

# Women Avid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

## These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost

all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Me.

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Another Area.  
"The prima donna fell down in the opening to that aria."  
"Ladly days! So did our cook."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children  
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, in a bottle.

American View.  
"So you don't approve of those London suffragettes?"  
"I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne, "but I can't help feeling that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure."

Japanese Courtesy.  
A country where courtesy is a business, and business but a gentle avocation, reflects its peculiarity in the most trifling details of conduct. Such a country is Japan and such a detail recently came into notice when a city electric bureau of Tokyo asked the patrons of its street car lines how they preferred to be addressed when it was necessary to urge them to "move up." Out of the 2,719 suggestions sent in the independent selects and translates six, as follows:  
"Those not getting off, to the middle, please!"  
"The middle is more comfortable!"  
"I'm sorry, but all move on by one strap!"  
"There's a pretty girl about the middle of the car!"  
"A pickpocket has just come on board!"

The municipal authorities frowned somewhat upon the last three suggestions, but the conductors will be taught to use some of the other forms. Is it possible that the Japanese hope to enjoy an efficient traction service on such terms? Apparently they hope to, and we pass along the Japanese idea as a helpful hint to the gentlemen who jerk a gong on the rear of our own street cars.

## Rheumatism Is Torture

Many pains that pass as rheumatism are due to weak kidneys—to the failure of the kidneys to drive off uric acid thoroughly.

When you suffer achy, bad joints, backache, too, dizziness and some urinary disturbances, get Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended by over 150,000 people in many different lands.

Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to drive out the uric acid which is the cause of backache, rheumatism and lumbago.

Here's proof.

**A SOUTH DAKOTA CASE**  
"Every Picture Tells a Story."  
W. R. Smart, Belle Fourche, S. D., says: "Rheumatism caused me terrible suffering. I had to give up work. I had to be carried around and was perfectly helpless. Doan's Kidney Pills acted like magic in driving away the rheumatism. It soon left me entirely and I haven't had an attack since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Ned Singleton put his hands on the sides of his skiff, and, leisurely raising himself into a sitting posture, looked around. While he had been lying at the bottom of the boat absorbed in thought and dangled by the gentle swell, the tide had carried him at least a couple of miles below the town. Dipping his scull in the water, he began to pull slowly back to his starting point. As he neared the town again most of the passing boats were gay with brightly colored sunshades, under which reclined girls dressed in cooling cream and white. A few of the fair visions would make the water, but the majority seemed quite content to occupy the stern of the craft, where they could display their latest confections for the admiration of their escorts and criticize at their ease the toilettes of the other ladies.

On the right, the sea, sparkling under the sunbeams, stretched away, a sheet of molten silver, till it reached the horizon, while a thin hue of smoke, hardly visible to the eye of a landsman, betrayed the presence of some outward bound steamer. On the left, beach and park were gay with bright dresses; while the straining strains of the "Soldier's Chorus," played by the military band, sounded pleasantly across the water.

Ned's serious face was rather a contrast to the gaiety around him. For some time he had been trying to decide upon making a proposal of marriage. Though he preferred to think that there was little doubt of his suit being favorably received, the lady of his choice being of humble birth, he was not without misgivings. The circumstances in connection with the affair which caused him anxiety.

Their first meeting occurred during the summer. Picturing it to himself for the hundredth time, he again marveled at its strangeness. Early in the morning as he was strolling through some of the narrow streets of the older part of the town he had lighted upon the fish market. It was a queer little place, consisting of four or five stone slabs upon which the fish were exposed for sale. Noticing some fisher, he had gone closer to look at them, when a young girl came out of a sort of little cupboard behind the stone counter. Her face was not exactly beautiful; she had no classic regularity of feature; but her keen, intellectual eyes, her refined carriage and the refined tones in which she asked him what he wanted, immediately struck Ned as being curiously out of place in such a situation. Upon hearing what he required, she called out "Dad," but receiving no reply said "He'll come and serve you in a minute," and was retreating into the cupboard again, when Ned, prompted by some mediaeval reminiscence out of an old French book he had been reading, doffed his cap, and, bowing low, exclaimed: "The fish were worth four times the price, fair maid, if I were served by thy own fair hands."

She looked at him sharply, hesitated a moment, then, catching his humor, replied in the same strain: "In sooth, good sir, thou vaighest my hands right royally." To quadruple the price of the fish were well worth a washing, yet will I charge you but another moiety for your compliment." Taking up those he selected, she spoke a few words to a weather-beaten old fisherman who came up just then, and smilingly handed the fish to Ned.

Undaunted by his expensive experience, he found himself strolling in the same direction on the following morning, and, indeed, for many mornings after that. To quadruple the price of the old man began to grow increasingly friendly toward him, and afforded him every opportunity of making himself agreeable to the young lady—a privilege of which Ned was not slow to take advantage.

During the rest of his holiday he saw her almost every day. Soon she seemed to expect him, and they went about a good deal together. The more he had of her company the more he admired her; and by the time his holiday was over, he was as much in love as a man could be.

All through the winter Ned took great care to keep in touch with his new friends, sending the old man tobacco, and the girl little knick-knacks; while he got them more orders for fish than they were able to fulfill. He had asked Ella for her address, but the most he could obtain from her had been a promise to give him next summer. Summer had come again, she had kept her promise, and, in his eyes, she seemed more beautiful and desirable than ever. He had made up his mind that tomorrow he would ask her to become his wife. Hitherto she had fenced with him, and in some way or other prevented him from coming to the point whenever he broached the subject; but this time he was determined not to be put off.

"I am sure she loves me," he said to himself, and the thought sent the blood coursing through every vein, while the vigorous strokes of his sculls drove the little skiff through the water like a torpedo-boat.

Ned had carried out his resolution. The two were sitting on a grassy bank shaded by stately elms. At intervals the fresh morning breeze, laden with the perfume of clover and hay, made a gentle rustling, whereas she had kept her promise, and, in his eyes, she seemed more beautiful and desirable than ever. He had made up his mind that tomorrow he would ask her to become his wife. Hitherto she had fenced with him, and in some way or other prevented him from coming to the point whenever he broached the subject; but this time he was determined not to be put off.

On the way he met Ella. She was in a hurry, and just stopping to say "This afternoon at four," passed on. Giving a boy a shilling to take the barrow to its destination, Ned went to his lodgings wondering what the afternoon had in store for him; but feeling that after his morning's experience he was capable of anything.

At the appointed time he walked toward the pier. A little knot of people were standing near the water admiring a tiny yacht, which was apparently a new arrival. As he walked down the steps on to the beach he saw Ella coming along the parade.

"I'm dying to know what my second task is to be," he said, looking admiringly at her rosy cheeks and bright eyes sparkling with suppressed excitement. "I hope it's nothing else in the fish line."

She laughed. "You haven't forgiven me then. No, I'm going to test your seamanship this afternoon, and see if it is worthy of the husband of a fisherman's daughter. What do you think of her?" and she proudly pointed to the little craft before them, at the same time tossing her mackintosh and several other parcels into the stern of the boat.

"But how?—where?—whose?" he began.

"Now, sir, no questions, please." A dozen willing hands assisted them to launch the boat, and in a few minutes they were running past the head of the pier.

"Which way is the wind?" said Ella.

"Norwest," said Ned, who was steering.

"Good; now I want you to steer southeast. That ought to take us straight to Calais, oughtn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I hope you

replied. "I was getting anxious. We're going to have some pretty weather, and the wind's blowing up a bit too fresh for that little craft to be comfortable."

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Singleton, captain. I suppose his berth is ready?"

"Everything as you ordered, miss," replied the officer.

"That's all right, then. Now, Ned, you may as well go and have some dinner. Captain Meriton, I hope you'll join us."

So saying, she tripped down the companion into the saloon. It was artistically and neatly decorated, though there was none of the useless luxury often found on board the modern yacht. Comfort seemed to be its prevailing characteristic.

"One minute, Ned," and beckoning him to follow her, she led the way across the passage and opened the door of another room, which looked like a library. Motioning him to sit down, she stood up facing him.

"My last request, Ned, is that you will forgive me."

"Forgive you? What for?" said Ned.

She took up a copy of a New York journal which was lying upon one of the tables and pointed to a paragraph among the items of fashionable intelligence. It read as follows:

"By the death of Mr. McKinton, his daughter becomes one of the richest heiresses in the states. We understand Miss McKinton is very unconventional and independent. She will shortly sail for Europe in her own yacht," etc., etc.

Ned looked up. "But I don't quite understand," he began.

"I have deceived you," said Ella. "My name is Ruth McKinton. Mrs. Dixon is only my foster mother. I have been accustomed to spend a week or two with them every year for rest and quiet. When I met you I told them not to say anything about my real position, for I wanted a man who would love me for myself alone; and when one is rich—Will you forgive me, Ned, or shall I tell Captain Meriton to steer back to Eastholme?"

Ned immediately replied in the most emphatic manner possible.

"Ned, Ned, don't," she pleaded. "You really must let me go. My maid is waiting for me, and Captain Meriton will be wondering where we have got to. Please tell him I won't be long."

"Well, I'm hanged," said Harold Mortimer, as he glanced through his paper at breakfast time. "What a blithering idiot!"

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife. "And who is the idiot?"

"I am," he replied. "You know that chap selling fish we met at Eastholme last summer—I should have spoken to him if you hadn't been with me. I told you that was Ned Singleton, the bishop of St. A—'s son, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, and a good many other people as well; but what about him?"

"Why, he's married the daughter of McKinton, one of the richest heiresses in America. He's a multimillionaire. They've just arrived in London. And to think that I cut him!"

"Well, I must say that I agree with you, Harold. You were an idiot."

And the pleasure of finding that his wife did not disagree with him on at least one subject was all the satisfaction Mr. Harold Mortimer ever got out of the affair.



## NOT WORKING FOR ART'S SAKE

Violinist Certainly Had No Mistaken Idea as to His Ear for the Melody.

The Blue Forest orchestra had just finished an ear-piercing melody on the front lawn of "Berry Inn."

One of the guests approached the violinist and somberly inquired: "Do you play by note?"

"Niver a note do I play, sir," replied Mr. Hennessey, mopping his fevered brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear, then?" said the summer boarder, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Niver an ear helps me," responded the other, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask how you—what you do play by, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be gorry!" said Mr. Hennessey, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its green bag; "An' it's mighty dry wurk an' that's no mistake."

## Better Than Trees.

Her Father—Have you a family tree?  
Her Lover—No; but I have 10,000 acres of pine timber.  
Her Father—Great! Have a drink, a good cigar and the girl!—New York Post.

## GROWING STRONGER

Apparently, with Advancing Age.

"At the age of 50 years I collapsed from excessive coffee drinking," writes a man in Mo. "For four years I stumbled about with the aid of crutches or cane, most of the time unable to dress myself without help.

"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunken and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief.

"Now, during all this time and for about 30 years previously, I drank daily an average of 6 cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal.

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high-grade coffee.

"Improvement set in at once. In about 6 months I began to work a little, and in less than a year I was very much better, improving rapidly from day to day. I am now in far better health than most men of my years and apparently growing stronger with advancing age.

"I am busy every day at some kind of work and am able to keep up with the procession without a cane. The arm and hand that were once almost useless, now keep far ahead in rapidity of movement and beauty of penmanship.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

ket. Then she said: "You are ready to prove your words? You are quite sure of yourself?"

"I am," he replied.

She pointed to the fisherman's barrow, covered with some freshly caught plaice. "That is your first task. Take that barrow and carry those fish for me along the parade. Then shall I know that you do not despise the calling of my father."

The family pride of the Singletons drove the warm blood into Ned's face until it was as scarlet as a cardinal's hat and for a few seconds he stood still and said nothing. He felt that he had disappointed her. He had hoped for a foe more worthy of my steel."

"'Tis one that will test your pride, and be that I'm faithful in a few things—so, if you are not ashamed

don't expect to get there today with this idea."

"Will you please cease your objections, sir, and remember your vow of obedience?"

"I'll lay her course for the North Pole if you like," he said, looking fondly at her.

As they were running before the wind, and the sea was comparatively smooth, the boat wanted little attention, and Ned's eyes continuously rested upon the smart little figure in front of him. She had always neatly dressed, but today she had taken especial pains with her toilet, and her dark blue yachting costume, faced with white braid, suited her lithe, slender figure admirably. As soon as they got away from the shelter of the land and felt the full force of the breeze, their craft flew along at a pace which delighted them both. "Doesn't she go beautifully?" said Ella, and taking up a long pair of field glasses she swept the horizon in front of them. Then she began to chat vivaciously about general subjects. Ned had never seen her so excited. Presently she suggested refreshments, and, taking the helm, made Ned open a bottle of champagne, and regaled him upon cold fowl and ham and strawberries and cream. He opened his eyes in surprise, but she placed her finger warningly on her lips and he said nothing.

They had been running in a southeasterly direction for about three hours, and the light was beginning to fail. Behind them, a little to the left, the Southard's Head lighthouse showed the receding Goodwins, and in front, away to the right, the Gris Nez light flashed out like a great white fire with ever-increasing distinctness. Several times Ned had hinted upon the advisability of returning, but had been immediately checked by his imperious mistress. So he ceased to care what was going to happen, and gave himself up to the delight of being alone with the woman he loved. But presently, when he found the wind freshening so that he was obliged to take in a couple of reefs, and the sea running so high that he had to steer very carefully, he began to get rather anxious. But Ella would not listen to his remonstrances, and refused to let him alter his course. It was not until a sea broke over the stern and nearly swamped them that she seemed to realize the situation.

"I told you so," he said, as they bailed out the water.

"Well," she replied, "try and keep on five minutes longer, and if I can't find what I want then we'll try another tack. She again took out her glasses and carefully scanned the horizon. After a few seconds' search she uttered an exclamation of delight, and pointed out the mast white and port red light of a steamer about a mile off. "Lend me a match," Ned, and, bringing two if you can," she said, opening one of the boat's lockers. With some difficulty she lit a blue light and then a red one, waved them round her head and threw them into the air one after another. They had scarcely reached the water when a couple of answering lights flashed over the bows of the steamer. Then a searchlight was turned upon the boat and the vessel came readily down upon them.

"Your second task is finished," said Ella, with a slight tremor in her voice. "When we have boarded that yacht there is one thing that I want you to do for me."

"Harkening and obedience," he replied, muttering to himself. "Was there ever anything out of the Arabian Nights to beat this?"

The steamer soon drew alongside, and in a few minutes they were standing on her deck, while the boat was rapidly hoisted up to the davits.

A smartly dressed officer received them. "Well, Captain Meriton, how are you?" said Ella. "You see I've come aboard at last."

"Yes, miss, I'm glad you have," he

replied. "I was getting anxious. We're going to have some pretty weather, and the wind's blowing up a bit too fresh for that little craft to be comfortable."

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Singleton, captain. I suppose his berth is ready?"

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## CORN AT \$10 AN EAR.

Out in Iowa They Raise That Kind and Buy It in Themselves.

From the New York Sun.

Ten dollars seems a pretty big price to pay for just one ear of corn, but out in Iowa they raise corn which brings even more than that. It is not uncommon for a man out there to raise corn which he cannot afford to own.

Impossible as this sounds, it is true, and the explanation is that prize ears of seed corn become the property of the agricultural courses where they are exhibited. They are then sold at auction to the man who raised them does not always feel that he can afford to bid them in.

That was precisely what happened to an Iowa farmer named McCulloch not long ago. He entered a good many ears of corn in the competition held at Marshalltown under the management of the state agricultural college. Over 3,000 ears were entered and one of McCulloch's won first prize.

The prize was a \$150 water supply system, so the farmer probably felt that he could afford to bid in the prize ear for \$150. But when he went to buy back 80 other ears which he had entered he had to let them go to others.

Those 80 ears brought \$204.50; so that, provided he could have sold the 81 ears of corn for what they actually brought, \$216, he could have bought his water supply system and had \$136.50 left over.

G. F. Howard won \$100 with a single ear of corn in the same competition and paid \$10 for the ear to get it back. For ten other ears which he entered he had to bid up to \$4.75 for the lot to get them.

Thirteen bushels of corn that was entered brought an average of \$3.50 a bushel. Iowa farmers have waked up to the importance of improving their crops by improving their seed. The consequence is that Iowa raises the finest corn in the country and is constantly improving the quality and the quantity to the acre.

## Hen Beats a Drug Store.

Senator Burt of the Arkansas Senate had just finished one of his droll stories about feeding morphine to a pointer pup and watching him as he indulged in the ensuing antics occasioned by the opium. Representative De Rossit, known as one of the voracious men in the state, said:

"Senator, your dog reminds me of my hen. No kidding quinine one day, as we often do, I mixed up an ounce of the drug with molasses and rolled it out into pills. Leaving the stuff to dry on the front porch, I went into the house.

"Returning, I saw the last of my pills swallowed by my hen.

"Of course, I thought her silly head would burst wide open. She simply commenced cackling, and has been laying two eggs a day ever since. And do you know, senator, those eggs are the best chill tonics on the market? One of them taken internally will knock the spots from any case of malaria in the state and shaking ague can't stand before 'em an hour after they are eaten. I keep that hen dosed. I do."

## The Swear Wheel.

The clergyman retreated from the golf course, shaking his head and smiling in a shocked way.

"I think," he said, "that I shall get out an invention for golfers, a swear wheel. It seems badly needed here.

"You know the Burmese prayer wheels," he went on. "The Burmese have prayer wheels that resemble pin wheels, and it is by turning his wheel that the Burmese always prays.

"Now do you grasp my idea? I should equip all these explosive and profane golfers with swear wheels, and then, when they bungled a shot, he could give his swear wheel a few angry turns, and in silence, with no offense to reverent ears, his outburst of profanity would—Put, hark!

An elderly man, dressed in golf attire, having missed an easy stroke, threw his club on the turf, and with clenched fists and an apoplectic expression filled the air with oaths and blasphemy.

"Oh, for one of my swear wheels," said the clergyman, shuddering, "to put in that bad old boy's hands."