

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for 20 years, day after day and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—then write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

According to a return of the imperial customs authorities the total number of foreigners resident in the open ports of China, was 13,421 at the end of the year 1898.

HOW'S THIS?

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

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known P. 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.

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King Humbert carried \$7,000,000 in life insurance, and had the distinction of being the most highly insured monarch in the world.



The tripping feet—the sparkling eye—the graceful movement—belong not alone to the budding maiden.

These graces are the right—aye duty of every woman until the hair whitens—and regal dignity replaces them.

The mother who guards her strength has so much more to devote to the care and education of her dear ones. She should be a comfort—a cheer—always.

Yet how many feel that they have the strength to properly balance the home? The world is listless, weary and morbid. Its blood moves sluggishly and is full of impurities. It needs a kindling, invigorating tonic to set it afire—it needs Pe-ru-na.

THE ONE MEDICINE

in the world which women may rely upon positively. Pe-ru-na is good for everyone, but particularly for women. The various weaknesses which afflict their delicate organism spring from inflammation or catarrh of the mucous lining, and Pe-ru-na is a specific for catarrh in any organ of the body. Any congestion of a mucous membrane simply means catarrh of the organ affected. This is why Pe-ru-na cures all sorts of troubles where other remedies fail. If there is a catarrhal affection the matter with you anywhere Pe-ru-na will cure you.

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

The Death of a Coward.

THE boy leaned against the bulkhead, watching the lights as they came up one by one on the coast. The plunging of the ship still made his head reel, and he was weak from want of food. He seemed altogether apart from the stir and life that three hundred emigrants on board created. His whole soul was filled with a dumb and impotent protest against his fate, and the life before him. Old Capt. Malcolm had shown little wisdom when he sent his only son to sea to have some pluck knocked into him.

The ship's doctor came out of the saloon in the poop to go his evening round below. With him was his wife, a slight, girlish figure, wrapped in a heavy cloak. She turned at the ladder which led to the lower deck, and was about to go back, when her eyes fell on the boy. She had noticed him once before, and his white face and lonely air roused the womanly sympathy in her. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and said, "You are leaving home, like me?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"You must feel lonely," she said, "but you will soon be back, and then everyone will think so much of you."

Her voice had something caressing and inviting about it; and so his confidence, overcoming his shyness and reserve, broke bounds. He told her everything—how he would hate this life, how all filled him with fear and disgust, the cold and darkness, the chaff and horseplay of his fellow-apprentices, the indifference of everyone around him. He told how impossible it was to come up to his father's standard, how he felt he was a born coward, and that he would always be one, shrinking instinctively from the danger and excitement that bolder natures took pleasure in.

She listened sympathetically. Her hand had patted him once or twice, and encouraged him to go on. When he ended, she said: "You must not be too hard on yourself. It is not always

to the mate. "Go down and shut the for'ard bulkheads, Mr. Jones."

The mate ran forward and with the help of the carpenter tore off part of the hatch covering and sprang to the ladder. As he climbed down young Malcolm peered aimlessly over the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the mate, and Malcolm, galvanized into activity by fear, seized a lantern from the alleyways and clambered down into the hold.

The mate ran towards the iron door in the bulkhead, which had been left open, and pushed it to.

"The light here—quick."

And the boy brought it.

"Blast them!—oh, blast them!" roared the mate. "They've put the bolts on the wrong side. In five minutes we'll all be in kingdom come."

He stumbled for the ladder, and Malcolm followed wild with terror. Yes, everyone would be drowned, and he, too, with the cruel, cold water sucking him down. He dropped the lantern and began to pull himself up the ladder.

Suddenly he stopped. An idea had been born in his brain; a hideous, unthinkable thought—the door could be closed from the other side. He hung limply on the ladder, and in his mind raged a tornado of conflict.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship, safe once again at home! But the mate had said that all were lost. That meant him, too. And if only that door were shut, all could be saved. Great beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He groaned and writhed about like one on the rack. Then he began to descend slowly. He stopped again on the last rung. He clung to the ladder as a drowning man to a rope. He could never let go. Why was he not going up the ladder? There were boats left. He had seen that. He could fight for a place, and be saved. He was so young, not old, like the mate and captain. They must give him a place.



WITH FEVERISH HASTE HE SHOT THE GREAT IRON BOLTS.

those who fear the least that are bravest in the end. When the time comes, I am sure you will do your duty."

In a few minutes the second mate passed along the deck and told the boy to go below. Then all was quiet.

A few hours later the *Pride of Asia* was steaming at "slow," with her whistle going every few minutes. The channel fog grew like a shroud. The captain walked the bridge uneasily. No tempest or rock-bound shore gives the anxiety that a fog on this waterway of the nation does. Danger is imminent everywhere and the most careful seamanship is no guarantee of safety. So it is now. A hoarse shout came from the man on the lookout. The captain sprang to the telegraph, and as "Full speed astern" rang out, a large sailing ship took form in the fog, and in a few seconds crashed into the steamer in front of the bridge.

The *Pride of Asia* shook from stem to stern, heeled over to starboard, and then began to forge ahead, while the other went pounding along her side, wrenching the port boats from her davits and staving them in with her bowsprit. Then she passed away as a ghost in the fog.

The *Pride of Asia* had met her death wound. At once all was noise and confusion. The emigrants came pouring up on deck, screaming and shouting with terror. Some of the sailors rushed to clear the boats, but a sharp order from the captain stopped them.

In a few seconds the captain had decided on his course. The remaining boats would not carry a hundred and fifty people. There were more than twice that number on board. On the other hand, the land was about three miles off, and a sandy and protected beach meant safety. But could it be done with that hole in her side. He would try. He changed his course, rang "Full speed ahead," and shouted

among the saved. The *Pride of Asia* was getting low in the water, but he could not understand why she was not sinking more by the bow. She was vibrating from the engines, pushed to their highest pressure, for the firemen stuck gallantly to their posts. Five minutes went and ten, and then, with a sudden shock, she took ground, and all were safe.

Next morning young Malcolm was missing, and the sorrowful news were sent to his father.

A week afterward, the divers entered the forward hold, and found to their astonishment, that the bulkhead door, which they had expected to find open, was closed.

They forced it open, and against it was floating the body of a boy.

Old Capt. Malcolm comes often to the little graveyard by the sea. In it stands a cross on which are inscribed the words, "Here Lies a Hero."—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

A SPEAKING WORD.

An Old-Fashioned Word that Needs to be Reinstated.

The word "genteel" in our latter-day style seems to have been displaced, and we seldom hear it used with its fullest sense in modern society. Yet there was a time when it seemed indispensable. There was no other word in the language that answered as a substitute in all the shades of meaning which it conveyed. It meant something more and something less than any of the various terms used to describe a person who possesses a combination of style, grace, good manners and gentle breeding. Entering a room of attractive well-mannered women, one selects from the number the person who owns a distinct individuality, a something that distinguishes her from the others present. She is superior to the petty tyrannies of conventionalities; you see proof of the fact in her manner, her conversation and in her dress. Her clear, truthful, reposeful countenance is a mirror for the mind and heart that select their own nourishment, and refuse to accept intellectual fads, floating fancies of the hour or religious make-shifts. Her gown is her own by instinctive selection, and nothing is left that should be desired. It follows the line of the fashion of the times, with something besides that is indefinable added. She is the genteel woman of our grandmothers' day, who remains regal in her womanliness, superior to circumstance and condition. An uncultivated man, as related to choice of expression, in speaking in praise of his mother, remarked, "She was a lady when she washed her dishes." He probably did not imagine how forcibly he illustrated his truth. But one who listened to the worshipful words could not help wondering how many women with the best opportunities for acquiring desirable things for the enrichment of personality could stand the dish-washing test. It seems to me there is a crying need for the reinstatement of the old-school word in our social vocabulary, and the sooner it is brought back into general use the better. It would be sad cynicism to infer that the passing of the word "genteel" was due to the passing of the particular type which it described.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

When a Kiss Was Valuable.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the Emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank. No such restriction, however, was placed on the emperors themselves, who, if they wished to confer signal honor on any of their subjects, kissed either the mouths or the eyes of those they wished specially to favor—the kiss generally intimating some promotion or personal satisfaction of some achievement. Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters. Then, too, only the nearest relatives were allowed to kiss their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, for in those days, as now, kissing was not a mere arbitrary sign, but it was the spontaneous language of the affections, especially that of love. Under the Romans, if a lover kissed his betrothed before marriage she inherited half of his worldly goods in the event of his death before the marriage ceremony; and if she died her heritage descended to her nearest relatives.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

How the Justices Sit.

The seat on the right of the Chief Justice is always occupied by the associate justice who has been longest on the bench; that on the left by the next in order of seniority, and so on alternately from right to left.

When a man sees the different articles on the wash line belonging to a woman, he wonders that she ever dares to leave home, for fear of something dropping off.

An American lady who had laborously acquired a very scant knowledge of French, tried to show her proficiency in the language by using it in the dining room of a Parisian hotel. Although she was fully aware that most of the waiters spoke English, she insisted in giving her orders in French. One day she paralyzed the waiter by directing him to bring her a bottle of emponpoint. She wanted a bottle of stout.

In Utica, N. Y., a block of new apartment houses has just been furnished with a complete installation of electric cooking utensils in each flat. The electric kitchen furniture consists of three round platters or "stoves," an oven and a broiler. It is declared that meats broiled on the electric gridiron are much more palatable than those scorched and charred over red hot coals. The electric "stoves" are placed on an ordinary kitchen table when in use, and when their work is over, they are stowed away in a drawer or on a shelf.

A new use for the phonograph has been found in New South Wales. A candidate for office found it impossible to visit all parts of the sparsely settled region he wished to represent in the legislature, dictated his speech into a phonograph, had an orchestra play a few pieces into the machine, and then sent a number of the machines out over the country in the hands of political workers. He sent a picture of himself with each machine, and had the workers give the people a description of his life and his ability. That man deserves success.

A vagrant lad was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for some misdemeanor, and in response to the questions of the police justice, he declared that he was 14 years of age and an orphan. "How long have your parents been dead?" asked the sympathetic justice. "Over 20 years," was the prompt reply of the little liar.

Lieutenant Robert S. Clarke, of the Ninth regiment, now in China, is probably the richest officer in the United States army. Mr. Clarke, grandson and principal heir of the late Alfred Corning Clarke, is still in his early twenties, is a graduate of Yale and commands a fortune of millions.

A recent experimental shipment of lemons and oranges in cold storage was made from California to Paris. The fruit reached the French capital in perfect condition, and it is possible that a big trade will be established.

It is impossible to please your friends; if you can say agreeable things to them you are accused of insincerity; if you say disagreeable things they get mad.

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