

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 JOSE 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 after taking the first bottle, 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 HELDEN, 126 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 the womb. I had four tumors 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 tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never have gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STAHL, Watsontown, 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, Pulaski Co., Ky.

Made Him Homesick.

A tramp went along a dusty road and sat down on the steps of a house in a quiet village street. Through the windows the voices of a man and woman in violent altercation were heard, and the tramp listened intently. Angry words, and occasionally the sound of something thrown, reached his ears, he could hardly sit still.

At last, evidently, the wife had taken a broom, and the blows fell fast and furious.

The tramp could stand it no longer, but, rushing to the side door, he darted in, and, stepping between the pair, he cried, with a husky voice:

"Give us a clip or two with the broom, old woman; it seems just like old times!"—Collier's Weekly.

Walking Warily.

A man who walks circumspectly has his eyes open and his wits about him. If you ask him where he is going he can tell you instantly. He has a rule of conduct, and a distinct object in view, and carries with him a certain sense of danger that some one or something will interfere with the object he has in view. Such a man will be more likely to accomplish his purpose than a mere wanderer. If it is worth while to walk circumspectly, for the sake of success in business and the accomplishment of our earthly schemes, how much more is it worth while, for the sake of our spiritual welfare and growth in grace?—United Presbyterian.

Heard His Name.

The following story is told in the life of the late Archbishop Benson by his son about the archbishop's favorite dog, Watch: "My father was reading the lesson, which was the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark, in which the word 'watch' occurs several times. The dog, who had been slumbering peacefully, became very restless, and, as the bishop ended with the words: 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch,' in a very imperious voice, there followed a great scuffling and scratching, and Watch emerged hastily from his place and proceeded to the door of my father's stall."—Troy Times.

A Model Husband.

Wife—I saw the loveliest lace spreads today, only two dollars and a half, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economize, and so I didn't get them.

Husband—That's too bad, my dear, you should have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your aesthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my dear angel, if it doesn't cost more than two dollars and a half.—N. Y. Weekly.

Railway Pudding.

Cream together with two ounces of fresh butter and a cup of white granulated sugar; add to this the well beaten yolk of one egg and a cup of milk. Work well together and flavor with any essence desired. Mix a large teaspoon of baking powder with two cups of flour and gradually add to the mixture. Bake in an oblong tin. When cooked, divide in two, spread one-half with jam and press the other lightly on it. Some of this mixture might be baked in small patty pans for tea cakes.—Boston Globe.

Contrast.

"Times change."
"Prove it."
"In 1866 people who watched for the meteoric shower were called scientific observers. In 1899 they are alluded to as rubber necks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tart But True.

Until individuality is enabled to assume the mantle of greatness it can probably do as much to make a man unpopular as any other one quality.—Puck.

A Just God.

It is as hard as ever to reconcile the wrongs which men suffer at each other's hands with the great truth that there is over all a just, holy and gracious God. Our own personal life is full of unsolved mysteries, and lays upon us heavy hands. There must be some great facts of which we can lay hold to steady ourselves amidst the flood of doubt which otherwise might engulf us.—Rev. Ed. Coe.

Work.

Man is not exceptional in the fact that he is and has to be a worker. All nature is a scene of incessant action. Everything from atoms to stars and systems of suns are constantly in motion.—Rev. Dr. Thomas, People's Church.

The affection of old age is one of the greatest consolations of humanity. I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.—Coleridge.

Has No Terrors for Him.

The bathtub trust, says the Pittsburg Times, cannot scare the old inhabitant who was brought up to wash at the pump.

THE FUNNY MAN.



WILLIAM WIDGER, at his desk in the Daily Record office, paused one morning in the exercise of preparing the humorous column and groaned, gently, but with unmistakable earnestness.

Perkins, at the adjoining desk, looked at him in amazement. Never before, during his two years of professional contiguity to Widger, had he observed a similar demonstration. He mentioned the fact at once.

"It is nothing," said Widger; "that is, it is nothing serious. I came near writing a real poem instead of a jingle, that is all."

"I call that rather serious," said Perkins. "Heavens! Billy, you must go slow. You're on the verge of something. A chap of your talent cannot be too careful."

"So?" said Widger lazily. "You make me weary, Perk. What do you know about poetry and its relation to neurotic exhaustion. Do you consider the production of real poetry an indication of weakness at the nerve centers. Do you—"

"No, but see here, Billy; I've prepared the 'Hints to Housekeepers' and the 'Food and Health' columns for this paper regularly for three years now, and—"

"You have also prepared the 'Aunt Jerusha's Talks with Girls' column," interrupted Widger. "You are a vile humbug, Perk."

"No more so than you, Billy. Don't wound my sensitive heart, kind friend, I pray you. The Record is avowedly the most popular paper in the Mississippi Valley among the women. Why? 'Tis I, Billy, me."

Who tells the women how to cook, and make their homes successful; who tells them how that plimply look is rendered less distressful.

Me, Billy, I—Oswood K. Perkins, the poor orphan, who wouldn't know how to act if he had a home. That's the secret of my success, Billy; I'm original.

"Because you do not know any better."

"Exactly. But as to yourself. You're supposed to be funny. Your stuff is well liked. Some people actually laugh at it. Your verses jingle pleasantly, and your paragraphs are redolent of ginger. You hold your job. You eat. But, Billy, dear, 'twould be very different if you should blunder into poetry—real poetry, as you call it. You'd lose your job. You'd cease to eat. Your nerves, deprived of the food they crave, would become toneless, snappish. Prostration, agony, lingering death, unwept, unhonored, unsung. Don't do it, Billy."

Widger smiled.

"Perk," said he, "you are a freak. But you are wise—you must be or you wouldn't be able to humbug the women as you do. You are also a gentleman, and I believe a good judge of—"

"Whisky?"

"No, poetry."

"Um—m—I don't know."

"I do. Read that, and tell me what you think."

Perkins took the proffered sheet with affected timidity, and looked at it from the corners of his eyes. Then he handed it back.

"It's pretty bad, Billy," said he honestly. "I don't think I ever read worse."

Memory grim doth rend my heartstrings, Cruelly with fingers plink. Is but little short of positive disease, Do you feel perfectly well, old man?"

"Yes, I am well enough, but I am depressed in spirit. Do you suppose, Perk"—glancing at the clock—"that if I gave you my confidence for about fifteen minutes it would seriously interfere with the glorious work you are doing for benighted women? I think it would make me feel better."

"Nothing," replied Perkins firmly, "can interfere with that. Go ahead, old man."

He sat back in his chair with an index finger on either side of his nose—his characteristic attitude when in repose, as he once informed the Record's cartoonist when that brilliant but misguided young man begged him for a "sitting"—while Widger slowly gathered the sheets from his desk and tore them into strips.

"You know where I came from, Perk?" he asked, dropping the strips into the waste basket.

"St. Paul, Billy. You didn't know the letter J from a hole in the ground, and you considered Minneapolis merely a short chapter in mythology."

"Yes," said Widger. "At St. Paul, I worked on the Evening Gazette and my duties were as the sands of the sea. I did everything, from heavy editorial to the hotels, and between jumps I fell in love. It may not altogether be my fault. Some men are born lovers, some

cultivate the tendency, and some have it thrust upon them. It was thrust upon me. And the maiden's name was Smith."

"Smith—Smith," mumbled Perkins; "in all the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as—go on, Billy."

"She was a nice girl, as girls go," continued Widger, "well set head, nonpareil body, good clear face and the daughter of her father, who owned the Gazette. She was accustomed to spending an hour or two each day at the office, and I had not talked with her many times before I experienced a strange sensation. I did not know what to call it. I suppose it was love, but I never said a word about it to her. I reasoned that it would be too presumptuous—might lose me my situation."

"I did not know then that I was qualified to do anything better in the newspaper line than to grind on the Gazette at ground pay. I made myself wretched at times wishing she would keep away from the office, so that I might forget her. But I drew a long breath of relief the next time she appeared, and answered her questions about this and that thing journalistic, and listened to her blissfully when she told me what a glorious profession she thought it and what an ornament to it she considered me."

"She sounded me frequently on my ambitions, and I told her freely what were my hopes."

"You are wedded to your work," she said to me one day.

"I am," I replied.

"Then she looked at me with an expression which I did not understand and changed the subject. I never saw her outside of the office. I was practically penniless, and she was accustomed to luxury. I was not in society. Our lives had little in common. I loved her. The thing for me to do, as a sensible person, was to make the best of it silently, and I did so. Did I do right, Perk?"

"Precisely, Billy. Get along."

"Well, after a while her engagement to one of the great men of the city—name Jones—was announced, and it fell upon my harrowed soul with much the gentleness of a thunderclap. I felt bad, Perk, but at the same time I felt glad—glad that I had not made an ass of myself."

"I had been sorely tempted, heaven knows. At the first opportunity—she had dropped into the office to reload her camera in the coat closet—I shook hands with her and told her as clearly as I could—not knowing what to say—how delighted I was, and, sir, she turned squarely about without a word and left me high and dry, looking every bit, I doubt not, as foolish as I felt. That was in January. The wedding was to occur in June."

"I worked like a cold weather fly and tried to forget her. I succeeded pretty well. Her visits to the office had ceased with my well-meant congratulatory performance, and this made it easier for me, although my heart beat like shorthand whenever I heard a female voice from the private office, and the sudden swish of skirts caused me to jump violently. But I did not see her again until May—three weeks before the wedding. She had been in Chicago, I believe, paying a farewell visit to a schoolmate, and incidentally—"

"Never mind that, Billy," interjected Perkins. "You don't know what she was doing incidentally. Come to the point."

Widger bowed gravely. "All right, Perk. I thank you. I was alone in the office one stormy night, fixing up a string of airy falsehoods for the next day, when the telephone bell rang like forty fires. I put the receiver to my ear, held it there for perhaps a minute, yelled 'yes' into the transmitter, bolted into my overcoat and turned out the light."

"I was at G. S. and X. shops five minutes later, and, swinging onto the rear platform of the caboose attached to a wrecking train, in an hour I was on the scene of the worst railway smash-up in the history of Minnesota."

"Ever see a splintered passenger train at night, Perk—white faces staring at you by lantern light, groans seeming to rise out of the earth, steam, smoke, horror? I never realized until that night what an awful thing darkness is—darkness to which there is no limit—that almost suffocates a man and strikes him blind. Time and again I involuntarily passed my hand before my face to clear a way in the blackness for my eyes."

"There was a station not far away, and after getting what information I could I took my way in that direction to get off some dispatches for the first editions of the morning papers, stumbling along as best I could, yearning for light, light, light. And, Perk, I—I—there was light."

"Celestial fire, Billy?"

"Something like it. I stumbled over a body finally. I had been dreading it, and praying that I might be steered clear of that sort of obstacles. It gave

out the faintest kind of a moan when I struck it, and I recoiled as much as fifteen feet, I think. Then I took a firm grip on myself and approached it again, because that seemed to be my duty."

"The man or woman, whichever it was, had evidently crawled out of the wreck and tried to go somewhere. It had fallen wretchedly. It was lying in the long, wet grass at quite a little distance from the track. It might not be found for hours if I passed it by. Nevertheless, I hesitated. I confess it with shame."

"Then I knelt by its side and passed my hands over its cold, rain-washed face and bedraggled hair. It was a woman. I put my finger to its pulse. It was alive."

"The flutter of the straining heart acted like a strong stimulant upon me. I lifted the limp form in my arms and felt my way onward to the station. It was a long walk and a hard one, not unfringed with danger, for there was a bridge to be crossed, but I reached the end at last and passed into the light of the waiting-room, and—and—and, Perk, it was she. I had been carrying her in my arms all that distance."

"I believe they considered me insane when I laid her upon the operator's bed and looked into her face. For an instant my strength went from me to the last ounce and I all but collapsed; then it came back in a mighty wave, and I suppose I did act like a maniac."

"She had an old-fashioned locket in her hand, fastened about her neck by a ribbon, and she held it to her lips rigidly, as she had held it when she was fainting in the long, wet grass. Perk, I cannot tell you how I felt. I—"

"Don't try, Billy. Keep to your story."

"A train arrived shortly with doctors, and one of them pushed me from her side by force—he had to use force—and cut the ribbon and removed her hand from her mouth. He said something about respiration as he did it, and looked at the locket curiously."

"Open it," said he, unclasping her fingers; "it may identify her."

"I opened it—I opened it, Perk, and—and it contained my own picture—a picture she had taken herself without my knowledge."

"I put it into my pocket. No one noticed, for other victims were brought in then, and the place was in a turmoil. Then I went out into the rain, and walked and walked, kissing that bauble over and over again. It was daylight when I saw her again, and she was being assisted to the train that was to take her home. She seemed little the worse for the shock she had suffered. Her face was very white—that was all."

"Didn't you speak to her?"

"Yes, I spoke to her; but Jones was with her, his arm about her waist, and her father was close behind her, laden with wraps, and—and I only said: 'How-de-do, Miss Smith?' and swallowed my heart."

"The Gazette nearly got scooped on the story of the wreck. They depended on me to fix it up, and for some reason or other I forgot it. I resigned my position the next day, and came down here to do humor. I did not dare to attempt anything else, for fear of going into a decline. I have been fairly well contented, but once in a while, Perk, I get down in the mouth. I found this in one of the papers from up there this morning."

He drew a clipping from his pocket and tossed it upon the desk. Perkins read it:

"Um—m—'Born, a boy to Mr. and Mrs. John Jones,' eh? Well, what of it, Billy? Didn't you think it possible?"

"Yes, but, Perk"—and there was a note of genuine sorrow in Widger's voice—"she—she will forget me entirely now."

Perkins laid his hand lightly upon Widger's shoulder for an instant.

"Go to work, Billy," said he, softly. "It is better so."

"Yes," assented Widger, "it is better so."

He breathed deeply and turned again to his jokes and jingles.—Philadelphia Press.

Their Remarkable Record.

It would be well if all families could point to as creditable a history in point of freedom from domestic broils as that of Deacon Kendrick, of Dashville.

The good deacon and his wife were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. A large concourse of relatives and friends had assembled at the old homestead, a splendid dinner had been served and eaten, and the speeches, without which no anniversary of this kind is considered to be complete, were in progress.

"In all these fifty years, my friends," said Neighbor Brown, in the course of his remarks, "as I have been told a hundred times and believe to be true, our venerable friend and his wife have never exchanged a cross word. Is it not so, Deacon?"

"Yes, that's true," replied the deacon. "Is it not so, sister?" asked Mr. Brown, addressing Mrs. Kendrick.

"Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye. "Abner may have given me a cross word now and then, but I've never answered back."

Women, when cornered, cry, and thus gain time in which to think up a new excuse.