



Miss M. Cartledge gives some helpful advice to young girls. Her letter is but one of thousands which prove that nothing is so helpful to young girls who are just arriving at the period of womanhood as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly, for it is the only medicine I ever tried which cured me. I suffered much from my first menstrual period, I felt so weak and dizzy at times I could not pursue my studies with the usual interest. My thoughts became sluggish, I had headaches, backaches and sinking spells, also pains in the back and lower limbs. In fact, I was sick all over. "Finally, after many other remedies had been tried, we were advised to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am pleased to say that after taking it only two weeks, a wonderful change for the better took place, and in a short time I was in perfect health. I felt buoyant, full of life, and found all work a pastime. I am indeed glad to tell my experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it made a different girl of me. Yours very truly, Miss M. CARLEDGE, 533 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

AT THE FIRST SIGN Of Torturing, Disfiguring Humors Use



CUTICURA

Every child born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to torturing, disfiguring humors of the Skin and Scalp, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering, but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available, viz.: the CUTICURA Treatment, consisting of warm baths with CUTICURA Soap, and gentle ointments with CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent and economical.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Ointment, 50c. Resolvin, 25c. In form of Cuticura Creamed Flax, 25c. per 1/4 lb. of 60c. Depot: London, 27, Chancery Lane; Paris, 2, Rue de la Paix; Boston, 17, Columbus Ave.; New York, 10, Nassau St.; Philadelphia, 10, Market St. For full particulars, send for "How to Cure Torturing, Disfiguring Humors from Infancy to Age."

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES catarrh of the stomach.

N. N. U. 824 - 21 YORK NEB

THE OLD MAN'S GUESS

Daughter—"Here is a paragraph in the paper about 'pluck-me' stores. What are pluck-me stores?"

Father—"Um—I don't know—dry goods stores I, guess?"

Dyeing is as easy as washing when PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are used.

The University of Michigan has received from Mrs. John S. Newberry, of Detroit, three hundred dollars for a fellowship in the classics during the coming college year.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

LIKELY TO REMEMBER

Friend—"I notice you have a string around your finger and a knot in your handkerchief, too?"

Old Lady—"Yes, the string around my finger is to remind me that I have a knot in my handkerchief, and the knot in the handkerchief is to remind me that the things I want to remember are written on a piece of paper in my purse?"

Pisc's Cure for Consumption promptly relieves my little 5-year-old sister of cough.—Miss L. A. Pearce, 23 Pilling street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1901.

HOW SHE REMEMBERED

Binks—"I don't see how you can remember the birthdays of all the children?"

Mrs Binks—"It's very easy. The first was born on August 17th I remember it because on that day you gave me a pearl necklace with my name and the date on the clasp. The second was born July 20th. On that day you gave me a fifty-cent book with my name and date on the fly leaf. The third was born on May 6th. On that day you got mad at a millinery bill which had just been sent in, and it isn't paid yet!"

Catarra Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarra is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At the solicitation of the publishers of The American Boy, Detroit, Mich., the managers of the World's Exposition at St. Louis have set apart July 5th as American Boy Day. Fine programs for boys will be given in Festival Hall on that day—the programs being under the supervision of the editor of the American Boy.

The banquet hall of the British building at the world's fair is furnished in fine reproductions of historical examples of the Queen period. The furniture consists of chairs after the originals in the possession of the Earl of Westmoreland, old console tables that were part of the collection of Viscount Hilton at Morstam House and a number of cabinets and tables of historic interest.

Peacock batpins are becoming the rage.

BAD DREAMS

Indicate Improper Diet, Usually Due to Coffee.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says:

"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphine fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed, and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks, I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel that I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me, and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time, for I finally consented to try Postum, and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand as you can see, can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"UNKNOWN."

Or where the ring-dove's notes, sweet summer's augur

Floated from the hillside o'er the Tennessee,
Or by the James, or by the Chickamauga,
Or where the Gulf winds dip the sails
aloe.

Or where the Schuykill cleaves the vernal shadows,
Or stretches far the commerce-gathering arms
Of the broad Hudson, through the fresh-
ened meadows
Of village ruins and harvest-blooming
farms.

Where'er we meet the friends once fondly
cherished
And hands all warm with old affection
take,

Breathe ye with love the names of those
who perished
And sleep in graves unknown, for Pres-
don's sake
The wooded slope of Chattanooga shad-
ows

The level fields where they repose, alone;
In serried rows in Arlington's green mead-
ows,
Their headstones speak the one sad word,
"Unknown."

Balm-breathing Junos, to old home-farms re-
turning,
Bear from green fields no pleasant airs
to them,
Nor rose and lily's odorous censers burn-
ing,
In morning suns, from dew-bejeweled
stem.

The west winds blow by Chickamauga
River,
The south winds play the Rapidan be-
side;
But they are dead, and we shall see them
never,
Till heaven's armies follow Him who
died.

Peace! Let us mingle love's sweet tears
with pity's
For those who bought the heritage we
own,
Who gave their all, and in death's silent
cities
Have but the nameless epitaph, "Un-
known."

—Boston Herald.

The Borrowed Regimentals.

A Romance of Memorial Day.

Always towards Decoration Day old Silas Morton went through the self-same period of excitement, fervor and patriotism. Along about the 20th of May he became a being revived by stirring memories, and no man kept better step, looked more dignified and important than the old hero of Company B, who had saved the regimental colors at Pea Ridge forty odd years back. Silas had got a two-line notice in the busy prints for that five-minute plunge amid shot and shell, but a century of love and devotion in the hearts of comrades and their descendants.

Memorial Day was a picture-dream to him, an occasion where rarely fervent and tender emotions mingled. He devoted hours to formulating programs of ceremonies, to brushing up his cherished recollections. On the eve of the day memorable he strolled over to the home of his veteran companion in arms, John Ridgely.

Paul Ridgely, grandson, sat on the rustic porch, his hand between his hands, a victim of either deep dejection or meditation. He started up confusedly, stammered, and turned dead white.

"How's the grandfather?" inquired Morton.

"Very much better," answered Paul. "The fever is gone, and the doctor says he will be well and about soon if he keeps mind and body quiet."

"He won't do neither if he realizes it's Decoration Day," declared Silas.

"He mustn't realize it, then—in fact, we have fixed the calendar several days out."

"Strange procession—without him in the ranks!" grumbled Morton. "I won't see him, then, till it's over—might blunt out the truth, for I'm naturally full of the occasion. That's why I run down. I was thinking, Paul; my old blue suit is pretty shabby. John and I are about a size. He wouldn't object, if he knew—would you, if I wore his to-morrow?"

"Surely not," answered Paul quickly. "I'll get it for you at once."

Paul knew just where to find the suit, for he had put it away himself the last time his grandfather had worn it. That was two weeks before. The old man had gone to a G. A. R. meeting, had returned with a sore throat, and the next day was laid low with fever.

Paul sighed as he thought of that night in question, so much had depended on it, and out of it had come only silence, disappointment and suffering. Over in a corner was Paul's trunk, packed. He was going to leave Colesville as soon as his relative was better—and for a great, sorrowful reason.

"Why haven't you been down to see us?" inquired Morton, as Paul handed him the parcel. "Been a pretty steady nurse, though, I reckon, for you look peaked. Come soon—Madge has missed you."

"How is Madge?" inquired Paul, chokingly.

"Oh! same as usual—she's going to the grove to-morrow."

Paul's face felt gloomier than ever, as Morton went, and soon he had resumed his old dejected position on the porch.

Memorial day dawned clear and warm, but all Paul saw of it was the passing groups; all he heard of it was the dim echo of drum and trumpet.

His grandfather slept peacefully, and after noon, a neighbor coming in insisted on Paul taking a respite. He wandered about aimlessly, thinking constantly of Madge, and finally reached the edge of the grove.

Paul skirted the precincts of the high platform where speaking was in progress. There he saw old Silas, and near by a team hitched to a light wagon.

Madge was in the rear seat. From a shield of bushes Paul watched her fervently. He fancied her face looked sad and preoccupied.

The last speech was followed by a

MEMORIAL DAY AND SENTIMENT.



It is to the South, the land of flowers and fragrance and chivalry and beautiful women, that the North owes the fine idea of decorating the graves of soldier-dead with flowers, setting apart one day each springtime for the ceremony.

The custom spread to the North, and was universally observed, even before it was established as a national institution.

By a general order issued by General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, May 5, 1868, May 30 was fixed as Memorial Day for that year in all States and Territories and the District of Columbia, except Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. These States fixed their own dates for Memorial Day. It is observed earlier in the South than in the North, the date for several of them being April 26. Although there has never been any Federal legislation touching Memorial Day, many of the States have made it a holiday, and both houses at Washington, whenever in session, always adjourn on May 30, in respect to the dead.

It is a beautiful custom, founded entirely on sentiment. Respect for the dead means nothing only as it influences the living. Memorial Day knows nothing of strife, of wrong, of ill deeds, of small natures, of selfishness. It says: Men were brave to the extent of dying for what they believed to be principle. They endured hardship, privation—they suffered much—and all for the cause in which they believed.

There is no sectional line in bravery. There never has been. We honor courage and devotion, and ask not under what flag heroism was proven. We place flowers on grassy mounds, and pray that the generation that has grown up since the great struggle has all of the fire and courage and virtue of those who have gone. We hope that future generations will find so much to admire in the deeds of those now living, that in the years that are to come we will be remembered, even as are those of the silent army of the great war.—St. Louis Chronicle.

song, this by a prayer. Then the chairman lifted his hand, and in signal, in the distance, yet thunderous, a cannon made the echo ring.

A shriek, a crash, loud calls of alarm, and, mad with terror, Silas Morton's mettled team tore towards the steep downhill road.

In a flash Paul saw what had happened. Madge, driven from her seat, had struck the floor of the vehicle, and lay insensible. The reins dragged. As Paul darted away, with a shout Morton cleared the platform. Paul reached the runaways, flew at their heads, clung there, dragged and swung, as they neared the terrific decline where a plunge meant death. Morton gained the road, seized the trailing lines, was dragged flat, but his iron fists saved at the sinewy leather strips.

As Morton gained the wagon seat, Paul sprang into the box. Madge had sustained a bruise on the forehead and was stunned. Some one brought cold water—she revived slightly, and lay in Paul's arms, while Morton anxiously drove homewards.

Paul carried Madge into the parlor of the farmhouse, placed her on a couch, and left her to the care of her grandmother. As he went out and sat on the doorstep, he was shaking like a leaf. The emotions of the past hour had been a vivid strain. Suddenly a light step preceded a timid touch on the shoulder. Looking up, he thrilled to the grateful glance of the fair girl whose life he had saved.

He could say nothing, as she sat down beside him, telling him brokenly what she felt she owed to his unselfish bravery. Then there was an interruption. In his shirt sleeves, storming ferociously, old Silas came up.

"See here!" he cried, extending the coat he had worn that day. "I'd rather have lost the team than that happen!"

In rushing to Madge's rescue he had slit one sleeve entire of the borrowed garment.

"Don't let that worry you, Mr. Morton," said Paul.

"It does worry me. I've spoiled my old friend's regimentals!"

"Why," assured Madge gently, "I think I can sew it up so it won't show much."

She took the coat, nodding encouragingly to Morton as he walked off, and, as she turned over the garment, from an inside pocket a sealed letter fell out.

"Why!" she exclaimed in surprise, "it is addressed to me."

Paul gave a gasp. Was it possible? His handwriting, "the" letter!

Yes, there it was; the missive settling his destiny, which he had asked his grandfather to hand to Madge two weeks previous.

And the old veteran had forgotten all about it, and fever had intervened, and now it had magically come to light, and Paul had misjudged Madge, and believed her indifferent.

"I wonder who wrote it?" she murmured.

"I wrote it," answered Paul, boldly.

Their eyes met—hers sparkled, fell. She blushed divinely—understood!

"Shall—shall I read it?" she stammered, with downcast glance, and trembling—for joy.

"No. Let me tell you what it says," whispered Paul, and drew her irresistibly to his side.

The holy stars of Memorial Night, looking down upon those two, hallowed a love that had found brightness and peace ineffable.

Grant Throw Away His Cigar.

There used to be a rule late in the war against smoking at the War Department. All visitors there were required not to smoke within the old building. A story used to be told by Lieut. James Hutchinson, formerly of the Thirteenth New York volunteers, that Grant, when a lieutenant general, approached the building, a cigar in his mouth. A veteran of the reserve corps, which Hutchinson commanded, was on guard. Hutchinson was officer of the day. "You can't go in and keep your cigar," said the soldier on guard to the general, and he quietly threw the cigar away. Gen. Halleck, after Grant departed, issued an order that officers should be allowed to smoke within the building, but it is said this never was suggested by Gen. Grant.—Washington Post.

The Seventh Michigan's Exploit.

The success of the brilliant move across the river at Fredericksburg makes a bright page in the annals of the Seventh Michigan infantry. Confederate sharpshooters lined the opposite bank and impeded the work of laying pontoon bridges, which had finally been abandoned. A call was made for volunteers to cross and drive the enemy out. Soldiers of the Seventh seized some empty pontoons, rowed rapidly across, jumped ashore and drove the Confederates from the rifle pits and from the houses. Two Massachusetts regiments followed and aided them in holding the position.

In Reverence Tread.

In reverence tread near the spot where they lie

And deck it with garlands the fairest;

Let tears like the dews that are wept from on high

Refresh its verdure, the rarest;

For nearest to heaven of all earth is the sod?

Where dust of our brave boys reposes,
And nearest their souls to the great throne of God

When death their proud history closes.