

# Nervous Prostration.

A Noted Boston Woman Describes its Symptoms and Terrors.—Two Severe Cases Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



ADELE WILLIAMSON.

"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no cough. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terribly, and palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hysterics.

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time, with pains in my groins and thighs—I can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue—oh goodness! I am simply the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman suffering with nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or some other diseased condition of the womb.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is no need of it. Read about Miss Williamson's case and how she was cured.

## Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prostration Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all, and was too weak to walk across the floor. My heart was affected so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON,  
196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

"I had nervous prostration terribly, caused by female weakness. I suffered everything; was unable to eat, sleep, or work. After a while I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I immediately began to improve on taking the first bottle. I continued to take the medicine, and am now better in every way, and feel like a different person. I am simply a well woman."

MRS. DELLA KEISER,  
Marienville, Pa.

**\$5000** REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

London's eight gas companies possess 3,750 miles of mains, 90,540 public lights and 555,081 consumers.

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured** by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh), that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars sent free. F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Even the fellow who rides a hobby stands a chance of being thrown.

**Dr. Bull's** Sufferers cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

My neighbor's child was stricken with the measles. It would be useless to make further efforts, but on being persuaded, they administered FRY'S VERMIFUGE, and in ten days were expelled. The child recovered. C. W. FRY, 100 N. Broadway, New York. Sole agents, E. & S. FISK, Baltimore, Md.

**SEAFARING MEN** KNOW THE VALUE OF TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING. IT WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE WETTEST WEATHER. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK ON SALE EVERYWHERE. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

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## A WASTED WARNING.

"I hear," said the poet,  
"There's a new counterfeit,  
And the people are cautioned  
To look out for it."

"But I'm not a bit worried,  
And I'm not looking out,  
As if I had nothing  
To do but to scout."

"It's the five-dollar size  
That is crooked, they say,  
And that kind of money  
Ain't coming my way."  
—Detroit Free Press.

## HUMOROUS.

Blobbs—I've been sold again. Slobbs—I thought you looked rather cheap. Nell—Jack has proposed to me. He is the ring. Belle—Yes; I had a finger in that.

Wigg—He's an experienced book-keeper, isn't he? Wagw—Lend him a few and see.

Sillicus—Everything is machine-made nowadays. Cynicus—Yes; even office-holders.

Tramp—Kind lady, can you oblige me with a bite? Kind lady—No; but perhaps my dog can.

"Any bones broken?" asked the cyclist, who had run down the old man. "Confound it, yes!" responded the latter; "my collar button is broken."

Ned—I don't see why you jilted Miss Gotrox for Miss Bluegore. They tell me Miss Bluegore's fortune is very small. Jack—Yes; it's small, but select.

Wife—It was very nice of you to bring me this candy. Husband—Yes; it reminds me of you. Wife—How gallant! So sweet, eh? Husband—No; so expensive.

"This parrot," said the dealer, "can speak two languages." "Really?" remarked the prospective purchaser; "what are they?" "Why—er—English and his-er—native tongue."

"My darling," he argued, "I cannot understand what you see in me to make you love me so." "Well, Jack," she replied, "that's what pa and ma and all the rest of the folks say."

Mrs. Mulligan—Poor Pat has had a leg amputated. "Was an explosion, Mrs. O'Rourke—Dear, dear! Am he resigned to his fate? Mrs. Mulligan—His fate, is it? Sure, he only has one.

"I should think a date pie would be popular," remarked the patron. "What? A pie made of dates?" replied the proprietor of the quick lunch place. "Oh! no. A pie that would have the date of its manufacture printed on it."

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the good lady, handing out the victuals. "It's dis my way, lady," explained the tramp. "W'en I'm hungry, I'm too weak to work an' w'en I'm full dey ain't no necessity for me to work."

## Nicaraguan Customs.

Among the many odd customs of Nicaragua, those relating to the dead are the weirdest to the stranger. Some of these have been handed down by tradition from the Indians, others were brought over by the conquerors—and the two are so blended that it is difficult to tell which predominates. As soon as the medico pronounces one's illness fatal, word is sent to the village padre, who prepares to administer the last sacraments of the church to the dying person. Placing the consecrated water in the custodia—a vessel of solid gold or silver, often resplendent with rare jewels—a procession is formed and marches through the street. A small boy, ringing a bell, rushes ahead to announce the approach of the sacred presence, and after him follows a band of music, often a single violin, playing a dirge. If it be possible to secure any soldiers, they surround the padre, who, dressed in brilliant vestments, is generally carried in a chair, over which four men hold a purple canopy. As the little cortege moves down the silent streets, every one bares his head and kneels, making the sign of the cross until the last soldier has passed. Woe to the sacrilegious stranger who fails to show this mark of respect, and many have been the instances where foreigners were pulled from their horses and even stoned for neglecting to follow this time-honored custom.—W. Nephew King, in Harper's Weekly.

## A Woman and the Telephone.

What a wonderful thing the telephone is, and what a comfort to women it may be made. It is illustrated in an incident of a few days ago, brought about by the kind act of a thoughtful and indulgent husband, who is a well-known business man of this city. He decided to give his wife a birthday surprise, so he arranged that at a certain moment her mother, who lives in New York, and whom she had not seen for months, should ring up her daughter in this city. When the telephone bell sounded in the business man's house at the time agreed upon he answered the ring and then, turning from the telephone, he said to his wife: "Dearie, here's your mother on the wire in New York." The wife bustled to the telephone and heard the familiar voice of her mother in the utterance of one word, "Daughter." The answer of the business man's wife was: "Oh, mother, from the mother over the wire, which was answered with a sob from this end. These women then proceeded to cry to each other in the most accepted feminine style until the telephone tolls amounted to \$5, which announcement from "central" caused an abrupt breaking off of communication. The business man's wife declared, however, that it was the loveliest experience she ever had.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Baltimore Oriole.

The Baltimore oriole is one of the most ingenious of bird architects, and employs any material that is accessible. String, hair, grasses and plant fibres are often used, and one bird lover tells of a nest made completely of silk thrown from the windows of a neighboring silk factory. In the bright plumaged birds of the temperate region the brilliant coloring is usually localized. The common bluebird has head, back, wings and tail of the brightest, purest blue, but the breast is russet and the under parts white. The all blue birds are the indigo bird and the grosbeak. Yellow is a common color on parts of the plumage, but only one yellow bird even approximates freedom from other colors. That is the little yellow warbler, which has but slight markings of russet and olive. The cardinal grosbeak, the summer redbird and the scarlet tanager are almost wholly red. The first has a ring of black around the bill, the second has wings shading to brown, and the third has black wings and tail, while the rest of his plumage is of the most brilliant scarlet.

## In the Sea.

The salt and other solid matter contained in the ocean would be sufficient to entirely cover the dry land with a layer 200 yards deep.

## MINNESOTA'S SEPARABLE SPEAKER.

How He secured an interview with the Sultan of Sulu.

Michael Dowling, speaker of the Minnesota legislature, is a remarkable man. He is the product of a Minnesota blizzard. December 14, 1880, he was lost in a roaring blizzard in Yellow Medicine county and so badly frozen that it was necessary to amputate one leg above the knee, the other above the ankle, one arm at the elbow and all the fingers of the right hand.

Twenty years later to a day he had won a victory in a hard contest for speaker, a victory so overwhelming that when the legislature met not a single opponent was left.

When the blizzard had done its work and left him a mere physical reminder of his former self he was so poor that he became a public charge. But Dowling was determined and ambitious, and that tells the rest of his life story in brief. He got a good education, became an adept on artificial legs, returned to Renville, a county adjoining the one from which he had been so ignominiously excluded, got a small local public office; worked into the ownership of a weekly newspaper; then appeared in the sessions of the state legislature as a clerk; next became secretary of the National League of Republican clubs, being nominated to that position as the "frozen son of Minnesota." He secured recognition as a man of executive ability and a good campaigner.

Next he turned up as a newspaper correspondent in the Philippines, where he visited all the principal islands from Luzon to the Sulus.

Dowling's success in obtaining an interview with the Sulu Sultan was characteristic. He was admitted to the barbaric presence, but not a word could he extract from the taciturn potentate. Dowling promptly proceeded to take himself to pieces. Off came a leg. The Sultan evinced signs of interest. Off came an arm. The Sultan leaned forward to look. Off came another leg. The Sultan was now alert with interest and satisfactorily voluble. Dowling got his interview as he proceeded to replace his artificial anatomy.

Returning from the Philippines Dowling reached the United States in time to attend the Republican National Convention. His peaked Filipino hat was one of the sights of Minnesota headquarters at Philadelphia. Later he became a candidate for the legislature on the Republican ticket, won easily and immediately announced himself as a candidate for speaker.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

## Queen Victoria's Tartan.

Early in her reign Queen Victoria adopted a tartan, or, to be exact, she resumed one, for by way of James I. of England she is entitled to use one. Accordingly, the royal household disports itself in the dress plaid of the Stuarts when it holds forth at Balmoral, and it has now become so thoroughly identified with the present English sovereign that it is called the Victoria tartan. This is the well known blue, green, white and yellow plaid mounted on a white ground, instead of the vivid red that is usually seen.

To complicate the matter of tartans further, each clan was likely to have a hunting plaid, a dress plaid, a mourning plaid, and the plaid that was worn exclusively by the chief and his immediate family. Then, too, if you happen to be a Cameron, for example, and think it an easy matter to betake yourself to a shop and demand the Cameron plaid, you had better be certain whether you are a Cameron of Lochiel or a Cameron of Erracht. Similarly, you may be a MacDonald of Clanranald, of Sleat, or of Staffa. It will make an immense difference in the kind of tartan you get, and it is not to be expected that a Campbell of Argyll would be seen in the tartan of the Campbells of Cawdor, or in that of the Campbells of Loudoun. There is, by the way, at least one of the large shops in New York that always has the correct tartans imported from Scotland in stock. As the demand for them increases it is probable that it will be easy to obtain the genuine article here will all the accuracy that distinguishes the Edinburgh shops.

## Problem for the Youngsters.

Half a dozen members of the house were busy with pencil and paper in the cloak room yesterday. Their brows were knitted and they were earnest in their figuring as if they had been candidates for clerkships in a civil service examination. Near them sat Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey, who had given them a problem in arithmetic. Here is what Loudenslager had given them, says the Washington Post: "A man with three sons called them together and told them that he proposed to make disposition of his property. He said he had 150 apples, of which he would give fifteen to his youngest son, fifty to his second son, and eighty-five to his eldest son. 'Now,' he said, 'I want you to go out and sell these apples at the same price per apple and yet each of you bring in the same amount. And the eldest son must fix the price.' When the congressmen heard his problem they laughed, as if they were being imposed upon. 'It cannot be done,' said Hopkins of Illinois. 'Is there a sell in this?' asked Gamble of South Dakota. 'Nothing but the sell of the apples,' replied Mr. Loudenslager. With this assurance the statesmen began to work. For a quarter of an hour they figured and figured, and then they gave it up as the children say. 'Well,' said Mr. Loudenslager, 'the



## The Mum Family.

There is a funny family,  
Of which I often hear,  
In which the difference in size  
To me seems very queer.  
The family, I judge, is small—  
Two seems to be the sum—  
And Minnie Mum the one is called;  
The other, Max I. Mum.

Now Minnie Mum is always shown  
To be exceeding small,  
While Max I. Mum a giant is,  
So very large and tall.  
But hand in hand they march about  
As fond as fond can be,  
And proud they are to let the world  
Their striking contrast see.

This thought I might have given you  
In one short rhyming verse,  
And that would be the minimum,  
Or, what would be much worse,  
Through stanzas something like a score.

My muse I might let hum  
To tell the same, and that, you see,  
Would be the maximum.  
—Arthur J. Burdick.

## Rollo and Red Peggy.

Rollo was a puppy—a big mastiff puppy. He lived in the city with Mr. and Mrs. James and their little daughter Bessie. Mr. and Mrs. James thought a great deal of Rollo, or they could never have had patience with him, for puppies are capable of much mischief and young Rollo was no exception; he seemed determined to try his teeth on everything, but just when Mrs. James began to feel as if she could not much longer have every valuable article in the house chewed up, she hit upon a funny plan for managing him. It happened that a new doll for little Bessie had just arrived, which so pleased her that the old favorite—a doll made of red flannel, and named "Red Peggy"—generally lay neglected in a corner. As Rollo was settling himself one day to chew a little stocking, Mrs. James tossed Red Peggy toward him, telling him to bite that if he must bite something! From that hour Red Peggy was adopted by the young mastiff. He carried her with him about the house, even took her sometimes to call on the neighbors, and would carry her down street if he did not greatly improve Red Peggy's looks, but that made no difference to him. He seemed to like to play with his doll as if he were a little girl instead of a dog. One day when he had been biting his little companion a long time, Mrs. James said to him reproachfully, "Why, Rollo, how you do abuse poor Red Peggy!" Rollo raised his head and looked at his mistress a minute or two, as if he were thinking over what she had said. Then in a very repentant way, he began to lick his doll; nor did he stop until he had licked her all over. That is a dog's way of kissing. Another time Rollo trotted over to visit a neighbor across the street. Of course Red Peggy went too. The man to whom he was paying the visit wished to send a paper over to Mr. James, and thought he would have Rollo carry it. So he took Red Peggy away from the mastiff, laid her on the step, putting the paper instead in Rollo's mouth, then told him to carry it home. Rollo gave a dignified wag to the end of his tail and trotted to the gate, where he stopped and thought a minute; then he laid down the paper and went straight back for Red Peggy. Several attempts ended in the same way. At last the doll was carefully rolled in the paper, which was then given to Rollo with a sharp order, "Go home!" Rollo trotted away quickly; but when he reached the middle of the road he deliberately laid down his bundle, poked his nose into it till he found his beloved Red Peggy, lifted her out, and then ran triumphantly home with her, leaving the paper in the road. In fact, so long as I knew Rollo, he never would obey any command which forced him to lay his dear Red Peggy down, nor go to any place where he must leave her behind, in his way quite outdoing little girls in his love for his doll.—Rose Thorn in Little Folks.

"The dog up. You throw. One cent a throw."

"The idea tickled me, and I told him to go ahead. While he was tying the dog to a bush I collected a hatful of stones from the beach and got ready for business. The Indian drew a line within thirty feet of his canine and told me to go ahead, while he picked up a stick to tally as I threw. I didn't want to knock that dog's head off or break one of his legs, but I did want to plunk him once or twice for his looks. I thought it would be the easiest thing in the world, but that was where I made a great mistake. As true as you live, I threw exactly 100 stones at that dog and never grazed him. He was tied by a long rope and he was lightning on the dodge. At the 100th stone I gave up in disgust, but next day I made up my mind to hit that dog or die. On that day it cost me \$1.70 for throws and still no hits. On the third day it cost me \$2 and at the end of a week I was out \$7 and hadn't a tally. I was getting loup shouldered, nearsighted and ugly tempered and my wife coaxed me to give up throwing and go fishing. The Indian and his dog were on tap, as usual, and when I turned them down the crafty old buck smiled blandly and said:

"All right. You come back next year and throw more—throw thousand times—and I make wholesale and mebbe you hit dog!"

She Whipped Seven Boys.

Seven of the largest boys in the "White Grocery" school whipped in one day is the record established by Miss Minnie Roff, a pretty brown-haired young lady, declares an Akron, O., dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer. When she accepted the position as teacher she found the classes sadly disorganized and discipline was at a low ebb. First she tried to bring the boys to her way of thinking by treating them kindly. This did not have the effect she anticipated. The boys took the favors extended as an indication that they could do as they pleased. Recently they discovered the error of their ways. Miss Roff opened the school with a direct notice to the bed boys in the front row that she would trounce the first that violated any of the rules and regulations governing the institution. It was only a few minutes before she was called upon to make good her warning. She performed the task in a way that left no doubt in the minds of those who witnessed the episode that she was equal to the occasion. During the day six others were called forward and trimmed in the most approved fashion. The parents of Rufus Wright, one of the boys, had Miss Roff arrested on a charge of assault and battery. She was in the police court recently to answer to the charge. Practically all of Springfield township was with her. After hearing the story of the trouble the court, attorneys for the prosecution and spectators agreed that Miss Roff was justified and that she was the right woman in the right place. "The only thing she is to be censured for is that she did not lick more of them and oftener," said the court, in dismissing the case.

## One Way to Tell Talent.

One good way, I think, to judge whether we have a talent for anything or not is to watch the motive that draws us toward doing a thing. If we do it because it is the fashion, or because other girls are doing it, or because we have to do it for some useful purpose, it is not probable that we have a real talent for it; but if we find ourselves doing it just because we really love it and would rather do it than not; if it is doing the thing itself that attracts us, and not the eclat it is going to give us in the eyes of others—why, then I think we may reasonably conclude that God has given us a real talent for that particular sort of thing.

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