

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 JOIE 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, leucorrhea, 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 HELDER, 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 had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STAHL, Watertown, Pa.

"After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhea, 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.

After New Factories.

The Chamber of Commerce and the Puget Sound Bureau of Information have joined hands to obtain new factories for Seattle. And they will get them too.

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Groves, Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form, No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

Biggest Fruit Crop.

Almost 500 car loads of fruit went from the Walla Walla valley this year, the biggest crop yet, and the best quality.

A GOOD COMPLEXION

Is obtained by purifying the blood and cleansing the system with GARFIELD TEA, an HERB MEDICINE praised the world over.

Getting People into the State.

D. B. Ward, Washington immigration agent, says 100,000 people can be brought into Washington within two years if his board is given the right help.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Tells About Oregon.

The Southern Pacific has just issued a handsome folder relating to Oregon, size 18x26 inches, filled with reliable statistics.

What is the difference between a person suffering from heat prostration and Allen's Foot-Ease? One feels the heat and the other heals the feet.—Life.

Church Robbed.

A Portland tough robbed a church in daylight and got 18 months in the penitentiary for his work.

Bad for Pavements.

No building material, excepting brick or granite, seems to withstand the continuous wet weather of the region west of the Cascades, in Washington and Oregon.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

Stomach, Bowel and Liver Complaint permanently cured by using GARFIELD TEA, an HERB MEDICINE that cures in Nature's way—by removing the cause.

Better Waterworks.

The water works of Port Townsend, Wash., will issue bonds for \$150,000 for improvements in 1901.

Next Year's Fairs.

Officers of the coast state fair circuit meet in Portland December 15 to fix dates for next year's fairs. Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California and British Columbia will be represented.

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

Big Prices for Young Cattle.

Grant county, Or., is paying highest prices ever known for young cattle, rates running up to \$40 per head in some cases.

Government Should Help.

The Portland Telegram says the government should help the natives of Alaska, who are hopelessly helpless in poverty and sickness.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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



TO THE DYING CENTURY

Dying Century! a health to thee! ☒ ☒ ☒
Take it to Eternity;
Tell the gods to whom you go—☒ ☒
Where the winds of Heaven blow—
That you brought me here, anon,
Heritage of tasks undone: ☒ ☒
Robbed me of my strength at noon;
Granted but a single boom—
Yet that was Love.

Marion Thornton Egbert

MISAPPROPRIATING A SMILE.

I was seated in the corner of a car. When I got a most exasperating jar—Not the ordinary kind To which gripmen are inclined, But a jolt that shocked me more than that by far.

From adown the aisle a fascinating girl Set my senses in an amatory whirl, When she turned a pretty smile Toward my corner, and the while Showed the tips of teeth that glistened as the pearl.

I responded with a twinkle of my eye ('Tis a little trick I studied, by the by), And although I passed my street, Still I kept my corner seat, For the hope within my heart was running high.

Then it was I got the dolorific jar: Just behind me, on the platform of the car, Stood the man at whom, 'twas plain, She was smiling through the pane, And—I'd ridden half a mile or more too far.

A Walk with Ishbel.

DON'T mind talking to you, you know," said Ishbel—she insists on being spelled that way—"because you are not a stupid boy and you have a nice detached point of view, but you must promise when I tell you things not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?" I asked reproachfully.

"You know what I mean," said Ishbel with severity. "When I was quite young," she pursued—she is 22—"I used to fancy that authors put themselves into their stories. Now I know they never do."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said crossly. "Go on."

"But you didn't promise."

"I promised."

Ishbel adjusted her hatpin. "Once there was a girl," she began, "who at the age of 17 was sent to England to visit her father's people. That's rather a nice beginning, isn't it?" she interrupted herself. "It sounds as if it might be print. Do you think if you saw a story with a beginning like that you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I inquired.

"Of course."

"I don't think I should."

There was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a story is very different to have you tell it, you know. I could listen to you for a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take that long," she assured me with a smile. There is no word for her smile but delicious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully. "You see they were English and she was an American."

"Yes."

"And—and young, they bullied her a little. The next time," with animation, "I mean, when we go over, I don't think they'll bully me."

"I don't fancy they will." "And so you see she didn't have as good a time as she might exactly. But she did have a love affair."

"Oh," said I.

"Yes," said Ishbel. "He was a sort of distant connection of hers, a lawyer, what they call over there a solicitor, you know. He—she said he was very much in love—and so was she."

"Confound"—I began.

"I beg your pardon," said Ishbel.

"I meant," I said, sternly, "it is very wrong of determinations to make love to girls."

"It is," agreed Ishbel. "But he was very—oh, very honorable. Things had gone well, they had gone rather far, you know, but the week before she sailed, when he proposed—at least he didn't exactly propose, but he told her he had only 300 a year, and that, of course, it was out of the question in England to marry on that, and he couldn't bear the idea of hampering her with a long engagement and—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Are you sure? You put me out. Well, he said she mustn't be engaged to him, but he would hold himself engaged to her, and—some day when the senior partner dropped off—I do wish," petulantly, "you wouldn't mutter like that."

I groveled.

"Where was I?" demanded Ishbel.

"Oh, well, then they said good-by, you know, and she was perfectly miserable—if you look so horribly cross I shall send you home—oh, dreadfully miserable. She felt that she didn't care a straw about other men, and there were—she said there were some very nice men in the steamer coming home, too. Balls and parties had no attraction for her, and fancy, for ever so long she hardly took any interest in her frocks. Oh, it was horrid. She only lived for his letters—and somehow they—well, they were not exactly satisfactory. She supposed it was because he was so very honorable, and they were not really engaged, you know. But one day she thought it all over and decided that sort of thing would have to come to an end. She knew she would never be happy for a moment till he came out, as she knew he would some day, to claim her, but she made up her mind to stop thinking about him as much as possible and try to seem happy, no matter how perfectly miserable she was in reality. The idea was, you see—I think she got it out of a poem—to lock his image up in her heart."

"I see," said I. "And how did it work?"

"It worked very well," said Ishbel, reflectively. "She knew she was wretched, but she didn't allow herself to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked briskly.

"Well, after three years he came."

"Oh, he did?"

"Of course," said Ishbel sharply. "Did you imagine he didn't?"

I coughed. "And she unlocked her heart?"

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—"

"It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel, slowly, "but it wasn't there."

I coughed again. "Was her heart—"

did she find the receptacle—er—empty?" I asked.

"She didn't tell me that," said Ishbel. We walked on. "So that," I remarked, presently, "was the reason why that long-legged English fellow—"

"But you promised," cried Ishbel.—Boston Post.

RAFTERS OF LIVING GREEN.

Description in "Eben Holden" of a Day in the Cornfield.

We climbed the wall as he ate, and buried ourselves in the deep corn. The fragrant, silky tassels brushed my face and the corn hissed at our intrusion, crossing its green sabers in our path. Far in the field my companion heaped a little of the soft earth for a pillow, spread the oilcloth between rows, and as we lay down drew the big shawl over us. Uncle Eb was tired after the toil of that night and went asleep almost as soon as he was down. Before I dropped off Fred came and licked my face and stepped over me, his tail wagging for leave, and curled upon the shawl at my feet. I could see no sky in that gloomy green aisle of corn. This going to bed in the morning seemed a foolish business to me that day and I lay a long time looking up at the rustling canopy overhead. I remember listening to the waves that came whispering out of the further field, nearer and nearer, until they swept over us with a roaring splash of leaves, like that of water flooding among rocks, as I have heard it often. A twinge of homesickness came to me and the snoring of Uncle Eb gave me no comfort. I remember covering my head and crying softly as I thought of those who had gone away and whom I was to meet in a far country, called heaven, whither we were going. I forgot my sorrow finally in sleep. When I awoke it had grown dusk under the corn. I felt for Uncle Eb and he was gone. Then I called to him.

"Hush, boy! lie low!" he whispered, bending over me, a sharp look in his eye. "Fraid they're after us."

He sat kneeling beside me, holding Fred by the collar and listening. I could hear voices, the rustle of the corn and the tramp of feet near by. It was thundering in the distance—that heavy, shaking thunder that seems to take hold of the earth, and there were sounds in the corn like the drawing of sabers and the rush of many feet. The noisy thunder clouds came nearer, and the voices that made us tremble were no longer heard. Uncle Eb began to fasten the oil blanket to the stalks of corn for a shelter. The rain came roaring over us. The sound of it was like that of a host of cavalry coming as a gallop. We lay bracing the stalks, the blanket tied above us, and were quite dry for a time. The rain rattled in the sounding sheaves and then came flooding down the steep gutters. Above us beam and rafter creaked, swaying and showing glimpses of the dark sky. The rain passed—we could hear the last battalion leaving the field—and then the tumult ended as suddenly as it began. The corn trembled a few moments and hushed to a faint whisper. Then we could hear only the drip of raindrops leaking through the green roof. It was dark under the corn.

The oftener a man's idols are shattered the less he cares for divinities.