



Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans., has This to Say of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound cured me of womb trouble from which I had been a great sufferer for nearly three years. During that time I was very irregular and would often have intense pain in the small of my back, and blinding headaches and severe cramps. For three months I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and aches and pains are as a past memory, while health and happiness is my daily experience now. You certainly have one grateful friend in Emporia, and I have praised your Vegetable Compound to a large number of my friends. You have my permission to publish my testimonial in connection with my picture. Yours sincerely, MISS MARION CUNNINGHAM, Emporia, Kans."

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SALZER'S SEEDS Never Fail

It is a fact that Salzer's Seeds are grown in more gardens, and planted on more farms in America, than any other. There is reason for this—SALZER'S SEEDS NEVER FAIL. No matter how poor the soil or inclement the weather, Salzer's Seeds produce. We are the largest growers of Vegetables and Farm Seeds, operating over 5,000 acres, and hence can make the following unprecedented offer:

150 Kinds for 16c, Postpaid.

- 20 kinds of rarest Lucious Radishes
- 12 magnificent earliest Melons
- 16 sorts glorious Tomatoes
- 25 peerless Lettuce varieties
- 18 splendid Beet sorts
- 65 gorgeously beautiful Flower Seeds

above 150 sorts, which will furnish you bushel baskets full of magnificent flowers and lots and lots of rare vegetables, together with our great catalog telling all about the rarest kind of fruits and flowers, and best quality vegetables and farm seeds—all for but 16 cts. in stamps.

Write me for my Hardy Everblooming Garden Beans, postpaid, 6c; 2 Hardy Peas, 2 Onions, 2 Carrots and 1 Apple—all enclosed, hardly as one—the 16 postpaid for \$1.00.

Our great catalogue, positively worth \$1.00 to every wide awake gardener and farmer, is mailed to you, upon receipt of 5c. postage, or with above 150 seeds for ten 16c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, La Crosse, Wis.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Miles of Potatoes. Everybody knows that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., are the largest seed potato growers in the world, so when their President, Henry A. Salzer, recently purchased 21,000 acres more of ideal potato land, all wondered what for. Well, it is for potatoes—miles and miles of potatoes.

Anxiety regarding other sometimes resolves itself into a desire to have things our own way.

It is easier to bear the aches of another man's corns.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, LTD., 361 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

Sure to be arrested! Any ache or pain by Hamlin's famous Wizard Oil. Your druggist sells it.

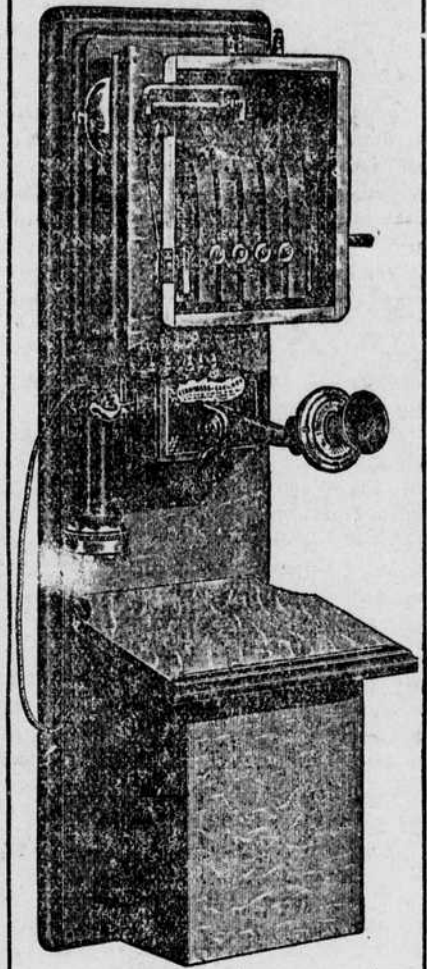
Smoking is permitted in the various prisons in Belgium only as a reward for good behavior.

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is the man who never has a failure in crops, and gets splendid returns for his labors, and has best social and religious advantages, together with splendid climate and excellent health. These we give to the settlers on the lands of Western Canada, which comprises the great grain and ranching lands of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Exceptional advantages and low rates of fare are given to those desiring to inspect the fall grant lands. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply to F. Pedley, Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, Canadian Government Agent, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

CAPSICUM VASELINE

(PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)
A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, NEW YORK CITY.



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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY. Gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SOUS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

A GAY CHAPLAIN

By CHARLES B. CASSADY

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Paul and Philip Payson were cousins as dissimilar in character as they were alike in appearance. In features, coloring and physique they were almost identical. It was only when side by side that the difference between them became noticeable. Apart it would have taken the closest scrutiny to tell which was which, save for the strict clerical grab of the one and the ultra fashionable habiliments of the other. The —th Regiment was the only tie they had in common, both being on Colonel Howgate's staff, the one was as chaplain and the other as paymaster.

Paul was rector of a west-end church and among his small flock was Alice Southcote, a devout girl, of sterling qualities, the only daughter of a wealthy shipowner. Paul had always admired this beautiful creature at a distance, but now church work brought them frequently together and Paul's attentions grew more and more pronounced until on a glorious June night a year later he pleaded for and obtained her hand.

During the month following their engagement the Maryland Brigade was ordered into camp near Frederick. Upon arriving at the grounds it was found that an insufficient number of tents had been provided for the staff, and the Rev. Paul, hoping to exert a beneficial influence over his wayward cousin, insisted upon Philip sharing his tent.

Philip showed himself respectfully indifferent to the interest displayed in his spiritual welfare and pursued his old course with unswerving though polite persistency. Paul soon became convinced that as an instrument for his cousin's salvation he was a dismal failure. After a futile struggle he sorrowfully resigned himself to defeat and then they got along swimmingly.

Late in the afternoon on the day before camp was struck Rev. Paul went to his tent to exchange his white duck uniform for the warmer blue one. In the uncertain twilight he inadvertently put on his cousin's blouse and sallied forth to dine with a parishioner who had rented a country residence near by. Fifteen minutes later Captain Payson, conspiring and dusty from regimental parade, came in and throwing off his hot dress coat and heavy boots hastily refreshed himself with a sponge-bath and slipped on his fatigue uniform. Not waiting for mess, he hurried to the station in order to reach Frederick in time for an engagement, blissfully ignorant that on each shoulder reposed an embroidered shepherd's crook, the insignia of an army chaplain.

Arriving in the city Captain Payson repaired to a hotel and ordered supper. His friends disapproving him, he walked over to the Club, hoping to meet them there. He sauntered through the various rooms without meeting any one he knew, winding up at the bar, where he called for whisky, tossing it down in the most approved style, while several officers from another regiment stood by.

The officers seemed highly amused over something. Philip heard their suppressed laughter, little dreaming that he was the victim, and heartily tired of his own society he approached them.

"Gentlemen, will you not join me? My name is Payson," he said, addressing them; and reaching into his blouse, he passed a card to each:

Rev. Paul Payson,
Chaplain,
—th L. M. N. G. Balto., Md.

"Now, gentlemen, what will you have?" he added, after warmly shaking hands all around.

That in some way he was a source of merriment became apparent, but the



He called for whisky, discomfiting thought soon gave place to more congenial ones under the cheerful influence of convivial companionship.

"There is no fun in a three-handed game," said Capt. Sauer, impatiently. "I wish we could get some one to take Audrey's place, confound him!" "I will help you out, if you will allow me," Payson rejoined. "But—er—your calling will scarcely—er—permit that," said Lieutenant Southcote, glancing keenly at the shepherd's crooks.

"Calling! What has that to do with it? I'm no religious prude," replied the surprised officer.

The three eyed him a moment in astonishment, but made no audible comment.

The chaplain having passed the evening with friends, little versed in military technicalities, returned without being apprised of his irregularity in uniform.

"Well, boys, this beats my record," said Capt. Sauer, with a laugh, after leaving Philip at his tent. "Rev. Payson is the sportiest individual I ever ran across in the preaching line. Why, he out-drunk, out-swore and out-played us from the very start and, dear knows, we are no infants."

The discussion following was anything but complimentary to the chaplain of the —th, nor did its rehash at their mess tend to help matters. Unfortunately the story did not reach Colonel Howgate. He would have sifted the affair at once and beyond a good joke on the parson it would have gone no farther.

Upon arriving home Southcote lost no time questioning his sister about the Rev. Payson. He suspected that Alice cared for the new pastor, but when she blushing acknowledged her engagement he was dismayed.

The same evening, Paul received the following note:

"Mr. Paul Payson:
Your behavior during camp is known to me and as a matter of course our engagement is at an end.
"Alice Southcote."

"The ring is enclosed."

The distracted lover read and re-read this several times. Naturally he could not realize what had occasioned



"Oh, what a joke!" said an action on her part. That there was a horrible mistake somewhere he was confident, but his pride forbade him asking for an explanation.

Two days later, on Howard street, Captain Payson accidentally encountered Bert Southcote, who failed to recognize him.

"I say there! Don't you intend to shake hands with a fellow?" Payson called.

"Perhaps a nip of Wageman's whisky will aid your memory," continued Phil, as he literally pushed the perplexed Southcote into a convenient restaurant. "When do you and your friends want revenge for the drubbing I gave you the other night? Ah! I see you remember now."

"Then you are the Reverend Paul Payson, after all," Bert replied sternly.

"Reverend fiddlesticks! What are you talking about, anyway? Did my saintly conduct at the club give you that impression?" Phil answered, laughing.

"Most decidedly not, but the uniform you wore and the cards you handed around certainly stated that fact," and his temper rising, he added, "and for two pins I'd wipe up the floor with you."

"You are laboring under some delusion," said Payson, calmly, "and before you try to use me for a floor-mop I wish to state that I am Philip Payson, Captain and Paymaster of the —th, and a lawyer by profession. I have had the pleasure of meeting you but once and outside of winning a few dollars from you, can't imagine what you have against me."

"If what you say is true," and his unenviable position began to dawn upon him, "why did you wear a chaplain's blouse? And moreover why did you give me this card?"

Captain Payson looked at the bit of pasteboard doubtfully, then at the speaker, and after puzzling a moment burst out laughing.

"Oh, what a joke! How the boys will roar when they hear of this. I see it all. I must have worn my cousin's coat. You know, we tented together. That accounts for my strange reception that night."

Lieutenant Southcote did not laugh—far from it. He waited until Phil calmed down somewhat.

"I fail to see anything to laugh at. Whether you purposely masqueraded or not makes but little difference. By that night's work you have done your cousin and my sister, who was his betrothed, probably an irreparable injury. I expect you as a man to help me right this wrong."

Phil's face grew serious and he put down his glass untouched. "I will do so most willingly," he said gravely. "If you will give me your word of honor that I really wore a chaplain's blouse that night, for believe me, I was unconscious of it. Paul must necessarily have worn mine, for he had dressed and left camp before I returned from parade; yet strange to say he has never referred to it."

That same night a rejected ring played a leading part

RUSSIAN POLICE METHODS.

Torture Abolished by Alexander I. Practiced Under Nicholas II.

The centenary of the abolition in Russia of the torture as an organized system of legal inquiry has provided the Russian press with a text for numerous articles on the humanity and progress of their country. No doubt it was a great step to take, but it has still to be ratified in practice before Russia has any particular occasion to rejoice. In the old days the torture was applied to all suspects as a first means of inquiry, and when the unhappy wretch had been compelled to confess something—usually, as the Empress Catherine expressed it, anything which was put into his mouth—he was subjected to a second "inquiry" by the same or more severe means, in order to secure confirmation of his first confession. Occasionally the whole process was repeated twice more, with a view to extorting the names of accomplices. The tortures applied were much the same as in other countries, but could be added to by the ingenuity of individual officials.

Thus, during the reign of Anne, when the ex-table boy and favorite of the empress, Biron, was in power, it was a favorite form of torture to stand a culprit naked in the snow during the severe northern frosts of midwinter, either ice-cold or cold and hot alternately, a form of "inquiry" which had the disadvantage of too often killing the poor wretch before he had time to confess anything. Thumbscrews, the clog and every form of whipping and beating, with almost as many names for the various processes as there to be found in the dialogues of the slaves of Roman comedy, were everyday attributes of the old Russian halls of justice.

Just 100 years ago the Emperor Alexander I. abolished the torture as being a "shame and a reproach to all mankind." But he forgot to order the legal instruments of torture to be destroyed, and these lingered on and were undoubtedly used for another quarter of a century. Officially the torture has, of course, actually disappeared—at any rate, those forms of it which require elaborate instruments for their application are no more to be found. Its actual fact, however, says the London Standard's Moscow correspondent, and in secret, there is a great deal of torture going on in the most enlightened centers of the Russian empire at the present day, and it is exercised by the police intrusted with the discovery of crime, the "detective police."

TOLD ON MILWAUKEE.

Social Process of Getting Acquainted in That City Illustrated.

The teacher of an intermediate grade in a Milwaukee school the other day was "showing off" her pupils before a number of visitors.

The spelling class was on the floor and one small, red-headed boy was given the word "introduction."

He paused, twisted his lips, stared and then, in a faltering way, spelled it correctly, and then seemed rather surprised that he had done it.

"Do you know what the word means?" asked the teacher.

"N'm."

"What? You don't know what 'introduction' means? Well, now, I'll explain it to you. Does your mother ever have callers?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, now, suppose that two women came to call on your mother. Your mother knows one of the women, but doesn't know the other. She has never seen the woman and doesn't even know her name. Now, how would she become acquainted with this woman and find out her name?"

"She'd send me out for a can of beer."

As that was the correct answer, says the New York Tribune, the teacher had nothing further to say.

Couldn't Recognize Him.

"Yes, I have a pretty big mouth, for a fact," admitted the candid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut, and that counts for something when you take your levels. I received a lesson when I was a small boy that I have never forgotten. I was born and brought up on a farm and I had the country-boy habit of going around with my mouth wide open, especially if there was anything unusual going on. One day an uncle, whom I had not seen for a year, paid us a visit.

"Hullo, uncle," said I, looking up at him with my mouth opened like a barn door.

He looked at me for a moment without answering, and then said: "Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are."

"I took the lesson to my heart," said the candid man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and resolved that from that day I would not allow my mouth to conceal my identity."

No Carpet Beating in New York.

The health board has sent out orders to all citizens of this and other boroughs that no rugs shall be beaten in the yard or on the roof. The reason therefor is that germs and microbes are set loose in the operation of beating, much to the detriment of the general health. There are vacant lots in the city, wherein rugs and carpets may be beaten until they weep. It must be far more detrimental to the general health to beat them in vacant lots than on the house-tops, for on the house-tops there is a chance for the wind to carry off the germs and drop them into the sea.—New York Press.

A lady never swears—and the man who steps on the hem of her skirt and catches her eye can readily understand that she doesn't have to.—Chicago News

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

