

New England Women

Have an Abiding Faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



MRS. MABEL GOOKIN

After years of struggle to attain and merit public confidence, with a firm and steadfast belief that some day others would recognize in us the truth, good faith, and honesty of purpose which we know we possess, what a genuine satisfaction it is to succeed, and to realize the uplifting influence of the merited confidence of a vast army of our fellow beings.

Thus stands the Pinkham name in New England, and all over America, and nowhere is the faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound greater than in New England, its home. Merit, and merit alone, can gain this.

ORGANIC INFLAMMATION.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was troubled very badly with inflammation of the bladder, was sick in bed with it. I had two doctors, but they did me no good. A friend gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me. I have now taken three bottles of it, and I am entirely cured. It is a God-send to any woman, and I would recommend it to any one suffering as I was. I think if most of the women would take more of your medicine instead of going to the doctors, they would be better off. The Compound has also cured my husband of kidney trouble."

Mrs. MABEL GOOKIN,
Box 100, Mechanic Falls, Maine.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

"For two years I suffered from nervous prostration, the result of female weakness. I had leucorrhoea very badly, and at time of menstruation would be obliged to go to bed. Also suffered with headaches, pain across back, and in lower part of abdomen. I was so discouraged. I had read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and concluded to give it a trial. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, and received a very nice letter in return. I began at once the use of her Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now feeling splendid. I have no more pain at monthly periods, can do my own work, and have gained ten pounds. I would not be without your Vegetable Compound. It is a splendid medicine. I am very thankful for what it has done for me."—Mrs. J. W. J., 76 Carolina Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

If Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure these women—why not you—you cannot tell until you try it. If you are ill, and really want to get well, commence its use at once, and do not let any drug clerk persuade you that he has something of his own which is better, for that is absurd. Ask him to produce the evidence we do.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

The real worth of my \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. My \$4.00 (61) Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Best in the world for men. I make and sell more men's fine shoes, Goodyear Welt (Hand-Sewed Process), than any other manufacturer in the world. I will pay \$1,000 to any one who can prove that my statement is not true.

Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them; I give one dealer exclusive sale in each town. If he does not keep them and will not get them for you, order direct from factory, enclosing price and 2c. extra for postage. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers. New Spring Catalog free. Best Cities Express sent exclusively. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



Cause of Sighs.

Prof. Lumsden says that sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequently worry, says Popular Science News. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental distress, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen. The remedy is to cease worrying. One may be anxious, but there is no rational reason for worrying. A little philosophy will banish worry at once. Worry will do no good. It will rob one of pleasures when blessings do come, as one will not be in a condition to enjoy them.

The weight of the air which encircles the earth is equal to that of 581,000 cubes of copper, each 1093 yards square.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

The British Government will be asked for \$45,000,000 to start the construction of thirty-three new war vessels.

The man who writes the prettiest love letters seldom makes the best husband.

A Month's Test Free.
If you have Rheumatism, write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Box 149, for six bottles of his Rheumatism Cure, exp. paid. Send no money. Pay \$5.00 if cured.

Visitors to Mount Vernon, the home of the Father of His Country, have the choice of two routes from Washington—electric car or steamboat.

Hear That Bark!
It means Pneumonia. Cure it with Hoxley's Group Cure. No failure here. 50 cents.

In many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean elephantiasis attacks from twenty to fifty per cent. of the population.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CUNNEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Fossil remains of horses that were no bigger than foxes, and belonging to theocene age, have been found in California.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

London is said to be richer in trees than any other European city.

A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tuffi Fruit was a blessing to his men while marching.

The length of the Congo River is believed to exceed 2000 miles, and it drains an area of 500,000 square miles.



FEEDING VALUE OF SKIMMILK AND WHEY.

Carefully made tests in feeding skimmilk to stock show that five pounds of skimmilk from the gravity system is equal to one pound of grain. If separator skimmilk is used, it requires six pounds to equal one pound of grain. As a general rule, whey is about half as valuable as skimmilk, that is, it requires 10 to 12 pounds of whey to produce as much gain as one pound of grain. Both are exceedingly valuable for pigs and should be fed in the best possible condition as soon as available. Do not allow either to become sour.

YOUNG CALVES SHOULD BE KEPT DRY.

Under no circumstances should spring calves, or fall calves for that matter, be allowed to stay out during rainy weather. They should be kept in a barn or stable and provided with plenty of dry bedding. If they are allowed to get wet their feed will have to be increased, their coats become rough and they cease to grow. They must be kept in a thrifty, healthy condition at all times.

FOWLS AND YOUNG TREES.

Run the hens in the orchard among the young trees as much as possible. They are beneficial to the trees in various ways. A southern horticulturist who has a young peach orchard that was, and is still the admiration of his neighborhood, states that he owes much to his poultry for the thrift and beauty of his peach trees. He asserts that the hens, under his system of management keep his young trees free from borers. It is his custom to loosen the earth about the base of the trees, which action attracts the hens to them to scratch for worms and insects in the loose soil; and in doing so they get at that part of the tree where the borers generally do the most damage, that is just beneath the surface ordinarily, and then they clean out everything in the way of worms and bugs about the base of the trees. It is a good plan to place the coops containing the little chickens among the young trees, too. They are great bug hunters and will do much work of this kind when they have the opportunity. The most thrifty trees we ever grew were those set out in the chicken yards.—H. B. G., in The Epitome.

TO GIVE A FINE COAT.

Food influences the character of the coat more than anything else. A succulent and at the same time a nutritious and properly balanced food influences the coat favorably. It makes it more vigorous, more glossy, and more mossy to the touch. An illustration of this is found in the abundant exuberance of the coat in the spring after cattle, for instance, have been turned out upon grass that has made considerable growth. Had the same animals been continued on a winter diet they would have been slow to shed their coats. The growth of the hair would also be less vigorous, and it would not have that fine luster about it which is so attractive in the coat of the animal feeding on nutritious pastures.

The favorable influence which a liberal diet of field roots has on the coat of growing animals has been frequently noticed. It furnishes an illustration of the influence thus exerted in winter by feeding a properly constituted succulent food. But there are a few foods not succulent in character that exert a favorable influence on the coat. One of these is oil cake. A second is akin to it and yet more expensive, that is ground linseed.

Steamed barley exerts a fine influence on the coat of horses. New milk exerts an admirable influence on the coat of young animals. Food over carbonaceous injures the coat. It does so partly by deranging digestion and partly because of the lack of balance in the food ingredients which it furnishes.—The Farmer.

BEST LOCATION FOR BEES.

Most every one has his or her favorite location for the apiary. Some choose the most shaded point possible. After experimenting for several years we have determined that, in our locality at least, the most exposed place possible is prolific of the best results. In the country between the Missouri river and the mountains the nights are usually cool, and we find that the mercury falls two or three degrees lower in the shade than on the open ground, that it requires a much longer time to warm up the hives in the shade in the morning than those not shaded and, besides this, the sun comes out so warm in the morning that often before the colonies in the shade are warmed up the sun has evaporated a great portion of the nectar. It is with the bee as with the farm hand; the fellow who gets out early in the morning is the one who usually accomplishes the greatest day's work.

In experimenting with this matter of location we find that the colony located nearest the shade gathers the least stores, while those located on the most exposed ground gather most. One case in particular was a colony shaded by a small plum tree. As the tree grew the colony produced less stores, until it barely gathered sufficient to winter itself. We moved this colony out into the sunlight and it went back to its old record in honey-making.

We set our hives facing the east, that the sun may shine on the entrance as soon as it peeps up in the morning, and further, that it may shine on the rear late in the evening in order to

facilitate evaporation as long as possible. We use a temporary shade made with a few old staves tacked on a two by two, two feet long, and which protects the top and sides of the hive, allowing a free circulation of air, and the sun to shine on either end as it is reached.—E. Whitcomb, in New England Homestead.

THE SAN JOSE SCALE.

Professor V. L. Kellogg, of Stanford University, writes interestingly in Science of the work done by Mr. S. I. Kuwana in his study of the San Jose scale. This insect, now one of the most formidable pests of fruits and nursery stock, has spread through thirty-five states and territories, and while everywhere recognized as a scourge, is flourishing in spite of the active antagonism of economic entomologists, state legislatures, and fruit-growers. Professor Kellogg states that, in his own belief, the only way by which its ravages can be checked is by the importation of one or more of its natural enemies. These, apparently, are lady-bird beetles. With the object of finding a natural enemy capable of keeping the nest in check, Mr. Kuwana spent all last summer in Japan, from which country the insect probably came, studying its habits and environments. As a result of his exploration, it is certain that the San Jose scale is widely distributed over the whole empire of Japan, though in few places is it a serious pest. The natural enemies keeping it down he found to be three species of lady-bird beetles, and one moth, the larva of which feeds on the scale. One of these three species of lady-bird beetles is everywhere common, and seems very efficient in decreasing the amount of the pest. Whether the importation of the beetle into this country would check the ravages of the scale here is problematical, but, at any rate, it is well worth trying. Mr. Kuwana's observations certainly point to the conclusion that the San Jose scale inhabited Japan before it entered North America, though, since he was unable to find it growing on any uncultivated tree, it is probable that its original home is farther west—in China.

GRASSHOPPER DESTROYERS.

Alexander Crow, quarantine officer of the State Board of Horticulture, has received from Australia a consignment of tachina, which are expected to exterminate the grasshoppers of California. The tachinas are said to be the hereditary enemies of the "hoppers," and are guaranteed to do no injury to trees or vines, but to devote their time and energies strictly to the purpose for which they are imported. The flies will be kept in cold storage, at a temperature of about 25 degrees, until May, when they will be liberated simultaneously with the annual appearance of the grasshoppers. The Australian consignment also comprises a considerable number of lady birds, which are believed to be adapted for the destruction of the red scale of Santa Clara orchards.—San Francisco Chronicle.

RAISING SPRING CHICKENS.

Spring chickens are expensive eating when one has to buy them, but there is no reason why a farmer's wife or daughter should not treat her family to a dish occasionally, if she does not mind the same trouble she would give to a few plants in the window or to a canary bird.

Early sitting hens are a delusion and a snare. I had heard so much of the trouble of incubators and the expense of brooder-houses that I thought it of no use to try to raise early spring chickens, except as a business. But I could not resist experimenting with a five-dollar incubator. I bought one of the hot-water kind, thinking it would be more easily regulated than the hot-air kind. It held fifty eggs. I set it in a little hall closet that was rather close, and seldom used except to hang scrap-bags in.

I tried running the incubator empty for a day or two until I thought I could venture my eggs in it. Variations of temperature, unless very pronounced and continued, seem to make little difference. Too high temperature the first week and too low temperature the last, is to be especially guarded against. The directions come with the incubator. Of my first setting, I hatched every egg that was fertile, but one.

My first brooder was a small round basket with a piece of old flannel in the bottom and a piece to cover. I began to feed the chicks after the second day, and a healthier, more hungry set I never saw. For a feeding ground, I had a light box with a thin slat top, the bottom covered with old newspapers and a layer of coarse sand about an inch deep, set in a sunny window, and after a few days they staid all day in it, and were only put in their basket and covered up at night.

I fed them coarse corn meal, mixed crumbly and cracked grain, and made them scratch in the sand for it. I changed the sand once a week. I occasionally gave them a small piece of raw beef of such a size that one chick could pick it up and run with it, the others chasing, which afforded an hour's vigorous exercise. They grew right along, and I only lost one, and that through accident. In six weeks they were large enough to broil, and thirty or forty broilers at this season are a great treat.—A. F. L., in the Country Gentleman.

A Mean Man.

"There's the meanest man I ever met," said the shoe dealer, as the customer passed out of his store. "A number seven boot fits him nicely, but he buys number eleven, because he gets them for the same price."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA.

THEIR ENVIRONMENT HAS MADE THEM BROAD-MINDED.

Their isolation makes them hospitable—He has Outgrown Repression—Aspirations Above Mere Money-Making Have Been Generated—Desire to Be World Factors

"Strong from the outdoor life they lead and from contention with the difficult conditions that have confronted them, the Australians as a people have become tall and straight like their gum trees, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and wiry. They are clear of eyes and skin, of remarkable soundness and whiteness in their teeth, of luxuriant, fine-textured hair. Bertillon says: 'When you see these characteristics generally marked you may know you are in the presence of a great people.'"

"Magnificent distances stand before them wherever they travel within their own country, and the long travel develops endurance and calm power against adversities, as well as the gift to laugh at the smaller difficulties and embarrassments of every-day life. The £40,000,000 worth of products which the country exports annually to England comes chiefly from the vast interior, and there hundreds and hundreds of men dwell in stations separated by days of journeying.

"There, in lonely isolation among millions of gum trees, they tend flocks of sheep numbering upwards to 200,000 per flock. There among the far-reaching hills and mountains they round up ranges bearing 15,000 to 30,000 head of cattle. And the life that these men lead leaves its impress upon the nation.

"Men who dwell in the interior of Australia are ever in the presence of valleys, plains and gorges stretching in all directions, with mountains pushing upon mountains till, in the hazy distance, they are lost in the sky-line—no man's land, desolate, unattended; theirs if they want it, only most of them already have more than they know what to do with. The immensity, the colossal expansion presided over by an almost awe-inspiring stillness, become either maddening or sublime, according to the temperament. Curiously enough, it is usually the sublimity that prevails.

"Another effect, and one which plays equally strong in shaping the qualities of the nation, has arisen from contact with the wilderness. The Australians that lived in great solitudes could not afford to be exclusive. They felt out for a hand. Their hospitality was eager. The bush was open house. Thus his environment forced away inherited exclusiveness and the Australian became a different man from the Briton—broader, franker and more unselfish. He has outgrown repression and the sense of superiority. He has had enough experience to give him a wholesome sense of humor. He has worked hard enough to appreciate relaxation. He has borne into the new land the liking of his home country for sport, but he has followed it on a broader scale. He has his horse races, as in England; but he has his kangaroo hunts, which make the hair hunting of England seem like schoolboy's play.

"Life to the Australian is as his continent. There have been times when both life and the continent were hard to hold, but the probation period is passed. Australia for Australians has become an unchanging impulse of all the people. The inhabitants have come to realize that the power to grow, to spread their influence beyond the country's borders—in other words, to assume nationality—is now theirs.

"Aspirations above mere money-making have been generated. Australians feel the desire to rub against the people of other countries, and to test the gifts and acquisitions of their long struggle in the redemption of the continent. In other words, political ambition has arisen. The federation is the means chosen to realize that ambition.

"The people of Australia love the home government and presumably never will separate from it; but they have become sufficiently important to possess the autonomy and the practical participation in governing which belong to a state that is an integral part of any central government. Prior to the federation, their governors were appointed in Downing street. Their legislators had no personal voice in Parliament. They themselves had no equality or intercourse with the great political centers of the world. All these developing responsibilities were cut off from them—responsibilities which, above all other things, are needed to awaken into action the highest intellect and the strongest judgment of a people. The Australians agreed to become a factor in the decision of world problems."—G. Sheridan Dowell in Ainslie's.

Sir Walter Scott's Estate to Let.

Abbotsford, the famous and delightful pleasure house which Sir Walter Scott embarrassed himself to create, is to be let, with its 1,300 acres of shooting. This is a unique opportunity for some wealthy admirer of "the Wizard of the North." The present owner of the most interesting literary shrine in these islands, with the exception of Shakespeare's home at Stratford, is the Hon. and Mrs. Maxwell Scott, Lockhart's granddaughter, and Scott's great-granddaughter, who has, among other things, written a beautiful illustrated account of Abbotsford and its treasures. It was with difficulty that, when Scott's financial troubles came, the place was preserved to the family, which has always found it rather a costly heritage.—London Chronicle.

There is beauty in a wrinkled face, providing it is not wrinkled by selfishness.

HIS COSTLY MEAL OF EGGS.

What He Ate Would Have Brought Him \$600 an Hour Later.

"Six hundred dollars' worth of eggs would seem to be a rather heavy breakfast for one man to eat," observed a well-known scientist at a Washington Star reporter, "but I can certify that a man ate that amount of eggs, and that he told me after he had got away with them that they had not fully satisfied his hunger. Ten minutes after he had finished his meal he complained that the eggs did not seem to sit well in his stomach. It happened in this way. Several years since I was out in the Rock mountains, in Colorado, hunting eggs for the Smithsonian Institution. I was instructed to devote special attention to pheasant eggs and to one variety in particular, the yellow pheasant, popularly called, which were then, as now, very scarce. The trip was on the whole rather successful, though I did not find many of the particular pheasant eggs referred to. One morning I found myself on one of the high mountains which surround the city of Georgetown, Col. I had had my own breakfast in the town and rode up the mountain on a burro carrying on my search for pheasant eggs. About 10 o'clock I ran across a mine prospector, who was just finishing up his breakfast. After spending some time in conversation with him, and as I was about leaving him, I noticed some pieces of egg shell on the ground. To my surprise and delight they were the shells of the pheasant eggs that I was so anxious to find. Not supposing that he was interested in my branch of science, I mentioned in a casual way that the shells were of the egg of a certain species of yellow pheasant that I was exceedingly anxious to find or secure. Then he told me that in his wandering up on the mountain that morning he had found a nest containing the eggs, and finding that they were fresh, he had eaten them, six in all. Then it was my turn to talk, and when I had told him that the eggs were very rare and that I would willingly pay \$100 a piece for them, he looked disgusted and actually turned pale. He had been having rather a hard run of luck and felt very sorry, of course, that he had unwisely partaken of such a high-priced breakfast. He thought he might be able to find another nest thereabouts and offered to furnish me six eggs of the same species for a sum considerably less than \$600, which offer I accepted. We hunted together all that day and every day for over a week, but to no purpose. Three months later I made a similar find myself, but at a place 300 miles distant from there. The eggs I found are in the Smithsonian yet, and as far as I know are about the only eggs of that particular species in any collection in this country. A year ago I got a letter from the prospector. He is still in Colorado, but says he has never been able to eat an egg of a kind since."

Concerning Equine Nerves.

"While horses are not subject to 'nerves' like human beings, they are all more or less timid," remarked a famous horse breeder to the writer. "Fear in horses is due to the fact that they are inclined to magnify the unusual into the terrible, and night and twilight predisposes them to this nervous condition. Understanding or investigating these things, however, often removes all fear in a horse's mind. For instance, I have a pony which, when first put into harness, could not be induced to cross a railroad track until one day I urged the beast to touch one of the rails with his hoof. Finding it secure, he willingly trusted the other foot, and since then has never shown any fear of the glistening rails. On the other hand, I once had a mare which always jumped over the long shadows of tree trunks in the road and could never be induced to test whether or not the dreadful things were real or imaginary. Another curious illusion common among horses is that when one has once struck his head against the top of a stable door he can never quite get over the fear that there is something dreadful hanging about that door, ready to strike whenever he has to pass it. Perhaps horses have to live on in this uninterfered fear because they have so few organs with which they may experiment. The elephant's trunk and the monkey's tail are about the only organs in the animal kingdom which seem to have been created expressly for the purpose of finding out things that look strange or dangerous."—Washington Star.

On Her Anniversary.

She sat on the top step, a rueful little object in the noon sunshine. Even the postman pitied her.

"Sick?"

"No. Only sorry."

"What's up?"

"It's my birthday. I'm four."

The postman shouted with glee, but she looked sadder than before.

"Don't like to be four, eh? Don't feel well, eh?"

"Yes, I feel well. But I'm hungry."

"Had breakfast?"

"No. Nurse is away at her wedding, and cook's cross. Mamma's making me a sweet little dress for my party tonight, and I'm not bothering her. There'll be things to eat at the party and I'm going."

"Where's brother?"

"Brother's making me a jumping-jack for my present, and he slapped me because I pecked."

"More blessed to give than to receive," mused the postman. "And so you haven't had no food, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I haven't had nothing. I've had a piece of bread and an lettuce!"—Boston Transcript.

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE

OUR GUARANTEE
ASK BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED SLICKER OR COAT BEARING THIS TRADE MARK

TOWER'S

FISH BRAND

ON SALE EVERYWHERE
Beware of Imitations
CATALOGUES FREE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

Manufactured with Thompson's Eye Water