

THE NERVES OF WOMEN



"I am so nervous and wretched." "I feel as if I should fly." How familiar these expressions are! Little things annoy you and make you irritable. You can't sleep, you are unfit for ordinary duties, and are subject to dizziness.

That bearing-down sensation helps to make you feel miserable.

You have backache and pains low down in the side, pain in top of head, later on at the base of the brain.

Suck a condition points unerringly to serious uterine trouble.

If you had written to Mrs. Pinkham when you first experienced impaired vitality, you would have been spared these hours of awful suffering.

Happiness will be gone out of your life forever, my sister, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter is seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Mrs. Valentine Tells of Happy Results Accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefits of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very bad, was terribly nervous and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N. J.



MRS. W. P. VALENTINE

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass. \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Locomotive No. 18,000 was recently turned out of the Baldwin locomotive works at Philadelphia.

It requires no experience to dye with FURAN FADABLES DYE. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

China's beverage is not confined entirely to tea. During 1897 she imported from Germany beer to the amount of \$288,000.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROWN QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

It is claimed that Canada furnishes over 40 per cent. of the nickel of the world.

Out of 130,000 farmers in Norway, all but 11,000 own their farms.

The interest bill of the city of New York amounted to more than \$1,600,000.

Piso's cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The exports of paper from this country in 1900 amounted to about \$7,000,000.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Peppermint Fruit after each meal.

The total number of persons arrested in Boston last year was 33,555.

A Centenarian. Dr. Graham, of Kentucky, who lived to be one hundred years old, attributed his long life and freedom from illness to the use of Crab Orchard Water. It was his tonic medicine.

It is estimated that there are in Mexico 25,000 former residents of the United States.

DYSPEPSIA
yields to nature's medicine.

CRAB ORCHARD WATER

It cures dyspepsia and all stomach, liver, kidney and bowel disorders. An invigorating aperient and laxative; invigorates and tones the whole system. A natural water of the orchard and its natural value, concentrated to make it easier and cheaper to bottle and use. A 4-oz. bottle is equal to 2 gallons of uncondensed water. Sold by druggists every where. Crab Apple Trade Mark on every bottle. CRAB ORCHARD WATER CO., Louisville, Ky.

LIBBY'S
Premier Soups
TEN CENTS

Libby's soups are as good as any soups can be. Some cooks may know how to make soups as good. None can make them better—none so cheaply. Six plates of delicious soup for 10 cents—and think of the bother saved!

Oxtail, Mallagatawney, Chicken, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Vegetable, and Chicken Gumbo.

At your grocers, in cans ready for instant serving—just heat them.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Chicago

Write for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

WINCHESTER
"NEW RIVAL"
FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

No black powder shells on the market compare with the "NEW RIVAL" in uniformity and strong shooting qualities. Sure fire and waterproof. Get the genuine.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. New Haven, Conn.

THE SHIPS OF LIFE.

If you wait for unmixed cargo
Of happiness, pile on pile,
With never a pound of over freight,
You'll wait for a weary while;
For the ships of life in commission
Must sail their way about;
They may open their books for happiness' sake,
But they can't bar sorrow out.

Yet this is a captain's wisdom
That makes his voyage bright,
Who stores sweet happiness in his ship
So that it stays in sight;
And the sails they shine in the sunlight,
And the ship with joy seems whole,
So kindly the captain's wisdom is,
So brave is the captain's soul.
—St. Louis Republic.

A Story of the Old Army.

West Point Cadet Who Became the Chief of the Navajos.

There is a story of the old army that has become a sort of sacred possession, like its old songs and customs, vague and of uncertain origin. It is one that you will hear if you happen into a group of officers now past or approaching the retiring age. The somnolent effect of tobacco will turn the drift of day dreams in its direction and there is no holding it down if a bottle is in attendance. The tale concerns one "Bison" McLean.

McLean was sent to the military academy at West Point from southwest Missouri. The class he joined has become famous for the names of several of its members. The name "Bison" was given him by George B. McClellan because of McLean's long black hair and immense size. The Missourian was a poor student in his classes, and that he managed to stay at the academy for three years at all was on account of his superiority in riding and drill work. His life in the southwest had trained him in firearms, and no cadet at the Point could equal his records on the target range. He was not a popular man, for, in addition to being dull, he had a sullen temperament and moments of ungovernable passion. One cold, bitter winter night he disappeared. With one exception this was the last time any of his classmates saw "Bison" McLean. His skates were missing, and so a search was made for him in the river. His family said that a search was made for him in New York. The books of the academy recorded him missing, and he was forgotten soon in the preparations for the war with Mexico.

The war was fought and ended. The tide of emigration to the west following the opening of the new territory and the discovery of gold in California made new duties for the army. It was necessary for emigrants to travel in great wagon trains for their mutual protection and the hussars were busy leading them their aid, or avenging their wrongs. Garrisons were placed at Santa Fe and at several points in the southwest to keep the Indians off the trails passing through Magon Mount gap. Gen. W. S. Harney was in command of these forces and had such men as Kit Carson in his employ as scouts. Major Sumner, afterward a major general, and the father of Col. S. S. Sumner, now military attaché in London, was Gen. Harney's right-hand man. Early in the fifties he was sent on a scout with three troops of dragoons through the Dattil and Tularosa ranges. While he was mounting a rise in the Dattil the Dragoons came suddenly on a band of 800 Navajo Indians. The American troops prepared to fight, but the Indians halted and raised their hands with the open palm of peace. They explained that they were after Apaches, with whom they were then enjoying one of their predatory wars. Then a remarkable thing happened. The chief rode out from the band and facing them gave a sharp command. The braves formed in troops of about 100 each and marched past as if at parade. The amazement of Major Sumner seemed to please the chief, for he gave another command. The Indians turned sharply, changed from line into column and then back into line. Another sharp order and they advanced in line by the entire command.

"Where in thunder did you get all this?" cried Major Sumner.
"We've four times this many drilled braves," the chief replied, and, dropping a little venom, "we'll use them, too, perhaps, when it comes to fighting the whites. We have a great war chief who has taught us these things."

He raised his hand as a signal and the Indians moved over the hill and disappeared. Major Sumner made an official report of the incident. He did not forget to tell, in addition to the foregoing, that the Navajos he had seen were armed with American rifles and lances of Mexican manufacture. Jefferson Davis was then secretary of war. He had seen enough of the southwest in his experiences in the Mexican war to know how extraordinary it was that Indians should adopt a civilized method of warfare. He ordered a report in detail and called for as complete an investigation as possible under the circumstances. There was little more learned than this, that the drill resembled that of the American dragoons and was not at all like the Mexican tactics. No white man had ever seen the war chief, though one of Kit Carson's scouts declared that he had. The chief was not a Mexican, he said, and was a Navajo most certainly. He

was a tall, handsome Indian of remarkable physique and rode like a dragoon and not like an Indian. Nothing more than these few facts could Secretary Davis gather.

It was nearly ten years later that Joseph C. Ives was sent at the head of an expedition to survey the Colorado River. A troop of dragoons was detailed as the guard for his party. Ives had been at West Point and had been transferred to the topographical survey. While up in the mountains to the east of where now the town of Green River is the Indian guides became uneasy and reported that they were being upon by some redskin scouts to whom they could not approach close enough to learn their tribe. Guards were more carefully placed. One morning the relief of one of the outer pickets found the man shot through the heart by an arrow.

"There's an Indian chief on the guard line and he's asked to see you."
"You should go to your commanding officer, corporal," Ives replied. "I'm not in charge of the escort."

"No, but the Indian asked for you, sir, and by name."
"Well, that's strange—how the devil does he know me? Bring him up, but if he has any others with him keep them out of camp."

A few minutes later the corporal returned with the chief, who was a marvelous figure for even a Navajo. He was very tall and straight and muscled like an athlete. A guide was called to act as interpreter.

"I guess we don't need that fellow," the chief remarked as the guide came up.

The officers had gathered at Ives' tent and their mouths fell open in amazement as they heard him speak, for his English was pure and without flaw of accent. The Navajo sat down on a camp stool in a self-possessed way and looked the group of men over quietly.

"Have you any spare tobacco, Ives?" he asked.
The tobacco was found for him and an orderly was despatched to an officer's tent for the bottle that, because of the inaccessibility to civilization, had been nursed lovingly and held for extraordinary occasion.

"How does it come, Ives, you're not wearing the uniform? You didn't fall down at the Point, did you?"

"Great Scott, what do you know about the Point?" cried the astonished Ives.

But the chief only smiled and went on talking about the Point and the men who were there fifteen years before. His familiarity with the army ended there, for he asked hungrily about these few men and how they had done in the Mexican war. He was surprised to learn how well their fortunes had prospered. For two hours the officers stared at this great brown Indian and searched their memories in vain efforts to place him.

"You may be pleased to learn that it had been arranged to kill your party off, Ives, but I recognized you yesterday while you were prowling around the hills, and we'll declare the killing off for old times' sake. I've enough braves within a mile of you to ride you all down in an hour," the Navajo said, as he rose to go.

"But who in thunder are you?" Ives cried. "You seem to know me, but I can't for the life of me recall you."

"Don't you remember McLean, who was in your class at West Point?" the chief asked.

"What! 'Bison' McLean—who was drowned?"

"Yes, I'm 'Bison.'"

There is no record of any other instance of magnanimity on the part of "Bison" McLean. Only an occasional trapper, with the exception of Indians, saw him after that. His history thenceforth is as mysterious as that which had connected itself with him when he was only the great Navajo war chief. How he left the Point and joined the Indians, and why, no one knows to this day. The retreat of Chief Joseph and his Nez Peres from New Mexico to the lava fields in the war of 1877, one of the most remarkable in all military history for its strategy, is credited by army officers to the generalship of "Bison" McLean. Col. Louis Craig of the Thirty-second volunteer regiment told this story one evening at Fort Leavenworth last summer, and added as his own theory that the unexpected organization of the Sioux in the Wounded Knee campaign was the work of the same "Bison" McLean. It is not doubted that he is now dead, but when and where did he die? No one knows and probably never will.—Kansas City Star.

"Cheese It"

"Cheese it" is in an English slang dictionary of 1811, and the definition shows that the phrase was then used in the same sweet sense as that of today. And the phrase came banging and bumping down the last century. The ingenious Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his "Gaslight and Daylight" (1859), wrote in the chapter "Strollers at Dumb-bowdary" about young Harry, who held earnest parley with members of the upper gallery who were pelting him and his friends with nut shells and broken pipes. "Two or three 'halios' and 'now, then,' accompanied by a strong recommendation to 'cheese it' (i. e., act of cessation), cause these trifling annoyances to cease." You see that Mr. Sala thought it necessary to explain the phrase to his genteel audience. The dictionaries all say that "cheese it" is thought to be a corruption of "cease it!" Maybe they think so. We are inclined to believe in a more remote derivation. "Cease it!" is too easy.—Boston Journal.

DOGS FOR TRACTION.

Forbidden in England—Donkeys Superceding Them in Berlin—Esquimaux Dogs.

The Berlin Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has for a long time been agitating in favor of the abolition of the practice of using dogs as beasts of draught. The society's opposition is having considerable effect and within the past year about one thousand donkeys have been imported into Berlin to take the place of many of the harnessed dogs, says the New York Sun.

The probability is that the use of dogs for traction among civilized peoples will gradually be discontinued. The practice is spreading nowhere, and the tendency is to curtail it. Many hundreds of the costermongers' carts in London were hauled by dogs till well along in the last century; but sixty years ago the harnessing of dogs in Great Britain was forbidden by law and a prolific source of abusive treatment inflicted upon the most intelligent of the dumb animals was thus removed. It was found that the draught dogs were sadly overworked and otherwise abused, and the Government interfered for their protection before any societies were organized in the interest of the brute creation.

On the neighboring continental shores, however, many thousands of dogs are still pulling in harness every day. In Brussels about ten thousand dogs may be seen daily pulling carts. The peasants use them to haul their vegetables and hovers to market, and the butchers and bakers employ dog carts to deliver their commodities. The dog team is also a conspicuous industrial convenience in Holland, some parts of Germany and, to some extent, in Switzerland; but the more fortunate canines of France and Italy are not subjected to this form of servitude.

Dog drivers in America are limited chiefly to the Esquimaux. It is in the Arctic regions that the dog is in his glory as a beast of labor, and there is no doubt that upon him largely depends the well-being of the most northern race of men. Mr. Peary has had larger experience with the Greenland dog than any other explorer, and is a great admirer of him. He believes no dog can surpass the Greenland animal for sledge hauling. They may be made to work very hard, and for long journeys, and will keep in good condition on a daily ration of a pound of first-class pemmican apiece. It has been his experience that an Esquimaux dog will haul just about half the weight that is regarded as a good load for a man, and that he will take it about twice as far as a man would in a day. Two hundred pounds is considered the maximum load for a man, though 233 pounds were hauled per man during the Nares expedition. Dr. Nansen, with a load of about 200 pounds per man, averaged seven miles a day across the inland ice. The adult male dogs of Whale Sound, northwest Greenland, will pull a load of 100 pounds each under almost any conditions, except when the snow is so soft that they sink into it deeply; and they will drag this load from ten to twenty miles a day, and much heavier loads a far greater distance a day under exceptionally good conditions for travel.

A Rummage Sale Incident.

If one has anything around the house one wants to get rid of, the proper thing to do is to send it to a rummage sale. There is a perfect craze just now for this form of entertainment or charity, whichever it may be, for all rummage sales are not alike. This true story proceeds from a recent sale held for a church fund.

An enthusiastic young woman attended the sale and returned from it in great glee.

"Wait until you see what I've found," she announced to her mother; "just what we have been looking for in every attic and antique shop for years. I knew we'd get it some day, and now you won't laugh at rummage sales any more."

"What is it?" asked the dear old lady.

"It's a mate to that antique candlestick you've had so long and never could match." She proudly unwrapped the bundle. "There! isn't that perfect?"

"It is indeed," replied her mother, a queer little smile playing about her face. "In fact, it is the same. I got tired of having it around the house, and sent it to the rummage sale to get rid of it."—New York Mail and Express.

The Flame on Mars Explained.

The brilliant flame-like projection of Mars, observed in December by Astronomer A. E. Douglas, of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., and which revived theories of ultimate communication between inhabitants of earth and the Martians, have been pronounced projections from the terminator, and not efforts to signal earth.

A letter was received yesterday by Mr. Justice Stahn, secretary of the Astronomic section of the Academy of Sciences, from Astronomer Douglas:

"Dear Sir:—The projection which I observed on Dec. 7 at 16 hours, that is between 4 and 5:30 of the morning of Dec. 8, was undoubtedly a cloud on the planet, which had just passed the line of sunset, the cloud still being lighted up by the setting sun, while the surface beneath it was in shadow."
—A. E. DOUGLAS.—Baltimore American.

Smelting promises to be one of the great industries of the future in California.

WRITING BY ELECTRICITY.

Telautographs Invented Both in England and America.

According to the London Electrician, the Ritchie telautograph, while possessing certain fundamental features in common with the Gray telautograph, has certain interesting characteristics of its own. The salient features are two conducting circuits, each with ground return, one for one rectangular component and the other for the other rectangular component of the motion of the pen. The instrument dots its "i's" and crosses its "t's," and appears to render a fairly good copy of the sender's handwriting. There is also a telephone attachment for oral communication. The receiving apparatus are really two powerful galvanometers, with locally excited electromagnets. In view of its tests the apparatus seems to be applicable to lines which are comparatively short, and it does not appear that it could compete with the ordinary telegraph in speed, as the best it can do would be 25 words a minute over two conducting wires, while the Morse circuit would give the same speed over each of the two wires. The chief advantage of the system would be to dispense with the services of skilled operators at the station, and its greatest possibility would seem to be use as an adjunct to telephones in business offices. With its signatures could be made to documents, and other transactions of like nature might be carried on at a distance, but at the same time the complexity of the present telephone system is great enough to deter adding to it with a still more complicated system of telautographic instruments. The experiments thus far have shown that writing and sketches are reproduced legibly and distinctly, and, while the handwriting is somewhat distorted, its character does not disappear.

It is reported from Kansas City that three electricians there have invented a telautograph, which they call a postal electrodupligrph, which they claim will duplicate, through any distance, any manuscript, whether written or printed. The inventors have not yet patented the apparatus, and pending the application refuse to divulge the exact manner in which the work is done. They say, however, that it is a sort of photographic process, through the use of certain electric currents. The copy on the receiving end is produced by the action of electricity on a certain kind of chemically prepared paper, the cost of which is but a little more than that of ordinary paper. Enormous speed is claimed, and the inventor declares that the system is simpler than that of the telephone.

Power From a Solar Motor.

A device for the utilization of the sun's heat in creating power has just been put into operation at South Pasadena, Cal. The device comprises a funnel-shaped reflector 33-1/2 feet in diameter at the top and 15 feet at the bottom, and containing on its surface 1,788 mirrors. The reflector is set on two fixed supports in such a manner that it may follow the movement of the sun, and is kept in focus by clock-work. The adjustment of the mirrors is such that the sun's rays are concentrated on a boiler, tubular in form, 13-1/2 feet in length, with a capacity of 100 gallons of water and eight feet additional for steam space. The concentration of heat is capable of raising the temperature to several thousand degrees, but the boiler is prevented from being superheated by the water within it, which is brought to 350 or 400 degrees. The engine is fed and the supply of water in the boiler is maintained automatically and the only attention necessary to operate the machine is to adjust the mirror to focus and set in operation in the morning. This motor is pumping from a large underground tank at the rate of 1,400 gallons a minute.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Analytical Portraiture.

The idea of combining many pictures in one composite photograph, so as to get a type face, was brought out nearly twenty years ago by Francis Galton, F. R. S., who has now devised the opposite plan of analytical portraiture in which it is sought to record what is individual in the expression by combining different photographs of the same face. Two portraits, for example, may show a man with normal expression and when he is smiling. On placing a carefully made positive of one picture on a negative of the other, details common to both are obliterated, and the result is that only the smile is left. When the process is fully worked out, it is expected to give physiologists and artists an important means of analyzing expression. From the portrait mentioned, it has been learned already that the smile is an act involving the whole face, and not, as we have been led to believe, simply a few muscles around the mouth.

A Floating Monte Carlo.

A syndicate has been formed for a floating Monte Carlo to be moored off the English coast somewhere just beyond the three-mile limit. Negotiations are pending for an obsolete Atlantic liner, which would be turned into a miniature casino, at a total cost including the first outlay for the hull, of \$250,000. The idea is to provide a haunt for gamblers within easy reach of London, but beyond the reach of the betting laws of the realm; and of course, capital for running the tables would have to be provided to the additional tune of some hundred thousand pounds. It is understood that the Brighton coast is thought of.—Norwich (Eng.) Daily Press.