

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, G.

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."—MART A. STAM, Watertown, 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.

Philip Drunk and Philip Sober.

The saying originated from an incident in the life of Philip II., king of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. Philip was undoubtedly a great man; but all men, great and small, have their weaknesses, and he was a great drunkard. One day, when rising flushed from his wine, he was called upon to decide a lawsuit, and in his bibulous condition he decided it unjustly, whereupon the losing party cried: "I shall appeal against your judgment." "Appeal!" thundered the enraged king; "and to whom will you appeal?" "To Philip sober," was her reply. The wisdom of the appeal was justified by the result, for when Philip had become sober he discovered his mistake and reversed his judgment.

Cannot Be Overstated.

The alarm expressed by the New York Medical Journal that the effects of alcohol should be the subject of extravagant overstatement has a familiar, far off sound of a century ago. An instance is given, as an example, which appeared in the Journal of Inebriety, concerning the degeneracy of the family of a moderate drinker. Every city and almost every town in the country contains examples far more significant than this one, in which the effects of alcohol are clearly traceable in the defects of the children. It is practically impossible to overstate the damage and injurious influence of alcohol, and the old caution of a century ago is lost in the light of recent scientific investigations. The fear now is of understating and minimizing the dangers from alcohol by clinging to the worn-out delusions of alcohol as a tonic and food.

Lice on animals indicates bad management. Horses or cattle in good condition seldom are afflicted with lice, but a low condition of the animal, the skin being hide-bound, affords excellent inducements for lice. Good feed and the use of a brush will rid animals of parasites with the aid of other remedies.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. EMBLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

When a family adopts a girl of sixteen, it means that they will have a kitchen girl in future without wages.

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

Bathe a burn with a strong solution of carbonate of soda.

The Manufacturers of Carter's Ink have had forty years' experience in making it, and they certainly know how. Send for "Inkings," free.

Cool Under Fire.

That "man gets used to anything" has been shown again by the extraordinary cases of coolness under fire at the front in the South African war. At Labuschagne's nek a private in the deadly zone of fire tore open a letter from his sister and began to read it eagerly; a wounded batsman at Ladysmith finished his run at cricket before dropping dead; a trooper named Chas. Hands kept his cigarette alight between falling from his horse with a fractured thigh and being taken to the hospital.

Points About Milk.

Milk is not a beverage; it is a perfect food. Where children drink milk at meals it should take the place of nitrogenous foods—meat, of course, being omitted. It is far better when the children eat meat to give them water to drink. Where two sorts of nitrogenous food are used, like meat and milk, constipation is universal.

Philadelphia and the Caterpillar.

The caterpillar pest, which a few years ago wrought great havoc among shade trees in various cities, has been almost wholly done away with in Philadelphia. The preventives which were applied in the shape of cotton wound around the trunks of the trees, have tended to lessen the breeding of the pests, so that now the worms are doing very little damage to the trees.

Didn't Know the Article.

Some people from the city were camping on the shore of a little lake in Vermont. One day two young ladies of the party went to the nearest street and asked for deviled ham. Of course the rural proprietor did not keep such a wicked-sounding article. After the young ladies had gone out a loafer said to the proprietor:

"What on airth'd them gals want?" "Land 'f I know," was the reply. "Some hellish stuff or 'nuther."

Lemon Water Ice.

In a large saucepan put one quart of water, 1½ pounds of sugar, the thinly pared yellow rind of one orange and three lemons, bring to the boiling point and boil five minutes, then strain and cool; squeeze the juice from the fruit, strain it and add to the syrup when cold; pour into the freezer and freeze slowly until firm; remove the dasher, repack the freezer, and set aside for two or three hours to ripen.

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

PRIOR TO HIS SPEECH

THOMPSON AND HIS FIRST AFTER DINNER EFFORT.

Sensations of the Tyro in Post-Prandial Oratory Before He Begins—Bill of Fare Scarcely Noticed and Other Speakers Gallop Through Their Part.

(He takes his seat at the table, and steals a glance at his toast list.)

"Third from the last speaker—and a twelve-course dinner to be lived through first. Great Caesar! Well—Maybe I'll die before we get to it. Hope so, I'm sure.

"Elegant oysters, but no taste to 'em. Perhaps it's my tongue—it feels sort of blurred.

"Soup looks all right, but I don't seem to notice it as it goes down.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—no, no, I mean—'Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen.' Wonder if I look pale? Feel pale, I'm sure. Glad I got a fish bone in my throat just then. It changed the current of my thoughts for a time and eased up some of the pressure on my brain. Besides, it headed off the man on my left from asking me questions which I haven't mind enough to spare to answer.—There's a little story that comes to my mind as I rise to address you.' By the Lord Harry, how did that story begin? Suppose it shouldn't come to my mind!

"Is this game? Shouldn't know it from chicken feed. Am I eating like a civilized being or am I ramming it down the way I used to do when I knew a thrashing was waiting for me after dinner? Wish that idiot across the table wouldn't look at the parting of my hair so often. Wonder if I got it crooked, after all?

"Used the wrong fork for my oysters. It becomes evident. Got to use oyster fork now for the roast. Glad my wife isn't here; glad I've got one thing left to be glad for. There can be no question that the issues which are involved in this matter of—that's not right. There can be no issue involved in this question which is not—By Jove, but this room is infernally hot! There can be no question involved in this issue"—oh, which way does the confounded thing go?

"While I eat this salad I'm going to think this thing out calmly. I certainly know this speech by heart; I've gone to bed and got up with it too long to forget it now. There's no use in my getting rattled. There can be no question that this matter involves issues.—Confound it, why can't that man let me alone? He may have nothing to do but eat his dinner and ask fool questions of men who have something on their minds.

"By Jove, we're getting pretty well through. My mouth is as dry as sawdust; nothing seems to moisten it up. Never knew I had palpitation of the heart—but I got it now, sure. I'll see the doctor in the morning if I'm alive—which I doubt.

"Guess I won't smoke; don't think I could hold my hand steady to light up. I'll have to take out more insurance if I've got heart disease—if I can get any company to take my risk.

"Great heavens! We've got to the toasts. First man looks as calm as mud. Wish I could just look that way, whether I said much of anything or not. But I don't. I look all colors—blue, just now, I think.

"Second man up! Three more before me. Wish I could go home. Afraid I forgot to applaud No. 1. Must remember that this time.

"Two more! If my knees shake like this I can't stand on my legs, that's all. I see my finish; I shall fall over and be carried out and that'll be the best thing that could happen—so long as nobody gets onto it. One more! George Thompson, when that man sits down you've got to get up. Oh, why can't I go home? I've had enough of this. I believe I'll—I'll run away—now!

"He's getting through! The questions involved in this issue.—The issues involved in this question—ladies and—Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: As I rise to address you—as I rise to address you a little story comes to my mind.—My mind! It's a perfect blank—absolute. He's sitting down! Oh, I wish I was being hanged! I do, I do! 'Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies'—or being shot for a deserter or being wrecked on a barren island. Now it's come! He's calling on me! They're looking at me! I know my necktie's under one ear—I know it—but I can't help it now; it's too late—everything's too late. Here I go. Speak, George Thompson! Speak, you fool!"

(Aloud) "Mr. Toastmaster—L—l—and Gentlemen"—Truth.

SUICIDES NOT OVERESTIMATED.

More Cases of Self-Destruction at Monte Carlo than Are Reported.

"I had always believed," said a man who has just returned from his first trip abroad, "that the number of suicides credited to Monte Carlo every year was exaggerated for sensation's sake, but I have been there recently and I am inclined to believe the worst. I am convinced from what I saw that because of the precautions of the

authorities there and the universal system of bribery which prevails only a small percentage of the suicides due to the gaming table is made known. Just let me tell you of one that I saw myself.

"I was in Monte Carlo when in broad daylight a well-dressed man walked out of the Casino, sat down on the steps and, with a revolver, blew his brains out. Such incidents were apparently too common to attract extraordinary attention, and the authorities of the place are always prepared for them. Almost before the smoke of the revolver had cleared away a lot of attendants rushed out, and, after covering the body with sacking, which was kept on hand for the purpose, removed it. All traces of the tragedy were washed away and in less than five minutes there was nothing on the steps to excite suspicion. I have no doubt that the authorities buried the body at their own expense and that nothing further will be heard of the case.

"Very few of these Monte Carlo suicides are ever identified. As a rule they are either broken-down gamblers or men who have gone there with the intention of recouping by a single stroke or losing all and dying. Silence in many cases is gained by granting to relatives a sum from the secret service money, which is set aside every year from the vast revenue of the 'Societe des Bains de Mer de Monaco' for the purpose of hushing up scandals. Too much publicity, you know, might bring the hand of justice on this establishment, which ruins thousands of men and women.

"I met a few Americans there, but they were either sightseers or a very cheap class of gamblers and bunco men. You don't find your thoroughbred American gambler wasting his time at Monte Carlo. It is the hunting ground for the low-down bunco man, and he can make more by telling Americans hard-luck stories than by playing the tables. It was that suicide, however, which impressed me more strongly than anything else. I couldn't help speculating as to who the poor chap was, and how his friends or family would account for his disappearance. That led me to wonder how many such unfortunates were swallowed every year by Monte Carlo, leaving behind no record of their end. I don't believe that any one but the authorities of the place knows the number of suicides there, and it would not be discreet for them to tell."—New York Sun.

LOW SHOES DISTORT ANKLES.

Kind of Footwear Which Disfigures by Compression.

Low shoes are the means of giving lasting discomfort and of totally distorting the feet. The first result to be noticed in this direction is the weakening of the ankle. As soon as this occurs the foot twists to one side, throwing the weight of the body upon the small bones of the feet. These in turn



SHOWN FOR COMPARISON.

become sore and bruised, the feet burn and become intensely sensitive, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The twisting of the foot from its proper position brings the pressure of the shoe upon the toes, causing corns and bunions to appear.

These evils accrue to the ordinary foot. The fat man or woman who resorts to low shoes will suffer more serious results. The increased weight thrown upon the ankles aggravates the ordinary evils, and in addition the flesh of the foot is pushed up over the shoe.

The ankles not having their proper support, the knees, legs and back suffer in turn. A tired feeling is replaced by aches and general lassitude, which is directly attributable to the uncomfortable condition of the feet.

Put Matches in Flower Pots.

The great foe to potted plants is the little white worm that feeds upon the roots and even bores up into the stems of plants. To get rid of the pest the simplest plan is to stick matches, heads down, into the soil, and in a short time the worms will disappear. The phosphorus which does the work is beneficial to the plant besides being disagreeable to the worms. Carbolic acid may be used instead. Add about five drops of carbolic acid to a cup of water and sprinkle on the earth in the flower pots.

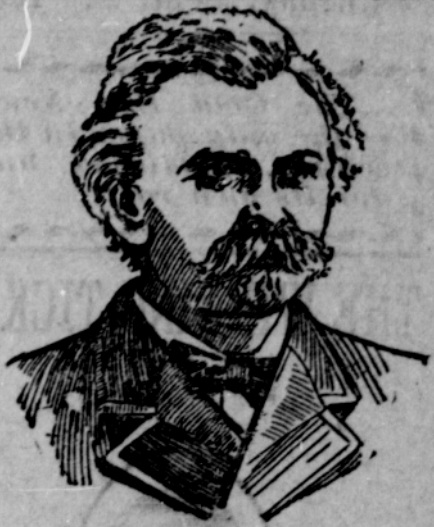
There is no gratitude that outlives that entertained by a woman for a man who pays her some attention when younger women are present.

CAREER OF JUDGE RASSIEUR.

New Commander of Grand Army Prominent in St. Louis.

The election of Judge Rassieur to the head of the Grand Army was practically conceded a year ago, when the St. Louis veteran, who had been urged for the honor at that time, withdrew in favor of Commander Shaw. He had shown much strength in the contest, and his action won him many friends. The delegates left the encampment convinced that the Judge would be the next G. A. R. Commander.

Judge Rassieur is among the younger veterans. He was born in Germany in 1844 and came with his parents to this country, settling in St. Louis in 1851. He was educated in the public schools of that city, and at the age of 16 took a position in a law office. It was at this time in his life that the civil war broke out. When not quite 17 years old he was selected by the loyal Germans of South St. Louis as their spokesman at a meeting held for the purpose of deciding whether the citizens of the locality should express their intention of standing by the Union or remaining neutral. At the call of young Rassieur, who had been ruled out of order by the



COMMANDER RASSIEUR.
Chairman of the meeting, the loyal men in attendance repaired to another place and adopted a set of resolutions in favor of the Union, which has become historic in the annals of Missouri.

Rassieur enlisted in the First United States Reserve Corps, Volunteers, May 7, 1861, and was made orderly sergeant of Company B. He was mustered out of service Aug. 20, 1865, with the rank of major, which commission he received at the age of 20 years. At the close of the war he studied law and was admitted to the bar in St. Louis April 1, 1867. He practiced law until 1894, when he was elected Judge of the St. Louis Probate Court on the Republican ticket. At the expiration of his term in 1898 he resumed the practice of law, in which he is still engaged. From 1874 until 1878 he was a member of the Board of Directors of the public schools of St. Louis, holding the office of Vice President during the last year of his incumbency. In 1880 he was selected as attorney for the School Board and held the position ten years.

Judge Rassieur is Commander of Frank P. Blair Post, No. 1, G. A. R., of St. Louis. He was Judge Advocate General of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1893, and Department Commander of Missouri in 1891.

Narrow Gage.

The Lewiston Journal reports a collision down in the State of Maine, in which no one was injured.

A certain old man who does hand-some work with the fiddle at country dances is "great on time," but unless he is argued with he will play "The Girl I Left Behind Me" from eight o'clock till twelve, for every dance except the Virginia reel.

Some of the old dancers were on the floor not long ago, and between dances one of them went up to the fiddler, who sat rubbing the rosin on his bow.

"Uncle," said the dancer, "all the folks on the floor want you to play old 'Speed the Plow' for the next dance. Can't you give it to us?"

The old man tucked his rosin into his vest pocket.

"I sh'd like to 'commodate ye fust-rate," he said, "but the's authin' sing-lar 'bout that tune of 'Speed the Plow.' Jest as soon as I 'Speed the Plow' 'long a little ways I run right into 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

Belaying His Jaws.

Shark stories, with some reason, are commonly received with incredulity. A well authenticated anecdote, however, is told of Dr. Frederic Hill, an English surgeon of distinction.

A man fell overboard in the Indian Ocean and almost into a shark's mouth. Hill, who was standing close to the rail, grabbed a belaying-pin, and without hesitation jumped to save the sailor.

The great brute was just turning on his back to bite, when Hill drove the belaying-pin right through both jaws. Both men were got on board again unharmed.

"Perhaps that fellow won't want another toothpick. Has any one got a clean shirt to lend? This was my last," were the only words of the rescuer.

No Austrian Colonies.

Austria is the only empire in the world which has never had colonies, or even transmarine possessions in any quarter of the earth. Her ambition has hitherto been purely continental.