



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable. I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do. Her advice is free and helpful.

No other medicine for women in the world has received such widespread and unequalled endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

**New Shell With a Tracer.** The artillery forces at Fort Riley are experimenting with a new shell fitted with what is known as the Semple tracer. This tracer is a small cylinder at the base of the shell, filled with a composition which is ignited by the discharge of the gun. In burning it traces the trajectory of the shell from the gun to the point of fall. It furnishes a quick means of determining range at night. Traveling at about 2,000 feet a second, the shells have the appearance of comets. At the point of the fall the tracer leaves the shell and shoots straight up into the air about 100 feet and then, turning all aglare, shoots to the ground where the shooting star over the spot where the shell strikes.

**Square With the Government.** Two years ago Mr. M. H. Sherrod signed from the position of postmaster at Charlotte. He was checked up by his successor installed, and that he had the affair to Mr. Sherrod's liking. But the other day he got a formidable looking document from the Post Office Department enclosing a check drawn with all the elaborate details that would mark a draft for \$2,000,000, for the sum of 2 cents. A final checking up of his accounts had shown that he overpaid the Government by that amount.—Goodland News.

**Better Fruits—Better Profits** Better peaches, apples, pears and berries are produced when Potash is liberally applied to the soil. To insure a full crop, of choicest quality, use a fertilizer containing not less than 10 per cent. actual

**Potash** Send for our practical books of information; they are not advertising pamphlets, but special fertilizers, but are authoritative treatises. Sent free for the asking. GERMAN KALI WORKS New York—41 Nassau St., or Atlanta, Ga.—215 North Broad Street.

**Doan's Backache Kidney Pills** I had taken five boxes. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

**THE RELIGION OF THE WOOD.**

Under the great cathedral of the sky, Far down the pillared aisles of ash and pine, I join the prayer of poppies bended low, And count the beaded rosary of the vine. A transept of blue heaves overhead, A choir of birds half hid in copse and shade, My worship is the pleading of the pine, The burning adoration of a star. The pleading of the pine that reaches up With outstretched arms, "bonding as a child— The trees, are they not born into the faith That when the sun has shined, then God has smiled? The joyous lark, high-mounted on his song, Has lifted me in rapture from the sod; And though I tarry, huddle in the grass, I am a little while the guest of God! And like this untaught winged heart of song, Sweeter for liberty, the breezes fill The vale with holy incense of the flowers, And consecrate the altar of the hill. The sunlit altar of the hill, far up The pillared aisles of arching ash and pine, Where nature offers daily sacrifice, And night and day keep watch before her shrine. And now, at eve, the priestly hour has dawned A purple vestment for the vesper mass; The stars have lit the tapers of the dew, And here and there a kneeling in the grass. Thro' the misty haze of the offery note, A blood-red host—the official sun— The immolation of a dying day!—Aloysius Coll, in Lippincott's Magazine.

**CHLOE and the STILE**

As we came down the field of waving corn on Laven-der Hill Chloe was talking quite heroically of life. Her hair had been blown a little and admired disorder by the bluff wind on the beach, her cheeks were flushed with health and beauty, and she was mistress and queen of herself and her domain. For me, my eyes went from her bright and significant face across the gray green oats in which we walked breath high, and back again in serene contentment. What did it matter that she was prepared to give battle to the monster-Man? Let him perish. The hills were ablaze with light, the fields with charlie; we moved in the sun's eye, but Chloe looked as cool as a primrose in her mistlin, despite the heat of her opinions. "I can't really understand a sensible man like you taking up a position like that," said she. "I had taken no position, except the one by her side, but I defended myself weakly. "Well, you see, we inherit these pre-possessions and prejudices from our savage ancestors, I suppose. "That's just it," said Chloe eagerly. "You admit it, then? Savage! Of course, they were savages. You've given away your case." "I never really had any case, but I didn't say so. "I suppose I have," I said, ruefully. "You know it," said Miss Bohun firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend that women are in any way inferior to men, except, of course," she added, quickly, "in regard to physical strength."

"And even then there were Amazons," I suggested. She cast a glance at me. "Yes, there were the Amazons," she said, "which shows—" "And the women do all the hard work among the aboriginals," I went on. She gave me another glance. "And that again shows—" she began, with less confidence. "Do you know," I said, stopping in mid-feld to observe her critically, "I believe that if you only practiced a little you would be more than a match for a man." She looked away across the corn. "Do—do you think so?" she said, hesitatingly; and added, after a pause: "I don't think I am so—I'm not what you'd call muscular."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, examining her appraisingly; "but sinewy, say." "How absurd!" said Chloe, quite snappishly, as she walked on. I followed. The deep, spreading shadows of the bushes at the end of the field enveloped us. "Another stile," said I, cheerfully. "Dear me, that's the fourth!" said Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd make gates between the fields." "A stile's more picturesque," said I. "Very possibly," said Miss Bohun, indifferently. "It's certainly not as convenient." "Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one thing, at any rate, in which men are superior. They can negotiate a stile." "Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I should have thought the feat was not impossible for a woman." I pursued up my lips. "Any woman can get over stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my skepticism. "Oh, I've no doubt," I said, politely. "It's nonsense your saying that when I can see you don't believe it," said Miss Bohun. "You're simply pleased to be sarcastic all along." I shrugged my shoulders. She marched coldly and confidentially toward the stile. It took off a high ground which, I suppose, accounted for the absence of a step. But there were two cross bars to assist the climber. I thought Chloe's face fell as she noted it. "Let me give you a hand," I said. "Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't want any assistance. It's quite easy." She put the hand which was not encumbered by the sunshade on the top bar and placed one neat foot on the lowest. Then she hesitated. "Perhaps I'd better take the sunshade," I suggested. She did not answer at once; then, "If you wish it," she replied nonchalantly, "though it's of no consequence." I took the sunshade and waited. Chloe's two feet were now on the lowest bar. She peered over. The stile let down beyond in a big drop into a kind of hollow or ditch. "Oh!" said she. "I didn't—I was still waiting."

"I wish you'd go on and not stare in that atrocious way," said she, with asperity.

I begged pardon, vaulted the stile with one hand and strolled on. Presently I looked back. Miss Bohun was seated astride the top bar, clinging with both hands to it. Her face was deeply flushed. "Do go on!" she called out, vehemently. I went on leisurely. But, somehow, I could not make up my mind to walk briskly. She did not join me, so I flung myself on the grass and pulled out a cigarette. Then I heard my name called in a distressful voice. I stood up and looked around. Miss Bohun was stride the top bar and she was pinker than ever. "Please come—don't be so unkind!" she cried, with tears in her voice. I hurried back like the wind. "Oh, just give me your hand!" panted Chloe, nervously lifting one from the bar. "I can't—it's such a long drop. I can't get my foot—"

"Wait a bit," said I, considering. "You're half way over now. You've only got to lift that foot off the bar and—"

"I shall go over. I know I shall go over," she said, pathetically. "No, you won't," said I. "It only requires confidence. Imagine you're on a horse, and—"

"But I don't ride a horse this way," said Chloe, miserably. "No," said I, "but men do; and women are just as good as—"

"It's cruel of you—it's beastly, when I'm in such peril!" sobbed Miss Bohun. She clutched wildly for me with the trembling hand she had disengaged. I seized it and her.

"Now, just lift that foot," I enjoined. Chloe's weight lay limp on my shoulder. "I can't get it free. It's stuck," she said pitifully. I moved closer, still with my burden on my shoulder, and loosed the dainty foot. "Now," I said. She lifted it gingerly. "Don't mind your ankles," I said. "Oh, but I am—" Her foot went back. "Shut your eyes, please," she entreated. I shut my eyes. The next instant the weight on me was doubled and two arms went strangely about my neck. As I have explained, the foothold descended into the hollow. I went down precipitately on my head. I saw several corn fields and two or three stiles; also more than one Chloe. But I seemed content to be there. Miss Bohun extricated herself quickly. "Oh, are you hurt? Oh, how dreadful of me!" she said. "Oh, please do speak." "I liked it," I said, "and I'm only hurt in one place." "I—you frightened me," she said, with a serious little laugh. "I'm so sorry. Is it your head?" "I shook it and sat up. "No, luckily I was born thick headed." "Your—your knee?" she inquired again, hesitatingly. "Certainly not my knee," I replied. "Then—Chloe turned away. She might have asked further questions, but she didn't. She was busy smoothing her skirt. "I can't think why they make such horrible things," she said. "Oh, but any woman can get over a stile," I told her. She made no reply, but turned right away. "Please," I called. "won't you help me up?" Miss Bohun turned back reluctantly. I made a face of pain. "It's your ankle?" she said, with sudden anxiety. I winced and took her hand, and then I was on my feet, with that hand in mine. "No, it's here," I said in a low voice, laying my hand on my heart. "It was here long ago." I drew her to me. "Do you always do that to people you help over stiles?" asked Chloe, between a smile and a sob.—H. B. Marriott-Watson, in the Sketch.



A Mitten or Spectacles Holder. A mitten or spectacles holder made in canoe fashion—cut out two pieces of a red or some colored paste board box, lace them together at the bottom and paste a paper around the bottom to correspond; cover the lacing, cut some flowers out of a seed catalogue and paste on in some dainty form.

Babies' Booties. The variety of booties seems inexhaustible. One cunning pair show a sandal effect. They are knitted in white with two rows of blue at the top and blue baby ribbon at the ankle. The sandal effect is accentuated by a knitted roll of blue applied at the sandal line. Long carriage booties are very useful, says Harper's Bazar, as they cover a part of a baby's anatomy quite frequently overlooked. The feet and legs are knitted in the usual way, but a shaped knee is added, and the leg extended several inches above the knee. A ribbon run through near the top holds them in place.

Girls, Please Don't! Forget that a trusted chum may some day become a pronounced enemy. Neglect the finishing touches of your morning attire. Become rude when a man says nice things of other girls.

Talk too much about the boys you know in the presence of strangers. Give yourselves airs because your father happens to be wealthy. Bestow affection on a man who is unknown to your mother. Imagine your father does not take notice of what you are doing. Speak to your brother as though he were in duty bound to wait on you. Forget that modesty ranks as one of the cardinal virtues.

Care of the Hair. Every woman will frankly admit one thing in another, and that is beautiful hair, and even as she expresses her admiration she is likely to say that she wishes hers were as pretty, remarks the New Haven Register. There are few heads of hair which may not be beautiful if only a woman will care for it properly. No hair in the world, however thick, will be glossy and at its best unless time is taken to keep it in order. Many women seem not to realize this. There is more than brushing and combing to be done, and especially now should attention be paid to other details. These apply to airing and resting the hair, and if they are done the head will be found in a good condition.

The hair should be given air, and in this connection it is possible, especially now, to adopt a style of coiffure that will do much toward allowing fresh air to reach the scalp. Paris has decreed that the hair shall be dressed low, and this admits of leaving the top of the head free of coils, which form a hot cushion, and of putting the knot in the neck. This then leaves the head comparatively free, though even yet fashion clings to a pompadour, which means wearing a roll that is heating. Resting the hair is merely letting it have a change from the usual manner of dressing, and this is most important.

If the hair is always done one way it will wear thin, and as the strain always comes in the same place in the scalp it will pull out there. It is well to have two ways of dressing it, and alternate every few days, but the most important rest is given at night. If one can allow the hair to remain loose at night without being made nervous by it this is the best rest it can be given, for there is no strain or pulling of braids. But few women can stand loose hair about their face on the pillow, and so they must do the next best thing. This is to braid it loosely. Never under any condition allow it to remain "done up" at night. In the morning, if possible, give your hair a good brushing with a good brush, and then adopt the coiffure decreed by the French.

Sign of the Patch. Mrs. Murray had advertised for a skilled gardener to work by the day in her yard, and somewhat to her embarrassment she was obliged to choose between two applicants who appeared at the same moment. As she stood on her doorstep, questioning first one and then the other, she became aware that her mother-in-law, seated on the porch a short distance from the men and directly behind them, was frantically gesticulating.

The old lady, satisfied at last that she had attracted her daughter-in-law's attention, pointed unmistakably towards the less prepossessing of the two men; and the younger woman, supposing that her relative had some personal knowledge of the applicant, promptly engaged him. "Has that man ever worked for you, mother?" asked Mrs. Murray, when the two women were alone. "No," replied the old lady, "I never saw or heard of either or 'em until now." "Then why in the world did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face." "Face!" returned the old lady, briskly. "When you pick out a man to work in the garden you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat, you don't."—Philadelphia Telegram.

Gowns Worn Indoors. Afternoon frocks for the house are pretty and stylish, and many are the materials utilized for their making. Milady, when she remains indoors for an afternoon, and is not receiving callers, dons one of these rather new dresses which are not negligee nor yet "dressesup." They are made with the waist and skirt and probably a long sash as a relief to the plainness.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY. Silk still holds sway for afternoon and house dresses. The colored embroideries are to have an immense vogue. Hand-made lace is appearing on many of the afternoon gowns. A Directoire coat of all-over lace is fitting for an elaborate evening wrap.

The fashions in furs are not very far advanced, the warm weather keeping business back a trifle. Handkerchiefs were never so elaborate, and the latest is a bit of color woven in the linen centre. The Du Barry slipper, although unhealthful and uncomfortable, is being worn considerably for evening.

A cape coat is the latest. The cape part is made very long, almost extending to the bottom of the coat itself. Some of the smartest hats have the least trimming. Many have only a large buckle which extends across the high crown.

A new combination which is causing much attention is that of pink and yellow. Many of the handsomest evening gowns are of this strange blending. A pretty trimming for dainty evening frock is the use of little velvet bows, placed down the entire front of the gown. They produce a most novel effect.

**FINE JAPANESE CHEMISTS**

Probably no Eastern nation is more strongly represented than the Japanese in the English annals of science, and more particularly in the literature of chemistry. They possess an undoubtedly strong faculty for original research, and they combine this faculty with a sharp sightedness as to the possibilities of practical application of the fruits of research. The Japanese chemist, in fact, unites the power of originality of the English chemist and the practical intuition of the German. At the University of Tokio practical study is very much favored and splendid facilities for work are provided in the laboratories and workshops. There are several distinguished Japanese chemists who are fellows of the English Chemical Society, and who were elected to the fellowship on account of the excellence of their contributions to original science.

The Japanese chemists discuss with a freedom which astonishes the western chemist all the modern abstruse theories bearing upon the atomic theory, the constitution of matter, the theory of dissociation, and so forth. They write powerful dissertations on the views advanced by such esteemed thinkers as Ostwald, Arrhenius, Van't Hoff, Selwin, Thomson, Lodge, Crookes, Ramsey, and others, and have offered valuable criticisms on the methods of systematizing and compiling atomic weights adopted by western chemists.

Chemistry is a powerful weapon in war, and there can be little doubt that among other things which have so far contributed to Japanese successes is a sound knowledge of explosives, their composition, action and behavior under a variety of conditions. When there is no longer any need for the implements of battle, and may that soon be, we may be pretty sure that the same subtle insight which is so marked a feature of the Japanese intellect will turn with equal success to the application of science to peaceful pursuits.—London Lancet.

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

Who are a little wise the best fools be.—John Donne.

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Francis Bacon.

It is a very comforting exercise to rip up evil while you are riding on its road.

Prosperity is no just scale. Adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

It is a good deal easier to trust God when you are poor than it is to prove your trust when you get rich.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, coolly answers, calmly speaks, and ceases when he has nothing to say, is in possession of the best requisites of a good converser.—L'Avator.

Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Within lies the robbing-room, the sculptor's workshop. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; the face catches the glow only from that side.—W. C. Gannett.

His Little Game. "I wonder if the spellbinders nowadays have as many queer experiences as used to come our way?"

The speaker was a Philadelphian who used to be in demand at political meetings all over the country, but who has now mistakenly given way to the idea that he is too old to be much of an orator. He continued:

"I remember one experience I had in the Garfield campaign. It was at a crowded meeting in Maine. The audience could hardly breathe. Suddenly a quiet but determined looking man surprised every one by exclaiming, 'I want to put a question to the speaker.'"

"I replied, 'Well, sir, I am here to answer questions.'"

"Then, what did Mr. Lincoln say in 1862?"

"That is an absurd question. He said a great many things."

"Never mind. What did he say in 1862?"

"Hide the audience began to show signs of disapproval, and cries of 'Turn him out!' rose from all parts of the house."

"I again repeated, cried the irrepressible one, 'what did Mr. Lincoln say?'"

"At that point he was seized and thrust out of the hall. A friend accompanied him and said, as soon as they regained their breath: 'Why did you make such a fool of yourself repeating that idiotic question?'"

"Because, I wanted some fresh air and I did not know how else to get out of the place."—Philadelphia Press.

Dawdling Saunter. There is no virtue in a dawdling saunter. The slow and languid dragging one foot after the other, which some people call walking, would tire an athlete; it utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is the reason why many delicate persons think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step, which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt, and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins.—Boston Traveller.

How a Russian Soldier Died. In a retreat during the Crimean War a wounded soldier was dragging himself along in great pain, says the World's Work. His comrades in deep sympathy said: "You are suffering too much. Do you want us to end your pain? Shall we bury you?" "I wish you would," he answered. They set to work and dug a grave. He laid himself down and was buried alive. The general, who heard of it afterward, said to the soldiers, "He must have suffered terribly." They answered, "Oh, no; we stamped the earth down with our feet."

Crystallized Salt Fields. The great field of crystallized salt at Salton, Cal., in the middle of the Colorado desert, is 264 feet below the level of the sea and is more than 200 acres in extent. Its surface is covered with snow, and when the sun's brilliancy is on it, the field is like a sea of white. The field is owned by the same man who owns the great field of crystallized salt at Salton, Cal., in the middle of the Colorado desert, is 264 feet below the level of the sea and is more than 200 acres in extent. Its surface is covered with snow, and when the sun's brilliancy is on it, the field is like a sea of white. The field is owned by the same man who owns the great field of crystallized salt at Salton, Cal., in the middle of the Colorado desert, is 264 feet below the level of the sea and is more than 200 acres in extent. Its surface is covered with snow, and when the sun's brilliancy is on it, the field is like a sea of white. 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