

MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY

Weak Women Made Happy by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Letters from Two Who Now Have Children.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and was childless, so wrote to you to find out the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy, the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby, thanks to your medicine."—MRS. MINDA FINKLE, Roscoe, N. Y.



From Grateful Mrs. Lane

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote you a letter some time ago, stating my case to you.

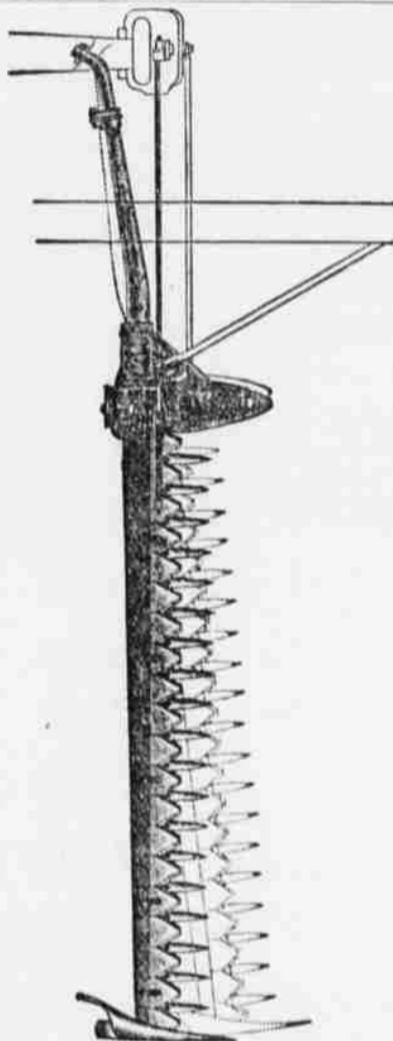
"I had pains through my bowels, headache, and backache, felt tired and sleepy all the time, was troubled with the whites. I followed your advice, took your Vegetable Compound, and it did me lots of good. I now have a baby girl. I certainly believe I would have miscarried had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had a very easy time; was sick only a short time. I think your medicine is a godsend to women in the condition in which I was. I recommend it to all as the best medicine for women."—MRS. MARY LANE, Coytee, Tenn.

Connecticut figures from its recent state school census shows that it has 20 per cent more inhabitants than it had in 1890. The population of the country on this basis is 75,150,000.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A marked decrease in crimes is noted in England. This is attributed to the increased opportunities for employment in consequence of the withdrawal of so many persons who have enlisted for service in South Africa.



By a simple twist of the wrist you can lift up the cutter bar on the

Champion Draw Cut Mower

You can't do it on any other. And there are other points too. Send for Catalogue.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO., PORTLAND, OREGON.

BAD SPRING BLOOD

Requires some sort of a tonic that cleans out the impurities. One that really does this—and more—

Moore's Revealed Remedy

And does it thoroughly. Pleasant to take. \$1.00 at your druggist's.



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

LITTLE WILLIE.

HOW I do wish we could have a ripple of incident in our daily life!" said Millicent More, closing her book with a sigh.

"Nothing ever happens to us," said her cousin Catherine, with a smile, as she bent forward to pick up a dead leaf off her pet geranium.

Millicent and Catherine More were girls of 22 and 25—"old maids" the 17-year-olders called them—who taught school and supported themselves comfortably by their own unaided efforts. Millicent was pretty, with red lips, a clear, bright complexion and hair touched with the warm auburn gold that artists copy and poets rave of, and Millicent had not quite given up her little dream of love and matrimony, but Catherine never spoke of such things. Catherine was not absolutely a fright, but Catherine was small and plain, with ordinary gray eyes, hair like everybody else's, and not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

But the two cousins were very happy together after their own unpretentious fashion, Millicent supplying the sentimental and poetical element and Catherine contentedly devoting herself out of school hours to the housekeeping.

And upon this particular December afternoon, just as the girls were deploring the monotony of their daily life, the postman tapped at the door with a letter.

"A letter!" cried Millicent.

"For me?" echoed Catherine.

And the cousins read it, with their arms twined about one another and their heads very close together.

"Uncle George is dead in Australia," gasped Millicent.

"Oh, Milly—and he has left an orphan boy!" added Catherine, the tears brimming into her eyes. "We must adopt him, Milly—we must bring him up."

Millicent drew back a little.

"I don't see why," she said, somewhat coldly. "Uncle George never did anything for us."

"We never asked him to, Milly."

"But he knew we were forced to support ourselves!"

"Perhaps, dear, he was even poorer than we." At all events, he is dead now—and this child is left alone in the world. I'll sit down and write to the lawyer this minute."

"Stop!" said Millicent, compressing her lips. "Do you mean that you really intend taking a great, rough, half-civilized boy into this house?"

"Certainly I do," said Catherine, earnestly. "Oh, Milly—a motherless child!"

"In that case," cried Millicent, "I shall not remain here. If you choose to open a gratis orphan asylum it is no reason that my slender income should be squandered to feed your fancies!"

"But, Milly, your salary is larger than mine!"

"And I do not mean to scatter it for a mere chimera. This child has no sort of claim upon either of us. Let the Australian authorities provide for him."

And Millicent More could not be persuaded to take any other view of the question than this. The next day she told her cousin that she had made arrangements to secure a home with Miss Keturah Bayley, who took "a few select boarders," in the next street.

And then Catherine sat down to consider ways and means. She had taken the house for a year—there was no receding from the rent question.

"I'll let the lawyer write to Mrs. Hopper, the milliner," said she to herself. "I never used to like the idea of living in half a house, but all pride must be laid aside now. I will take the back bedroom myself and little Willie shall have the front room that looks out on the street. I shall have to do without my new silk dress and to countermand my subscription to the 'Illustrated Encyclopedia,' but I shall not mind that; I'll discharge Hannah and engage little Dorcas Brown, who is so fond of children and has such a winning way with her. And I know we shall get along splendidly—though, to be sure, I shall have to ask Lawyer Goodale for copying to do at home in the evenings, for I must be laying up a little something against Willie's future education."

For it never occurred to Catherine More that she was doing a brave and heroic thing in denying herself for the benefit of one whom she deemed yet poorer and more helpless than herself—nor to Millicent that she was acting the part of a recreant.

The little room in the front of the cottage second story was fitted up prettily for the orphaned Australian boy—Catherine had sold her cabinet organ to buy the furniture—and Dorcas in a clean white apron and ribbons was bustling around, while Mrs. Hopper had already arranged her stock of bonnet frames, ribbons and artificial flowers in the lower windows.

It was a lovely June day, with the sky blue and clear as a baby's eyes and the air full of scents from the blossoming buckwheat fields. Catherine

More, having, not without difficulty, obtained a temporary substitute in her school, went to New York to meet her new charge in the steamer Harvest Lass, which had been telegraphed from Sandy Hook the day before.

"Little Willie will know me," she said to herself, "because I sent my photograph by the last mail. I wanted my face to seem familiar to him, poor lone lamb."

She stood on the pier eagerly scanning the countenance of every child that landed, her face brightening once or twice as she saw a boy whom she thought might be Willie, when all of a sudden a hand was laid lightly on her arm and she found herself looking up into a handsome, bronzed face far above her.

"Sir!" she cried, starting back.

"I beg your pardon," said a frank, pleasant voice, "I did not mean to alarm you. But is this Miss More?"

She inclined her head.

"I am your cousin William."

And this time Catherine started back in more surprise than ever.

"Sir," she said, "you are mistaken. William is a little boy."

"Hardly," returned the tall stranger, "unless you would call me a little boy. Dear Cousin Kitty, no one ever told you I was a child or poor. It was your own inference. Thank heaven, I am independent and wealthy, and, as I have come to man's estate, I think it is rather my duty to take care of you than to allow you to take care of me."

Catherine looked at her handsome cousin in mute amazement. This grand upsetting of all her theories and ideas was more than she could comprehend just at once.

"But, Wil—"

"But, Catherine. Nay, my dear little gray-eyed cousin, the lawyers have told me how willing you were to adopt and care for the homeless orphan, and how my Cousin Millicent shrunk from the task. And from the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you are ready to do."

How Dorcas started when she saw what sort of a fellow "little Willie" had proved to be. How Mrs. Hopper goggled behind her bonnet frames when she thought of the little child's crib and the picture books upstairs.

"Of course, such an elegant young gentleman as that will go to the hotel," said Mrs. Hopper. But he did not. He stayed at the cottage, sleeping on the back parlor sofa until other accommodations could be provided for him. And when Millicent came over with her prettiest smile and outstretched hand the young Australian received her with an odd, curt coldness that made her feel excessively uncomfortable.

"You see, Cousin Milly," said he, "you didn't want to be bothered with me; you thought the Australian authorities ought to be compelled to provide for me."

And when Mrs. Hopper heard that little Catherine More was to marry her rich cousin she wasn't at all surprised.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," said she, "only it's a pity that Cathie isn't a little prettier."

But Catherine More was satisfied with her lover's declaration that to him her plain face was the sweetest in all the world.

A Costly Fly Exterminator.

His house is steam heated and he has been troubled with flies all winter. Every time he sat down to eat a dozen would fall in his soup. Last Sunday there were half a dozen guests to dinner and right in the midst of the meal six flies fell into the salad. He swore vengeance. He would rid the house of those flies or die in the attempt. After the guests had left he got his wife, daughter and the hired girl and they "shooed" the flies into the pantry after a good half hour of hard work. Then he prepared his "exterminator." He took an ounce or more of gunpowder, spread it over a pan and put some sugar temptingly in the center. When the flies had finally settled in it he touched off the fuse and shut the door. The next instant there was a puff and then an explosion.

He had forgotten to remove a couple of cartridges which he had opened to remove the powder, but had not used! Monday he purchased a \$50 set of dinner dishes and the carpenter's bill was \$20

Lengthened Days.

To-day the average man lives almost ten years longer than his grandfather lived. Indisputably, therefore, the year 1900 finds conditions more conducive to longevity than existed a century ago. This is true beyond a question for the masses, who feel immediately the effects of plenty, hunger and cold—the great physical depressors of life and death.

After a house has been upset three weeks, no man is good enough to admit to his wife that it looks any clearer,

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHY.

Its Great Success in Great Britain During the Past Thirty Years.

W. S. Harwood describes in the Century the successful working of the Government telegraph in Great Britain.

Since the British Government, in the year 1870, assumed control of all inland telegrams, the business of that department of the general postoffice has grown to enormous proportions. The object of assuming this control was twofold; first, to reduce the exorbitant telegraph tolls of private companies—tolls so high as virtually to be prohibitive for many kinds of business; and, secondly, to safeguard the public against any return to former charges. It matters not what one may think as to the desirability of the introduction of such a system into the United States, the fact is patent that in Great Britain it has proved a signal success. The twofold object was long since attained, and there is no likelihood that the system will be overthrown.

The report of the Postoffice Department for 1899 gives the latest available figures. This report shows that the people so far appreciate and utilize the system that they sent in 1899, up to the date of the closing of the report, in ordinary telegrams, which are exclusive of press telegrams, cable messages, Government, franked and reduced-rate dispatches, over three million messages more than during 1898. In 1899, the year before the Government assumption, seven million messages were sent; in 1898, nearly ninety million messages. In 1899 the average charge for telegrams was a little over fifty cents, while the charge for the same message to-day, inclusive of address, is about fifteen cents. In 1899 there were under three hundred employes, while there are at present over three thousand in the London office alone. Last year, after allowing for a deficit of at least a million dollars in the department devoted to the daily newspapers, the system cleared above all cost of maintenance over one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds; in round numbers, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Stage Thunder and Lighting.

The reason why the mechanism for making the noises that give realism to a play are never seen by the audience is because the illusion would be completely destroyed if its operations were exposed to view, explains Franklin Fyles in the Ladies' Home Journal. The noise of the waiter falling down stairs with a tray of dishes, for instance, is simulated by dropping, as often as necessary, a basket filled with bits of broken china; and a cylinder of silk, turned with a crank, drawing the cloth over wooden flanges gives a perfect rain and wind storm. A lightning accompaniment is made by touching an ordinary file to a bit of carbon—both on live wires—and the thunder by rolling ten-pin balls in a long, narrow, wooden trough. The rumble of the wheels of a carriage is imitated with a vehicle like a miniature freight car on a wooden track, and the striking of wood or metal on hard or soft surfaces serves to convince an audience of the approach or departure of a horse. When there is war a single shot or two is usually the real thing, but a rifle volley effect is obtained by rapidly beating a dried calfskin with rattans, while heavy strokes on the bass drum will convey the idea of cannonading. If this mechanism were seen in operation by an audience it would make the whole performance seem ridiculous.

Unprofitable.

It has been settled to the satisfaction of the agricultural experts of the government that spiders do not produce silk of commercial value. Large silk-spinning spiders are found in the palm trees of Venezuela. Some of the spiders produce white silk and others yellow silk, and this silk has been made into handkerchiefs, but silk produced in this way cannot be made valuable commercially, because of the troublesome necessity of keeping the spiders separated to prevent their devouring each other. Their food being insects this also involves considerable difficulty in supplying them. Attempts to utilize the silk of a Madagascar spider of the same species some years ago resulted in the discovery that the product was more expensive than ordinary silk.

Besjukovschtschina.

The State Besjukovschtschina, in Russia, is probably the only place in the world that is run entirely by women. This state is made up of seven villages, each presided over by a Mayoress, the whole under the superintendence of a lady named Easchka, who acts as President. There are women magistrates, women preachers, women policemen—in fact, every capacity in the state is filled by women. The roads are made by women, and women sell milk and deliver letters. If you want to bring an action against your neighbor in this state you go to a woman lawyer; and if there is anything in your house to be stolen, then a burglar of the weaker sex steals it. No place of any importance is filled by a man.

When a woman announces that she is coming on a visit, it is necessary for one member of the family to stay at the depot to meet all trains for at least three days.

DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

"Peruna Is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy—I am as Well as Ever."



Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, of the Famous Ohio Family.

Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, deputy auditor for the war department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy." Very respectfully, Dan. A. Grosvenor.

Hal P. Denton, chief national export exposition, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I was completely run down from overwork and the responsibility naturally connected with the exploitation of a great international exposition. My physician recommended an extended vacation. When life seemed almost a burden I began taking Peruna, and with the use of the fifth bottle I found myself in a normal condition. I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Almost everybody needs a tonic in the spring. Something to brace the nerves, invigorate the brain, and cleanse the blood. That Peruna will do this is beyond all question. Every one who has tried it has had the same experience as Mrs. D. W. Timberlake, of Lynchburg, Va., who, in a recent letter, made use of the following words: "I always take a dose of Peruna after business hours, as it is a great thing for the nerves. There is no better spring tonic, and I have used about all of them."

For a free book on "Summer Catarrh," address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Christ for All.

It must never be supposed that the beautiful words and condescending acts of Christ were just for Peter, James and John and their companions. John is not the only beloved disciple who is encouraged to lean on the bosom of his Lord. His love for the family in Bethany is not a singular love with which other families have nothing to do. It is a specimen of his love, rather, intended to make glad ten thousand other families.—George Bowen.

Quarreling among the members of the households is extremely rare in Japan. This is because the Japanese eat very little meat. Among great meat-eaters irritable tempers prevail, and family disputes are common.

Smoothing irons heated by electricity are used by the inmates of the lunatic asylum in Pontiac, Mich. They keep an even temperature, therefore do not need to be changed, like those heated on the coals or with gas.

ALABASTINE Is a durable and natural cement-base wall coating, in 5 lb. paper packages, made ready for use in white and fourteen beautiful tints by mixing with cold water. It is a cement that goes through a process of setting, hardens with age, and can be coated and recoated without washing off its old coats before renewing.

ALABASTINE Is entirely different from all the various kalsomines on the market, being durable and not stuck on the wall with glue. Alabastine customers should insist on having the goods in packages properly labeled. They should reject all imitations. There is nothing "just as good."

ALABASTINE

Prevents much sickness, particularly throat and lung difficulties, attributable to unsanitary coatings on walls. It has been recommended in a paper published by the Michigan State Board of Health on account of its sanitary features; which paper strongly condemned kalsomines. Alabastine can be used on either plastered walls, wood ceilings, brick or canvas, and any one can brush it on. It admits of radical changes from wall paper decorations, thus securing at reasonable expense the latest and best effects. Alabastine is manufactured by the Alabastine Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Instructive and interesting booklet mailed free to all applicants.



To fully introduce our Famous "SOUTHERN BELLE CIGARETTES" we give to each person buying a box of 50 cigars for \$2.50 and express charges, an elegant nickel plate case, stem wind, stem set, open face Watch, American make, which with proper care should last for years; also a plated watch chain and charm. Send us your name and full address—no money. We will send cigars, watch, chain and charm. If, after examination, you are satisfied, pay your agent \$2.50 and express charges. These goods sent anywhere in the U. S. at these terms. The "Southern Belle" is as good as many 10c cigars now offered. Address National Cigar Co., St. Louis, Mo. When ordering please give the name of this paper without fail.