

IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

CORRECT MOURNING DRESS.

Less Parade and More Sincere and Artistic Effects.
 NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Mourning made graceful, ornamental and becoming is the ideal of the dressmaker, who certainly achieves the last two possibilities. She utilizes handsome black poplins in making the costumes for first mourning and trims granite gray with black for secondary weeds, so that her very art is a stay and consolation in times of grief.

Black poplin being proclaimed this year the first mourning goods in every season, is usually garnished with bands of English crepe. Even a widow in her initial months of bereavement no longer faces her skirt to the knees and covers the waist of a street dress with weeds. Less parade and more sincere and artistic effect is now to be striven after. A picture is given of two young women one in the morning required for the first three months after the death of a parent and the other in a suitable toilette for the six or nine months following. A small neck bow and muff of black fox is the fur for the crepe-backed mourner wear, and on her black felt hat bands of crepe and a cascade of raven feathers are the only decorative agents.

The companion gown is a heavy wool Oxford mixture trimmed with a light weight of black broadcloth, while the cloth toge shows a black breast and long buckle of black and white enamel. About this is a veil of black crepe-bordered Brussels net draped, and proves that small mourning face veils have not altered their shape in the least. Some of them do, indeed, show their borders in two tiny hands, or a wreath of flowers, cut from crepe, is applied to the edge. There is a new mourning masquerade of fine tulle bearing crepe dots, but women seem to look at it more in doubt than in approval.

A Widow's Weeds.
 For a widow or a married woman, who mourns her child or parents, the costume worn by the veiled figure would be very close checked in dark gray and black; an effect often more somber than the solid black. A light weight of wool crepe forms

picture of a young lady who is wearing with her black dress a hat and muff of tan coat with a significant strap over her arm. However, popular, the strap may be, it should not be adopted when mourning for husband, child or parents is assumed, for with crepe a colored strap is in very bad taste. One of the chief drawbacks to the coat band is the affectation and ostentation that creeps into its use. It is sad to see that many over-thrifty or tasteless parents sew mourning bands on the tan top coats of their little boys or girls. This is really carrying a debatable fashion too far.

Etched Lettering.
 The most beautiful of the new mourning handkerchiefs show the owner's initials merely etched in tiny black letters on a flimsy white ground. Very coquettish widows' handkerchiefs are white with a hemstitched black border, on which small white clover leaves appear, or more attractive still are the white handkerchiefs with the initials in the corner wreathed in violets. The tiny white spot in a vase square of densely black linen is no longer recommended to a woman as the proper type of mouchoir, no matter how fresh and deep her we. These were effective, perhaps, but never practical, and the approved simple mourning handkerchief has but the narrowst hemstitch edge left.

A VANDERBILT BRIDE.
An Allround Sportswoman Who Dresses in Scarlet.
 Miss Elsie French, who is soon to marry Lord Oswald Vanderbilt, is a very tall and blonde and strong above the strength of the ordinary fashionable young woman. Out of doors there is no sport in which she does not excel and her zest in exercise is due to her upbringing. For while her associates, when a little girl, a school girl and finally a debutante, she never spent her winters in New York. At Newport she stayed the year round to be bred a genuine country lass and with a boat, a central racket, a horse and a golf club there is almost nothing she cannot do. When automobiling became the fashion at Newport Miss French carried off the laurels from the brow of every other woman by learning to turn her horseless carriage in a figure eight and smile cheerfully at the white and though so gifted as a sportswoman, she is a good musician and speaks her French with the best Faubourg St. Germain accent.

It is the out-of-door life, however, that she loves best and whenever the weather permits she drives herself in the park, an interesting and conspicuous figure in red. Red gowns and cloaks and hats are a passion with this broad-shouldered, slender, very young woman. For while she invariably dons a splendid red broadcloth coat that fall to her toes in front, trains out a trifle in the rear and is covered and collared and bordered with the richest sable. Within this princely garment is lined with shining pink silk and if the air is very cold she draws on over the cloak a huge cape of scarlet cloth, also lined with rosy satin. On top of her heavy golden hair red velvet tuque is perched and as her big horses whirl her across the city streets she looks like some gorgeous tropical bird.

Indoors her gowns also are chiefly of this sanguine color, and her red tulle gowns draped with wreaths of poppies are conspicuous at the balls and dinners. Besides her penchant for the daring barbaric color, Miss French is equally devoted to the modest violet, and her fance has a standing order at one of the leading florists for all the Russian violets that the market affords. These are the only violets she elects to wear, for with the tinge of rose in their lavender petals they are the only ones she can pin upon her red gowns without making a jarring contrast.

Literally she receives violets by the peck from her lover, who insists that she must wear them only while they are dewily fresh, and in the evening, beside a huge bouquet in her corsage, she twines them artistically in her fair hair and carries an ample nose-jay in her hands. Violets she frankly prefers to jewels, for it is one of the refreshing charms of this young lady to adopt perfectly unconventional tastes without any affectation or assumption of a pose.

Though jewels do not greatly interest her, she has a true feminine love of pretty clothes and the major portion of her trousseau has been selected in Paris by her mother. Her latest discovery of fashion, that the genius of the French dressmaker could evolve appears in her wardrobe and the features of chief importance are the red gowns that a famous firm designed for her young woman shows quite an American indifference. Blazre and interesting ornaments are her favorites and Mr. Vanderbilt has been at great pains to procure for her some lovely and unusual brooches, set with rough Rajah rubies and cloudy Moule emeralds that are highly esteemed in India by the princess. A set of inexpensive but beautiful fire opals from Mexico are said to have given her greater pleasure than a tiara of the whitest South African diamonds, for their rich color and red fire appeals strongly to her taste for warm tones.

SLIPPERS GARNISHED WITH GOLD.
Luxurious Carriage and House Shoes of Mole or Rat Skin.
 Gift slippers with trim on the floor, but only the very dainty foot should wear them, for an amply planned pair of extremities, increased in girth, gain in bulk and breadth. A refuge, and a worthy one, for those whose shoe number runs

beyond three, is the black satin or silk slipper scintillating with tiny gold stars, and with these can be worn very expensively hose of black silk woven in gold threads up the instep. To even the ordinary black French kid or satin dancing shoe a high gold heel is given and the luxurious rose or blue quilted satin bedroom pantoufle is decorated with bullion fringe about the top.

Another excuse for garishing a slipper with gold is that of running a gold braid about the top of the delicate foot covering, and tying it over the instep in a low with tassled ends. Very tapering of toe and lofty of heel are all the new evening shoes. For the nonce women have given up the use of delicate suede and patent leather ties, and are finding novelty and satisfaction in slippers that are intricately strapped over the instep. The straps run up from a point low upon the toe and afford glimpses of the delicate openworked and embroidered hose. Properly shaped, the straps fulfill the double office of giving the foot an appearance of dainty slenderness, and of holding the slippers close about the member it covers.

MARY DEAN.
A THREE MONTHS' MOURNING TOILET DRESS OF POELIN, PUR L'YNN AND FELT HAT, WITH COCKADE OF RAVEN FEATHERS.

Very pretty enough are the rose, white, green and black oze skin slippers, stitched with gold threads in a series of lines converging at the toe, or in a scroll pattern of mingled gold and silver lines.

In Paris we hear, on the best authority, that mouze gray suede, satin, velvet slippers are esteemed above all others, so that very smart women wear exquisite little slippers made of finely cured mole and rat skin. The gray shod foot is considered far more harmonious with costumes of any and every color than the black or tan shoe, and many of these mole and rat skin slippers are finished over the instep with the head of complete body of a "rose hat mouse," whose eyes are diamonds. Gray

her beautiful residence in the Champs Elysee she witnessed the official entrance of Louis Napoleon as emperor, the day so memorable to all the rulers of Europe, and rich in that vivid personality with which French history is so invested. During all their stay abroad the Fremonts ever met royalty and took part in many brilliant ceremonies, not only in London and Paris but in Denmark, Austria and other foreign countries.

Few women have met more distinguished men and women of her time at home and abroad than Jessie Benton Fremont, and her memories are rich with the vivid personality of famous characters in America, French and English history in many of their domestic, political and military aspects.

AN AMERICAN QUEEN OF IRELAND.
A Baltimore Belle Shared the Viceregal Throne of Dublin Castle.
 Writing of Mary Caton Patterson, in the January Ladies' Home Journal, the author recalls that "The Americans read with wondering eyes the stories which came from Ireland of the royal magnificence with which one of their countrywomen was dazzling the British people; how she had betrothed the marriage of Wellington, and how the court of the newly wedded pair at Dublin castle rivaled the brilliancy of royalty itself. She was called 'the American queen of the Irish court,' and in no capital of Europe would her gossamer and her queen's robes be more admired than in the court of the new sovereign. Indeed, she was only one of a group of sisters whom Europeans hailed as 'the American graces.'" Their mother, a daughter of Charles Carroll, had married Richard Caton, a poor English gentleman of handsome face and presence, who settled in Baltimore. Mary, the most famous of the three daughters, married Robert Patterson, a brother of James Patterson, the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte. After the death of her husband, in 1822, the Baltimore belle revisited Europe. Hardly less eminent than the duke of Wellington before the battle of Waterloo had been his brother, the marquis of Wellington, in the spring of 1825 it was announced in Ireland, where Wellesley was lord lieutenant, that he was engaged to her, and it was noted in the United States as a curious coincidence that while one American girl had married the brother of Napoleon, another, and she her sister-in-law, should marry the brother of Napoleon's conqueror."

QUEER LOSSES OF WOMEN.
Singular Misfortunes that Sometimes Befall Careless Fair Ones.
 A party of women out in Hutchinson, Kan., were recently discussing the mishaps that had befallen them in the loss of valuables and jewelry, and in their own words, they decidedly out of the ordinary. In the town there is a bathing pool which last summer was liberally patronized by the ladies. Around the pool are a number of dressing rooms, and in one of these two ladies prepared themselves for a swim, one going into the water before the other had disrobed. As the second lady was about to leave the dressing room she discovered her companion's pocketbook lying on a bench and forthwith she reproached her friend for having married. A little later the first lady went into the dressing room and lying by the side of her friend's clothes she found a sack of diamonds, such as rings, pins and brooches, whereupon in turn she upbraided her friend for a worse piece of carelessness than the affair of the pocketbook. "But I have no diamonds," said the first lady in astonishment, and almost at once there was a great hubbub and cry from a dressing room at the further end of the row, from which a woman soon made her appearance, claiming to have been robbed. It was found by some mysterious means the diamonds had been transferred from one dressing room to another. All three of the ladies are prominent and above suspicion. No one entered either of the dressing rooms but the one in which one else was at the pool. Neither could

have entered a room without being seen by the others.

And the relation of this story brought out an even more mysterious one. There had been some burglars in town and one night a prominent gentleman warned his wife that she had better hide a very valuable diamond which she owned. Acting on this advice, the lady pinned the diamond to the inner side of her nightgown and went to bed. In the morning the diamond was gone and since then no trace of it has been found. It was impossible for burglars to have entered the room without leaving a trace. The husband is such a rose and such an angel that the wife that he cannot be connected with the disappearance. The only possible solution seems to be that the woman, nervous over the fear of burglars, had hidden the jewel, while in a state of somnambulism, so carefully that it cannot be found.

Talk About Women.
 Mrs. Martha Davis, the only survivor of the sixteen brothers and sisters of John W. Fremont, is a resident of a little town in Michigan.

The three daughters of Senator Foraker, Mrs. Julia, Miss Louise and Miss Florence, are the three prettiest sisters in Washington. More than that, they are very reasonable, and have been carefully trained by their wise and still handsome mother.

Miss Warner, a sister of the author of "The World," has a Sunday school at West Point, Md., and is a member of a club whose membership is entirely voluntary and because they enjoy it, because they are interested in the study of the Bible.

John Talbot, dean of women at the University of Chicago, said recently in a lecture on domestic life in this country: "Ten per cent of the money spent by American people for food is utterly wasted in the kitchen and because they do not certainly excel."

At examinations recently held by the New York State board of pharmacy Mrs. Marietta Harmon of Syracuse received the highest rating ever given for a license as a pharmacist. Nearly every body seems to be a pharmacist these days, but only one woman, Mrs. Harmon, who died three years ago, was the widow then took up the study of pharmacy.

Beautiful in person, well educated and accomplished, Senora Donna Maria De Calvo, wife of the Costa Rican minister to Washington, is a great favorite in society there, through the smart set seems to her rarely. The senora has practical ideas of charity, and often in a quiet way ministers to the sick and destitute poor. She is the mother of seven bright children, two of whom were born in this country, where the family has lived for years.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, who sustained a severe accident while mountaineering in Norway last autumn, is recovering and has returned to her home at Hampstead, England. She slipped from the precipice, seriously injuring her ankle and foot, but after some weeks' confinement in a hospital in Norway she received a startling revelation from the free-lance ways of the translator. Her "Ships that Pass in the Night" has been rendered into Norwegian. Examining it, she found the last chapter had been omitted. On retranslating with the translator she worthily replied that in her judgment the story was greatly improved by the omission.

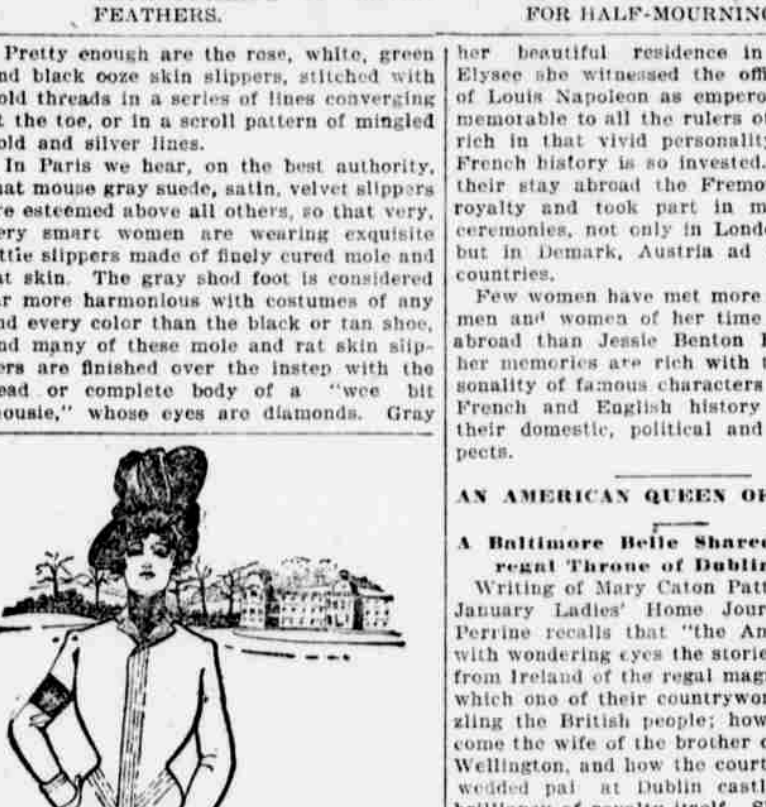
It is understood that when the czar conferred the title of countess on Mile. Marguerite Caspal, grandniece and adopted daughter of the Russian minister to this country, his majesty administered a snub to certain leaders of Washington society. The duke and duchess, the charming young Russian what her grandniece regarded as her proper social status, holding that as she neither was nor had been a countess, she was not entitled to more than the first-countess ways of the translator. Her rank is of the highest. The countess is not yet quite 30 years old.

It is said that frequent sunbaths are the best known tonic for a woman's hair. The Greek maidens of old who sat on the walls very anciently, took their hair over the beauty of their tresses to the sun's rays. When the hair is washed it beside a lowered window, as the sun shines strongly through glass, and allow the hair to dry as it is being brushed. No bleach has been found so successful as the sun, which strengthens and beautifies generally. When the hair is washed with soap and water, dry it with a towel, and then brush it with a brush.

was spent freely as water, Henry Clay gave the bride away and the guests, including such men as President Martin Van Buren, the English minister, Henry Fox; James Buchanan, then senator; Chevalier De Martini, from The Hague; Farragut, then young, and a long list of cabinet officers, all the diplomatic corps and navy officers with their beautiful wives and daughters. It was a wedding of full dress, of brilliant uniforms blazoning with jewels and in its staidness included a whole science of ceremony.



(a) — A THREE MONTHS' MOURNING TOILET DRESS OF POELIN, PUR L'YNN AND FELT HAT, WITH COCKADE OF RAVEN FEATHERS.



(b) — AN OXFORD GRANITE, TRIMMED WITH BLACK BROU-CLOTH, TOUQUE WITH BUCKLE OF BLACK AND WHITE ENAMEL FOR HALF-MOURNING WEAR.



(c) — THE BLACK SLEEVE BAND THAT CONSTANTLY GROWS IN FAVOR.

MRS. FREMONT IN OLD AGE.
Life of the Widow of the Famous Pathfinder in California.
 In the decline of her life Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of the famous "Pathfinder" and first candidate of the republican party for president of the United States, is living quietly in a pleasant home in the environs of Los Angeles, Cal. The home was a gift from the women of California, a token of their tender regard, and they are happy in knowing the wife of "the pathfinder" and the daughter of "old bullion" is in their midst, loving and beloved.

The Fremont cottage is one of the points of interest in Los Angeles. The grounds are full of tropical verdure, while the blossoming of the rarest roses and brilliant effect of flowering climbing vines add greatly to their beauty. The home is filled with handsome old furniture and collections of foreign travel, as well as many portraits and mementoes of General John C. Fremont. Miss Benton's first appearance in the really fashionable world was when, at 14, she was chosen as one of the eight bridesmaids for the wedding of the elderly Russian ambassador, Count Bodisco. Count Bodisco's bride, a beautiful girl of 15, was being educated with Jessie Benton at the Georgetown seminary, that dignified, upper-class finishing school near Washington, where many young women of southern families, daughters of senators, army and navy officers, were fitted for future social triumphs.

At this famous wedding, where money

was spent freely as water, Henry Clay gave the bride away and the guests, including such men as President Martin Van Buren, the English minister, Henry Fox; James Buchanan, then senator; Chevalier De Martini, from The Hague; Farragut, then young, and a long list of cabinet officers, all the diplomatic corps and navy officers with their beautiful wives and daughters. It was a wedding of full dress, of brilliant uniforms blazoning with jewels and in its staidness included a whole science of ceremony.

Jessie Benton married for love while young, and from the time of her marriage until the death of General Fremont she shared with him most happily every trial, every success, every rise and every reverse of fortune. Both were in excellent health when Fremont had the certainty that on the Caluanga plain he had completed the long hopes and great aims of wise men and secured that ocean frontier that now gives us a country from sea to sea.

While abroad in 1832-33 Mrs. Fremont's life reads like a fairy tale. She was in London in the early days of Victoria's reign. To her the doors of the throne room were open and for two hours she watched, in line with other diplomatic women the beautiful processions of English women as they made their obeisance before the queen.

In Paris Mrs. Fremont felt much at home, life there seeming but an amplification of her old French life at St. Louis. From

have entered a room without being seen by the others.

And the relation of this story brought out an even more mysterious one. There had been some burglars in town and one night a prominent gentleman warned his wife that she had better hide a very valuable diamond which she owned. Acting on this advice, the lady pinned the diamond to the inner side of her nightgown and went to bed. In the morning the diamond was gone and since then no trace of it has been found. It was impossible for burglars to have entered the room without leaving a trace. The husband is such a rose and such an angel that the wife that he cannot be connected with the disappearance. The only possible solution seems to be that the woman, nervous over the fear of burglars, had hidden the jewel, while in a state of somnambulism, so carefully that it cannot be found.

At examinations recently held by the New York State board of pharmacy Mrs. Marietta Harmon of Syracuse received the highest rating ever given for a license as a pharmacist. Nearly every body seems to be a pharmacist these days, but only one woman, Mrs. Harmon, who died three years ago, was the widow then took up the study of pharmacy.

Beautiful in person, well educated and accomplished, Senora Donna Maria De Calvo, wife of the Costa Rican minister to Washington, is a great favorite in society there, through the smart set seems to her rarely. The senora has practical ideas of charity, and often in a quiet way ministers to the sick and destitute poor. She is the mother of seven bright children, two of whom were born in this country, where the family has lived for years.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, who sustained a severe accident while mountaineering in Norway last autumn, is recovering and has returned to her home at Hampstead, England. She slipped from the precipice, seriously injuring her ankle and foot, but after some weeks' confinement in a hospital in Norway she received a startling revelation from the free-lance ways of the translator. Her "Ships that Pass in the Night" has been rendered into Norwegian. Examining it, she found the last chapter had been omitted. On retranslating with the translator she worthily replied that in her judgment the story was greatly improved by the omission.

It is understood that when the czar conferred the title of countess on Mile. Marguerite Caspal, grandniece and adopted daughter of the Russian minister to this country, his majesty administered a snub to certain leaders of Washington society. The duke and duchess, the charming young Russian what her grandniece regarded as her proper social status, holding that as she neither was nor had been a countess, she was not entitled to more than the first-countess ways of the translator. Her rank is of the highest. The countess is not yet quite 30 years old.

It is said that frequent sunbaths are the best known tonic for a woman's hair. The Greek maidens of old who sat on the walls very anciently, took their hair over the beauty of their tresses to the sun's rays. When the hair is washed it beside a lowered window, as the sun shines strongly through glass, and allow the hair to dry as it is being brushed. No bleach has been found so successful as the sun, which strengthens and beautifies generally. When the hair is washed with soap and water, dry it with a towel, and then brush it with a brush.

FRILLS OF FASHION.
 The inch-wide strips of costly gar are in constant use in the making of dressy winter gowns and wraps. These are little more than a narrow fringe, yet they are very effective.

Jewelry can be most successfully cleaned by washing it in hot soapsuds to which a little ammonia has been added. Then shake off the water, rinse in alcohol, blot the articles dry, then drop in a box of jewelry sawdust. This method leaves neither marks nor scratches and gives great brilliancy to both jewels and gold or silver.

A Pingat opera cloak is made of pale reseau green cloth, lined with delicate turquoise blue mocha and bordered with Alaska sable fur. It reaches to the skirt hem. Green velvet shoulder capes, thicker than the cloth, in three graduated depths, are enriched with very fine gold gimp, and the skirt has a golden collar, covered with its trimming and bordered with the fur.

Small dainty, turn-over collars, larger than the wide, lace-around ties, directors and empire bows and ruffles are made up of every sort of material. White and butter-colored batiste embroidery and lace are combined in every shape and size for dressy neck trimmings. All these styles are repeated again in chiffon, point d'esprit, accordion-pleated mousseline de soie, and other delicate materials.

A smart gown for early spring wear is made of a very beautiful shade of Russian-lace faced cloth, with a Louis Seize coat bodice, revers and cuffs lined with gold and gold braid. The waistcoat-front laps a little to one side, fastening with three brilliant buttons over an inner vest of cream satin, thickly braided with gold, showing purely as a chemistise Russe above the low-cut waistcoat.

Accordion-pleating is more highly favored this season than it has ever been. It is used in more ways than formerly; for instance, the French are lining opera cloaks with accordion-pleated chiffon, with a full frill just at the edge, on the inside of the wrap. They form entire waists and skirts, and as these pleatings are now very much in vogue, they will not interfere at all with the lines of the figure. They are strapped with lace, or satin or velvet ribbons, unless the wearer is very slender.

The Glory of a Good Name

A Notable Present-Day Instance.

BY MARGARET L. BRIGGS.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

One has to read a few of the grateful letters from women to realize how strong are the bonds of sympathy which unite Mrs. Pinkham to the hearts of American women.

Just think of it, Mrs. Pinkham has been steadily advising women about their health day after day for twenty years. There is scarcely a hamlet so remote that it does not contain one or more of her friends, and more and more in every walk of life the actual, permanent good that Mrs. Pinkham is doing is being understood. Her medicines are used by all classes and conditions of women; her advice is given to the humblest and the richest without charge. There is no guesswork about Mrs. Pinkham's advice, as it is the result of her wide experience. Nearly every letter that comes to Mrs. Pinkham from women she has cured refers to her advice as "kindly," as "good," as "thorough," and they prove how good it is by going on to state that they have tried all other means within their reach and appealed to Mrs. Pinkham as a last resort. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Pinkham has a good name among such grateful hearts? Is it not surprising that so many women will still persist in trying to battle with their infirmities without her aid? But the women who do this are the women who do not understand, and seemingly cannot be made to understand how much better than any other way is Mrs. Pinkham's way.

The movement she is making for the health of women is a movement on a large scale. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has already cured more cases of female troubles than any other medicine in the world. There can be no doubt of this; its use is wide-spread, the help it brings unmistakable, the women who are cured by it become instantly enthusiastic over its sterling worth.

A glorious thing indeed it is to have a name associated with so much health and happiness, to have the absolute confidence of such a multitude of women. Success in curing one woman, or one thousand women, or one hundred thousand women, acts merely as a spur to constantly increased and greater efforts for other women who need it. And there is nothing so important to the women of our country as the preservation of health which alone will enable them to sustain the responsibilities which are being forced upon them in every way. In every walk of life woman's duties are becoming more arduous, her responsibilities are multiplied, the working classes are demanding as necessary things today the very things which a few years ago were luxuries and absolutely out of their reach.

The sentiment of advancement carries with it an enlarged field for women. It is perhaps because of the widening out of women's lives that the development of diseases of the feminine organism is on the increase; at any rate, this is an incontrovertible fact, and women are being awakened to it. And so the field of Mrs. Pinkham's work is steadily widening, and everywhere you go you see how thorough her work is.

A woman is naturally timid about announcing herself as in need of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine; this frequently prevents her making use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound until the absolute necessity for radical steps is forced upon her. Thus it is that in most cases, where Mrs. Pinkham's medicine is used, the woman who is cured is doubly grateful because she had almost lost hope. It is then that the generosity latent in every woman's heart prompts her to join, in so far as she reasonably can, in helping others on the way to health.

The woman who is well, who never had an ache or pain in her life, is so fortunate and so proud of her health that she does not understand the enthusiasm of the women who have been cured by Mrs. Pinkham of serious ills. But there is a vast army of women who know how sympathetic and kindly and efficient is the aid which Mrs. Pinkham gives to suffering women, and it is among these women and their friends that Mrs. Pinkham's name stands built around with a wall of thankfulness.

The women who are accustomed to speak slightly of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine are ashamed into silence when they come in contact with one of these, her grateful friends. No woman ever had a personal friendship with so many women. No person ever rendered women such useful service.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. F. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

It cures all sorts of Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Dinging, superfluous hair, red, dry, itchy, raw skin, eczema, etc. It has stood the test of 32 years, and is so harmless we taste it. It is a perfect, proper, made, accepted no counterfeit. Name, Dr. F. Felix, is a lady's name and is on the face of every bottle. Write to Dr. Felix, 251 Broadway, New York, for medical advice free.

DEATH TO HAIR
ROOT AND BRANCH
New Discovery By
The Misses Bell
A Trial Treatment FREE TO Any One Afflicted With Hair on Face, Neck or Arms

MUNYON'S GOLD CURE

When Prof. Munyon says what his Cold Cure will do he only says what all the world knows. Nearly every body seems to be taking this remedy whenever a cold appears. It relieves the head, nose, throat and lungs so quickly that a cold never longer is a forerunner of grippe, croup, pneumonia or any of the ailments of winter.

Dr. Munyon's Cold Cure is as sure. All druggists, mostly Dr. Wial, Guide to the World, or write to Dr. Munyon, 251 Broadway, New York, for medical advice free.

OMAHA & ST. LOUIS WABASH R.R.

WINTER TOURIST RATES

Special Half Rates

Tours to Florida, Key West, Cuba, Bermuda, Old Mexico, the Italian Riviera, Mediterranean and Orient.

Rates for the round trip to many points south on sale first and third Tuesday each month.

To Hot Springs, Ark., the famous Winter Resort of America, on sale every day in the year.

Tickets now on sale to all the winter resorts of the south, good returning until June 1st, 1901. For rates, descriptive matter and pamphlets and all other information call at O. & St. Louis Ticket Office, 1415 Furman St., (Paxton Hotel Building.) or write

Harry E. Moores,
 C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S CROUP, COLIC, and ALL THE BRONCHITIS SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

POSITIVE REGULATOR WILL CURE THE WORST CASE IN NO MORE THAN TWO WEEKS. It is a 3 to 5 day cure for all cases of Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Stomachache, and all the ailments of the stomach. Price 10 cents a bottle.

Doctors and Midwives Recommend

"Mother's Friend"

because it is used externally in cases of the delicate situation of expectant mothers. It is a constant relief, robbing childbirth of its terrors, internal remedies being dangerous. "Mother's Friend" is a blessing in a bottle. There is nothing like it.

"The mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, obtained a bottle of Mother's Friend, and used it as directed before her fourth child was born, and was relieved wholly, and lost no pains."

Sent by express paid on receipt of price, 62 cents per bottle. Bottle, "Mother's Friend," mailed free to ladies, containing complete instructions. Contains valuable information on all points of interest.

WALKER & WALKER, Sole Proprietors, C. Atlanta, Ga.