

FOR WOMAN'S HEALTH

Earnest Letters from Women Relieved of Pain by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before I commenced to take your medicine I was in a terrible state, wishing myself dead a good many times. Every part of my body seemed to pain in some way. At time of menstruation my suffering was something terrible. I thought there was no cure for me, but after taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all my bad feelings were gone. I am now well and enjoying good health. I shall always praise your medicine."—Mrs. AMOS FESCHLER, Box 226, Romeo, Mich.

Female Troubles Overcome

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had female trouble, painful menses, and kidney complaint, also stomach trouble. About a year ago I happened to pick up a paper that contained an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I read how it had helped others, I thought it might help me, and decided to give it a trial. I did so, and as a result am now feeling perfectly well. I wish to thank you for the benefit your medicine has been to me."—Mrs. CLARA STEEBER, Diller, Neb.

No More Pain

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound has been of much benefit to me. When my menses first appeared they were very irregular. They occurred too often and did not leave for a week or more. I always suffered at these times with terrible pains in my back and abdomen. Would be in bed for several days and would not be exactly rational at times. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and menses became regular and pains left me entirely."—Mrs. E. F. CUSTER, Brule, Wis.

Equine Losses in War.

In all protracted wars the loss in horses from disease is terribly heavy. In Napoleon's campaign across the Niemen, out of 60,000 horses, no fewer than 45,000 succumbed in six months. At the siege of Plevna the Russians lost 30 per cent of their draught animals, and in the Egyptian wars of 1882 the English horses were disabled, of which 600 died from sickness and only 60 on the field of battle.—Pearson's Magazine.

A new regulation cog introduced in Swiss watches, works so accurately that the time pieces do not vary 10 seconds in a month.

Every saloon at Tullahoma, Tenn., has been placed under the legal ban charged with Sunday liquor selling.

Try Allen's Foot Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures ingrowing nails, swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. We have 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Crime Prevalent in Berlin.

Crimes of violence, whose perpetrators have remained undiscovered, have become so common in Berlin and its neighborhood that the Prussian minister of the interior has given notice that all violent deaths shall be reported at once to a special bureau, which shall decide whether the local or Berlin police shall take up the case, and in certain instances shall set its own detectives to work.—N. Y. Sun.

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA, SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.



Miss Susan Wymar.

Miss Susan Wymar, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Pe-ru-na. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief in Pe-ru-na. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Pe-ru-na I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wymar.

Mrs. Margaretha Dauben, 1214 North Superior street, Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Pe-ru-na is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Pe-ru-na for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Pe-ru-na has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pelvic catarrh.

Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free book for women only.

THE RIVER'S GOSSIP.

De river talk on ever' han'—
He gossip fur en free;
He know de secrets er de lan',
En tell 'um ter de sea.

He run 'long whar de garden grow
W'en Springtime melt de snow;
He tell de Sea Win', "Ef you blow
Dat way you'll fin' a rose."

De Lily in de garden spot
Say, "Rock me, please, ter res!"
He take de fines' er de lot,
En wear 'um on he breas'.

He know des whar de Sunshine keep
En kiss de rose ter red;
He see de Moonlight go ter sleep
'Pon top de villet-bed.

He tell de news er ever' place,
En w'en yo' Sweetheart pass
He give her back her purty face
Des lak' a lookin' glass!

He pass de big house on de hut,
En spread de gossip free—
O Mister River, tell me whut
My Sweetheart think er mel
—Woman's Home Companion.

Polly's Change of Mind.

"Of course," he was saying, "if the question concerned only you I should not ask you for more than a simple answer, but I am involved too deeply myself to be shelved lightly, and I feel that I have at least an honest right to be answered more lengthily than by a short 'No.' However significant that word may be, it is at best insufficient."

"I might be angry with you for what you have said," she replied.

"Well, yes, but I am willing to run the risk," he said, with a short, mirthless laugh. It had to her ears a little pathetic ring, and she turned and looked curiously at him.

"Does it really hurt you so much, Dicky?" she asked.

"Ah, Polly," he broke out, roughly, "you women little know how stinging even your softest words are sometimes. And the sting does not always go away quickly," he added bitterly.

"Poor Dick," she said softly, "really I didn't mean to hurt you so. I didn't know that you cared so much."

He raised his head and looked at her eagerly, but he saw only pity, and the drawn, tense look came again over his face.

"I thought that we were merely good friends," she continued. "I never dreamed that you would have been so foolish. We have been such jolly comrades, and now you have spoiled everything. No, don't interrupt me," she said, quickly. "You need not get angry. You have, you know well, spoiled all. We shall never be on really good terms again. There will always be a constraint."

"Polly," he interrupted gravely, "do you know how you are hurting me?" She turned upon him, startled at his words. Surely the man sitting opposite her was not her old Dick.

"Forgive me," she said, contritely; "I was heedless, dear." She really pitied him, yet somehow she hardly knew how to take him as he appeared now.

"Poor Dicky," she said again, "I ought to have seen the drift of things, but I have been unkind. I see it all now, but you will forgive? It was simply unintentional."

"Dear Polly," he said, "you weren't to blame. I, not you, was blind. I should have known that you could never have cared for such as I. I am unworthy of you, I have always felt, but," he added, "I chose to dream, I chose to play with fire, and I have got the usual punishment."

"Poor Dicky," she said, softly, and even as she spoke a look of wondrous pity came into her eyes. All her former ideals seemed to totter and to be on the verge of falling.

The other rose unsteadily and held out his hand. "Dear little Polly," and his voice trembled, "you were not to blame. I think I had better go. I am in—good-by. I shall go away for a while. I don't know when I shall return."

He remained for an instant waiting for some answer, but none came. He tried to scan her face, but there was a haze before his eyes and he could see only the blurred oval outlines. Her lip was quivering, too, and her eyes were full of tears, yet he did not see them. Then he turned and walked mechanically toward the door, opened it and went out of the room.

The other remained standing, looking apparently at the floor, but in reality saying nothing.

"Poor Dicky," she murmured, "poor Dicky," and in her eyes a newer light still shone through the tears. Then running swiftly to the door she opened it and called his name.

The sound of her voice startled him, and he turned and looked wonderingly at her. The haze seemed suddenly to lift from before him, and he noted for the first time the little, tear-stained face. The new light in her eyes stirred him strangely. The smile that hovered around her still quivering lips tanta-

lized him, and at the same time raised a wild hope in his breast. He ran rather than walked to her, grasped her hands roughly and searched her face eagerly. Neither spoke for a few seconds, and then it was she who broke the strained silence.

"You foolish boy," was all she said, but he understood.

QUEER FISHING IN JAMAICA.

You Pounded on the Boat with a Club and They Jump Aboard.

A gentleman who has returned from Kingston, Jamaica, tells how they catch "red snappers." All you need in the way of tackle is a club, with which you beat a tattoo on the side of your boat. This seems to charm the fish so that they leave their native element and jump aboard in schools, almost swamping the boat sometimes. Here is his account:

"I have just returned from Kingston, Jamaica," said he, "where I saw many interesting things, chief among them—to an ardent fisherman like myself—being the method of taking the red snapper, a large fish common to the waters around that island. Soon after my arrival I heard how the natives caught these fish with clubs, which seemed either to attract or alarm the fish so much that they jumped out of the water in all directions and many fell into the boat.

"In order to prove the truth or falseness of the account to my own satisfaction I made arrangements with one of the native fishermen to take me with him on one of his midnight excursions, all the fishing there being done at night on account of the heat.

"The moon was high when we started for the fishing grounds, a couple of miles outside Kingston harbor. As soon as we got there my boatman ceased rowing and peered round for signs of the fish. Suddenly he whispered and pointed to a spot where the otherwise calm surface was ruffled, as if by a sudden squall.

"Squall or fish, it was gradually approaching, and presently the ripples were all round the boat. Now, massa Buckra, start de racket," cried my boatman, at the same time commencing a loud tattoo on the side of the boat with his club. I followed suit, and in an instant the air seemed to be full of fish, coming from all points of the compass.

"One big fellow struck me in the chest and knocked me flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, where I lay floundering among the fish that had fallen aboard.

"It was some moment's before I could scramble to my feet. When I did so, the school had passed on and the flight was over. At least a score of the snappers had fallen on board. They were large fish, resembling a sea bass, except in color, which, instead of being black, was red.

"During the night we ran into several more schools, and the same performance was repeated, excepting that I kept my seat and did not again mingle with the fish in the bottom of the boat.

"On the way back to Kingston I asked the darky fisherman how they first discovered this method of taking the red snapper. He could tell me nothing about it; all he could say being: 'Him take dat way long time, massa.'

"I heard later that a Chinaman was the first to discover that a red snapper could be persuaded to leave its native element at the sound of a club applied to a boat's side, but how he found it out nobody seemed to know."

A Candid Publisher.

In the recent death of J. Schabelitz, the well-known Zurich publisher and author, Switzerland has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer, and one of the most savage publishers who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim he wrote on the postal card with his acceptance the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you don't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will return to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

Record in Submarine Diving.

Edward Hooper, a professional diver, has made a record in his line of business. Off the coast of South Africa he descended to the wreck of the ship Cape Horn and there remained, at one submergence, for forty-two minutes at a depth of over 200 feet. At this point the pressure is eighty-three and one-half pounds to the square inch and no other person, it is asserted, has been able to remain below this depth.

Persons who deal in bicycles are not the only ones who have wheels.

The Tombs.

Whoever so named New York's gloomy prison chose an apt and significant phrase. Many a wretched criminal has found indeed therein that the path of sin is the path of death, and has mourned at the burial of his own blighted hopes and ruined resolutions. But "stone walls do not a prison make." There are those who sit unmured in "the tombs" of a dead past and woeful present. Themselves, as Milton would have it, are their own dungeons. Let them lift up their heads to the dawn and freedom. God is not far from any one of us.—Baptist Union.

Do not omit the late cucumbers for pickling. The seed may be planted in June or July. The White Spine is an excellent variety, as it is uniform, round and of good length. It is also tender and very crisp, having a long stem, and they keep well as pickles. They must be picked off daily or they will grow too large.

What Will Become of China?

None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the going to pieces of this race. Many people are also going to pieces because of dyspepsia, constipation and stomach diseases. Good health can be retained if we use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

The Chicago Tribune thinks a cycle path for wheelmen may be considered a good thing on the side.

Poet's Trouble.

"The gas bill is twice what it was last month," said the poet's wife. "There must be something wrong with the meter."

"I wish I were a gas company," sighed the poet. "Every time my meter goes wrong I lose money."—Indianapolis Press.

Black cotton hose should be dried and ironed on the wrong side to prevent fading.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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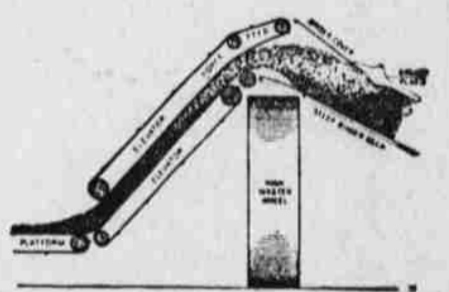


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You can be comfortable always if you have the New Columbian fire grate in your house. No more trouble from smoke or half-heated rooms. It has a new system of draughts, throws the heat into the room instead of up the chimney, and saves you money. Let us tell you about this grate. It is perfection for any household. For particulars and full description apply to THE JOHN BAKETT CO., 91 First St., Portland, Or.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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 shape of violent physic or pill poison is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

An Easy Job.

"What is Smith doing now?"
"He is traveling with a circus."
"Pretty hard work, isn't it?"
"No; he has nothing to do but to stick his head into the lion's mouth twice a day."—Tit-Bits.

Silence Is Golden.

Mrs. Stubb—John, would you refer to a gun as feminine?
Mr. Stubb—I should think not Maria!

"And why not?"
"Because guns can be silenced."—Chicago Evening News.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its new buildings, newly furnished and complete laboratories, beautiful surroundings and home influences, is one of the best equipped schools for the training of boys and young men on the coast. It is in charge of Dr. Ira G. Hoitt and is accredited at the universities. Send for catalog. Tenth year begins August 6, 1900.

Eyesight is frequently impaired by the use of tobacco, due to the paralyzing of the nerves controlling the iris, or paralysis of the optic nerve, sometimes resulting in absolute loss of sight.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The towns of Eddy and Moody, Tex., have each voted "no license," the former by a big majority.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

In Prussia habitual drunkards may be legally put in charge of guardians.

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DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS

ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples, Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion, Prevent Biliousness. Do not Grip or Sicken. To convince you, will mail sample free; full box, 25c. DR. SOBANKO CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big 44 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not irritating to the system.
Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 2 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

N. F. N. U. No. 27-1900.

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