

# "I followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well."



A woman is sick—some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds back something, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and this completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it a wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. This is the reason why hundreds of thousands of women are now in correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can give every symptom, so that when she is ready to advise them she is in possession of more facts from her correspondence with the patient than the physician can possibly obtain through a personal interview.

Following we publish a letter from a woman showing the result of a correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham. All such letters are considered absolutely confidential by Mrs. Pinkham, and are never published in any way or manner without the consent in writing of the patient; but hundreds of women are so grateful for the health which Mrs. Pinkham and her medicine have been able to restore to them that they not only consent to publishing their letters, but write asking that this be done in order that other women who suffer may be benefited by their experience.

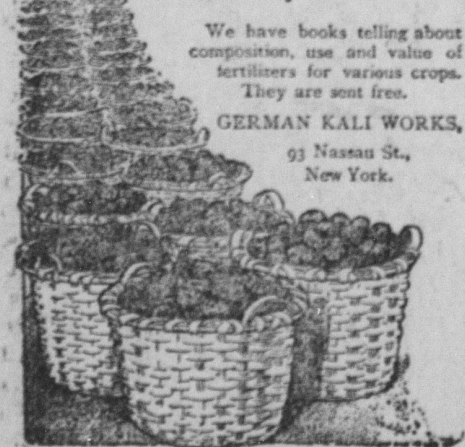
Mrs. Ella Rice, Chelsea, Wis., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with falling and inflammation of the womb. I suffered very much with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and was not able to do anything. What I endured no one knows but those who have suffered as I did. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I doctored with the physicians of this town for three months and grew worse instead of better. My husband and friends wished me to write to you, but I had no faith in patent medicines. At last I became so bad that I concluded to ask your advice. I received an answer at once advising me to take your Vegetable Compound, and I did so. Before I had taken two bottles I felt better, and after I had taken five bottles there was no happier woman on earth, for I was well again. I know that your Vegetable Compound cured me, and I wish and advise every woman who suffers as I did to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Believe me always grateful for the recovery of my health."—Mrs. ELLA RICE, Chelsea, Wis.

## \$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 will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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## GARDEN & FARM

### CULTIVATION OF CORN.

Run close to corn, one furrow only with a small plow three or four inches deep as soon as it is all up—may use turn plow with bar next to corn and let it stand as much as five days before filling. The corn will then have taken root downward, which will be out of the way of plowing and will stand drought better. After the first plowing plow shallow and don't throw too much dirt to corn at once. Keep grass down. Hoe when needed. Lay by clean when it begins to tassel.—The Epitomist.

### KEEP THE COWS CLEAN.

The platform on which the cows stand should be at least six inches higher than the floor. This will give drop enough so that the cows can lie down without getting into the manure. But the cows will not keep clean if the platform on which they stand is not of the proper length. It should project not more than two inches beyond the cows' hind feet. It works well to have the front end of the platform one-half or three-fourths inches higher than the rear end, as this allows the urine to run off. It takes but little time to fix the stables in this way. If too low the platform can easily be raised by putting thicker pieces of timber underneath, and if too long a saw will shorten it.

After the stable is fixed, the cows in and the milking all done, the last thing to do before leaving them for the night is to clean out any manure that may have dropped since they were tied up, and then scatter some sawdust or other absorbent on the floor below the drop. This soaks up the urine and when a cow is lying down, her tail will not become wet. Upon going out to milk in the morning, cows stabled in this way will be clean, and one will not experience the unpleasantness of having a wet and dirty tail swung across the face.—L. O. HASKINS, in New England Homestead.

### WHEN TO PRUNE TREES.

The time to prune fruit trees is from February to April, or before the sap begins to flow. This will depend upon the climate. The wounds will then heal rapidly without leaving dead wood or scars. Much pruning may be saved by pinching and rubbing off superfluous sprouts during the growing season. The first pruning of a young tree is a very important process, for it is then that the future shape of the tree and the number of branches it will possess will be determined. Some trees will stand severe cutting back, but all trees should be pruned as to permit of abundant air and sunlight.

### HENS AND STRAWBERRIES.

I wish to tell your many readers how I make hens and strawberries pay by turning the propensity of the hen to scratch to a good account. I have three different yards for the hens to run in. By being confined in one yard for a season they will destroy, by eating and scratching, every vestige of grass and weeds and will also fertilize the ground.

The next spring I set that yard to strawberries and put the hens into another yard to prepare that for strawberries. After this system is established with three yards one can set a new bed every year and spade up an old one, always having a bed in fruit bearing the second year from setting. By this plan all the strawberries cost is the weeding of the plants and picking of berries. By having the run of the yard, if it is a good-sized one, the hens will furnish eggs enough to pay their keeping.—N. B. WHITE, in Boston Cultivator.

### ENORMOUS PRODUCTION OF CARNATIONS.

From a rough computation I am inclined to think that there is perhaps \$2,000,000 invested in carnation growing in the United States to-day and that there are probably employed in the production of carnation flowers something like 5,000 people. It is still more difficult to arrive at the value of the product produced, but the probable value of blooms and plants sold should be from three to four times the capital invested. There are about 2,500,000 young carnation plants and rooted cuttings sold each year, and florists produce an equal amount which they themselves use for growing and which are not sold. Of these plants, at least four-fifths are grown under glass during the winter time for cut flower purposes. Assuming that they produce an annual average of twenty flowers to the plant, would give 60,000,000 blooms produced each year.

What becomes of this enormous number of flowers is somewhat of a mystery. They are put to innumerable uses. The carnation is a flower that awakens the love of almost every person, and as the average carnation blooms are sold at much more reasonable prices than many other flowers, they come within reach of a larger class of people than do roses and orchids, consequently the consumption is larger. There is no use to which flowers may be put for which the carnation is not fitted. It lends itself to almost every scheme of decoration. Its delicious, clean, pungent, aromatic fragrance admits it to almost every sick room. It is unsurpassed for dinner or center table decorations. It is

universally used in the making up of set pieces. It is also one of the best flowers for boutonniere that the florist has at his command, and finally its wide range of pleasing colors, its lasting qualities and fresh, rich, clove fragrance combine to make it one of the most popular, as well as one of the most sought for and profitable of florists' flowers.—C. W. WARD, in American Agriculturist.

### WINTERING HORSES.

The average farm horse is worked too hard in summer and given too much idleness in winter. All through the planting and harvesting season his work is ceaseless and laborious, and then when snow and frost close the country roads the animal is shut up for most of the time in the stable. There are occasional drives with him when the sleighing is good or when the ground is frozen hard, but these drives are irregular and not the most conducive to the animal's best development. This wintering of horses is a problem that the breeder has to face as well as the farmer. He realizes the danger probably more than the man who has one or two farm horses to carry over. The breeder and trainer has enough horses to make it an object to give them regular daily exercise, and his men are employed for this special purpose. In this way the animals are kept in excellent condition through the winter, and in the spring they come out with fine, sleek coats, good, round bodies, and well-knit but not over-developed muscles.

Nearly every farmer has a few horses which he hopes to sell at a fair bargain when the market is good. He makes it a part of his business to breed a few colts every year for extra sales. Now a good many of these farm horses are nearly ruined through the unwise wintering which they get. It is not that the owner is not willing to do the best by them, but because he thinks that a good winter's rest will do them good. No animal needs such a long rest. They all do better with a fair amount of exercise. There should hardly be a day in winter that the horses do not have the freedom of a yard or field to run about in if it is impossible to drive them. Farm horses turned loose in this way will do much better than those stabled carefully all winter. It will harden and toughen them to come in contact with the fresh air, and their whole systems will be better for it in the spring. They will be prepared then to enter in the spring work with more vim and vitality than if stabled all winter. The feeding is also an important question with the horses in the winter. They cannot be put on a slim diet of hay and less grain without suffering therefrom. Let the diet be a fairly liberal one and then give them all the daily exercise they want.—WILLIAM CONWAY, in American Cultivator.

### LAWNS AND LAWN MAKING.

The best lawns I have seen are those composed of a single variety of grass. So long as the texture and color are good it makes but little difference what variety is used, presupposing the soil to have been properly and carefully prepared. For New England and regions near the coast, where the influence of the ocean winds may have some effect, Rhode Island bent and creeping bent are the best grasses to use. They require careful attention, however, more than Kentucky blue grass, and for general purposes I would recommend Kentucky blue grass. Lime is required in the soil to make it do its best. From experiments at some of the agricultural experiment stations Rhode Island bent and other bent grasses are not improved by the application of lime. Now, for a mixture I would recommend Kentucky blue grass, Italian rye grass and white clover. The Italian rye grass is introduced simply for immediate effect.

An ultimate lawn should consist of blue grass and white clover. Another mixture which may be recommended is Kentucky blue grass, crested dog's tail and white clover. In this case also Italian rye grass could be added if an immediate covering is desired. This mixture is good for somewhat shaded lawns. In New England and the middle states some of the fescues might be used for lawns, but their characters are not well understood, and it is difficult to secure seeds true to name owing to their close resemblance one to another. The creeping red fescue is a valuable seed for light or sandy soils, and sown thickly makes a good turf. For woodland parks I know of nothing better than crested dog's tail and various leaved fescue, *Festuca heterophylla*. I have seen beautiful lawns of Kentucky blue grass as far south as Atlanta, Ga., but ordinarily, at points so far south, Kentucky blue grass will not survive the hot summer months. Its place is taken by Bermuda grass, which stands any amount of hot sun, and remains beautifully green throughout the season, or St. Augustine grass or Charleston lawn grass, which is used for lawns in cities near the coast from Charleston southward. Poor and weedy lawns are the result of improper care or bad management, and, as stated above, an attractive lawn depends less upon the variety of grass than upon the preparation of the soil and subsequent care.—F. LAWSON-SERIBNER, in Orange Judd Farmer.

All the trains that reach the new Orleans station in the center of Paris, France, are brought there by electric power in tunnels. This is considered the ideal depot of the twentieth century.

## THE SCIENCE OF DIET.

### SHORTENING OF LIFE DUE TO THE FOOD WE EAT.

Errors Are Made Both by Those Who Live to Eat and Who Eat to Live—Hard Water Causes Premature "Old Age"—Meat Gives Gout.

Of the 1,160,000 persons born in this country in a year, one-fourth die before their fifth birthday, one-half reach the age of fifty, and barely a quarter live the natural span of three-score and ten. Thus, three out of four people, in the healthiest country of the world, die before their time.

This is a very remarkable state of things for the twentieth century. And it is more remarkable when we consider that much of this extraordinary shortening of life is due to the food we eat.

Some time, no doubt, we will have a real science of diet. When that day comes life will probably be prolonged to 150 or 200 years, and centenarians will think nothing of playing polo, breaking a cycle record, or performing on the tight-rope or in the prize ring.

There is absolutely no physiological reason why people who escape disease and accident should die at all. Those who gradually wear out and die of old age succumb to a long course of food which was not exactly what their bodies required. Comparison of the human body with any machine serves to prove this statement. Both the body and a saw, for example, wear out by their daily work. No art can replace the particles removed from the saw, and so a time arrives when it is completely worn out. But in the body, the moment a particle of brain, nerve, or muscle is worn out, it is replaced by a perfectly new particle. As a rule, this new particle is exactly similar to, and quite as good as the old one. If this were so in every case, then our bodies would be immortal. But it is not so in every case. Now and again a defective brick replaces a sound one in the human edifice till, at length, so many defective bricks are intercalated that the whole edifice collapses.

But the bricks are made of material derived from the food we put into our stomachs.

Hard water, for instance, has in it precisely those elements which most of all bring about death from old age. If a bottle be filled with London water, in a few days it will have become almost opaque from a dirty white coating from the inside. The coating is composed of lime salts—carbonate and sulphate of calcium. Now, what mostly causes death in old people is the deposit of these very lime salts in the walls of their arteries and veins. A healthy blood vessel is very elastic and allows the blood to flow freely through it. But in old age the vessels become hard and unyielding, their bore is diminished, and the blood stream is lessened. This results from the presence in their walls of lime, and the consequence is that neither brain nor muscles, liver nor lungs, receive sufficient nourishment, and life goes out like the light of a lamp without oil.

The calcification of the arteries occurs very slowly, for the blood has the power of absorbing the pure water only and rejecting the lime. But now and again it sets a small quantity in by accident, and a gradual accumulation occurs in all the tissues of the body.

Any kind of food that throws too much work on the bodily organs must necessarily shorten life.

Among meats and vegetables there are many things which shorten people's days upon earth. Roast pork, for instance, throws an enormous amount of labor on the stomach and pancreas. So do roast duck, salmon, mackerel, and other things. The stomach gets as extra energy from the brain and it also draws on the blood for digestive material. This overdraught must be supplied from food, or otherwise the rest of the body will have to go short. But unless a man is very healthy he cannot assimilate enough of food to make good the increased loss. In most people, therefore, these indigestible foods inevitably shorten life.

Many city people make their lunch off some bread and cheese and beer. Most of them would undoubtedly live longer if they took more suitable food. Cheese is packed with nutriment. But the digestive organs have such hard work extracting this nutriment that it is doubtful whether there is not a loss in the transaction.

Cabbage—the British vegetable—is another shortener of life in a great many cases. Cabbage consists mainly of cellulose, but the human stomach can make nothing of it. It often decays in the inside and gives rise to poisonous gases.

Of course, excess of any kind of stimulant hurries us on to the grave. Beef tea, for example, increases the pace of life and overindulgence in it would cause the body to wear itself out quickly. The same holds good with coffee or tea.

The question whether vegetable food or animal food shortens life most is not yet solved. Vegetable food makes the blood hard and stony, and makes them fall out. It increases the fat of the body, and tends to cause fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and brain.

But meat gives gout. Possibly it is the cause of rheumatism. It produces trichinosis, tapeworm disease, erysipelas, and other things. Some people

think that the blood of meat produces consumption and cancer. And it is certainly a fact that the Jewish people, who remove all blood from their meat, are exceptionally free from these two diseases.—London Mail.

### SNAKE STORIES FROM BRAZIL.

The Obiging Dealer and the Frozen Cargo.

Psychologically snake stories are of only two kinds—true and untrue. Proportionately they are about one to a thousand, and theoretically they are all generally supposed to escape the semblance of fact. This is a Brazilian snake story, and a true one, but before going further it might be well to remember that this country has:

- The biggest river in the world.
- The biggest coffee plantations in the world.
- The biggest hamboos in the world.
- The biggest palms in the world.
- The biggest manganese mines in the world.
- The rarest orchids in the world.
- The biggest iron mountain in the world.
- The largest rubber trees in the world.

Not long ago a hunter on the San Francisco River, that mighty stream running across the State of Bahia and draining Goyas, shot a monster boa constrictor which measured—actual measurement—105 feet long. Colonel Bryan, the American Minister in Rio has a decoration in his residence, the skin of one of these reptiles from the same river, which measures 79 feet from tip to tip, as can be sworn to by scores of American naval officers and American visitors. He also has a section of the skin of a snake which as it lived was a trifle over 85 feet long.

But imagine the king of all, probably the largest of its kind ever seen, which could stand on its head and brush its tail a third of the way up the Washington Monument. It could hang by its tail from the Brooklyn Bridge and touch the deck of a passing steamer. Let loose in the streets of New York it would be taken for a section of the Broadway cable—four feet through at the thickest point. The tidbit of this monster for an infrequent feast is an ox, swallowed whole, and taken through the jaws by a kind provision of nature which permits them to be unhooked at the base during the operation. It is a six months' feast. This monster was caught in its sluggish moments after the huge meal, and dispatched by a bullet from a rifle.

This is another true story. It is the custom for mates and seamen on cargo boats bound for the United States which touch at Pernambuco to buy parrots, lovebirds, monkeys, etc., by the dozen, to take home for sale. They pay, for instance, \$1 for a very good parrot—wild, to be sure, but considerably tamed before reaching New York, and usually possessing a wild vocabulary. Provided the bird weathers the climate it is sold to a fancier, regular dealers who watch for these ships, for from \$5 to \$10. The mate of one of these boats once drove a bargain with a Pernambuco snake dealer for a half dozen reptiles of various sizes. He had them in a cage on deck, and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well so long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the Gulf Stream was crossed, about thirty hours from port, the sail or left a lot of water in the cage. A blizzard struck the ship and the snakes were forgotten, while all hands were busy with the storm. When the mate thought of his chattels and went to investigate their condition all were frozen stiff. The dealer came on board the next day, professed great disappointment that he had lost his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like firewood and carried them home. A rival dealer told the officer afterward that good warm water had resuscitated their snakeships and that they had been sold to various museums, unaffected by the freezing.—Rio Janeiro correspondence of the Chicago Record.

### The Cabby and His Wink.

A predatory cabby, of the fare-devouring kind, drove up to a house in Washington Square late the other afternoon. The man whom he had for a passenger hopped out of the cab and pulling a roll of bills from his pocket began fumbling them over in search of a small one. While the man was counting out the fare, the cabby, suddenly spying a young woman gazing down at him from one of the upper windows of the house in front of which he had stopped, began to wink and wag his head at her in a manner as unexplainable as it was remarkable. Apparently he was trying to convey the general idea of "Keep still! Back to the woods! Don't give me away!"

The young woman stared at him in a mystification until the passenger had paid his fare and gone into the house. Then she saw the cabby leap down from his seat like a hawk, pounce upon what appeared to be a piece of orange-colored paper lying on the sidewalk, leap again to his seat and whip up his horse. As the steed galloped away the cabby turned and gave another of his gestures of appeal.

"That's the funniest cabby I ever saw," said the young woman.

Just then the man who had been riding in the cab dashed out the front door and running to the curb shook his fist at the disappearing hansom.

"He's run off with a twenty-dollar bill!" yelled the man.—New York Sun.

Business offices have grown from two to thirty stories.