Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—MRS. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Lelah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony.

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

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

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Purity of mind and conduct is the best glory of a woman.—Madame de Stael.

The log cabin, built in St. Louis county by Gen. U. S Grant, in 1854, has been transferred to its new location on Art Hill, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Some of the logs show the ravages of time and the elements, but the structure is yet sturdy. Its present owner, C. F. Blanke, has decided to allow the historic cabin to remain in Forest Park after the World's fair closes.

Evertired Eddie—I believe, Phillie, dat wotever I kin git in de way of eatables is best fer me.

"The Klean, Kool, Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

In the decorations at the World's Fair Grounds in St. Louis at the Dedication Ceremonies there were used 200 U. S. bunting flags, from 12 to 20 feet in length; 600 flags of all nations' from 8 to 14 feet long; more than 6,000 yards of draperies and festoonings, and hundreds of trophies, shields and coats of arms of the different states and nations.

Frittering Phil.—Eddie, do you'se believe a vegetable diet is best fur yer health?

LOVES THE PRAIRIES.

Miss Anna Gray Is Delighted with Her Western Canada Home.

Anna C. Gray is a young lady, formerly of Michigan. She is now a resident of Western Canada, and the following, published in the Brown City (Mich.) Banner, are extracts from a friendship letter written about March 15 to one of her lady friends in that vicinity. In this letter is given some idea of the climate, social, educational and religious conditions of Alberta, the beautiful land of sunshine and happy homes. Over one hundred thousand Americans have made Western Canada their home within the past five years, and in this year upwards of 50,000 will take up homes there.

Miss Gray took her leave for Didsbury, Alberta, the home of her sister and other relatives and friends on Jan. 10 last, and after a two months' sojourn in her Western prairie home she writes of it as follows: "I know I shall grow to love the prairies. We have a beautiful view of the mountains, and it seems wonderful to me to see home after home for miles, and it is being thickly settled all around us. With the exception of the last few days, which have been cold and stormy, we have had beautiful spring weather ever since I came. The days are beautiful. I call this the 'land of the sun,' as it seems to be always shining; the nights are cold and frosty. On arriving here I was so greatly surprised in every way. Didsbury is quite a business little town. All the people I meet are so pleasant and hospitable. They have four churches in Didsbury—the Baptist, Presbyterian, Evangelical and Mennonite. The Evangelicals have just completed a handsome church, very large and finely furnished, costing $2,500. They have a nice literary society here, meets every two weeks. They have fine musical talent here. Your friend,

"ANNA C. GRAY."

"Yes, my dear, one could lay down rules for the charming of the other sex" said an old but very successful belle to a debutante, who, in spite of a beautiful face, is, it must be admitted, a failure as far as popularity goes. "One could lay down rules—103 of them, all good rules, too. But there are two that I'd remember if I were you, and you can afford to let the others take care of themselves. The first is, when talking to a man never 'run down' another woman. The second—and even if you forget the first, please remember the second—is, never praise another man."

A Tight Squeeze.

Brazils, Ark., May 11.—To be snatched from the very brink of the grave is a somewhat thrilling experience and one which Mrs. M. O. Garrett of this place has just passed through.

Mrs. Garrett suffered with a Cerebro-Spinal affection, and had been treated by the best physicians, but without the slightest improvement.

For the last twelve months two doctors were in constant attendance, but she only grew worse and worse, till she could not walk, and did not have any power to move at all.

She was so low that for the greater part of the time she was perfectly unconscious of what was going on about her, and her heart-broken husband and friends were hourly expecting her death.

The doctors had given up all hope and no one thought she could possibly live.

In this extremity Mr. Garrett sent for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was a last hope, but happily it did not fail.

Mrs. Garrett used in all six boxes of the remedy, and is completely cured. She says:

"I am doing my own work now and feel as well as ever I did. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved me from death."

The City of St. Louis was unanimously chosen as the place for holding the World's Fair by a convention of delegates appointed by the Governors of the States and Territories within the original Louisiana Purchase. St. Louis is the fourth city of the United States in the point of population. It is noted for its beautiful residence districts. It leads the world in many lines of industry.

A MILLION AMERICAN BEAUTIES keep their blood pure, their complexion soft and clear, their breath sweet and their whole bodies active and healthy with CASCARETS Candy Cathartic. The quick effects of CASCARETS as system cleaners and blood purifiers; their promptness in curing pimples, boils, blotches, liver-spots, blackheads, and in sweetening a tainted breath, have become known through the kind words of ladies who have tried them. Hence the sale of nearly A MILLION BOXES A MONTH. The quickest, surest, way to beauty is to cleanse the blood, for Beauty's Blood Deep. The first rule for purifying the blood is to keep the bowels free, gently but positively. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic are the only medicine to do it. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"I wonder," said the Major, "how many of the old war correspondents of forty years ago are living now. I remember as among the living only Townsend, Reid, Furay, and a few others. The most of them have crossed the line with the great soldiers whose campaigns they followed and whose battles they described. I have often wondered if the nerve tension that told so heavily against the men who strove in battle and shortened their lives did not also shorten the lives of the men who wrote of battles under the stress of the conditions that prevailed at the front or in the rear of an army. Certainly, the service was a strain on the nerves, whether the correspondent wrote of a battle in progress or in the midst of the distressing confusion that followed a battle.

"Here at home a man cannot write a business letter or a short article for a newspaper if he is subjected to ordinary interruptions. I saw the Colonel in a frenzy the other day because three ladies came in, one after another, while he was preparing an argument. And yet he had all his materials at hand, and the interruptions were not of a trying character. Think of the strain under which an army correspondent wrote, with the uproar and confusion of battle pressing on his nerves. Seeing only a part of the field, he must write of the whole. Dimly comprehending the maneuvers based on strategy or exigency, he must describe all in their relations to defeat or victory. When commanders were beside themselves with excitement he must in some way get information from them.

"The correspondent was compelled not only to get information, but to measure its value, and, dazed or excited, he was compelled to write with the calmness of a war historian and at the same time to portray graphically the battle scenes. After bending all his energies to composition he was often compelled to ride as wildly as a charging trooper to start his dispatch or letter northward. The service was very trying, and little wonder that so many of the old war correspondents died in what the world called their prime. There were men, of course, who wrote of battles without seeing them, but I have in mind the men who rode with generals in battle and who shared the privations and dangers of army life. There were many such, but not many of them are alive."

"Correspondents," said Dr. A. W. Gray, "during the war and after the war missed a great many adventures, the story of which even now seems worth telling. I have in mind the experience of Captain Merrick of Company G, Fifty-first Illinois, in Alabama in 1866. While in the service Captain Merrick had noticed the character of the country about Bridgeport and Decatur, and in 1866 he went South to prospect for the location of Northern colonies on unoccupied lands, and to consult owners as to terms of purchase.

"He met with a cordial reception at Decatur, and was given directions as to how to reach the lands for sale. He hired a horse and buggy and drove on his way to Blackwater River into a district in which there were very few houses. After spending the day in the wilderness he started on his return trip, but encountered a heavy rainstorm, and darkness coming on earlier than he expected, he lost his way. After two hours' driving in the rain and dark he saw a light in the distance and made his way toward it. He came upon a cabin and knocked at the door. In answer to the question who was there he replied that he was a stranger seeking shelter from the rain. He was bluntly informed that the owner of the cabin did not keep a hotel and could not accommodate him under any circumstances.

"When Merrick was told that there was no house nearer than seven miles he asked that he be allowed to sleep on the porch outside, and that his horse be fed and given shelter. Finally the surly occupant of the cabin agreed to this, and came out with a lantern. His appearance was against him, and he had an ugly and suspicious look in his eye. He held his lantern high to have a good look at Merrick's face, and then went with the Captain to the stable and waited while the latter looked after his horse.

"On their return to the cabin the Captain suggested he be given a blanket and be permitted to lie down on the porch. Thereupon the huge Alabamian planted himself squarely in front of the Captain and said menacingly: 'Who be you, any way? Strangers looking for land don't go prowling around at night. Where you come from?' The Captain said plainly that he was from the North, and that he was traveling at night because he had lost his way. Then, more roughly, the Alabamian said: 'You have been here before. You were in the Yankee army.'

"The Captain wondered if his revolver was in good condition, and admitted that he had served in northern Alabama in the Union army. 'I thought so,' said the other. 'I remember you. You were prowling around this same neighborhood when Roddey's cavalry came on your track. Retreating toward your camp, you came on a man with two buckets of water. You made that man go with you to the Union lines. I was that man.' This, the Captain thought, ended the chapter, but, to his surprise, the Alabamian became cordial and solicitous for his comfort. Gave him a good bed, and he slept in comfort until morning.

"On leaving bed he found a good breakfast awaiting him, and when he started for Decatur his host was on horseback to show him the way. After they started the man of the cabin explained that after being taken to the Union lines in 1863 he had left Roddey's cavalry and joined a Union cavalry regiment, and that for doing that he had been persecuted in various ways by his neighbors, and that he supposed the Captain came to his cabin at night in the interest of his enemies."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Man of Grit.

The first day of the New Year, 1863, the Confederates under General Magruder, came down in force from Houston, Tex., and attacked the United States war ships in possession of Galveston Harbor. The attack being a complete surprise, the Union forces were beaten; the beautiful steamer, the Harriet Lane, was blown up, and the vessels that escaped only did so by slipping their cables and putting to sea.

William Reid, an old man-of-war's man, who was on board the Owasco, was one of the heroes of the Galveston fight. His ship was attacked by a floating battery that had come down through Buffalo Bayou, and while in the act of loading his rifle, three of his fingers were torn off by a piece of shell.

Reid was at this time fifty-eight years of age, but by his activity and daring he set an example to his younger shipmates. He tied his handkerchief about his wrist to stop the blood, and went on loading and firing without showing in his resolute face any sign of the agony he was suffering.

The battle had been raging for nearly an hour, when another shot tore through Reid's right shoulder, the blood spurting out and spattering those standing near him.

Seeing the plight of the old hero, Master Mate Abrams went to him and said:

"Reid, you must go below!"

"What for?" asked Reid, still firing.

"To have your wounds dressed."

"No, sir," was the reply. "So long as there's any fighting going on, and I can lend a hand, I'll stay on deck while there's a deck to stand on, and I have a finger to pull a trigger, and an eye to guide a ball."

This brave sailor recovered from his wounds, and subsequently distinguished himself at Vicksburg and Mobile. He was honorably mustered out at the close of the war, married for the first time when he was 60, and he is still living a hale, hearty and honored man.

A Haughty Rebel.

In the last winter of the war, by reason of sickness, I became separated from my regiment, but upon recovery I got a full share of soldiering at Nashville, under old Pap Thomas, when we sent Hood flying southward. I had good opportunity on this occasion to note the valor of our colored troops, who are said to have "fought nobly." One day two colored soldiers came into camp with a dilapidated but haughty Confederate captain. He had strayed beyond his lines and the colored boys somehow got onto the business and they went for him. "Hold on dar, boss," said the leading one, advancing upon him with fixed bayonet. "What do you mean, you black rascal, to talk to me in that manner?" replied the Confederate. "Hear dat, now; black rascal, you say? Don't you 'peat any more such language to us—we's United States soldiers, we is, and don't you talk back." The Confederate endeavored first to threaten, but finding that would not do, then to coax, and then to bribe, all of which failed. Then falling back again upon his dignity he said it was highly improper that he should surrender to two colored soldiers, as he was a captain. He proposed that one of the soldiers should go to camp and get an officer while the other soldier remained to guard him. At this the two soldiers laughed heartily, and then they began to prick him with their bayonets, and in this manner they walked him into camp, the sorriest-looking rebel I ever saw. He demanded of our officers that they should punish the black scoundrels for their insults to him. "Insults!" shouted Lieutenant Simmons, of my regiment. "They are incapable of insulting you. That you are alive now is evidence of their generous and noble character. If the situation had been reversed you would have killed them."

All Top Rails.

On one of the marches near Memphis, Colonel Stuart, noticing that his boys were using all the rails of the fences for camp fires, issued an order that only the top rails should be taken. The regiment, ignorant of higher mathematics, at once assumed that when one rail was gone the next one was the top, and so it turned out that all rails were top rails, and it took just seven men to demonstrate that fact on a seven-rail fence.

An amusing feature of the present controversy concerning the metric system, in which one party holds to the yard and pound as consecrated Anglo-Saxon standards, is that the United States fundamental legal standards of length and mass are the meter and the yard and pound. The yard is legally expressed as 3600-3937 part of a meter.

The German Cable Company has finished laying its second line to New York as far as the Azore islands, 1,200 miles.

There are three States which have no debt—Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois.

Tired Back

Come to all who overtax the kidneys. Don't neglect the aching back. Many dangerous kidney troubles follow in its wake.

Mrs. C. B. Pare of Columbia avenue, Glasgow, Kentucky, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent brick manufacturer of that city, says: "When Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal, and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound, and I feel much better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Buxton.

Cheerfulness is is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it, the greater our possessions.—Victor Hugo.

Men are so constituted that every one undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

Why the Ring was Returned.—She—"I suppose if a pretty girl came along you wouldn't care anything about me any more."

He—"Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right."—Philadelphia Press.

The rarest of flowers is candor—Racine.

Hope of ill gain is the beginning of loss.—Democritus.

One golden day redeems a weary year.—Celia Thaxter.

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

An emergency hospital was established by Medical Director Laidley in the northwest entrance pavilion of the Education Building during the dedication ceremonies at the St. Louis World's Fair. The pavilion, temporarily converted into a room by closing the doors, is 50 feet square.

Laundering the Baby's Clothes.

Many mothers are ignorant of the serious injury that may result from washing the clothing of an infant with strong washing powders and impure soap. For this reason it should be laundered at home under the mother's directions and only Ivory Soap used. To throw the little garments into the ordinary wash shows great carelessness.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.

She—Papa has an absurd notion that you have money.

He—I suppose we would better let him think so.

She—Yes; but we've got to get married some time.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

The value of a smile—who can tell? Like the sunshine, it is hard to estimate its value, for though it costs the giver nothing it very likely means all the difference to the recipient between black despair and cheerfulness and hope. A kind smile is beyond price to the erring but repenting, and cheers them to struggle back to the paths of right and duty, from which they have diverged in pursuit of pleasure and folly, while to the sorrowful, the desolate and the forsaken it has the happiest effect, dissipating the thick clouds and fog which sometimes entirely obscure a fair landscape. A smile is a token of warmth within; it shows the kind heart of the friend, the affectionate brother, the loving child, or the happy husband. It adds a charm to the plainest face, it enhances the beauty of the most well favored, and it makes the gentle, gracious woman appear a veritable angel in the eyes of him who loves her.

Idleness is the key of beggary, and the root of all evil.—Spurgeon.

All through our lives the partings come, ill fortunes come, and temptations attack us in our weakest points that our hearts may be softened and refined and enabled to understand the glory that is in humanity, the beauty that is in goodness, and the happiness that is in self denial.

ELY'S LIQUID CREAM Balm is prepared for sufferers from nasal catarrh who use an atomizer is spraying the diseased membranes. All the healing and soothing properties of Cream Balm are retained in the new preparation. It does not dry up the secretions; price, including spraying tube 75c. At druggists or by mail. 56 Warren St., N. Y.