

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3023 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided.
Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

Woman and the Schools.

Most of the teachers in the public schools are women, and they are faithful, competent and painstaking. In the supervision of the schools also woman should have a voice. She understands the needs from the standpoint of the child and the parent, and can bring to the work knowledge as well as enthusiasm.—Baltimore Sun.

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

Steel and Prosperity.

The steel rail market is booming. Mills have so many orders on hand that they are calling in their salesmen. Railroads continue to buy, despite rising prices. They need the rails. There is reported business enough in sight to keep the steel mills and shops busy for months to come, and the turning point of the new year will see more orders carried over than has been known for several years. Confidence in the future prosperity of the west was, in fact, never greater, nor the prospects better. Of course there are spots here and there where the crops have failed, or been a partial failure, like sections of Southern Nebraska and Texas and Western Kansas, but they cut no figure in the general prosperity that prevails. It is the kind of business that lasts, because it is built on a solid basis.—Washington Herald.

The Mock Sun Phenomenon.

The "mock sun" is a common phenomenon in the Behring sea. On the evening of June 2, 1900, perhaps 100 miles south of St. Lawrence island, about 9:30 o'clock, and past sunset, the sun was visible as though half an hour high, but appearing as a much flattened oval. Then another sun more nearly round emerged from the horizon beneath the "Goose Egg," rising quite rapidly until it blended with the descending orb. Thereupon, instead of settling below the horizon, the night was quickly dissipated in the air. This phenomenon was probably due to the unequal density of several super-imposed strata of air producing refraction of the sun's rays from below the horizon.—Capt. Edwin Coffin in National Magazine.

THE DIFFERENCE

Coffee Usually Means Sickness but Postum Always Means Health.

Those who have never tried the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place and in this way regaining health and happiness can learn much from the experience of others who have made the trial.

One who knows says: "I drank coffee for breakfast every morning until I had terrible attacks of indigestion producing days of discomfort and nights of sleeplessness. I tried to give up the use of coffee entirely but found it hard to go from hot coffee to a glass of water. Then I tried Postum.

"It was good and the effect was so pleasant that I soon learned to love it and have used it for several years. I improved immediately after I left off coffee and took on Postum and am now entirely cured of my indigestion and other troubles, all of which were due to coffee. I am now well and contented and all because I changed from coffee to Postum.

"Postum is much easier to make right every time than coffee for it is so even and always reliable. We never use coffee now in our family. We use Postum and are always well."

"There's a reason" and it is proved by trial.

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



MISLED BY THE LIGHT.

The mullet that figure in the following story from Outing eventually went the way of hill fish, but the account of their passage from their native element to the frying-pan is marked by some interesting and spectacular features.

"How would you like to catch fish without hook, line, net or seine?"

"Shoot them, you mean?"

"No."

"How, then?"

"Let them jump into the boat."

"Oh, that's preposterous!"

For reply, the first speaker, a Virginian living near Cherrystone Inlet, north of Cape Charles, called to a passing negro and asked him if the "fatbacks" were running.

"Reasonable, sah, reasonable," was the answer. "Dey hez been better, en dey hez been wuss."

"Be ready to take us to shore after supper," the Virginian said to the negro. To his visitor's eager questions he returned the uniform reply: "Wait until nightfall."

It was dark when they finished supper, and there were clouds in the sky—conditions pronounced "ideal" for the sport. Within an hour they were on the soft, smooth beach of one of the inlets on the Chesapeake side. There was the fishing-boat, a long canoe or dugout. At the stern was a platform, on which was a basin half full of earth. Behind the stern seat was a pile of wood knots. The negroes had long poles.

"Now," said the Virginian to his visitor, "all we ask of you is to keep as still as you can."

In a few minutes the canoe was shoved gently through the water. By this time a bonfire had been started on the soil in the basin, and as the flames got hold on the resin of the pine knots, the glare lighted up the big trees that lined the shore.

"They're jumpin'!" announced the negro in the bow, in a very hoarse whisper.

The negro in the stern gave a more vigorous shove with the pole, and before anybody could say "Jack Robinson" plump! plump! plump! the fish came jumping into the boat, over the boat, on laps, and even up sleeves!

There were thousands of them, but the sportsmen got only the smallest fraction of these they saw; for when they counted their catch, at the end of an hour or so, by the light of the bonfire, they found that there were one hundred and forty-three.

"That is very ordinary," was the Virginian's comment. "Three hundred is a good catch."

Fatback is the local name for the small mullet which abound in these waters. And there is no mystery about the ease with which they are caught. On the flood-tides after dark they get into the shallows in the streams for food. They have great leaping ability, and when surprised make for deep water by leaps and bounds. The glare from a boat startles them. The body of the boat being dark, they do not see it, and when they jump into it they think they are going through space into deep water.

PRIVATE CONNOR'S MOTHER.

Mothers of soldier boys are uniformly made—in romantic history, at least—after an approved general-intellectual pattern. Mrs. Connor, of Clonmelroan, of whom Miss Jane Barlow tells in "The Land of the Shamrock," was of a different stripe. Her views of glory and of conduct in the field were demoralizingly unheroic, but they make refreshing reading for those who think the Spartan mother a bit unnatural.

Terry Connor—six feet three in his stockings—in his scarlet uniform with green facings was beautiful to behold. When he came over from Athlone on furlough to visit his mother, she openly exulted in the splendor of his martial aspect and in his inches. Athlone was no such long way off, and it was known to have been actually visited by ordinary people.

It was a wofully different matter when the Connemaras were sent off on active service to strange lands, about which all one's knowledge could be summed up in the words "furrin'" and "fightin'"—words of limitless fear.

Then it was that retribution might be deemed to have alighted upon Mrs. Connor's vanity about her son's conspicuous stature. For this now became a source of especial torment, as threatening to make him the better mark.

"And you'll be pleased to tell him, Mr. Mulcahy," she dictated to the schoolmaster, who was also cobbler and scribe at Clonmelroan, "that whatever he does he's not to be run in' into the forefront of the firin', and he a head and shoulders higher than half of the lads."

"He'd be hit first thing. God be good to us! Bid him be croochin' down back of somethin' handy. Or if there was ne'er a rock or a furze-bush on the bit of bog, he might anyway keep stooped behind the others. If he lets them get almin' straight at him, he's lost."

Mr. Mulcahy stirred the sediment of his lately watered ink.

"Bedad now, Mrs. Connor," he said, disapprovingly, "there'd be no sense in tellin' him any such things. For in the first place he wouldn't mind a word of it, and in the next place—goodness may pity you, wo-

man, but sure you wouldn't be wishful to see him comin' back to you after payin' the potroon, and behavin' himself discreditably?"

"Troth and I would," said Mrs. Connor, "if he was twenty potroons! All the behavin' I want of him 's to be bringin' himself home. Who's any the better for the killin' and slaughterin'?" The heart's weary in me doubtin' will I ever get a sight of him agin. That's all I'm thinkin' of, tellin' you the truth, and if I said anythin' diff'rent, it 'ud be a lie."

"He might bring home a trifle of honor and glory, and no harm done," Mr. Mulcahy urged.

"Glory be bothered!" said Mrs. Connor.

And in the end Mr. Mulcahy only so far modified his instructions as to substitute for Mrs. Connor's more detailed injunctions a vague general order to "be taking care of himself."

A NORWEGIAN TRAGEDY.

An island inhabited solely by women and children, the head of every family being a widow, is perhaps unique in the geography of the world. The island in question is called Aarlud, and is off the coast of Norway. Until recently its inhabitants, who were fisher folk, possessed no distinction above those of other islands. The present peculiar condition of affairs is the result of an accident. A London paper tells the story, which is a sad one.

To the island of Aarlud came not long ago a man from the mainland. It was spring, and he had come to the island to participate in the spring egg-gathering. While testing his ropes on a cliff, preparatory to making a descent he took an unlucky step, fell to the rocks below, and was instantly killed.

The occurrence made a deep impression upon the inhabitants. For eleven years there had not been a death among the thirty families that made up the population of the place, and the people were determined to do all in their power to show respectful sympathy for the family of the unfortunate man.

The men decided to attend the funeral in a body, and accordingly went on board a herring smack and crossed over to Haugesund on the mainland. It was in gloom and storm that the body of their late comrade was laid to rest, for during the burial service a tremendous gale arose. The wind blew from the east and soon lashed up a terrible sea.

When the men returned to their smack the storm was at its height, and they were strongly urged to postpone their homeward journey until the wind had abated. Thoughts of their wives and children, however, made the thirty men unwilling to follow this advice. The women were alone and would be anxious. It was necessary to go back. So the men only waited to provide certain household necessities that the good women at home had urgently desired to have, and then committed themselves to the will of the waves.

The boat was heavily laden when all the goods were aboard, and some of the older seafaring men on shore shook their heads as they saw how she labored in the gale. Many watched her as she made laborious headway toward the island, and when she was about a mile and a half from the mainland she was seen to be in distress.

Efforts were at once made to go to her assistance, but the heavy sea beat back every boat that was launched. A few minutes later the watchers saw the smack plunge forward into the trough of the foaming waves. She was never seen again. Every one of the thirty occupants was drowned, and the island of Aarlud became an island of widows.

A HERO OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

The only clergyman who has ever won the Victoria cross was the Rev. James Williams Adams. He was by birth an Irishman, and won his "V. C." in the Afghan campaign of 1879. Lord Roberts was a witness of the act of valor which Adams performed in the fight in the Chardeh Valley, near Kabul. An English magazine quotes from Lord Robert's "Forty-One Years in India" the general's account of how the chaplain, who had accompanied him throughout the day, first saved a wounded man of the Ninth Lancers by dismounting and supporting the man until he was relieved by some of his comrades.

"Adams rejoined me," says General Roberts, "in time to assist two more of the Ninth who were struggling under their horses at the bottom of a ditch. Without a moment's hesitation, Adams jumped into the ditch. He was an unusually powerful man, and by sheer strength dragged the lancers clear of their horses. The Afghans meanwhile were so close to the ditch that I thought my friend, the 'padre' (as the British soldiers call the chaplain), could not possibly escape. I called to him to look after himself, but he paid no attention to my warnings until he had pulled the almost exhausted lancers to the top of the slippery bank."

The men were in danger of being drowned, as the ditch was full of water, and the "padre" was up to his waist in water while he was pulling them out. He was under a heavy fire, the leading Afghans being within a few yards.

Possessing all the modesty of the true hero, Adams was adored by "Tommy Atkins," not only as a self-sacrificing minister, but also as a sportsman. During the cholera epidemic in Peshawar Mr. Adams showed fearless devotion to duty. He saw service, as chaplain, in Burma, and wore the Burma medal, as well as the Afghan medal, with clasps, and the Kandahar bronze star.

GREEK COINS ARE MODELS

Originators of Spoils Have Never Been Surpassed by Die Sinkers.

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Greek colonies, who, toward the end of the eighth century B. C., began stamping the small gold and silver ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal; such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in old silver coins from Aegina nearly contemporary with Asia Minor "beans," says the Saturday Review.

Curious to say, none of the surrounding people with whom the Asiatic and European Greeks were in constant communication, political or commercial, took up the wonderful invention which at present seems to us of such obvious necessity that we scarcely realize how the civilized world of old could have got on without it. As a matter of fact, however, neither the Phoenicians with their practical commercial sense, nor the Lydians or the Persians, who claimed the supremacy over the cities where the new currency was initiated, nor of course the Egyptians ever had coinage, till the conquests of Alexander disseminated the Greek civilization all through the eastern world. The Romans came to know it through the Greek cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia, and began striking silver coins toward the beginning of the third century B. C.

In the meantime with the Greeks die sinking, like everything else, had fallen within the domain of art, and their coins remain forever a standard of beauty for the artist and a model of perfection for the die sinker.

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Heavenward.
Bink (in 1910)—What kind of a futuristic did Howard have?
Jinks—A mile of aeroplanes.—Life.

RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY.

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Disastrous Failures—Cure Achieved by Cuticura.

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score of more physicians failed utterly and diamly in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Lambert, 159 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 28 and Nov. 4, 1907."
Peter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

Mayflower Relics.

Among the Maine people who claim to have genuine Mayflower relics is Mrs. Hiram Butterfield of Farmington, who has a piece of bed cord used on the Mayflower. It is made of whale's sinews. One of Mr. Butterfield's ancestors came over in that historic vessel. Mrs. Butterfield also cherishes with great care a large conch shell which belonged to her grandfather, Elisha Lambert, and which was used at Martha's Vineyard during the Revolutionary war as a signal of danger from the approach of Britishers.—Lewiston Journal.

A note in Knowledge calls attention to an estimate of comparative geological time made by Dr. H. Schmidt of Jena. Assuming that the whole of geological time is comprised of 100,000,000 years, then it is estimated that 52,000,000, or rather more than half, would be required for pre-Cambrian time.



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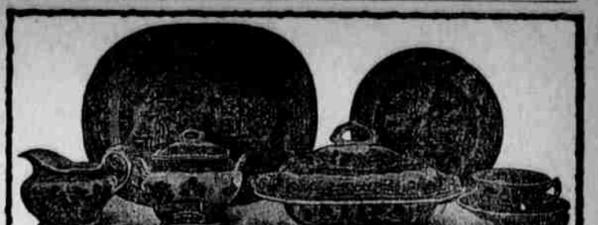
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