

WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial." — Mrs. LAWRENCE MARTIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis. — "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since." — Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



Caravaggio Picture Found.

An important find has been made in the art collection of Marchese della Stufa at France. It is a painting by Caravaggio, which had been lost sight of for many years. The painting was known to connoisseurs through a print in the Galleria degli Uffizi.

Sig di Pietro, the secretary of this gallery, was determined to find the picture. It was known that in the year 1700 it was in possession of the Corretani family, which is now extinct.

Sig di Pietro, while examining Marchese della Stufa's collection saw the painting and immediately identified it. The Uffizi print is an exact reproduction of the picture, which is a typical Caravaggio. It depicts six youths, one of whom is playing a violin, one a lute and one a flute, while two are singing and one is listening.—New York Sun.

HAIR CAME OUT IN BUNCHES

Route No. 3, Box 20A, Broken Arrow, Okla.—"My trouble began with an itching of the scalp of my head. My scalp at first became covered with flakes of dandruff which caused me to scratch and this caused a breaking out here and there on the scalp. It became so irritated until I could not rest at night and my hair would come out in bunches and became short and rough.

"Everything I used would cause it to grow worse and it continued that way for about three or four years. While reading the paper I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. It proved so good that I decided to get some more. I used them as directed and in two weeks I saw a good effect. Now my hair is longer and looks better than I have ever known it to be. I give all the credit of my cure of scalp trouble to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Ella Sheffield, Nov. 30, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The Lilies in Their Purity



And so with purity they came to earth
Within His tomb to cluster—
The lilies of God of Heavenly birth
Giving their light and luster.

To the Unbeliever

Is it too much to lay
Your unbelief aside
Just for this one brief day,
Just for His sake who died
Nailed to the cruel tree,
There where the darkness fell?
Is it too much, since He
Gave so freely and well?

Is it too much to give
Him they could crucify
For teaching men how to live,
For showing them how to die?
Humbly He came, and so
He went on His righteous way,
Is it too much to throw
Doubt aside for today?

Is it too much to bow
Humbly a little while?
Think of His bleeding brow,
See His pitying smile!
He gave us His all and took
Nothing but sin away;
Is it too much to look
Upward with love today?

S. E. KISER

The Comfort of Easter Day

Lesson of Season That Brought Peace to Afflicted Little Heart

Easter—Its Memories

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

EASTER memories! Tenderest memories of earth-laid, fragrant with the odor of announcement lilies and bound about forever with a scroll bearing words of promise. Long ago the gowns whose soft harmonies delighted have faded. With the vanishing years have gone the dainty love tokens, and the lover. Still the covenant remains and the golden glory of the promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Far above the high-backed pew the preacher's voice intones the Easter text.

Stretch as she may her fat little neck, Baby Bella cannot see the preacher. She gives herself over to thoughts of glories of her new Easter toilet. A round, pink-cheeked maiden is she, sitting straight and proper as becomes her years—she counts five—in a new black silk gown, low of neck and short of sleeve, and very round of skirt. A monstrous scoop bonnet ties with fat pink bows under her fat pink chin. Admiring contemplation of her two white-stockinged legs projecting from stiffly starched gaiterettes is intermingled with pleased anticipation of soon beholding the fat, pink, also green, blue and red eggs waiting for her at home when service is over. The preacher's voice soothes like lapping waves. The church is warm. Of a sudden the properties of 1845 are forgotten. Bella's head falls against grandmother's Paisley shawl and she sleeps.

grief for the losses of the years. The husband and little ones laid away, and that last and bitterest loss of all, the boy that died at Siboney.

Trembling, she strove to draw the mourning veil across her face, to conceal the slow gathering tears of age. Straightway a bundle of chiffon and satin shook itself awake from her lap, and a tender rosebud face framed in crushed scoop bonnet of white satin looked lovingly into hers.

"Gramma cry? Bella naughty? Bella break nice new bonnet? Bella sorry, Bella can't hear man talk."

Bella of seventy smiled through tears at Baby Bella. "Grandma's heart's ease," she whispers. The joy of all the Easters that are gone was not sweeter than her smile. For is not Baby Bella the joy of the now, the "earthly always" of Grandma Bella, and full recompense?

Oldtime Easter Feasts Lasted for Days

IN OLDEN times the Polish endeavored to surpass one another in elaborate Easter display and sumptuous feasts. Following is a description of a feast given by Prince Sahleha in the sixteenth century:

"In the middle of the huge tables stood a lamb of candies and marzipan, which were distributed only to ladies, dignitaries and churchmen. Around it, representing the seasons of the year, stood four wild boars, each stuffed with hams, sausages and turkeys. The prince's chef showed wonderful skill in roasting these boars whole. Then came twelve deer, also roasted whole and stuffed with a great variety of game—hares, woodcocks, partridges, hazel hens, etc.—these were for the twelve months of the year.

"Around the tables numbering the weeks of the year, were fifty-two mazourkas—that is, large square cakes stuffed with all kinds of fruit—and 365 babas, for the days of the year; each was one ell (two feet) high, and on their iced surfaces were various inscriptions and mottoes, proverbs and witty verses, which the invited guests took great pleasure in deciphering.

In the way of beverages there were, first, four antique tankards with wine from "King Batory's time," that is, 100 years old; then twelve silver pitchers of old Tokay, then fifty silver barrels of Spanish, Italian and Cyprus wines, and 365 bottles of Hungarian wine. For the household there were 8,760—the number of hours in one year—quarts of homemade mead.

The guests feasted during one whole week. As soon as the Easter service was over they surrounded the tables and the entertainment lasted until midnight. The prince's band played lively airs and the young people were never tired of dancing, nor the elderly ones of talking of the "good old times," and drinking to the health of the prince.

This feast doubtless symbolized the idea that all the hours of all the days of the week, the month and the year should offer homage to the sacred lamb, the central figure of the consecrated feast.

THE child was sobbing bitterly. The sweet young mother whom he loved had been buried in the earth. He thought that she had gone forever.

A loving aunt had come to take care of him, and she tried to comfort him.

"Your mother is living still, dear," she said. "You will see her again. She is watching you this minute. She loves you just the same as ever."

"No, no," wept the child; "she is dead. The doctor said so; and I know it is true, because I kissed her, and she did not kiss me back again. If she had known, she would have kissed me back again—for she always did. And, oh, oh—my mother is dead!"

"I know it seems so, darling," sighed the aunt, whose own heart was sore and heavy, "but under that still face there was yet life. Christ showed us that when he rose from the dead. He did not answer when his mother and his disciples called him; but one day he rose from this seeming death, to show us that no one really dies. That was the first Easter day. Men had always hoped—but they had never surely known before then—that the dead could rise again. Is it not beautiful, dear?"

The child for a little seemed comforted. Then he looked over to the familiar chair where the sweet mother had been wont to hold him and pet him, and again he broke into sobs. He was only five—and his little mind could not grasp the great, sweet truth which his aunt had been telling him. At last she said: "I will show it to you some time so that you will understand."

It was in the early springtime that the young mother had been laid away from his sight. The cold winds were blowing, the trees looked bare and gaunt and dead.

Out among the leafless woods the aunt led the grieving child.

"See those poor trees," she said to him. "Does it not look to you as though they were quite dead?"

He felt carefully of the branch which she held out to him.

"Yes," he answered; "it is only an old dead stick—just good to burn in the fire."

"It seems so," she admitted, "but wait a while, and we will come back here again."

One warm, sunny day, a few weeks later, she took him to the same spot and showed him the same bough again. It was covered with soft, fuzzy leaf-buds, and little clusters of tender green leaves were bursting from them.

"This is the same bough that you thought was dead," she said. "What do you think now?"

"It wasn't dead, was it?" murmured the child slowly. "What pretty leaves! I am glad it wasn't dead."

"And it is so with our dear ones who die," she reminded him gently. "They seem dead, but they really live; and somewhere they are happy and beautiful—more beautiful than they were here—just as the leaves are more beautiful than the bare tree."

The child gazed after them. Then he looked back at the once dead-looking, bare trees. He remembered well the queer, brown sticks. How wonderful it was!

"They seemed dead," she reminded him again, gently, "but you see that they were not."

"No," he rejoined thoughtfully, "they were not."

"It is so with our dear ones," she repeated. "They may seem to be dead, but they are not."

One day she took some poppy seed and showed to him.

"Is it pepper?" he asked. "Or is it the powder that my father uses in his gun?"

"No," she told him. "It is not pepper, nor powder; but it seems just as dead, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he answered again, positively. "It is just as dead as it can be."

"I am going to drop it into the earth here," she said gravely; and she took up a trowel and dug into the rich earth. Then she scattered the dead powder in the hole that she had made, and covered it carefully.

A fortnight later she took the child to see it.

"You remember that dead black powder that we sowed here," she reminded him.

"Yes," he answered quickly. "It was just here. This is the little board you put in so that we might know."

"And yet these pretty little gray-green plants came from those dead, black seeds," she told him.

"Right out of them?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes. They seemed so small and black, you know; yet there was the germ of a little plant in each one of them, and soon they will be covered with bright flowers. We could never believe anything so strange if we did not see it right before our eyes. And so it is with the loved ones that we think are dead. They are not dead; and in some other world, we do not know where, they bloom from their cold, lifeless bodies, just as the leaves broke from the tree, and these little plants from the dead seeds."

"Yes—yes, I see," breathed the child, through starting tears.

"But men were dull," went on the loving aunt, trying to make it very plain to him. "For hundreds of years man had seen the dead trees leave out, and the plants spring from dead seed, and still they could not really believe that if a man died he would live again. So God sent Christ to show us all these things. He taught us how to live; and then he seemed to die, but he rose from the dead on the third day, and talked with his friends, to show us that, as he lived after death, so we should live also. And the great apostle Paul made it plainer still. He said that we would be raised a spiritual body. We do not understand it, any more than we understand this marvelous change of the seed into the flower; but we must believe that it is true."

"Yes," breathed the child; "I see, and I must believe that my mother is up yonder"—with a beautiful new body; not sick any more, and happy, and that I will see her again when I go up there, too."

"You see," she explained to him, "men were so glad—so glad when the

great hope came to them that they would live after death that every year they rejoice on the day Christ rose. For two thousand years they have kept that day. Just think what joy it brought into the world!"

"Is it the happiest day in the year?" he asked her.

She thought of the day of Christ's birth, and spoke of it.

"But I think," he said at last thoughtfully, "that it was more beautiful to have him come back from the dead even than to have him born; so I am going to like the Easter day best of all."

She did not find any fault with his choice. She knew that just then, to that afflicted little heart, the thought of the Easter day was the sweetest thing in the world.—Christian Herald.



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