

Women Who have the Blues

Despondency in women is a mental condition directly traceable to some distinctly female ill. Well women don't have the blues, but comparatively few people understand that the right medicine will drive them away.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

overcomes the blues, because it is the safeguard of woman's health.

It regulates the entire female organism as nothing else does. When the dragging sensation and the backache go, the blues will go also.

Read the letters from women appearing in this paper—women who have tried it and know. There are a million such women.

CHANCE FOR INVESTORS.

Flattering Report Upon the Property of the Chiapas Plantation and Investment Co.

The report of the committee of business men sent to Mexico to investigate the property of the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Company has just been made public. The document is an interesting one and gives valuable data concerning the enterprise conducted by the company named.

The property of the company consists of a plantation of 24,000 acres of the choicest rubber land of Mexico, upon which over 700,000 vigorous young rubber trees now thrive. On the plantation also are numerous mahogany trees, some of which are of prodigious growth, thus demonstrating the richness of the soil. The property is located in the department of Palenque, State of Chiapas, and it is unquestionably adapted to the production of rubber and the growth of hardwood timber trees of great variety.

The committee of investigation consisted of Judge Lucien Shaw, Postmaster O. W. Maulsby, Rev. L. M. Hartley, of Redlands, Cal.; E. A. Girvin and C. A. Westenberg. They visited the property during the current year, and in their report the information is vouchsafed that the rubber tree of the variety known as the Castillon Elastica is indigenous to the country and especially to the lands lying along the river Michol, on which the property of the company has a wide frontage. Under one of these trees 1,467 young rubber plants were counted, all of which had sprouted from the seed that had fallen from the tree during the present year. The trees bloom in their fifth year, and may be safely tapped the year following. Nurseries have been established for the propagation of rubber trees, and all are thriving. A large force of men are employed in building roads, planting trees and developing the property. Managing Director J. W. Ellsworth is now on the property, and his careful attention to the affairs of the company has received the warmest commendation of the directors. The committee pronounces the proposition of the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Company to produce rubber for sale by cultivating the trees in large numbers as a feasible and practicable enterprise. The only trouble thus far encountered has been the scarcity of labor, but plans for overcoming this have been perfected. It offers excellent returns for the investment of small capital, and an investment of \$2.50 a month for forty-eight months will insure a fine annual income after six years. The company has a guarantee stock deposit of \$100,000 with the American Bank and Trust company, of San Francisco, as an evidence of good faith with investors.

The officers of the company are: L. H. Bonestell, president; L. S. Sherman, first vice-president; George T. Hawley, second vice-president; Dudley C. Bates, secretary. The offices of the company are rooms 63-64-65, Crocker building, San Francisco. Send for prospectus.

Not Vacillating.

"Simpson is a trifle obstinate, isn't he?"

"Obstinate? He wouldn't get out of the way if he met a cast-iron safe tumbling down stairs."

There were cheery faces around the table, and Sarah's was not less bright than the faces of the others.

The gaunt stranger sat a little more erect now, and his face after even this brief rest seemed less sharply outlined.

The warm, human kindness as well as the outward comfort had wrought the change and in some way made it easier to remember in whose larger protecting care they were and would still be when

AN INCIDENT OF PRAIRIE LIFE.

SARAH PRESTON'S lips were tightly compressed, and there was a sad look in her eyes. The dust was blotting out from her view more than the flower-dotted landscape. It seemed to dim all remembrance of the long days of perfect weather when the prairie seemed an Eden and strength and hope grew large with the fresh, bracing air.

Some one came in with a heavy, weary step and stopped a moment on the threshold to look at the drooping figure. Then he approached her with awkward tenderness, laying his toll roughened hand on her shoulder.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" he said softly.

There was a smothered weariness in the tones, but her ears seemed deaf that morning to anything but the wind's piercing voice. Half unconsciously she drew a little away from his hand.

"It's everything," she said, "everything! Why did we ever come here, to such wretchedness as this?"

He did not attempt another caress, except with his anxious eyes, and her face was turned away from them, hidden in her hands.

She would have called after him and clung to him if she could have seen the look on his face as he went out—all the patience and weariness of it.

In just a few minutes he was back at her side.

"Sarah," he said rather anxiously, "what would you say to letting two people come in for a little rest? They've stopped the wagon just a little way from here. She seems a childish young thing, and he looks as if the world had been too much for him, he's so thin and sickly looking. What do you say to bringing them in?"

"Oh, John, how can we, when it's so hard to keep up as it is? But go ask them in. If we can make it a little easier for them, we ought to, I suppose."

"You come with me," coaxed John. "Go get your hat, and we'll ask them together."

She gave a slight, protesting laugh, but went, nevertheless, clinging to his arm and almost resting her face sometimes on his shoulder.

They were very near the travelers now. The tired horses, with dejected, down bent heads, were snatching what little rest they could. In the covered wagon sat the man and woman—such a hollow cheeked, large eyed man and such a little slip of a wife! The hot wind flapped the canvas cover and sent swirls of dust over the two occupants and their scanty possessions.

Some of the self pity that had darkened Sarah's face all the morning faded out of it and was replaced by a purer, nobler look.

"You must be tired out," Sarah began, without preamble. "We want you to come up to the house for a little rest, and to have dinner with us. Won't you?"

A pleased smile breaking over the young wife's face seemed almost to fade out the little worried line between the dark eyes. An answering gleam stole over the worn face at her side, but they both protested faintly. They couldn't give so much trouble. It would not be right.

"You come right along!" said John, with kindly authority. "We want you, so don't make any fuss about it. We'll take the horses into my barn. Let 'em try my feed and a good bucket of my well water."

The two went off together, Sarah and the little wife beating their way back to the sod house. A look of cheer and comfort seemed to be in its brown walls now. "How good it will seem to rest in a house!" said the little wife, with a happy sigh.

"Wouldn't you like to lie down a little while till dinner is ready?" said Sarah. "Come right into my room, and just feel that you are at home." A protecting kindness had sprung up in her heart for this little creature with the appealing eyes. "You must be so hot and uncomfortable! There's cold water in that pitcher, and I'll bring you some warm. No, it isn't a bit of trouble. Then you must rest until dinner."

Unpleasant thoughts were far away as Sarah prepared the simple dinner, trying to make it as attractive as possible. She would get out some of her wedding china. Why not? John would enjoy a bright spot in the day for the strangers. She even picked a bunch of astragalus, making a centerpiece of the white, furry leaves. A sprig of wild geranium was laid at each plate.

There were cheery faces around the table, and Sarah's was not less bright than the faces of the others.

The gaunt stranger sat a little more erect now, and his face after even this brief rest seemed less sharply outlined. The warm, human kindness as well as the outward comfort had wrought the change and in some way made it easier to remember in whose larger protecting care they were and would still be when

rolling over the brown prairie. Bit by bit their story came out. The man told how he had been a carpenter and builder in Iowa, what a happy little home it had been, and why they were flying now to the untamed world of Colorado, that Mecca for consumptives. The gaunt man and the young wife avoided the dread word. They said instead, "People with any sort of lung trouble."

As they went back to the sitting-room John and Sarah talked cheerily of the prospective home in Colorado and brought out a book of views of the wonderful scenery. The gaunt man and his little wife bent over them with keen interest. "It will be a great move for us," he said. "It seemed to be the only thing for us to do, and I'm glad we're so near there. I feel more heartened up to-day than any time since we started. We won't forget your kindness, I can tell you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said John, and "Don't speak of it," said Sarah in a breath. "It's been so pleasant for us to have you!"

It was necessary to take up the journey again. The two men went out to the barn together.

The eyes of the little wife sought Sarah's. "You have been so good," she said, almost in a whisper, "so good to take us in. This awful dust and the heat—I wouldn't have minded them so much for myself, but it has been so bad for him. It makes the cough worse, and that always frightens me. All these days that we have been on the way I have been longing so to reach Colorado. I have felt as if I couldn't wait, when the waiting must mean everything to him, and it has been so strange—all this journey—to keep cheerful before him! That is always very hard—don't you think so—when your life is all wrapped up in somebody else's, to keep that one from feeling how you suffer? And of course, if they knew, that would make it all so much worse."

How the poor young thing was emptying her heart out! It was as if all the grief and anxiety of the days in the covered wagon, rolling over the brown plains, had burst their bounds and must pour themselves out to this listener.

"I wanted you to know," the excited little voice ran on, "how kind you have been—what a comfort it has been to me! Don't you see how much less tired he looks? And he hasn't coughed near so much; not near! You have cheered us up, too. It has been so strange—all this journey—every day taking us farther away from home, and the trying to choke down the homesickness—and—"

She broke off short, with gratitude and tears shining in her eyes. There was just time for Sarah to take the little brown hand in hers and press it close when the two men came back.

The man with stooping shoulders and the flush on either cheek went up close to the little woman with bright, eager eyes.

"Well, little woman, are you most ready?" he said, patting her shoulder. "You've had a fine rest, haven't you?" He coughed sharply as he spoke, but she smiled up at him brightly that he might not know how much more it racked her chest than his.

"You'd better get on your blanket, little woman," he said; "it's time we were going. I don't know how we're to thank you and your wife, Mr. Gilbert, for all you've done for us, but we feel it, sir; we feel it."

"It wasn't anything at all," John protested. "It has done us good to have you here."

Sarah and the little young wife went into the tiny bedroom together. The wind had stopped its maddening song outside, and the air was clear again from its burden of dust. The furniture would have to be dusted for the third time that day, but the thought brought no scowl to her forehead now. The little traveler plinned on the rusty hat and turned to hold out both hands impulsively to Sarah. "Thank you again," she said, and then, in a whisper: "Colorado is a wonderful place, isn't it? Haven't you heard about the way people get cured there—people just as bad off as George or worse? You feel sure I'll do him good, don't you?"

She searched Sarah's face as if to read her fate there. It was hard to meet the girlish eyes.

"I've never been farther west than this myself," she said, "but every one says it's a wonderful climate in Colorado for people with trouble with their lungs. I'm so glad you're going there, and when I'm grown well and strong you'll be coming back this way to see us?"

The delight of that possible future was in the young wife's eyes. "If he only does!" she said. "If he only does!"

There were hearty hand clasps exchanged a few minutes later. Then the prairie schooner, with its freight of human love and anxieties, rolled slowly

away. The two left behind in the little sod house stood at the window till the wagon was seen, a dark blot, above the sharp horizon. With a quick, impulsive movement, Sarah's hand stole into her husband's.

"How good you are!" she said, almost solemnly. "And while I have you what do I care about other things?"

Far off in the big wagon a little woman sat with her round cheeks pressed against a shabby coat sleeve, and the cry of her heart was like that of Sarah. "What are other things," she was whispering, "while I have you, dear?"—Facts.

HE MERELY OBEYED ORDERS.

But the Man at the Wheel Almost Wrecked the Vessel.

Captain Tom Evans, of the Neptune Line steamer Runo, has indelibly impressed upon his memory a name that he will ever consider has elements of danger in it. Coming down the coast on Oct. 31, bound from Rotterdam for Baltimore, all hands, except the man at the wheel, were engaged burnishing up the bright work about the decks, to have the Runo look attractive when she reached Baltimore. On the fore-castle was a man named West, who was wanted to join the brass polishers aft.

The Runo at the time was steaming her best on a course southwest by west, Cape Charles lightship bearing on the starboard bow. The second officer had left the bridge, and Captain Evans took the deck during his absence. Learning that the man West was wanted, Captain Evans shouted "West!" and went down to the lower bridge.

It appeared to him to be but a few minutes when he looked over the side, and, to his horror, discovered that the Runo had Cape Charles lightship and Hog Island on her port bow. Such a position was inconceivable to him, and he rushed to the bridge and ordered the wheelman to change the course as speedily as possible to almost east. Satisfied with her safe position, the southwest-by-west course was again resumed.

Then Captain Evans demanded of the man in no uncertain language why he dared to change the vessel's course, which would have run her on the low shores of Virginia within a short time. The man was surprised that the master should ask such a question, which did not improve Captain Tom's humor after his recovery from a scare. The man said the Captain changed the course himself. Then came the revelation.

When Capt. Evans shouted "West!" to the man on the fore-castle the man at the wheel took it as an order from the master to change the course, and he did so by bringing her up three points, which put the bow directly inshore and steaming at a good speed for the dangerous shoals off the coast. It would not have been long before bottom would have been found.

Capt. Evans says he will never have another man in his crew who is known as either North, South, East or West. If he finds one that man must respond to the name of Smith, Jones or Brown.

Mr. South is chief officer of the steamer Ohio of the same fleet as the Runo, but his position requires others to place a handle before his name, which precludes the danger of the man at the wheel changing the course to "Mr. South."—Baltimore Sun.

Marvel Watch of Geneva.

A manufacturing firm of Geneva, Switzerland, has for many years been making a specialty of complicated timepieces and a watch placed on view at the Paris exposition is regarded by them as their highest achievement. In it they have overcome problems which were before considered insolvable, and have succeeded in retaining the size of the watch within a convenient limit of a pocket timepiece—namely, twenty lines, corresponding to the American eighteen size. But two of these watches have ever been constructed. One of these was purchased direct from the workshop of the firm to be added to the magnificent watch collection of A. Ponti, the celebrated amateur of Milan, Italy.

This watch, which has a perpetual calendar indicating the days of the months, the days of the week and the phases of the moon, also possesses two separate small dials, upon which are shown automatically for a given latitude the time of the rising of the sun and the time of its setting. The difficulty overcome here was great, but what comprises the merit of the piece is that, in connection with the minute hand, which shows the mean time (the time we use), it carries another hand which indicates the sun's time (the true time). This hand, moving from the center as do the hands showing the mean time, constantly travels with them and places itself each day at midnight in the position it should occupy in order to indicate that day the difference between the mean and true time. The variation is very great, being as much as fifteen minutes in one direction or the other. These dates are April 15, June 15, Sept. 1 and Dec. 25.—Jewelers' Circular.

Cost of Running the Railways.

It is estimated that it costs \$550,000 every week to run the railways of the world.

Every man thinks pain hurts him worse than it hurts other people.

Dainty Appetite

Easily satisfied, a feeling of distress after eating, and more or less nausea between meals, every day—DYSPEPSIA!

No need to say anything about the belching, vomiting, flatulence, headache, pain in the stomach.

Dyspepsia cannot be cured except by what gives vigor and tone to the stomach, functional activity to the whole digestive system. The medicine that does this, according to the results of its use in thousands of completely cured cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cook Bay Butter.

The Cook Bay, Oregon, creamery, makes about 250 pounds of butter a day.

Washington Lands Come High.

John Shaffer's ranch near Odessa, Lincoln county, Wash., sold recently for \$7,000.

Good Horses Hard to Find.

Horse buyers throughout Washington report difficulty in finding good animals of 1,600 broken to harness.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove'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.

Got Ahead of 'Em.

"I've got the best of the old railway company for once in my life."

"How is that, Pat?"

"I've got a return ticket to London and" (in a whisper) "I ain't coming back."

The Ideal Laxative.

No more ancient pill poisons and black draughts, but up-to-date, scientific, harmless, palatable, potent Cascarella's Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Montana Insurance Business.

Some way or other a living is made by 1887 fire and life insurance agents in Montana, representing 121 companies.

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.

Razors of Glass.

A glassmaker is experimentally flaking thick glass to see if a very keen edge cannot be produced that will answer for all purposes for which a razor is used, his action being suggested, presumably, by the fact that in the far East bits of broken glass are used for shaving with.

GARFIELD TEA is the original herb tea for the cure of constipation and sick headache; it is a specific for all disorders of stomach and bowels.

Breaking Range Horses.

At Lewiston, Idaho, 75 range horses are being broken to the saddle, and the work makes a big show every day at the corral where the fun goes on.

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

Always Hard.

"How very cross and disagreeable she is! And it's less than two years ago that she was claiming to have been born again."

"Well, you know how trying the second summer always is."

Holt's School.

Holt's School (for boys), Menlo Park, Cal., has more students and is in better condition than ever. Spring term begins January 7th, 1901. Send for catalogue. Ira G. Holt, P. O. Principal.

Big Steamers in the Oriental Service.

The O. R. & N. company now has four enormous steamers in the Oriental service, operating from Portland, the net tonnage of each being 9,000.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*

Sold Six Tons of Wool.

George Chambers, Ontario, Oregon, sold this year's wool clip, 12,500 pounds, to Boston parties at 11½ cents.

High Railroad Taxes.

Northern Pacific railroad taxes were paid in Latah county, Idaho, last week, amounting to \$7,000.

5 DROPS The Only Sure Cure and Instantaneous Relief for **RHEUMATISM**

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, CATARRH, CHOLERA, BRONCHITIS, LA GRIPPE, MALARIA, HEART WEAKNESS, CREEPING NUMBNESS, etc. Buy a box today and have it in the house. It will save suffering and doctor's bills. Harmless for children's use. Contains no opiates or other harmful ingredients. Absolutely pure and concentrated. Large bottle of 300 drops for \$1, prepaid by mail or express, or we will send you (postpaid) a trial bottle for 25 cents. Agents wanted.

SWEDISH RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, 34 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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