

Women, Remember This Fact

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's ills is greater than that of any living person—male or female.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man. Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examination of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is unequalled.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only.

This is a positive fact—not a mere statement. It is certified to by the mayor and postmaster of Lynn and others whose letters, all in a little book, Mrs. Pinkham has just published. Write for a copy, it is free. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last few months.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Here are some of the cases we refer to:

Mrs. Pinkham Helps Two Women Through Change of Life and Cures Another of Sterility. Read Their Letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that it is owing to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I am alive today. It has taken me out of a sick bed where I had lain for six weeks with a good doctor to tend me twice a day. My trouble was change of life, had frequent hemorrhages. Your medicine checked the flow right away. I am now able to do all my work, and backache is unknown. I am forty-three years of age and enjoying good health."—MRS. ANNIE FOSTER, Cascade Locks, Oregon.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I first wrote to you, I was in a very bad condition. I was passing through the change of life, and the doctors said I had bladder and liver trouble. I had suffered for nine years. Doctors failed to do me any good. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my health has improved very much. I will gladly recommend your medicine to others and am sure that it will prove as great a blessing to them as it has to me."—MRS. GEO. H. JUNE, 901 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and could not become a mother, so wrote to you to find out the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy, the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby, thanks to your medicine."—MRS. MINDA FINKLE, Roscoe, N. Y.

Two More Women Who Acknowledge the Help they Have Received from Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—The doctor says I have congestion of the womb, and cannot help me. There is aching in the right side of abdomen, hip, leg, and back. If you can do me any good, please write."—MRS. NINA CHASE, Fulton, N. Y., December 20, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I followed your instructions, and now I want every woman suffering from female trouble to know how good your advice and medicine is. The doctor advised an operation. I could not bear to think of that, so followed your advice. I got better right off. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used three packages of Sanative Wash; also took your Liver Pills, and am cured."—MRS. NINA CHASE, Fulton, N. Y., December 12, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Have been suffering for over a year and had three doctors. At time of menstruation I suffer terrible pains in back and ovaries. I have headache nearly every day, and feel tired all the time. The doctor said my womb was out of place. Would be so glad if you could help me."—MRS. CARL VOSS, Sac City, Iowa, August 1, 1898.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the good your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I did everything you told me to do, and used only three bottles, and feel better in every respect."—MRS. CARL VOSS, Sac City, Iowa, March 23, 1899.

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty

Thousand Such Letters as Above on File at Her Office—She Makes no Statements She Cannot Prove.

The Loggerhead's Name. "The loggerhead turtle," said an old fisherman, "gets its name from the resemblance of its head and neck, under some circumstances, to the end of a log. You take a big turtle, one weighing, say, 600 or 800 or 1,000 pounds, at sea, with its body submerged, and head and neck out of the water, and they look at a little distance just like the end of a log sticking up. Hence, the name, loggerhead."—N. Y. Sun.

Will Cure you. Dr. Pfunder's
OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

Tests of oil as fuel, made in the British navy, have not proved satisfactory. Patent fuel, made of coal dust and tar, was found to yield nearly as good results as coal.

Pure Blood, Beautiful Complexion. Go hand in hand, one impossible without the other, and the best, quickest, easiest blood purifier is Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

When blocks of ice are laid flat they melt quicker than if permitted to rest on their ends.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has any equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

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

An ice company in New Haven proposes to use automobiles for the delivery of ice next summer.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Physician.

A Texas jury recently rendered this verdict: "We find the man that stole the horse not guilty."

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

There are at the present moment between 800 and 900 commissioned officers in the United States army who have risen from the ranks.

Bathed and Barbered

Are luxuries that all can enjoy on the observation car of the North Coast Limited, in operation on and after April 29th on the Northern Pacific. This observation car will be a dandy. Get a leaflet.

Cremation is expanding in London. In 1885, in that city, only three bodies were disposed of in that way. In 1899, 240 bodies were cremated.

A Twist of the Wrist

In the night will turn on the electric berth light in the Pullman standard sleeping cars on the Northern Pacific's North Coast Limited. Two lights in each section. Send for a North Coast Limited leaflet.

Our new possession, Costa Rica, supplies the best and largest bananas that come to the United States.

Those Going To

The Lewiston, Buffalo Hump, Big Bend, Coeur d'Alene or Kootenai regions can enjoy the new North Coast Limited with its electric lights, steam heat, wide vestibules and observation car, after April 29th, and make close connection at Spokane for all morning trains.

Too Great a Strain.

Muggins—Poor Wigwag has gone insane. Buggins—You don't mean it! "Yes, he started to calculate how much alimony Solomon would have to pay if he had lived in Chicago."—Philadelphia Record.

Where Do You Live?

If on the line of the Northern Pacific look out at night for the big electric lighted trade mark on the rear end of the North Coast Limited. It will burn all night and leave a trail of splendor behind to astonish the natives after April 29th. Send to any of our agents for our North Coast Limited leaflet.

Queen Victoria's age is most shown in her handwriting. This has grown irregular and at times almost illegible.

Electric Fans

Will keep the dining and observation cars on the new North Coast Limited—Northern Pacific—cool and comfortable. Electric lights will light them at night. Electric berth lights in Standard Pullman sleeping cars and a big dome light on rear observation car platform.

LOVE AT LONG RANGE.

CHARLES O'MEARA was an operator in New York on one side of a quadruplexed wire running to Chicago. The operator on the corresponding side in Chicago was Miss Amy Davidson. Both were expert, and the manner in which they kept their message books clear excited the admiration of the chiefs in their respective offices. O'Meara was a handsome and intelligent young Irishman, with jet black hair and mustache and great, soulful blue eyes—one of the kind of men who seem almost unconsciously to possess the power of fascination over women.

After having worked the wire together a few months O'Meara and Miss Davidson became well acquainted, although, of course, neither had ever seen the other. They had abundant opportunities for conversation in the early morning before the rush of business of the day began and in the late afternoon when the rush was over.

There is a sort of telepathy in telegraphy, all telegraphers admit, and there certainly was in this case. Long before any word of love had passed between them each had become conscious of a tender regard for the other. O'Meara could recognize in an instant the touch of a strange hand on the key in Chicago, and Miss Davidson was as quickly conscious of the change when any other than O'Meara's hand manipulated the transmitter in New York. There is as much that is distinctly characteristic in the manner in which telegraphers form the dots and dashes as there is in the manifold forms of chirography.

One morning Amy complained of feeling ill. "I am afraid," she said, "that I will have to give up and go home. I would do so surely if I could afford to lose the time. My head aches dreadfully. Dear me! What would my mother and sister do if I should become really sick? They have no one to take care of them but me."

There was a tremulousness in the dots and dashes which plainly indicated to O'Meara that the girl, a thousand miles away, was weeping softly, as indeed she was, with her head resting wearily against the resonator containing the sounder. He replied:

"Try to stick it out to-day, dear. We will take it easy, and perhaps you will feel better by to-morrow. At any rate, don't worry."

It was the first time he had used any term of endearment in their intercourse, and she was very much affected. But she brightened up a little and managed to struggle through the day's work.

Next morning O'Meara found a strange operator at the Chicago end of the wire, and when he inquired for Miss Davidson he was told that she was very ill. The poor fellow realized now, if he never had before, that he was deeply in love with a woman he had never seen. He became so fretful and irritable as to excite comment among the others in the office.

"What on earth is the matter with O'Meara?" asked one of the operators on the opposite side of the "quad" of the man who sat at the next instrument.

"I guess he's in love with that Chicago girl who is sick," was the reply.

One morning the answer made by the Chicago operator to O'Meara's inquiry as to Miss Davidson's condition contained but one word—"Dead!"

O'Meara uttered a kind of moan, and his head fell upon his desk. When one of the chiefs aroused him he found the young man's face flushed and his eyes bloodshot. O'Meara was sent home, where he remained for weeks suffering from a severe attack of brain fever. When at last he had recovered and returned to the office to report for duty the chief told him to take his usual seat at the Chicago quadruplex.

"If you'd just as lief give me another wire I'd rather have it," O'Meara said. "I don't think I care to work with Chicago any more."

There was a twinkle in the eye of the chief as he said:

"You used to do some fine work on that Chicago wire."

"Perhaps so," O'Meara replied sadly, "but I had a fine operator to work with."

"Well," said the chief, "that's a fine operator there yet—the same one, I believe, that was there before."

"That cannot be—for she is dead!"

This with a great sob.

"I think you had better return to the old wire, for the present at least," the chief said. "Then, if you are not satisfied, I will transfer you to some other circuit."

O'Meara walked slowly over to his old place to relieve the man who was at that moment receiving some messages from Chicago. As he neared the instrument and heard the characters coming with a dearly loved and familiar sound his heart almost stopped beating, so overwhelming was the surge of emotion. He listened a mo-

ment until at the beginning of another message came the signal of the sending operator, "A. D."

"Who, in heaven's name, is there in Chicago," he almost shouted, "that dares to sign 'A. D.'?"

"Amy Davidson, of course," was his friend's reply.

"Don't trifle with me," O'Meara cried.

"Amy Davidson is dead!"

"Not by a long shot," said the operator, making way for O'Meara. "It was only a rumor that some chuckle-headed ass accepted as a fact. She has been back at work for two weeks or more. From the manner in which she has inquired about you every day I should imagine that she takes an interest in you."

When he sat down before the instrument his hand trembled so that he could scarcely form the dots and dashes to ask:

"Is that really you, Amy?" He gave his own signal, "O. M."

"Yes, Charlie, and I'm so glad you are well again." Her reply was as fluttering as his question had been tremulous.

Some of the operators in the New York office wondered at seeing a young man sitting at an instrument with tears of joy streaming down his face, while in the Chicago office there was surprise because a girl was crying and smiling at the same time.

When he recovered his equanimity O'Meara said:

"They told me you were dead, and I believed it. The shock nearly killed me."

"It was merely a rumor, I'm happy to say, but when I came back to work I was greatly depressed at hearing you were so ill. Now we will both be well and happy again."

"I will never be thoroughly happy, my darling," O'Meara replied, "until you are my wife. I am coming out there soon to claim you. May I?"

"Dear me! How can you wish to marry a girl whom you have never seen?"

"This was another instant of tremulousness in transmission.

"That's all right," O'Meara said.

"I'm willing to risk it if you are. I've known and loved you for a long time, even if I haven't seen you. Can I come for you?"

"I may be so homely that when you see me you may be terribly disappointed. I may have red hair and freckles, a cast in my eye and a terrible hump on my back. Can you stand all that?"

"Yes," replied O'Meara, "if you could stand my bald head and red nose."

There was more of this pleasantry, and then Miss Davidson seriously agreed to marry her distant lover. After many more conversations on the wire it was agreed that Miss Davidson and O'Meara should meet at a halfway point, Pittsburg being finally selected, where they should be married.

This course was chosen in the hope that the consummation of their peculiar courtship could be accomplished secretly, thus avoiding the good-natured but embarrassing chaffing of their fellow operators.

But that wire on which they made their arrangements ran through the Pittsburg office, where there were automatic repeating instruments. An operator standing beside the repeaters one day overheard the final arrangements, heard the description each gave the other by which to insure identification at the depot, and told all about it to the Pittsburg operators, who thereupon determined to make the occasion of the wedding interesting. A committee was appointed to watch the meeting of the couple and to prepare for a reception.

O'Meara arrived at Pittsburg a day ahead of Miss Davidson, as had been agreed upon, and was at the station on the following day when her train pulled up from the West. His heart was beating wildly as he scanned the alighting passengers, and he was too preoccupied to notice that he was being watched by half a dozen young men.

Nor did he notice that he was observed closely by a tall, bronze-haired and decidedly handsome young woman who had alighted from a Pullman car and was standing in the shadow of a baggage truck loaded with trunks. There was a smile on the young woman's face as she finally stepped forward and touched O'Meara on the shoulder.

"How d'ye do, Charlie?" she cried.

"Are you really Amy?" he cried, grasping her outstretched hands in both of his. You told me to look out for a short, curly-haired girl, with a limp in her left foot, and I gave you an accurate description of myself."

"Not so very accurate, though," she laughingly replied. "You didn't tell me half how good-looking you are."

It was evident to the watchers, who now came forward, that they were pretty well satisfied with each other. The committee introduced themselves and announced that the couple were to be conducted forthwith to a hotel, where, at 8 o'clock that evening, they

were to be married. This arrangement was carried out, and during the evening the Pittsburg operators and their wives and daughters attended the wedding reception and supper at the hotel.

TELLTALE CHAIRS.

Their Significance in Accordance with Their Relative Positions.

"Chairs are great pantomime performers," said one of a group in the hotel lobby to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer. "I mean," he explained, "that they have wonderful powers of expression."

"Look at those two, facing each other in the corner. The one nearest us, if you will notice, stands perfectly straight and stiff, while the other is twisted around a trifle to the right, and we know by that token as plainly as if we had witnessed it that they were lately occupied by a bore and his victim. The bore squared himself in front of the poor fellow and proceeded to tell the story of his life. The victim writhed and squirmed, and when he finally escaped the record of his travail was written legibly in the furniture. Now, that pair of chairs by the desk tell quite a different tale, and one could almost say that they were engaged in pleasant conversation at this very moment. Observe the confidential angle of the arms. I have often encountered chairs arranged like that, only more so, on the piazza of summer hotels early in the morning after a moonlight night. They fairly reeked with romance! It would be impossible, by the way, to place chairs in such a position deliberately. You couldn't do it to save your neck. The effect depends upon a very subtle combination of lines imparted unconsciously by the occupants."

"Did you ever go into a room where a poker party had been playing a stiff game all night and notice the way the chairs stood about the tables? In nine cases out of ten they tell the story of the wind-up as clearly as it could be done by types. Several years ago I was at a hotel in a little town on the Texas and Pacific, when a fellow was shot in a quarrel in one of the rooms on the second floor. He had been in a party of three who were playing cards, and when I went up to look at the scene of the tragedy, very shortly afterward, I was struck at once by the arrangement of the chairs. They formed a dramatic tableau. One hugged the table, and had evidently been occupied by the chap who looked on. The other was thrust back several feet, at an abrupt angle, as if whoever sat there had risen suddenly, and the third was overturned in a pool of blood. One could not have asked for a better record of what had happened."

Helped Elect Her Husband. Representative John F. Lacey, of Oskaloosa, is one of Iowa's leading lawyers; he has combined some very valuable digests of railroad and land laws, says the Boston Transcript. Little of his career has been public, as his large practice has engaged most of his time.

Year after year he was importuned by the Republicans of Iowa to become their candidate for Congress against James B. Weaver. At length, in 1888, he was nominated almost without his knowledge, and so consented to run. It is related that when he shamefacedly told his wife that he had accepted the nomination, she, with some disgust, said: "Well, John, now that you have gone into it, you must beat Weaver—and if you don't I'll leave you!" To save herself from carrying out this terrible threat, evidently, she used all her endeavors to elect him, going to his political meetings and noting the impressions that different parts of his speech made.

Fell Short of Her Ideal.

When schoolgirls grow confidential with one another they sometimes, I am told, describe the sort of man who corresponds to what they call their "beau ideal." Did you ever happen to hear what Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was credited with saying on this topic? "When I was at school," she remarked, "I used to vow that there were three kinds of men I never could be induced to marry. First, I never would marry a man who was younger than I. Second, I never would marry a man who was shorter than I. Third, I never would marry a politician. Well, I kept my vow, except that in marrying Mr. Douglas I married a man who was not quite as old as I, who was not as tall as I, and who was one of the most prominent politicians of his day."—New York Mail and Express.

The Rubicon.

The proverb in regard to passing the Rubicon originated from the circumstance of Julius Caesar's crossing the stream in the year 49 with his formidable force. This act marked the beginning of civil war. The Rubicon is the ancient name of a small stream which divided Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, and was the boundary of Caesar's province. It separated his province from a fertile and populous country, upon the conquest of which he determined. At the brink of the Rubicon he paused, conscience smitten and undecided. Finally, the love of conquest led him across the stream and sent war and pestilence into the heart of the country. The proverb signifies the entrance upon any undertaking, from which there can be no retreat.