

# "Now Don't Get the Blues."



When a cheerful, brave and light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture.

It is usually this way: She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous.

Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing.

Her husband says, "Now, don't get the blues! You will be all right after you have taken the doctor's medicine."

But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake.

She loses faith; hope vanishes; then comes the morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. She should have been told just what the trouble was, but probably she withheld some information from the doctor, who, therefore, is unable to accurately locate her particular illness.

Mrs. Pinkham has relieved thousands of women from just this kind of trouble, and now retains their grateful letters in her library as proof of the great assistance she has rendered them. This same assistance awaits every sick woman in the land.



### Mrs. Winifred Allender's Letter.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have received from your wonderful remedies. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I was a misery to myself and every one around me. I suffered terrible pain in my back, head, and right side, was very nervous, would cry for hours. Menstrues would appear sometimes in two weeks, then again not for three or four months. I was so tired and weak, could not sleep nights, sharp pains would dart through my heart that would almost cause me to fall. "My mother coaxed me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had no faith in it, but to please her I did so. The first bottle helped me so much that I continued its use. I am now well and weigh more than I ever did in my life."—MRS. WINIFRED ALLENDER, Farmington, Ill.

**\$5000 REWARD** Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

**23 CENTS** PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

The straw-plaiting industry of England gives employment to about 50,000 women and 4,000 to 5,000 men. "The Sauce that made West Point famous." **McILHENNY'S TABASCO.**

**W. L. DOUGLAS** UNION MADE. **\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES**

The real worth of my \$2.00 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. My \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Best in the world for men. I make and sell more men's fine shoes. Good year. Welt Hand-Sewed Process, than any other manufacturer in the world. I will pay \$1,000 to any one who can prove that my statement is not true. (Signed) W. L. Douglas. Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them; I give one day or exclusive sale in each town. If he does not keep them and will not get them for you, order direct from factory, enclosing price and 2% extra for carriage. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers. New Spring Catalog free. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



**Fast Growth in Arctic Summer.** Things grow very fast in the short Arctic summer. As soon as the snow melts off in many places the ground is covered with a vine which bears a small berry something like a huckleberry, porwong it is called. It is sour and has a pungent taste, and the Indians leave off work and go porwong hunting, cramming themselves with the berries.

Three miles from the village of Krisvik, in the great volcanic district of Iceland, there is a whole mountain composed of eruptive clays and pure white sulphur. A beautiful grotto penetrates the western slope to an unknown depth.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES** are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

In 1840 Europe produced four-fifths of all the grain in the world. Now she grows barely half.

In the real estate business a great deal depends upon putting up a good front.

**Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.** A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Ginnell, LeRoy, N. Y.

Navigation between British ports is not restricted to vessels flying the British flag.

**Frey's Emulsion** Has been curing children of worms for 60 yrs. 25 cents. At Druggists and country stores.

Some seventy different varieties of olives are grown in California.

**If You Have Rheumatism** Send no money, but write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Box 148, for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, exp. paid. If cured pay \$5.50. If not, it is free.

The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.

Among the many remedies offered for the cure of headaches nothing equals the Garfield Headache Powder; they cure quickly and surely, and have no bad after effect.

A man may be pardoned for shouting "rubber" in a Turkish bath.

Prosperity makes more fools than adversity.

The stomach has to work hard, grinding the food we crowd into it. Make it work easy by chewing DeWitt's Peppin Gum.

There are six species of mosquito found in New England.

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

Athletic sports are taking strong hold in the European universities.

I do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOVON, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Vertical writing has been abandoned in the Toronto (Ont.) schools.

In 1840 the silk factories of Prussia employed 14,000 operators.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Alaska has only .11 of an inhabitant to the square mile.

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

France has 684 towns with more than 5000 inhabitants.

When the head begins to ache, take a Garfield Headache Powder and immediate relief will be your reward. Send to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for samples. They are harmless and genuinely good.

The first tavern in Boston opened in 1633, and stood on Merchants' row.

**WHY GET SOAKED WHEN TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING WILL KEEP YOU DRY!** HARDEST STORM! SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. 42.

**Polistes, the Paper Maker.** Hiding in some crevice about your house or the school building there is probably a wasp which naturalists call Polistes. She has been there ever since the cold weather came. In the spring you may see her tearing off pieces of wood from some unpainted building or weather-worn fence. Let us see what she is going to do.

This wasp is the founder of a colony. The first thing she does is to select a place for her home. Then she makes a few cells—only a few for she has no help. When you find her nest you will see how the comb is fastened to the roof or a tree or to the under side of a stone. As soon as the cells are completed the mother lays an egg in each. From these eggs the larvae are hatched. They are fed by the mother until they become pupae. The cells are sealed over while the wasps are in the pupa state. They have to break open the seals before they can come out.

All of the first brood are workers. As soon as they are hatched the mother has nothing to do but to provide eggs. They clean out the cells in which they passed their early days; they make additions to the nests; they take care of the young. Do you remember how the Vespa workers prepared food for the larvae in their colony and what they fed them? The young Polistes are cared for in the same way.

You may see the workers flying about in your garden this summer, getting the sweets from the flowers that you have planted. You will know why they are so busy through the long sunny days. You will think of the



**CHILDREN'S COLMAN'S MUSTARD**  
Do the Work That's Nearest.  
Do the work that's nearest, Though it's dull at whiles; Helping when you meet them, Lame dogs over stiles; See in every hedgerow Marks of angels' feet, Epics in each pebble Underneath our feet.  
Charles Kingsley.

**The Moments Well Employed.**

"When I was a freshman in Williams college," said Garfield, "I looked out one night and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so, and passed above my rival. I smile today at the old rivalry, but I am thankful for the way my attention was called to the value of a little margin of time, well employed. I have since learned that it is just such a margin, whether of time or attention, or earnestness of power, that wins in every battle, great or small."

**Strange Capture of a Catfish.**

A farmer and his son, living near Jefferson City, Mo., were recently fishing in the Moreau river. They were standing on the trunk of a big sycamore tree that had fallen over the stream and was partly submerged in the water, when a peculiar bumping noise that came from the inside of the log attracted their attention, and they began to investigate. They supposed at first that there was some sort of a wild animal in the hollow of the log, and on cutting it open were astounded to find that it was a 65-pound catfish. It had evidently made a dip into the hollow log during high water and did not attempt to get out until after the freshet had gone down, and then was stranded, as there was not sufficient water in the log to permit his exit. It was a blue channel cat and furnished choice steaks for the farmer's table for a week.

**Can Water Flow Uphill?**

That question may at once be answered in the negative, for water, like everything else, is subject to the law of gravitation, and cannot, therefore, flow uphill. How is it then, it may be asked, that the Mississippi river pours its waters into the Gulf of Mexico at a point that is three miles farther from the center of the earth than its source? The earth, it must be remembered, is not a perfect sphere, but a spheroid; that is to say, it bulges at the equator, and is flattened at the poles. If it were all covered with water, therefore, the surface of the water would have the form of a spheroid. That is the form that the surface of the ocean has, and the scientists call it a surface of equilibrium, because the water has no tendency, without some disturbing influence, to flow in any direction.

If, therefore, the country through which the Mississippi flows had the level that an ocean would have if one were there, it would not flow at all; but if an ocean were there, its surface at the point where the mouth of the river is would be three and one-half miles farther from the center of the earth than the point where the head of the river is. This we know, because that is the determined curvature of the earth along that line.

But as the mouth of the river is only three miles farther from the center of the earth than its source, it is half a mile below the regular curvature of the earth at that point, and it is this depression that gives the river a fall of half a mile from its surface to its mouth. It does not flow uphill, therefore, but down hill, in obedience to the law of gravitation.—Philadelphia Record.

**Colors of the Oyster Shell.**

Of all the delicate and wonderful instruments invented by scientists there is hardly one that is not duplicated in nature. However ingenious it may seem and however original, Mother Nature generally has its counterpart hid away somewhere. When the astronomers began to analyze sunlight they found that it was made up of many different colors. A plain bar of white light passing through a prism was broken up into a very rainbow, each separate color of which was found to represent a chemical element—iron, sodium, or some other ingredient of which the sun is composed. But prisms did not seem to divide light finely enough to suit the astronomers, so they went to work and made something better. Upon a plate of metal they scratched an infinite number of invisible lines—scratched then in a marvelous machine which they invented for the purpose, 20,000 of them to a single inch—and called the metal plate a "diffraction grating." With this instrument and a long series of calculations and experiments they were able to arrive at very correct ideas of the sun's chemistry, and later they found that the light of a star could be taken to pieces in the same way. It was a great discovery and the astronomers took a great deal of pride in it.

But, lo, Mother Nature had been using the same principle for ages, the countless changing tints of an oyster shell were so beautiful of themselves that most people had been content to enjoy them without seeking their cause. But everything has a cause—usually a most interesting one—and the iridescent mother of pearl resembled the astronomers' diffraction grating so closely that they decided to look into the matter. Everything upon our little world obtains its color by dissecting white sunlight in its own peculiar fashion, and when the oyster shell was put under a microscope it was seen to be simply a diffraction grating, nothing more. Its apparently smooth surface was made up of thousands of minute lines and it got its rainbow tints by dividing the sunlight into its original elements—beetles, for example—were ruled in the same way, and an impression of them in white sealing wax gave off the same colors. So the astronomers, who were not in the least jealous, decided that if any patents rights were due on the invention they belonged to Mother Nature by priority of discovery.—Chicago Record.

**Tripple, the Paper Maker.**

In Tripoli barley constitutes the bulk of the food of the people. The area under this crop constitutes about three-fourths of the cultivated land, and the annual crop is from 1,400,000 to 2,000,000 bushels.

hungry little wasps waiting for their dinner. You will wonder whether they put their heads out of the cells when the workers feed them.—Cornell, Junior Naturalist Monthly.

**A Spider's Home.**

"What all our new clock?" said papa one day as he came home from work and found mamma just putting on the potato kettle in order to get dinner. "It is 12 o'clock now, and our clock lacks a whole half-hour of the right time."

"I don't know," said mamma: "It has always kept very good time until now."

Just then Elsa came running in from school, saying, "O mamma, I was late at school this morning, and Miss Prentiss was so sorry because she had been teaching the children a new song that I missed!"

Papa moved both hands of the clock around until both pointed straight up. Now Elsa knew what time it was, and guessed why she had been late that morning. "Now, Elsa," said papa, "run over to Aunt Jennie's to see if we can borrow her watch for a day. If our clock keeps on telling the wrong time, we might be late again tomorrow without the watch."

Elsa skipped away, pleased to help papa, and pleased to think that Aunt Jennie might slip the watch-chain around her neck and the pretty watch into her apron pocket, so that she could wear it all way home. When she came back the watch was hung up on a nail beside the clock. The next morning, when papa looked, he found that the clock was slower than ever; but he again set it right with the watch. It would not keep up, but grew slower and slower, until finally it stopped altogether.

"Now," said papa, "I will open the door that has always been tightly closed, to see if I can find out the trouble with our new clock." Elsa and mamma peeped over his shoulder; and what do you suppose they saw? Why, somebody's home, all fixed up there among the pretty wheels, with curtains, draperies and other silken things. The one who made all this was scampering away as fast as his six little legs could carry him.

"That's right," said papa, "hurry away, for you have just tied our clock up with so much spinning that it cannot go at all. You and the clock are both such busy workers; but you cannot work together, so you had better fix up a home somewhere else."

Papa brushed the spider's work all away, when the wheels commenced turning, and the pendulum said its soft "tick-tock" again. Baby waved his tiny hand to show how the clock goes; for he had been watching, too. Papa set the hands again with Aunt Jennie's watch, and the next morning both were telling the right time. The watch was now carried home to Aunt Jennie, and after this the clock told papa just when to get up, mamma just when to get breakfast, Elsa just when to get ready for school, and nobody need be late any more on account of not knowing the right time.—The Child's Garden.

**Might and Might Not.**

It was consoling to a well known East End resident a short time ago when he called a physician to go into consultation with the family doctor and diagnose a case. A little son was seriously ill, and the father wanted everything done that was known in materia medica. After the two physicians had been in consultation for some time the father asked of the consulting physician what they thought of the case.

"Well," said the physician who had been called, "your son may get well and he may not."

"Can that be possible?" said the father. "I ought to have called a motorman. I've made a mistake."

"About what?" asked the physician. "In calling you. A motorman could have told me the same thing, and I knew my little boy would either get well or he wouldn't before I sent for you."

Now the physician wants the father to pay \$5 consultation fee, and the father swears he never will. The child recovered.—Louisville (Ky.) Commercial.

**Be Returned It.**

Wit has often saved an offender from punishment in military as well as in civil life.

Not long since a non-commissioned officer entering a barrack gate in Dublin was mistaken by the "fresh one" on sentry, who immediately "came to the shoulder."

The noncom, unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute—a thing not permissible in the circumstances. Arrived at his quarters, he shortly received an order to attend before the colonel.

On presenting himself he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it.

Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered: "Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to."

His ready wit pleased the colonel, who laughingly dismissed him.—London Spare Moments.

**Observations.**

A gentleman is told by his deeds, a parvenue by his "breaks."

By refusing to listen to secrets one is saved unlimited trouble. The sweetest of a poor man delights in little social sacrifices—if she is a sweetheart. To be beautiful and wise is not common, but to be neat and loyal is possible to all women. A man of the world may treat his equal cavalierly, but he never will those dependent upon him. Courtesy is to man what daintiness is to woman—a beautiful thing to be known by. When a woman is popular with men she is astounded to find any who lack polish and gallantry toward her.—Philadelphia Gallant.

**FROM WASHDAY** From Monday to Saturday—at every turn in the kitchen work—a Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stove will save labor, time and expense—and keep the cook comfortable. No bulky fuel to prepare or carry, no waiting for the fire to come up or die down; a fraction of the expense of the ordinary stove. A

**Wickless BLUE FLAME Oil Stove**

will boil, bake, broil or fry better than a coal stove. It is safe and cleanly—can not become greasy, can not emit any odor. Made in several sizes, from one burner to five. If your dealer does not have them, write to nearest agency of

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