FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

Two Letters from Women Helped Through the "Change of Life" by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"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 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Relief Came Promptly

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had been under treatment with the doctors for four years, and seemed to get no better, I thought I would try your medicine. My trouble was change of life, and I must say that I never had anything help me so much as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Relief came almost immediately. I have better health now than I ever had. I feel like a new woman, perfectly strong. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound all the credit, and would not do without her medicine for anything. I have recommended it to several of my friends. There is no need of women suffering so much for Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure."—MAHALA BUTLER, Bridgewater, Ill.

Another Woman Helped

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life and derived great benefit from its use."—MARY E. JAMES, 136 Coydon St., Bradford, Pa.

Help Wanted.

Mistress—How did you happen to let the fire go out?

New Girl—I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, unless you happened to forget to tell me to put coal on.—Chicago Evening News.

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.

Crisis.

Affairs can easily reach a crisis, but they are never permitted to stop there. —Chicago Democrat.

$100 REWARD $100.

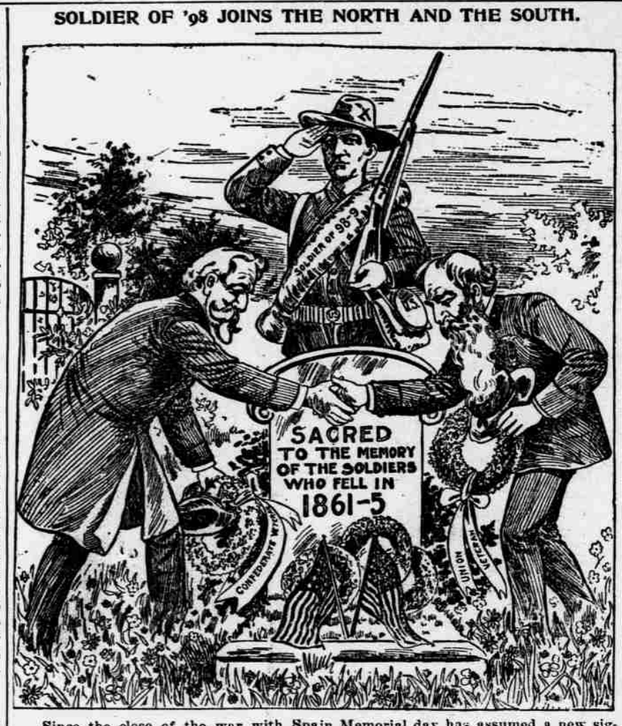
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Clouds that move in a contrary direction to that of the surface current indicate a change of weather, because they prove the existence of two air currents, one warm and the other cold, and the mingling of these frequently cause rain.

SOLDIER OF '98 JOINS THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.



Since the close of the war with Spain Memorial day has assumed a new significance. The dead of two wars are honored, and the real meaning of the day is brought home to the later generation as it never has been before. The haziness that time gives to memories of those who have gone to their last resting place is brushed aside and the real import of the day stands out with more distinctness. One day in the year may well be given over entirely to honoring our soldier dead. It is not too much. They gave up their lives, some to hold the country undivided and some to relieve a down-trodden people at the threshold of our republic. We owe them a debt of gratitude that we never can repay, whether they fought in the civil war or the war with Spain. Their devotion and their courage entitle them to the grateful remembrance we show, and the recent additions to their number make the real significance of the exercises more distinct.

DECORATION DAY.

Wal', now, it don't seem like a year hev gone—a hull roun' year—
Sence we was fallin' into line to celebrate this here.
It don't seem possible, yit that's the trick time allus plays,
'N' every year'll git more short 'twixt Decoration days.

'N' every year the roll-call 'll be gittin' shorter, too;
We're missin' lots o' faces that we didn't use to do.
The names is droppin' off—no tellin' which one of us may
Be counted out at muster on next Decoration Day.

It's gittin' kinder funny, too, to see the o' gray heads—
Fer blame if every one of us ain't showin' silver threads.
Ol' fellers! yes, the youngest ain't got nothin' else to say;
It war'n't so ten years ago on Decoration Day.

Why, we was on'y boys—mere boys—ten years ago; but then
We'd somehow got the notion up to think ourselves ol' men;
'N' so, p'r'aps ten years from now, if any of us stay,
We'll think that we was on'y boys this Decoration Day.

Then close in, veter'ns, close in, men; ol' comrades, git in line,
Touch elbows once again—that's right—it warms you up like wine.
Pr'aps 'tain't often more we'll meet—brace up 'n' step out gay;
We might be angels touchin' wings next Decoration Day.

So close in, veter'ns, close in, men; ol' comrades, git in step;
Play up the tunes we used to march—we'll keep the time we kep'.
We ain't too ol' fer three times three; God save the flag, hurray!
Shake hands all roun' 'n' fall in, boys, fer Decoration Day.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

HE always knew when Mike was coming; the manner of his entrance never left room for doubt. There was always the confused murmur of a wordy dispute with the elevator boy downstairs who refused to operate his machine for newsboys, the quick rush of bare feet up the stairs to the shrill accompanment of "Mah Coal Black Lady," or "Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose;" the door would fly open with a crash and Mike would be in the center of the room shouting "Ev'nen Journal! Lat'st war news!" from a golden imagination yellowing the already very yellow news of his paper in a manner that must have won him an editorship could the proprietor of the sheet have heard him. This particular May afternoon the method of his entrance differed in no way from the usual routine, save that the door flew open a little more suddenly and swung to again with a little louder crash if possible. But once inside it was evident that Mike was unduly excited. The papers which he usually held out in front at arm's length to display to the best advantage their half-page scare heads were tucked securely under one arm; his big black eyes danced jubilantly and he entirely forgot business and the startling news of his papers in the vastly greater importance of his own news.

"Say, wot yer tink! De ol' man's 'listed fer a soger; he's go'n t'war! Ain't he a bird?" he shouted.

"Whose old man?" I inquired.

"Mine! Me dad! Whose'd yer suppose? Git de wool out o' yer t'inker!" he replied scornfully.

"But, Mike, who is going to support the family?" I inquired, remembering a vivid description Mike had once given me of six little Murphys of whom he was the eldest and only "'leven" at that.

"De fam'ly's all right. Dad says dat if he goes off to de scrap de folks wot stays home is boun' to take care uv his fam'ly. Say, yer ought to see 'im. He's all right, ye bet! De reg'ment marches to-morrer."

It was the first time I had ever heard Mike speak of his father with anything like respect. I knew him to be a drunken ne'er-do-well, who abused his wife and children and contributed little to their support. The days wore on. Regiment after regiment passed through the city en route for the South and Mike was joyously full of excitement. Every afternoon he blew into the office and every day his stories of the news grew bigger and more yellow. He followed every move of the army and his imagination ran riot with the possibilities of the world-changing drama being enacted. Every scrap of news in regard to his father's regiment was on his tongue's end, and I soon found that with the donning of his blue coat his father had become a hero. As for Mike himself he was the same impudent, sharp-eyed, dirty, ragged little gamin as of yore, one of the most successful newsboys on the street, an inveterate scrapper and gambler, and on his own confession, rarely at night having more than half his lay's earnings to take home. When I remonstrated with him and pointed out that he should take his father's place, he was always ready with an answer, falling back on the old argument that if his father fought for his country it was his country's place to look after his family.

The summer wore on. The Fourth of July dawned hot and sultry. The temperature rose with the sun; at 10 o'clock it was 80; at 11 o'clock 90 and at noon it registered 96 in the shade. The glare from the asphalt streets blinded the eyes. Men panted for breath and now and then one fell. The water front and the parks were thronged with women and children seeking relief. These who succumbed were taken to the hospitals, but no one minded them. Down before Santiago 16,000 men in dingy brown canvas blue trimmed uniforms in the blistering heat of a tropical climate were fighting against overwhelming odds. On the day before had come the news of a disastrous defeat, and the night had closed down in gloom. To-day the defeat had been turned into a victory and the cable had flashed home the details of a great naval victory besides. The great city sweltered and sweated and waited for confirmation and for the list of dead.

That afternoon business called me to the office. For an hour I worked and then fell to thinking of the great tragedy being enacted. Suddenly I became aware that someone was standing by my desk. "Ev'nen Journal, sir? List uv dead and wounded."

It was Mike, but I hardly recognized the voice. All the impudence, the old-time braggadocio was gone, and he had come in so quietly. "Why, Mike——" I began. Then I noticed the trace of tears furrowed through the dirt on the two grimy cheeks. There was an unwonted seriousness in the deep black eyes and an unmistakable quiver in the voice as he repeated, "Ev'nen Journal, sir? Extra, jes' out. 'Plete list uv dead an' wounded."

I snatched the paper eagerly and tossed Mike a nickel. "Never mind the change," I said, and plunged into the details of the fight. When I glanced up Mike was still there.

"If yer please, sir," he began, standing on one leg and uneasily rubbing it with the dirty brown foot of the other. "If yer please, sir, could I count yer reg'lar fer a poiper every night? Oi—Oi got ter s'port de fam'ly now 'cause Oi'm th' head uv it. He—he's dere, sir," he finished with a dry sob, pointing to the open page before me. Glancing down the column in heavy black, bold-faced type, I saw the name of Private Dennis A. Murphy on the roll of honor with the brief, explanatory line, "Shot through the head."

Mike drew a step nearer. "Say," he said, with just a touch of his old-time eagerness, "he's a hero now, ain't he?"

Mike has several regular customers in the office now, but he no longer blows in like a miniature hurricane. He comes and goes quickly but quietly. He is full of business, and although his former impudence now and then flashes out it is in a guarded way that will lose him no customers. He is always ready for a scrap when anyone intrudes upon his rights, but he has given up fighting for the fun of the thing, and he no longer pitches pennies and gambles away his hard-earned money. "Yer see, Oi'm de head uv de fam'ly now, an' have ter help me mither," he explains.

The other day he came into the office with the old-time rush. "They've got me father's body, an' it's ter be buried here," he cried. Then after a moment's thought he inquired wistfully, "Say, do yer s'pose de sogers'll march ter his grave an' put a flag an' flowers on it 'Morial day?"—Thornton N. Burgess, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Their Tents of Green.

Marching steadily, loyal and true,
Come the survivors clad in blue.

While the Old Flag floating overhead,
Greets the living, honors the dead.

Worthy of honor as king or queen,
Silent 'neath their tents of green.

With sleeping lilies dipp'd in dew,
Youth and beauty their graves shall strew.

To memories grim, of bygone years,
We tribute pay—in falling tears.

There's many a grave we cannot place,
That hides an unforgotten face.

May orioles sing their sweetest lay,
O'er mounded earth of blue or gray.

For those that sleep 'neath the ocean's blue,
Our hearts are throbbing ever true.

Beyond the sunset's beautiful gate,
Are gleaming tents where angels wait,

To guide the swinging columns through
The golden streets beyond the blue.
—American Cultivator.

The British government makes no examination to determine the validity of a device for which a patent is asked, but takes it for granted that every invention is new and grants a patent to every applicant, leaving his claim, if contested, to be subsequently determined by the courts.

Lisley's "The Flood," which was sold by the artist in 1876 for $8, was recently sold in Paris for $8,600.

Nature begins fools, and women finish them.

PEDDLERS OF THE OCEAN.

Nautical Prototype of the Man with the Pack.

The man with a pack on his back, trudging from village to village and offering for sale at cottage and farmhouse a miscellaneous collection of wares, has his counterpart in the ocean peddler, ranging in size from a schooner trading among the islands of the Pacific to a steamer of one or two thousand tons burden.

The ocean peddler starts out from Hamburg or San Francisco, the chief home ports of the trade, with a definite object in view. Sailing from the former city, the course is generally laid either to the coast of Africa or South America, having in the hold a varied assortment of goods likely to be marketable in the regions visited—cotton fabrics, trinkets, arms, ammunition, liquors, and all spare room filled up with coal.

As the largest profits are often derived from the sale of contraband goods, such as munitions of war to insurgent bodies, and as detection by regular authorities would lead to confiscation, several thousand rounds of cartridges are probably done up in innocent-looking cases stamped "Canned beef," and a few stands of discarded German army rifles in packages labeled "Glass, with care."

The captain of such a vessel must possess not only ability as a navigator, but an expert knowledge of the requirements of his trade in addition to a plausible tongue wherewith to barter and win over the good will of an ill-disposed official. If he does not own an interest in the ship it is generally required that he shall in her cargo.

Trudging along over the ocean at a seven or eight knot gait, saving his coal as much as possible, the peddler opens his trade by casting anchor in, say, a South or Central American port, when, having squared the commandante, he invites merchants and others on board to inspect his stock. Duty, of course, has to be paid by the purchaser, but in certain cases that difficulty is overcome by the visitor to the ship going ashore swollen out, perhaps, to three times his normal size by as many new suits of clothing.

The greatest good fortune that can fall in the way of an ocean peddler is for an American or British man-of-war to put in to some out-of-the-way port in which he is lying, short of coal. Then from his spare stock he sells a few hundred tons at as hard a bargain as the necessity of the purchaser permits him to drive.

On the Central American coast the peddler usually times his visit at about the opening of the coffee season, that is, early in the new year, so that when he has sold out his wares he is able to load up, almost to the water line, with the principal export of the country.

That the ocean-peddling trade is not without its dangers is illustrated by a story told by a mate of one of those vessels. In order to preserve his respectable character the contraband goods are sometimes stored in places likely to escape the vigilant eye of the customs officer, and, in the case in question, the mate's bunk was chosen as the safest repository for certain packages of dynamite consigned to the leaders of a Nicaraguan revolution. All went well until the night before the ship was due to arrive at her destination, when a thunderstorm occurred—the lightning playing about the masts in an alarming manner. The mate confessed that the idea of turning in upon a bed of dynamite under such circumstances was not conducive to peaceful repose, even to one accustomed to sleep through all manner of dangers; but with the reflection that if a flash found its way to his bunk he would not be likely to be made aware of the fact he slumbered serenely through his watch below, and next day delivered the "canned tomatoes" safely to the consignees.

The ocean-peddling trade on the Pacific has been shorn of much of its profit since the inter-island passenger traffic in natives, who too often were carried as passengers much against their will, to dive for pearls on the great Australian bank, has been effectually suppressed. Still, a considerable trade is carried on in small articles in hardware, old clothes, personal trinkets and an occasional case of "dry goods," which if seized would turn out to be remarkably wet.—New York Sun.

Nothing Wasted.

Until one realizes how carefully the business is conducted, it is a mystery how any profit is made by the 5-cent restaurants which are so great a boon to working men. In the first place, they feed a good many people, ranging all the way from three hundred to five hundred a day, and thus buy their provisions in bulk, oatmeal by the barrel, veal by the carcass, beans almost by the carload, and as to hash, they make that by the bushel. Moreover, they save expense by using the latest appliances, steam tables to keep the food warm, choppers to cut up the hash, and dish-washers that save wear and tear of muscle and towel. So economical is the business that they even strain the dish-washer, collecting the grease for the soap kettle. Their economy, however, does not lead them to the extreme of saving food from the plate and serving it again. Even the hash is brand-new.

An Aristocrat.

Broncho Bill—Since Pistol Pete dug up that tree the boys hung his father on and planted it in his front yard, he's got awful proud.

Tenderfoot—Proud? What is there about that to make him proud?

Broncho Bill—Why, he's now the only man in town with an authentic family tree.—New York Journal.

Labor Saving.

It is estimated that the productive capacity of the labor-saving machinery in the United States is now equal to a hard-working population of 400,000,000.

A doctor is the first person you see on entering the world, and often the last you see on leaving it. You begin with a doctor's bill, and end with one.

A girl can claim all her life that she made cakes and clothes which her mother really made, and the mother will never dispute her.

Often a woman wishes she were a man, but a man thinks of corsets and never desires to change his condition.

To Be the Highest Bridge.

The Buffalo branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which will run through Bradford from Wilcox, Pa., across the ridges, by way of Lafayette, McKean county, will cross a deep and mountainous george in the latter vicinity with a steel viaduct nearly 500 feet high. The bridge, says the Philadelphia Ledger, will be over 3,000 feet in length, and its construction will be one of the greatest engineering feats on record. It will be the highest bridge in the world.

Curiosity Saves Life.

A package marked quinine was secretly sent to a bright woman, but being curious she took it to a druggist who said it was not quinine but arsenic. A like inquiry into some of the medicines offered will certainly detect the false from the true. For half a century Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been curing indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and has never once failed. Try it if you feel weak and tired.

Had a Sense of Humor.

A sense of humor is a great thing in helping a man over a hard place, and the Biddeford Record thinks one of that city's rumsellers must be possessed of the aid of this cheerfulness. It was just after the big seizure of liquors the other day that a man who didn't know of the raid stepped up to the dismantled bar and asked for a drink. The proprietor looked at the man for a second and then spreading his arms out on the bar, said, as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances: "I'm very sorry, but I have just let the last of my stock of beer go."

A new collar-button has the shank made telescopic, with an internal spring, which prevents the shank from extending too far, and also locks it in a contracted position after the collar is fastened.

On some of the Japanese railroads terra cotta sleepers are used. They are far more desirable than those of wood and thus amply repay for increase in cost.

PARIS IN 1900.

For the benefit of those who intend visiting Paris during the exposition, the Rio Grande Western railway has gotten out an attractive folder illustrative and descriptive of the main features of the exposition. It contains some valuable hints for intending visitors and descriptive articles upon Place de La Concorde, Arc de Triumphs, the Madeleine, the Column of July, the Trocadero, Hotel de Ville, Column Vendome, the Louvre, the Grand opera house, the Bourse and the tomb of Napoleon, in addition to a bird's eye view of the exposition grounds. The folder, or pamphlet, is gotten out in handy form, and is written in a pleasant and attractive style. It, in fact, gives in little space everything one going to the exposition would like to know before starting on his journey.

For copies of the Paris exposition folder and other advertising matter descriptive of the Rocky mountains' famous scenery, tributary to the Rio Grande Western railway and its connections, write

J. D. MANSFIELD, Gen'l Agent,
253 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

The Automobile in South America.

In the enterprising cities of Buenos Ayres automobile carriages are no uncommon sight, in the form both of private vehicles and of delivery wagons. Cycle roads now radiate from Buenos Ayres to distances of 60 and 70 miles in the surrounding country, and under the care of the Argentine Touring Club these roads are reserved for the use of bicycles and automobiles.—Youth's Companion.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Uncompromising.

Small Boy—Wanter buy a dog, mister?

Mr. Dignefide—Not that kind of a dog. Why, he looks as if he had fleas!

"He has got 'em, but yer got ter giv' dat dog credit fer wun t'ing."

"And what's that?"

"He don't like 'em."—Ohio State Journal.

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

The Acme of Bliss.

Cholly—My bwother is in luck. He's got a place as floor walkah in a dry goods store. He is there 16 hours a day.

Awther—I cawn't see the luck.

Cholly—You cawn't? Why, his pwants can nevah bag at the knees.—N. Y. Weekly.

Food for the Caribs.

Cassava and fish form the chief articles of food of the Caribs, of Guatemala, and the former is cultivated only in sufficient quantities for their daily needs, as a vegetable to eat with their fish and to make their strange bread.

Immediately after the outbreak of the war in South Africa, 221 French officers resigned their commissions and enlisted with the Boers.

Japanese school boys are taken into the forests by their teachers, one day in the autumn, to engage in rabbit hunting.

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

Machinery and Supplies.

CAWSTON & CO.: ENGINES, BOILERS, MACHINERY, supplies. 48-50 First St., Portland, Or.

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.