

THE COME AND SEE SIGN



This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write?

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she will just as well regain her health.

Grandfather's Cure for Constipation

Great medicine—the Sawbuck. Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil, nor "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and—A Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood-pile.

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, because—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles without work.

They don't Purge, Grip, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like "Physic."

They don't flush out your Bowels and Intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juice, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters always do.

No—Cascarets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles, that line the Food passages and that tighten up when food touches them, thus driving the food to its finish.

A Cascaret acts on your Bowel Muscles as if you had just sawed a cord of wood, or walked ten miles.

Cascarets move the Food Naturally, digesting it without waste of tomorrow's Gastric Juice.

The thin, flat, Ten-Cent Box is made to fit your Vest pocket, or "My Lady's" Purse. Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

Carry it constantly with you and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need one.

Be very careful to get the genuine made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "COC."

Whose Money is That? Five miles east of Wheeling, W. Va., in the old Harvey mansion. In March, 1900, Col. James Harvey, the owner, was murdered, the object of the criminals being to secure a large sum of money believed to be in the house. For the crime two negroes, John Mooney and Harry Friday, were hanged.

The mansion was bought by A. S. Bell and the deed includes "the household goods and all appurtenances thereon." Last week carpenters engaged in making alterations found \$11,000 secreted beneath a floor. Harvey's heirs claim the money, but Bell argues that his deed covers it. An interesting legal battle is probable.

The Spleen as Food. In France and Italy many persons eat the spleen, what we call in French "tratte." I have eaten it myself. Gotten from a pig it weighs about eight ounces, and it is situated on the right side of the pig, touching the liver. A spleen from a cow or bull weighs about two pounds, but is a little more spongy than the pig's spleen, which is the best. If some one should start the fashion we would after a while pay 75 cents a pound in first-class restaurants, especially if some person of mark should start the habit—Chef Valere Bragagnolis in Letter to New York Tribune.

In Humble Life. The two newboys were fighting desperately over a game of craps. "Frenzied finance," mused the professor, passing on.

AIKENSIDE

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Drake," "The English Orphan," "Homeside on the Hills," "Less Rivers," "Mademoiselle," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Cousin Knave," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.) It was a sore trial for Maddy to write to Lucy Atherton, but she offered no remonstrance, and so accompanying the picture was a little note, filled mostly with praises of Mr. Guy, and which would be very gratifying to the unsuspecting Lucy.

Now that it felt decided for Jessie to go with her lessons were suspended, and Aikenside for the time being was turned into a vast dressmaking establishment. With his usual generosity, Guy had given Agnes permission to draw upon his purse for whatever was needed, either for herself or Jessie, with the delicate understanding that Maddy should have an equal share of dress and attention.

"It will not be necessary," he said, "for you to enlighten the citizens of New York with regard to Maddy's position. She goes there as Jessie's equal, and her wardrobe must be suitable."

No one could live long with Maddy Clyde without becoming interested in her, and in spite of Agnes' dislike she was wearing away, particularly as of late she had seen no signs of special attention on the doctor's part. He had gotten over his weakness, she thought, and so was very gracious toward Maddy, who, naturally forgiving, began to like her better than she had ever dreamed it possible for her to like so proud and haughty a woman.

Down at the cottage in Homeside there were many consultations held and many fears expressed by the aged couple as to what would be the result of all Guy was doing for their child.

A few days before Maddy's departure, grandpa went up to see "the madam," anxious to know something more than hearsay about a person to whose care his child was to be partially entrusted. Agnes was in her room when told who wanted to see her. Starting quickly, she turned so deadly white that Maddy, who brought the message, flew to her side, asking in much alarm what was the matter.

"Only a little faint. It will soon pass off," Agnes said, and then, dismissing Maddy, she arose to compose herself sufficiently to face the ordeal she so much dreaded, and from which there was no possible escape.

Thirteen years! Had they changed her past recognition? She hoped, she believed so, and yet, never in her life had Agnes Remington's heart beaten with so much terror and apprehension as when she entered the reception room where Guy sat talking with the infirm old man who remembered so well. His snowy hair was parted just the same as ever, but the middle eye was dimmer, and it rested on her with no suspicious glance, as, partially reassured, she glided across the threshold, and bowed demurely when Guy presented her.

A little anxious as to how her grandfather would acquit himself, Maddy sat by, wondering why Agnes appeared so ill at ease, and why her grandpa started sometimes at the sound of her voice, and looked earnestly at her.

"We've never met before to my knowledge, young woman," he said, "but you are, but you are mighty like somebody, and your voice, when you talk low, keeps making me jump as if I'd heard it summers or after."

Other than that Agnes spoke in elevated tones, as if she thought him deaf, and the mystified look of wonder did not return to his face. Numerous were the charges he gave to Agnes concerning Maddy, bidding her be watchful of his child; then, as he arose to go, he laid his trembling hand on her head and said solemnly: "You are young yet, lady, and there may be a long life before you. God bless you, then, and prosper you in proportion as you are kind to Maddy. I've nothing to say to you nor Mr. Guy, for your goodness only my prayers, and then you have every day. We all pray for you, lady, Joseph and all, though I doubt he knows much the meaning of what he says."

"Who, sir? What did you say?" and Agnes' face was scarlet, as grandpa replied: "Joseph, our unfortunate boy; Maddy, my dear, you see, the one who's taken such a shine to Jessie. From the corner where he sits so much I can hear him whispering by the hour, sometimes of folks he used to know, and then of you, who we call madam. He says for ten minutes on the stretch: 'God bless the madam—the madam—the madam! You're sick, lady; think about him makes you faint,' grandpa added, hastily, as Agnes turned white as the dress she wore.

"No—oh, no, I'm better now," Agnes gasped, bowing him to the door with a feeling that she could breathe no longer in his presence.

He did not hear her faint cry of bitter, bitter remorse, as he walked through the hall, nor know she watched him as he went slowly down the walk, stopping often to admire the fair blossoms which Maddy did not feel at liberty to pick.

"He loved flowers," Agnes whispered, as her better nature prevailed over every other feeling, and starting eagerly forward, she ran after the old man, who, surprised at her evident haste, waited a moment for her to speak. It was rather difficult to do so with Maddy's inquiring eyes upon her, but Agnes managed at last to say:

"Does that man like flowers—the one who prays for the madam?"

"Yes, he used to years ago," grandpa replied, and, bending down, Agnes began to pick and arrange into a most tasteful bouquet the blossoms and buds of May, growing so profusely within the borders.

"Take them to him, will you?" and her hand shook as she passed to Grandpa Markham the gift which would thrill poor Joseph with a strange delight, making him hold converse a while with the nurse presented with the called "shrub," and then whisper blessings on the madam's head.

Three days after this, a party of four left Aikenside, which presented a most forlorn and cheerless appearance to the passers-by, who were glad almost as the servants when, at the expiration of a week, Guy came back and took up his old life of solitude and loneliness, with nothing in particular to interest him, except his books and the letters he wrote to Lucy; indeed, it was those who were going to write to Maddy, who, with Jessie, had promised to become his correspondent. Nothing but these and the picture—the doctor's picture—the one designed expressly for her, and which troubled him greatly. Believing that he had fully intended it for the doctor, Guy felt as if it were, in a measure, stolen property, and this made him prize it all the more.

Now that Maddy was away Guy missed her terribly, wondering how he had ever lived without her, and sometimes

had been meddling with his plans. He contented himself with driving like a second Jehu until he reached Homeside, where a pair of soft, brown eyes smiled up into his face, and a little, warm hand was clasped in his, as Maddy came even to the gate to meet him.

She was very glad to see him. The cottage with its humble adornings did seem lonely, almost dreary, after the life and bustle of New York, and Maddy had cried more than once to think how hard and wicked she must be growing when her home had ceased to be the dear old home she once loved so well. She had been there five days now, and notwithstanding the efforts of her grandparents to entertain her, each day had seemed a week in its duration. Neither the doctor nor Guy had been near her, and capricious little Maddy had made herself believe that the former was sadly remiss in his duty, inasmuch as he had not seen her for so long.

Maddy was getting to be a woman, with womanly freaks, as the reader will readily see. At Guy she was not particularly piqued. She did not take his attentions as a matter of course; still she thought more of him, if possible, than of the doctor, during those five days, saying to herself each morning: "He'll surely come to-day, and to herself each night: 'He will be here tomorrow.'"

She had something to show him at last—a letter from Lucy Atherton, who had gradually come to be her regular correspondent, and whom Maddy had learned to love with all the intensity of her girlhood. To her ardent imagination Lucy Atherton was but a little lower than the angels, and she would do anything to please her. She was doing almost as much towards molding her character as Grandpa Markham's prayers and constant teachings. Maddy did not know it, but it was these letters from Lucy which kept her not for a moment associate him with herself when she so constantly thought of "the doctor" as the husband of another, and that other Lucy Atherton.

Not for a moment would Maddy have wrangled the creature who wrote to her so confidently of Guy, envying her in that she could so often see his face and hear his voice, while his betrothed was separated from him by many thousand miles. Little by little it had come out that Lucy's mother was averse to the match, that she had in her mind the case of an English lord, who would make her daughter "My Lady"; and this was the secret of her deferring so long her daughter's marriage.

In her last letter to Maddy, however, Lucy had written with more than her usual spirit that she would come in possession of her property on her twenty-fifth birthday. She should then feel at liberty to act for herself, and she launched into joyful anticipations of the time when she should come to Aikenside and meet her dear Maddy Clyde.

Guy began to talk with Maddy, asking how she had spent her time, and so forth. This reminded Maddy of the doctor, who, she said, had not been to see her at all. "He was coming this morning," Guy rejoined, "but I persuaded him to defer his call until you were at Aikenside. I have come to take you back with me, as we are to have a party day after tomorrow evening, and I wish you to be present."

(To be continued.)

HINDOOS SAVED THEIR FOOD.

Band of United States Customs Officers Nearly Profaned It. Five Hindoos, attired in native costume, were steering passengers on board the steamship Panama, which arrived from Colon. They were taken to Ellis Island for examination, says the New York Post.

The men were greatly excited when, in handling their baggage, which was wrapped in heavy cloths, the customs officers nearly touched and polluted one bundle which contained food. The customs men quickly appreciated the situation and drew back their hands, and thus the food was not profaned.

Two of the men called themselves Bishan Singh, two Nandis Singh, and the fifth Wir Singh. The latter appeared to be of lower caste than the rest, and he was treated accordingly. Various were the tales about the Hindoos. Some persons said they were members of a theatrical troupe, others believed them to be in search of work.

One Bishan Singh, whose English was by no means perfect, appeared to be the leader of the party. His turban was red, while the others wore white head cloths. He said that he had been working in Peru as a watchman. He and his companions were Sikhs, having held various engagements in the British army. He himself had served five years, said Bishan Singh.

He showed a letter of recommendation, and vouched for his fellows, saying they had worked at watchmen on the Panama canal. Bishan Singh gravely, if they could find no work here.

C. J. Anderson, third officer of the Panama, and Charles Mitchell, the freight agent, were detailed to take the Hindoos to 215 West 27th street. The party started to walk to the pier at the foot of West 27th street. The party started at 2 1/2 street and 9th avenue. The Hindoos had their bag, gaze under their arms. It was a long walk. They had gone about half way when they began to grumble. Suddenly they laid down their baggage.

"We no go," said the spokesman, Bishan Singh. "Where you take us? See, there is a carriage." You make us walk. Everybody on street look at us. Think we have no money when we walk. Why you no give us a carriage?"

Anderson was sure that the line would not pay cab fare for five stevedore passengers. The Hindoos, however, were obstinate. Finally an idea struck Anderson. He pointed ahead to the elevated and said:

"See up in the air. There is the carriage on the tracks. Come on." His words followed.

The Hindoos cooked their own food on shipboard, and said their daily prayers with much ceremony.

Really the Truth. "She says she gets so tired of shopping; it makes her so weary." "Such airs! As if she had any time for it. Of course, I don't know, but I'll bet she works all day."

"That's just it; she's a saleswoman."—Philadelphia Press.

Same as the Others. Homer—I thought I had at least one useless friend in Grigsby. Mrs. Homer—Well, haven't you? Homer—No. Only this morning he wanted to borrow \$10.

MANKIND'S FIRST DOCTORS.

In the Old Days Healers "Scared the Devil" Out of Patients. "If the folks of the present day had to undergo some of the treatment that our forebears of almost forgotten ages had to contend with when they were invalids, they wouldn't be so much growling about the medicines that were prescribed for them now," said the intelligent pharmacist, who is out again after a long siege of the grip.

"What were the usual doses then?" he was asked.

"Well, I can't believe there were any that could be called favorites," replied the druggist, "but the books tell us that before the days of the great father of medicine, Hippocrates, when a man became afflicted with any sort of disorder the astrologists and fetiche-men and others of that ilk who doctored their fellow humans, almost always diagnosed the sickness as the production of the devil, or some other evil spirit, who had taken possession and required an occupancy of the sick man's corporeal frame, and had to be driven out by other devils, speeters and apparitions, and these medicine men generally had an assortment of demons on hand to do the business. They acted on the homeopathic principle, similia similibus curantur, or, in plain English: 'Like things are cured by like things.'"

So the doctors of those days set their fiends at work to scare the devils out of sick people, and let imagination do the rest, and it was not until the great Grecian introduced and promulgated a sound system of medicine that these early doctors retired from practice.

"I know to-day of sensible people who wear charms and amulets to guard them against any kinds of evil, and actually have faith in their efficacy. Of course, that comes within the range of superstition—at least, that is my individual opinion—but it is widespread."

The Zuni formerly had a number of old colored globular and jar-shaped bas-

TRANSFORMATIONS IN DRESS.



Eugenie-like down to the waist, this dame shows skirts of four periods. The Empress' suzanna of to-day is labeled 1908, while the slightly larger size dates to 1900. In 1895 there was apparently quite a spread, while 1890 takes one to the height of the hoopskirt period and Eugenie in all her glory.

I know a man in this very town, a rather intelligent man at that, who keeps constantly in his pocket a horse chestnut to keep away rheumatism. That man never had the rheumatism in his life, but his best friend couldn't induce him to throw away the chestnut.

"Some of these amulets of the ages that have gone are very curious propositions. One, the preparation of which was attributed to one of the early popes, was a preparation of dried lead, arsenic, pearl, tragacanth and other ingredients, and was in its time worn by people around their necks, and never removed. During the cholera plague in London, people wore arsenic amulets as measures of precaution, and a favorite method of preventing away chills and fever at one time was to wear a necklace of spiders.

"Where is the person who has not some regard for a cast-off horseshoe? At one time a horseshoe was frequently nailed over the doors of houses to keep off witches. Now they are regarded by thousands of folks as good luck charms. All this shows where imagination is at work.

"Coming back strictly to medicines, I can say that in my time, and I have dispensed drugs for more than a third of a century, the doses administered by physicians are greatly changed. The big heavy boluses our fathers used to take have been relegated to the rear, and, as a general thing, the doctors put fewer ingredients into the compounds they prescribe. All the old medicines that our ancestors used to believe in with us in stock, but rarely are they called for. In another half century there is bound to be a new school of medical administration, but I won't be here to make a note of it."

Just Such a Gent. "You're looking for new quarters, I hear," said Kidder, at the breakfast table.

"Yes," replied the talkative boarder.

"Why?"

"Here's an ad in the paper that should interest you particularly: 'To rent—Nice room for gent with gas.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Wiser. "He's been in Paris for a year, I believe. He must be very wealthy."

"Well, he used to have more money than he knew what to do with."

"You mean he isn't as wealthy as he was?"

"Oh, no; I mean he has been in Paris long enough to acquire more knowledge."—Philadelphia Press.

In Quest of Proof. "Charity begins at home," remarked Titewat to the beggar.

"That so?" replied the mendicant.

"Spoken you ask me up to your house for dinner, then?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

When some men start out to look for the deserving poor their first stop is in front of a mirror.

THE PAINTING SEASON.

Good results in painting at the least cost depend largely upon the material chosen. Paint is a simple compound and the ingredients can be easily tested. The solid part or pigment should be White Lead. The liquid part should be Linseed Oil. Those best informed on painting always buy these ingredients separately and have their painter mix them fresh for each job. Before the mixing the test is made.

Place a pea-sized bit of White Lead on a piece of charcoal or piece of wood. Blow the flame against it and see what it will do. If it is pure White Lead, little drops of bright, pure metallic lead will appear, and with patience the White Lead can be completely reduced to one globule of metallic lead. This is because pure White Lead is made from metallic lead.

You may test dozens of other so-called White Leads and not be able to reduce one of them to lead. If they will not change wholly to lead but leave a residue, it is clear that some adulterant is present.

If you should have your painting done with such materials, no matter how cheap they might seem, it would be costly in the end.

National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City, are sending on request a blowpipe free to any one about to have painting done, so that the White Lead may be tested. With it will be sent a handsomely printed booklet having as its frontispiece the "Dutch Boy Painter," reproduced from the original painting. This little painter has become noted as the guaranty of pure White Lead.

HE HAS NO GAS WORRIES.

A Houseboat Owner Anchors His Home Near a Private Well. One man there is in the west side, who sits with his family before a natural gas fire in the evening in a room lighted by natural gas, with no worry as to whether Kansas City's supply of natural gas holds out or not, says the Kansas City Star. Samuel Isabel is the name. He is a fisherman at the mouth of the Kaw River. He lives in a 20x40 foot houseboat, but his houseboat is the envy of all the many other fishermen who live near the mouth of the river.

Seven years ago several west side men formed an investment company, the object of which was to bore for natural gas in the bottoms near the Kaw River. One well was sunk and gas encountered, but capped and for several years the gas was put to no use.

Last summer Isabel moved his houseboat down the river and anchored it near the well.

"I thought it looked like a good thing," he said, "so I kept quiet and got to work. I bought an old water tank to use as a container. Then I bought 200 feet of iron pipe at a low price. After purchasing a few more accessories I had my gas plant complete. I piped my houseboat and put in gas fixtures and stoves. Now I don't have to buy my coal for stoves or oil for lamps, and I have the best-lighted and heated bathhouse on the river."

When he laid his pipe from the well to his house Isabel perfected an ingenious contrivance so that when his house moved or was rocked by the rise and fall of the water the flow of gas was not affected. Other fishermen have applied to Isabel for use of part of the gas, but he says that as he found it first he will not risk overtaxing his flowline by having too many consumers on it.

Disputed the Proposition. "All that you are, my friend," said the lecturer, singling out an elderly man sitting in a front seat who appeared to be deeply interested—"all that you are, I repeat, you owe to heredity and environment."

"Gosh," exclaimed the elderly man, turning red with indignation, "I never had no dealin's with that firm in my life, and I don't owe them or nobody else a blamed cent!"—Chicago Tribune.

Knave of One Order. The multimillionaire made out a check for a large sum payable to his favorite institution of learning.

"The smaller colleges," he said, affixing his signature, "are useful, of course, as leaders for the big universities, but they're not the only feeders of 'em."

COFFEE EYES.

It Acts Slowly but Frequently Produces Blindness. The curious effect of slow daily poisoning and the gradual building up of disease as a result, is shown in numbers of cases where the eyes are affected by coffee.

A case in point will illustrate: A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eyes in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

She says: "This gradual failure of sight alarmed me and I naturally began a very earnest quest for the cause. About this time I was told that coffee poisoning sometimes took that form, and while I didn't believe that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I concluded to quit it and see.

"I took up Postum Food Coffee in spite of the jokes of Husband whose experience with one cup at a neighbor's was unsatisfactory. Well, I made Postum strictly according to directions, boiling it a little longer, because of our high altitude. The result was charming. I have now used Postum in place of coffee for about 3 months and my eyes are well, never paining me or showing any weakness. I know to a certainty that the cause of the trouble was coffee and the cure was in quitting it and building up the nervous system on Postum, for that was absolutely the only change I made in diet and I took no medicine.

"My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum.

"Mr. —, a friend, discarded coffee and took on Postum to see if he could be rid of his dyspepsia and frequent headaches. The change produced a most remarkable improvement quickly."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.