

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman. I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2116 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health. If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

THEY ARE ONE AND A HALF.



Benham—The paper says that in Norway married people can travel for a fare and a half. Mrs. Benham—Married people aren't one, even in Norway, are they?

Clever Joke of Kind King. King—The good nature was instructed the other night by a London correspondent at the Press club in New York.

"The king," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Arthur Savile, he took a walk over the preserves."

"Suddenly Lord Arthur, a big burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat."

"Sir," said Lord Arthur to the king, "this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching."

"But the king's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"Oh, let him go," he said. "If he really were a bad egg, you know, he wouldn't poach."

Quantity Not Quality. Teacher—Willie, have you whistled today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst.

Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wunst"? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twit.

At Rehearsal. Fan—What happens when the bases are full? Man—A discord.—Stanford University Chaparral.

The grand knowledge for a man to know is the essential and eternal difference between right and wrong, between base and noble.—Mallock.

RHEUMATISM

IT WILL CURE. Get a 25-cent vial. If it fails to cure I will refund your money. Munyon.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



UMBRELLAS.

People on a rainy day look like mushrooms, strange to say, and their round umbrella-tops gleam between the falling drops.

Little mushrooms grow in clumps round the feet of mossy stumps; large ones wander up and down through the streets of Rainy Town. —Miriam S. Clark, in St. Nicholas.

A NOVELTY IN KITES.

The large bird-shaped kite shown in the accompanying picture is called an "agloplane," the name coming from the French words "aigle," meaning eagle, and "plan," meaning a level surface or plane. Thus the kite is called "eagle-plane," or plane with the shape of an eagle, which it is made to resemble.

The wings and head of the bird-kite are stiff planes, the body, as shown, being made of four square



pieces of canvas stretched stiffly upon a frame of bamboo, steel and whalebone. The "agloplane" may be made to lift small cameras for taking birds-eye pictures or to ascend with instruments for experimenting in wireless telegraphy, etc. By the patriotic it may be made to carry the nation's banner to the skies. The builder, however, uses it for advertising purposes. It combines the lifting power of the old-style flat kite with the rigidity of the modern box-kite. Any boy can make one.—Philadelphia Record.

THE LITTLE ROOSTER.

There was once upon a time a little tin rooster which stood very high indeed on the top of the town hall steeple. He was a new little rooster with a very long tail. He shone and glittered in the sun, and he thought to himself, as he stood there so far above all the other roosters down below in the barnyard:

"Now this is because I am made of tin, and have such a very long tail. They put me up here on the steeple for all the world to see."

The little tin rooster stood perfectly still, and felt very proud, and spread out his tail in the pleasant sunshine. He did not remember that he should be of some use in the world. He was thinking only of how pretty he looked in the sunlight. He was vain of his tin feathers, and he began to make a great deal of trouble for the people down in the village.

Out in the harbor the old sailor had anchored his ship. He was going for a long voyage to foreign ports when the wind blew in from the west. There he would buy silk dresses for the grandmothers, and sugar and spices for the cooks, and great round oranges for all the little boys, and French dolls for all the little girls.

"Ahoy, ahoy, up there!" the old sailor called out to the little rooster on the steeple. "Which way is the wind? Will it blow from the west soon?"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the little tin rooster. "Now how should I know anything about the wind? I stand here that all the world may see how my tail glitters!"

And the little rooster on the steeple stood still and never moved. As for the old sailor—why, of course, he couldn't sail that day.

Down in the meadow the busy farmer stood ready with his scythe to cut down his hay. Before he swung it over his shoulder, though, he looked up at the little rooster on the steeple.

"Halloo, up there!" he said. "Which way is the wind? Will it blow from the east to-day?"

"Now how can I tell?" said the vain little rooster. "It is no affair of mine which way the wind blows. I stand here that all the world may see how brightly I shine in the sunshine."

The farmer swung his scythe. Swish, swish, it went, and the yellow hay lay in great rows along the field. Then he raked it into round haystacks; but, just as he had finished, splash, splash, patter, patter! Ah, the wind was come up from the east, bringing the rain, and the farmer's hay was quite spoiled, all because of the foolish little rooster.

In the wee cottage by the lane, mother dear was washing the baby's clothes. Caps and socks and frocks and tiny jackets there were in a red tub and covered with snow-white soapuds. Mother dear had her sleeves rolled to her elbows, and as she sudsed and rinsed and wrung the pretty things, she looked through the vines that grew round the cottage

door and up at the little rooster on the steeple.

"Will there be a soft, south wind to-day," she asked, "to dry the baby's clothes?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the little tin rooster. "You see I have no time to attend to such affairs. I am up here to be admired, not to watch for the wind."

So mother dear hung all the baby's clothes out on the line; but, alas! no soft south wind came by. The clothes did not dry at all that day, which was partly the fault of the proud little rooster.

Then Billy-boy came out in the village street to play with his fine, new kite.

"Oh, ho, little rooster on the steeple!" Billy-boy called, "will you tell the old North Wind that I want him?"

"Not I," said the little tin rooster. "I should have to turn myself about for that, and then my fine tail would not show so well. I am up here for all the world to see."

"Who-oo-oo-o said that?" it heard the old North Wind who had heard the little rooster. "Who-oo-oo-o said he would not turn for me?"

"I did," said the little rooster, quite bravely. "I am not going to turn for anybody!"

"Where-ee-o, we'll see about that," said the North Wind.

So the North Wind just blew and blew and blew, but the little tin rooster never moved from where he stood on the steeple. Then the North Wind blew and blew and blew some more.

Crash! Down went the proud little rooster to the ground. There he still lies with his pretty tin feathers all covered with rust. There is a new weather vane on the steeple, which always turns with the wind.—Carolyn S. Bailey, in Kindergarten Review.

LAND OF THE SOMBRERO.

Every Mexican likes to have a fine hat or sombrero. These hats, with high, pointed crowns and broad brims, are sometimes made of costly material and decorated with many bands and buckles of gold and silver. Then they weigh several pounds, and cost, perhaps, two or three hundred dollars. The plain sombreros are worn by the poor Mexicans dwelling in miserable huts in the country places. Some of these one-roomed homes are built of large, sun-dried adobe bricks. To live in one of them must seem like living in a box, for each has a flat roof, dirt floor, no windows and but one door.

These country people take their produce to market on their backs, or in ox carts, which have wheels made of solid wood. The wealthy people of Mexico live in large beautiful homes. Outside these buildings look rather plain, but inside they are very rich. Usually, in the centre of the house, there is a lovely garden, so that all the rooms may open onto it. There fountains play, birds sing and flowers send forth their fragrance. In parts of Mexico water is very hard to obtain. Many people make a business of selling it, going from house to house with their large jugs. Usually the water carrier has two long jars of water strapped to his head, but those who are more fortunate carry the water jars in wheelbarrows. Next year Mexico is going to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of her independence.

In that country there is a president, just as there is in the United States. President Diaz, now about eighty years old, is completing his seventh term of office, and it is likely that he will again serve as president for the people who live in the land of the sombrero.—Washington Star.

ENEMIES OF THE BIRDS.

Two C's are dangerous enemies of the song birds—cats and crows. There is nothing a crow likes so much as a tender baby robin, or thrush, or lark, and many a proud parent has come hurrying home with a fat worm for the gaping bills only to find that the nest has been despoiled by those big black cannibals, the crows. That is why every bird lover, says Mabel Osgood Wright, in the last number of Bird Lore, should make a point of hunting out the crow haunts in his neighborhood and destroying the eggs as soon as laid. Of course, even crows have their feelings, but their behavior is not to be endured.

These black fellows are so warred upon by farmers because of the damage they do crops, that to those who don't know their ways it seems strange they are not exterminated. But though they look so stupid, they are really very wary and clever. They have been schooled in adversity and it has sharpened their wits.

As to those other enemies of birds, the cats, so many people are fond of them that it is hardly safe to cry them down. But one man near New York City who loves both cats and birds solved the problem by confining his pet puss in a large, comfortable cage during May and June. The cage stood at one side of his strawberry bed, thus cleverly protecting the birds from puss and his berries from the birds by one stroke.—New York Tribune.

Farm Topics

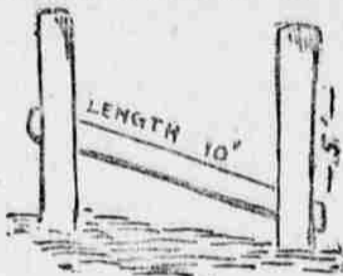
TEMPERATURE IMPORTANT. Dairymen are beginning to realize that temperature is the all important factor in controlling quality; so what they at one time may have considered an abundance of ice for all needs, to-day would be thought a shortage. —Farmers' Home Journal.

ALFALFA.

Alfalfa is very long lived; fields in Mexico, it is claimed, have been continuously productive without replanting for over 200 years, and others in France are known to have flourished for more than a century. Its usual life in the United States is probably from ten to twenty-five years, although there is a field in New York that has been mown successively for over sixty years. It is not unlikely that under its normal conditions and with normal care it would well nigh be, as it is called, everlasting.—From Coburn's "The Book of Alfalfa."

SCRATCHER FOR MANGY HOGS.

To construct a practical scratcher for hogs, place two posts, five feet long, firmly in the ground and ten



Hog Scratcher.

feet apart. Get a small log and mortise an end in each post, having one end six inches, the other twelve inches from ground. This will fit both pigs and hogs. Cover posts and log with old grain sacks and tack them on securely. Mix common machine oil and kerosene in equal parts and keep bags well saturated. The hogs will do the rest.

COMBAT THE PESTS.

Have everything in the poultry house removable, including roosts, nests, dropping boards and everything else that goes to furnish a poultry house. It is so much easier to combat the lice and mites where these things are not fixed. They may be taken from the house, a little kerosene poured on them, a match applied, and the oil will burn without setting fire to the wood. Then if the interior of the house is sprayed with some good liquid lice killer, and new nesting material provided, the bothersome insects will soon cease to be a pest. Where furnishings are permanent it is almost impossible to rid the premises of these pests.—Indianapolis News.

BEGINNING RIGHT.

There are thousands of people becoming interested each year in the poultry business, while very few enter it with the correct ideas of true success and how to derive the greatest profit from their work. Not a few of those beginning in the business are over enthusiastic at the start. They read a paper clipping or a report from some large plant making a success and think if they buy a few chickens, dump them in an old outshed, throw in a little feed between times, that everything will be peaches and cream. In fact, in the evening they start to gather the eggs with a basket large enough for the whole year's crop. It is needless for me to narrate the disappointment and disgust these poor mortals have for the poultry industry.

VETCHES FOR SHEEP.

The farmers in this country are finding the vetch a very profitable plant for sheep and for other stock, and are beginning to grow it in some sections to a considerable extent. The Canadian department of agriculture at Ottawa has issued a bulletin No. 12, showing the value of this plant, especially for sheep, and in considering special crops for sheep it discusses in this connection clover, alfalfa, vetches, rape, cabbage, turnips, mangels, corn and the several classes of grain. Each is treated separately in regard to method of cultivation and manner of feeding. Dealing with vetches the bulletin says:

"Vetches, or tares, as they are also called, make excellent fodder for sheep, either as a soiling crop or as cured hay. This crop much resembles peas in habit of growth and requires about the same kind of cultivation. Its vines are more slender than pea vines and stand up better when grown with a stiff variety of oats. Vetches are grown extensively for sheep feed in Great Britain, and to some extent in Canada for the same purpose. The writer, while raising sheep, always grew a small area of tares with oats for soiling the show flock, and in case of a shortage of clover, vetches were cured for hay. The crop being fine in vine and very leafy is much relished by sheep and constitutes a rich diet.

"Two varieties of vetches are grown for fodder. The common vetch is the chief sort cultivated, but the hairy variety is receiving some attention. The latter produces the heavier yield, but so far the seed having to be imported is very expensive and few care to bother with it. —Indiana Farmer.



The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of those experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations. It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds himself regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

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ANNUAL LOSS IS ENORMOUS Sore, Tender and Aching FEET

Two Hundred Million Dollars a Year Might Be Added to Wealth of Country. Computing that there are in the United States at least 300,000 indigent consumptives who should be cared for in charitable or semi-charitable sanatoria and hospitals, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis estimates that the annual cost to the country for the treatment of these persons would be \$50,000,000 at the rate of \$1.669 per day per patient. At the lowest possible estimate the country loses \$200,000,000 a year from the incapacity of these indigent victims of tuberculosis. This would mean a net saving of \$150,000,000 a year to the United States if all victims of consumption who are too poor to afford proper treatment in expensive sanatoria were cared for at the expense of the municipality, county or state. And this annual gain does not include the enormous saving that would accrue from the lessened infection due to the segregation of the dangerous consumptives in institutions.

The Dentist's Joke. At a recent dinner of the Author's club in London to Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch, Mr. Walter Emanuel, another member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him, after suffering long with the toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him with pain in the jaw, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He groaned, "What's the joke?" "Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

Qualified. A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work. "This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him. "Now, my son," said I, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?" "The boy smiled confidently. "I be," he said—"Independent.

In the Night School. Teacher (of night school)—What do you understand by the terms "life sentence"? Give an example of one. Shaggy-Haired Pupil—I pronounced you husband and wife.—Chicago Tribune.

After a dog has indulged in short pants he usually goes in swimming.

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