

Common Sense Talk with Women

If a person is ill and needs a medicine it is not wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit?

A great many women who are ill try everything they hear of in the way of medicine, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a constant menace to their already impaired health.

This seems to us very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experiments and have been known years and years to be doing only good.

Take for instance Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; for thirty years its record has been one unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female ills the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

It seems so strange that some people will take medicines about which they really know nothing, some of which might be, and are, really harmful; while on the other hand it is easily proved that over one million women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine.

All this should, and does, produce a spirit of confidence in the hearts of women which is difficult to dislodge, and when they are asked to take something else they say, "No, we want Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has been tried, and never found wanting, whose reliability is established far beyond the experimental stage."

We have thousands of letters like the following addressed to Mrs. Pinkham, showing that

Monthly Suffering is Always Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also Backache and Bearing-down Pains.

"I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."—Miss JENNY SAUL, Dover, Mich.

"Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods, confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the highest terms to all sick women."—Miss ROSA HALLOW, 136 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O.

Two Letters which Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Cure Other Female Weakness.

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumor was expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STALL, Watertown, Pa.

"After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhoea, I can say that I have been entirely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends."—A. B. DAVIDS, Binghamton, N. Y.

Another Case of Womb, Kidney and Bladder Trouble Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR FRIEND—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

"I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—Mrs. Mary Vaughn, Trimble, Palisadi Co., Ky.

"YELLOW PERIL" OF INSECTS.

Chameleon Spiders Kill Butterflies, Saving Fortunes to Agriculturists.

No more marvelous chapter in the story of insect life has ever been written than that describing the experiments of the entomological department of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington—in common language, the department of "bugology."

How to combat the ravages of scores of insects injurious to man or the plants he requires for ornament or food is the constant study of the bugologist or entomologist.

Take, for instance, the chinch bug, a small bug, only three-twenty-fifths of an inch in length, yet he made a great stir in the world some years since. The amount of injury done by this insect in Illinois alone in the year 1864 was estimated at \$73,000,000. But now we seldom hear of it.

The chinch bug went out of business after the bugologists got their microscopes on him, and learned that he was infested by a small parasite which was not only harmless, but was readily cultivated in such numbers as to destroy the host, as an infected animal or plant is called.

It is such a relief as one sees the metallic glitter of the wings of our friend, the dragon fly, "mosquito hawk," or "snake doctor," to know that he is avenging us in part for the sting and song of the mosquito.

But among all the forms recently experimented with, none is of such absorbing interest as a certain chameleon spider, ever changing color. It is hoped that he can be multiplied to the point of destroying certain moths and butterflies whose ravages in the larval stage are the plagues of the gardener and the florist.

The new spider is unusual. It is likely, though fully a third of an inch in length, that thousands of people who have lived in the country their whole lives have never seen a single one. For the color of this animal is the means of securing its food, it being a poor web spinner, and hence compelled to lie in wait for its prey.

Its entire body is a beautiful creamy golden yellow in color, the exact shade of the yellow petals of the "black-eyed daisy."

Sitting between the petals of the daisy, this enemy incarnate of the butterfly kind will rarely be noticed, looking in as it does like a petal curled up and motionless, absolutely the color of the flower in all except the tiny red claws at the end of its outstretched arms.

But presently a butterfly comes lazily flitting along and apparently alights upon the flower, and appears to remain resting. If the observer was unaware of the presence of this "yellow peril," he will have noticed nothing unusual. For the butterfly, often of large size, remains locked motionless in the embrace of those yellow arms, whose red claws have given the death stroke quicker than the eye can follow.

As these spiders are always hungry, and consume large numbers of butterflies of injurious species, it will at once be seen how increasing their number will be a practical method of getting rid of the latter, the spiders being absolutely harmless to plants of any kind.

In many species the female is the larger and more powerful of the two, and frequently maims or even kills and eats her suitors.

In one case the female kept snapping at the legs of her suitor, occasionally snapping off one when the latter got too close. But he, ardent and forgiving lover, persisted until he had lost four of his eight legs, when he was at last accepted.—New York Journal.

Horses Need Hair Renewer.
"City folks is easily pleased," remarked Uncle Reuben, who has a farm down in Egypt. "I went in to see that there horse show and there wasn't a single critter there that had more than a stump of a tail. What they need is a hair renewer for those prize animals. A stiff young man that kept looking at nothing and holding his arms out as if he didn't let his coat sleeves touch his coat says to me when I asked him about those poor tailless, stuck-up looking animals that they were that way on purpose because it's the fashion. Queer what will come in for style. I looked round and most of the big men they said was millionaires didn't have any hair on their heads. The bald spots was about as numerous as the bottled hoeses. The young dudes that I see a promenading about with big flowers in their buttonholes didn't one of them have a sign of a mustache or even a prospect of any whiskers. It was queer—horses without hardly any tails, men without any hair on their heads, and boys without any mustaches. It do beat all!"

They "Saved" It.
"Too bad about Nobbs. Lost all of his furniture because of a false alarm of fire at his house.
Dobbs—But if there was no fire how could his furniture be destroyed?
Nobbs—Well, you see, Nobbs lives in a suburban town where they have a volunteer fire department.—Baltimore American.

Travellers in the Old World.
Last year Berlin was visited by 1,000,000 strangers; Vienna, by 500,000; Munich, 600,000; Dresden, 500,000; Hamburg, Leipzig and Zurich, each 400,000; while Dusseldorf, Bale and Stuttgart each had over 250,000 visitors.

Cities in the United States.
In the United States there are 134 cities which have a population exceeding 30,000. They have a total population of 18,872,462. The average population is 140,830.

It is the easiest thing in the world to see that wealth is a curse—so long as the other fellows monopolize it.

CURE FOR OVERWORK

DRASTIC REMEDY FOR A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN.

Severe on the Subject, but Profitable in the Long Run—Denied a Good Contract because He Was Exerting Himself Too Much.

"I used to be one of those chaps who try to kill themselves with overwork," said a hale and hearty business man of 60-odd years, "but before I had quite accomplished a fatal termination, as so many of my brethren have done and are doing, I found I was injuring my business by it and quit."

"How can a man injure his business by devoting himself to it completely?" asked a tired-looking party. "That is preposterous."

"Is it?" smiled the hale and hearty man. "Well, listen a moment, and when you have heard maybe you will feel called upon to think it not so excessively preposterous as it seems. Thirty years ago, at which time I built up a business that was worth \$10,000 a year to me. I was so overworked that I was almost a shadow. My digestion and my nerves were gone, I could scarcely sleep and the little spells of rest I took when my wife and the doctor forced me to do it were of no use at all. Lord knows how long I would have stood it, but the business was growing and I was making more money every day and I seemed to think that that was justification for the loss of everything else save honor.

"I had one big manufacturing firm whose president threw into my hands yearly contracts that brought me at least half my profits, and I was about to receive one that would net me \$25,000 and greatly increase the yearly business. The president had been a friend of my father's, and it was on this account he had given me the first chance at his work, other things being equal. I had not seen him for a couple of years, and just before awarding the big contract he wrote me to come to the city where he lived and talk the matter over. I worked harder than ever to get everything up before taking four or five days out of a busy time, and rode all night to the city. I was at his office when he got there, and, by Jove, he didn't know me."

"My dear boy," he said, when I told him who I was, "you are killing yourself with overwork. I know all the symptoms, and I know a dozen men who have gone just the way you are going."

"Oh, I guess not," I laughed. "I may be working pretty hard, but I'm young and have a good constitution, and I think I can stand it."

"He was a testy old fellow and he argued with me on the subject until he lost his temper."
"I tell you, Fred," he said at last, "I know what I'm talking about, and I will not be a party to your self-destruction. You've got more work than you can do already, and I'll give that contract to one of the other firms that are after it, and give them, besides, one-half of the business I've been letting you have. That will give you a good deal less to do, and when you have pulled yourself together again and given that good constitution of yours a chance I'll see what we can do for you."

"Well, it almost took my breath away, but he was not to be moved to a recalculation, and I went back home without the contract. I suppose I might have worked harder than ever to get other business, but the old gentleman's method of getting at me brought me to my senses, and I concluded that when a man was working so hard he was injuring his business, probably it was the time for him to take a rest. And take a rest I did for a whole year. I worked, of course, but without crowding things, and when I went to see the president to have a talk with him about a larger contract than ever he didn't know me again, I was so much improved in appearance, and when I told him who I was he not only gave me the work, but insisted on my taking him out to a dinner as a fee for my medical advice."—Washington Star.

TAKE PART IN A TRAGEDY.
Wasps Unexpectedly Add Terrors to One of Shakespeare's Plays.

"One of the most laughable scenes I ever witnessed during the representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies," said a well-known theatrical manager to the writer the other day, "happened to the late Tom Keene about this time four years ago, when he was performing in a northern New York town. The company was playing 'Julius Caesar,' and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair used in the senate scene, and an old rustic chair was hastily procured from the left of the theater, and, after being covered with drapery, was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp's nest was discovered attached to the chair, and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage, seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low-necked and short-sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Caesar, and it is doubtful if Caesar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling, for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers the wasps were most industrious in their work."

"In the tent scene, where Caesar appears to Brutus, one might also have doubted its being the real Caesar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one eye closed, Antony a swollen lip, Cassius an enlarged chin, Lucius an inequality in the

size of his hands and Octavius Caesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nasal organ of Barolff in 'Henry IV.'

"The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy, when Mr. Keene as Cassius said: 'Antony, the posture of your blows is yet unknown, but for your words; they rob the Hybla bees and leave them honeyless,' and the actor who was doing Antony replied: 'Not stinging, too.'"—Washington Star.

HE VOTED FOR JACKSON.

Ex-Senator Bradbury a Notable Figure in National History.

James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, Maine, ex-Senator of the United States, recently celebrated his 98th birthday. The career of this venerable statesman covers a period of American history unexampled in the experience of any other man. He was born in 1802 and consequently is able to give personal recollections of the war of 1812, being a lad of 10 when that struggle was in progress. He was 18 years old when Maine was admitted to the Union; he helped welcome Lafayette to the State



JAMES W. BRADBURY.

In 1824; he participated in the celebration of the semi-centennial of American Independence in 1826; he was a United States Senator from 1847 to 1853, and was colleague and personal friend of Webster, Clay, Benton and Calhoun; he is the only survivor of the 100 men who sat in the Senate during his term; he is the only living member of the Bowdoin class of 1825, which included Longfellow, Hawthorne and John C. Abbott. Mr. Bradbury has lived in Augusta for sixty-three years, over half a century in the house which he now occupies. From Jackson to Cleveland he voted for every Democratic Presidential nominee. He has never tasted liquor or tobacco and to-day is able to attend to his considerable correspondence without the aid of an amanuensis.

The Skipper and the Ray:
Captain F. Dominick, of a fishing smack, had a fierce fight with an American whiptail ray near the Charleston, S. C., lightship the other afternoon. So far as the local fishermen are able to say, this is the first fish of the kind ever seen around the waters of Charleston, and, being unknown to Dominick, he was naturally in bad fighting shape before the sea monster was finally killed. The ray had a wire-like tail five feet long, and when this went slashing through the air and descended with mighty force on the back of the captain he was more alarmed than he cared to be, and it was any man's game until the tail was finally cut off with a knife.

Captain Dominick says he was fishing in quiet waters and his lines were hanging loosely from his boat. Suddenly there was a vicious pull at the line, and the whiptail stinger, weighing 125 pounds, came to the surface. The fish fought to get away, and some of his flint teeth were broken in the scramble. The tail began whipping the air as soon as it came from the water, and Captain Dominick had to throw his hands to his face to keep from having it lacerated. Fortunately a big knife was lying open in the boat, and with one cut the tail was severed. This somewhat subdued the fish, and in a short time Captain Dominick had it under control.

The Captain says he had never seen a living specimen of the whiptail ray before, and he was not prepared for the onslaught from the monster's tail. Farther up the coast these members of the piscatorial tribe are not uncommon, but they are rare about Charleston.

What He Forgot.
A certain elderly gentleman suffered much from absent-mindedness, and was frequently compelled to seek the assistance of his servant, says a London Journal.

"Thomas," he would say, "I have just been looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is," whereupon the obliging Thomas invariably made suggestions.

"Was it your purse, or spectacles or check book, sir?" and so on, he would inquire, till he hit upon the right object.

One night, after the old gentleman had retired, the bell rang for Thomas, and on reaching the bedroom he found his master rambling restlessly about the room.

"Thomas, Thomas," he said, "I came up here for something, and now I've forgotten what."

"Was it to go to bed, sir?" suggested the faithful retainer.

"Ah, the very thing, the very thing! Thank you, Thomas. Good night!"

When a woman finds out that her husband has done anything wrong, she likes to have all her female relatives present when she accuses him of it.

When you ask a sick man how he is feeling, his wife answers for him.

It is an easy matter for a wealthy young woman to husband her money.

Those who subscribe now for the 1901 Volume of

The Youth's Companion

Sending \$1.75 with this slip or this paper's name, will receive all the remaining 1900 issues free, and

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The Companion is Issued Every Thursday. Subscription \$1.75 a Year.

New Gas Plant.
Everett, Wash., grants a franchise for gas plant, to be finished September 1 next.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Church Robbed.
A Portland tough robbed a church in daylight and got 18 months in the penitentiary for his work.

NATURE'S REMEDY.
Stomach, Bowel and Liver Complaint permanently cured by using GARDNER'S "CURE FOR COLIC" or "GARDNER'S REMEDY" which cures in Nature's way—by removing the cause.

Better Waterworks.
The water works of Port Townsend, Wash., will issue bonds for \$150,000 for improvements in 1901.

I do not believe Pisco's cure for Consumption, has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyka, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

First Creamery.
At Milton, last week, was opened the first creamery in extreme Eastern Oregon. The event was a big one.

E. H. Grover
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

New Washington Grows.
Washington state has 86 counties, all but two showing good gains in population since the census of '90.

HOW'S THIS!
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Water Bonds for Sale.
Weiser, Idaho, is offering for sale \$45,000 bonds for water and light improvements.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING
When you take Grover's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Hits the Pacific Coast.
Russia has put a high tariff on flour and that hits the coast states hard.

Idaho Population.
Since the census of 1890 Idaho has gained 77,887, the total population now being 161,773.

Poultry and Pets.
Walla Walla has organized a poultry and pet association and the first show will be held in February next.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of *Brentwood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the absence of violent chills or m. m. m. is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE RIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Oppresses. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: *Small's Remedy Company, Chicago, Illinois, New York, San Francisco.*

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought bears the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought bears the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

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