



Mrs. Weisslitz, president of the German Women's Club of Buffalo, N. Y., after doctoring for two years, was finally cured of her kidney trouble by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded 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.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden. I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicines, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—Mrs. PAULA WEISSLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Proof that Kidney Trouble can be Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very thankful to you for the good your medicine has done me. I had doctoring for years and was steadily growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand at times without putting my foot on something.

"I doctoring with several good doctors, but they did not help me any. I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors tell me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well, and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine."—Mrs. OPAL STROUD, Dalton, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address: Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forth with proof of the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Was there ever a woman who didn't regard her baby as a marvel of beauty?

FITS permanently cured. No more nervousness. After first day's use of Dr. Kane's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 25-cent trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 221 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The man who squanders the money that belongs to his family is a mean thief.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

It takes more than the wind to make a budding mustache full blown.

When a woman finds she has met her match in shrewdness she assumes the injured, innocent air.

State Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co., of S. Omaha, Nebr., is one of the most successful farm insurance companies in the West. Organized 1895, has \$20,000,000 insurance in force. Issues a perpetual policy that does not expire just before a fire. Annual meeting Jan. 12, 1904. We want live agents. B. R. STOFFER, Sec'y. T. B. HOLMAN, Pres.

The port side of a vessel is not necessarily the captain's wine cellar.

St. Jacobs Oil
The old surety, through its penetrating power, promptly cures
Rheumatism
Price, 25c. and 50c.

THRIFTY FARMERS are invited to settle in the state of Maryland, where they will find a delightful and healthy climate, first-class markets for their products and plenty of land at reasonable prices. Map and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free on application to H. BADENHOOP, Sec'y State Board of Immigration, BALTIMORE, MD.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER THE BEST QUALITY STRAIGHT CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE. Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

CAY LIFE FREE 16 Views of Atlantic City will be mailed to anyone sending us name and address of two or more friends who are suffering from Catarrh. J. C. RICKEY & CO., 214 WALNUT ST., PHILA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION BEST GERMANY SYRUP. Tastes Good. One Box in Time. Sold by Druggists.

The city of Bath ought to be somewhere near Watertown.

Try One Package. You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

Few would-be poets can say, "My lines have fallen in pleasant places."

"World's Fair." A St. Louis World's Fair Information Bureau has been established at 1601 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., in charge of Harry E. Moores, where all information will be cheerfully furnished free of charge.

We may not thoroughly appreciate the grass, but nature gives it is dew.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now. speak softl—the lovesick youth.

Royal Christmas Festivities

ELABORATE CELEBRATIONS ARE UNIVERSAL IN ALL THE PALACES OF EUROPE—SCENE IN THE KING'S RESIDENCE AT STOCKHOLM



CHRISTMAS AT THE ROYAL PALACE, STOCKHOLM. PRESENTS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD FROM THE KING AND QUEEN

Nowhere in the world is Christmas celebrated so elaborately and with so much preparation as in the royal palaces of Europe. There are many millionaires in America who doubtless spend quite as much or more money upon their Christmas gifts, while many millions; it is safe to say, succeed in their own way in having an equally jolly time. In the household of a king, however, Christmas day must be spent in the traditional manner, formally, while a hundred exacting precedents established centuries back must be rigidly observed.

To begin with, the presents which the members of the royal family

make to one another form but a part of the royal gifts. In addition to these, each servant of the royal retinue must be remembered. Especial significance is attached to every act of a member of royalty, and to slight one of these servants would be remarked. There are usually several sets of tables in the royal apartment where the Christmas gifts are exhibited. The presents intended for the entire household are displayed here on Christmas morning.

An excellent idea of the number and variety of these gifts may be had from the accompanying picture. The ceremony is much the same in all the

royal palaces of Europe. A large apartment similar to one of our great banquet halls is required for the display. When decorated the room, as the photograph suggests, looks more like a large and well stocked department store doing a thriving business than a private parlor. The presents are set out attractively on a score of tables. Elaborate dresses, sets of furs, cloaks and similar presents are often displayed on regular forms or lay figures. Meanwhile, of course, the entire apartment is beautifully decorated with greens, while a variety of gayly bedecked Christmas trees fills every nook and corner. This work is done

by professional decorators, who work for days before Christmas in preparing it.

On Christmas morning the royal family first take possession of the apartment to enjoy their tree and exchange gifts. Later, if all the presents are in the same room, the royal suite or court retinue enters, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting and others; next in turn come the higher servants of the household and so on until every one has been remembered. The celebration includes every one within the palace grounds, even to the workmen of the gardens and stables.

A MATTER OF GROWTH.

Difference in Culture of the Old and New Worlds.

If one-tenth as much attention were devoted to the fools among the middle and working classes as is devoted to the fool sons of the rich, we should be in danger of believing with Carlyle that the people are "mostly fools." It is true that the culture of the suddenly rich is cruder and narrower than the culture of those who have had generations of wealth and leisure; but culture is relative. The culture of the most cultured classes in the Old World is the result of large wealth possessed for generations. Culture is a matter of growth; but it never grows in poverty. The cheapness of the culture of the very rich in this country, as compared with that of the aristocracy of old countries, is simply the difference between youth and age—a difference of experience. There is a comparative cheapness in the culture, bearing and manners of the people of the West as compared with those of the East, and for the same reason. The aristocracy of the South and of New England have a refinement quite unlike that of the newly made rich in New York and Chicago and the West. They have been longer in the making.—Gunton's Magazine.

Privileges of English Mayors.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne at periodic intervals the mayor and corporation assert their rights over the shores of their native river by proceeding in state to various points, where they proclaim their authority. Perhaps as an inducement for the mayor to undertake this particular duty, on landing on the green he is permitted by ancient custom to kiss the prettiest girl present, conferring upon her a sovereign as compensation. At Bourne-mouth, where the kiss mayoral is also conferred, it is an ancient and loving custom for the retiring mayor to give his successor an osculatory salute.

Progressive King of Siam.

The king of Siam, who bears the musical name of Chulalongkorn, although only 65 years old, is celebrating his golden jubilee with unprecedented magnificence in Bangkok. Chulalongkorn has given Siam an enlightened government and yet zealously guarded native customs and institutions. Hence, while he has built canals, railways, lighthouses and hospitals, he still serves as a priest in the Buddhist temple. He has organized his army on the German model, but his bodyguard is still composed of amazons—400 daughters of his nobles.

CURED HIM OF "HOLLERING."

Picture Showed Cowboy How He Looked in His Specialty.

On one of his trips West, Frederic Remington, the artist, made the acquaintance of a cowboy who was called by his associates "Hollering Smith." In appearance the man was typical of his kind, and Mr. Remington made several studies of him, both in repose and when in his favorite pastime of "hollering." Later, when back in his studio the artist embodied a rather close portrait of the exuberant Smith in several drawings for a magazine, most of them showing him in a state of eruption. Later Mr. Remington again visited Smith's neighborhood, and on the afternoon of his arrival was approached by that worthy bearing one of the pictures torn from the magazine. Pointing to the central figure he said:

"Say, is that me?"

"Well," replied Mr. Remington guardedly, "I got the idea from you, of course, but—"

"Oh, it's all right," broke in the man; "no offense. If it's me just say so."

"Well, yes; it's a fairly close portrait of you."

"That's what the boys at the ranch said. I look like that when I holler, do I?"

"I think you do."

"Well," said the man as he slowly returned the leaf to his pocket, "if that's the state of the case then all I've got to say is that Hollering Smith has hollered the last holler that he'll ever holler. Hereafter when I celebrate I blow a tin horn. I don't consider that no man has a right to look like that—not around amongst white folks, at least."—Philadelphia Post.

English Humor.

Senator Perkins of California returned recently from a tour of Europe. The unprecedented rainfall interfered considerably with the Senator's pleasure, but it gave him an opportunity to sample the humor of London bus conductors.

One rainy day, Mr. Perkins boarded a bus and took a seat inside. He began soon to feel the pattering of raindrops upon his head. The roof of the bus leaked, and the American was suffering.

The conductor just then came in to collect the fares, and Mr. Perkins said to him: "What's the matter with this roof? Does it do this always?" "No, sir, only when it rains," the conductor answered smiling.—Detroit News-Tribune.

NOT SO MUCH OF A JOKE.

What Happened to the Hat Told in One Chapter.

In the back room of a store on South Main street, Fall River, a practical joke is being worked which is furnishing no end of amusement to the frequenters of that place. An old hat is kept in a convenient place, and when an unsuspecting individual comes in to have a chat or get into an argument he is liable to have a strenuous time, provided he wears a hat similar to the one which is kept on hand there.

After he has been there for a time someone, who is in the ring, gets the old hat and comes up behind the unsuspecting individual and takes his hat off and conceals it behind him. Then he throws the old hat on the floor. Immediately all those present who are onto the joke begin to dance on the hat, and they soon make a wreck of it.

The unsuspecting individual believes that it is his hat they are jumping on and naturally he begins to make a row right off. When he has got sufficiently wild to satisfy the jokers his hat is returned to him in good condition and the old hat is laid away for the next victim.

A variation was worked the other day. A man who was onto the trick came in, and his hat was taken from his head and thrown onto the floor. He naturally thought it was the old hat, and he immediately got into the spirit of the game and jumped on it as hard as the rest. He was wild when he found out that he had been jumping on his own hat.—Fall River Globe.

A National Conclusion.

Recently W. S. Gilbert, the English librettist, was so unfortunate as to lose his umbrella while dining at the Carlton club in London. In a rather waggish mood the librettist caused the following notice of his loss to be posted in the cloakroom: "The nobleman who took the undersigned's umbrella will confer a great favor on Mr. Gilbert by leaving it (the umbrella) with the clerk of this club." When a friend remonstrated with Gilbert, saying that he thought it was a gratuitous affront, and asked why Gilbert should assume that a nobleman had taken the umbrella, the witty Gilbert exclaimed: "Oh, according to the first article of the club's rules its membership is composed of noblemen and gentlemen." And, since the person who took my umbrella is certainly not a gentleman, it follows that he must be a nobleman."

CALLED BEFORE THE FEAST.

City Derelict Disappointed in His Last Hour.

The missionary had finished his talk to the crowd of derelicts in a Bowery mission and went around the room to shake them by the hand. There was one man sitting on a bench whose face was so utterly loathsome that the missionary's gorge rose in his throat, and he was compelled to pass him by. The man's dulled eye marked the look of disgust, and in a tone of mingled dejection and resentment he cried out:

"Say, mister, why don't you shake hands wid me?"

The young missionary turned, conscience-stricken, looked into the sin-scarred features and grasped the man's hand.

"Really, brother, you must forgive me," he stammered. "I—I couldn't help it when I saw your—your face. But I'll make amends. You must take dinner with me to-morrow night."

The broken man glanced at his rags in confusion, blushed like a girl and gasped:

"Wot? Me take dinner wid you? Me go to your house! Me?"

"Yes, I mean it. I'll come to-morrow night, and get you."

True to his word, the missionary presented himself at the lodging-house the next evening and inquired for the man. A corpse was lying on the table, a handkerchief spread over its face. The clerk jerked his thumb in the direction of the body.

"That's Wilson," he said. "He had fixed himself up and was waitin' for you. Dropped dead half an hour ago."—New York Press.

Lady Was Still There.

The invitation list of the Governor General of Canada is made out strictly in accordance with precedent, but is not kept up to date always, the aide who has to send the invitations out, generally an Englishman or Scotchman, not always being an court with changes on the list.

The late Sir Antoine Dorion, Chief Justice of Quebec, was once invited to some function, as was proper; but Lady Dorion, who was dead, was invited likewise. Sir Antoine accepted for himself, but declined for her ladyship, on the ground that she was in the cemetery. The next year, however, the same mistake was made; so the old judge wrote back to the aide de camp in waiting:

"Sir Antoine Dorion accepts, etc., but her ladyship being still in St. Anne's cemetery, Sir Antoine is compelled again to decline the invitation for her."—New York Times.