

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory for advice. An infirmed and



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.

altered condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englehart, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store.

Disappointed in the Alps.

Fair Mountain Climber.—These are the very same picture-postal cards we saw down in the village. There really was no need of our coming up here.

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

The Man's Way.

When a man finds a woman for whom he thinks there's nothing good enough he asks her to take him.

A folding pocket camera, making 3½ x 3½ pictures, for \$11.25. No experience required to make perfect pictures. Film 60 cents. Send for full description—Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter St., S. F.

Striking Home.

If you have a prosperous debtor who wouldn't pay you a cent, what would you do if you get even with him? "I'd kidnap his cook."

Your Guide and Guard
Is the famous Oregon Blood Purifier, tested and true. Use it now.

Very Amusing.

Wife—What's funny in that letter you are reading?

Husband—I'm from Boston. He asks if I don't want to pay that \$10 I owe him.

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. 25¢.

She Had Told the Truth.

Sue—You said your were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist.

Flo—Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life!

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or convulsions after first day in need of Dr. Kilian's Great Nerve Remedy. Price \$2.00 per bottle and druggist. Dr. R. H. Kilian, Ltd., New York, N. Y.

The Impotent Man.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"That's very plain," said he.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tastless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure. No Pay. Price 50c.

In Eden.

Eve—Just think, I'll be two weeks old tomorrow!

Adam—Well, my dear, you don't look it.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the *Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Discouraging.

He—it is my aim in life to do something that will make my name externally remembered.

She—is it? You are a pretty poor shot, are you not?

Tied Up

When the muscles feel drawn and tied up and the flesh tender, that tension is

Soreness and Stiffness

from cold or over exercise. It lasts but a short time after

St. Jacobs Oil

is applied. The cure is prompt and sure.

N. P. N. U. No. 21—1891.
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

GOOD Short Stories

According to Life, a Southern darkey, wishing the inhabitants of the village to know that he and his venerable partner had decided to retire from active life, astonished them one morning by placing the following sign above the door of the establishment: "Dise am to infoim de public dat me an' Ike am goin' out of bis'ness. Dem dat owe my firm may settle with me; dem dat de firm owes may settle with Ike."

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon, England, was called upon to lay the corner stone of a new vicarage at Wakefield some months ago, and was invited by the master of ceremonies (who handed him the trowel and the lime and plumbmet) to "become an operative mason for a few moments." "I cannot," answered the bishop, "lay claim to the title of an operative mason, but I am certainly a working Carpenter."

In his autobiography, "Up from Slavery," Booker T. Washington tells an amusing anecdote of an old colored man, who, during the days of slavery, wanted to learn how to play on the guitar. In his desire to take guitar lessons, he applied to one of his young masters to teach him; but the young man, not having much faith in the ability of the slave to master the guitar at his age, sought to discourage him by telling him: "Uncle Jake, I will give you guitar lessons; but, Jake, I will have to charge you three dollars for the first lesson, two dollars for the second lesson and one dollar for the third lesson. But I will charge you only twenty-five cents for the last lesson." Uncle Jake answered: "All right, boss, I hires you on dem terms. But, boss! I wants ya to be sure an' give me dat ins' lesson first."

Some time ago a well-known San Francisco attorney, who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witness cases, was defending a railway damage case.

Instead of following the usual questions as to name, residence, if the nature of the oath were understood, etc., he began: "What's your name?" "Kee Lung."

"You live San Francisco?"

"Yes." "You sabble God?" Mr. Attorney, if you mean 'Do I understand the entity of our Creator?' I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of the 'Divinity of Christ,' and shall be pleased to have you attend." Needless to say, a general roar of laughter swept over the court room at this clever sally, and it was some minutes, much to the discomfiture of the lawyer for the defense, before order was restored and the examination proceeded upon ordinary lines.

While talking of the many notable people he has met during his pugilistic career, John L. Sullivan said the other day in New York: "Once when I was in Sydney, New South Wales, I had a suite of rooms directly over Sarah Bernhardt. I never met the lady, and I didn't much care. She was jabbering French all the time, and was rehearsing constantly in her room. I heard so much of it that I pretty near had the willies. One night I happened to follow Sarah into Her Majesty's Theater in Sydney, and I had a good chance to size her up. She was a feather-weight, all right, and there was so much powder on her face that I thought she'd made a mistake! She got a look at me, and because I had been so much annoyed with her jabbering, I scowled at her, gave her the look that used to scare the bubs who tried to stay four rounds with me. Well, sir, Sarah gave one long, mournful howl and fainted away. After that she didn't jabber any more, for she'd found out who was living upstairs."

Quaint Customs in Shetland.

The only part of the United Kingdom in which the old style of reckoning time is adhered to is the archipelago of Shetland, and there Sunday, Jan. 15, was New Year's Day.

But Sunday walking with the natives a strict nois for business or for pleasure, the next day witnessed the high jinks incident to the occasion. These included processions of "guisers," or mummers, and the drinking of various strange toasts, such as "Hail to man and death to do grayfish," and the health of the twelve apostles.

In Shetland the remnants of the old Norse language linger to such a degree that the dialect is almost a sealed book—exclusively to Scotsmen. The last specimen of the great auk whose eggs are now valued at something like 100 guineas apiece, was done to death there, but the little auk still retains a precarious footing on the lonely islet of Foula.

Anxious to Oblige.

Pompous Publisher (to aspiring novice in literature)—I have been reading your manuscript, my dear lady, and there is much in it, I think—ahem!—very good. But there are parts somewhat vague. Now you should always write so that the most ignorant can understand.

Youthful Authorress (wishing to show herself most ready to accept advice)—Oh, yes, I'm sure. But, tell me, which are the parts that have given you trouble? Punch.

Ancient Quarries.

The stone for the great wall of the dam across the Nile at Assuan is being obtained from the quarries of which the Temples of Philae are believed to have been built—the unhappy Philae which, when the dam is completed, will be submerged and partly disappear from sight for the first time in its 3,000 years of existence. The granite blocks that are being quarried for this, the first great engineering achievement of the twentieth century, bear the marks of wedges used thirty centuries ago.

Inevitable Ignorance.

Madge—She is singularly deficient in the subject of history.

Marjorie—What else could you expect, when she spends all her time reading the popular historic novels? Judge.

When there is no danger near, moral courage is often the rankest kind of false pretense.

A Cultured Class.

Mrs. Schoppen—What's the price of this silk?

The Salesgentleman—The price is 98 cents, madam, which you must admit is quite decollete!

Mrs. Schoppen—Decollete?

The Salesgentleman—Yes, madam. Cut low.

Estimates for Arctic Expedition.

Captain Bernier estimates the cost of his proposed Arctic expedition at \$130,000. He has applied to the Canadian government for a grant and has also opened subscriptions in the principal Canadian cities.

Art Illustration.

Teacher—Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving?

Pupil—Yes, miss; it's like my father and mother, but I love apple pie.

Exhibits at Buffalo.

There will be exhibits from all over the world in the Pan-American Exposition which will prove very interesting to all who attend, but no more so than the news that the famous Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, colic, rheumatism and nervousness. To all sufferers from the above named ailment a trial is recommended with the assurance that when honestly used a cure will be effected. It also tones up the entire system.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

Tommy—What year so sore about?

Jimmy—Aw, it's poopy tough on aeller ter have ter wear his big brudder's pants.

"Go on! Yer oughter be glad yer big brudder ain't a sister an' wore bloomers."

She Stops.

Soulful Youth (at the piano)—Do you sing "For Ever and For Ever?"

Matter-of-Fact-Maiden—No; I stop for meals.

Two MEETINGS WITH GARFIELD.

Clara Morris Relates an Incident that Occurred at a Washington Dinner.

In the Woman's Home Companion Clara Morris has a clever article in which she describes two meetings with James A. Garfield. The first was in a country lane near Aurora, where she saw and talked with the future statesman, who was then taking a load of wood to market. Years afterward she met him in Washington, and remembered him; but while feeling that he had seen her before he could not recall where. Of that second meeting she says:

"Then there came an evening when, at a dinner given by Mrs. Platt, I found myself sitting exactly opposite Mr. Garfield. The company was not a large one, but it boasted some famous names and at least one brilliant beauty. Conversation was brilliant and laughter was light. Turning my glance a moment from the Southern Senator at my side, I looked full into the fixed, wide blue eyes of Mr. Garfield. He was leaning forward; one hand tightly clenched lay on the table. From his strained, far-away look I knew he was trying to recall our first meeting, and as I gazed into his eyes the buzz of talk and laughter turned into a murmur of wind through tall, leafless trees. I saw a pale winter sunshine falling across snow-patched fields. Leaning a little toward him, in a very low but distinct tone I said, "Gee! Gee-haw!" A dash like blue lightning snapped into his eyes, and as I added, "Is Freeman in town?" he gave a cry, almost a shout, exclaiming with enthusiasm, "Freeman! I've found you! I've found you at last, and you're sitting on top of the fence in a red calico dress, with a book in your lap!" Then in the midst of the commotion he had raised he threw his arm about Mr. Platt, crying, "Ah, you thought I was meet for an asylum, you know you did! But I've found her out at last, so you see I'm not half as crazy as you believed I was!"

"Questions rained upon him, and much laughter followed his story of that far-away meeting on the country road; one grave old man questioned us earnestly in the drawing-room as to what was in the minds of each at the time I spoke.

"I was not much surprised to hear Mr. Garfield say that in his backward search for a clue to the tormenting half-memory he had got as far as Cleveland, had failed to find me in that city, and at the moment I spoke was hopelessly trying Aurora and the country around it."

The Dead Sea Level.

A marked rise in the level of the Dead Sea has been noted. The ruin, El Behir, that stood like an island near the River Jordan, is now completely under water. A broad lagoon has formed on the north side of the Jordan delta. The water does not sink in summer and it is surmised that the whole bottom of the Dead Sea has been raised by volcanic action.

A Clean City.

Sydney, Australia, is said to be one of the cleanest cities in the world, if not the cleanest. The streets are thoroughly cleaned every night and anyone throwing refuse or waste material of any sort on the streets is arrested and fined. All the kitchens in the larger residences are on the top floor and the clothes are dried on the roof.

Different Spelling.

"So you're the sheriff now, Bill?"

"That's what I am."

"And you're going to take me in, are you? The best friend you ever had? Well, I suppose this is where friendship ceases."

"Either that or where friendship seizes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Rash Man.

"No, I don't like Mr. Thrifty," said Mrs. Kilduff, emphatically.

"What's he done?" asked Mrs. Ten-spot.

"Well, he asked all the ladies in the congregation to remove their hats. And it was Easter Sunday, mind you."

The Absent Friend.

"How well Mrs. Gillwizzle holds her age!"

"Isn't it wonderful? You would not think she was a day over 20 if she didn't try to act as if she were 20!"—Indianapolis Press.

WINS WIFE BY LONG DISTANCE 'PHONE.

A long-distance telephone played a part in the romance of Virginia Gilbert and Harry Wylie, who have been married in Clayton, Mo. The young woman was undecided and Harry left for Texas, but on the way called his former fiancee to the long-distance "phone.

"I'm going far away, Virgie, and you will never see me again unless you say you will marry me in the morning."

"Come back," said the girl. "I do love you, and any day you called me up."

From the *Male Farmer*, Augusta.

There are many women all over the land who are earning a living by the use of the needle. Confinement in close rooms and the trying nature of their work often causes them to grow pale and wan and to experience a feeling of constant weariness. This goes on, sometimes, until nature rebels and health breaks down. There is one way and only one way to restore the impaired vitality, and that is to strengthen the worn out nerves and build up and nourish the impoverished blood. If the blood is kept healthy and rich and the nerves strong, new life and energy will soon be felt. This was the experience of Mrs. Addie R. Holt, a dressmaker, of No. 73 Bridge street, Augusta, Me. She says:

"About five years ago I began to experience a worn out feeling. Sometimes I would lie in bed for a day or so, but my dressmaking work obliged me to keep up, even when I did not feel able to be about. I suffered from female troubles and last spring I had rheumatism in my left arm and also a pain in my left side in the region of my heart.

"In August a friend recommended

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I began taking them imme-