



Women who work, whether in the house, store, office or factory, very rarely have the ability to stand the strain. The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women, and adds further proof that woman's great friend in need is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—Miss FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

The case of Mrs. Lennox, which follows, proves this.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Last winter I broke down suddenly and had to seek the advice of a doctor. I felt sore all over, with a pounding in my head, and a dizziness which I had never experienced before. I had a miserable appetite, nothing tasted good, and gradually my health broke down completely. The doctor said I had female weakness, but although I took his medicine faithfully, I found no relief. After two months I decided to try what a friend would do for me, and as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was strongly recommended to me I decided to try it. Within three days I felt better, my appetite returned, and I could sleep. In another week I was able to sit up part of the day, and in ten days more I was well. My strength had returned, I gained fourteen pounds, and felt better and stronger than I had for years. I gratefully acknowledge its merits. Very sincerely yours, Mrs. BERT E. LENNOX, 120 East 4th St., Dixon, Ill."

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

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Outbound.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room, I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide, The watch is long and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer, Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea, The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild, Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine, In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear, From born to bourn of the dusk I steer.

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

—Unknown.

A GASOLINE CUPID
By CRITENDEN MARRIOTT

"Teuf! Teuf! Teuf! Teuf! Hrrr! Wough!" The automobile ceased its monotonous chant, coughed once or twice and subsided into a state of silence, and, alas! immobility. In a moment the chauffeur was off his seat and poking about in the machinery. Then he went to the door of the carriage and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, "but she's broke down an'll have to go to the shop. I'm sorry, but you'll have to get around the city some other way."

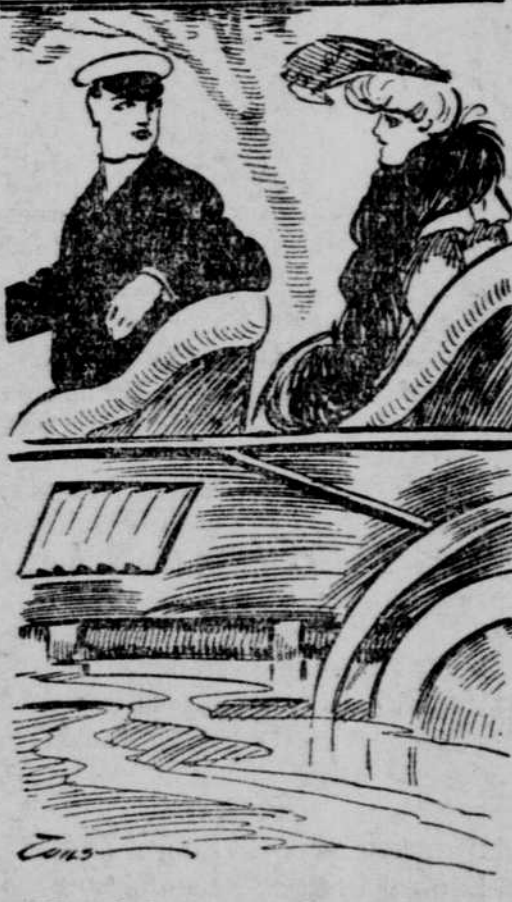
The girl on the back seat—a tall, handsome blonde with the bluest of blue eyes—uttered an exclamation. "If that isn't too bad! And I've got just two hours to see Washington before my train goes! Can't you call another auto for me?"

The chauffeur glanced around him. "Oh, yes'm," he said. "Of course. There ought to be some here on the stand now, only there ain't. But I'll go in an' telephone for one right away."

The man looked doubtfully at the machine indicated. "Don't think so, miss," he answered. "That's a private machine, or I miss my guess; still, I'll ask." Leaving the girl he walked over to the curb and addressed the young man sitting on the box of a handsome automobile.

No one familiar with the new horseless vehicle would for one moment have supposed that the one in question in every line of its build and costliness in the exquisite nicety of its construction.

That anything but an instant negative would be the answer to his query "whether that machine was for hire?" had never passed his brain, so his astonishment may be guessed when the young man on the box started, glanced at the girl still sitting in the injured vehicle a short distance away, flushed deeply, and replied in the affirmative. Then, without waiting for further explanation, he promptly ran his machine to the side of the other, and halted to permit the girl to climb in. The next moment they were swinging down the avenue at a lively gait.



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"Bessie!" he exclaimed, "Do you mean it?"

Then she puckered up her lips and deliberately emitted a clear, soft whistle.

The effect was magical. Instantly the chauffeur swung around in his seat and faced her. "Bessie!" he exclaimed, "Do you mean it?"

The girl smiled at him, though her eyes were dewy. "Of course I do, Frank," she said. "I never thought you would go away as you did just for a word. No! No! Keep your seat. You can say all that's really necessary from where you are."

"And you knew me all the time?"

"Of course. The minute I really looked at you. But you'll make me miss my train."

"Train? No train for you! I'll not take any chances now. Your interest in the city may have lapsed, but here's the city hall. Shall I go in and get a marriage license, or—will you go in with me?"

He had sprung from the seat and stood holding out his hands, the light of love pleading in his eyes. "Won't you go in with me, Bessie?" he asked again.

For an instant the girl hesitated; then she took the proffered hand. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will go with you—now and always."

"Bless that old gasoline rattletrap that broke down with you," he cried. "It must have been one of Cupid's up-to-date chariots in disguise."—Boston Globe.

The Shortest Way out of an attack of Rheumatism or Neuralgia

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W. N. U., Omaha. No. 18—1904.

COULDN'T STAND FOR DEATH.

But Miser Was Willing to Go Half Way—for Money.

Mark Hanna's successor, Gen. Dick, was in his youth a teller in an Akron bank. Of his banking experiences he sometimes says:

"One of the depositors with our firm had the reputation of being a miser. I don't know whether he was a miser or not, but I do know that he would sometimes make in one day three or four deposits—now a dollar, now two dollars, now fifty cents. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"They used to tell a queer story about this old fellow. They used to declare that a man once went to him and said:

"I'm a doctor, and I'll give you \$10,000 if you'll let me kill you. I want to see how, cut in a certain vein a man dies."

"The old miser wrinkled his forehead and said:

"Let me think a bit," he said.

"There was a long silence.

"Well?" said the visitor.

"Give me till to-morrow," said the miser. "I'll think this business out thoroughly, and to-morrow I'll give you a decisive answer, yes or no."

"So the man went away, and the next day he returned. The miser said to him:

"I can't let you kill me for \$10,000. I've figured it all out, and I find that your money would be no good to me after I was dead, I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll let you half kill me for \$5,000."

OLDTIMER WENT THE LIMIT.

Can Any One Remember a Windier Day Than This?

The late William C. Whitney used to relate a conversation that he heard in his youth between two Connecticut farmers during his student days at Yale.

"These two old men," he would begin, "always were contradicting and deriding one another. They were friends; they liked to be together; but all their talk was made up of sneers and scoffs.

"One windy March day they fell into an argument on the question of high winds. They disputed bitterly as to which of them could remember the most windy day.

"The younger of the two said:

"Well, Josh, I mind the mornin' o' April four; in the year '02, when 'twuz so all-fired windy that it took the crows two hours to fly from the ten-acre lot to their roost by the green barn—a fly o' less'n a mile."

"Shucks, William," said the older farmer, "I mind days so windy that the crows had to walk home."—New York Notes.

His True Position.

The Celtic wit that bubbles forth in the arguments of Lawyer Thomas Riley is always refreshing, even his opponents having to concede points made by apt clauses in his jury addresses. A brother lawyer, who had settled a probate matter, had sent in a bill for a very large fee and the heirs thereupon engaged Mr. Riley to contest the charge against their former counsel. Mr. Riley's plea ended in this manner:

"I went to my brother attorney's office and I reasoned with him—I begged him—I implored him—I beseeched him to remember that he was only a counsel in this case and not one of the heirs.—Boston Journal.

Out of Date.

Some twenty years ago, when Wilton Lackaye first went upon the stage, he was rehearsing a part in "Paul Kaurav," under the direction of the author, the late Steele Mackaye, who, while he was admitted to be a very capable stage manager, was considered somewhat old-fashioned by the more modern dramatic school. During the rehearsal Mackaye and Lackaye had a slight dispute as to how a part should be acted.

"Do you pretend to argue with me?" demanded Mackaye, magnificently. "I have been an acknowledged master of the dramatic art for twenty years."

"Yes," said Lackaye, "but not this twenty."

A Gallant Butterman.

When the Queen of England, daughter of the King of Denmark, was the Princess of Wales, she attended one afternoon, a food show.

At this food show there was a display of butter that pleased the Princess of Wales greatly. She praised the butter, and to its exhibitor she said:

"Denmark sends us the best butter, doesn't it?"

The dealer smiled, and shook his head.

"No, your royal highness," he answered, gallantly, "Denmark sends us the best princesses, but Devonshire sends us the best butter."

A Child's Thought of God.

They say that God lives very high; But if you look above the pines— You cannot see our God: and why? And if you dig down in the mines You never see Him in the gold. Though from Him all that's glory shines, God is so good, He wears a fold Of heaven and earth across His face— Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace Slides down by thrills, through all things made. Through sight and sound of every place: As if my tender mother laid On my shut lips her kisses' pressure, Half-waking me at night, and said, "Who kisses you through the dark, dear guesser?" —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A Unique Water Cooler.

Several new devices are on the market for keeping water cool without putting ice in it. One arrangement consists of a pail which has an aperture for ice in the center. The water is poured around this, and even in the hottest weather will keep cool for twelve hours. This is an especially desirable scheme for the sick room.

A New Umbrella Jar.

A new umbrella jar about nine by twenty-seven inches is certainly much more convenient than the tall ones used in the past. This modern one is long enough to hold not only the umbrellas and parasols, but the canes as well. It is of blue majolica and has a large white daisy sprawling over the front.

A MICHIGAN MAYOR SAYS:

"I Know Pe-ru-na is a Fine Tonic for a Worn Out System."



Hon. Nelson Rice of St. Joseph, Mich., knows of a large number of grateful patients in his county who have been cured by Peruna.

Hon. Nelson Rice, Mayor of St. Joseph, Michigan, writes: The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio: Gentlemen: I wish to congratulate you on the success of your efforts to win the confidence of the public in need of a reliable medicine. I know Peruna is a fine tonic for a worn out system and a specific for cases of catarrhal difficulties. You have a large number of grateful patients in this county who have used Peruna and have been cured by it, and who praise it above all other medicines. Peruna has my heartiest good wishes.—Nelson Rice.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY.

Weak Nerves, Poor Digestion, Impure Blood, Depressed Spirits.

The sun has just crossed the equator on its yearly trip north. The real equator is shifted toward the north nearly eighteen miles every day. With the return of the sun comes the bodily ill-effects of spring. With one person the nerves are weak; another person, digestion poor; with others the blood is out of order; and still others have depressed spirits and tired feeling. All these things are especially true of those who have been suffering with catarrh in any form or la grippe. A course of Peruna is sure to correct all these conditions. It is an ideal spring medicine. Peruna does not irritate—it invigorates. It does not temporarily stimulate—it strengthens. It equalizes the circulation of the blood, tranquilizes the nervous system and regulates the bodily functions. Peruna, unlike so many spring medicines is not simply a physic or stimulant or nerve-tonic. It is a natural tonic and invigorator. If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER

CURES catarrh of the stomach.