"Oh! Dear I'm so Tired."

The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work.

How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system all unstrung!

One day she is wretched and utterly miserable; in a day or two she is better and laughs at her fears, thinking there is nothing much the matter after all; but before night the deadly backache reappears, the limbs tremble, the lips twitch—it seems as though all the imps of Satan were clutching her vitals; she goes to pieces and is flat on her back.

No woman ought to arrive at this terrible state of misery, because these symptoms are a sure forerunner of womb troubles. She must remember that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is almost an infallible cure for all female ills, such as irregularity of periods, which cause weak stomach, sick headache, etc., displacements and inflammation of the womb, or any of the multitudes of illnesses which beset the female organism.

Mrs. Gooden wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter tells the result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe that your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries. I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then, after nearly two months, the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and medicines alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and a package of Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine. I have gained twelve pounds during the last two months and am better in every way. Thanking you for your kind advice and attention, I remain. Yours gratefully,

"MRS. E. J. GOODEN, Ackley, Iowa."

$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

To Self-Supporting Women

Without interfering with your regular duties, you can make money by means of our offer of $17,500 FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Send for full particulars.
THE DELINEATOR
7 to 17 W. 13th St., New York.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The boy who is afraid he will never amount to anything seldom does.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Give cheerfully with one hand and you will gather abundantly with two.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

The contents of the jeweler's safe may be his stepping stones to fortune.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the human system. Protect yourself against its ravages by the use of Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Courtship may be bliss, but marriage sometimes blisters.

The Census of 1900.

A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the Passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

No married man is henpecked who buys his own neckties.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The coquette was created so that the fool might have a companion.

HO! FOR OKLAHOMA!
9,000,000 acres new lands to open to settlement. Subscribe for THE KIOWA CHIEF, devoted to information about these lands. One year, $1.00. Single copy, 10c. Subscribers receive free illustrated book on Oklahoma. Morgan's Manual (250 page Settlers' Guide) with five sectional map, $1.00. Map 25c. All above, $1.15. Address Dick T. Morgan, Perry, O. T.

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Tells all about Winchester Rifles, Shotguns, and Ammunition

Send name and address on a postal now. Don't delay if you are interested.

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CHANGEFUL NATURE.

"Soon," says the snowdrop, and smiles
at the motherly earth,
"Soon!—for the spring with her languors comes stealthily on.
Snow was my cradle and chilly winds
sang at my birth;
Winter is over—and I must make haste
to be gone!"

"Soon!" says the swallow and dips to the
wind-ruffled stream,
"Grain is all garnered—the summer is
over and done;
Bleak to the eastward the icy battalions
gleam,
Summer is over—and I must make haste
to be gone!"

"Soon—ah, too soon!" says the soul, with
a desperate pang,
"Soon!—for I rose like a star, and for
aye would have shone.
See the pale shuddering dawn that must
wither my rays,
Leaps from the mountain—and I must
make haste to be gone!"

—From the Spectator.

The Storm.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON—"FRANCESCA."

Author of "The Song of Solomon," "The Case of Mrs. Ferris," etc.

(Copyrighted, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"It all seemed paradoxical. And yet—I thought of you, always. Don't you see? The situation was—impossible!"

"Yes?"

She uttered the monosyllable gently. Her eyes followed the phosphorus lights that slipped through the black waves, rolling back into the night behind them. The ship throbbed like a human thing, and she felt its vibration go through her body with a drowsy, sensuous content. Her hands gleamed whitely on the arms of the steamer chair in which she lay prone, and the soft night wind lifted the hair back from her face.

"You must understand—now?"

There was a shade of anxiety in his voice as he leaned forward and looked down into her eyes.

"Now? I am five years older, you mean? Well, I understand. Yes—in a way. One learns many things in five years."

"And it was—for the best? You believe that?" She rested her head back on the cushions and lifted her eyes to the stars that powdered the velvety gloom above them.

"Quien sabe!" She smiled thoughtfully. "It is written. What will be, will be, and all things are by fate." She stirred restlessly, then turned toward him and studied him critically.

"Well?" he asked.

"Is it all written in the stars, I wonder?" she answered, reflectively. "Are we kings and queens on the chessboard? was it for the best? I do not know. I was married to a man twenty years my senior. A perfectly amiable and absolutely irreproachable commercial machine. He was hazily conscious of my existence at odd periods when his stock quotations would permit. That was all. I had the flesh-pots of Egypt, and according to the laws of Moses and common sense, I should have gone down on my knees daily and given thanks. But I didn't. I know that it is not only unorthodox, but execrable taste, to do that which leaves one's private life vulnerable to the yellow journal reporter and artist. To-day, Paola and Francesca would be but food for scare-heads and impossible cuts. But I loved you. That is trite and commonplace. Nancy said the same to Sykes. But it is very real, just the same. And I loved you—not only enough to brave the flames of hell, but, infinitely worse, the comment and criticism of the great unwashed. And—you flinched"

"We Will See!"

The tranquil tones ceased for a moment, and she pulled the cushion more comfortably under her cheek.

"Four your sake——" The words came hoarsely.

Her eyebrows lifted, but she did not speak.

Then suddenly he leaned forward and caught her hands in a tense grasp and stared down into her face with hot eyes.

"You would—you would have——?"

"Gone to you? Assuredly. You knew that I would. But you feared the world, more than I feared—the other place, you know. For my sake, you said. Well, perhaps. No doubt you quite believed it was—for my sake. But is your genus naturally so—disinterested?"

The black water rolled and lifted and fell with a sharp hiss back into the shadows, and she listened to its muffled music with a keen pleasure. She loved the unharnessed strength of it. It was sovereign in every mood. And it laid the memories of its uncounted centuries on her restless spirit and she was stilled. Here and there behind them the salon incandescent lights gleamed. A measured footfall came through the roar of the waves and the straining of the ship, passed, and died again, leaving only the noises of the night, of the winds and waters. Then the lights went out and the vaporous darkness gathered around them and the stars seemed nearer.

He drew the white hands up to his lips and held them there a long moment.

"You are not merciful in your analysis," he said slowly. "And perhaps you are right. But I do not think so. I—But why dig over the bones of the past? Fate, Providence, God—what you will—brought us together, out here on the waters that you have always loved. And there are no barriers. We are both free. Today, when I saw the shore-line sink into the water, and turned and saw you on the deck? Does it tell you nothing?"

She looked back into his eyes with a shade of amusement in her own.

"You were always bored, you know!" She laughed, a little, low laugh, then gently released one hand from his and drew the tips of her fingers down over his face. Then she held his square chin in her hand and regarded him gravely. "You were always bored—all your life. It was chronic. You were delighted to see me? Of course. It was a sensation. And sensations are worth something in this all too prosaic life of ours. Don't you know, boredom is accountable for far more than is generally realized? If the clergy would only give us a palliative, their efforts would be so much more fruitful! And I was equally delighted to see you. I, too, have learned to value sensations. And you look quite as you did when I—er—ate of the pomegranate. There is a glint of silver around the temples—but it is becoming. I could almost think we were back in that other era when we were so tragic. We were tragic, were we not? Life bored you so—and I was a new sensation—and I loved you with such feeling. And, after all, it was pouring water upon sand. It was seeing with a child's faith—Ascension lilies grow where only cacti were possible."

"No!—by all the gods I——"

"Never mind Olympia!" She laughed, and lifted her chin with delight as the chill wind whipped the monk's hood back from her face and sent weird Aeolian strains through the ship's rigging.

"The Olympian ladies and gentlemen were persons of very uncertain morals. And why swear at all? What matter? All that was prehistoric. It was before the flood. Look at that phantom-ship with every sail set. 'And the buzzard sails on, and comes, and is gone—stately and still as a ship at sea.' Do you remember Lasca? You used to tell me Lasca when—in the days of lang syne.

"Then you still—remember?"

Darkly luminous in the faint starlight, the eyes turned from the ship back to his face.

"Remember? Oh, yes! My memory is very retentive. I remember every phase—everything."

He leaned nearer and his voice sank.

"And care?" he added.

"M—Yes," the little smile again in her eyes.

"You care—as you did then?"

Her gaze went back to the ghostly ship and she was silent as the black sails sank slowly into the darkness. Over the battling waters floated the low, irregular tolling of a distant buoy-bell. The waves leaped around them like leashed hounds, and the rising wind whistled and shrieked through the rigging. His arms closed around her and through the warring sounds he whispered, his face close to hers—"I have loved you—always."

Gently her finger-tips slipped over his face, then round his throat. Then his lips rested upon hers.

Presently he raised his head and looked down into her eyes.

"You care—as you did? You will be my wife?"

A long moment she looked at him, then very slowly she shook her head. "I am afraid—it would never do," she said. "You have become fixed in my mind as a dead and gone episode—a romance that was and is not. The commonplaces of marriage would be too complete a revelation. I cannot imagine you in that role. No, it—would never do."

"You mean that you no longer love——" His voice sounded strained, and she interrupted him.

"I mean that I did love—too well," she said gently.

Then she took his hand between her two hands and drew it down to her breast, while her lips lingered over his eyes and brow and hair.

"It is life, my dear," she said, a shade of bitterness for the first time in the serene voice. "I would have gone to you on my knees over hot plowshares, once. But now—it is five years too late."

The rising gale shrieked around them in gathering fury and she lifted her face eagerly to the rough wind. The roar of the waves had deepened to a thunder, and the ship labored and quivered in their powerful grasp. She stretched out her arms to the storm and flung her loosened hair across his face and lips.

"Ah, had you loved like that!" she cried. A vivid streak of silver quivered in the blackness ahead, and for an instant the roar of wind and waves seemed to pause. Then the thunder broke and rolled over the water in mighty waves of sound. Leaning forward, he gathered her into his arms and dragged the heavy monk's cloak around her. Again the lightning flashed and she looked up into his face.

"We will see!" he said through his teeth.

"Quien sabe?" she laughed. Then from his arms she watched the storm, content. And always her eyes laughed.

Lots of men lose the thousands they have gained because of an insatiate pursuit after another hundred.

Bound to Be Regular.

Ex-Speaker Reed, being himself a most methodical man, likes those about him to be as punctual in business matters as he is. The other day he reprimanded an office boy for the tardiness of his arrival at the office. "Well," said the boy, "you said there was nothing like regularity, and as I'd been an hour late for the past two weeks, I didn't like to change my method and come in on time today."

Officers Are Scarce.

Brigadier General Merriam, commanding the department of the Missouri, gives in his report an illustration of how foreign service has drawn on the home forces. So few are the officers now available that Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, besides being first lieutenant of the Third artillery, is an acting captain, an acting judge advocate, chief ordnance officer, chief signal officer and acting engineer officer of the department of Missouri, making separate reports in this various capacities.

There are sixty-two miles of tunnels in the fortified rock of Gibraltar.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch.

The man you fail to get will never add to your wealth.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

Chrysanthemum red is one of the fashionable fall colors.

Magnetic Starch is the very best laundry starch in the world.

Every time the grocer sells a pound of sugar he gives it a-weigh.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Even the best regulated family has its disagreements now and then.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing.

The smart girl is apt to say things that make other people smart.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

What is to be? Why, a verb, of course.

MARRIAGE PAPER.
Best Published—FREE.
J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

The best way to kill time is by hard work.

Neb. Business and Shorthand College
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Most perfectly equipped College in the west. $2,500.00 new banking furniture. $3,000.00 worth new typewriters. Send for catalogue. A. C. Ong, A. M., LL. B., Pres.

No man appreciates poetry unless he has a little of it in his make-up.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

When society throws people overboard they are not in the swim.

To Cure Indigestion.

If you were unable to enjoy your Thanksgiving feast because of indigestion, take Garfield Tea and you will hereafter be able to enjoy all your meals.

The wise teacher never attempts to teach more than he knows.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

One hundred and fifty firms in this country manufacture school text books.

Jell-O, the New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it today.

There are nearly 4,000 miles inland navigation in England and Wales.

WHAT IS WHEAT-O?

It is an Absolutely Pure Health Food, prepared by a Steel Cut process that removes all indigestible parts of the wheat and retains the nutritious strength-giving parts, which render this food very easily digested and as easily cooked. When served with sugar and cream you have a most delicious and palatable article. Wheat-O is made of choice wheat, thoroughly cleansed and purified, and is especially recommended for children and all those who may be troubled with dyspepsia, constipation, or headache. It keeps the well healthy, makes the weak strong, and as a nerve food it is unequaled. All good grocers sell it.

The taking ways of the kleptomaniac may be due to fits of abstraction.

Japanese Smokers.

Smoking is so common in Japan that all men and most women smoke, the girls beginning when they are about 10 years of age. The women have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor, she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him and lets him smoke.

Prexy Adams' Retirement.

Charles Kendall Adams has retired from the presidency of the University of Wisconsin and will go abroad for his health, which has been bad for two years past. He has not actually resigned, and Dean E. A. Birge will act in his place.

COME AND GO
In many forms
Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Lumbago
Sciatica
make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of
St. Jacobs Oil
which is a certain sure cure.

GRAIN-O
THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

Grain-O is not a stimulant, like coffee. It is a tonic and its effects are permanent.

A successful substitute for coffee, because it has the coffee flavor that everybody likes.

Lots of coffee substitutes in the market, but only one food drink—Grain-O.

All grocers; 15c. and 25c.

It's always easy to interest a man in a good money-making scheme.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A wooden leg made of oak never produces a-corn.

$148 will buy new Upright piano on easy payments. Write for catalogues. Schmoller & Mueller, 1313 Farnam street, Omaha.

The secretary of the treasury has issued a circular suspending refunding operations, to take effect December 31.

Luxuriant hair with its youthful color assured by using PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns. 15cts.

The most costly leather in the world is known to the trade as piano leather.

Carter's Ink
is used by millions, which is a sure proof of its quality. Send for free booklet, "Inklings." Address Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

Shut the door in the face of nature and she will come in at the window.

To Promote Good Digestion.
If after Thanksgiving Day the appetite is poor take Garfield Tea; it will cleanse the system and stimulate the appetite.

A good many of the standing jokes should be sat upon.

No one would object to free silver that was practically free.

Each rose has its thorn; each fountain its mud.

Last year Germany imported 214,139 metric tons of potatoes.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

Dr. Bull's
Cures all Throat and Lung Affections.
COUGH SYRUP
Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.
IS SURE
Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism. 15 & 25 cts.

For Top Prices Ship Your
GAME AND POULTRY
To Headquarters
G. W. Icken & Company.
Butter, Eggs, Veal, Hides and Furs. Potatoes, Onions in CarloadLots.
Omaha, Nebraska.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

The real worth of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes compared with other makes is $4.00 to $5.00. Our $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.

One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

BEST $3.00 SHOE.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY ARE THE BEST. 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 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Catalogue Free. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.