

An Invitation to Women

All the world knows of the wonderful cures which have been made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, yet some women do not realize that all that is claimed for it is absolutely true.

If all suffering women could be made to believe that Mrs. Pinkham can do all she says she can, their suffering would be at an end, for they would at once profit by her advice and be cured.

There is no more puzzling thing than that women will suffer great pain month after month when every woman knows of some woman whom Mrs. Pinkham has helped, as the letters from grateful women are constantly being published at their own request.

The same derangements which make painful or irregular periods with dull backaches and headaches, and dragging-down sensations, presently develop into those serious inflammations of the feminine organs which completely wreck health.

Mrs. Pinkham invites women to write freely and confidentially to her about their health and get the benefit of her great experience with the sufferings of women. No living person can advise you so well. No remedy in the world has the magnificent record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for absolute cures of female ills. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Three Letters from One Woman, Showing how She Sought Mrs. Pinkham's Aid, and was cured of Suppression of the Menstrues and Inflammation of the Ovaries.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been in bed a year. Doctors say I have female weakness. I have a bad discharge and much soreness across my ovaries, bearing-down pains and have not menstruated for a year. Doctors say the meneses will never appear again. Hope to hear from you."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., April 1, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I received your letter. I have taken one bottle and a half of your Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of your Wash, and feel stronger and better. I can walk a few steps, but could not before taking your Compound. I still have the discharge and am sore across the ovaries, but not so bad. Every one thinks I look better since taking your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., Aug. 13, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to let you know the good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has done me. After I took three bottles, meneses appeared, and I began to feel stronger and all my pain was gone. Yours is the only medicine that ever helped me. I am able now to work around the house, something I did not expect to do again."—Mrs. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., Jan. 25, 1899.

Three More Letters from One Woman, Relating how She was Cured of Irregular Menstruation, Leucorrhoea and Backache.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am suffering and need your aid. I have pains in both sides of the womb and a dragging sensation in the groin. Menstruation irregular and painful; have leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, soreness and swelling of the abdomen, headache, backache; nervousness, and can neither eat nor sleep."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., July 19, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I want to thank you for what you have done for me. When I wrote to you I was a total wreck. Since taking your Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, my nerves are stronger and more steady than ever before, and my backache and those terrible pains are gone. Before I took your medicine I weighed less than one hundred and thirty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Your medicine is a godsend to poor weak women. I would like to ask you why I cannot have a child. I have been married nearly three years."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Dec. 1, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I did just as you advised me, and now I am the happy mother of a fine baby girl. I believe I never would have had her without your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Jan. 27, 1899.

Proof that Falling of the Womb is Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I wrote to you some time ago, I had been suffering from falling of the womb for many years without obtaining relief. Was obliged to wear a bandage all the time; also had bad headache and backache, felt tired and worn out. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and four boxes of Liver Pills, I discarded my bandage and have not had to wear it since. I am entirely cured."—Mrs. J. P. TROUTMAN, Box 44, Hamilton, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For nearly two years I was unable to work. I was very weak and could not stand or my feet but a few minutes at a time. The doctors said I had falling and in-

flammation of the womb. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using five bottles I feel like a new woman."—Mrs. P. N. Blake, Confluence, W. Va.

Exposition Not Abandoned.

The big show for Portland in 1902 has not been abandoned, even if some merchants are timid, and a gigantic exhibition is going to be put up if possible.

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 their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drugists, 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 Pills are the best.

A Brute.

Mrs. Younghub—John, won't you walk with the baby for a while?

Younghub—No.

"Half of him is yours."

"Well, let my half holler."—Syra-cuse Herald.

It is well to remember that GARFIELD TEA cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cures chronic constipation.

New Stories of Horace Greeley.

Noah Brooks, who knew Horace Greeley well and served on the staff of the New York Tribune, has written some fresh reminiscences of the famous editor for the Youth's Companion.

Responsible male and female help free to employers. Acme Bureau, Box 309, Portland, Or.

Largest Sunday School.

The history and methods of the largest Sunday school in the world, which is at Stockport, England, are described by the famous editor and reformer, W. T. Stead, in an article written for the Youth's Companion.

E. W. Grover

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Big Tunnel on Union Pacific.

The big railroad tunnel being built by the Union Pacific at Aspen, Wyoming, will be finished next October. The dimensions are, length 5,900 feet, 26½ feet high and 21 feet 9 inches wide, lined with Oregon iron and ventilated with 20-inch blow pipes.

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.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PATENTS

WITHOUT FEE unless successful. Send description and get free opinion.

MILOR, B. STEVENS & CO., Estab. 1864. Div. 4, 817-14th Street, WASHINGTON D. C. Branch offices: Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, plows, belts and windmills. The new steel I X L windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO SUDDENLY

It injures nervous system to do so. BACOCURO is the only cure that really cures and when you stop. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. BACOCURO is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands, it will cure you. At all druggists or by mail prepaid, \$1 a box; 3 boxes \$2.50. Booklet free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION. Write to NATHAN BICKFORD, Washington, D. C. they will receive quick replies. B. 5th N. H. Vols. Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1878.

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



HOW BESS AND BRANDY SAVED THE FRUIT.

IT seems most as big as a real river," said Bess, who was sitting on top of the heaped-up earth beside the big, new irrigating ditch, hugging her knees in fashion. "If the water only didn't roll so awful fast we could most ride a canoe in it, eh, Teddy?"

Teddy was not at all handsome. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and he was much freckled. But there was a great deal of sympathy in his greenish eyes as he looked up at his sister.

"You do miss Canada and the lake and boating and everything, don't ye, Bess?" he said. "I was such a little fellow when the folks came west, an' I can't remember much about it. But, gee! it must uv been jolly fun swimmin' in a reel big lake. An' pa said he would take us all back when the fruit trees bore."

"Yes," said Bess, staring thoughtfully at the yellow, rolling water. "But it seems an awful long time to wait, somehow. Last year it was frost, and year before worms, and year before that the blight, and it does seem as tho' pa would lose most everything he had before the ranch paid. And to think one good bearing would make us rich! Rich, Ted! Just think!"

Teddy crawled up to the top of the bank of earth and looked far down the valley. He saw long rows of trees,



SHE FOUND A SMALL "CAVE-IN."

hardly twice as tall as himself, and he was only a 10-year-old boy. But the slender little branches of the trees were covered thickly with little green bunches, and these bunches meant thousands of bushels of luscious fruit.

Bess could remember when she first saw the trees. They were then only long lines of little bare sticks in the sandy and dry-looking earth, and she could remember how her mother broke down and cried because she was homesick for the big shady trees and green grass and bushes at "home."

Idaho did not seem like home. They lived there six years, and the sixth year was the "bearing year" for Western fruit ranches. But, as Bess said, the frost and the worms and the blight had kept the fruit back, and three years longer they had waited. And the father had grown to look old and anxious and the little mother more and more wistful. And they now watched the green promise of fruit with anxious eyes. Would anything happen this year? Or would the rich promise at last not disappoint them?

"The new ditch helped mighty this year," said Bess. "The trees never bore so heavily. And all the fruit is perfect—the prunes and peaches and cherries and everything. Oh, Teddy, I believe we will really see Canada next year!"

She sprang to her feet and threw her arms around the neck of a little broncho that had been nosing at the back of her head while she talked to Teddy. She kissed the horse's shaggy head and hugged him lovingly. Then she put her foot in the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle.

"Home, Teddy!" she cried. "Catch Soda!"

Soda, another sturdy little broncho, capered gleefully around her mate, Brandy, a few moments, then permitted Teddy to mount, and soon the lively little hoofs were beating a quick rat-tat-tat down the white alkali path toward the ranch home, far down the valley. The sun was bright and the sky cloudless, as it had been for all the long summer months. The clouds would sail towards the mountain tops, but there they would stop and dissolve over the peaks, where the snow gleamed white almost till fall. And no rain fell in the valley. The alkali dust lay thick in the alfalfa, the rich grass that grew so strangely green out of the hard, dry earth, and the dust lay thick

in the trees and on the prickly cacti and gray sagebrush that grew on the lonely foothills.

"Father will irrigate to-morrow, I reckon," said Bess, as the bronchos loped along side by side. "The ground is awfully dry and cracking badly."

"I dunno—it's gettin' perty late," replied Teddy. "I heard pa talkin' to the foreman, and they wuz sayin' that there wuz signs of frost. The fruit is ripenin' bully, but there may come a nipper, an' ef they irrigated it—well, it would mean another year, that's all."

Bess looked soberly at the baked-looking earth. It looked so thirsty, and the great ditch rolling along beside them seemed anxious to turn its rich torrent into the little ditches that ran like veins up and down between the trees.

"Well, I suppose it would be risky," she said. "But, my! the trees do want a drink!"

Supper was waiting for them, and their father called gayly to them as they galloped up to the door.

"I met Jessie Wright at the store doing some trading for her mother, and she wants you to go down the valley to-morrow and spend the day with her," he said, as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, may I go, mother?" cried Bess. They were great friends—"Jess and Bess," as they were called by the ranch and village people—and the fruit farm wound down the valley very close to the sheep ranch of Jessie's father.

"Why, yes, you may," said Mrs. Harris, Bessie's mother. "Did Jessie want her to stay all night, John?"

"Of course—as usual," replied Mr. Harris.

"But I guess you can spare her that long, eh, mother?"

"No, I need you, dearie. But you can have a long day together and come home in the evening," said Mrs. Harris.

So next morning Bess shouted a gay good-by as Brandy danced around the mounting block, and she whirled the long thongs of her quirt merrily around his flank, which Brandy promptly resented by bringing his four little hoofs together, rising in the air and coming down on his sturdy little legs with a jar that nearly sent Bess out of the saddle.

"Oh, you'll buck, will you?" she cried, while the rest cheered Brandy. "Wait till you want some sugar."

Brandy repented and stretched himself into a swinging, rocking-chair lope that carried him swiftly down the trail. The air was sharp and clear and tingled through Bessie's veins, while the cold turned her cheeks rosy.

"Frost to-night, Brandy," she cried to the broncho, whose ears twitched back at the sound of her voice. And the frost came.

The girls had a long, merry day, and as the moon rose in a clear purple sky Bess turned Brandy's willing nose homeward. She turned up the collar of her heavy little coat and pulled on her buckskin gloves, for the cold was already growing sharp. And, calling cheerily to Brandy, she flew along the trail toward home. It was cold and clear and still, and she rode along a little sleepily, while Brandy's hoofs made the only sound that broke the stillness. But soon another sound startled her into wakefulness. She had reached the water gate on the big ditch, and through the stillness came a low tinkling and gurgling that sounded like fairy music. But the fairy music sent all the color out of the girl's cheeks, and with a frightened cry to Brandy she slipped out of the saddle and ran to the ditch.

Brandy meandered along after her with lazy curiosity and found her kneeling beside the gate with her arms plunged down into the cold water. And when she stood up her pretty bright face had grown still whiter. For she had found a small "cave-in" near the gate, and the water was trickling through in a steady little stream that was steadily and quickly growing larger as the earth broke and crumbled and gave way around it. In a very short time that cave-in would send a volume of water rushing and leaping along all the ditches through the ranch, and by morning—what?

"Oh, the fruit, the fruit, Brandy!" Bess sobbed, wildly. "It will be killed and mother's heart will break!"

She wrung her hands as she looked down the long road gleaming white and lonely in the moonlight. Too late for that. Before she could go a mile to-

ward help the ranch would be flooded and the ruin complete. Again she plunged her arm into the water. If she could only stop up that hole! She looked on all sides helplessly, and Brandy moved closer with a sympathetic and inquiring whinny. She looked at him despairingly, then suddenly sprang forward. In a moment she was tearing wildly at buckles and straps, and then, to Brandy's profound surprise, she dragged the heavy pigskin saddle from his back and rushed with it to the ditch. There she went down on her knees and plunged the saddle beneath the water. She fumbled with it a minute or so, then listened breathlessly.

The water gurgled and tinkled uncertainly, then slowly, very slowly, it grew fainter. And soon there was only a faint whisper and drip from one or two tiny waterfalls that slipped and slid down the bank. The weight of the water had sucked the saddle closely against the earth and the hole was stopped.

So much. But the night was cold—her arms already ached and pained cruelly, and she did not dare leave the saddle lest it slip. Would they search for her? Or would they think she had stayed all night with Jess? If she could only get word home.

Again she looked at Brandy. Then she called him to her, slipped the loop of her quirt from the pommel of the saddle, and, raising her arm out of the water, she turned Brandy toward home and then brought down the lashes with stinging force on his flank.

"Home, Brandy!" she called. And Brandy, outraged and indignant, kicked up his heels, bucked three times, then tore down the trail toward home, resolved to tell Soda that his young mistress had gone crazy.

Fainter and fainter sounded the hoof-beats along the trail. And soon she could hear them no longer. Her arms ached cruelly, and sharp pains began to shoot through her body from the cold. Now and then she would take her arms out of the water and swing them and beat her hands together till they stung; but only for a moment, then the saddle had to be held in place.

The time seemed horribly long, but at last far down the trail there sounded a low, thudding noise that quickly grew louder, and she sprang to her feet with a gasping little cheer as four horses galloped madly to the ditch gate, and all in a minute four men had dragged her up from the water, torn off her wet jacket and asked twenty questions. Brandy had reached home riderless and was now galloping back with Teddy, white and frightened, clinging to his bare back.

The fruit was saved, thanks to Bess and Brandy. The frost did very little damage that night, and at last the yield was rich and plentiful. And the following summer, in far-off Canada, Teddy and Bess splashed in the waves to their hearts' content, while "mother" looked on happily and Mr. Harris told old friends all about fruit ranching "out West."

"It was a close call," he would say, "but Bess and Brandy saved the fruit. If the ditch had burst through that night and flooded the roots it would have meant ruin."

And Bess, fully recovered from the heavy cold that followed her little adventure, was surprised to find herself a heroine.—Chicago Record.

Can You Imitate It?

"It is impossible to exactly imitate the voice of an animal," said Blinn, learnedly. "Some people reckon that they are very clever imitations of that kind, but any one who knows can see that they are all out."

"Who told you that you were a judge?" asked Sims.

Then Blinn got cross and offered to bet him half a sovereign that he could not execute even a plausible imitation of any animal.

"Any member of the animal kingdom?" queried Sims.

"Yes," answered Blinn; adding, "I was going to say 'except a donkey,' but I remembered that you did that quite naturally."

"Done for ten shillings!" exclaimed Sims.

He went to the middle of the room, and the others awaited the result. Sims stood perfectly quiet for a minute, then returned to his seat and asked for the ten shillings.

"What do you call that? That's no imitation," cried Blinn.

"Excuse me," observed Sims, politely. "That was a fish!"

And the others insisted upon Blinn parting with the money.

Why Buttons Are on Sleeves.

Frederick the Great liked to see his soldiers smartly dressed. Many of the men were in the habit of wiping the perspiration from their faces with their coat sleeves, which soiled the sleeves and gave the coat an untidy appearance. To put a stop to this practice Frederick ordered a row of buttons placed on the upper side of each sleeve. In this manner the habit was broken up.

It isn't necessary for the average man to do something desperate to attract attention; all he need do is to go to church.