

## TO YOUNG LADIES.

From the Treasurer of the Young People's Christian Temperance Association, Elizabeth Caine, Fond du Lac, Wis.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to tell you and all the young ladies of the country, how grateful I am to you for all the benefits I have received from using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for



MISS ELIZABETH CAINE.

eight months from suppressed menstruation, and it effected my entire system until I became weak and debilitated, and at times felt that I had a hundred aches in as many places. I only used the Compound for a few weeks, but it wrought a change in me which I felt from the very beginning. I have been very regular since, have no pains, and find that my entire body is as if it were renewed. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to everybody."

Miss Elizabeth Caine, 69 W. Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis.—\$5000 for full above testimonial is not genuine.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance for woman's ills of every nature.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. Address Lynn, Mass.

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When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U.—Omaha. No. 33—1902

**FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

## A Hair Cut.

This story, according to the New York Press, comes from the west, per Senator Spooner; The credit man of a great Chicago house visited his barber in the morning on the way to the store, and upon arriving in his office was greeted by the manager with a cordial "Good morning; I see you've had your hair cut." "Yes; I have had my hair cut," he replied suavely. The office boy entered. "Mornin', Mr. Gates; had your hair cut." "Yes; I have had my hair cut." Enter the head salesman. "Hello, Gates; had your hair cut." "Yes; I have had my hair cut!!!" This sort of thing was kept up until he went home for dinner, when his good wife observed: "My dear, you have had your hair cut." "Yes!" he snapped; "I—have—had—my—hair—cut!!!" His darling daughter—"Papa, you have had your hair cut!!!" "Yes!! I have HAD your HAIR CUT!!!" He tore into the dining room to swallow a morsel and escape. The pretty maid: "Law, Mr. Gates, you've had your hair cut." He flew out of the room, almost into the cook's arms, and that worthy remarked cheerfully—"Mr. Gates! You've had your hair cut." Too full for anything but epithets now, he dashed out into the back yard, frightening nearly to death a favorite hen that had just laid an egg, and as she uttered the usual hen cry—"Cut—cut—cut—hair—to—cut!" the distressed credit man fell in a fit.

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Even a tight rope walker may find it hard to maintain his balance at a bank.

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

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**DEFIANCE STARCH** will be sent an Auditorium Stock and Guessing ticket which sells for 25 cts giving you a guess in this great contest to win

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**FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

Appearance would indicate that the average man doesn't get much beauty sleep.

## The Empty Nest

There was a time in years gone by, We ones played at my feet, while I Held one upon my knee; The house was filled all day with noise, The floor was scattered o'er with toys, My head ached wearily.

There came a time my house was still, No mud-stained footprints on the sill, My longed-for time of rest, My boys had climbed youth's topmost stair, My girl, a maiden tall and fair, Another's home now blest.

A last year's nest hangs on the bough, 'Twas filled with singing birds, but now It empty is and bare; The buds and bees have come, but still Those birds come not again, to fill With song the silent air.

I gaze upon that empty nest, I know God's ways are always best, But I am sad and lone; I long so for life's vanished joys, My wee girl and my bonny boys, My nestlings that have flown.

## An Egotist and a Woman

BY JESSIE LEWELLYN. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "It was a sad affair," he said. "Yes?" She regarded him curiously. So this young man, known to his limited circle of friends as "The Egotist," possessed sympathy.

They sat on opposite sides of the long table in her father's library. At the farther end of the room the grate fire had gone out, but she did not mind; it might encourage him to stay after he had told the story. Perhaps he was not the egotist that people thought him to be. He seemed to feel the tragedy in what he told—else why should he be telling it?

"And you knew him very well?" she asked.

"Oh, very well—in a business way. The governor used to rely on him. Afterwards when I took on the business, I kept him—out of kindness, you know. I'm a soft-hearted chap."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "He was incompetent? You felt sorry?"

"Not that exactly, oh, no. He was a good man—student and digger—great chemist. I appreciate a digger. I even took him over to the club for lunch once or twice. He was a natural gentleman. Then, anyway, I'm a humane chap at heart—regular democrat, you know."

"You say he was a very gifted scientist?" she asked quietly.

"He was that. We paid him a bigger salary than any extract house in the world ever paid a chemist. The governor and I always looked out for good men—and paid for them. I can tell a man of brains the minute I lay eyes on him. It's just natural for me to know one on sight—funny isn't it?"

"Very," she replied.

"I'm a queer contradiction," he ruminated, absently crushing some rose petals on the floor with his wide foot. "I was never before so shocked to hear of a suicide. He had often spoken to me about himself when he had one of those melancholy attacks. I encouraged him, for I'm an easy sort. Fellow can move me to tears and not half try. You see he had married a girl—well—the good fellow type. Said he owed it to her after pronounced attentions had made people talk. She told him that. He felt sorry for her—acted the fool as those studious chaps always do, and married her. Now, I—"

"And she?"

"Went to the other extreme. From being too—er—jolly she overdid respectability. Joined woman's clubs and things—that sort was the best she could do. Developed into a shrew."

"Do you know what I'd do if I found myself married to a shrew? Oh, I'm—"

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he!" A grave expression came over the young man's round face. He turned his profile toward her—he had a good profile—and passed his fingers through his front hair, careful not to disarrange it. "As I said before, he was one of those fine, super-sensitive souls; the kind that quivers at a rough word. I always know how to

## WOES OF GERMAN OFFICERS.

Matrimonial Snags in the Path of Kaiser's Soldiers.

As censor of military marriages, German Emperor William has defined what manner of wedlock is permissible to Prussian officers and what marriages are "strongly undersaid." His new order states that an officer with \$1,125 a year must have a private income of \$375 in order to marry. A district officer of gendarmes must add private means of \$525 a year to a salary of \$900 to win the privilege. Officers who haven't \$750 pay mustn't marry at all.

The Kaiser's is the busiest matrimonial bureau in the world. Each officer who desires to "double his duties and halve his rights" must state his prospective father-in-law's business and tell whether the lady is maid, widow or divorcee, and in the latter case why. Proofs must be enclosed of her income, education and repute. If there is no obstacle, social or military, the wedding bells may then peal out their merry note.

Interest rates upon such German investments as the "kingly and kaiserly" bureau will accept are low. A young fellow practically must have \$10,000 to \$15,000 in his own name before he can think of matrimony. If the love-lorn one has not the cash—well, in that case he can give up his commission and come to a country where he may marry on nothing a year if he likes.

**One Sure Sign.**

A story illustrating the hard-headedness and sheer common sense of the late Dr. McCosh, the noted dean of the faculty of Princeton University, was told recently. He made the acquaintance of a couple of Scotsmen who worked as farm hands on an estate near Princeton, and, learning that they did not go to church, hauled them over the coals for backsliding and induced them to attend Sunday services regularly. They were simple-minded men, with immense respect for the venerable instructor, and they invariably ran to him to settle disputes or to advise them in matters of business. One morning they appeared before him as he was going to chapel, and told him they had had a quarrel as to the sign of hearing the first cuckoo of the season. Jamie had said that it was a sign that the one who heard it would speedily marry; Sandy declared it was a sign that the hearer would get speedily rich.

"It's a sure sign of somethin', doctor. What may it be? Can ye tell us?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "To hear the first cuckoo of the season is a sure sign you're not deaf."

And he solemnly turned on his heel and left them staring after him.

**Wanted Too Much.**

The late E. M. Reed was vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad in the palmy days when that road was paying 10 per cent dividends. Reed was a close buyer and used all the arts and subtleties necessary to hammer prices down to their lowest figure. One day he was negotiating for an improvement in the way of a locomotive appliance, and after wrangling for some time over the price said to the sales agent:

"How much will your concern make on this transaction?" To which the reply came, "Ten per cent."

"Great Scott!" said Reed, "you want to get 10 per cent profit on this one sale, do you? Why, bless your soul, it takes our road a whole year to make 10 per cent."

**Senator Hoar's New House.**

Senator Hoar has bought a house on Connecticut avenue, Washington, a three-story brick structure of a dozen rooms. He borrowed the \$18,000 which it cost, but hopes to make a profit by selling before long. He and Mrs. Hoar have boarded for thirty-three years in Washington hotels. Much disappointment is felt in the capital because Senator Clark does not intend to build a residence on the site of the old Stewart castle which he purchased some time ago. Finishing touches are being put to his splendid home in New York, and it is said the senator will not build again outside Montana.

The summer girl who falls in love thinks she is having a warm time.

## TRAMP LOST A GOOD THING.

Unfeeling Sheriff Drove Him Away From Piece of Luck.

"I had a good thing of it once in Texas," said the tramp as he hunted through his pockets for a cigar stub, "and it was a sheriff who dished me out of it."

"Down there they have the most severe laws in any state, and when I was arrested one day I was charged with being a tramp, a vagrant, a homeless person and a suspicious character. On top of that I had built a roadside fire, asked for food and thrown stones at a dog."

"I was convicted on every charge, and after figurin' for a minute the judge called out:

"I find the prisoner guilty on all counts, and he is sentenced to jail for seventy years."

"I was lookin' for a long rest when the sheriff took me over to the jail, but I hadn't been in the place fifteen minutes when he handed me a crowbar and pointed to the wall and said: "Dig out of this as soon as you can."

"But I'm here for seventy years," says I.

"You ain't here for seventy minits. If you ain't out before supper time I'll come in with a club and break your neck. D'y'e 'spose I'm going to have you hangin' around here for any seventy years? Git to work."

"I wouldn't do it," said the tramp.

"Not wishin' to work myself out of a long job, and when that sheriff saw I wouldn't ne jest hitched up his boss and buggy, run me out on a prairie fifteen miles from anywhere and dumped me out."

"It took me two days to git back to jail again, and I hadn't scarcely kicked on the door when he put two bullets through my hat and flung me out fifty cents, and I had to let go and head for Dallas."

"That seventy years in jail would have been a pat hand for me, but luck was ag'in my sittin' in the game and I don't expect to ever tumble over another good thing while I live."

## CHANCES OF A BURGLAR.

He is Not the One Usually Who is in Danger.

A man who was arrested by local detectives a few weeks ago and afterward sent to the penitentiary on a charge of burglary, talked freely to the officer concerning his manner of living:

"Will you tell me why you prefer a life of crime to that of an honest, upright man?" the detective asked him.

"I have often wondered," added the officer, "why burglars will take such desperate chances, when so frequently there is but little to be gained."

"But we don't take the chances," said the burglar. "The man who comes after us takes the chances. He takes his life in his own hands when he leaves his bed-chamber and goes in pursuit of an unwelcome caller. The odds are all against him and in favor of us. We know where we are and have an idea from where the occupant of the house will come. Of course, we only go to rob, and, when necessary, to fight. No burglar is going to get caught if he can help it, even if he has to resort to murder."

"Still," the detective reasoned, "you are bound to be in danger some time, and that some time I should think, would deter you from taking the chances."

"There are remote chances," the burglar said, "but they are so remote that they are never considered. If you will consult the records you will see that not one burglar in a hundred cases ever gets hurt. Until there is a great change in the results you may depend upon it that burglaries will not cease."—Washington Star.

## Pugilists at Coronation.

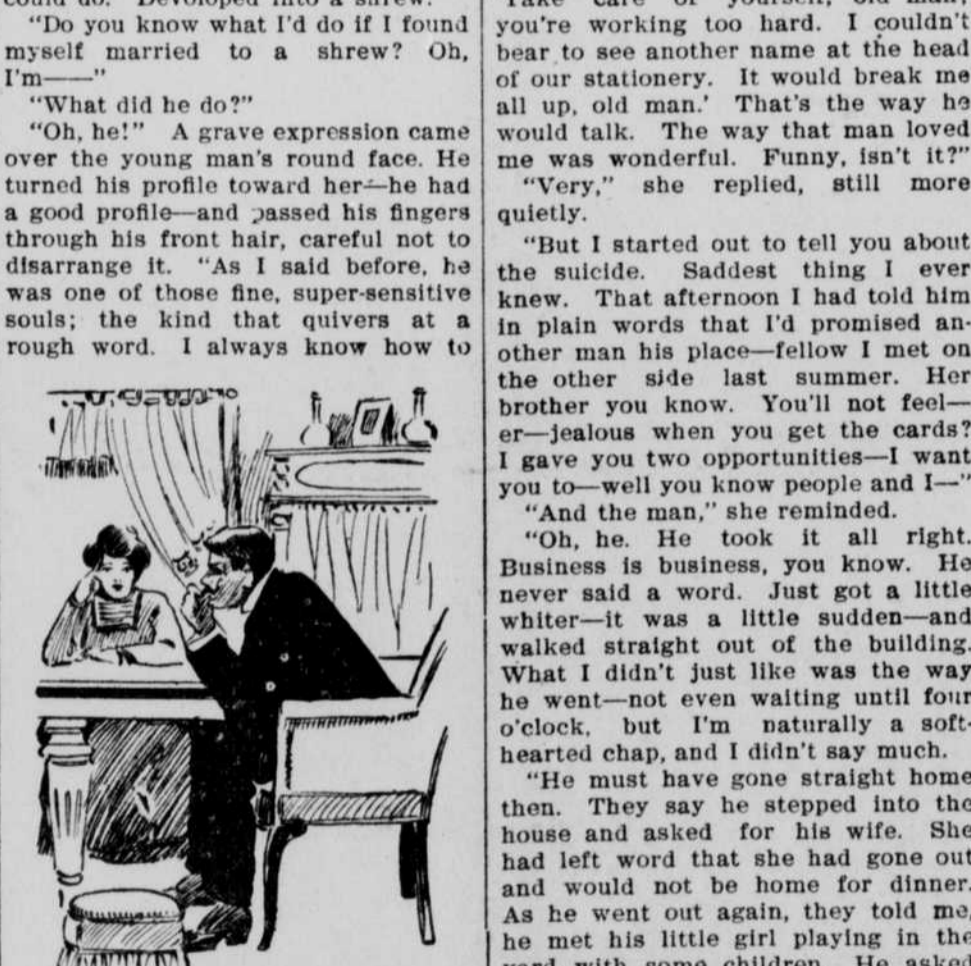
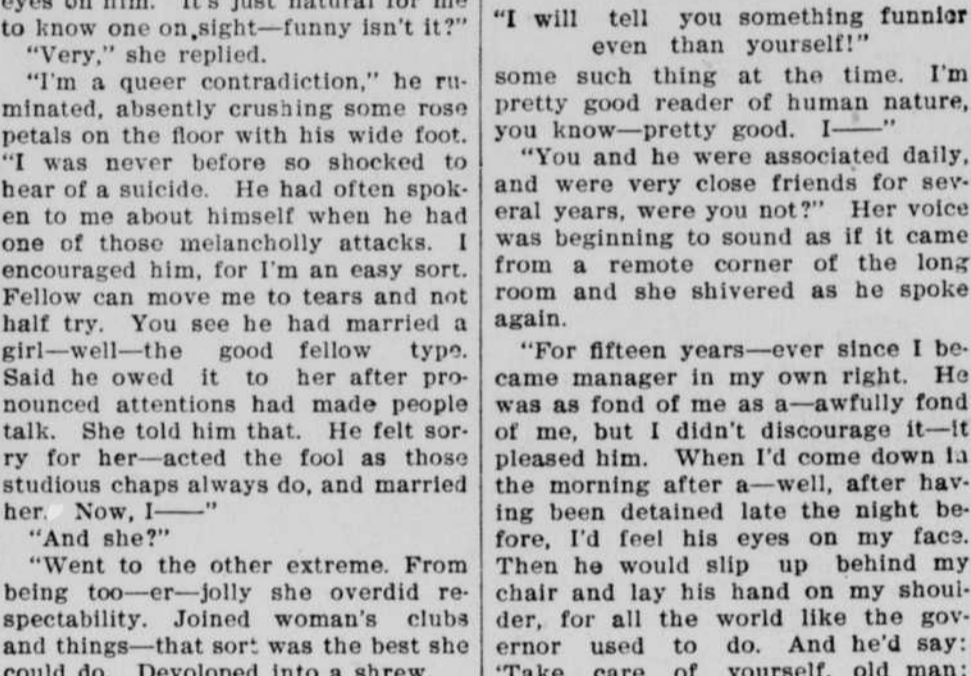
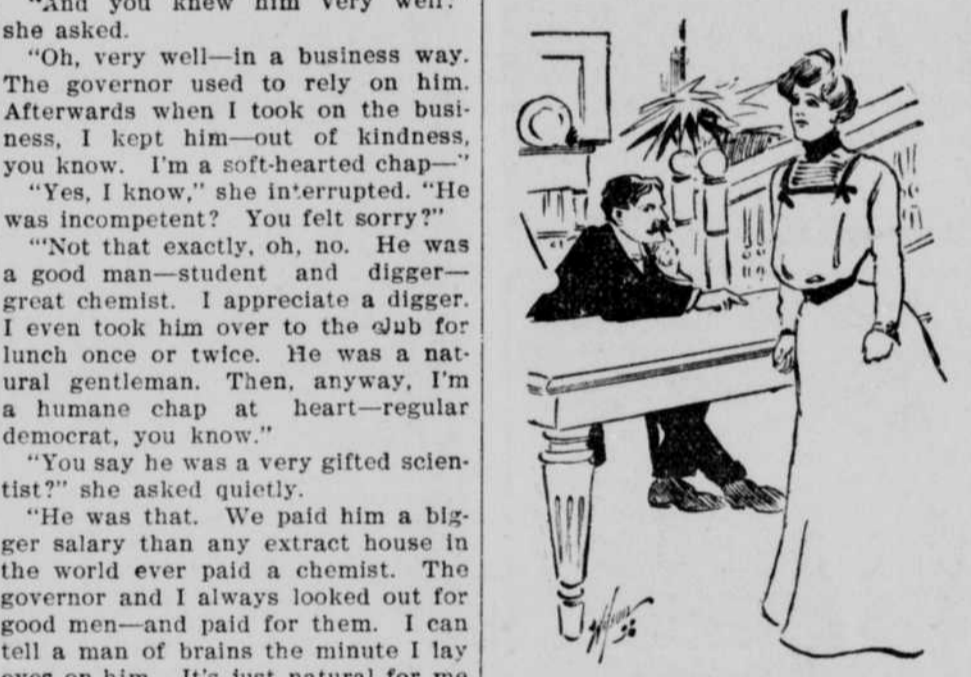
A week before the coronation of George IV., in 1821, a famous pugilist, known as "Gentleman" Jackson, acting under instructions from the earl marshal's office, was busily engaged in beating up fighting men for a peculiar purpose. That was to keep in check the supporters of Queen Caroline, who was threatening to create a disturbance outside of Westminster abbey. Jackson's auxiliaries, twenty in number, were attired as king's pages, and were stuck about the abbey gate. Their appearance was quite sufficient; not one of the aggrieved queen's sympathizers ventured to go near them. One was John Gully, who was in turn prize fighter, racing man, colliery proprietor and member of parliament.

## Millions of Buffaloes.

In 1868 Inman, Sheridan and Custer rode continuously for three days through one herd in the Arkansas region, and in 1869 trains on the Kansas Pacific were held from 9 in the morning until 6 at night to permit the passage of one herd across the tracks. Army officers relate that in 1862 a herd that covered an area of 70x30 miles moved north from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone. Catlin and Inman and army men and employees of the fur companies considered a drove of 100,000 buffalo a common sight along the line of the Santa Fe trail. Inman computes that from St. Louis alone the bones of 31,000,000 buffalo were shipped between 1863 and 1881.—July Outing.

## For the Sleepless.

Effectiveness is claimed for yet another remedy for sleeplessness. Dr. von Gellhorn employs a band of wet muslin, about 18 in. wide, wound around the lower part of the leg. The bandage is covered by gutta-percha tissue and the stocking, and in some cases is replaced every three or four hours. The effect is to dilate the vessels of the leg, thus diminishing the blood in the head and producing sleep.



"It was a sad affair," he said. deal with that kind of a man. Now most people do not—but—well—you wouldn't think it—I'm naturally of the artistic temperament myself—funny with my business ability, isn't it? I could see, you know, that the woman was driving him to the edge of his nerves—that she was killing him. Never saw such a picture of misery as he grew to be. Always looking off somewhere and not hearing anything that went on around him. We grew intimate—I may say very intimate. He was a gentleman, you know, always without a cent, but a gentleman,