

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—“I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman. “I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.”—Mrs. JOHN G. MOEDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Tips you get are almost as worthwhile as those you give.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Quantity Not Quality. Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst.

Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said “wunst”? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twist.

AN INSURANCE EXCEPTION.



“Now,” said the chronic quoter, “a man is known by the company he keeps.”

“Say, I'm an insurance policy holder! Please don't class me with the company I keep.”

Judges' Wigs. The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern judicial appearance, and no one can say that it falls in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view, that not only judges, but barristers, also, took up the custom throughout Europe.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Co., Limited. Battle Creek, Mich.

A BUNCH OF GOOD STORIES.

Jack's Bear Story. From the St. Paul Dispatch. Senator Boies Penrose, at a dinner at the Philadelphia club, said of a movement that he opposed. “It promises incredible things. In fact, it makes me think of Jack Travers of Pike county.”

“Jack is an old man now. He remembers the time when bears were as plentiful on the barren mountain as rattlers still are. Once, when I was fishing at Fort-Rain lake, I asked him if he ever had any remarkable adventures with bears. “Well, no, senator,” said the old man, as he filled his pipe with cut plug: “I can't say as I ever had much to do with the bears hereabouts. Wunst, in my sparkin' days, me and a bear got together—twant' nothin' though. “It all come about over old Sukey, our sow. She had a bad habit of stayin' out late at night. Then I'd have to go to the woods and fetch her home to the milkin'.”

“Well, one dark night when I wanted to go sparkin', Sukey was late ag'in, and it certainly riz my dander. I took a stick after her, oassin' a blue streak, and in about an hour I heard her snorin' and puffin' in the thicket. “I'd raised my girl by that time, and I was filed clear through. I cut a sapplin' and went for old Sukey. It was too dark to see, but I knew her snuff, and I grabbed her by the ear and began to lay on with my stick just about proper. “The old cow showed fight. She wrestled me around considerable. But I was mad—mad all over—and I half pushed and half dragged her up to the barn, and there I laid her up tight and fast, and I milked her in the dark. Afterwards I went to bed. “I certainly did have to laugh, though, when I came down the next morning. Gosh darned if I hadn't fetched and milked a big she bear.”

Hat Off There!

“Mark Twain,” says a New York magazine editor, “liked to tell, as an illustration of persistence and push, a story about a sheephead Bay race. He said that at the end of an important race a young man shouted so savagely at the sheephead that he raised the hair on the heads of all the spectators. “Hats off! Hats off these!” that every one in the crowd cried out, and they stood bareheaded. “A moment later the young man hastened toward an elderly gentleman, shouting as he ran: “You can put on your hats again, now! It's all right!”

“Some one asked him later on why he had made all the people take their hats off. “Why,” he replied, “I'd bet fifty with a bald headed man, and I had to find him, hadn't I?”

Not Any That Night.

The young man who had taken the debutante in to dinner was talking art. “Are you fond of etchings?” he asked. “As a general thing, yes,” she answered, looking into his eyes with an engaging frankness that threatened havoc to his heart; “but,” she added, hastily, as he started to say something pretty, “not any tonight, thank you; it is rather late. A small piece of jelly will be sufficient.”

Cheering Up 'Thuse.

James Whitcomb Riley was going up the steps of the state house in Indianapolis one day when he met his friend, Warren G. Sayre. The two had been close friends for years. “Good morning, Mr. Riley,” said Mr. Sayre in greeting. “Hello, Warren?” Mr. Riley replied. “Never felt better in my life. You're looking well.”

“I don't know,” said the poet; “I sometimes feel the weight of years, for you know I'm getting old.” “Nonsense!” Mr. Sayre remarked with emphasis. “You don't look old. In fact, you don't look a bit older now than when I first saw you.” “Perhaps that is true, but I feel age coming on. I was just thinking, as I came up these steps, about old Methusalem. I imagined I could hear him driving along the road in his big wagon. He met an old friend who was sitting on a rail fence at the side of the road. ‘Why, hello, ‘Thuse!’ says the friend. ‘How are you?’

“Oh, pretty fair for an old man,” said the patriarch. “But I'm getting along in years.”

“Oh, beah, ‘Thuse! you don't look old. How old are you, ‘Thuse, anyway?”

“I'm nine hundred and sixty-nine,” he answered.

“Well, well, I never would or thought it! said the friend. ‘Why, ‘Thuse, you don't look a day over nine hundred and sixty-eight!’”

One Woman Has Her Rights.

Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Rafferty were exchanging ideas across the shabby fence which separated their respective domains. The conversation turned on the subject of woman suffrage. “Are you taking much stock in this attempt that a lot of 'tr' wimmen are making to get th' vote 'tr, Mrs. Rafferty?”

“I ain't botherin' me head about it,” declared Mrs. Rafferty. “I'm satisfied to let Dinny and th' boys do all th' votin' for me family. But I do think that a lady should get a man's say.”

“Well,” replied Mrs. Kelly, “all I kin say is, Mrs. Rafferty, that I get one man's pay, or know the reason why, I'vey Saturday night.”

Irish Only Dare Tell This One.

Thomas A. Daly, of Philadelphia, the clever delineator of Italian dialect stories and poems, although a thorough son of Erin from tip to tip, put this one over on one of his fellow countrymen at a recent banquet of book publishers at the Hotel Astor, New York. “In a New Jersey city the Irish had organized a branch of the Holy Name society, whose object is to discourage the use of profanity and the name of the Deity in vain. On their patron saint day they were marching through the streets in the business section of the city five or six hundred strong. “What's all this?” inquired an awed spectator of an Irish street sweeper who had lifted his hat on the corner as the procession was passing. “Then? Why, that's the Catholic Holy Name society—a dandy foin bunch of Irishmen—as good as ever walked the cobblestones.”

“Gee! I didn't think there was that many Irishmen in this section of the state. How did they get here?”

“Ah, go along wid ye, ye heathen! Didn't know they were that many here? Why, this is only the bunch that don't swear. You ought to see the other big mob that do’.”

Tea Testers Not Tasters

Boston, Mass.—Do you know tea when you smell it? You do? No, you don't. Not unless you are the one Bostonian of 10,000. In other words, there are some 50 men in the city who can distinguish teas by the odors, and these are Boston's 50 tea testers. Scarcely a taste of tea do they take, however, and the old term “tea taster,” indicative of the older method, is fast being ousted by the newer title, “tea expert.” It is by the sense of smell alone nowadays that the subtle difference between tea that is fine and tea that is superfine is determined.

The olfactory nerves of these 50 or so experts have been sandpapered—metaphorically, of course. By their wonderfully delicate sense of odors they are able to tell to a fraction of a penny how much a given brand of tea is worth, and they can tell to a fraction of a penny how much more or less the tea is worth than another grown on the same plantation and packed from a second package. Before a round table with revolving top the tea expert seats himself. In front of him are packers of tea and a row of white china cups, the latter all of a size. Behind them is a pair of scales, very small and sensitive to the least touch. Near at hand flames a gas heater, with a steaming kettle perched on it.

Such are the tea expert's tools. Here are his methods. With careful hand and calculating eye he measures into the scales just enough tea to turn the balance—the weight is equal to a silver half dime. He slides it into the little white cup and weighs out another palmful from a second package. Perhaps he dips into a third. His idea is to compare the unknown tea with one tea or several the value of which is already established.

When the water boils—and it must boil hard, not near—the fills the cups, and for two minutes watches the leaves unfold and stain the water yellow. At just the proper moment he dips into the cup with his little silver spoon, catches a pinch of the grounds, drains to light and raises the hot, fragrant leaves, not to his lips, but to his nostrils. He sniffs them a second, drops them back, tries the next cup and the next, compares them both with the first—and the test is over.

In those few moments he has been make it his business to chastise the bishop. He didn't happen to visit the city until a month or so ago. On his return he joined the crowd about the stove in the village postoffice. “Well, hi!” said one of the gray-beards, “Did ye lick this here Parson Vickery when ye was down to Providence?”

Hi spat deliberately before he replied. “Lick him!” he said. “Say, he's 8 foot tall and 4 feet broad. Lick him? I saw him.”

Nick Will Appreciate This. Norman E. Mack's National Monthly. Some months ago, in one of the many beautiful park spaces in Washington, a statue was erected to the memory of the poet Longfellow. In late afternoon, while the unweaving ceremonies were in progress, two washerwomen of the colored persuasion passed along the street, rolling their baby carriages containing the “wash” of their patrons. As they drew near the large crowd of spectators, the admirers of the poet's work, took off their hats and bowed their heads for a moment, during some part of the proceedings.

“Hey, whut's dis?” asked one of the colored wash ladies. “Why, dey's a-unnellin' a statue to Cunnel Longfellow,” replied her companion, with an air of familiarity with public events.

“Huh, I reckon I'se ign'ant, but who is Cunnel Longfellow?” asked the first. “Why, don't you member?” said the wise one. “Cunnel Longfellow is de man whut married Cunnel Rusefelt's daughter.”

“O, yes,” said the other, “an' is dat why dere giblin him a statue?”

Persistent scratching of one's head is not necessarily an indication of deep thought.

The birds around me hopped and played, Their thoughts I can not measure— But the least motion which they made, It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The building twigs spread out their fan, To catch the breezy air; And I must think, do I can, That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent, Have I not reason to lament? What man has made of man? Wordsworth.

Better Part of Valor. From the Boston Traveler. Bishop William H. McVicker, of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, has hundreds of Boston friends who will be interested in a story they are telling down in Providence about him. The bishop is as big physically as he is mentally. On a certain occasion some years ago he preached a sermon on the need of missionary work in the back towns of his state, and especially mentioned the town of Foster, which certainly deserved as much as he said about it.

There are a good many fighters in Foster, and the wags of the lot announced to all who cared to hear that when he came to Providence he would

ODD AND CURIOUS FACTS

Although agriculture is the main occupation of Hayti, neither plows nor spades are used. For 100 years or more the ground has been tilled by scratching the surface soil with a knife.

There are over 170,000,000 of acres under wheat cultivation in the world. About \$130,000,000 was received in premiums by British fire insurance offices in 1909.

Between the years 1879 and 1908 inclusive, 923 new steam ships and quars were formed in London.

There are 14,000 boys and 34,000 girls of school age regularly employed in England for money.

There are now 1,500 societies and groups for the propagation of Esperanto situated in all parts of the world. Members of both houses of representatives in Japan are paid about \$1,000 for each session, with traveling expenses.

Although the population of western Australia is not 300,000, the government spends about \$250,000 a year in connection with its hospitals.

The record attendance at a football match in the United Kingdom was 121,842, at the England vs Scotland contest of 1908, at Hampden park, Glasgow.

RESTORED TO HEALTH.

After Suffering With Kidney Disorders for Many Years.

Mrs. John S. Way, 209 S. 5th St., Independence, Kans., says: “For a number of years I was a victim of disordered kidneys. My back ached constantly, the perspiration was irregular and my feet and ankles were badly swollen. Spots often appeared before my eyes and I became very nervous. After using numerous remedies without relief I was completely cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. This seems remarkable when you consider my advanced age.”



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY ARE ONE AND A HALF.



Benham—The paper says that in Norway married people can travel for a fare and a half. Mrs. Benham—Married people aren't one, even in Norway, are they?

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

“I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Remedy, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old.

“She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kiernan, 663 Quinny St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909.”

The supply of talk always exceeds the demand.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 50c a bottle.

Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot.

Despair and Despondency. No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangements of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. The tortures so bravely endured completely upset the nerves if long continued. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Honest medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing to urge upon you as “just as good.”

It is non-secret, non-alcoholic and has a record of forty years of cures. ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS. They probably know of some of its many cures. If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In a handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Galva-nite THE TRIPLE ASPHALT COATED, NICA PLATED Roofing SAVES YOU MONEY

Use Galva-Nite and save all the money you are spending for repairs, patching, painting and fixing up your roofs. Galva-Nite has an outside coating of flaked mica that keeps the oils inside and defies the weather. It is pliable and easy to handle. One man can lay it with a sharp knife and a hammer.

It comes in rolls of 108 square feet, with nails, cement, and full directions for laying. When laid it is a one-piece roof that will last as long as the building. Samples sent with free book which tells all about roofs.

UNION ROOFING & MANUFACTURING CO. 200 UNION ROAD ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

THE Famous Rayo Lamp



The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing new to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the Rayo Lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer in lamps should have it in stock. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)