

"Anyhow," chuckled the somewhat fastidious horse-thief, as the regulators adjusted the noose about his neck, "it isn't a ready-made tie."—Chicago Tribune.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Louise M. Gibson Says That This Fatal Disease is Easily Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I felt very discouraged two years ago, I had suffered so long with kidney troubles and other complications, and had taken so much medicine without relief that I began to think there was no hope for me. Life looked so good to me, but what is life without health? I wanted to be well.



MRS. LOUISE M. GIBSON.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me well, and that is why I gladly write you this, and gladly thank you; six bottles was all I took, together with your Pills. My headache and backache and kidney trouble went, never to return; the burning sensation I had left altogether; my general health was so improved I felt as young and light and happy as at twenty."—Mrs. Louise Gibson, 4813 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 for full above testimonial in not genuine.

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured an immense number of cases of female trouble.

DYSPEPSIA

Geo. S. Hooley, of 15 Nassau St., New York, says: "For years I have been troubled with rheumatism and dyspepsia, and I came to the conclusion to try your pills. I immediately found great relief from their use. I feel like a new man since I commenced taking them, and would not now be without them. The drowsy, sleepy feeling I used to have has entirely disappeared. The dyspepsia has left me and my circulation is gone entirely. I am satisfied if any one so afflicted will give Radway's Pills a trial, they will surely cure them, for I believe it all came from the system being out of order—the liver not doing its work."

RADWAY'S PILLS

Cure all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Dizziness, Constiveness, Piles, SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER. 25c. per box. At Druggists or by mail. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., New York. Be sure to get "Radway's" and see that the name is on what you buy.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put up in Collapsible Tubes. A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the throbbing at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Price, 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHEESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Broke testimonials and 10 days' treatment. Free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

SALZERS New 20th Century OATS

ESTABLISHED 1860. BUS. REG. ALA.

CLEAR THE TRACK!

Here is the monarch—holding himself on earth, Salzer's New 20th Century Oat takes the cake, carries first prize as the biggest yielder anywhere. The fact is Salzer's oats are bred to produce. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has tested over 400 samples and kindred tested. Salzer's were the best. How do you like that. Mr. Farmer? Our new 20th Century Oat is bound to completely revolutionize oat growing, and we expect dozens of farmers to report yields in 1902 ranging from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Price is dirt cheap. Be it the win and buy this variety this spring to sell to your neighbors the coming fall for seed. It will surely pay you.

Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre

The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop north-west south and west and in every state in the Union. We also have the celebrated Macdonald wheat, yielding on our farms 65 bushels per acre.

SPELTZ

The most nutritious cereal and bar food on earth, producing from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of rich hay per acre.

VEGETABLE SEEDS

We are the largest growers and our stock of excellent Peas, Beans, Sweet corn and all every making vegetables is enormous. Prices are very low. Order sent 60 cents and up a pound. Catalogue free.

For 10c—Worth \$10

Our great catalogue contains full description of our Boarded Barley, yielding 100 bushels; our Triple Income Corn, giving 400 bushels; our potatoes, yielding 600 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixtures, producing 6 tons of magnificent hay; our Pea Oat with 10 tons of hay and 40 tons of straw; our 50 ton oat mixture, yielding 60 bushels per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth \$10 to any wide awake gardener or farmer, with 10 cents and postage—worth \$10 to get a start—leaves you on receipt of 10c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

SOOT-SAYERS.

The winds that, gipsy-wise, foretold The fortune of today. At twilight, with the gathered gold Of sunset, stole away: And of their cloud accomplices That prophesied the rain, Upon the night-forsaken skies No vestiges remain. —Youth's Companion.

MOGUL MAGNET.

After the explosion of the Giant Powder Mills in Alabama, a party of Northern capitalists purchased the dividends, and determined to erect another factory upon the ill-fated spot, where, for every year for twelve years, the mill had exploded, causing terrific loss and many deaths. The president of the company requested that I should visit Pittsburg in search of a magnet endowed with sufficient power to attract an object of friction at a distance of 50 feet. Fortunately, while prospecting through the North and in Alaska, I formed the acquaintance of Captain Laurence, late of the Pacific Steam Whaling company, who kindly informed me that along the Yukon delta there existed a peculiar lodestone of wonderful magnetism. To me this information was invaluable, and I accordingly accepted his invitation to join the whalers, who were soon to leave on an expedition from Point Barrow.

I was a little dubious of this adventure, in spite of the promising report of the delta, for ten years previous my brother Jim, my only surviving relative, sailed from Point Barrow with Bob Laurence, a brother of our captain. Wild fellows they were, too, and the result was the wreck of the revenue cutter and four whaling vessels. Nine hundred men became castaways, and eventually perished from hunger and long exposure on the sterile coast of Greenland.

Our voyage was replete with events, thrilling and dangerous, and in my enthusiasm for the whaling business I quite forgot my lodestone mission, when it was brought to bear upon my mind in a thoroughly disagreeable way. The captain and I were together on deck, discussing the possibility of making our return down the Yukon river, thus passing through the gold fields and lodestone ore, when the engineering crew appeared before us and announced that the machinery in the power room refused to work. None of the engineers could explain the mystery; it really seemed inexplicable. Soon the steam died away, but strange the vessel's speed increased, and began registering as high as 270 knots an hour.

It was indeed a ship at sea. What direction we were going it was impossible to tell, for the compass didn't show. But with a glass I saw at a distance a mountain of dark color, and the secret of our speed was revealed. We were within the precincts of the great Lodestone Mountain, that both the explorers, Ross and Franklin, believed to be near the Pole, surrounded by waters presumably un navigable. I knew that when we arrived within a certain distance, the attraction of this Mogul Magnet would be so powerful that the vessel would be crushed to pieces against it. A hasty examination was made of the vessel; nothing could be done to avoid a disastrous landing, for the hull was of heavy iron, of the ordinary build, with fastenings of steel.

We therefore thought no more of the vessel's safety, but of how to avoid the death shock which most assuredly would come to us all. Necessity was the mother of invention in this case. An avenue of escape was suggested by a British sailor, who, through fear, had already suspended himself three feet from the floor by catching to a rubber strap that hung from the ceiling. Within half an hour we had a strap each, and were dangling in mid air when the crash came. It was a crash indeed, for one side of the vessel was firmly embedded in the adamant. With the exception of Goo!, who sustained a slight shock, every man alighted on the mountain bank unhurt.

We succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain, where millions of grouse flew gaily enough around, and I, in advance of the party, stopped and rubbed my eyes, as well I might. There, not twenty yards in front, placed in a charming situation, under a group of overhanging cliffs, was the cozy habitation of a cliff-dweller! "What the dickens!" exclaimed I. "Can this be a mountain of cliff dwellers?"

Even as I said it, from an aperture in the rock there limped out a Rip Van Winkle looking fellow, clothed in a beautiful cloak of duck breasts, and with a glorious crown of white locks. I thought I must have got a touch of the sun. How did he ever get here? Besides, he was alone, for we could easily see all over the mountain. I stared and stared, and so did the other men, and just at that instant the captain came up from the rear.

"Here, Cap," said I, "is that a white man, or a North Pole Joss?"

Then all of a sudden the white haired man gave a cry and came nobbling toward me. When he got close, he fell down in a sort of faint. With a spring I was by his side. Great powers! It was my brother Jim!

At the sound of the disturbance another figure, also clad in sealskin, emerged from the cliffs and came running toward us. On seeing the captain, he, too, gave a cry.

"Cap," he hallowed, "don't you know me, Bob, your brother?" And he fell

at his kinsman's feet and rolled over and over, weeping with joy. Meanwhile, Jim began,— "Ten years ago, Laurence and I were hurled against this mountain. The ship and the other thirteen men went into the deep. Since then, we two have lived like a second Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday, hoping against hope that some explorers might help us away; but none ever came. And now you, of all people on earth, turn up, and find us where you least expected! Wonderful—and most merciful, too!"

In a joyful manner we all set to talking, relating the main features of our many adventures, till, exhausted from long exposure, we fell asleep; for here no day nor night came, yet the world around us was mellowed with the delicate rays of the Aurora Borealis. The preparations for our return voyage were arduous. From the wreck of our vessel we secured a sufficient quantity of timbers to build a boat, in which we conveyed ourselves safely to the port of Nuuk, thence to Uncle Sam's "ice-box," rich in the knowledge of the great fortune that lay awaiting our return—the Mogul Magnet of the Earth. But life is short at best, and if some ship, other than an iron sided whaling vessel is not secured, I shall not risk the magnetism of the wonderful lodestone again. Truth is often stranger than fiction.—Waverley Magazine.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF FRANCE.

Picturesque Scenes at the Departure of the Conscripts.

During the last three days 25,000 conscripts have left Paris for the various military centres. It is the annual departure of the "classe." There have been many picturesque scenes in consequence. Bands of young men of all conditions of life and drawn from all parts of the country have been parading the streets, shouting military airs and blowing upon imaginary instruments. It is their way of keeping up their courage, for the conscript, as often as not, has little stomach for war, and looks with a degree of dread upon his barracks life. The district of Montmartre, especially, has been lively during these evenings by the roistering "Blues," as Paris calls them and the police have turned an indulgent eye on their proceedings, prompted, no doubt, by personal recollections of the days when they also formed part of the class. The town generally, looks fondly after the lads as they go trumpeting along the boulevards. The purely rustic conscript is a less demonstrative person, and marches soberly along, under the direction of his sergeant or corporal, with his little valise or package, containing his worldly possessions, on his arm, cutting often an odd figure in his rough civilian clothes. These are the grubs from which the butterfly of the soldier will emerge in a few weeks. When the conscript comes among his friends again it will be in the guise of the familiar long blue coat and red trousers of the infantryman, or he will have blossomed into a cavalryman, a gunner, or, perchance, an engineer.

The first day in barracks is a trying one for the young conscript. Civil life finishes sharply on the threshold of the caserne. The soldier in embryo is challenged brusquely by the sergeant major, and probably the latter has some idea of imparting a little wholesome respect for military discipline at the very outset of the young man's career. Very often the conversation that ensues has its amusing turn. Each conscript is put through an elementary examination. The candidate is always asked whether he can write. "But I am 'bachelor,'" perhaps he says. "I do not ask your occupation," responds the sergeant, gruffly; "but can you write?" And so on. When the parade takes place before the adjutant, there are bound to be some few recruits who make a last despairing effort to be quit of military service. Their sight is too bad, and they have not enough strength. But the adjutant is a hard hearted man; besides, he has heard all this before. And the military net is spread very wide. There is no myopic bar, unless the degree of short sight is very pronounced, and as to the question of stature, one often sees the diminutive sentinel handsomely topped by the fixed bayonet of his rifle.

The man upon whom military life sits the lightest and to whom it may be positively agreeable is the musician. He comes under the class of "ouvriers d'art," which escape with one year's service. He is drafted into the band, so that he continues his studies, and he may supplement the sou a day which a grateful country awards him by giving lessons outside the barracks. And so we will leave our brave conscript. Tonight he may put his head under the clothes in sheer wretchedness of being; tomorrow he will hold his head up and cry: "Vive la Patrie!" "Vive l'Armee!"

A Clever Landlord.

Some owners of property in the poorer districts of Glasgow give rewards to tenants who behave themselves, keep their property in good order, and pay their rent regularly. During the past few years a great deal of slum property has been pulled down or improved, and the landlords in question also wish to better the condition of the people, and the following novel plan has been adopted: All tenants who are prompt in payment are allowed in summer to live rent free for a fortnight, so that when they take their holiday they need not pay double rent. The idea has "caught on," and over 60 percent of the tenants manage to secure the landlord's prize.

Facts and Fancies . . . FOR THE FANCIES . . .

New York City.—Shirt waists and blouses with a double-breasted effect are extremely fashionable, and suit many figures to a nicety. This smart



WOMAN'S BLOUSE OR SHIRT.

model is shown in silk chambray in pale blue and is unlined, but is suited to all the season's washable fabrics and to all waist cloths and simple silks, albatross, challie, wool crepe, peau de soie, taffeta and the like, and can be made over the fitted foundation when preferred.

The lining is snugly fitted and closes at the centre front. The back proper is laid in three backward turning tucks at each side of the centre, that are stitched for its entire length, but each front includes two deep tucks that extend to yoke depth and are finished with double rows of stitching in corticeil silk. The right front laps over the left in double-breasted style and is held by means of buttons and button-holes. The sleeves are in shirt style, with cuffs that are buttoned over at the outside and at the neck is regulation stock.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four and an eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three

Persian Lamb Buttons. It seems a shame to cut up such an expensive fur as Persian lamb into snippets, but, nevertheless, good dress-makers stop at nothing for fear of expense. A handsome black cloth costume for the street has a tight-fitting coat, which is quite long in front. This has a broad-spread shoulder collar of Persian lamb, which terminates in V-shape almost at the waist. On each side of the central fastening are arranged three large button molds, covered with this rich fur. This brings the buttons in three groups of two each.

"Chemise-a-Jour."

Among new models of ladies' undergarments is the "chemise-a-jour," a combination of the underwaist with the short white petticoat. It is not loose and baggy like the old-fashioned chemise, and it fits the figure quite closely. The "chemise-a-jour" is fastened down the front with six pearl buttons, spaced quite far apart. It is supposed to take the place of two undergarments with only one layer of thickness around the waist. As slimmness is desired, the "chemise-a-jour" has its good points.

Falence Blue.

Falence blue is a color well spoken of for a spring dress. After Easter we suddenly feel the need of a cool spring frock, something light of weight, which will not be a burden to drag about on a hot spring day. There is apt to be a "hot spell" in May. We cannot get on without a foulard; our last year's example looks "weary" with its constant use. Try to get one of the Falence blue foulards, and you will keep abreast of the styles.

Vogue of White Felt.

So desirable have fashionables found the hat of white felt that it appears it will still be with us. For the summer sporting hat it will reign supreme, and even in the interim shall we be reminded of it by the white felt-like fa-



WOMAN'S WRAPPER.

and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and an eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Woman's Wrapper.

Tasteful, becoming morning gowns are essential to making a good appearance as well as to comfort. The attractive May Manion model given in the large picture has the merit of being absolutely simple at the same time that it is becoming and entirely satisfactory. The original is made of dull blue batiste dotted with black and is trimmed with bands of plain blue, stitched with corticeil silk, but all washable fabrics are suitable as well as challie, cashmere, albatross and the like.

The wrapper is cut with a fitted back and loose front, that can be arranged over the fitted lining or attached to the edge of the yoke as preferred. The yoke is pointed and provides a smooth fit across the shoulders without detracting from the comfort of the gown. The sleeves are in bishop style with deep cuffs pointed at the upper edge, and at the neck is a standing collar. The skirt portion is cut to flare freely at the feet, and finished with a graduated circular flounce, seamed to the lower edge.

To cut this wrapper for a woman of medium size eleven yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, ten yards thirty-two inches wide, or eight and an eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Square-Mesh Etamine.

Etamines are being purchased to be made up over taffeta for a serviceable spring suit. The open mesh of this fabric looks cool and suitable for the first heats of our glowing American spring. The dark blue etamine is extremely popular, although plenty of browns, dove grays, myrtle greens and a few pale "cranberry" reds are sold. Here and there a heliotrope etamine is chosen, to be relieved with dark bands. But the dark blue and navy blue pieces of etamine are most in demand. The 1902 etamine has a square mesh, which distinguishes it from last year's goods



CHILD'S FRENCH DRESS.

French dresses, with their long waists and short skirts, make a charming effect worn by little girls and as in the height of present styles. This pretty May Manion model is made of French nainsook with trimming of fine needlework, and is dainty as may be but the design is equally well suited to all washable fabrics, and to the simple wools and silk worn by children from the ages of four to ten years.

The foundation for the waist is smoothly fitted lining that closes with it, at the centre back. Onto this lining are faced the yoke and fancy front and over it are arranged the full front and backs. The skirt is simple, straight, tucked at the lower edge and gathered at the upper, where it is seamed to the waist. The sleeves are in bishop style with narrow cuffs and at the neck is a standing collar. A ribbon sash is worn over the seam that joins the skirt and waist.

To cut this dress for a child of eight years of age five and five-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, four and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or three and an eighth yards forty-four inches wide



FRENCH DRESS FOR A CHILD.

will be required, with three-quarter yards of inserted tucking for yoke a great, nine yards of edging and yards of insertion to trim as illustrated