

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N. J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering. —Mrs. GEORGE JONDY, Box 40, Marlton, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from natural roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

HOW HE DID THE CHORES

Wound Up the Music Box and Put His Corkscrew in the Barometer.

"You needn't wait for me," explained the head of the house; "I have a dinner engagement, an important business affair, and no doubt I shall be kept quite late."

At breakfast next morning an ominous silence had fallen upon all. The head of the house had no appetite and was evidently far from feeling well. After a painful silence the husband, without meeting his wife's eye, essayed to start conversation.

"It's funny about that clock," he said. "It's stopped, and I'm sure I wound it last night."

"You are mistaken," said his wife, icily; "you wound up Willie's music box instead and it played 'Home, Sweet Home' till daylight. The clock in the hall has also stopped, but I find that you screwed your corkscrew into the barometer."

From Overhead.

A canary hung directly over the big square table in the Hungarian restaurant.

"Once," said a woman who was dining there, "the bottom dropped out of the cage, the bird flew at the orchestra yonder, and we had bird seed in our soup. It was awful."

"That reminds me," said the crossed-eyed man, "of one time when we were having a little game of poker on the E. & O. You know how those trains roll. Well, just about the middle of the game down came all the grips and dress suit cases straight into the kitty and broke up the game. Money flew everywhere. We got so mixed we couldn't tell which had won or where the money was that whoever had won it won. Talk about bird seed!"

Foiled Them Thirteen Years.

Frank Nelson, former state superintendent of public instruction of Kansas, and "Cap," Gibson, the veteran record clerk in Auditor Nelson's office, are great friends. Nelson is now president of a Minnesota college.

When Nelson was still in the state house he and Gibson had a talk one day about teaching school. "I was once a school teacher," volunteered Gibson.

"Is that so?" asked Nelson. "How long?"

"Yes, I fooled 'em 13 years," replied "Cap."

"How is that?" asked Nelson.

"Oh," said "Cap." "I quit when teachers had to qualify."—Kansas City Journal.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Agrees with Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients."

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick), and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing."

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress."

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients."

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain lag, a 10 day trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding in this way ending the trouble.

"There's a Reason," and trial proves. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ONE NIGHT WITH THE BIG FLEET



FLEET of 16 battleships steaming around the globe affords at night a spectacle which Bub Watkins, the captain's coxswain, calls "fifin." "What do they look like after dark?" I asked before we started. "Like a string of cheap drug stores," said the midshipman who had been 'way over to the Mediterranean on his practice cruise and who was therefore a well-worn man of the world. But it is better than that.

Some time ago they took the green shades off all the lights in the officers' staterooms, because they shone through the ports and made the men-of-war look like citizen liners. Even now the lights shine out of the ports lawlessly, while the law compels constant flying of the red and green port and starboard running-lights, as well as the truck-light that indicates the speed and the masthead-light that indicates the class of vessel. Then, too, the intricate system of signals adds confusion, but color, to the spectacle.

One night, shortly after the deck officers had gone on duty for the mid-watch, the four white ardois lanterns at the masthead of the Missouri were turned on. They flutered for about half a minute. Then with three rapid pulsations of the red light at the top, the signal went out and left the fleet riding as before, like a trail of titan's phosphorus through the tropic seas. "Z" it was; and "Z" means that a man is overboard.

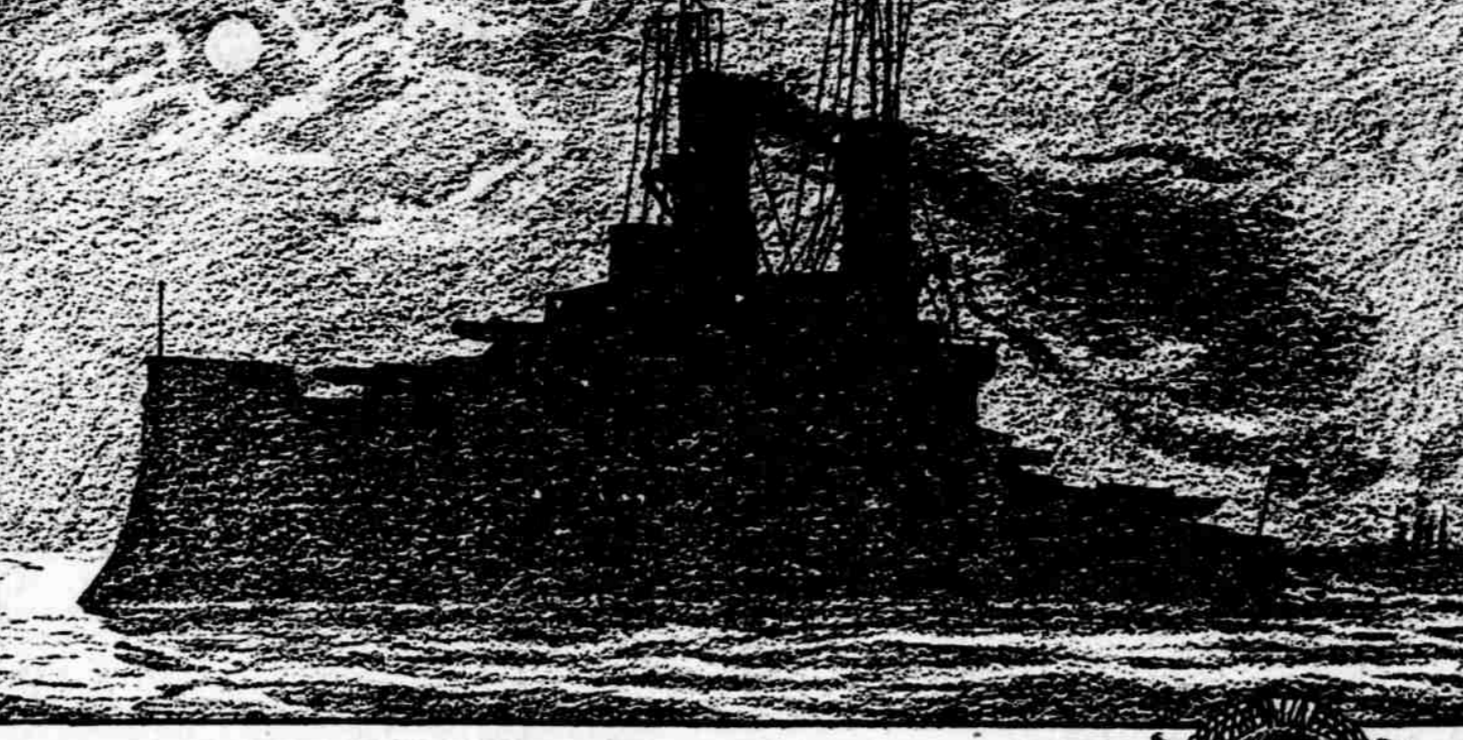
Instantly on 16 bridges was sounded the cry, "Man overboard!" and from 16 annunciators "Slow speed" was rung to the engineers. The Ohio, which was just ahead, and the Maine, which was just astern, flashed their searchlights on the waters about the troubled ship. From the quarterdeck and from the forecabin of the Missouri copper life-buoys were hurled into the sea; these bore cans of calcium chloride, which burst into flame as they touched the water—beacons for the lost sailor.

There was a patter of bare feet on the superstructure of the Missouri, three or four sharp orders, a jangling of tackle, and the life-boat, which hangs ever ready on davits, swung clear of the ship's side, slipped into the water, and was rowed swiftly into the ever-widening white circle made by the neighboring men-of-war. In the stern-sheets of each life-boat are always provisions for two days and a cask of fresh water, for frequently in a storm the big ship loses the little one for many hours, and it is always a question with the officer of the deck whether or not he should order away the boat.

At the same time a similar boat from the Kentucky, the eighth ship in the line, had cast off. These two boats, each manned by six oars and a coxswain, rapidly came together into the region of the life-buoys, which could be seen like stars jewelizing the dusky sea. The Missouri and the four ships in her rear had veered out of column. Presently the three ships ahead veered, as well as the eight steaming a mile away on the starboard beam. For one man out of 15,000 the whole fleet was stopping. It seemed unfair; some strain of mercy, foreign to the storied business of war, was halting this world-tour.

Meanwhile, from all that two-mile-square expanse of quiet sea clattered piled on spectacle, spectacle on wonder, wonder on apprehension, apprehension on curiosity and curiosity on laughter. Now ensued the quickest job an officer of the deck has to face. When a man falls overboard that officer has seven separate and distinct things to do, all at the same time; seven, count them: (1) He flashes "Z" on the ardois; (2) he throws his helm three points and veers out of column; (3) he stops his engines; (4) he fires a gun; (5) he drops the life-buoys; (6) he orders away the truck-light, which has previously announced his peaceful progress at standard speed, to a red light, which says he has stopped his engines, and then blinks it, which declares feverishly that he is backing.

From all over the fleet things were doing. Three-pounders were barking out rusty salute charges. Ardois Z's were carolling lusty staccato shrieks. The creamy surge that had been curving sea-shavings over direct bows now churned under propellers and flipped up foam into the searchlights. The entire first squadron, except the Connecticut, from the Kansas down the line, had come to a stop. Finally the Connecticut, too, slowed her engines and hove to. The captain came from his bunk, climbed the bridge and asked many questions that nobody could answer. The admiral was roused from his emergency cabin and hurried out, lacking a coat and in slippers, but not before he had paused to lift a cigar from a drawer, had viciously bit off the end and thrust it into his mouth. Then he went about, from flag-leutenant to quartermaster, from quartermaster to yeoman, from yeoman to signalman, asking nothing about the accident, imploring only for a light. And between each irrelevant question he looked at over the rail of his bridge upon a rare sight.



equator, but now they were hurrying on to get into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro before sundown of the second day following. Yet here they were, engines idle at midnight, losing a precious hour because a common seaman had inadvertently slipped over the side of the Missouri. There was no temper lost. Every one waited patiently. The life-saving machinery was at work, as provided in the regulations. There was no need to worry; the incident would take care of itself. The laws of the Medes were exact and those of the Persians explicit; the Jews had a decalogue and there have been a few codes devised since by Justinian, Napoleon and others. All those, however, were amateur attempts; in professional lawmaking the United States naval regulations say the final word. So, when a man drops overboard from a fleet at night, though wars go on and people perish, that vivid and diverse spectacle cannot be countermanded.

We lay there becalmed, fumbling in the tepid dark. The searchlights played their stark wonder over the dancing nightcaps where the silly waves tried to hide their loquacious heads. Each described its 20-degree



THE BOY GOES BACK TO HIS AIRY PERCH

sel of my pajama-cord to see if I should go fore or aft. It turned near-silk and I climbed to the admiral's bridge. There he lay, his slippers off, in shirt and trousers, his gray old head absolved of sea-vections. In the cabin beyond his flag-lieutenant nestled in a knit comforter. Only the signalman on the look-out by the semaphore kept watch there near the brain of the fleet.

AT trailed that sweep of comets. The 16 were back again, in line of squadron, the drug-store riding-lights abeam, the truck-lights white, thus spelling standard speed. Heaving, swelling, majestically plowing, they pursued their ponderous, implacable way. Mothered of crested seas, sired of the deep, they sped on, like the sire of Thor, lightning forged. Ominous there in the solemn night, the hushed spirit of the guns draped them with hidden might; the cabalistic twinkle of those blinking eyes robbed them with profound intelligence. By day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses.

The gray old head of the admiral tossed and muttered in his sleep. When he first went to sea his mother asked him how they tied up the ship at night, and when he replied that it kept on going right through the night she wanted to know how it could see. For 50 years he had survived ocean's perils, and now he was going for the last time to that out by the white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses, day they were white and yellow fortresses.

On the quarterdeck below a marine paced slowly from side to side, waiting lest another signal be down, when he would leap to the trigger that releases the life-buoy. Alone, the only sign of life on the quarterdeck, he looked in the dim shadow like an errant spirit conjuring sentry-duty from imaginative perils. It was too lofty a perch on the after-bridge, too lonely a space on the vacant quarter-deck. I groped my way forward, wiping from my brow the tropic night-sweat. Under a spreading steam-cutter that lifted its giant shape

ment in the report of a junior officer. "Happy to report false alarm. Seaman sleeping in side hammock had nightmare and called out 'Man overboard!'"

No, the Missouri was not reprimanded. The admiral and his captains only laughed and turned in. But I was awake. It was two bells of the mid-watch and, spread abroad on the face of the waters, again gathering momentum for her flight around the world, was that ever-inspiring, ever-mysterious sight—the fleet at night.

I twirled the tas-



TWO BOATS CAME TOGETHER NEAR THE LIFE-BUOYS

I stumbled down the first ladder to the main deck. Here men were clinging to the floor of the superstructure, what you might call the ceiling of that warship's top story. Each man in his hammock, slung up above like sacks of flour, they slept there by the score.

Down the next ladder to the gun-deck I passed with what celerity the tropics leave in one for night prowling and still the hammocks clung, like barnacles on a castaway, tight to the steel rafters of the protective deck. And piled in compact rows, behind the breeches of the seven-inch guns, which showed indistinctly against the open ports, lay the light oaken ditty-boxes, one of which constitutes the entire kit of the enlisted man. A ditty-box the size of a bootblack's kit, a canvas bag such as golfers use, a hammock, and leave to cling to the ceiling—that is the sailor's lot in the new navy. Cleanliness and discipline by day, folded up like a jack-knife by night and fed the best food on earth—these are the rewards he reaps for charting out the sea-path of a new world-power.

A goat bleated in the next passage to the deck where the openings are to the engine-rooms. A conk slunk a pitiful way, yearning in the close night for release from his fur. Wearing a coonskin in the tropics is not helpful, especially if you are the conk. A parrot nodded from her flying-perch and I wished that the regulations provided a place shaded with palm leaves for all mascots when in the tropics.

Up from the engine rooms crept the deep rumble of the insistent chug that drives a steamship from seaboard to seaboard as steadily as the hands of a clock, while you eat and sleep and loaf and read and dream. I found the open hatch and slipped down among the brass rods and the purple disks of the higher power than gunnery which leads a people to prosperity, the power of steam. No inch of wood was visible and space stretched forth on every line of vision; space, vast, complicated, crammed full with delicate contraptions. In the hollow distance an oiler inverted his can and poured soothing lotions into his monster plaything, as a mother lasses soothing-syrup, and he went about it with the same loving fondness, singing his lullaby to the lungs of the ship.

Down, down, down ladder after steel ladder, into the tortuous ways directly above the double bottoms, until, at last, I stood squarely in the fire-rooms themselves and watched the grimy stokers ply their unhandsome task. Cool, cooler than the quarter-deck it was down there, 11 stories—rather, 11 decks—from the after bridge where slept the oblivious admiral. And the mid-watch stoke-shift looked as comfortable as any deck-hand swabbing a hatch



COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY

athwart the superstructure I bumped down to my knees, fell flat on my face, heard growls, curses, stumbled up with a skinned hand and peered dimly in the darkness. Forms were rolling under the cutter, a tangle of arms and legs tossed aloft under the yellow ventilator, a hairy chest rose to superb height, a weary laugh fitted into the vast night.

"Choke the idiot!" "If he's overboard let him stay!" "Belay his deck-tackle!" This from the chest and the tangle of legs. Then, from a thin-hipped, slight form: "Pardon me. I was sleeping in the gangway." Then, from a severe face, one that authority had cut with executive decision: "Gangway there! Clear the gangway!"

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispers colds and headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Child ren—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.



Jack—I wish I had my signal book. But me, I'll bet that bond of the wrist means something saucy.

COVERED WITH HIVES.

Child a Mass of Dreadful Sores, Itching, Irritating Humor for 2 Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, 1908."

Peter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

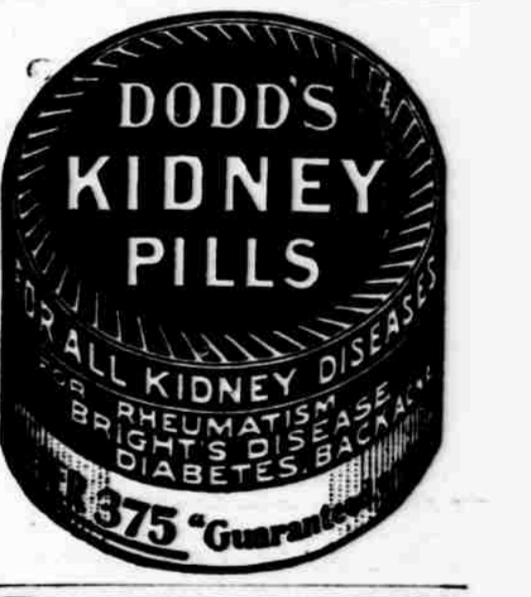
Hypocrite in the Hereafter. Dr. Madison C. Peters was discussing the question, "Will the coming man marry?" He instanced a certain type of bachelor.

"This man," he said, "is a hypocrite. He uses his religion as a cloak."

"And what will he do in the next world, eh?" said the reporter.

"Oh," said Dr. Peters, "he won't need any cloak there."

St. Louis First in This. The largest tobacco manufacturing center in the world is St. Louis. Its annual sales aggregate \$45,000,000 which is equal to 18 per cent. of the total tobacco output of the United States.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BACKACHE

75¢ Guaranteed

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

tones up the stomach and restores digestive organs, and restores their normal, healthy condition. Then the digestive organs supply the body with its full share of nourishment, and in this way build up permanent health and strength.

Sold by all druggists 2 sizes, 50c and 35c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant is an invaluable medicine for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, etc.

Calamity in Kansas

Kansas is in tough luck, that's certain, and there's more to come.—Kansas City Times.

New York's Enormous Debt. The New York city department of finance has made public a statement of the funded indebtedness of the municipality down to November 30, 1908. At that time there was a funded debt outstanding of \$794,106,189 and a temporary debt of \$92,378,200, making a combined gross indebtedness of \$886,484,389.

Man Wins Corn-Eating Contest

Man won a championship by eating 56 ears of corn at a sitting. Only one of one other animal that could compass such a feat.—New York Herald.

Use for Elastic Conscience.

Riggs and Briggs are two Montreal citizens, more or less interested in municipal affairs. They differ on several burning questions, but unite in a strong dislike for O'Flaherty (which is not the gentleman's name). The same O'Flaherty has a positive gift for manipulating votes and is capable of looking after a larger band of the "faithful" than any other Montreal politician.

"It's men like O'Flaherty who give this city a bad name," said Riggs warmly. "He's got no principles at all. In fact, he doesn't think of anything but getting his man in."

"That's so," responded Briggs. "If I had a conscience as elastic as O'Flaherty's, I'd make it into a rubber trust."