

Facts for Women

Any article, whatever its merit, must be made known to the public by means of advertising. Advertising, however, though it can do much for a thing, cannot do everything. It may create a sale for a time, but in order to insure a lasting demand the thing advertised must have solid worth.

This is the case with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has solid worth.

Women everywhere have learned this fact, and the result is that there is a lasting and absolutely unequalled demand for it. It has the largest sale of any remedy for female ills in the world, and this has been the case for years.

The reason for this is that Mrs. Pinkham claims nothing that she is not entitled to claim. She can do all that she says she can do, and her twenty years of experience make her advice invaluable. Her experience has been not only long but world-wide, and she has helped more women back to health than any one else in the world. These facts should, and do, have immense weight with all sensible women. Remember these are not wild statements but solid facts.

Facts About the Good Being Done by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Change of Life, Bearing-Down Pains, Etc.

"I had falling, inflammation and ulceration of the womb; backache, bearing-down pains; was so weak and nervous that I could not do my own work; had sick headache, no appetite, numb spells, hands and feet cold all the time. I had good doctors, but none of them did me any good. Through the advice of a lady friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking one bottle I felt greatly relieved, and by the time I had used several bottles was completely cured, so that I could do my work again. I am now passing through the change of life and using your Compound. It helps me wonderfully. I want every suffering woman to know what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. W. M. BULL, New Palestine, Mo.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life and gave back a loving mother to eleven children, which was more than any doctor could have done or any other medicine in the wide world. My trouble was child-birth fever. The third day after my babe was born I took a chill, which was followed by a high fever. I would perspire until my clothes were as wet as though dipped in a tub of water. The chills and fever kept up for three days. My daughter got me a bottle of your Compound. The fourth dose stopped the chills, and the fever also disappeared. My life was saved. My age at this critical time was forty-nine."—LYDIA E. BOUGHER, Etta, Pa.

Facts About Two Cases of Falling of the Uterus Recovered by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I suffered for fifteen years without finding any relief. I tried doctors, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I had falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, pain in the back and head, and those bearing-down pains. One bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me so much good that I sent for four more, also two boxes of Liver Pills and one package of Sanative Wash. After using these I felt like a new woman."—Mrs. G. A. WINTER, Glidden, Ia., Box 220.

"I was suffering with falling of the womb, painful menstruation, headache, backache, pain in groins, extending into the limbs; also a terrible pain at left of womb. The pain in my back was dreadful during menstruation, and my head would ache until I would be nearly crazy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me great relief. I suffer no pain now, and I give your medicine all the praise."—Mrs. J. P. McSPADEN, Rosenberg, Tex.

A Grateful Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Every Wife and Mother.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with most gratifying results. I had been married four years and had two children. I was all run down, had falling of womb with all its distressing symptoms. I had doctored with a good physician, but I derived very little good from his treatment. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do my work and nurse my seven-months-old babe. I recommend your medicine to every wife and mother. Had I time, I could write much more in its praise. I bid you Godspeed in your good work."—Mrs. L. A. MORRIS, Welaka, Putnam Co., Fla.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I commenced the use of your remedies I was very badly off. Every two weeks I was troubled with flowing spells which made me very weak. I had two of the best doctors, but they did not seem to help me. They said my trouble was caused from weakness and was nothing to worry about. I felt tired all the time; had no ambition. I was growing

worse all the time until I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to help about the house, and am much improved in health."—Mrs. A. WALKER, Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

An Unselfish Spirit.

Jesus was not self-engrossed. He went through the world with His eyes open for others. He saw the man at the pool of Bethesda, He saw the great sorrow of the widow as she followed those who carried her son to the burial, He saw the blind man by the way, He saw that the people were hungry and faint. With Him to see was to do. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "I will not send them away fasting," exhibit the spirit of His life. One self-engrossed becomes narrow and selfish, and, of course, miserable. But on looking out for others and thinking how he may help them broadens in his sympathy, enlarges in his spirit, and carries life and happiness wherever he goes.—United Presbyterian.

ANOTHER FAST TRAIN.

The Rio Grande Western Railway "The Great Salt Lake Route," has resumed its fast train services to the East, making the run from Portland to Chicago in three days and a half. No lay-over is necessary, and only one change of cars is made. Those who desire it have the privilege, however, of a day-light stopover either at Salt Lake City or Denver. Three daily express trains are run, leaving Ogden, Utah, at 7:15 a. m., and 1:15 and 7 p. m. The morning train carries a through standard sleeper to Chicago, via the Burlington Route, and the night train one via the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. The tourist sleepers and chair cars run daily as formerly through from Portland to Denver. Twice a week tourist excursion cars are run through from Portland to Boston. All trains carry dining cars, making the trip across the continent, via "The Great Salt Lake Route," most desirable. The Rio Grande Western Railway is the only road running through Salt Lake City, and with its connections—the Denver & Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland—takes the passenger through the famous Rocky mountain scenery of Colorado.

For rates and all other information, address J. D. MANSFIELD, General Agent, 253 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

Reclaiming Lost Lumber.

Twenty years ago there was an extensive lumbering business done in Pine township, Ionia county, and the slabs which were sawed from the logs were dumped into Pine lake as the easiest way to get rid of them. At that time they were not considered of any value, but with the present prices of lumber they would be valuable. Consequently a company has been formed, a mill will again be located on the banks of the lake, and the slabs, of which there are millions of feet in huge piles on the lake bottom, will be fished out and converted into lath, the price of which has recently soared skyward and promises to stay there.

Proud of Her Name.

It was at the First Presbyterian church Sunday school, and the teacher of the class was trying to impress her class with the idea of the Lord's omnipresence.

"Why, just think," she said. "He knows the name of every one of you." Little Hazel Kirschenschlager leaned forward in her chair, with an expression of incredulity on her face.

"Well," she said after a moment, "perhaps he does know my name, but I'll bet he doesn't know how to spell it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wisdom of the West.

"We find," said the foreman of the Western jury, "that if, as the prisoner says, the shootin' was accidental, then he ought to hang; fer in these gun affairs a man oughter know his own mind. It oughter be shoot to kill or no shoot. A man who has accidents happen to him with a gun is dangerous to our society, an' oughter to be put out of the way fer the safety of respectable folks."—Philadelphia North American.

A Historic Flag.

Among the flags hung in the new memorial hall in the Massachusetts statehouse are those which the famous Sixth Massachusetts regiment carried in the fight in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, and throughout the civil war. The state flag of the regiment Chaplain Babbidge kept folded across his breast under his coat for safe keeping during the first few days the regiment was in Washington.—Chicago Chronicle

Consumption of Beer.

During the year 1897-98 Germany drank 1,383,700,000 gallons of beer, and Great Britain nearly as much. The average is 32 gallons a head—or a stomach—for Great Britain, 25 for Germany, 10 for the United States.

During the year ending December 1, 1899, the main Chicago public library distributed 616,210 volumes, while the 60 substations gave out 1,137,839.

Slag left after the making of steel by the Bessemer process is now being converted into phosphate.

The Yellowstone park was visited last summer by about 15,000 tourists, or 3,000 more than in any preceding year.

"Are You Married Yet?"

SAY! Are you married yet?" Ivan Carlyon turns abruptly as a delicate pearl-colored glove is laid on his sleeve, and looks down into the beautiful laughing face upturned to his gaze.

As his eyes meet Cora Marricott's she flushes a hot vivid crimson and withdraws her hand. Instinctively he raises his hat, but with a muttered "I—beg your pardon!" the girl flits on, and her butterfly robes are soon lost in the brilliant throng.

Smiling and still puzzled at the recent encounter, he passes on to exchange a greeting with Lady Loraine and her pretty daughters.

"How do you do, Mr. Carlyon? Delighted to see you back again—just in time for our ball. I hope you will come."

"I shall be delighted. I only returned to town last night, and am going up to Scotland next week with the Huntley's."

"Are you? So are my girls." "What a sad thing about the Lesters. I suppose the property goes to a distant cousin?"

"Yes, Miss Marricott—a wild Yorkshire girl—a most 'larky' person, I hear. A girl who has never been in society, or stayed in a country house in her life; whose chief diversion has been raking round hydropathsies with an old maid governess. But there—money covers a multitude of sins!"

Lady Loraine's spacious rooms are filled with dancers; the sound of a dreamy waltz falls on the ear, while the perfume of lovely flowers lulls the senses to dreamy languor. Ivan Carlyon has put down his name for dances with his hostess' daughters, when his friend Jack Stanforth comes up.

"Got any dances left, Carlyon? Come on, I'll introduce you to the jolliest little girl in London; the best dancer, by Jove, in the two hemispheres!" And Carlyon finds himself standing before a brilliant little figure that reminds him more of a bird of paradise than anything else.

"Mr. Ivan Carlyon—Miss Marricott."

"May I have a dance?" The blonde head is raised, two blue eyes meet Ivan's own, then a wave of color floods the girl's face.

"Jove! Then you've met before? Ivan, old fellow, you're in luck!" And Jack Stanforth takes himself off.

For a moment the other two are silent, then Ivan takes the white and gold card from the girl's slim hand and sees her fingers trembling.

"I may have a waltz?"

"If you care to—yes."

"Thanks."

"Of course, you remember I can give you no explanation."

"Don't think of it," Ivan breaks in. "You took me for some old friend—some—"

"More than that," she says, hurriedly. "I mistook you for someone I know, but my words were a quotation—an old joke."

Ivan sees she is really distressed; he hands back her card, saying with good courtesy:

"Your remark was meant for another gentleman, Miss Marricott, and I—well, I have forgotten it."

Cora flashes him a grateful glance as she turns to other men who are besieging her for dances, but when it comes to his dance Ivan searches high and low for his partner, corridor, conservatory, supper-room, all in vain. Miss Marricott is nowhere to be found.

II.

"If I'd known he was to be here I'd never have come! I hate even being in the same house!"

"But, Cora, dear, what has he done? Ivan is such a favorite generally."

"It's not anything he has done, it's what I did. Before you can understand, Millie, you must hear the whole story. Last summer, before I came into my money, old Grundy and I were staying at a hydro—"

"First tell me, who in the world is old Grundy?"

"My old governess; she always plays propriety, you know. Well, the doctor there was a bachelor and very amusing. There was one girl who came to stay there every year who couldn't understand how it was he didn't become a slave to her charms. He told me a story; concocted of him, Millie, but very amusing—when she arrived there one day she greeted him with 'I say, are you married yet?'"

"Not yet," he responded. 'I'm waiting for you!'"

"'Humph!' with a toss of her head. 'You'll have to wait a long time!'"

"'Well, I hope so!' he returned blandly, and I must say brutally, and 'Beauty,' as we called her, sulked and refused to speak to him for several days!"

"But what has this to do with Mr. Carlyon?" says Millie, much dignified.

"This, dear. A fortnight ago at the rose show I saw a man I was positive was Dr. Clarke; he was close by me;

so putting my hand on his sleeve, I remarked in imitation of 'Beauty's' coquettish tone, 'I say, are you married yet?' Imagine my horror when he turned, and I saw it was a stranger—Mr. Carlyon!"

"Cora! What did you do?"

"Do? Turned and fled! I saw the wretch again at your ball. He was introduced and asked for a dance; I gave him one, then went and hid from my shame and mortification when it came off."

"I hate to have your visit spoiled, Cora; perhaps he won't stay long."

"If he does I shan't!" And Cora relapsed into silence.

The annual ball at Glengolf Castle is in full swing. Crowds of gay figures throng the fine old mansion. Cora has danced with all the best-looking men in the room—save one!

And he? Well, a little pucker wrinkles the girl's brow as she stands by the heavy plush curtain. He has only put down his name for one dance, and his turn has come; shall she dance with him, or shall she run away—as she did once before? She must decide quickly. Voices fall upon her ear.

"And his answer was, 'No; I am waiting for you.'"

"So that was the story!" It is Ivan who speaks.

"And now," goes on Millie, her clear voice reaching Cora where she stands, "now she simply hates you, and I believe if she knew I had explained the riddle to you she would never speak to me again. Come, the music is beginning."

Cora has been rooted to the spot. Now a movement of the curtain wakes her to life, and with scarlet cheeks and trembling limbs she turns to fly. How could Millie betray her! Dance with him now? Never! Sit it out? Impossible! There is nothing for it but instant ignominious flight. Down the corridor she goes and seeks refuge in the cloakroom; here she is safe, though every step passing the door makes her shiver.

She avoids the usual gossip in Millie's room that night, and goes straight to bed. Next morning, when Millie's maid takes up her breakfast, a little note lies on the tray:

"Dear Millie: Don't be angry; I am so anxious about Grundy, and have gone to join her. We shall wander about for a few weeks, and revisit our favorite hydro haunts. I will write soon. Be sure and forgive. Your ever loving
"CORA."

III.

The sea is dotted with small boats, and the spa at Scarborough is alive with spectators. The gardens are alight with fireworks, whirling wheels and many-colored showers of sparks fill the air.

There is a terrified scream. A large rocket has fallen short. It drops into one of the little boats and explodes with a crash. An old lady in the stern of the boat starts to her feet. The little cockleshell quivers, lurches, and in a moment her occupants are struggling in the chilly water.

The boatman has grasped the old lady firmly by the arm and has her safe in tow, but the other—Cora—is gasping in the dark silent water, while the sparks of the rocket have caught and set fire to her flimsy summer gown.

"Through fire and water!" she thinks with a little shiver. "Is this what it means?" Then a strong arm is thrown around her; she is for a moment submerged to quench the flames, then she rises to the surface and remembers no more.

When she wakes to consciousness she is on the sofa in their own rooms. A doctor is bandaging her arm and hurting her horribly all the time. Her dress is burned and torn, and wrapped around her shoulders is a light tweed coat.

Two days pass by, and Cora is recovering from her accident. The rocket had burst close to her arm, inflicting an ugly wound, but in spite of the doctor's orders for "quiet and bed" she is lying by the open window of the drawing-room looking out over the sea. It is many months now since that ball at Glengolf Castle, and, though she and Millie have met often since then, the subject of her flight has never been mentioned between them.

A firm step crosses the room and the girl raises her eyes.

"You!" she exclaimed concisely, while the hot color floods her brow.

"Who else should it be?" says Ivan Carlyon, calmly seating himself by her side.

"But was it you who—saved me?" she says in an awestruck whisper.

"Cora," he says, taking her hand, "why did you run away?"

She makes no answer, but her fingers tremble in his grasp.

"What a tiny little hand! I remember when you first laid it on my sleeve, I thought it the prettiest I had ever

seen. Cora, ask me that question again, 'I say, are you—'"

"Don't!" she breaks in. "How can you?"

"Because I want to show you how well I know the answer," he says. "'No, I'm waiting for you.' Shall I have to wait long, Cora?"

She raised two shy eyes.

"My darling!" And in a moment she is in his arms, and he is kissing again and again her sweet, trembling lips!

ACUTE SENSES OF THE SAVAGE

Scientific View of Their Alleged Superiority to Civilized Men.

In his last lecture on the "Senses of Primitive Man," W. H. R. Rivers discussed the acuteness of hearing in savages. In this respect none of the Torres Straits natives were superior to one of the Europeans composing the expedition, while the majority were inferior. No great weight, however, could be attached to the observations, because all the people were divers—an occupation that certainly damaged the ears to some extent. To investigate their range of hearing a Galton's whistle was used, and it was shown that they could hear very high notes. Their sense of smell was tested by means of a series of tubes containing solutions, of varying strength, of odorous substances like valerian and camphor, and the results, while not altogether satisfactory, tended to show they had no marked superiority in this respect over the members of the expedition. With regard to taste it was very difficult to get information, as the natives, naturally enough, did not like strange objects being put into their mouths. One fact, however, was noticed, which was interesting when it was remembered that sweet and bitter were probably our most definite taste sensations, and that was the complete absence of any word for bitter. For the sense of temperature the data were very scanty, but it was found that the natives had points on their skin specially sensitive to cold, exactly as was the case with Europeans.

As to touch, when tested to see how close the points of a pair of compasses must be put on the skin before they ceased to be felt as two, their sensitiveness was in general better than Europeans, but there was always the doubt whether they were really able to bear pain with more fortitude. However, the conclusion that the Murray Islanders were distinctly less sensitive than the Europeans in the expedition was supported not only by their subjective statements, but also by object tests depending on the condition of the blood pressure. In the discrimination of weight it was curious that these natives, who had no abstract idea of weight and no word to express it, and who, moreover, could have had no practice, were more accurate than a practiced European. Finally Dr. Rivers, while commenting on the defective knowledge of some of the senses he had treated and on the absence of comparative data, concluded that in general the sense organs of the savage were not markedly superior to those of the normal of average European, and that the recorded instances of apparent extraordinary acuteness were to be explained by his habits of observation and specialized knowledge.

FISH SCALES AS ORNAMENTS.

Are Made Into Imitation Pearls by a French Chemist.

Who but a Frenchman would have conceived the idea of utilizing fish scales for purposes of ornament? These scales hitherto have been of little use, except to collectors of marine curios. Of course, the demand in this direction is limited, only certain exceptionally fine or rare scales being sought after. Now, owing to the discovery of a French chemist in Lyons, there is likely to be a growing market for fish scales. The Frenchman has discovered how the scales may be used in the manufacture of artificial pearls and other ornaments. In fact, the demand has been so great for them in Lyons that the supply is absolutely inadequate. Mr. Covert, United States consul at Lyons, has interested himself in the matter, and finds out that there is an actual demand for large quantities of saucels in his consulate, where good prices are paid for them. He has even deputed the innovation of sufficient importance to form the subject of a report to his government, in which he gives directions as to how the scales should be transported. He says:

"The scales should be sprinkled with salt as soon as they are removed from the fish and packed in cans. Any specimens sent to this consulate will receive careful examination, and the results, with any suggestions that may be made and particulars of prices offered, will be duly reported. It is believed in Lyons that the sale of these scales may result in establishing an important business in an article that now has no commercial value."

Owing to the fact that the American sturgeon has the most beautiful and largest scales of almost any fish in the world this item may have considerable interest to fishermen where the largest quantities of this huge fish are now captured.

There is one advantage in being old; the old are never as hungry as the young.