

PAINFUL PERIODS

AMERICAN WOMEN FIND RELIEF

The Case of Miss Irene Crosby Is One of Thousands of Cures Made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Miss Irene Crosby

Thousands of American women, however, have found relief from all monthly suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medicine.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bleeding from the uterus, leucorrhoea, falling inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. Thousands have been cured by so doing.

Horse Stealing in New York

There is an epidemic of horse stealing on Washington Heights. A wagon of some kind is usually attached to the horse. The thefts go on in day time as well as at night. Nothing in all New York is so easy to steal, but to get away with the goods is extremely difficult. A boy of 12 drives a delivery wagon up to the curb, jumps out, enters an apartment house basement to send something up on a dumb waiter, and in some 10 minutes, Mr. Thief, if he has the nerve, walks to the wagon, deliberately assumes a busy air, climbs in and drives off. Who is there to stop him? Who knows the horse and wagon do not belong to him? Who among the four million New Yorkers is looking for trouble?

YELLOW CRUST ON BABY

World Crack Open and Scab Causing Terrible Itching—Cured by Cuticura. "Our baby had a yellow crust on his head which I could not keep away. When I thought I had succeeded in getting his head clear, it would start again by the crown of his head, crack and scab, and cause terrible itching. I then got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, washing the scalp with the soap and then applying the Ointment. A few treatments made a complete cure. I have advised many mothers to use Cuticura, when I have been asked about the same ailment of their babies. Mrs. John Boyce, Pine Bush, N. Y."

Egypt Saved by Her Dam

The Assuan dam in Egypt has saved the cotton crop this year. The Nile this year is very late and low, the gauge showing three meters below 30 years' average. The stored-up water assures the irrigation of the Delta and Middle Egypt, but large areas in Upper Egypt will remain unirrigated. The experience of this year will probably cause the construction of another great reservoir already projected to be expedited.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cost of Discovering America

The discovery of America cost just about \$7,000—\$3,000 for Columbus's fleet, \$200 for the admiral's salary, \$200 each for the two captains accompanying the expedition, and \$2.50 per month each for the several members of the crew. And yet there are folks who say that no legitimate investment can possibly pay more than 6 per cent.

U. S. SENATOR TOWNE

Credits Doan's Kidney Pills With a Gratifying Cure. Hon. Charles A. Towne, Ex-U. S. Senator from Minnesota, brilliant orator, clever business man, brainy lawyer, whose national prominence made him a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1904, writes as follows:

Gentlemen—I am glad to endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy was recommended to me a few months ago when I was feeling miserable; had severe pains in the back; was restless and languid; had a dull headache and neuralgic pains in the limbs and was otherwise distressed. A few boxes of the pills effectually routed my ailment and I am glad to acknowledge the benefit I derived. (Signed) CHARLES A. TOWNE, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents per box.

How Corporate Greed Uses Pretentious Respectability

By Carl Schurz.

ONE of the most striking features of this period—so we are warned on all hands—is the inordinate pursuit and the unscrupulous use of wealth, and the worship of success as such. Never has the use of wealth in the promotion of selfish—and sometimes iniquitous—ends been more unprincipled, crafty and daring. And the power of wealth in subjugating to its schemes by corrupt means public authorities, political organizations and citizens of influential position and pretentious respectability has never been farther reaching. Indeed, the revelations caused by recent scandals have not only disclosed startling instances of individual rascality, but opened vistas of rapacity without bound and of so widespread a demoralization and so utter an absence of the most elementary sense of honor and duty among some members of the highest class of business men claiming public confidence that we fairly stare with amazement. And beyond this, throughout the world, we observe a rushing tendency toward the ruthless assertion and the rude enforcement of arbitrary power of the strong over the weak, of might over right, and that tendency is upheld and stimulated by the artful array of sarcastic sophistry which laughs moral principles to scorn and sets up success as such, to whatever end devoted and by whatever means achieved, as the supreme goal to be striven for and as the ideal to be adored. It is the work of the university to combat this tendency. This republic should stand as the gentleman par excellence among nations—a gentleman scorning the role of the swashbuckler whose hip pockets bulge with loaded six-shooters and who flashes big diamonds on his fingers and shirt front; a gentleman modest in the consciousness of strength and carrying justice, forbearance and conciliation on his tongue and benevolence in his hand rather than a chip on his shoulder. If this republic is to endure and be successful in its highest mission it must put its trust rather in schools than in swashbucklers.

Avarice Destroying Our Patriotism

The Heart of the Worshipper of Mammon Loses All Love for God or Country.

THE besetting sin of Americans is avarice. Our mad rush for wealth is not an honest effort to increase the products of nature or the avails of human effort, but a hideous vice of ever-increasing and insatiable greed. Year by year we see it invading the government with ever-increasing audacity. Men cry out against tainted money—that has its vile record behind it. What have we to fear in money which taints, which brazenly tempts men to sell their honor and then buys it.

It may not be your fortune to enter public life. I am not advising you to enter it, for it is not the Garden of the Gods. The prizes are few, the temptations many, and it has been said that even republics are ungrateful. In our country, too, public men must endure the bitterest detraction and the most scurrilous abuse, while public office affords no adequate pecuniary compensation for the able and honest. I do not think that I exaggerate the case when I say that almost any other way is an easier road to the stars. Every age has its evils. Our particular evil, as I have told you, is avarice. Let us not shut our eyes. This evil menaces us. It is destroying our patriotism. The heart of the worshipper of Mammon loses every sentiment of love for God or country. With its harmful influence in private life, I am not now concerned. I speak of its baneful effects upon the institutions of our country, when it succeeds in debauching the representatives of the people's right for the enrichment of the unlawfully privileged few.

Let us not delude ourselves with sophistry. The man who betrays his public trust for money, by comparison, makes the crime of Benedict Arnold sink into insignificance and lends a respectable hue even to piracy. Do not think me unduly pessimistic. Our evil has not spread so far that our destruction is at hand. But the danger is here, and good citizens must ward it off.

After School is Past

By Dorothy Dix

MY DEAR girl, if you have the necessity of earning your living, go forth as bravely and earnestly as you may, and God help you; but if you have a good home, and a father willing and able to support you, for goodness' sake stay in it, and behave yourself. Every woman who has a "career" pays for it with youth and health and strength and tears and loneliness, and it isn't worth the price. Don't worry about knowing too much, or think that your fine education will be wasted. You are liable to need all that you know, and a little more, just in common every day life.

The country is full of mothers who are slaving over cooking stoves and tolling over sewing machines that Sallie may not only be educated in some fine college, but that she may have the college colors and the college ring and the class pin, and do as other girls do.

It is always the same story. Everything is to be all right when Sallie comes home to diffuse light and knowledge and be a comfort and stay and pleasure. But, alas! how often is Sallie a disappointment! Her poor, foolish head has been turned. Nothing suits her. She corrects the family manners, and revises the family pronunciation, and sets the house by the ears. She doesn't consider it worth while to take any trouble to please her parents. Her father may have spent thousands of dollars on her musical education, but she won't even play him a ballad in the twilight. She may have had the best masters in elocution, but she won't read him a column in the daily papers. Many a man must have looked at his daughter as she came from school, and thought he got precious little for his investment. My dear girl, just as a matter of common honesty and gratitude, spend a little of your time and attention and enthusiasm on your parents.—Ainslie's.

A New Dream for Cities

By Charles Mulford Robinson.

HERE has appeared in the last three or four years a new and exceedingly interesting municipal movement. Its results, which seem very promising, will be watched with the keenest regard. There never has been anything exactly like it before, and its recent rapid spread suggests that its development is destined to go far.

Reference is made to the matter—one may almost say to the custom—of securing expert plans for the physical improvement of cities. This improvement is not designed to be one merely of aspect, though that phase is receiving more and more consideration, but it includes problems of circulation, adaptability, recreation, and site, these involving the greater convenience of the city, the increased effectiveness of its public buildings, a greater economy in the transaction of its business, and enlarged facilities for the pleasure of its citizens. The improvement has various development. Different places throw the special emphasis on different phases. In New York today's demand is the relief of congested street traffic; in Chicago it is the acquirement of an outer park system; in Washington it is the increase of the urban stateliness and beauty. In one place the making of the plans is entrusted to a committee of citizens who have the interests of the community at heart. Elsewhere it is secured at the expense of the business men in the board of trade or the chamber of commerce. Again, it is paid for by the municipality.



Only Measles.

My mother tucked me up in bed, And gave me stuff to drink. To bring 'em out, I think she said— I felt quite sure 'twas ink. She drew the window curtains tight, And bade me go to sleep; But when she tipped off my light The things began to creep.

The flower-faces on the wall Turned spiders and old men, I tried to cover 'em but they'd crawl And make me count again. The nursery ceiling, up so high, Slowly began to sink, And then a big, red, burning eye Came out to glare and blink.

And after that a bulging pig— I don't see how he came— Traced on my pillow for a while, And called me a bad name. Then, suddenly, in every nook, Were voices whispering fast, I hid my face; I dared not look Till they had drifted past.

And then the green book winked at me, Implying to be read, I just pretended not to see, I tried to cover 'em but they'd crawl. Near all the wall came slanting down, To catch and crush me flat, While something sobbed, all soft and brown— A plying pussy cat!

I called my voice was faint and queer, Yet mamma heard, and ran— I tried to cover 'em but they'd hear, When she thinks she can't! She drove some grinning ape away, And hid me in her lap— The room grew still and cool and gray, And then I took a nap.

—Marion Ames Taggart, in New York Tribune.

A Pet Gazel.

UP the Shat-el-Arab river, lying off Bussorah, whence Sindbad the Sailor set forth on his famous journeys, we had given us, as a great table d'hôte, a young gazel. The little fellow was not more than two feet in height, his eyes were large and brown and lustrous; his little horns and roofs were as black and shining as ebony; his fawn-colored skin was like silk; his movements were the embodiment of grace. No one had the heart to contemplate killing such a beautiful creature; so when some men came off to beg that they might have him to care for he was at once given to them. "Sindbad" was a name not quite suited to him, but the sailors chose it from associations with the place. He was beloved by every one.—St. Nicholas.

Eskimo Candy.

Did you ever taste a bit of tallow, children? If you have, I am sure you do not consider it a great delicacy, yet reindeer tallow is the Eskimo children's candy, and I suppose they are quite satisfied. This "candy" is put up in bright red packages made out of the feet of a waterfowl. The women cut off the red feet of this bird, which is called the dovekie, draw out the bones, blow up the skins, so as to make pouches, which they fill with the reindeer tallow for their little folk. None of the food that the Eskimos eat seems very inviting to us; but they are extremely fond of it, and are very apt to overeat. It is said by explorers who have gone into Greenland, that it is no uncommon sight to see an Eskimo man who has eaten an enormous meal of raw, frozen flesh eating blubber until he can scarcely move.

The California King-Snake.

That a small, harmless little snake, scarcely larger round than one's finger and only fifteen to twenty inches long, should be called the "king-snake" seems rather odd, but the little fellow has certainly earned the name. A pet king-snake in a mining camp out in the desert mountains east of San Bernardino, Cal., was named "King." He soon learned his name, and when called would come crawling rapidly from various hiding places, such as crevices in the stone walls of the cabin, under the bed, among clothes, and from his favorite place in the coat pocket of Jim, one of the miners. One day Jim was going down an abandoned shaft. When he had nearly reached the foot of the ladder he heard a slight rattle, and quick as a flash King jumped out of his pocket and dropped to the bottom. There was a thrashing sound and also the noise of a rattlesnake's rattle; then all was quiet. Jim waited a moment or two before going further down, and as it was too dark to see well, he struck a match and lighted his candle and held it cautiously down. There lay a dead rattlesnake, and King coiled beside him, watching.

Another day, as the boys were talking in the cabin, Jim looked out through the door and saw a very large rattlesnake slowly crawling up the sandy arroyo about 30 or 40 feet from the cabin door. King was called immediately, and quickly came out from under the bed. Jim took him on the palm of his hand and stepped to the door to show the rattler to him, but King saw him, and sprang from Jim's hand quick as a flash. Then ensued one of the oddest battles, which showed how King earned his name, and why rattlesnakes are so terrified when they see a king-snake. King sped like an arrow after the rattler. The rattler saw King, and at once put all the energy he had into his speed. He saw King coming, and knew that he would soon overtake him. His only safety lay in coiling and if possible striking King. The rattlesnake had just time to raise his head about six inches when King overtook him. It looked as if King was going on by the rattlesnake. But when the middle of King's body reached the head of the rattler, with a motion too quick to be seen,

King wrapped his entire length round the rattlesnake. King's head was next to the rattler's but so tightly was King coiled round that the rattler could scarcely move even his jaws. His tongue ran out and death came almost immediately. King hung on until the snake was dead, and then slowly uncoiled and came back to the cabin.—Youth's Companion.

The Unexpected.

There was a candy-store not far from Benny's house. It was not a large store, but it was nearly all window. This was not a large plate-glass pane, but the window was made up of a great many small squares, and when Benny went down to the store with Brother Robert and Sister Katherine there was a little pane for each face, and they did not need to crowd and push each other. There were a great many things to see, and it was nice to have a little square of glass all to oneself.

There were always many new things in the window on Monday morning, and it was nice to go out and spend the penny one had before school-time. Benny was only four, and was not allowed to go down alone, although he knew the way perfectly well. Mother had said when he was five he might go by himself and select just the thing he wanted.

Benny looked forward to this day. It would be very nice to walk right up the steps by himself and open the door, and make the little bell hanging above jingle as he went in. He always knew what he wanted before going in. The selection was made at the window.

Usually in the display there were several large sugar hearts, a candy cane and a box of fresh taffy. Sometimes there were valentines and little furry rabbits. There were glittering balls and strings of beads for girls, but Benny never cared much for these. Of course any one thing was not remarkable, but somehow, when they were all tastefully arranged in a window, he liked to gaze. Benny waited impatiently for his birthday, and he planned to go down to the candy-store on that very day. He had three pennies, and when the morning came Uncle Jack gave him five more, all bright and shining as if they were just made.

Benny started out with his money held tight in his hand. Katherine and Robert danced about him, and told him not to stop on the bridge, not to stop near the fence that ran along by the railroad, and to be sure to run very fast when crossing the street. After all, it was quite a dangerous way to go if one did not keep all these things in mind.

Benny promised to do as nearly right as possible, and after kissing mother twice and waving his hand to Uncle Jack, he walked down the street with his head held very high. Katherine and Robert waited until he had turned the corner, and then they ran "cross lots" and took up a point of view opposite the store. Benny could not see them, but they wanted to know how long he would look in the window.

"Do you suppose he will go in by himself?" said Robert, eyeing his brother, cautiously. "Of course he will go in," said Katherine.

And just at that moment Benny fulfilled the prophecy, for he went into the candy-store! Not just as they had expected, however, for he went in through the window. In his eagerness to see all the wonderful display he pressed too heavily against the glass, and it fell in with a crash.

Katherine and Robert ran over at once, and they were both crying, for they supposed Benny was greatly hurt. But the dear old lady who kept the shop had gathered him up out of the broken glass and held him on her lap. His thumb was out a little, and she wrapped it up in a piece of linen, and wiped away all his tears without seeming to think about the broken window at all.

When he was feeling all right again she allowed him to look over the entire stock, and make a very careful selection for his purchases. Then the children went home rather sorrowfully.

They told Uncle Jack all about it, and he went down at once and paid for the window, and for all the candy spoiled with broken glass, and so it all ended happily, for everybody was very sorry for Benny, and no one scolded. Uncle Jack laughed. He said, "Well, Benny certainly did go into the candy-store all alone."—Mira Jenks Stafford, in Youth's Companion.

"Deadhead" Stamps.

Many theatregoers are wondering why the "deadhead stamp" idea was seemingly dropped so quickly. The stamp was an idea fathered by the supporters of the Actors' Home and its purpose was to supply the home with funds by making those who did not purchase tickets at least pay something for the benefit of those who amused them. The stamp was a little green ticket which was stuck upon a pass when seats were issued and for which the "deadhead" had to pay 10 cents. It flourished here for a few weeks in the latter months of last year and then stopped. An inquiry at the local houses drew forth the information that the supply of stamps sent from New York had soon been exhausted and none others had been forwarded. As it gave at least \$10 a night to the fund from the San Francisco theatres and the cause is a good one the managers in the association here are hoping that a fresh supply of stamps will soon be received.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Filipino Fire-Maker.

A curious contrivance is used by some of the natives of Northern Luzon, Philippines, for the purpose of obtaining fire. This consists of a hardwood tube of about one centimeter internal diameter and six centimeters in length and a piston of slightly less diameter and length. The tube is closed at one end by an air tight plug or, instead, the piece of wood of which it is made is not bored completely through its entire length. The inside of the tube is smooth and highly polished. The piston has a handle and resembles the piston of the small boy's "pop gun."

The end of the piston is made to fit the tube airtight by a wrapping of wax thread, and directly in the end a shallow cavity is cut. Lint scraped from weather-beaten timber, and well dried is used for tinder. A small bit of this is placed in the cavity at the end of the piston, the latter is inserted a half-inch in the open end of the tube and then driven quickly home with a smart stroke of the palm. Upon withdrawing the piston the lint is found ignited, the sudden compression of air generating the necessary heat.—Scientific American.

The Age of Steel.

About 1890 some railroad contractors began to build small spans and plate girders of steel, and, for a while, steel was almost exclusively used. At that time most of the rolling mills, which had formerly manufactured wrought iron, were equipped with steel furnaces, but continued for some time to make both kinds of material until they found it more profitable to confine themselves to the manufacture of structural steel only, and discontinued the manufacture of wrought iron. In 1894 it was practically impossible to obtain wrought iron shapes, and from that time forward steel entirely superseded wrought iron as the modern structural material. The year 1894, therefore, may be considered as the commencement of the present epoch.—the Steel Age.

An Old Minister.

Rev. Daniel March, D. D., of Woburn, Mass., recently celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday. He has been an ordained minister for 60 years. As a writer of works on travel and religious topics Dr. March has won a reputation as a scholar in nearly every civilized country. He was pastor of a congregational church in Philadelphia for four years.

Woman Finds Gold.

Mrs. Alice Rollins, of San Francisco, is one of the few successful women gold-seekers of the Klondike. She made gold seeking a study before starting, and the claim she chose was a rich one, with the result that she is now a millionaire.

Makes Others Nervous Too.

A Berlin doctor lays it down that the piano should never be used by a child under 16 years of age. Out of 1,000 girls who played before the age of 12 he found 600 cases of nervous diseases.

Shaving the Beard was introduced by the Romans about 300 B. C.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Valuable Stamp Collection.

Thomas Tapping, of London, began collecting postage stamps when he was 10 years old, and now has a collection numbering about 100,000, which it is estimated is worth \$500,000.

WE SELL A \$300 PIANO FOR \$195

To introduce, Easy terms, and save the difference. Easy terms. Write us and we'll tell you all about it.

A FEW CUTTING REMARKS

The purpose of a saw is to cut. It should cut easily, cut evenly, and cut with the least amount of force. A good saw is a "Silver Steel" saw. Its blade is made of silver steel, and is tempered to make it cut in ancient or modern times. It is hard, close-grained and tough. It holds a sharp cutting edge longer than any other saw. Its blade tapers perfectly from thick to thin, from handle to tip. Thus it makes heavy for itself, runs easily and does not buckle. Its temper is perfect. When bent by a cross cut, it thrusts its teeth into the wood without kinking. The Atkins saw cuts—and does it best of any. We make all types and sizes of saws, but only one grade—the best.

WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one." (NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION) You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats. Highest Award World's Fair, 1904. OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS FISH BRAND. A. J. TOWER CO., TOWERS, U. S. A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited TORONTO, CANADA

LIEUT. F. S. DAVIDSON.



F. S. Davidson, Ex-Lieut. U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., care U. S. Pension Office, writes:

"To my mind there is no remedy for catarrh comparable to Pe-Ru-Na. It not only strikes at the root of the malady, but it tones and strengthens the system in a truly wonderful way. That has been its history in my case. I cheerfully and unhesitatingly recommend it to those afflicted as I have been."—F. S. Davidson.

PE-RU-NA STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-Ru-Na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$2.00 SHOES

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W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced in the world.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are made in my factory and those of other makers, you would understand why Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes.

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