



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice Pres. Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed a testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. Glover, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Ass'n.

Women should not fall to profit by the experience of these two women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enumerated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

An Indiana Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: It is a pleasure for me to write and tell what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was sick for three years with change of life, and my physician thought a cancerous condition of the womb. During these three years I suffered untold agony.

"I cannot find words in which to express my bad feelings. I did not expect to ever see another well day. I read some of the testimonials recommending your medicine and decided to write to you and give your treatment a trial.

"Before I had taken half a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to sleep. I have taken now six bottles and am so well I can do all kinds of work."—Mrs. LIZZIE HINKLE, Salem, Ind.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. Address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free and always helpful.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Harvard university has bought the library of the late Karl Mauer of Munich. The library contains a magnificent collection of scientific books and books relating to the early history of Scandinavia.

We use Pina's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine. —Mrs. S. E. Borden, 442 P street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

Ferocious sharks, which have not been seen in the Baltic for more than a century, have again appeared off the Danish and German coasts, and give the fishermen much trouble.

Looking for a Home?

Then we not keep in view the fact that the farming lands of

Western Canada

are sufficient to support a population of 20,000,000 or over. The immigration for the past six years has been phenomenal.

FREE Homestead Lands

readily accessible, while other lands may be purchased from railway and Land Department. The prairie and grain lands of Western Canada are the best grain, and cattle (fed on grass alone) ready for market.

Markets, schools, railways and all other conditions make Western Canada an enviable spot for the settler.

Write to the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, for a descriptive literature and other information; or to the authorized Canadian Government Agent, 115 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., W. E. Rogers, Box 116, Warrenton, South Dakota; W. V. Bennett, 301 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

St. Louis City and Sioux City Indpt Lists

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 soothe the toothache and relieve headache and neuralgia.

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 name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

**CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO**

17 State Street, New York City.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

sore Eyes, use

It is said the surplus of \$60,000,000 in the Spanish treasury this year is the largest it has ever known.

THE DILEMMA OF BETTY CARTERET.

BY L. HUGHES.

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A woman, still fair, as the dying rays of the sun fell on her luxuriant brown hair and touched with almost youthful bloom the thin cheeks of her earnest face, stood before her easel, painting with all her mind and soul as well as with all her strength.

But with a smile that softened her features, with a tenderness that was beauty itself, she turned toward the radiant vision that burst impetuously into the studio, though she only said: "Betty, child, when will you learn to come in gently?"

"Oh, bother!" she cried, running across the room and throwing her arms round her sister's neck. "Now, Katie, you had old thing, what do you mean by refusing Sir Edward Fairbairns? I have just met him looking as glum as an owl, and I know what that means."

"Oh," said Kate, disengaging herself and turning to her easel again, "I was very sorry. I had hoped I had made it plain to him long ago, and that he would spare me the pain of a direct refusal."

"Why could you not marry him?"

"You know I am not free; my heart was given eight years ago."

"I knew it was that old tale," she cried, contemptuously. "But, Katie, you really are absurd! Your engagement to Geoffrey Hilton came to an end five years ago, and, of course, you are free, and so is he."

A spasm of pain disturbed the serenity of the elder sister's countenance, and, putting down her brushes, she passed her arm round Betty's waist, and sat down by her in the broad window seat.

"Betty, darling, you were only a child of 15 when he went away, and you could not understand my reasons for acting as I did. Geoffrey was an engineer, but there was little hope of his getting on in the old firm, and we had been engaged for three years. Then

"Poor Kate looks much older, but good heaven, how lovely Betty has grown!"

The succeeding month only served to intensify these first impressions. Geoffrey spent nearly all his time at Thorn Cottage, and the inevitable crisis approached nearer every day.

At last it came.

One evening the little maid ushered Geoffrey into the drawing room where Betty sat alone gazing at the fire that leaped and crackled in the grate. Her eyes were full of tears; she knew not why, for she was not sad.

She jumped up at his approach, but before she could get to her feet she saw the tears that were yet in her eyes. "Sit down and wait for Katie," she said hurriedly. "She has just gone to see poor Mrs. Smith, who has a tiny baby and is ill with pneumonia, so Katie goes every evening to bathe the baby and settle the mother for the night, when the nurse comes and takes her place."

Geoffrey hardly seemed to hear what she said; he only knew they were alone, and he had never seen anything so lovely as her graceful figure with the freights glancing on her rounded cheeks and lighting up her curls.

His silence and the intendment of his gaze made her nervous, and for the sake of saying something she said: "I like this light, don't you? It is so full of mystery."

For answer he leant forward, taking her two hands in his, and saying in almost a whisper:

"Little Betty, oh, little Betty, the mystery is here, in us. Since the first moment I saw you in the setting September sunshine I have known there is no happiness for me apart from you, Darling, tell me, do you love me?" And he strove to draw her to him.

She pushed him back with all her



might, her face so white which a minute before had been so rosy.

"But it is wrong—wicked," she stammered. "How can you? Think of Katie."

"Katie!" he cried. "But that was all over years ago. We certainly were engaged, but she in her wisdom broke it off and now—oh, Betty, listen to me, I love you, I love you. You are the only woman in the world for me. From all time it was ordained that we should love."

But Betty could only refuse steadfastly to listen, though it was music to her ears.

"I—I—thought you came here because you were going to ask her again."

"Betty, child, what are you running your dear little head against? It is certainly true, if you must know, that it was in my mind when I set out for England to see if she were still unmarried and willing to have me, but," he added with passion, "when I think of my feeling toward her and compare it with the love I have for you, I know that you are my real mate, and my second self."

"But," murmured Betty faintly, "what if she thought—as I did?"

"Nonsense!" he said firmly. "Katie is much too sensible a woman. She gave me all these five years ago, and now anyone can see she is wedded to her art. She has no place for me, or any other man in her happy, well-ordered life. If I thought otherwise—and his brow darkened—"if for a moment I thought she had continued to consider herself bound to me all these years, I would have returned to return and claim her; if I thought that," he repeated, turning almost fiercely to her, "I would never have said a word to you of my love—I would have married her, and before God I would have made her happy. But now," he said, turning gently to Betty, who, cold and rigid, was gazing straight before her, seeing nothing, "we know it is not so. Love me, my darling, and let us take the happiness that God has given us. She would be the first to wish us joy."

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Old Shoes.  
How much a man is like old shoes! For instance, each a soul may lose. Both have been tanned—both are made tight. By cobblers—both get left and right. Both need a mate to be complete. And both are made to go on feet. They both need healing; oft are sold. And both, in time, turn all to mold. With shoes the last is first; with men the first shall be last, and when the shoes wear out they're mended new. When men wear out, they're men dead, too!

They both are trod upon, and both will tread on others—nothing loath; Both have their ties and both incline. When polished, in the world to shine. And both get out. And would you choose to be a man or be his shoes?  
—Anonymous.

A BLACK PROVIDENCE.

By Frances Jerome.  
(Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst.)

The marquis of Bahama was often criticised before his face and behind his back because, although he was one of the most aristocratic and fastidious of men, he kept with him continually an ugly negro, named by some fantastic play upon words Benito.

Besides being horribly ugly in person, he was idle and impudent, displaying, indeed, sufficient good humor when sober, but this was not his usual condition.

Generally he was to be seen lying about his master's quarters either in a beastly state of intoxication or sleeping off the effects of a debauch. It was during one of these periodical affairs that the marquis told the following story. Seating him, facing a group of friends, immaculate as ever, holding a fragrant cigar in his fingers, the marquis spoke as follows: "You have often, my good friends, shown a commendable interest in my affairs, for which I thank you, gracious gentlemen and fair ladies.

"In no direction has this interest more strongly shown itself than in the matter of my poor Benito." The marquis waved a white indolent hand toward an open window, under which lay this negro in a drunken sleep.

"You know that I was educated in the United States, and there I obtained my dusky servant, ever so many years faithful to my interests when I was about to say, he was sober—but that you can judge for yourselves when I have finished.

"I then proceeded to complete my education by a tour of the principal cities of the old world. Finally I came to Athens, and there I stayed longer than I anticipated, for there, friends, I met my fate. A beautiful widow, with dark, lovely eyes and curls ensnared my fancy. We met at the embassy; and though I rose early and worked late I could never flatter myself that I had made any impression on her marble heart.

"One night at a ball at the Embassy, between a waltz and a polonaise, the subject of a picnic next day in the fields outside of Athens was brought up, and finally decided upon. I had heard stories of Greek beauties, who were collected in bands outside of the city, and I took occasion to mention the fact that they sometimes took prisoners of people, and held them for ransom, falling which they subjected their prisoners to frightful atrocities. But it made no impression. To the gay music of the orchestra the plans were completed. I was rewarded by a bewildering glance from Eva's black eyes, and a whispered invitation to be her particular escort on the morrow.

"The party were to proceed horseback to a certain spot near Athens, and there dismount. The servants were to prepare luncheon. And so with guest anticipations the party broke up for the night.

"Summoning Benito, who, for a wonder was sober, I threw him my keys, and bidding him to have my riding clothes and horse ready for me, and to wake me at an early hour, I went to bed to dream of the fair Eva.

"When I awoke the next day the sun was shining hot in my face. Springing out of bed, I found it was 11 o'clock, hours after we were to have been on our way. Blind with rage, I dressed, and hurrying out into the empty courtyard, I saw my faithless slave, lying prone in the sunshine, dead drunk. I seized my riding whip and beat him till I could do no more.

"A merry laugh greeted my ears. Looking up, I saw the fair Eva, seated behind the half-closed blinds. I rushed to her side, to find that some mistake in her riding habit had angered her. She had refused at the last moment to go, and they had set off without her. It is needless to say that I never passed a happier day—even considering that I might pardon Benito.

"At nightfall a single rider rushed breathlessly into the city. The brigands held the party for ransom. And, sad to relate, before he could return to them they had been murdered. Thus you see, gentlemen," said the marquis, with a merry twinkle in his eyes as he rose to depart, "I not only feel bound to provide for my good servant, but even to keep him reasonably drunk."

"But," called after him one of the party, "Marquis, what of Eva?"

"The marquis turned and bowed, with all the grace of Spain, and without a word departed.

French Politeness.

Harper's Bazar: During the past summer, which I spent amongst exclusively French people in a hotel at Saint-Germain, I estimated that I lost quite twenty-four hours out of each week saying good morning and good evening to the men, women, little children, and dogs about me. If you encounter the same person twenty-five times in the same day you must each time smile rapturously, pause, at least shake hands if you do not kiss, ceremoniously inquire how he or she is "going," and ceremoniously bid him or her "au revoir" at parting. Not only every man and woman expects this, but all the little children toddle up to you, shake hands, and exact the same amount of ceremony. Then every well regulated French family has a dog who more than likely occupies a chair and eats off a plate beside you at the table, so that it is considered churlish if you do not also stop and tell the dog "bon jour" and "au revoir" a dozen times a day, pausing to take the paw which he is prettily taught to extend to you.

When the washerwoman brings home your linen, there are at least five minutes spent in ceremoniously greeting and parting from her. In the operation of receiving and paying for linen you exchange "merci's" and "pardon's" not fewer than ten times. Any other serving person or tradesman who comes to do business with you throughout the day you similarly receive with "bon jour, monsieur" and "au revoir, monsieur," and you thank him and beg his pardon as often as you can possibly get the words into the length of time he has to stay.

Woes of a Father.

Chicago Post: "Papa, what does galant mean?"

"Oh, it means courtly. Why do you ask?"

"Because it speaks here of a gallant ship."

The Bacillus of Shiga.

Current Literature: Some years ago Shiga, a great Japanese doctor, proved that there was a bacillus of dysentery, and that that disease could be cured by the administering of a serum in the same manner as typhoid. A year ago Drs. Duval and Bassett, while working at the etiology of cholera infantum, reported that they had found in forty-two cases of the summer diarrhoea of infants in the city of Baltimore the bacillus of Shiga. This bacillus, known as the cause of tropical dysentery, had been thought not to exist in the United States.

Merely a Surmise.

Chicago News: "How old is Charla Higgins, daughter?" asked a man Biffins at the breakfast table the other morning.

"He's twenty-four, I believe," replied the fair maid. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, your mother and I were only wondering," answered the father, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "We gathered from what we heard of his conversation in the parlor last night that he was in his second childhood."

A Physician's Statement.

Yorktown, Ark., Jan. 11.—Leland Williamson, M. D., one of our cleverest physicians, has made a statement, endorsing Dodd's Kidney Pills and saying that he uses them in his daily practice in preference to any other kidney medicine. His statement has created a profound sensation, as it is somewhat unusual for a physician to publicly endorse anything in the shape of a patent medicine. Dr. Williamson says:

"After twenty years' practice in a sickly and malarious country I have come to the conclusion that it is always best to use the remedy that will relieve and cure my patients whether ethical or not.

"I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills with uniform success in the various forms of Kidney Disease, Pain in the Back, Gout, Rheumatism, Inflammation and Congestion of the Kidneys