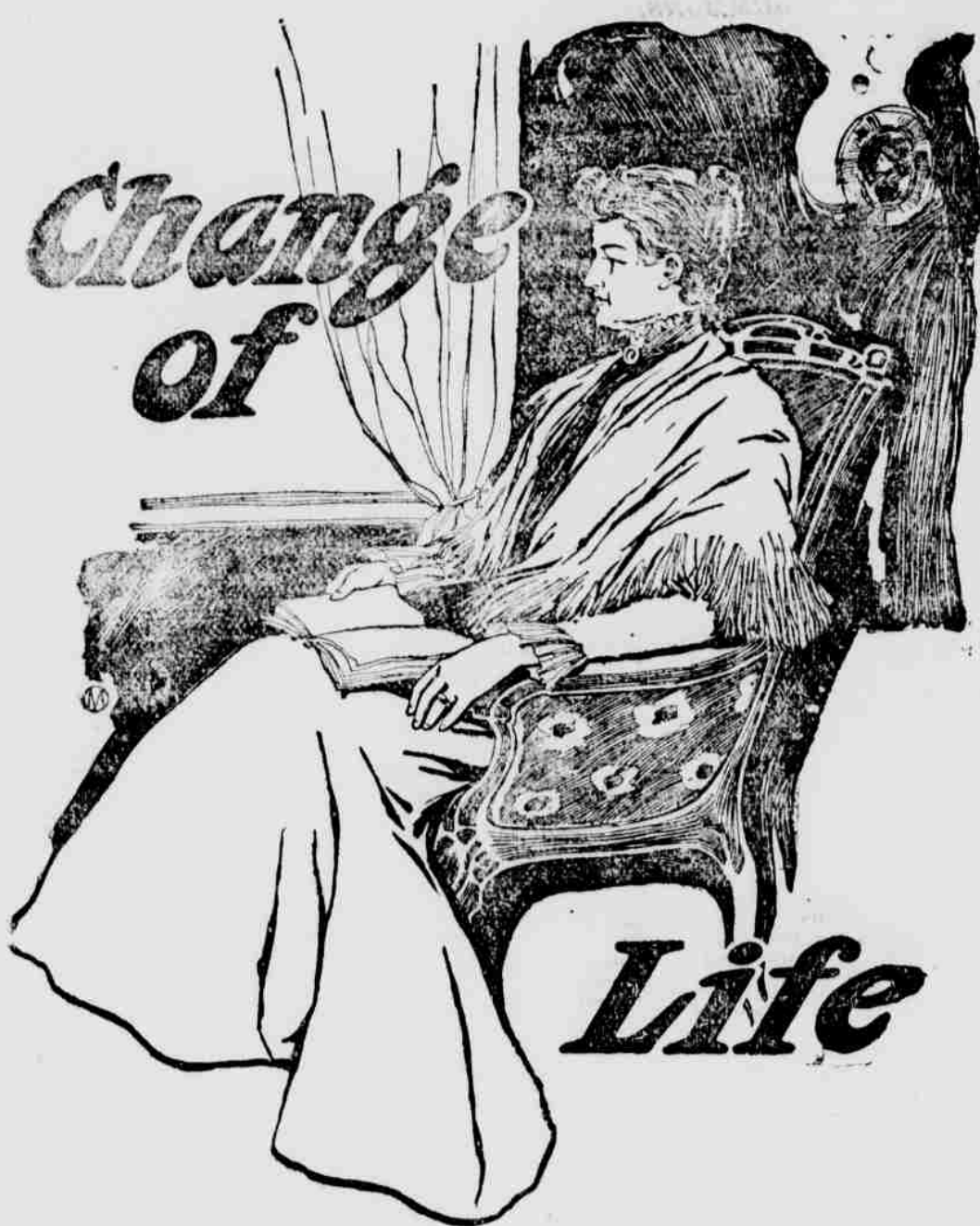




A Danger Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass.

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms. At this period a woman indicates a tendency towards obesity or tumorous growths.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop forever, are only a few of the symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life, and all women who use it pass through this trying period with comfort and safety.

TWO COLUMNS OF PROOF.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick and nothing seemed to do me any good until I began taking Mrs. Pinkham's medicine."

"It was Change of Life with me and falling of the womb. I had severe pains all through my body. I had a terrible cough and people thought I had consumption."

"I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and two boxes of Liver Pills, and I am now stouter than I have been for a long time. I can do all my work now, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"If any one wishes to write me, to verify these statements, I will gladly answer their letters."

MRS. CLARA CHEZEM, Jewett, Ill.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For seven years I had been suffering, was passing through the Change of Life, and my womb had fallen; menses were so profuse that at times I was obliged to lie on my back for six weeks at a time, could not raise my head from pillow. I had been treated by several physicians, but got no relief."

"I was advised by friends to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and after taking it six weeks I was able to be around all the time and do my house-

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The employees of the Chicago City Railway Company presented an ultimatum to the manager Thursday, that unless the company ceases discrimination against the union they will strike.

The Easy Pill.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers do not gripe nor weaken the system. They cure biliousness, jaundice, constipation and inactive livers, by arousing the secretions, moving the bowels gently, yet effectively, and giving each tone and strength to the glands of the stomach, liver and bowels that the cause of the trouble is removed entirely. These famous little pills exert a decided tonic effect upon the organs involved, and if their use is continued for a few days there will be no return of the trouble. Slocum Drug Co. Ione Drug Co., Ione.

A gigantic stock and land deal is reported to have been made in Harney county. Portland parties are said to have bought out the Pacific Livestock Company, for \$2,000,000.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

The only positive cure for blind, itching, itching and protruding piles, cuts, burns, bruises, eczema and all abrasions of the skin. DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the pure,

unadulterated witch hazel—all others are counterfeits. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is made to cure—counterfeits are made to sell. Slocum Drug Co. Ione Drug Co., Ione.

Clergy Half Fare Permits For 1903.

The issuance of the customary form of O. R. & N. individual half fare permits will be discontinued with the close of the year 1902, and for 1903, Joint Clergy Certificates issued by the Trans-Continental Passenger Association will be honored on our line. These permits will be good in the combined territories of the Western, South-Western, and Trans-Continental Associations, embracing practically the territory west of Chicago and St. Louis. A charge of \$1.00 is made by the Trans-Continental Association to cover the expense of issuing these permits.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent.

Two Danish girls are being forcibly detained as servants by lumbermen of Cathlamet, who claim that they advanced money for tickets from Copenhagen to Oregon. The authorities are investigating the case.

The Northern Pacific has purchased land in Vancouver on which to build a depot and terminal offices.

SLOW PHILADELPHIA

The Funny Flings at the Quaker City Not All Well Founded.

Business Men and Politicians Are as Wide Awake and Enterprising as Those of Any Other Great Community.

Those who have grown accustomed to the almost proverbial expression, "As slow as a Philadelphian," have never gone beyond the humorous consideration of the matter, writes Dr. William Ellis Triggs, in the Chicago American.

The newspapers have made it the brunt of humorous thrusts, the theme has furnished food for caricaturists on occasions when more momentous problems have lain in slumbering quiescence, lecturers have scored introductory points about it, and knights of the "heel and clog" have come to resort to it as a vindication when old and memorable gray-haired jokes have failed to find market in the playhouses of the beautiful city of homes.

So far has this over-indulgence of a well-taken criticism extended, that one may hear in England and as far away as the orient, stories invested with ridicule for patient Philadelphia, the long-suffering and never-complaining home of as lovely and loving a community of people as God ever made.

A certain lecturer in Scotland, commemorating the disposition of his family said: "I have three children—living, and one in Philadelphia, Pa." A well known long distance walker athlete, losing the championship in a time walk from Washington to New York, consoled his defeat and amused his admirers by declaring that he was far ahead of his old-time record, when, on arriving in the city of Philadelphia, his feet went to sleep, and he was unable to proceed further with his accustomed agility.

The members of a flourishing baseball team, on alighting from the train, each appeared armed with a gigantic alarm clock which they proceeded to carry about the town to keep them awake.

A still more unfortunate, but actual occurrence is the one recorded in the undertakers' journals that Philadelphia is the only city in the world enjoying the distinction of having had one of its citizens run over and killed by an undertaker's hearse.

Actors appease the fancy's fickle foibles by informing us that they come to Philadelphia and tell jokes one season, returning the next to find they have just penetrated the slumbering perceptions of the easy-going citizens.

And thus, Philadelphia becomes the poet's theme, the joker's jest, the caricaturist's hope, while its unavenging millions are born, live and die in the deepest affection for the place, unmindful of the thrusts, and not infrequently enjoying them.

I have seen consumptives deliberately refuse the offer of home and comfort, with an almost indisputable assurance of restoration to health and, certainly a longer life, in the mountain of the south, southwest and Colorado, that they might remain in the city of their love and die there—seemingly perfectly contented. In two cases particularly I know that each could have had every luxury that wealthy and anxious friends and relatives would have tendered to go away into the land of exogenous air and balmy sunshine, but they refused to leave—the one dying when the winter came, and the other lingering to-day, held by the barest thread of existence that is worse than death.

Now, there is a serious and a scientific side to the fact of Philadelphia's slowness as a body of people.

It is noticeable that the men who control wealth, who handle great corporations and engage in vast business enterprises therein, are alive to their business' best interests, and comprise as wakeful a set of men as one wishes to find in any municipality in the world. This is particularly noticeable in the political affairs of Philadelphia.

Those who engage in the actual control of the vast city's interests take occasional opportunity to assure the world that there is nothing slow about the politicians of that town. The voters are just the contrary—let a man in authority betray every sense of honor and fidelity to his constituency, and they will re-elect him as long as he shows his allegiance to the powers that be. This signifies subservience—servile submission—whether it be good or bad. The same is true in business. While it is not done, I add, to the honor of Philadelphia business men, yet a business man who desired could exact almost any honest condition of employment from his hard-worked artisans, and they would humbly submit to it rather than run the risk and dread of a lost position. This is said in no disparagement—it is simple truth.

Domestic Point of View.

If there was anything upon which Mrs. Upjohn prided herself it was her coffee. It was always rich, black and strong, and she trusted the making of it to none but her own fair hands.

This is why the visitors in the par-

lor, from whose presence she had excused herself for a few moments, distinctly heard through the partly open door the loud, horrified voice of the kitchen girl:

"Ter goodness' sake, ma'am, you're not goin' to feed the company on the horrid black stuff you drink yourself, are ye?"—Chicago Tribune.

In the Mountains.

He—Now that we are engaged, won't you kiss me, sweetheart?
She—I never kissed a man in my life.
"Nor I."—N. Y. Herald.

MONEY GREW ON BUSHES.

Railway Section Gang in Nebraska Comes Upon a Singular Find by the Roadside.

The fairy tale of money growing on bushes was lately realized along the right of way of the Burlington railroad between Hyannis and Alliance, says a Lincoln (Neb.) report.

A gang of section men were at work, when one of them noticed something that looked like a bill waving from the tangled top of a sunflower growing by the roadside. He investigated. It was a treasury note for \$10.

He walked a few steps farther and there, nodding from a branch of a bit of dog fennel, was another bill of similar denomination.

He called to his companions, and the entire gang threw down their tools and started on a money hunt. For three hours they searched up and down the right of way and far afield.

At almost every yard their trouble was rewarded by finding either a five or a ten-dollar bill. Some bills were tangled in the tops of weeds, others half hidden in bushes along the fence, and still others in the stubble of the field.

The entire day's clean-up of the eight was \$2,135. When the find was reported, word came from headquarters that a money pouch containing \$3,500 had been lost from an express shipment the day before.

The supposition is that the bag fell out of the open car door and was ground to pieces under the wheels, and the contents were scattered to the winds. This hypothesis is supported by the later discovery of portions of the damaged pouch.

RELIGION OF THE BLANKET.

The Navajo Squaw Prays as She Weaves the Threads of Her Beautiful Production.

It is a religion to make a Navajo blanket. Through the kinky, bristling twine of the warp are woven the hopes and aspirations of an immortal soul. In the warm colors are expressed the ardors of passionate hearts, the sandstorms they have faced, the cloud-bursts under which their backs have bent, the smiling sunshine that has dried their wool, all the adverse and good fortunes that have befallen are wrought into the intricate designs. The squaw prays as she pushes the wool cart, and she prays as she twirls the distaff in her hands or rolls it on her thigh; she prays as she arranges the beads; she prays as she lustily pounds down the woolstrands with her scrub oak batten, says the Southern Workman.

A blanket is all a prayer, a human document, a biography bright with the joy tints of sunny yellow, dark with the olive green of pain. One is drawn to it because one's heart is moved by its ineffable, intangible humanness. One is strangely moved to both laughter and tears by its exquisitely variant colors, each expressing an emotion by its warmth of blended fibers, each throbbing to a note of triumph or of woe.

THE FRUIT PLETHORA.

Fine Apples Fed to the Pigs Because of the Superabundant Product of the Orchards.

Rarely, if ever, has there been such a superabundance of fruit as now abounds in the New England orchards. The heavy weight of the apple and pear trees hang heavy under the weight of their enormous yield, and the ground beneath the trees is covered with the decaying droppings. In some localities fine apples may be had for the picking and an offer of half a dollar a barrel for the fruit on the tree is eagerly accepted in the rural districts. Thousands of bushels are being fed to the cattle and pigs and the cider mills are glutted with raw material for the presses. It seems a pity to see such a large quantity of fine fruit going to waste. It is almost superfluous to offer suggestion in the line of thoughtful philanthropy to Dr. Hale, but the glutted condition of the orchards suggests that it might be a good idea to renew his farmers' fruit offering scheme, which furnished such a liberal supply of free fruit to the poor people of Boston when it was originally undertaken. Undoubtedly a great many bushels of apples can now be had for the asking.

Official Cravat Adjusters.

The leading haberdashery shops employ only clerks who are expert in arranging cravat shapes. Make-up neckwear is adopted for provincial trade, as a rule. Among the duties of such assistants is to attend weddings and other house functions. The bridegroom nowadays presents his "best man" and ushers with cravats

and gloves for the ceremony. The haberdasher's clerk reports at the proper place in due time and adjusts these cravats uniformly, placing the cravats in correct position, etc. He also fits the gloves in each case. His employer collects a handsome fee for this professional service.

Buddhists in America.

It is stated that San Diego, in Southern California, is fast becoming the Buddhist center of America. In one house there has been erected a shrine to Buddha, and the owner, a woman of means, has brought a Buddha priest from India, who gathers a large congregation together every week.

Increased Receipts Explained.

The largest increase in postal receipts in the history of the service was shown in the reports of 50 leading post offices for September. That was the month, says the Chicago Record-Herald, in which the people who were away on vacations wrote home for money to get back with.

GOOD OLD ARMY BEANS.

As Prepared by the Expert Military "Chef," They Are a Most Palatable Food.

"Beans are the soldiers' mainstay," says Thomas P. Dillon, a retired United States cavalry officer, according to the Philadelphia Record. "The American soldier, at a pinch, can equal the performance of an Arab on a handful of dried dates—he can ride and fight all day on a mere handful of beans, properly prepared. There is nothing to equal the army baked bean. Your celebrated 'Boston baked' are but a poor imitation of the succulent article turned out by a regular army cook. There's an art in cooking them that nobody but an army man can ever acquire. I've been on service when for a week at a time our menu consisted of beans for breakfast, beans for dinner and beans for supper; and did the troopers tire of the monotony? Not a bit of it. They sang for more, and in spite of hard work and lack of variety at mess the fellows actually got fat. That demonstrated to me the nutritive quality of beans, and I made it a point to get into the good graces of the cook and learn how to bake them. It isn't such an elaborate process, but there's a trick in doing it right. My friends are all fond of beans the way I cook them, and many a time I've been asked for the recipe, but that's a thing I don't give away to everyone. You see, people enjoy a dish all the better when they know it's something that not everybody can get up. It might take some of the zest away if they could say of my beans: 'I know how to make them.'"

KNOWLEDGE WAS POWER.

How Familiarity with the Chinese Language Made a Woman a Countess.

One of the unmarried women in diplomatic circles at Washington is Countess Marguerite Cassini, the accomplished niece of the Russian ambassador, who is a countess in her own right, not by heredity, but by special grace of the czar, and a curious story is told of the manner in which she won her title. It was when Count Cassini had his fateful conference with Li Hung Chang at Peking, long before the Boxer trouble. The count's interpreter was away, for Li's call was unexpected, and as the Chinese statesman could not speak Russian and the Russian diplomat did not understand Chinese the conference came to a deadlock. The count's niece, who had picked up something of the language, stepped into the breach and the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. The Chinese empress loaded her with presents, the czar's government made a note of the service performed, and when there was a question a couple of years ago of the young lady's precedence at Washington, where the count was then ambassador, the czar himself confounded her rivals by making her a countess. This was something like rapid promotion for the lady.

CHINESE ARMY ROLLS.

They Include with the Soldiers, Their Horses and Every Article of Equipment.

Now that China has Russia for a near neighbor, it remains to be seen how successfully, or otherwise, the middle kingdom will continue to practice its favorite game of bluff. How it has reinforced its army is shown by the Swedish explorer, Herdin, says Youth's Companion.

The Chinese have a most extraordinary way of enumerating troops. They are not content with counting the soldiers only, but reckon in also their horses, rifles, shoes, breeches and so forth, so that the resultant total is a long way above what it ought to be.

They apparently go on the supposition that the rifle is at least as valuable as the man, and by an analogous train of reasoning they argue that a man is of little use if he has to travel on foot, that he cannot go about naked, and so on. Hence they count the whole kit, horse, rifle, breeches and all.

By this peculiar process of arithmetic they fancy they deceive the Russians into believing their garrisons much stronger than they are.