

WOMAN'S KIDNEY TROUBLES

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing this Fatal Woman's Disease.



EDNA FREDERICK.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives. Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which were sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women. The following letters will show how marvellously successful it is:

Aug. 6, 1899.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am failing very fast,—since January have lost thirty-five or forty pounds. I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired, and have bearing down pains. Meneses have not appeared for three months: sometimes I am troubled with a white discharge, and I also have kidney and bladder trouble. I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you, and see if you could do me any good."—MISS EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio.

Sept. 10, 1899.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. I did not enjoy life at all. Now, I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough for what you have done for me. You are surely a woman's friend. Thanking you a thousand times, I remain, Ever yours,
Miss EDNA FREDERICK,
Troy, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it enough. I had headaches,

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before—without the writer's special permission.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

The real worth of our \$3.50 and \$4.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. We are the largest makers and retailers of men's \$3.50 and \$4.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell the equal to—and better than—any other shoe made in the U. S. Established in 1870.

Why do you pay \$4 to \$5 for shoes when you can buy W. L. Douglas shoes for \$3 and \$3.50 which are just as good.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas's \$3 and \$3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY ARE THE BEST FOR MEN. THE BEST MADE OF THE BEST IMPORTED AMERICAN LEATHERS. THE WORKMANSHIP IS UNRIVALLED. THE STYLE IS EQUAL TO THE BEST OF OTHER MAKES. THEY FIT LIKE CUSTOM MADE SHOES. THEY WILL WEAR TWO YEARS OF OTHER MAKES AT THE SAME PRICE, that have no reputation. You can see for yourself. (Send them to your friends, they will praise everybody that wears them.) Your dealer should keep them; we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town. Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and the extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cut. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Catalogue Free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Magnetic Starch

The Wonder of the Age. No Boiling No Cooking. It Stiffens the Goods. It Whitenes the Goods. It Polishes the Goods. It makes all garments fresh and crisp when first bought new. Try a Sample Package. You'll like it if you try it. You'll buy it if you try it. You'll use it if you try it. Try it. Sold by all Grocers.

leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and kidney trouble. I also had a pain when standing or walking, and sometimes there seemed to be balls of fire in front of me, so that I could not see for about twenty minutes. Felt as tired in the morning when I got up as if I had had no sleep for two weeks. Had fainting spells, was down-hearted, and would cry."—MRS. BERTHA OBER, Second and Clayton Sts., Chester Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot find language to express the terrible suffering I have had to endure. I had female trouble, also liver, stomach, kidney, and bladder trouble. I tried several doctors, also quite a number of patent medicines, and had despaired of ever getting well. At last I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, thanks to your medicine, I am a well woman. I can not praise your medicine too highly for I know it will do all, and even more, than it is recommended to do. I tell every suffering woman about your Vegetable Compound, and urge them to try it and see for themselves what it will do."—MRS. MARY A. HIPLE, No. Manchester, Ind.



MARY A. HIPLE.

WHAT A MOGUL CAN DO.

That was a remarkable demonstration of what a Mogul can do, that occurred on the New York Central the other day, when engine No. 948, one of the new Moguls, hauled out train No. 11, the Southwestern Limited, made up of two mail cars, five passenger coaches and nine Wagner cars, sixteen cars in all. The total weight of the train was 1,332,000 pounds, or 916 tons, and the length of the train, including the engine, was 1,212 feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile. This engine made the running time of the train between New York and Albany, 143 miles, in three hours and fifteen minutes. There is no railroad in the world which has a better roadbed, more skillful engineers, or better equipment, backed by loyal men always alert for the safety of their passengers, than the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. What road can match its corps of men, from President Callaway down the long line of employees, to the humble and faithful trackmen who watch their sections of rails through the long hours of the night and day, in order to safeguard the lives of the travelers on trains whirling by their humble shanties, many of which nestle closely to the rails under their guardianship.—Editorial from the Albany Times-Union.

A great many men who smoke in this world will also smoke in the next.

Magnetic Starch is the very best laundry starch in the world. Don't forget to keep to the right whether riding or walking. Your clothes will not crack if you use Magnetic Starch. Often when a woman shows traces of genius she jumps over the traces.

Little Can Wear Shoes. One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Don't tell long stories even when asked to.

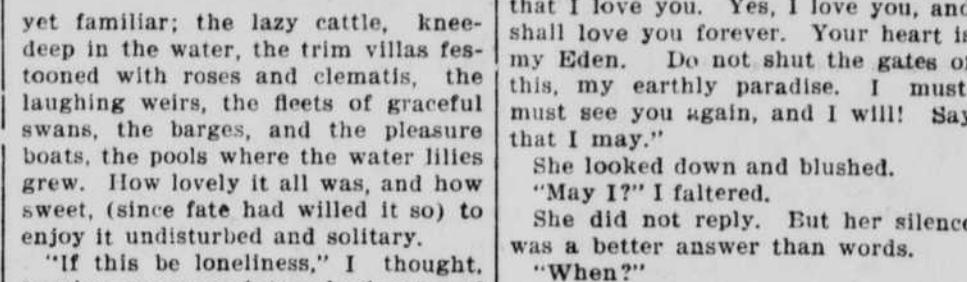
ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt—
When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the pale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail;
I know that right is right:
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.
I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find:

That the rulers must obey:
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace—
In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;
And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;
And that somewhere beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate,
When the night unlocks her bars,
I shall see Him, and I will wait.
—Washington Gladden.

"The Old Apple Tree"

I was disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years, not since our Balliol days, until I saw him again after seven years at the varsity sports in the early spring. He was the same as ever—staunch and genuine and generous. It was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip on the river. It was to be on June 15, and we were to have had a long, healthy, exhilarating day, with plenty of hard exercise and a long chat about old times. The day came and I was in a river rig at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed. But Fry did not come. I know of nothing more irritating than to have to hang about for another fellow to turn up when one is alone like that. At last I got a note by his servant. His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether it was an excuse or whether it was a reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip—that was clear. It was annoying, but I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair-skiff and had out a single canoe. In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hackneyed words, as I thought of them, were in themselves a comfort, and as I paddled on I thought how a gay heart wants no friend. Solitude has charms deeper than society can afford. Out of my memory teemed troops of friends, and they were with me as I willed; they came at my call and vanished as I wished when thought of another suggested. I was veritably festive in my loneliness. Everything was new to me, and yet familiar; the lazy cattle, knee-deep in the water, the trim villas festooned with roses and clematis, the laughing weirs, the fleets of graceful swans, the barges, and the pleasure boats, the pools where the water lilies grew. How lovely it all was, and how sweet, (since fate had willed it so) to enjoy it undisturbed and solitary. "If this be loneliness," I thought, turning my canoe into a backwater of the main river, along which I had already paddled with the stream for several miles (I had passed through two locks), "I have been often lonelier among hosts of friends!" And I fear there was some conceit in the delight I enjoyed; cast thus upon my own resources I was proud of my buoyancy of spirit. I found myself ever and anon peeping the passing banks and woods with creatures of my own imagination, making of the whole landscape a background for the creation of an as yet unwritten romance. I wove fairy tales. I am a professed writer of romances, and I determined that the beings born of my river dream should awake and live in words on the shelves of libraries. I was now in a lovely backwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The banks were flowers were more abundant and nearer to me—indeed, they hedged me about. The pale blue eyes of innumerable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, wild roses and brambles bloomed amid their thorns, the leaves of the osiers whispered everywhere, the weeping willows hung their arching boughs right across the narrow creek, which it now pleased me to explore. The water was clearer, too. Paddling slowly along between the lawns, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant growth, the waving forest of submarine weed, where I could see schools of minnows. Now and then a school of perch, startled by my paddle, darted into the shadow of the weed, and a huge jack, sucking in a deep green pool, made me long for a rod and line. While thus engrossed, bending my head over the side of the canoe, in which I continued to drift along slowly, I failed to notice how narrow the creek had become, until suddenly I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—so close that I was almost touching her. For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered, "Where am I?" "You are in my father's garden," she said. "And I—I—" "You are a trespasser."



But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl, sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her face.

"And you?" I said. I know not what I said, but soon I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve. "And this is Paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old apple tree at all the beauties of the garden. Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear of Canada—and of love. Then she bade me go, and I could not. Nor would I if I could; and when at length I obeyed her and was about to go she bade me stay. "So I stayed, and soon had moored my canoe and stood upon her lawn. I cannot tell how I of all men—modest almost to bashfulness—could have done so, but I did. Of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. Two roses that I had not seen before bloomed on her face and she ran away, light-footed, and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house. But I could not leave; I could not! I looked for her, but she did not come. Once I saw the curtains of a window drawn aside and her face peering out at me, but she would not come again. "Well, I stayed, that was all! How I had the impudence to do so I cannot tell—but I could not go. She was a long while indoors, I heard her at the piano. I knew it was her touch, though I had never heard her before, but I was confident it was she. Besides, now and then the piano stopped suddenly, and I saw by the movement of the window curtains that she was peeping to see whether I had gone. At last I grew ashamed of my intrusion, and, stooping from under the fruit-covered branches of the old apple tree, I went to my canoe, unfasting its moorings, and was about to withdraw. But as luck would have it, just as I was about to get into the canoe she came out to me across the lawn. Her gesture to me was that I must go. I said what I felt, regardless of all order, of propriety. "Eve," I said, passionately, "you do not know me, nor who I am, nor I you, but I know this, that I love you. Yes, I love you, and shall love you forever. Your heart is my Eden. Do not shut the gates of this, my earthly paradise. I must, must see you again, and I will! Say that I may." She looked down and blushed. "May I?" I faltered. She did not reply. But her silence was a better answer than words. "When?" "Tomorrow." She looked so pretty when she said it that I was about to dare yet more. I had the temerity to formulate the idea that I would take her in my arms and steal from her lips a kiss when I heard a shout: "Hullo, old chap! Is that you?" I looked up. "What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry? It is, by all that's wonderful." "I'm awfully sorry, my dear chap, that I couldn't join you on the river today. Abominably unwell you must have thought me. But I didn't know you knew my sister." He looked at her and he looked at me. I think we were both blushing. "But you do know each other, don't you?" he said, for we both looked so awkward that he seemed to think that he had made some faux pas. "Oh, yes," I said, "we know each other," and I stole a look at Eve. The glance she gave me was a grateful one. Three months afterward there was a river wedding, and as we were rowed away from church in a galley manned by four strong oarsmen I handed her out of the canopied boat to her father's lawn the wedding bells rang out merrily, for Eve and I were man and wife, and I gave her a husband's kiss under that old apple tree.—Chicago Tribune.

STEKETEE'S DRY BITTERS. A Dutch Remedy, or How to Make Your Own Bitters.

Farmers, Laboringmen and Every body use these Bitters for the cure of *Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Blood Purifier, Headache, Kidney and Liver Diseases. A perfect stomach regulator.* Now is the time to use them. On receipt of 30c United States postage stamps I will send one package and receipt how to make one gallon Bitters from Skekete's Dry Bitters. A delicious flavor. Made from Imported Roots, Herbs and Berries from Holland and Germany. Be your own doctor and use these Dry Bitters. Send to Geo. G. Skekete, Grand Rapids, Mich. For sale by druggists.

A great man is seldom taken at his true value, but lots of others sell out for more than they are worth.

CREAM SEPARATORS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

The De Laval Cream Separators have been awarded the GRAND PRIZE by the International Jury of Awards at the PARIS EXPOSITION, over many separator exhibits from various countries, the De Laval superiority being unquestionable in every material respect. Lesser awards of different grades of medals, were made to several other makes of separators.

The Country club is made of city timber. Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Fault is one thing that may be found where there is no defect. We pardon infidelities, but we do not forget them.—Mme. de la Fayette.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other. There will be 1,522 polling places in New York city this year.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal. Dogwood in Place of Ebony.

The high price of ebony has led American piano makers to use dogwood, stained, oiled and polished, as a substitute for the ebony hitherto employed for the black keys. The wood is cut into strips and piled up in cob house fashion out of doors until thoroughly seasoned for use.

A Fargo (N. D.) dispatch says: A heavy frost this morning damaged late corn and flax, especially in the northern part of the state. Flax was the dependence of many farmers who lost their wheat by drouth. The loss on flax throughout the state will be heavy.

1315-1317 Farnam St. Shiverick Furniture Co. Omaha, Nebraska.

\$100,000 Stock of Fresh, New Furniture
Purchased at large discounts for "SPOT CASH," enables us to offer better bargains than ever before. We are now permanently located in our new building and invite visitors in Omaha to call and see our Stock and inspect the very many BARGAINS we have to offer

- We are just receiving a large shipment of Iron Beds. Purchased in many cases at less than 50c on the dollar, and commencing Sept. 23rd, we will quote special prices for the balance of the month.
- No. 303 Iron Beds—white enamel—trimmed with brass—best casters—the regular \$2.50 Bed. Purchased at a great discount, we will sell for \$1.90 any size.
- No. 310 Half Brass Bed—lower half dead black finish—solid brass spindle—no knobs—round top—a bed made to retail for \$28.00. In the new lot we received a large selection of these for \$20.00.
- We also have this Bed in all the new finishes—cameo bronze—enameled—electric, etc., at the low price of \$20.00.
- Specials on all kinds of Couches—we manufacture these any way to please our customers.
- Our No. 242 Velour Couch—best make, full size—6 feet long, 28 inches wide—any color upholstering—best casters—a couch generally sold for \$85.00—now \$55.00
- No. 16 Pegamone Leather Couch—very handsome frame and stylish design in upholstery—extra large in width and length—an exceptional bargain at \$20.00.
- No. 232 Irish Point—has plain center—Louis XIV. borders—very handsome design for \$8.00. At the special price, \$5.25.

We give our stock number on each piece and the articles mentioned may be ordered by number. You are invited to call and see the store, whether intending to purchase or not.

1315-1317 Farnam St. Shiverick Furniture Co. Omaha, Neb.

Wheat-O
Made in Iowa from the finest Iowa wheat by our patent process, removing from the wheat all impurities and indigestible substances and retaining all the gluten and nitrogenous and phosphatic elements which make perfect health, bones and teeth.

Not made by the Trust.
Nature's Delicious Breakfast Food
Good to eat the year 'round by all the family.
Received the diploma at the 1899 Iowa State Fair over all competitors. Once tried, always used. Price 13 cents for a two lb. package. 2 packages 25c. Coupons entitling you to valuable prizes free in each package.
BUY IT OF YOUR GROCER.

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Markets in Fine Condition to Make Money.
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