese, with a cup of tea. She said it was cheaper and easier; she never had been much of a hand at accounts; and in that way she could tell just how much she spent, and 'keep within her income.'

"While I was there, of course I paid board, and I 'instituted a change,' as she called it. At first she wouldn't cat but one or two different things at one meal; but I soon coaxed her into looking up all her famous old recipes, and I left her a new creature. She got so much fatter brighter that you would hardly have known

"There's no use of sending her money for she won't like it. But if you and Tom could send her a new shawl and a new darkgreen veil-she never goes out without these two things, part of her 'rut'-why, she would put in a better appearance, the dear old soul! "The visit has really done me good, too

I was getting into a rut, myself, if not quite as narrow a one as Aunt Martha's "Most affectionately, your cousin, "FLORENCE."

Tom Walton was hurrying home. across the little green "square" opposite his street, when he heard someone speak in a quavering tone. "Sir, do you know where Park place is?"

He looked around, and saw a little old woman sitting on a bench that stood at the edge of the gravel walk. She was apparently too tired even to stand up to attract attention; and she spoke in a discouraged way, as if she hardly expected him to turn around.

"Why, madam, this block up here is Park place. What number are you looking for?" he said, kindly, atting down beside the old lady, and waiting patiently while she fumbled in her pocket.

last. "But I think it's 47."

"Very well, madam," said Tom, still more kindly; he knew there was no such number in the place, but did not wish to break her hope down until she could rest a little and perhaps find the paper. "If "Thomas Burr Walton! What have

you done with her? Poor old thing!' and before Tom could grasp his wife' purpose or change his mode, she was lownstairs, flying through the drawing-room into the library beyond with, as she afterwards confessed, a mixture of fears that the "poor old woman might have fallen in a faint from weariness, or that she might have made off with the bric-a-brac."

Poor old thing! She had not fainted, but she was almost unconscious from sheer exhaustion. Tenderly they lifted her and carried her over to the divan in the bow-window recess. She asked feebly for her bag, and moaned out something about being "so many people there," and she was "so tired."

"Why, I do believe it's the very same old creature that walked ahead of us in the procession at the white house," said Mr. Walton; "yes, it's the same green veil!"

They looked for the little bag in vain "I remember she held on to it when I took her umbrella," said Tom. "She must have dropped it in the street without my noticing it."

"Tom, dear," said Harriet, as they went into the dining-room for dinner. leaving the "poor old soul" fast asleep in the library-"Tom, I think you'd better send around to the other houses in the place and inquire if they are expecting an old lady. You see, it's only a block; and it might save her friends great anxiety."

"But who is there on this block that could possibly be expecting her?" Tom asked, doubtfully.

However, he admitted that there could be no harm done, and finally said he would step around himself. But he came back within half an hour without having learned anything about "an old lady-looking for some number on Park place." - Nobody was "expecting her." "She must have meant Park avenue," they decided; "we will try to find out to-morrow; don't disturb her now." And so, with cushions carefully arranged to shut off all draft, they left her on the wide window couch for the night. The next day they had a doctor call in and a trained nurse from the hospital. The old lady was very ill, and talked feverishly.

"Mrs. Cleveland was there; but I didn't have a chance to shake hands They made us hurry by so fast. But she looks like Cynthy. Yes, Cynthy could have made a president's wife-wouldn't have been a mite too good for her. I think I dropped my bag-dropped ityes, there it is; and I'm too tired to pick it up!"

Suddenly Harriet, listening, turned and ran downstairs to the library, from which they had carried the old woman that morning up to the "guest room," which Grace Maynard had just left. "I wonder if she could have dropped it here!" was the thought that had come to her.

She looked about, near the chair where she had found the old woman on cating pig-headed obstinacy and dullthe previous afternoon; and there, ness, if not actual stupidity surely enough-there was the little black bag! She hesitated for a moment, then decided to open it. Then she flew upstairs to the dressdependent branch of surgery.

Long Telegraph Line.

ing-room, where Tom was polishing his boots. "Oh, Tom," she cried, half laughing, but with a "choke" in her voice-"Tom,

it's Aunt Martha!"-N.Y. Independent. "I can't find the paper," she said, at

The longest telegraph line in the world, above ground and without a break, has just been completed in Australia, that land of long distances.

there could not be much expense attached to converting this into whatever they saw fit. Owing to the ignorance of their foundry foreman, who was not accustomed to this class of work, the main casting or bed was cast three times before producing a passable piece of work. The smaller parts were the same way, and there was hardly a piece connected with it that was made on the first trial. In nearly every case success came only after some experience had been paid for. When it came to assembling, I have a distinct recollection of several pieces refusing to be put together. Parts which should have been cast separately were consolidated to make it easier for the pattern-maker

HOLES IN THE CANVAS.

An Important Discovery Increasing the

Efficacy of Sails.

Vasallo, of Genoa, has made a very in-

teresting innovation in the use of sails

of ordinary sailing vessels. He claims,

says the Philadelphia Record, that the

force of wind cannot fully take effect in

a sail, since the air in front of it cannot

properly circulate in the inflated part,

and remains stationary immediately in

front of part of the sail proper. He

avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls

it, by the application of a number of

small holes in that part of the sail

where the depression is deepest when it

is filled; these holes are reinforced like

a buttonhole so that they will not tear

out. Trials made in various weather

have resulted as follows: With a light

wind, a boat with ordinary sails made

four knots, while the new sail increased

the speed to 51/4 knots. In a fresh breeze

the respective speeds were seven and

8% knots; and in a strong wind they

were eight and ten knots per hour. It

stands to reason that the doing away

with a layer of air, which cannot escape

past the sides of the sail, must increase

the efficiency of the sailboat. Where

the wind formerly struck a cushion of

air which acted like a spring mattress,

decreasing the actual pressure of the

wind against the canvas, this current of

air now strikes the sail direct, and, of

course, has a greater efficiency. Vasal-

lo has received much encouragement

from practical sailors as well as the-

THE MOUTH AND TEETH.

The star fish is ad mouth. When

this creature intends to make a meal

he simply surrounds his prey and waits

The enamel of the teeth is composed

of 95 per cent. of calcarious matter, a

larger portion than enters into any

The squirrel is provided with a pouch

on each side of his mouth in which

he can carry a considerable amount of

According to the physiognomist, a

projecting under lip is a bad sign, indi-

"The Principles of Dental Surgery,

by Leonard Koecker, in 1826, placed

dentistry on its proper footing as an in-

Every tooth is provided with a nerve,

and if any doubt is felt on this point,

an exposure of the nerve will demon-

strate the accuracy of the statement.

Several kinds of apes are provided

with large pouches on the sides of the

mouth. One kind of African ape can

carry a quart of corn on each side of

Dampness Should Be Avoided.

his jaw.

oretical scientists.

until it is digested.

other part of the system.

nuts, corn or other food.

and machinist.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Science News.

-A Wise Child-"Dickie, what do you want for your birthday present?" 'Oh, papa, get me a savings bank that An Italian sea captain, Gio Batta mamma can't get nickels out of with a hairpin."-Chicago Record.

the main trail and got on what after-

ward proved to be a much shorter cut,

t was impossible for me to see any-

burst. How the pony found its way

thing in the blinding fury of the cloud-

with so much satisfaction to itself

it never for an instant appeared to fal-

ter on its course-I was unable to de-

termine. It was more than once my

experience after that, when we had

any difference of opinion as to the ram-

ified ways in those Jamaica hills, that

the pony's judgment was the best to de-

pend upon, to find the place where it

last had its fodder, although it was at

times annoying when that place was

not where I wanted to go,-Popular

-Ardent Lover-"If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly-" Up-to-date Girl (producing camera)-'I intend to see it. Hiram, Sit still, please."-Chicago Tribune.

-Above the Normal.-Mrs. Boston-"Is my daughter's cold better, doctor? How did you find her temperature?" Doctor (absently)-"Just above the freezing point."-Detroit Free Press.

-"Dear father, we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Molly." -Tit-Bits.

-"Ah! that's a great strain!" exclaimed the tenor, who was exercising his voice in his bedroom, "A great strain it is," replied his rocm-mate, "on those who have to listen to it."-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

- Probably Not. - Susy - "Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, aren't you?" Aunt Emma (hesitatingly)-"Certainly, Susy; but it is not nice of you to ask such a question" Susy-"Now, don't be vexed, auntie; I know it isn't your fault."-Herriedener Laubfrosch.

-"I see," remarked Mrs. Hashcroft, at the breakfast table, "that the coffee crop of Honduras has been seriously reduced by two unusually dry seasons. "That's odd," replied the Star Boarder; "I never noticed a scarcity of water in the coffee."-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

-In Advance of the Times .- "Sir," began the high-browed man with the rolled manuscript, "in me you behold a man who is in advance of the age." "Yes," said the editor. "You are situated somewhere along about next summer, I presume." "Next summer?" "Yes. I notice that you left the door open."-Indianapolis Journal.

-Determined.-"John," said Miss Blykins, "what is that in your overcoat pocket?" "It's a tin horn, Maria." "And what have you in your hand?" "A red lantern. I have a police whistle in my vest pocket and a red flag inside my vest. I'm going to see if I can get a gripman to stop the cable car for me. -Washington Star.

The Lord Mayor's Robes.

London's lord mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide-sleeved, velvet-faced, fur-trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the lord chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterward as a police magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine searlet broadcloth, faced with sabie fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must



WATCHES.

CARL RIVINIUS.