

An Invitation to Women

All the world knows of the wonderful cures which have been made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, yet some women do not realize that all that is claimed for it is absolutely true.

If all suffering women could be made to believe that Mrs. Pinkham can do all she says she can, their suffering would be at an end, for they would at once profit by her advice and be cured.

There is no more puzzling thing than that women will suffer great pain month after month when every woman knows of some woman whom Mrs. Pinkham has helped, as the letters from grateful women are constantly being published at their own request.

The same derangements which make painful or irregular periods with dull backaches and headaches, and dragging-down sensations, presently develop into those serious inflammations of the feminine organs which completely wreck health.

Mrs. Pinkham invites women to write freely and confidentially to her about their health and get the benefit of her great experience with the sufferings of women. No living person can advise you so well. No remedy in the world has the magnificent record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for absolute cures of female ills. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Three Letters from One Woman, Showing how She Sought Mrs. Pinkham's Aid, and was cured of Suppression of the Menstruation and Inflammation of the Ovaries.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been in bed a year. Doctors say I have female weakness. I have a bad discharge and much soreness across my ovaries, bearing-down pains and have not menstruated for a year. Doctors say the menses will never appear again. Hope to hear from you."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., April 1, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I received your letter. I have taken one bottle and a half of your Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of your Wash, and feel stronger and better. I can walk a few steps, but could not before taking your Compound. I still have the discharge and am sore across the ovaries, but not so bad. Every one thinks I look better since taking your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., Aug. 13, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to let you know the good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has done me. After I took three bottles, menses appeared, and I began to feel stronger and all my pain was gone. Yours is the only medicine that ever helped me. I am able now to work around the house, something I did not expect to do again."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., Jan. 25, 1899.

Three More Letters from One Woman, Relating how She was Cured of Irregular Menstruation, Leucorrhoea and Backache.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am suffering and need your aid. I have pains in both sides of the womb and a dragging sensation in the groin. Menstruation irregular and painful; have leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, soreness and swelling of the abdomen, headache, backache; nervousness, and can neither eat nor sleep."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., July 19, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I want to thank you for what you have done for me. When I wrote to you I was a total wreck. Since taking your Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, my nerves are stronger and more steady than ever before, and my backache and those terrible pains are gone. Before I took your medicine I weighed less than one hundred and thirty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Your medicine is a godsend to poor weak women. I would like to ask you why I cannot have a child. I have been married nearly three years."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Dec. 1, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I did just as you advised me, and now I am the happy mother of a fine baby girl. I believe I never would have had her without your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Jan. 27, 1899.

Proof that Falling of the Womb is Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I wrote to you some time ago, I had been suffering from falling of the womb for many years without obtaining relief. Was obliged to wear a bandage all the time; also had bad headache and backache, felt tired and worn out. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and four boxes of Liver Pills, I discarded my bandage and have not had to wear it since. I am entirely cured."—Mrs. J. P. TROUTMAN, Box 44, Hamilton, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For nearly two years I was unable to work. I was very weak and could not stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time.

The doctors said I had falling and inflammation of the womb. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using five bottles I feel like a new woman."—Mrs. P. N. BLAKE, Confluence, W. Va.

A Bag Full of Breath.
The "pneumatophor," an Austrian invention for enabling miners, firemen etc., to breathe when surrounded by after damp, smoke or noxious fumes of any kind, consists of an air tight rubber bag containing a steel bottle of pure oxygen at a pressure of 100 liters, and a metal protected glass bottle containing a 25 per cent solution of caustic soda. The oxygen can be admitted by a hand screw into the bag and drawn into the mouth through a rubber tube, the nose being closed by a clip. The turn of another hand screw breaks the glass bottle, allowing the caustic soda to flow out and be absorbed by a knitted network in the bag to absorb the carbonic acid exhaled, allowing the oxygen to be rebreathed, the apparatus being capable of furnishing oxygen enough to last from thirty to ninety minutes, as has been attested by numerous experiments.

A SIGNIFICANT LETTER.

New York City, Feb. 15, 1900.
My Dear Carlton:—I know it will please you to learn that my homeward journey from San Francisco was more than pleasant. One striking feature that added very much to my comfort was the dining car service on the Rio Grande Western and the Denver & Rio Grande. This is the finest service of this description I have ever seen anywhere, either in this country or abroad; the food and cooking was all that could be desired, and at very moderate prices. If you happen to know the Rio Grande Western people, I wish you would say to them that it will afford me the greatest pleasure at all times to hear testimony anywhere to the above facts.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. ADDISON BAKER, 2nd.
[Salt Lake Tribune.]

The Rio Grande Western Railway now operates through Pullman sleeping cars between San Francisco and Chicago, without change. The route via Salt Lake City is unequalled in attractiveness and wealth of novel interest. Three through trains daily. Write for information, rates, etc., to J. D. Mansfield, General Agent, 253 Washington street, Portland, Ore., or Geo. W. Heintz, General Passenger agent, Salt Lake City.

Hazardous Business.
Life Insurance Agent (filling out application)—Your general health is good, is it not?

Applicant—Never had a sick day in my life.

Agent—Um! You do not contemplate entering upon any hazardous undertaking, I suppose?

Applicant—Well, yes, I am afraid I do. I am going to get married next Wednesday.—London Answers.

Glazed Paper and Eyesight.
Some German physicians have concluded that much harm may be done to the eyes by the highly glazed paper used in some modern books. Especially for school children it is believed to be injurious. Reference is made to the books of the last generation, whose unglazed, non-reflecting surface did not fatigue the eyes.

Their New Fame.

"Mabel," said Willie, who had eaten his apple, "let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam."

"All right," said Mabel. "How do we play it?"

"Well," said Willie, "you just try to make me eat your apple, and I'll say 'no,' but after a while I'll do it."

Bridge Burned With Electricity.

A novel method of destroying a wooden bridge has recently been tried with complete success. Weighted wires are placed across certain beams and heated by means of electricity; the wires burn their way through the wood, aided by the weights, and the bridge falls.

A Gentle Hint.

He—Ida, are you interested in athletic sports?

She (who has waited)—Yes; I am very much interested in the ring just now.

To clean hot water copper boilers, get three cents' worth of oxalic acid at your druggist's, put it in a pint bottle and fill it with cold water. Pour it over the boiler while it is hot, rubbing it down quickly with a cloth, and polishing it over with a dry piece of flannel. The bottle should be marked "poison."

The pay of the operatives in the employ of the Nonantum and Newton Worsted Companies was advanced 10 per cent. This means an actual increase and not a restoration. It affects about 600 hands.

The rod mill men employed by the American Steel and Wire Company, in Cleveland, struck, demanding an increase of 10 per cent, instead of the 7½ granted by the company on January 1.

To remove paint from cotton, silk or woolen goods saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain several hours, then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.



THE CHILIAN'S OATH.

THE city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether, the people of Chili show the most enterprise and seem best adapted for republican government of any in South America. Yet the common people are of a dark, revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valparaiso" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the South Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and as Ned was a man to be trusted, the "Old Man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark-looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, "you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senor," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manuel Godena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I am in the way, I'll walk off, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."

"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help. Mr. Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapons, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it "riled" him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels and when once out of reach of Ned's number eight boot, turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed. "I vow to the saints not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!"

Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and, whirling on his heel, went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit, Rosas, and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel-hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that, senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."

"This way, senor."

She struck into a forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening and on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch, surrounded by buildings and corrals for cattle.

"This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform; but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez. I re-

member you, senor. I danced with you at the fandango, in Valparaiso, last week."

They entered the house, and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story, and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now, you must make a stay with me. If your business will allow it, and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty off shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure, senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were very deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon, a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight, and shot one of his assailants, and mortally wounded another, before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now, Isola—"

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four or five of the banditti. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and, as they passed out of sight, all could see that she was gaining rapidly, and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now, ten thousand curses on the girl," he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast, so that he cannot fall down."

The men obeyed, and Godena dismounted with a pistol in his hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace, the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded, and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired, and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted bound!" cried Ned, "if you think to wring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage, complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully, he stepped close to the prisoner, and again and again touched him with the muzzles of the cocked pistols over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner and was about to pull the trigger when a rine cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed, and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said, softly. "Ye te ano!" (I love you.)

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Instead, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.—New York News.

FOR FOOD PRESERVATION.

Great Strides from Sun-Dried Fruits to Airtight Cases.

In early times the only methods of saving perishable pabulum for any considerable length of time was by drying it in the sun or at a fire, or by smoking or salting it. The Indians "jerked" their venison. They dried the flesh of buffaloes, reduced it to powder, mixed it with meal and then baked it for keeping. The Peruvians gave us the word "jerked" (in this meaning) from their word "charqui," which signifies prepared dried meat. The buccaneers derived their name from a peculiar method of curing beef, which was termed "buccanning." There was a regular trade between the native coast tribes of America and those of the interior in desiccated oysters, clams and other shell-fish. Savages and barbarians of all countries have had similar customs, and some still maintain them. The general fashion in our rural regions of drying apples, peaches and other fruits is familiar, as well as the smoking of bacon and hams, the pickling of meats and the salting and smoking of fish. A method of preserving vegetables that has long been extensively used in America is by boiling them a proper time and transferring them to cans or bottles and sealing immediately.

But the method of sealing cooked provisions in airtight metallic cases, which is now so largely in vogue, is of comparatively recent invention. In 1810 Augustus de Heine took out a patent in Great Britain for preserving food in tin and other metal cases by simply exhausting the air by means of an air pump, but it was unsuccessful. It was followed by a number of other efforts by various persons, all of which were more or less failures, until Werthenner's patents, which were three in number, from 1839 to 1841. By his plan the provisions of whatever kind are put into metal cases and closely packed and the interstices filled in with water or other appropriate liquid, such as gravy in the case of flesh food. The lids are then soldered on very securely. Two small perforations are made in each lid and the cases set in a water bath in which muriate of lime is dissolved. Then heat is applied until the whole boils and the air is expelled through the small openings in the lids of the cases. When this is complete the small holes are quickly soldered up.—Self Culture.

HOW KAFFIRS FIGHT.

They Settle Disputes in a Somewhat Picturesque but Effectual Way.

"One of the most expressive words I have run across," said A. D. Lockett, a mining man of Rossland, B. C., "is 'pelleo,' of the Zulu tongue, which is in general use in South Africa. It is literally translated into English as 'done for.' The first time I ever heard it firmly impressed it on my mind. The Kaffirs are awful scappers and there is almost sure to be a fight when rival parties run across each other. Christmas day, and, in fact, all holidays, are generally marked by rows, and for that reason are known there as 'fight days.' The two races which most bitterly hate each other are the Bechuanas and the Shamongos.

"The way the Kaffirs fight is to form in long lines, which gradually approach each other. Then suddenly a man will dart out of one of the lines and rushing up almost to within striking distance of the other will jump up and down with derisive expression of face and gesture, all the while pouring a stream of vituperation upon the enemy, and will finally retire to his own ranks. This maneuver will be promptly repeated by the party attacked, and so it will go on until both sides are lashed into an ungovernable frenzy, and then they will go at it hammer and tongs until one or the other gives way, when the victors, howling 'Futsak! Futsak!' (get out! get out quick!) will chase them as long as there is a possibility of inflicting damage. As the Kaffirs do not indulge in ornamental things, but go in for the most businesslike kind of fighting, weapons are kept out of their hands when possible.

"One day shortly after my arrival in Johannesburg I was driving across the veldt when I came across some Kaffirs fighting. As I drew near one side broke and made a run for it, the other side pursuing at top speed. Not more than fifty yards from my buggy one of the fugitives stubbed his toe and fell, whereupon his pursuer, who had in some way secured possession of an assegai, promptly drove that weapon through the body of his prostrate enemy and deep in the ground beneath. I ran to them and sharply asked the survivor what he was about. Looking at me with eyes in which the battle light was beginning to die out he slowly shook his head and shrugging his shoulders, he pointed at the body. 'Ah! boss, pelleo, pelleo.' And you can wager he told the truth, for that Kaffir never even quivered after the assegai struck him. I asked in Johannesburg what the word meant as soon as I got back."

—New York Tribune.