

Nothing in the Wide World

has such a record for absolutely curing female ills and kidney troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Medicines that are advertised to cure everything cannot be specifics for anything.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not cure every kind of illness that may afflict men, women and children, but proof is monumental that it will and does cure all the ills peculiar to women.

This is a fact indisputable and can be verified by more than a million women.

If you are sick don't experiment, take the medicine that has the record of the largest number of cures.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

In Philadelphia a young woman who played ghost gave up the ghost from the blow of a brick. Which seems to argue that it may be safer to rock a boat.

DON'T GET FOOTSOKE, GET FOOT-EASE.

A powder. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It treats and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for chilblains. Sweating, Damp or Frosted Feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Don't get footsore get Foot-Ease. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is now settled that Winston Spencer Churchill, if he does not risk his life once too often before the war is over, is to write the life of his distinguished father, Lord Randolph Churchill.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Horses are said to be afflicted with hay fever the same as human beings. As hay fever is said to attack only beings of superior intelligence, this must be looked upon as a tribute to what is called horse sense.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life.

The Sin of the Parents. Life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

As far as are the heavens from the earth
Is your own world from mine;
The world which you adorn by right of birth,
By right of beauty, womanhood and worth,
In which your talents shine;
Wherein you nobly won what you've acquired,
And now, as ne'er before,
Are loved by young and old, sought for, admired,
Welcomed at every door.

And yet you tell me that you did not know
The love that fills my heart—
The love for you I ever strive to show
From my own puny world so far below—
From yours so far apart;
That were it not for this you could not be
To others what you are;
That you are so from what you are to me;
From my true love and care.

Such is the power of love, that like the rays
Of summer's golden sun
Illumines our two worlds through all the days,
And though our lives may follow parted ways,
Still keeps our hearts as one.
One heart in duty, sacrifice and love,
One heart in truth and right,
Till in the happiness that lies above
Our two worlds shall unite.
—Boston Transcript.

Saved by Her Voice.

It was springtime and noonday in England, and the soft breath of the year seemed laden with fragrant promises of bloom and color, while over the woods was stealing a fairylike mantle of green.

On such a day, and in such a scene as this, Evangeline Rohan felt as though the world should hold nothing of strife or pain or ugliness; indeed, the particular world in which she moved and breathed and had her being held little but the surface knowledge that such things existed, for fate had favored Evangeline, and not content with bestowing on her beauty of person and mind, had dowered her with the great gift of song in its divine perfection.

Now she sauntered down the winding pathway that led from her castle terrace to a copse beneath.

A man followed her with hesitating steps, as though he feared a repulse if he presented himself too suddenly, took courage to approach when the trees veiled them from the castle windows, and, though she made him welcome by neither word nor sign, walked at her side until the whim seized her to seat herself on a bank and search for the desultory flowers that were beginning to peep here and there.

It was at this moment that a visitor who had driven up to the castle in a fogcart descended and asked for Mile. Rohan.

"I am afraid she is unable to see anyone this morning," said the butler; "she is resting for to-night."

Dr. Harrowden knit his brows in perplexity. He remembered that the singer had generously offered to throw open her castle to the public on that night and to give the first entertainment in her new theater for the benefit of a fund for wounded soldiers.

All the country were clamoring for tickets. Fabulous prices had been paid even for standing room, and report said the diva, having spared no pains nor expense to make the occasion a success, was about to eclipse herself in a new part, specially written and composed for her, in an operatic adaptation of "Othello."

"The matter is a very urgent one," said Dr. Harrowden, after a pause. "I have a request to make of Mile. Rohan that can only be made personally. If you will risk her displeasure and allow me to make my way to her I will take all the blame. I may say it is a question almost of life and death."

The man, who knew Dr. Harrowden as one whose reputation, even in a village practice, gave weight to his words, yielded, and, telling him that mademoiselle had taken the path toward the copse, led him through the conservatory and directed him to the shortest way.

He came so suddenly upon the little clearing where Evangeline was that neither she nor her companion perceived him. She was standing up, a singular look on her beautiful face, which was bereft of its usual color, and both her hands were outstretched before her as though to ward off something that she dreaded, and that yet fascinated her.

His face, a dark-eyed, brown-skinned one, with something in its southern intensity that marred its handsomeness, must have worn a threatening expression, for she recoiled with a little cry of alarm, and, turning, saw Dr. Harrowden as he stepped toward her.

"Ah, doctor!" she said, a little shaken still, but smiling. "It is a long time since I have seen you, which speaks well for my health, though not for my hospitality. But you are coming to-night, I hope?"

"You have asked me to the castle most kindly," he answered quietly, "but

STYLISH GOWNS FOR FASHION'S LEADERS.



Country-house toilet of gray etamine. The skirt is made with plaits of various widths, the material being cut away to form open work embroidery between the plaits.

Walking dress in covert coating. Close-fitting skirt flowing out from plaits at the hem and trimmed with three bands of fancy silk stitched with white.

I am a busy man, as you know, made-moiselle, and have to deny myself many pleasures. I have ventured to intrude on you, for which you must please lay the blame solely on me, because I have a little patient down there in the village whose recovery seems to depend entirely on you."

"On me!"

"My patient is a little child who has been at death's door through fever, and whose one desire, night and day, has been to hear you sing. We thought it a delicious fancy that would pass, but it seems that, had she been well, she was to have come up to the castle one day when you sang to the villagers, and that she lost her chance through this illness. She raves and weeps alternately and will not sleep, begging always to be taken to you so that she might ask you to sing one little song to her."

"Where is she? Take me to her, doctor, and I will sing to her at once."

Half an hour later, with all her soul in her exquisite voice, she was standing in the cottage singing a song of life and love to the bewildered villagers, while the sick child, propped up by pillows to hear the desire of her heart, cried out that it was an angel who had come in answer to her prayers.

It was midnight, twelve hours since Eva had charmed away the shadow of death from the village home, and she was holding a great assembly hushed and spellbound, while her voice, no longer softened and subdued, rang with all its glorious power through the large opera hall which she had lately added to her castle.

It was the moment of her crowning triumph, the moment when Desdemona, realizing to the full her danger, and the inflexible purpose of Othello, transformed by jealousy into a murderer, ceased to plead for her life, and instead, proudly and passionately declared her innocence.

Count Devas, the Italian singer, who had already won universal applause for his wonderful rendering of Othello, faced her, the madness of rage that was consuming him portrayed vividly in every feature of his face, in every movement of his tense, nervous fingers.

There was silence, intense, dead silence for an instant as Eva's last note died away and then, as she covered her eyes with her hands, the Count, with one swift step, was at her side, pressing with ruthless hands the cushion on her upturned face, and the curtain began slowly to descend on the death scene.

An electric thrill ran through the audience, the horror and despair of the tragedy before them seemed suddenly real and tangible; the scream, strangled in its birth, that came from the beautiful singer seemed an appeal to them for help; and then an amazing thing occurred.

In the excitement of the scene no one had noticed the sudden arrival in the hall of Dr. Harrowden, who, pale and breathless, stood watching the descent of the curtain, until, apparently overpowered by impulse, he ran up the hall, leaped up to the stage, and, springing across the footlights, threw himself upon the Count.

In the desperate struggle that ensued, momentary as it was, before the paralyzed onlookers rushed to separate the combatants, no one noticed that Eva herself had not moved, and lay still under the cushions.

There was the flash of a knife, an exclamation from Dr. Harrowden, and then, as he dropped, stabbed in the shoulder, a dozen hands were on the Count, and, though he fought with the limitless strength of a madman, he was overpowered at last by numbers, and carried off the stage, bound and helpless.

Dr. Harrowden, whose faintness was only temporary, had risen already, and, disregarding the help offered him, hur-

ried to the couch and raised the cushions.

Eva lay there insensible, with the marks on her white neck where the Count's fingers had gone near to suffocating her.

Dr. Harrowden bent and laid his ear to her lips and heart.

"She is not dead," he said briefly. "Carry her to her room. I will attend to her."

Wondering exclamations broke out on all sides. What had happened? Had the Count really attempted Eva's life? How had the doctor been aware of her danger? And a thousand other questions and surmises. Later, when Eva, very weak and ill, had recovered consciousness, she told the story of the Count's strange, wild love for her, an infatuation which had seized him when they first met in the Opera House at Milan, of her inability to shake off the influence which he exercised over her, in spite of her dread and dislike of him, of his appearance at the castle when she was arranging the cast of "Othello," and imperious demand to be allowed to remain there and to play the title role.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" she said to Dr. Harrowden, when, after many days of suffering from the Count's siletto wound, he came, at her request, to see her. "It was a miracle that you should have saved me as you did. A moment longer, and it would have been too late. How did you guess that his acting was really?"

"The thanks are due really to yourself," he said gently. "Your kindness in singing to that poor little child was the cause of your preservation. I went to see her that evening and found her just awakened from a strange dream of you, which had left the impression on her mind that you were in danger. The beautiful lady with the angel voice," she called you. She would not be comforted until I promised to go up to the castle and assure myself that no harm threatened you. Her persistence gave me a touch of anxiety, and it came to me with a sort of tuition, as I watched the Count, that he was mad. I felt sure he meant mischief. It seems almost as if the child had second sight; but these coincidences do occur sometimes."

"And still," said Eva, "it is to you I owe my life. You risked yours for mine. Oh! tell me how to thank you."

"I dare ask nothing," he said, "since I dare not ask too much."

And they were both silent.

But in their silence a hope and a promise lay. And there are some who say that the most beautiful singer of the day will exercise the prerogative that her pre-eminence gives to her, and will make a romantic marriage.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Too Large a Family.



Mrs. Bookworm—Henry, we'll have to give some of those children for adoption. They're fairly eating us out of house and home.

"Telephone Ear."

"The telephone ear" is a new disease. It affects girls who habitually attend to telephone calls, and the symptoms are a frequent buzzing in the ear and abscesses on the drum.

GOOD FORTUNE

HOW AN ENTERPRISING FARMER STRUCK IT RICH.

Shattered by Disease, Robert White, While Endeavoring to Cure Himself, Made a Fortunate Discovery.

From the Democrat, Shelbyville, Ind.

Near Waldron, Ind., resides Mr. Robert White, one of the best known farmers of the community. He is well situated, and just now has had an unusual share of good fortune.

In his earlier days Mr. White was strong and athletic, but now while on the declining side of forty, hard work and disease have made him a different man, although today he is in good health.

For a number of years he has been troubled with rheumatism, catarrh of the head and stomach. Often in bad weather his ailments would be aggravated and he would be in a serious condition.

When the gripe visited this section seven years ago, Mr. White was one of those attacked by this fearful disease and was confined to his bed for several days. After recovering enough to sit up for a few days, concluded he was well enough to get out about his work.

He went out too soon. Most all patients do that. He had a relapse and was confined to his bed for several weeks. His old disorders became greatly affected. The efforts of his physician, who had been attending him all the time, proved unavailing. The doctor was dismissed. Several others were tried but their treatment was useless.

Mr. White doctored himself and used many remedies said to be good for his diseases, but he was not helped.

He went to Matisville and took the baths, but they did him only temporary good. "It seemed impossible to get relief," said he, "and I did not know what to do."

"At last I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they cured me. I commenced taking them last June, and after taking five boxes, I was entirely cured. They relieved me from all suffering. Of course I suffered from rheumatism most, and I am now completely cured of that. I had tried two catarrh specialists, who were said to be good for the trouble, and they each said my case was incurable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cleansed out my system, purified my blood, and I am now strong and well. These pills relieved me of miserable suffering, and my only regret is, that I did not have the good fortune to take them seven years ago. I have recommended the medicine to a number and the dealer in Waldron says he has a large demand for it."

It was nature's own remedy that accomplished this cure caused by impure blood, for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are composed of vegetable remedies that exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood. Many diseases long supposed by the medical profession to be incurable have succumbed to the potent influence of these pills. This universal remedy is sold by all druggists.

Ginger and Its Uses.

In a hundred thousand farm houses the essence of Jamaica ginger is regarded as one of the most valuable of family medicines. It is still used with sugar in the cold water furnished to haying hands for drinking. It makes a wholesome beverage for any one in hot weather.

Persons of weak digestion will find a few drops of the essence useful if taken in water before breakfast without sugar.

Ginger tea, made from the root, is of service, like catnip tea or sage tea, to produce perspiration in colds, or to stimulate the system after exposure. It is more palatable than the decoctions of sage and catnip.

In toothaches a bit of root ginger chewed slowly will remove the pain and make one comfortable till a dentist can be consulted.

Nearly all the good effects of alcoholic stimulants can be secured from ginger. But the so-called ginger habit has to be guarded against. So has the cayenne pepper habit.

An Overwhelming Thought.

Our sun is a third-rate sun, situated in the milky way, one of myriads of stars, and the milky way is itself one of myriads of sectional star accumulations, for these seem to be countless, and to be spread over infinity. At some period of their existence each of these suns had planets circling around it, which, after untold ages, are fit for some sort of human beings to inhabit them for a comparatively brief period, after which they still continue for years to circle around without atmosphere, vegetation or inhabitants, as the moon does around our planet. There is nothing so calculated to take the conceit out of an individual who thinks himself an important unit in the universe as astronomy. It teaches that we are as, compared with the universe, than a colony of ants is to us, and that the difference between men is less than that between one ant and another.—London Truth

They who know God love Him, and they who love Him learn to know Him best.