



FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

Some Novel Sleeves.

Some new sleeves introduced recently into dinner and tea gowns of the Empire period are novel, if not generally becoming. These fit the arm closely to the elbows, and are most effective in a boldly patterned lace or spangled passementerie. A full puff of tulle or chiffon falls over the lower arm, and is held in by a thin elastic, so planned that it clips the arm just above the elbow and forms the puff.

First College for Women.

Mr. Warren Sunderland, who is now living at Collegeville, Pa., at the age of 87 years, claims the distinction of founding at Collegeville in 1851, the first institution in the world to offer college advantages to women. The institution was in existence 25 years, during which nearly 2000 young women were educated, and more than 100 graduates took the degree of bachelor of arts.

Mr. Sunderland believes that he is the only American now living who saw the destruction of the Turkish squadron in the harbor of Navarino, Oct. 20, 1827, by the allied fleets of England, France and Russia.

Lends Money to Business Women.

Chicago has a Business Women's Loan association which suggests the "Little Societies" that have long flourished in Germany, although it is less of a philanthropic enterprise and more of a business proposition. The German societies lend small amounts of money to women desiring to go into business for themselves, and records show that the losses of the organizations have amounted to very little.

The Chicago association lends money for the same uses, but requires good security and protects itself against any heavy loss. The need of such an organization and its success are an interesting commentary on the eagerness with which women are invading the business world.

First Newspaper Woman of California.

Mrs. Caroline M. Parker, the first newspaper woman of California, is now a bedridden old lady of 73. Her pioneer newspaper work was done on the San Francisco Post in 1872, and later she filled positions on several other papers. An ardent suffragist, Mrs. Parker has always been an advocate of everything that pertained to woman's progress, and now California women are glad to show their appreciation of the work she has done.

In her pretty cottage at Los Angeles Mrs. Parker is surrounded by every comfort, and despite the pain she suffers, is bright and cheerful and takes great interest in the work of the young women who find newspaper work easier because she first led the way.—San Francisco Call.

The Vogue of Coral.

How pretty the girl in her teens looks at dancing school with her white cambric frock, blue sash and coral necklace. Women of good taste never bezel their little daughters with fanciful jewelry or over trimmed dresses.

A plain white lawn or cambric frock, with a little real lace edging fine as that on a baby frock, or fine embroidery and insertions of needlework are prescribed for the children of the society leaders at their dancing lessons. The blue sash and knot of hair ribbon is sometimes exchanged for pink or buff ribbon.

The coral necklace is the preferred ornament for the throat.

The double rope of twisted coral is liked rather better than the rounded coral beads. The rough ends of coral will hurt the soft white throat if the string is too short or too tightly drawn.—Philadelphia Record.

Care of the Hair.

Bad circulation affects the hair. The scalp grows tight, and must be loosened. Spread the hands either side of the head and gently move the scalp forward and backward 10 times each day.

The hair and scalp should be as clean as the face. They should be shampooed once a fortnight.

Falling hair means falling health. A tonic for the body will be better than one for the head. Both at one time is better still.

Weak dry hair needs food. A mixture of vaseline and coconut oil is excellent. Almond oil is also recommended, for blonde hair especially.

Have the ends of the hair singed once in three months. Cutting the ends causes it to "bleed," while singeing closes the hair tubes perfectly.

Never allow the hair to be wet long. Dry it quickly with warm towels, dry heat and friction. Every day give it a few minutes' brushing. Then rub the scalp until it glows.

Girls Men Want to Marry.

Men love beauty, but seldom marry for it. Neatness and good taste far outweigh beauty and slovenliness.

Men are born nunters. They value a girl most who most values herself.

Men wish their wives to be good to look at. Careful attention do they give to all details—teeth, hands, hair and breath, for example.

A stylish girl delights all well-bred men. Tailor-made upon the street; in

the house, a changing symphony in color.

Odious mannerisms disgust fastidious men. Sniffing, giggling and "making eyes" never won a husband for any girl.

A good physique men wish in women whom they marry, a higher reason than vanity inspiring the desire. Wasp waisted women are looked at dubiously.

Show your face (after your heart is won) that he is lord thereof, but never for one moment forget the beauty of womanly reserve.—Philadelphia Record.

Outdoor Life for Women.

Golf has been an unspenkable boon to American women, not merely to the girls of the period, who take delight in every form of outdoor sport, but to their mothers, their maiden aunts and their grandmothers. The 20th century opened with a new lease of life for the middle-aged woman. Instead of coddling herself, shivering in the cold, and spending her time in fighting with illness, this bright and blooming personage sallies forth with her juniors and engages in active exercise, showing her skill upon the links and sometimes tiring out much younger people by her enthusiasm and her staying power. If the health rate of the feminine world has gone higher than ever before, the fact certifies to the great advantages of much living in the open where the free winds blow, and of regular moderate exercise of every muscle in an interesting way.

At the country clubs, the golf tees is a feature of the afternoon; and is a pretty and picturesque occasion. The girls in their sensible short skirts and loose blouses and jackets, the men in their hunting pink, the mingling of gay colors, in which leaf-green tones down to red and vivid green, the sprinkling of brilliant maidens and matrons in elegant toilets, the comfortable papas, who, if they do not play wish they did, the fringe of carriage on the outer edge, with their correct and impassive coachmen on the box, and the beautifully groomed and caparisoned horses, wondering no doubt at the ways of men and women—all combined make up a scene of variety and animation worthy of remembrance.

Riding always has its votaries, and in the parks many women are seen with a firm seat and a nice hand on the rein, women who have complete sympathy with their horses, and who look fit and charming in their habits and hats. For regular cross-country riding, one need not, however, seek out trim parks and broad avenues. In Maryland, in Virginia, in Kentucky, and indeed all over the South, there are hundreds of women who have been accustomed to the saddle from early childhood, who ride fine horses with a splendid ease and courage, and who take fences and streams as a bird flies from branch to branch. One may see the perfection of equestrianism in the mountains, where girls were tossed to the pony's back in their baby days, and where, ever since, riding has been their constant method of going from place to place.

A woman never looks more charming than when her color is heightened by bracing exercise and pure air, and her eyes are bright with the feeling of perfect physical equispose. She is not coarsened or roughened by her activity, far from it. To outdoor life woman imparts a grace and refinement which it might lack but for her entrance upon it. The gallantries of sport are seldom foolishly sentimental, but a certain chivalry pervades the relations of men and women who rival one another in games which require deftness of eye and hand and the exercise of judgment in their progress, and, however exciting the contest, politeness is dominant through its phases.

Women should not forget that walking is within the reach of everybody, and that a walk twice a day will keep most of us in excellent physical condition. By a walk is not meant a saunter or a dawdle, but a tramp of a mile or more over the country road or the city street, a tramp with intention, even if no shopping or visiting object exist as the goal which attracts the lady out of doors.—Collier's Weekly.

Flowers as Advertisers.

Flowers have a way of advertising that is quite as effective as the display type and cuts used by merchants. The scientists tell us that there is a constant struggle in nature for the propagation of species, and the fittest may survive, and out of this has grown the advertising that the flowers do.

It is necessary that the pollen of one flower be carried to another to produce fertilization, and nature's agents for this work are the honey loving insects. In taking the honey from a blossom they get their feet and legs coated with pollen and thus carry it from one blossom to another. Without this fertilization many species would soon die out and become extinct.

To save themselves and to perpetuate their kind the flowers must have the services of the insects, and they have been advertising for them from the earliest ages. The first advertisements were very plain and unpretending, set as we might say, in small type and sold, but this simplicity did not suit the bountiful and ambitious designs of nature and she gave colors and sweet odors to the flowers that they might offer more attractions to the insects, and thus make their visits more frequent. Then there grew up a rivalry among the flowers to see which could attract the most insects, and blossoms became larger, colors brighter and odors sweeter.

Thus it is that the flowers advertise, for while it is true that their beauty and fragrance are intended in part to give us pleasure, it is equally true that these characteristics were designed primarily to help the flowers in their struggle for propagation and survival.

The Horse That Enjoyed the View.

It was Roderick Dhu, of course. Philip said he was the only horse there that was mounted to anything. To be sure, Philip was not what pompous old Dr. Dinwiddle called a "dis-in-ter-ested party"—he said, no! Philip was altogether too fond of Roderick Dhu for that. Didn't he keep the marble and twine room in his pocket rented to sugar plums by the month? And didn't all the sugar plums, every one, belong to Roderick Dhu? And didn't that wise, gray haired old horse know it quite well? Didn't he? But that's another story. This story is about the view that Roderick Dhu enjoyed.

"I believe that horse understands every word I say," remarked grandpa at the supper table. Philip let the last bite of his hermit wait a minute, just long enough to cry: "Why, of course, grandpa. The 'idea! Grandpa'd just found that out!"

"Yes, and that isn't all," went on grandpa, smiling over at Philip. "He has an eye for the beautiful, too—I've discovered that. He enjoys a view."

"Why?" murmured Philip in surprise. Philip, who knew Roderick Dhu so well.

"Yes, the view from the top of Breakneck hill—he seemed to enjoy it as well as I did this afternoon."

"I admire Roderick Dhu's taste," said grandpa, quietly.

"I took sick Mrs. Bennett to ride, you know—or rather, Roderick Dhu did. We went round Squirrel pond and down a little way on the turnpike. Then I said, 'Well, Roderick Dhu, we'll go out on the brow of the hill to see the view, I guess.' And, actually, that horse started off as if he were tickled enough to be going there. He forgot all about being tired and grieved with the flies. How he did spin along. And—when—he—got—to the—brow—of—the—hill!" grandpa paused between the words impressively—"he stopped."

Then Philip's round, astonished eyes "went back" on Roderick Dhu again, until he remembered the reins. Of course, the reins.

"But you pulled 'em, grandpa—the reins, you know," he began.

"The reins were over the dashboard, Philip. I was helping Mrs. Bennett find her glasses. No, it must have been because Roderick Dhu heard me say we would go just to the brow of the hill."

"And then he looked at the view, I suppose," said grandpa.

Grandpa laughed. "I should say so. It took us so long to find the glasses that if it had been any other view in the world, there wouldn't have been any of it left for us to see—Roderick Dhu would have looked it all up."

"Grandma, will you please to excuse me?" cried Philip, suddenly. "I must go right out, and give Roderick Dhu a sugar plum."—Annie Hamilton Bonnell, in the Christian Register.

Flounces on some of the silk petticoats are now feathered.

The newest veils have a tiny gold dot by the side of the dot of chenille.

Gold quills are used for hat trimming, and so are rosettes of dotted chiffon.

The new embroidered India mulls are wrought in designs as fine and delicate as real lace.

A novel and striking evening gown has a deep V in the back, filled in with white chiffon and strapped across with black velvet ribbon.

Many new coats have revers faced with shimmered chiffon in black, white or the same shade as the goods. The collar, if it be a high one, is faced in the same way.

Satin foulards in small, neat designs and in soft yet gay colors are to be immensely popular this spring and summer. Rose, beige, tan and reseda will be the favored shades. Lace will be used in profusion for trimming.

It is said that the large Leghorn hat with sentimental droop is to be a feature of the summer millinery. The crown will be rather high and encircled by a rose wreath, and the brim will be adorned by a wide, soft ribbon drapery, caught on the edge in front and tied in a bow at the back.



FASHION NOTES

Flounces on some of the silk petticoats are now feathered.

The newest veils have a tiny gold dot by the side of the dot of chenille.

Gold quills are used for hat trimming, and so are rosettes of dotted chiffon.

The new embroidered India mulls are wrought in designs as fine and delicate as real lace.

A novel and striking evening gown has a deep V in the back, filled in with white chiffon and strapped across with black velvet ribbon.

Many new coats have revers faced with shimmered chiffon in black, white or the same shade as the goods. The collar, if it be a high one, is faced in the same way.

Satin foulards in small, neat designs and in soft yet gay colors are to be immensely popular this spring and summer. Rose, beige, tan and reseda will be the favored shades. Lace will be used in profusion for trimming.

It is said that the large Leghorn hat with sentimental droop is to be a feature of the summer millinery. The crown will be rather high and encircled by a rose wreath, and the brim will be adorned by a wide, soft ribbon drapery, caught on the edge in front and tied in a bow at the back.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN

Lost Hours.

"I say good-night and go up stairs, And then undress and say my prayers Beside my bed, and then jump in it; And then—the very next minute—The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep, But seems to me," said little Ted, "It's not worth while to go to bed."

—St. Nicholas.

Affection of Sea Gulls.

That sea gulls are possessed with strong affection for each other was clearly demonstrated near the Ogdensburg ferry dock the other day. Two of these birds, evidently mates, were flying over the water about 500 feet from the ferry dock, when a man shot one of them. As the dead bird was lying on the water her mate did everything in his power to help her up. He would fly close to her, and several times tried with his bill to raise her out of the water. He hovered around the spot some time after the dead bird was taken away.—Boston Weekly Bonquet.

Where Camphor Comes From.

A page of the St. Nicholas is filled with a paper by Ralph Benton entitled "Talking of Camphor."

"Where does this come from," asked Sandy McLauren, picking a block of camphor out of a jar that stood on the counter.

The druggist at the corner near Sandy's home was a good friend to all the boys, and they liked to ask him questions.

"Camphor? That is a long story." The speaker and questioner sat down behind the prescription counter. Have you ever noticed that row of lindens down on Fourth street, near the grammar school? Well, the tree that produces camphor looks very much like any one of those. It grows in China, Japan and other parts of eastern Asia. Occasionally a camphor tree becomes so old and so large that it is a veritable landmark. In 1691, for instance, a traveler in Japan described a tree which he found that was 36 feet about the trunk. Almost a century and a half later the same tree was said by another traveler to be 50 feet around.

"Did your grandmother ever make you take a few drops of spirit of camphor? You know what a fiery taste it has, then. You wouldn't think that camphor and the cinnamon sticks that you like so well are first cousins; but they belong to the same botanical family.

If you take one of the shiny green leaves from a camphor tree and rub it gently between two stones, you smell the same odor as comes to you when you take the lid off a camphor jar. Every part of the tree contains its part of the gum, but the bulk of it comes from the root, trunk, and branches. The first step is to reduce the tree to chips, and these are put into iron vessels having a cone shaped cover lined with rice straw. Then the vessels are heated, and the camphor is driven out of the chips. Do you know what I mean when I use the word 'volatile'?" No? Well, a thing is volatile that seems to fly off in the air. Now, camphor is volatile; it is capable of being changed into vapor. When heat is applied to the iron vessels the camphor is volatilized, but it condenses almost at once; that is, it is changed to a multitude of tiny little lumps of solid camphor, which fasten themselves on the straw that lines the cover. It is then scraped from the straw, refined and pressed into blocks.

"Is camphor used for anything but medicine and to keep off moths?" asked Sandy.

"I was just coming to that. Strange as it may seem, we can get a substance from it that looks almost like ivory—hard and beautifully white. Go out to the first show case on the left and bring me a white comb and one of those hand mirrors with a white back."

Sandy looked puzzled as he obeyed.

"This material," tapping the back of the mirror, "is called celluloid, and it is made from camphor and cotton. It is used for hair brushes, soap boxes, knife handles, and many other articles. In another field we find that it plays its part in changing the map of the world or shaping in the destiny of a nation. Camphor is used in making smokeless gunpowder. Our country certainly learned the value of it in the summer of '98."

"Why," Sandy ventured, "I should think with all the big armies everywhere that most of the camphor would be used for powder."

"A great deal of it is. That is why camphor has been so dear for a number of years past."

"Couldn't tar camphor be used?"

"Oh, no.—Tar camphor is really not camphor at all, though somebody discovered about 12 years ago that it would take the place of camphor in preventing the ravages of moths. For many years it was thrown away; it was a puzzle to get rid of it. It comes in a roundabout way, from bituminous coal. When this kind of coal is heated in a certain way it is split into gas (used for lighting), a heavy black liquid (coal tar) and coke; and it is from the coal tar that tar camphor is made. I couldn't begin to tell you all about coal tar in one night, Sandy. Some other time we'll talk about it again."

Can I Make a Farm Pay?

Writing an answer to the often put question, "Can I Make a Farm Pay?" Professor Bailey of Cornell, gives in The World's Work some good advice. There must be, first of all, he says, a love of independence, a love of the country and an ambition to work for the world's sake. Speaking of the love of country life he says:

"Half of country life is in the living. It is in the point of view. It is in the way in which we look at things. Thorax rejoiced when it rained, because he knew that his beans were happy. One day my man was agitated because the woodchucks were eating the beans. He would go to town at once and buy a gun. I asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of \$3 to \$4. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. If he had a gun, he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the beans would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the woodchucks, and at daylight morning after morning I had watched the animals as they stole from the bushes, sniffed the soft morning air, and nibbled the crisp young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice \$4 for much less entertainment. My neighbor thought that I ought to cut out the briars in the fence corner. I told him that I liked to see the briars there. He remarked that some folks are fools. I replied that it is fun to be a fool."

Valuable Philippine Forests.

The Philippine commission in its report on the forestry of the archipelago says that the timber-producing trees have been classified in order of their commercial value as follows: Superior group, 12 species; first group, 17 species; second group, 49 species; third group, 74 species; fourth group, 200 species; fifth group, 33 species; total species, 385. It is certain that there still remains more than 50 species not yet classified. Included in this list are very hard woods, capable of taking a beautiful polish; woods that resist climatic influences and are proof against the attacks of white ants; woods especially suited to use for set piling, on account of their imperviousness to the attacks of teredo navalis, or for railroad ties, because they last extremely well when placed in the ground; in short, there are woods for every imaginable use.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50 cents.

A handsome bronze memorial tablet in honor of Pontiac, the famous Indian, was recently unveiled with appropriate ceremonies by the Daughters of the American Revolution in St. Louis, Mo. The tablet was placed in the Southern Hotel, immediately over the spot where Pontiac was buried in 1769.

Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee, 16 and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

How Coal is Made.

An interesting case of rapid transformation of peckwood, or "lignum vitae," into coal has been reported by Mr. G. Arth. The peckwood had been inserted into the heating footstool of a 12-horse power Jonval turbine, which was making 112 revolutions. The revolving mass weighed about 900 pounds. The peckwood, on which the steel pivot of the shaft rested, was not always under water, but it would always be wet. When the turbine had been running for six months some repairs became necessary, and it was observed that the peckwood had turned black in its upper portion; the wood was brittle, and the fracture strongly resembled that of coal; many fissures were noticed. The lower portion of the wood was not altered. The black wood contained 2.75 per cent. of moisture. Dried in vacuo, it yielded on analysis, 3.9 per cent. of ashes, 1.86 of hydrogen, 69.76 per cent. of carbon, and the heating value of the dry material was found to be 7,100 calories. The substance would thus occupy an intermediate position between lignite and coal. This transformation had been effected within the short period of six months, and the temperature could not have risen to any high degree. The change would, therefore, appear to be due essentially to continued friction of the wet wood. The author concludes that we need hardly believe in the long periods which geologists demand for the formation of our coal fields.—Monteur Industrial.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last twenty years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WEST & TUTTAR Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KENNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In South Australia there are only eighty-five women for every 100 men.

How You Suffer Dyspepsia

Send no money, but write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Box 148, for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative; express paid. If cured, pay \$5.50; if not, it is free.

The man who lives on the top of a mountain shouldn't object to climate.

Free's Vermifuge Saves Lives.

Children and mother know it cures them of worms. 25c. Druggists and country stores.

It is better to believe everything you hear than to believe nothing.

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

The Public Library of Chicago has 260,000 volumes.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the heart and lungs.—Wm. O. ENKLEY, Vandalia, Ind., Feb. 19, 1900.

Rhode Island is one of the thirteen original States and smallest in the Union.

The ambidextrous chap can make his left hand his write hand.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the human system. Protect yourself against its ravages by the use of Deenman's Peppin Gum.

Many a fellow has gone broke on a friendly tip.

Where Camphor Comes From.

A page of the St. Nicholas is filled with a paper by Ralph Benton entitled "Talking of Camphor."

"Where does this come from," asked Sandy McLauren, picking a block of camphor out of a jar that stood on the counter.

The druggist at the corner near Sandy's home was a good friend to all the boys, and they liked to ask him questions.

"Camphor? That is a long story." The speaker and questioner sat down behind the prescription counter. Have you ever noticed that row of lindens down on Fourth street, near the grammar school? Well, the tree that produces camphor looks very much like any one of those. It grows in China, Japan and other parts of eastern Asia. Occasionally a camphor tree becomes so old and so large that it is a veritable landmark. In 1691, for instance, a traveler in Japan described a tree which he found that was 36 feet about the trunk. Almost a century and a half later the same tree was said by another traveler to be 50 feet around.

"Did your grandmother ever make you take a few drops of spirit of camphor? You know what a fiery taste it has, then. You wouldn't think that camphor and the cinnamon sticks that you like so well are first cousins; but they belong to the same botanical family.

If you take one of the shiny green leaves from a camphor tree and rub it gently between two stones, you smell the same odor as comes to you when you take the lid off a camphor jar. Every part of the tree contains its part of the gum, but the bulk of it comes from the root, trunk, and branches. The first step is to reduce the tree to chips, and these are put into iron vessels having a cone shaped cover lined with rice straw. Then the vessels are heated, and the camphor is driven out of the chips. Do you know what I mean when I use the word 'volatile'?" No? Well, a thing is volatile that seems to fly off in the air. Now, camphor is volatile; it is capable of being changed into vapor. When heat is applied to the iron vessels the camphor is volatilized, but it condenses almost at once; that is, it is changed to a multitude of tiny little lumps of solid camphor, which fasten themselves on the straw that lines the cover. It is then scraped from the straw, refined and pressed into blocks.

"Is camphor used for anything but medicine and to keep off moths?" asked Sandy.

"I was just coming to that. Strange as it may seem, we can get a substance from it that looks almost like ivory—hard and beautifully white. Go out to the first show case on the left and bring me a white comb and one of those hand mirrors with a white back."

Sandy looked puzzled as he obeyed.

"This material," tapping the back of the mirror, "is called celluloid, and it is made from camphor and cotton. It is used for hair brushes, soap boxes, knife handles, and many other articles. In another field we find that it plays its part in changing the map of the world or shaping in the destiny of a nation. Camphor is used in making smokeless gunpowder. Our country certainly learned the value of it in the summer of '98."

"Why," Sandy ventured, "I should think with all the big armies everywhere that most of the camphor would be used for powder."

"A great deal of it is. That is why camphor has been so dear for a number of years past."

"Couldn't tar camphor be used?"

"Oh, no.—Tar camphor is really not camphor at all, though somebody discovered about 12 years ago that it would take the place of camphor in preventing the ravages of moths. For many years it was thrown away; it was a puzzle to get rid of it. It comes in a roundabout way, from bituminous coal. When this kind of coal is heated in a certain way it is split into gas (used for lighting), a heavy black liquid (coal tar) and coke; and it is from the coal tar that tar camphor is made. I couldn't begin to tell you all about coal tar in one night, Sandy. Some other time we'll talk about it again."

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/2 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Chicago is still pre-eminently the leading port of the great lakes. A total of 7089 vessels entered the harbor up to December 1. Buffalo, Cleveland and Milwaukee were close rivals for second place. The record shows 3864 entrances at Buffalo, 3343 at Cleveland and 3087 at Milwaukee.

German Farmers Rely on Camphor.

Recent reports to our department of agriculture indicate that farming is conducted in Germany on more improved and scientific principles than anywhere else in the world, says the Youth's Companion. The German farmers employ less machinery but more chemistry. They pay very close attention to the fertilization of the soil. Yet with all their efforts and all the advantages of their advanced science they are unable to fully supply the demand of the population of Germany for breadstuffs. They do supply several tenths of that demand, but the remaining one-eighth, which has to be imported from abroad, amounted in 1890 to more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat alone.

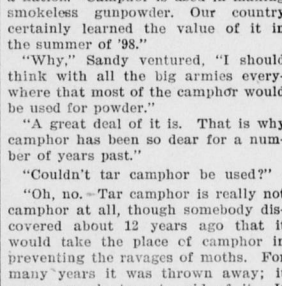
Mexico buys all of its shears and sharp-edged tools from the United States.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symp-



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.

toms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store. Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

WEATHERWISE AND OTHERWISE!

WHY DON'T YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BAIT SLICKER AND KEEP DRY!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK. CATALOGUES FREE. Showing Full Line of Garments and Hats. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., 40

AGENTS WANTED

for the **Broad Sash Hook and Brohad Beer Holder**

Active workers everywhere can earn big money always a steady demand for our goods. Samples sent free. Terms, 50c per dozen. For catalogue and terms, send 1c. THE PERKINS CO., Department 12, Philadelphia, Pa.

P. O. No. 10, 1901.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives relief quick relief and cures worst cases. Boxes of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. B. GARDNER, 2008, Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

WOMEN WHO TAKE ALL THESE PILLS will find relief from all ailments. Sold by druggists.