

# Health of American Women

A Subject Much Discussed at Women's Clubs—The Future of a Country Depends on the Health of Its Women.



Mrs. T.C. Willadsen Miss Mattie Henry

At the New York State Assembly of Mothers, a prominent New York doctor told the 500 women present that healthy American women were so rare as to be almost extinct.

This seems to be a sweeping statement of the condition of American women. Yet how many do you know who are perfectly well and do not have some trouble arising from a derangement of the female organism which manifests itself in headaches, backaches, nervousness, that bearing-down feeling, painful or irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement of the uterus, ovarian trouble, indigestion or sleeplessness? There is a tried and true remedy for all these ailments. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored more American women to health than all other remedies in the world. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can. For thirty years it has been curing the worst forms of female complaints.

Such testimony as the following should be convincing.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Ia., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
I can truly say that you have saved my life and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For two years I spent lots of money in doctoring without any benefit for menstrual irregularities and I had given up all hopes of ever being well again, but I was persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three bottles have restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Miss Mattie Henry, Vice-President of Danville Art Club, 429 Green St., Danville, Va., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"Many years' suffering with female weakness, inflammation and a broken down system made me more anxious to die than to live, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored my health and I am so grateful for it that I want every suffering woman to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for her."

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. No other medicine in the world has received such unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

A light heart, a cheerful countenance, and all the charms of grace and beauty are dependent upon proper action of the bodily organs. You cannot look well unless you feel well. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice and medicine have restored thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

## Other Side of It.

She (at the depot)—It must be awfully trying on those poor foreigners who come to this country and find themselves strangers in a strange land.

He—Oh, they are used to it, having been born and raised in foreign lands, you know.

She—Why, of course, I never thought of that.

**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 each box. 25c.

Mary and Isabella McCall, of Chester, Pa., were affectionate sisters. They died within a few days of each other, and it was learned that the will of each gave her entire property to the other. Their property will be distributed as if they had died intestate.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Wasn't Natural.

Artist—So you are not satisfied with my portrait of your wife, eh? What's wrong?

Wedderly—It isn't lifelike. Too much repose about the mouth.

## A CONFESSION.

Do you remember, little wife,  
How years ago we two together  
Saw naught but love illumine life  
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you remember how we two  
Would stare into each other's eyes,  
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue,  
And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,  
That used to happen often then;  
How, simply passing in the hall,  
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat  
And, reading, held your hand in mine,  
Caressing it with gentle pat—  
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall while at the play  
Through hours of agony we tarried?  
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;  
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

Ah, me, 'twas years and years ago  
When all this happened that I sing,  
And many a time the winter snow  
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell:  
A fig for laugh of maids or men!  
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—  
We're ten times worse than we were then.

—Century.

## "A Little More Gold"

I DON'T think much of Miss Gretton, old man.

"Nor do I, now. When did you see her?"

"Last night. It's a bad mess. You have wasted a lot of time over it."

"Yes, I can't imagine what I was at. I ought to have done better. A little more gold would improve matters."

"I'd break it, if I were you, and have done with it."

"I hardly like to do that."

The two speakers went out again.

The moment they had departed a girl came out from a curtained recess.



"WHY DID YOU GIVE UP JACK?"

She was a charming little lady, with fair hair and a pair of laughing blue eyes. But now they were far from laughing.

She stamped her dainty foot and tossed her pretty head with an air of lofty disdain.

"The idea! So he's like all the rest is he—after gold. He ought to have done better. Well, he shall have a chance. If he doesn't like to break it, I do."

After thus giving vent to her feelings she rushed frantically down the stairs and rejoined her father.

The next morning Jack Rowlands had a shock. Instead of the usual "billet doux" from Edith came a rather bulky parcel. Quickly opening it, he found all the little love tokens he had sent her. There was the volume of Moore's poems she had treasured so much, a diamond ring, and a good-sized bundle of love letters.

On a gilt-edged correspondence card he read these words:

"I don't wish to see you again.

"EDITH GREYTON."

Tenderly taking up the parcel, he locked it away in his desk.

"What was the meaning of it all?" he asked himself repeatedly.

The next morning Edith and her father were on their way for a long planned vacation in Europe. In a few words she told him she had "broken" with Jack, but he could learn nothing further. She was terribly upset and unhappy.

"O, how much she loved him! How unworthy he was of any girl's love!" At first the beautiful Swiss mountains and the lovely scenery around Berne helped to divert her thoughts, but at best the time dragged wearily. Her father saw all this, and looked eagerly forward to the time when they should go home. He hoped the little rift was but a lover's quarrel.

But how was Jack faring all this while? He was going from bad to worse. From the day he received Edith's parcel there was a marked falling off in the quantity and quality of his stories. The editors called his attention to it.

All the ladies were portrayed as terrible vixens, while heroism and trusting, faithful love were the sole property of the men. In fact, real interest in his work had gone.

He would shut himself up for weeks

and brook no interference—not even from his old chum, Ted.

Women were coquettes, heartless. They sought a man's affection simply to toy with. He hated the sight of them. And yet, did he?

Every evening he drew from his hiding place a little bundle of love letters. Over and over again he read them; and from his pocket he drew a tiny photograph and kissed it.

Ah! how he treasured that precious picture! The heart hovers round these sacred relics of the past. They may be mere trifles, but, after all, is not the world made up of trifles?

Again and again he racked his brain in search of some reason for Edith's strange conduct. Why had she cast him aside with no word of explanation?

Suddenly an inspiration seized him. He would write a book and reveal woman "in her true colors." He would paint her leading on her lover to the highest realms of joy and happiness just for the pleasure of dashing him down again. The book would be the sensation of the year.

He snatched up his pen while the idea was hot. He was in the middle of the first chapter when Ted bounced in. Jack had forgotten to "sport his oak."

"Hurrah, Jack," he shouted, "I've got two months' vacation; am off to Europe Saturday." Then noticing the pale, excited face of his friend, he said:

"Let me prescribe for you, Jack. Put all those beastly papers out of sight, or if you will, pack them up in your bag and come with me. It will make a new man of you."

"Thanks, old man—no. I've just begun my life work—my masterpiece. This book will take the world by storm."

"It can be written as well, nay, better, under the shadow of the Alps than in the stuffy rooms."

The novelist thought of Berne. He would be nearer Edith. But, no—he dared not go. It would only be fanning the flame he was trying to kill.

Ted was in Switzerland. If only Jack were there, too! Why shouldn't he look up Miss Gretton? Why had he thrown over Jack in that mysterious way? Who knows? Perhaps he might be a peacemaker. He called on Edith and her father. The old gentleman tried to sound him on the "split," but Ted knew nothing.

Ted and Edith were sitting out one evening watching the sunset. It was a glorious scene. By coincidence their thought wandered back to the Gretton home and a certain evening.

Ted would have liked to have won this girl for himself. She looked so handsome—so winsome as she sat there—though perhaps a trifle sad. He was sorely tempted. She had of her own accord given up Jack. Then he thought of the lonely man who loved her still, and he thrust aside the mad wish.

"Why did you give up Jack?" he suddenly blurted out. He felt he must say something to break the spell or his good intentions would melt like the snow they saw before them.

"Can you ask?" she replied coldly.

"You already know."

"I—I know!" and a wild wish was father to the thought.

It was one of those evenings that invite confidences. The sun was going down and leaving just a shimmering twilight.

"Yes," she said sadly; "you were really the means of bringing before me the facts that made me wish to see Mr. Rowlands no more."

He drew his chair closer to her.

"Do, please, tell me all about it," he said. His heart beat wildly. Could it be possible she had broken with Jack for his sake?

Then she described word for word what she had overheard.

Vividly it all came back to him. He was tempted for a moment, but for a moment only.

"My dear Miss Gretton," he said, "how glad I am I came on to Berne. We were discussing not you, but a snapshot photo Jack had stolen of you with his pocket camera. It's a terrible thing. I don't think you would recognize yourself. He accidentally broke the negative soon after, and his only print is a poor little pyro-stained thing. He—"

"What!" Edith jumped up, her face all aglow. "I never knew he took pictures!"

"That was his 'first,' and, what's more," said Ted, "he carries that wretched little photograph in a pocket near his heart."

Two weeks later Edith came home. In the Gazette she read the announcement that the celebrated novelist, Mr. Rowlands, was engaged on a new book.

"It is calculated to take the world by storm," the paragraph went on, "and entirely upsets all the best theories about women."

She put down the paper in dismay. She realized at what a price the inspiration had been acquired.

"Give me a little photograph you have in your pocket," she demanded, as the surprised Jack rose from his desk to meet her.

She tore it into shreds.

"Let me be next your heart instead, dear," she whispered.

He did.

The critics are still waiting for the great novel which was calculated to upset all our best theories about women.—Chicago Tribune.

During the courtship a man declares he cannot live without her—and after marriage he often finds it impossible to live with her.

# THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Pe-ru-na in the Home For Catarrhal Diseases.



MR and MRS. J.O. ATKINSON, Independence, Mo.  
MR and MRS. J.C. HARTMAN, Columbus, Ohio.

Under date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:  
"My wife has been a sufferer from a complication of diseases for the past twenty-five years. Her case has baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing. She was also passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life."  
"In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Manalin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her."  
"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of twenty-five years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions, and continued its use for about a year, and it has completely cured me." John O. Atkinson.  
In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:  
"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. I am still cured of catarrh." John O. Atkinson, Independence, Mo., Box 272.  
Mrs. Alla Schwandt, Sanborn, Minn., writes:  
"I have been troubled with rheumatism and catarrh for twenty-five years. Could not sleep day or night. After having used Peruna I can sleep and nothing bothers me now. If I ever am affected with any kind of sickness, Peruna will be the medicine I shall use. My son was cured of catarrh of the larynx by Peruna.— Mrs. Alla Schwandt.  
When old age comes, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, who will be pleased to give you the benefit of his medical advice gratis.

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UNION MADE \$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$4.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape, wear longer and are of greater value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

BETTER THAN OTHER MAKES AT ANY PRICE.  
"For the last three years I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes and found it not only good, but better than any shoe that I ever wore of any make." Chas. L. Farrell, Cashier The Capital National Bank, Indianapolis, Ind.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than other makes.

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W. L. Douglas uses Corona Collets in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Collets considered to be the best patent leather product.

FAST COLOR EYELETS WILL NOT WEAR BRASSY  
W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. See extra prices delivery. If you desire further information, write for Illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles.

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W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. \$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

**Conviction Follows Trial**

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

**Lion Coffee,**  
the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

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CANDY CATHARTIC  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.  
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

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Have satisfied when others have failed. Catalogue free. J. H. Gregory & Son, Earlshoek, Mass.

**NEW MUSIC**  
Just published by Von Tilzer. Ten full piano pieces. (No words.) All ten for 25 cents. "Teasing," "I Want to Be Loved," and others. If not satisfied return within two days and receive your money back. Address F. P. DEAR, MUSIC STORE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.  
S. C. N. U. No. 9-1905

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cures coughs and colds.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER:  
Pumpkin Seed—  
Alic. Sassa—  
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Sassa Seed—  
Peanut Oil—  
St. Germain's Salts—  
Verm. Seed—  
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of  
**Chas. H. Fitcher**  
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At 6 months old  
**35 DROPS—35 CENTS**

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
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**Chas. H. Fitcher**  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
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