



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 unqualified 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.

Deep collars of panne, ornamented with embroidery or inset lace, are likely to be much worn in the fall, replacing the cape collars of lace, embroidered batiste, etc.

Keep your accounts carefully; don't allow yourself to use your trousers' pocket as a cash register. It is too handy.

It is cheering for a deserving young couple to receive a good send-off at their bridal. At the wedding of Sterling W. Childs and Miss Jenny Dolan, in Lynn, Mass., the bride received gifts valued at \$250,000. This relieves her of considerable anxiety, so now the devoted pair can start housekeeping in cozy and comfortable style.

Disraeli tells us the first newspaper was printed in Venice. It was called the "Gazzeta." The word is derived from the Italian and means a magazine or a chatterer.

If you cannot get profits, get rest. The wear and tear on your machinery is worth considerable and the wear and tear on yourself is likewise worthy of consideration.

The practice of eating arsenic is prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria, Hungary and France. They declare that this poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could only otherwise climb with great distress to the lungs.

Red Cross Society Makes an Appeal.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 14, 1905. An appeal for the suffering people of Macedonia has been issued as follows:

The undersigned earnestly ask the prompt and generous assistance of our fellow citizens to relieve the terrible distress which now prevails throughout Macedonia. It is estimated that as many as a hundred thousand homeless people, largely women and children, are threatened with death, many having already succumbed to exposure and starvation. The cold of a rigorous winter is already upon the country. Practical arrangements for relief are being made, similar to those which seven years ago successfully collected and distributed more than a million dollars without loss or delay to save the survivors of the Turkish massacres in Armenia. The crushed and homeless population of Macedonia, in the stress of the unsuccessful struggle for liberty, is surely worthy the sympathy of the American people, who have never failed to respond to the call of human suffering.

Donations are to be sent to Kidder, Peabody & Co., Bankers, Boston, Mass.

The appeal is signed as follows:

Gov. John L. Bates of Massachusetts, Mayor Patrick A. Collins of Boston, United States Senator George F. Hoar, Ex-Gov. W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts, Pres. William J. Tucker, Dartmouth College, Samuel B. Capen, LL. D., president of American Board of Foreign Missions, Rev. C. F. Dole, president of Twentieth Century Club, Boston, Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., pastor of the Old South Congregational Church, Boston, Rev. James L. Barton, D. D., foreign secretary of the American Board, Rev. Dr. Francis H. Rawley, pastor of First Baptist Church, Boston, Pres. W. H. P. Fauce, D. D., Brown University, Providence, Arthur E. Clarke, editor, Manchester, N. H., Robert Treat Paine, Boston, Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College, Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of American Peace Society, Mrs. Mary Morton Kenew, Boston, Rev. Charles G. Ames, pastor Church of the Disciples, Unitarian, Boston, Rev. P. R. Frothingham, Unitarian pastor, Boston, Frank A. Day, Boston, John Sheppard, Boston, H. A. Wilder, Newton, Mass., Charles A. Hopkins, Brookline, Mass., Edward Whitlin, Wrentham, Mass., George E. Keith, Brockton, Mass.

The Board of Officers of the Red Cross Society is now in session in New York, conferring concerning the proposed plans of relief, and is in correspondence with this committee. Calls have come to Miss Clara Barton for Red Cross service, and it is known that Miss Barton is deeply concerned personally and desires that the American National Red Cross shall be utilized if it is thought that through its instrumentality the suffering can be most effectually reached and relieved. Miss Barton says that the Turkish Government during the Armenian relief work in 1895 accorded aid and she believes that the Red Cross may be of equal usefulness in the present emergency. Miss Barton may go in person. She says, "I may feel it my duty to go." The rules of the British Red Cross do not admit of relief movements except in case of actual war, and then only under military direction. But the British society will co-operate informally and in communication with Miss Barton by cable.

The county office is the best primary school of journalism.

No man is absent minded enough to forget to go to his own funeral.

LIKE ALL THE REST.

Mother—"You husband is growing cold."

Daughter—"Mercy! Why do you think so?"

Mother—"He does not kiss me half so affectionately as he did before you were married."

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

When Bragg was defeated at Chattanooga he was superseded by General Johnston, who was obliged to retreat further and further into Georgia before Sherman's superior force.

Johnston was superseded by General Hood, who made two bloody but unavailing battles, and Sherman on September 21 took Atlanta. He burned all the granaries, factories and all buildings in which things were being made to help the Southern soldiers. General Sherman did not burn residences, but left them, and after staying awhile in Atlanta continued his march to the sea. On his way he destroyed the country, about sixty miles in width and 300 miles in length, burning cornfields, cutting the telegraph wires, destroying bridges, tearing up railroad tracks and everything that would be of benefit to the Southern soldier. Two men would take up the iron rails, beat them in the center, and then twist them around the nearest tree so that they could not be used again. One time when the Southern soldiers were going to blow up a tunnel, one of them spoke up and said: "Never mind, boys, Sherman carries duplicate bridges, so you had better not waste your powder."

After the capture of Atlanta, Hood moved northwesterly into Middle Tennessee, hoping to draw Sherman after him, and so relieve Georgia. This is just what Sherman wished him to do. Sherman had so large a force that he could well afford to send part of his army after Hood, under General Thomas. Thomas encountered Hood at Nashville, where Hood's army was scattered and defeated. So ended the army of the west.

During this time Sherman had continued his march to the sea, destroying the country for sixty miles in width. While this was going on the North was very anxious, for they heard nothing of Sherman from the time he left Atlanta and did not know what had become of him and his army. Sherman marched on and reached Savannah just before Christmas, and as soon as possible, he telegraphed to Washington, hoping to reach them on Christmas day, saying that he would make President Lincoln a present on that day, of Savannah.

The news reached the President on the 24th, and great was the rejoicing all over the North, and the people spent a very happy Christmas. Sherman and his army rested for a month in Savannah. Before the time was up the men were anxious to start on.

Then began the march northward into the Carolinas. The soldiers endured many hardships, going through the swamps and meeting many more obstacles. Rude roads were built over swamps by the soldiers. They bore it all bravely, and never complained. Lee had surrendered his army before Sherman reached Grant. He met Johnston at Bentonville and completely routed the army.

Praying for a Dying Fox.
It is strange but highly commendable that no matter how desperately the men fought against each other, as soon as one was wounded or disabled all enmity ceased at once. From a Richmond newspaper account of the battle of Big Bethel, near Fortress Monroe, the following narrative is taken, telling of a touching incident: "Among those mortally wounded was a northern man. He was shot through both hips, and had fallen in the road. He was discovered here by a Louisianian. He was suffering the most intense pain, his face and body being distorted by the terrible agony. His head and shoulders were raised to make him comfortable, and his face and forehead bathed in water.

"After thanking the Louisianian for his kindness, the poor fellow said: 'I feel that the end is nearing; will you pray for me?'"

"Well, my friend, said the Louisianian, 'I'd like powerfully to help you out to tell you the truth, I ain't been called on for a first rate prayer for nigh on to sixteen years. But some of our boys are in practice, and—'"

"The man was strayed by a Virginian of the Vicksburg Cavalry, who had overheard the conversation.

The Virginian unbuckled his sword and laid it on the ground with his hat and then, dropping on his knees, he took the dying man's hand in his.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the Confederate.

"I trust I am," was the reply.

The trooper, still holding the other's hands, then offered up a prayer— fervent, pathetic and eloquent.

The soldier's face as he listened to this prayer, lost all trace of recent suffering, and became calm and dignified in its expression. In his new-found love for his late foe, the Northern soldier tried to place his hands about the praying trooper's neck, but he only succeeded in getting them to the other's shoulders, where they rested.

Then, with his eyes riveted on the face bending over him, he appeared to drink in the words of hope and consolation 'as the parched earth drinks up rain.' And as the 'Amen' died in the lips of the Christian soldier, the dead man's hand relaxed its hold and fell to the ground, as his spirit rose heavenward.

The scene was solemn and impressive and the boards' soldiers standing

near, were melted to tears. The dying never weep, 'tis said. Having no implements with which to dig a grave, and expecting the return of the Northern troops, they left the dead—without arranging his dress, straightening his shattered limbs and crossing his hands on his breast, leaving evidence to the dead man's companions that his last moments had been ministered to by humane and Christian men.

A Punns Incident.

A member of the old Logan Guards of Pennsylvania, who early in the war was stationed at Martinsburg, Va., related the following incident:

Shortly after the arrival of the company, the squad to which I was attached was messaged not far from a pretentious house. The men had strict orders not to enter this house; but from the first night their interest in the place became very strong, owing to the fact that musical voices could be heard in snatches of song during the day, which snatches became perfect floods of melody at night.

The unknown vocalist sang in tones so soft, so tremulous, so melodious, that the volunteers strained their ears and drank in every note with rapture. In the daytime they would lounge in groups before the dwelling, but as the doors remained shut and the blinds down, they did not see a soul.

Beauty, so every man felt, must be an attribute of the sweet but unseen singer; and it was surprising how all the boys "prinked" up in the hope of catching the attention of the unknown.

For a week the music of that wonderful voice was heard till late every night, and when it died out worldly interest went with it, and the dreams of the young men were filled with delightful fancies of the fair but mysterious songster.

One night the voice burst out with a melody and a rapture more entrancing than usual, and one of the soldiers sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"By Jove! I can't stand this any longer. That beautiful nightingale is going to be discovered!"

The amorous youth at once started off to reconnoitre the place. He crept on tiptoe toward the dwelling, leaped the garden fence, and finally, undiscovered, but very pallid and remorseful, the casement.

Slowly raising his head he peered through a partly raised window. The room was full of music, and he seemed to grow blind for the moment.

Lo! prone upon the kitchen hearth sat the mysterious singer, in the shape of a fat, coal-black, middle-aged negro—singing in a kettle.

The soldier's limbs sank beneath him, and the woman, catching sight of him, stopped her singing and called out:

"Go 'way dere, won't yeh! Quick, or I'll heave dis yere kettle at yer ugly head!"

The soldier hastened back and told of his discovery; but the boys dreamt no more of lissome angels in the camp.

"Fighting Joe Hooker."

How General Hooker got the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe Hooker" is said by Sidney V. Lowell, of Brooklyn, to have originated as follows:

"I was reading proof on the New York Courier and Enquirer and had been at work from 7 o'clock in the evening until 3 in the following morning. McClellan had come into contact with the Confederate forces and was pressing them back toward Richmond. Our press dispatches from the front, written with carbon on manifold sheets of tissue paper, told me of desperate fighting all along McClellan's line. Among his corps commanders was General Hooker, whose command had been perhaps too gravely engaged. Just as the last page form of the Courier and Enquirer was made ready for the press another dispatch came in from the front giving further particulars of the fighting in which Hooker's corps was desperately engaged, and across the top of the dispatch was written 'Fighting—Joe Hooker.' I knew that this line meant that the matter should be added to what had gone before, but the compositor who put it in type knew nothing about the preceding matter, consequently he set the phrase as a headline, 'Fighting Joe Hooker.' Concluding that it made a good headline, I let it go. I realized that if a few other proofreaders treated the phrase as I did, Hooker would live and die as 'Fighting Joe Hooker.' Enough additional proofreaders acted likewise to do the business."

Pickled Cherries.

Choose the finest Morello cherries with stems, and put them in salt and water for twenty-four hours, then pour off this, and pour the vinegar over the cherries. The flavor of the fruit needs no additional seasoning. Set the jars of pickle, well closed, in the sun for a day or two, and the pickle is ready.

Portugal Cakes.

An equal quantity by weight of flour, butter and powdered sugar. Half the weight of currants; use tea eggs to a pound of flour, leaving out three or four whites (adding them is needless to mix); beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs and flour alternately, then flavor with a half glassful of rose water. Bake slowly in small muffin pans.

Potato Cakes.

Mix mashed potato with pepper, salt, a small proportion of flour and a little baking powder. Mix with milk to proper consistency, roll out to the thickness of an inch and cut in cakes; grease the frying pan, lay in the cake and turn as griddle cakes are turned to cook both sides.

Succotash.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it, and scrubbing with a scrub-brush; rinse in clear water.

To clean cotton or linen window blinds the blind should be spread flat on a table and then rubbed well all over with bread crumbs. This will make it look quite clean and fresh.

Yellow stains, left by sewing-machine oil, on white, may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia, before washing with soap.

To prevent laundry irons from getting rough and for keeping them clean, wash them thoroughly in soap-suds to remove all the sarch, which is sometimes baked in the edges; dry them and rub well with a paraffin ball for this purpose.



Prune Tart.

Mix 1 1/2 cups of flour and half a cup of sugar. With the tips of the fingers work in two-thirds of a cup of butter and make to a stiff dough with the yolks of three eggs, more or less according to size. Flour well a deep pudding form. Break off small portions of the dough, pat and roll out, then press against the bottom and sides of the pan until it is entirely covered. Brush with white of egg and stand aside to chill while preparing the fruit. Wash and stone some fresh prunes, add sugar to sweeten well and a scanty tablespoonful of flour for each quart of fruit. Fill the pastry about two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven. When about done beat the yolks of three eggs with three rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar, add a cup of hot cream and six macaroons crumbled fine. Pour over the pudding and bake until it is a delicate brown. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add three rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar and vanilla to flavor. Pipe irregularly over the top and bake slowly until firm to the touch.—What to Eat.

Cold Catnip.

Peel ripe tomatoes and chop them small. Turn into a colander and allow all superfluous juice to drip off. Put the tomato pulp into a stone crock and stir into four quarts of the tomatoes a cup of salt, a gill of grated horseradish, a half-cup each of white and black mustard seed, three small red peppers, minced, three celery roots, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of celery seed, a small cup of brown sugar, a heaping tablespoonful each of ground allspice and ground cloves, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and four cups of strong vinegar. Stir together thoroughly, stand for several hours, mix again, pour into bottles and seal.

Gingerbread.

One pound of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of black molasses, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of powdered ginger. Mix the flour and baking powder thoroughly, melt the butter and mix it with the molasses and ginger, then incorporate the whole of the ingredients, which will form a soft, dark-colored dough. For thick gingerbread place the whole mass in a shallow tin, swell buttered, and bake in a moderately hot oven for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Strawberry Soup.

Allow a level tablespoonful of arrowroot to each pint of fruit juice (or two-thirds fruit juice to one-third water, and enough sugar to sweeten. Strain the fruit juice, heat to boiling, add the arrowroot rubbed to a paste with a little cold water, and cook until it is perfectly clear, adding meanwhile the sugar to taste. Take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and set aside to cool. Serve in small punch glasses or cups. Half fill them with finely cracked ice and cover with the soup. Eat with a teaspoon.

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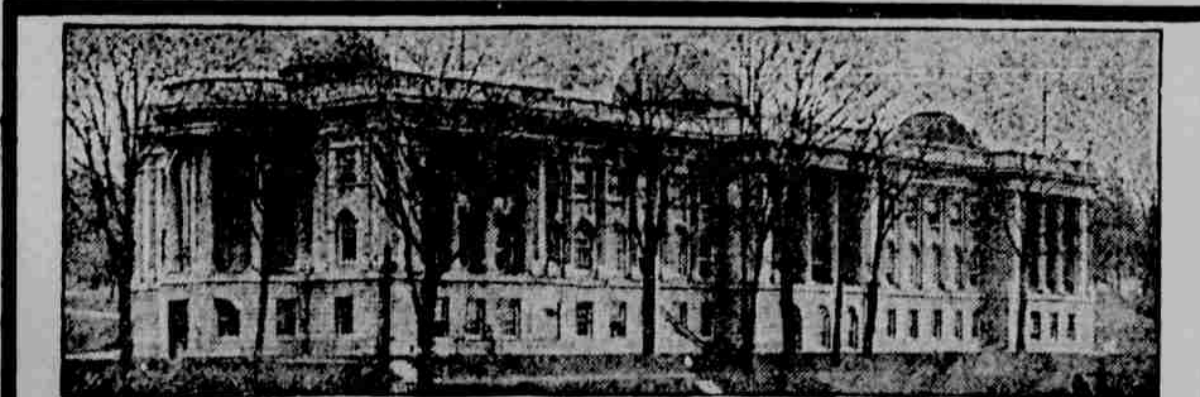
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The Cosmopolitan Magazine

Forceful—Original—Unafraid—In all, Entertaining
The Cosmopolitan occupies a position distinctly its own. 50 short stories, and one, or more, complete novels appear in its pages each year

While giving great attention to fiction and entertainment, it has a definite plan beyond. It may be likened to a great modern university with a million and a half student readers. A year's course embraces what is most important in the scientific field, what is most interesting in invention and discovery, what is most entertaining in travel and adventure, what is most valuable in the world of business. And especially in woman's field it is indispensable. The most careful selection is made to secure the real thinkers of the world as contributors to its departments of household organization and womanly education and progress. A portion of each number is edited with reference to the woman of the world, another to the woman of the home, another to interest youth, and still another for the man of affairs, covering equally the clerk just starting in life and the captain of industry. H. G. Wells' semi-scientific story of adventure and the marvelous will be begun in the November issue of The Cosmopolitan Edited by John Brisson Walker On all news-stands. Price, 10 cents