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# A PEN PICTURE

## Many Women Will Recognize It

"OH, I am so nervous! No one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my whole body! I honestly think my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so; but I've no cough. I'm so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly. Then I have palpitation, and my heart hurts me. How I am losing flesh! and this headache nearly kills me; and the backache!—why, I had hysterics yesterday!

"There is that weight and bearing down feeling all the time; and there are pains in my groin and thighs. I can't sleep, walk or sit. I'm diseased all over. The doctor? Oh! he tells me to keep quiet. Such mockery!"

An unhealthy condition of the female organs can produce all the above symptoms in the same person. In fact, there is hardly a part of the body that can escape those sympathetic pains and aches.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is positively no need of it.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound acts promptly and thoroughly in such cases, strengthens the muscles, heals all inflammation, and restores the organ to its normal condition. Druggists are selling carloads of it. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., will gladly and freely answer all letters asking for advice.

Mrs. E. Bishop, 78 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered all the above described miseries. Now she is well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her. Write her about it.

A prominent actress writes: ". . . You cannot imagine the fearful condition I was in when I first wrote to you. I was simply of no use to myself or anyone else. I had worked hard, and my nervous system was shattered from female complaint and travelling constantly. I ran the gauntlet of doctors' theories, till my health and money were rapidly vanishing. . . . I'm all right now, and am gaining flesh daily. I follow your advice faithfully in everything. Thank you ten thousand times for what your knowledge and *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound have done for me."

If in doubt, write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

## MAKE GOOD CITIZENS.

**This Is Said of Icelanders Who Have Settled in Dakota.**

**They Are a Hardy and Cheerful People and Are Noted for Their Honesty and Faithfulness—Easily Americanized.**

There is here a large Icelandic population, says a Milton (N. D.) communication. No other people who have come to this country are better equipped to become citizens. The first settlements were made by the Scandinavians, principally Norwegians.

The Icelanders are, as we see them here, the most frugal and industrious people in the world. They never fail to utilize everything of value in life, from the shortest straw to the latest minute of time. They are at work always, all of them, from the baby just out of the cradle to the withered and hobbling great-grandfather. Every family makes sure that its own necessities are provided for. Each keeps a few sheep, some pigs, an abundance of hens, at least one or two cows, etc., but nothing that consumes without producing something in return. Most luxuries are new to them on their arrival, and they take to new articles, either of food or raiment, only when forced by their new surroundings to do so. They live within themselves, and always have something to sell—chickens, eggs, butter, mittens, socks, knit wammusses, leggins, hoods, yarns, cloth, ear tips, and, of course, farm products.

All work incessantly but moderately during daylight; and at night, while visiting as if they had just met after a long separation, knit, spin, weave, sew, work out rude implements, card wool, make butter and manufacture garments. Of course, the cloth for these garments is homemade. When something is absolutely needed from the store, the Icelander secures it by bartering an article of home manufacture—he never pays out money if it can be avoided.

The butter here is much like that common to old Iceland—that is, rancid. It is not the rancidity of the American buttermaker—where butter, sweet at first, has begun to spoil—but a peculiar sourness resulting from keeping the milk and cream until "fixed." It is very disagreeable to Americans at first, but it keeps far better than what we call "good" butter. Butter, according to the reports of the United States department of agriculture, is of the highest form, bulk for bulk, of nutriment. The Icelanders seem to have known this always, and, although their "bootah" is strong enough to drive a dog out of a tanyard, it is just as nutritious as the "gilt-edged creamery" of their Yankee neighbors, and costs less in labor before and less in care after making.

There is absolutely no picture in American life carrying so perfect an idea of domestic contentment and happiness as one may see in any ordinary Icelandic home. They are frank, cheerful and kind—never noisy—and have no vaulting ambitions, no false pride, no false modesty. This utter lack of prudery may account for their virtue and, in part, for their simple happiness.

The Icelander has no complex theories or philosophy. He thinks the first man was an Icelander and was born in Iceland. He scouts the idea that the Norsemen discovered either America or his own bleak little mole in the arctic seas. He says he was always on the latter, and always knew about the former and about Greenland and Europe. He claims with pride that nothing good in the popular form of government is new with America, or that the United States is entitled to credit for the invention of a republic. He says he had a better republic than this for 400 years, and that a long thousand years in Iceland did not develop so many sins, crooks and forms of maladministration as a year in America.

All Icelanders, of course, are very hardy. They are troubled, at first, by the extreme heat of our summers, but finally become acclimated. They do not move about, and never return to Iceland. They become Americanized even more easily than the Norwegians, if that is possible, and make reliable, peaceful citizens. The young women are the most kindly, faithful and quiet servants procurable, and all of them are honest.—N. Y. Times.

## VENDETTAS IN SICILY.

**Still Prevalent, and the Slightest Trifle Brings Them On.**

In Sicily, young men who are eligible partis have to exercise extreme care in their demeanor toward young unmarried ladies. To dance with them so often as to be remarked, to attempt to talk to them alone, is, to use the ingenious expression of an Italian friend of mine, expected to make you their future-in-law. In the lower classes, says the New York Mercury, a vendetta results if a man pays attention to an unmarried girl without marrying her. Vendettas are quite prevalent still. I heard a characteristic and rather amusing story about one the other day. A gentleman's coachman did his part in a vendetta and was sent to prison for a term—there being no capital punishment in Sicily. His master went to visit him in prison, and asked if he could do anything for him. "Yes, signor; if you will pay half a franc a day for me I can have a better room and better food, and a shave." He attached most importance to the shave. If a man sees his brother being murdered, not more than anyone else in the crowd will he do anything to bring the offender to justice. He may not even interfere. But he will take it upon himself as a sacred duty to kill the murderer whenever he has him at his mercy.

**A Free Press in Austria.**

Austria's new ministry has sent a circular to all public prosecutors reminding them that the freedom of the press is guaranteed by the constitution, and warning them that the illegal practice of confiscating newspapers, on the ground that they incite to hatred and contempt, will no longer be tolerated.

**A Lawyer's Confession.**

A famous advocate confessed himself: "I am never so happy as when I am defending a prisoner I know to be guilty; for if he is convicted, he will get his deserts; and if I get him off, it will be a tribute to my skill."

## FIGHTING MOTHS IN CARPETS.

**Liquids Which Are Repugnant to the Destroyer of Woven Goods.**

Carpets were never cheaper nor better than now, but until times are better we shall have to take care of our old carpets. The moth is the great enemy to be fought and defeated. There are efficacious remedies. One is to steep one-fourth of a pound of cayenne pepper in one gallon of water, then adding two drachms of strychnia powder. Strain and pour this into a shallow vessel, such as a large tinned-iron milk pan. Roll the carpet up and set each end alternately in this mixture for ten minutes, or long enough to insure the saturation of its edges for about an inch. Do this after beating the carpet. The ends should likewise be treated. Be sure the carpet is dry before tacking down, as the wet poison might injure the fingers while tacking. When done with the liquid throw where it possibly cannot harm anybody, or bottle and label for future use, marking it "Carpet moth poison." This preparation will not stain the carpet nor corrode metals in contact with the carpet.

Another mixture calls for one pound of quassia chips, one-fourth of a pound of cayenne pepper, steeped in two gallons of water, strained and used as above.

When the carpet to be treated is not to be taken up, spray ends, edges, margins and corners with the atomizer. Perhaps two or three applications might be better than one with the atomizer.

The carpet moth loves the bindings and margins of a carpet. Ingrains or three-plys may be treated successfully while down by wringing a cloth out of hot water, laying it over the bindings and edges and ironing with a hot iron. This will destroy both moth and eggs. This method is not effectual with moquettes or other heavy carpets, as the heat will not sufficiently penetrate them, besides which, ironing injures the pile of velvets; still, the tacks can be drawn occasionally and the carpet laid over on its edge, one side at a time, and steamed on the wrong side. Then wipe the floor under the carpet as far as the arm can reach with hot cayenne tea. Also wipe the edge and bindings of carpet with a hot rag, rubbing hard before renailing. Some recommend sprinkling salt around the sides of the room before nailing down the sides of the carpet, but this seems wrong, because the salt will surely attract too much moisture.

Be on the lookout for the Buffalo carpet beetle as early in the year as February and March. Look out for them on the windows and window sills, and over all woolen clothing not in frequent use. The moth has a special liking for red carpet. But the pest comes also later in the year, being sometimes brought into the house in flowers. It has a particular love for the blossoms of the spirea. It is a good plan, where the moths are unusually bad to saturate the floor with benzine, or preferably, we think, with spirits of turpentine, which is not so inflamable nor volatile, and then lay newspapers down under the carpet. This prevents an attack from the underside. It is important to remember that the moth always abhors the light, which is death to the eggs and larvae, and is really the best thing with which to circumvent them.

Corrosive sublimate and alcohol in the proportions of 60 grains of the former to one pint of the latter is useful for treating the edges of the seams of the carpet where the pest is bad, but the poison is so deadly that great caution is required in its use, especially where babies are around.

The moths deposit their eggs in the early spring. This, therefore, is the season to put away furs and woolen goods for the summer. It is not the moth, but the larvae, that does the harm. Thoroughly beat the goods with a rattan and air them for several hours in the sunlight if possible. Wrap up in a newspaper perfectly tight. If this work is done properly there will be no need of an air-tight chest or cedar chest. Moths do not have any fear of cedar or moth balls, but they will not go through paper or cotton textiles. Indeed, a cotton bag or other wrapping is just as good as paper. Once a month take out the goods and examine them in the sunlight and give them a good beating. When the moths are not so bad, as in some seasons and localitions, this monthly inspection may not be necessary. But this is really the fur dealers' secret of preserving their stock. Camphor is bad for fur, as it impairs their beauty by turning them light. Camphor may be sprinkled among the woolens, but secure wrapping in paper or cotton is good enough. The above method may be used to preserve feathers also.—Good Housekeeping.

**A Dismayed Hostess.**

It was Miss Katie Rooney's first appearance as table girl when company had been invited to dinner, but it was company upon whom the mistress wished to make the best impression possible. Katie was overflowing with rollicking Irish spirits and humor, but it had been emphatically impressed upon her that she must curb these propensities during the progress of the dinner, and be the embodiment of quiet dignity. All went well until Katie went to remove the soup plates when she carelessly sent a stream of soup over the back of one of the gentlemen. Instead of manifesting the least dismay or chagrin, Katie clapped her free hand to her grinning mouth and said, with an indescribable chuckle, and in a hoarse but painfully distinct whisper to her mistress: "Ain't Oi a dandy, mum?" Then she shot out of the dining-room, giving utterance to a wild howl of rollicking laughter as she ran.—Detroit Free Press.

## WISE SAYINGS.

The game of life looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart the unalienable treasure.—Coleridge.

Too many, through want of prudence, are golden apprentices, silver journeymen and copper masters.—Whitefield.

Mental pleasures never clog; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.—Colton.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.—Southy.

## A TERROR TO RATS.

**An Odd Character of the Pacific Coast.**

**Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin He Wields a Strange Influence Over the Rodents—His Peculiar Business.**

A queer counterpart of the Pied Piper of Hamelin has been visiting the seaports of the Pacific coast lately, driving or drawing hordes of rats from the ships at the wharves and occasionally from the warehouses and big hotels. He seems to have a strange influence over rats and readily tames and makes pets of strange rats. He is not a ratcatcher, for, while there is no doubt of the thoroughness with which he rids a ship or a house of rats, he does not catch them, nor does he care what becomes of them. He only undertakes to drive them away. More than this, he claims to be able to bring the rats back again, and it is said he has done this in two or three instances where a ship's captain has played him false, and, being rid of the rats, has failed to live up to his bargain with the rat charmer.

He is, or has been, a seafaring man. His name is Joe Peoples, though he is known along the wharves as Rough-on-Rats. Usually he has his pockets full of rats—not pets of long acquaintance, but ordinary rats which he has caught recently, and which he keeps to use in his peculiar business. He says there is no art about handling rats, and that they will not bite if properly handled, but either he exercises some strange power over the animals, or else he has learned a secret of handling them that is not likely to become common property. It is the same with a rat as with a nettle, he says. If you pick up a rat as though not afraid of it the animal will not bite; and if you place it back on the ground and let it run away of its own accord it will be equally harmless. But if, having gone so far as to get hold of a rat, you place it on the floor and draw your hand away sharply, the rat will, as likely as not, take a piece of your hand away with it. At any rate, this is part of Mr. People's peculiar theories.

How he drives out the rats he is willing to explain in part, but the main secret he naturally reserves. He selects a lively old rat, ties a little bell, like a sleigh bell, with wire around its neck, paints its back with phosphorus, then drenches it in some liquid not divulged, and turns it loose. The rat runs through all its accustomed haunts, but all its late comrades run ahead of it. They don't like its blazing back and its alarm bell. But more than anything else, Mr. Peoples says, they don't like the smell it brings with him.

Mr. Peoples' doctored rats smell like a whole cageful of ferrets. Rats particularly dislike ferrets, and never stop to investigate when there is the slightest suggestion of one being near. Ordinary rat catchers corroborate Mr. Peoples in this. The consequence is, and it is a consequence in fact as well as in logic, that the doctored rat drives every other rat before it, and where the doctored rat has once been no rat will venture afterward while the smell lasts, and Mr. Peoples guarantees the smell for one year. The unfortunate rat with the bell, its illuminated back, and its terrible smell, seeks its old friends in every hole and corner, and wherever it goes it is the last rat that will go there in a year. Mr. Peoples says he has frequently known rats to jump overboard from a ship in their efforts to escape from a doctored rat, and many witnesses bear him out in this statement. There is no question of his success in entirely clearing a number of ships and warehouses at Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Port Townsend and other ports on the coast which were formerly overrun with rats.

For his claim that he can bring back the rats there seems to be only Mr. Peoples' word. He names two or three ships plying up and down the coast on which he had played his second trick. The captains told him, after the rats had all left their ships, that they guessed he hadn't done much toward it and offered to compromise. Mr. Peoples says he just doctored half a dozen rats with a different kind of medicine and set them free on these ships, and scattered some of the same kind of stuff about the holds, and he avers that in a little while there will be four times as many rats on the ships as formerly, and he will charge four times as much to charm them away.—N. Y. Sun.

**Polishing Wood.**

Mahogany and all polished wood of any kind is apt to become very dull and tarnished, and the regular operation of rubbing it up is not one that is dear to the average maid, yet if it is allowed to go too long uncared for, the trouble of reviving it is endless. The best and easiest way of polishing wood is to make a "dolly" of rags, finally tying it up tightly in a piece of soft flannel; this should be slightly sprinkled with linseed oil; over it tie a cloth rag on which put a few drops of spirits of wine; rub all the woodwork quickly with this prepared material, and polish quickly as you proceed with a soft silk or flannel rag. Both the oil and the spirit should be very sparingly applied, as they would otherwise moisten the wood too much and produce smears; but if the operation is briskly done, according to these instructions, no polish, however elaborate, will bring about the same brightness.—Detroit Free Press.

**How Tides Predict Storms.**

Fresh interest has recently been developed in the fact that West Indian hurricanes, and other great storms at sea, frequently produce a remarkable effect upon the tides along neighboring coasts. When a tempest is approaching, or passing out on the ocean, the tides are noticeably higher than usual, as if the water had been driven in a vast wave before the storm. The influence extends to a great distance from the cyclonic storm center, so that the possibility exists of foretelling the approach of a dangerous hurricane by means of indications furnished by tide gages situated far away from the place then occupied by the whirling winds. The fact that the tidal wave outstrips the advancing storm shows how extremely sensitive the surface of the sea is to the changes of pressure brought to bear upon it by the never-resting atmosphere.

## BRONCHO BOB WAS SUSPECTED.

**He Had Been Too Long Among Civilized People to Inspire Confidence.**

A sojourn of over a month in the east had made Bronco Bob no less an object of suspicion among his old companions than he had been a lion during his visit. But a place was made for him at the card table, where the usual game of draw poker was in progress.

"Gimme a stack o' red chips," he said, carelessly.

He was accommodated and the game proceeded in silence.

"I don't see ez he talks no different," said Pluto Pete, in a whisper to the man next to him.

"Jist wait," said Three-Fingered Sam. "It'll come out sooner or later. He'll be takin' ginger ale on the side er sayin' 'eyether' jis' ter show off. An' ez soon ez he begins ter sling eny serciety aroun' here thur's goin' ter be trouble a foot thick. What'll yer hev ter drink?"

"Some red liquor," replied Bronco Bob, when his turn to speak came.

As they drew cards Three-Fingered Sam muttered:

"Wants nothin' but red chips an' calls fur red liquor. Seems ter me somebody's gettin' purty blamed hectic aroun' here."

Bronco Bob bet the limit, and when all the others had signified their intention to stay out Pluto Pete shoved in the requisite number of chips and queried:

"Whutcher got?"

"Nothin' much," was Bronco Bob's nonchalant reply. "Jest a red flush, all hearts."

Three-Fingered Sam had pulled his gun in a jiffy.

"Look here," he said, in a husky voice, "ye've bin mixin' weth the elight an' dawdlin' weth the cream delly cream, but yer might ez well understand thet ef yer settin' out ter start a four hundred in this settlement ye'll hev ter git along without the other 399."

"Whutcher mean?" asked Broncho Bob.

"Whut I mean is thet ef ye're tryin' ter ring in a pink tea unbeknownst we're dead onter ye an' we won't stand it."—Detroit Free Press.

## SAVED HIS MONEY.

**Sharp Tricks Played by an Arizona Lawyer on a Stage Robber.**

While Tom Fitch, the orator and politician, was practicing law in Tombstone, A. T., he had occasion to visit Phoenix. On the way there the stage was held up by a lone highwayman, who not only robbed the mail and express box, but searched all of the passengers. The fellow found about $2,000 in the express box and Fitch lost $100, besides a gold watch and chain. While still in Phoenix the robber was captured, and hearing that Fitch was in town sent for him. Fitch's face appeared familiar, but the highwayman had forgotten where he had seen it, and Fitch said nothing about the matter.

"What will you defend me for?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Fitch. "I'll defend you for $500, but I'll agree to get you out and free on a writ of habeas corpus for $200."

"All right; it's a go."

The fellow told Fitch where his money was concealed, and the attorney found it. As soon as he had it safely stowed away in his gripsack he started home for Tombstone, and left the robber to take care of himself.

A couple of months later Fitch was nearly frightened out of his wits to see the robber walk into his office.

"I see you recognize me," said he, "but you needn't feel alarmed. You robbed me—"

"Yes, but you robbed me first," exclaimed Fitch. "I was on that stage."

"Well, I didn't come to reproach you for anything of the sort. I have escaped from jail, and all I want is money enough to get back to my old home in Pennsylvania, where I will lead an honest life."

"Why, certainly, my boy," declared Fitch. "Wait right here till I can go to the bank and get it."

Fitch returned a moment later with the sheriff and saved $100.—San Francisco Post.

**A Queen's Scientific Experiments.**

The king of Portugal and his entire court are rejoicing over the zeal and industry with which Queen Amelie is devoting herself to the study of the Roentgen light. Her majesty puts in all her time now in photographing King Carlos and the ladies and gentlemen of the court in order to discover what their skeletons are like. For several years the queen has been a rapt student of medicine, and in her enthusiastic pursuit of medical science and by her experiments has reduced some of her ladies in waiting almost to death's door. Now that the queen has a new hobby, the Portuguese court rejoices, especially the king, as the queen was always insisting upon his trying new methods discovered by herself for reducing his growing corpulency. It is even said that in consequence the king's gratitude to Roentgen the professor is to be invited to the court at Lisbon, and will receive a high decoration from his majesty.—Washington Times.

**Vulgarizing Roentgen Rays.**

Roentgen rays are becoming vulgarized rapidly. Prof. Brouardel, of the municipal laboratory of Paris has used them to find the contents of infernal machines, and has seen nails, screws, cartridges and even the grains of powder in a bomb. An Englishman asserts that he can tell pure claret from adulterated by the use of the rays. In Berlin they have been introduced in a new farce. An English photographer, who sent out a picture of a foot showing an imbedded needle, received a telegram from a customer, saying: "Photograms received very tame. Send more sensational ones, such as interior of belly, backbone, brains, liver, kidneys, heart, lungs, soul."—N. Y. Sun.

**High Waterworks.**

The highest system of waterworks in the world is to be conducted this spring in Altman, Col. The altitude is about 11,000 feet. Work was begun recently. The main pumping station will be located at Grassy, a mile and a half below and 1,000 feet lower than Altman. A second station will be placed 750 feet higher than the first, and will throw the water into tanks above the town. The water is for domestic use and for fire purposes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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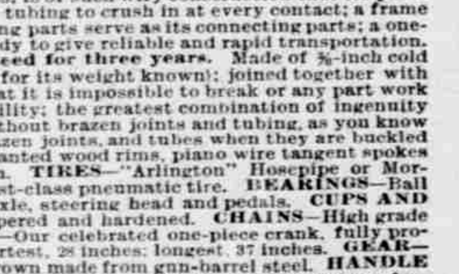

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