



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

\$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.

Western Kansas is buried under the heaviest fall of snow ever experienced in that part of the state.

There are 28 United States inspectors between Halifax and the Pacific Coast to see that diseased immigrants do not enter the United States.

The storm in Wyoming last week was the most disastrous of the winter. Stockmen of the Eastern part of the state claim that they will lose 25 per cent of their holdings.

A strong commercial club has been organized at Cottage Grove.

J. F. DeLaney, postmaster at Lolo, Mont., had his son arrested for robbing the mails and then went on his bond for \$500.

The Stomach is the Man.
A weak stomach weakens the man because it cannot transform the food he eats into nourishment. Health and strength cannot be restored to any sick man or weak woman without first restoring health and strength to the stomach. A weak stomach cannot digest enough food to feed the tissues and revive the tired and run down limbs and organs of the body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cleanses, purifies, sweetens and strengthens the glands and membranes of the stomach, and cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Bloom Drug Co., Iowa Drug Co., Iowa.

A Remarkable Case.
One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I run down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Bloom Drug Co., Iowa Drug Co., Iowa.

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 \$3.00 is made by the Trans-Continental Association to cover the expense of issuing these permits.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent.

PLAGUE OF LUXURY.

How It Has Fallen Upon the People with Prosperous Times.

With the Introduction of Modern Conveniences and the Country's Growth in Riches, Even the Flat Dweller Lives High.

The growth of luxurious living in America was very slow during the first 50 years of the republic. Indeed, up to the breaking out of our civil war the inequalities of fortune were not so marked as to make those who lived sumptuously according to the standards of those days seem so far removed from the merely well-to-do as to be almost in another world. In the earlier days, any sober and industrious man could prosper, even though he did not perform merely manual labor. There was work for every one to do, and no one was more in demand than Mr. Jack-of-all-trades, who now walks superfluous in the dusty highway, with no one to applaud his adaptability, none to need his ingenious services. Food was plenty, land was cheap, rents were low. Be honest and you will be happy, was not mere cant; it was the solemn and the grateful truth. Pretty nearly every one lived well, but pretty nearly all lived plainly. With better houses, with better water supplies, with improved lamps for illumination and then with the introduction of illuminating gas, and most of all with the greater wealth which came at the end of the civil war, the growth of luxurious living began taking tremendous strides. Luxury with poor light after sunset, luxury with few of the means of personal cleanliness, does not mean much to us nowadays. Why, a man in a Harlem flat at \$600 a year can command more of the kind of luxury just mentioned than say the disolute Charles II. ever dreamed of. But the wealth that comes with new fortunes to new people was really what began the race which may be called the Millionaire Stakes for all ages, says a writer in *Ansley's Magazine*.

Before these stakes were opened there were a few fortunes in this country. Some were made in the trade with the east, some were made in strictly domestic commerce, some were founded in piracy, and other adventures by sea, but the greatest number and the most stable were those which came from the shrewd investments in land which was enhanced in value by the growth of cities. Even up to the time that the newly rich began to enlarge, the owners of the fortunes had contented themselves generally with a plain people, who lived very quietly and looked upon those who made unusual display as too vulgar to come inside the sacred pale which called itself society. In New York this class of people at the time mentioned lived in the neighborhood of Washington Square; in Philadelphia, toward the foot of Walnut street, and in Boston in that ever sacred Beacon street. They were slow but sure. They had no doubt about their position, or the propriety with which they maintained their dignity. They did what they pleased, but they did not please to be in the least fantastic, theatrical, ostentatious or conspicuous. And until the newly rich had arrived, with the manifest intention to stay permanently, there were none with either the ambition or the ability to move this supreme social level was maintained not by an active process, but by the passive power of inertia.

ADVICE FOR A WAITER.

How a Diner Made Sure That the Man Would Remember Him Next Time.

One Chicago man, laboring under the disadvantage of extreme poverty, recently found a novel way of informing an arrogant waiter that his method of serving was wholly unsatisfactory, says the Chicago Tribune.

The meal had been an exasperating one. Whenever the waiter was wanted he could not be found. When he was not wanted he was hovering about the table attempting to hear what was being said. The host and his friends had been compelled to ask emphatically for every accompaniment of the meal, even down to knives, forks and spoons, so by the time the coffee and cheese had been shoved aside they were in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Still, throughout the meal the man who was doing the honors retained his composure, and did not once find fault with the waiter in the latter's presence. But he was reserving his ammunition for future delivery.

He asked for his check. The waiter brought it with a gracious bow and it was paid. Then the host arose with considerable dignity, and, reaching in his pocket, extracted a quarter, which he handed to the anxious looking waiter.

"Now," asked the host, after he had paid the customary tip, "do you think you would remember me if I came in here again?"

"O, yes, sir, yes, sir, I'm sure I would," replied the waiter, with a suave smile of satisfaction.

"Well," continued the exasperated guest, "I want you to remember me. Take one more good look at me, so you will make no mistake. And if you ever see me in this place in the future you will keep just as far away from me as the walls will allow. If you should attempt to wait on me again, I give you fair warning that I'll bounce one of these oak chairs off the top of your head."

With this parting shot the outraged guest wheeled on his heel and walked briskly from the place. The waiter did not recover for half an hour.

AN HONEST PORTER.

He Helped Himself to a Tip of Ten Dollars for Being Accommodating and Honest.

"The tip-exacting Pullman car porters are the recipients of a good many knocks from press and public, but they are not the worst in the world," remarked a commercial traveler to a Washington Star man. "They may have a pretty fierce way of drilling for tips, but when it comes to the matter of honesty I know one of them that's there with the goods, as the saying goes."

"I left San Francisco, or, rather, Oakland, on the Santa Fe line for Chicago at 8 o'clock in the evening a couple of weeks ago last Sunday. The gang that I met in Frisco had been rather too enthusiastic in giving me a good time of it out there on the day of my departure, so that when I woke up on the train along toward 7 o'clock the next morning the sleeper bunk felt pretty warm and my coppers a whole lot warmer. The nearest, in fact, the first stop at which I would have a chance to fix those hot coppers out was Mojave, and so I hustled into my clothes to be ready to hop off the train during the stop at Mojave for one of those katzenjammer alleviators."

"I asked the Pullman conductor how long the train would stop at Mojave, and he replied that the stop would last ten minutes. I raced into the station cafe when the train pulled into Mojave, and instructed the man in charge of the bar to rig me up one of those long, long damp things. He went at the job in a pretty scientific manner, and the piece of wet work that he set before me was a rare thing to find right alongside of the California desert. It was such a fine and effective creation, in fact, that I asked him to frame up another one, and I got away with this with equal joy. Then I leisurely strolled to the door to take a look at my train—and saw the end of it curling away in the rarefied distance on its way toward the land of the rising sun. It had pulled out without notifying me. I hustled into the ticket office to ask the man in the window when I'd be able to corral another eastbound train, and he said that it'd be along at 8 o'clock the next morning—the mate to the train that had departed without me; there was only one of the overland expresses per diem. So there I saw myself stuck in Mojave, Cal., the most miserable little sand dune on the globe, for a full twenty-four hours.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. I had left my Gladstone bag wide open on my bunk, with my wearing apparel thrown around the section every which way, and in the bag I had placed, on the night before, \$200 in gold coin, the stuff being too heavy to carry around in my pockets with any comfort.

"I've got a chance of getting the bag back," said I to myself, "but what the black porter'll do to those \$200 in gilt money will be something swoopingly scandalous."

"I had no idea on earth that I'd ever see a dollar of that money. I figured it all out that the porter would corral the money and then tuck my wearing apparel into the bag and hand it over to the conductor. I knew then I wouldn't be able to prove any such fact that I had \$200 in gilt money in the bag, and yet I am for going. I told the station agent at Mojave about it, and he immediately telegraphed to the next station to be made by my last train along the line, a place called Beratero, N. Mex., directing that the bag be shipped overland. "The bag was returned to Mojave on the west-bound late that night, and I eagerly opened it up to see what I had left in the bag. Everything was there, including the stack of gold money. I counted the gold roll, and it amounted to an even \$190. The porter, I felt certain, had appropriated just one of the \$10 gold pieces to compensate him for his trouble in packing the bag, and I afterward found out that I was right in this supposition.

"I caught the train east on the following morning, and when I got to Kansas City I got off to take a bit of a rest at a hotel. As I was getting off I met the porter of the train that had left Mojave without me. He was walking about the station, waiting to go aboard his car for another western trip. He saw and recognized me as soon as I recognized him, and he grinned broadly when he saw me.

"Boss," said he, coming over to me. "Ah suah did look ev'rywher fo' dat othuh ten dolluh gol' piece, but Ah

suah couldn't fin' it nowheah," and then he burst into a happy darky laugh and slapped his thigh joyously. I told him how welcome he was to the \$10 piece that he had pinched out for himself, and I'm not certain that I didn't give him another couple of dollars to show my appreciation of his honesty. It might not sound like honesty to speak of his swiping \$10 from my Gladstone bag, but under the circumstances, considering the chance he had to grab it all, and considering, too, the nature of Pullman porters as they're supposed to be, I think he was a paragon of honesty."

Chocolate Waters.

One-half of a cupful of light brown sugar, as much granulated sugar creamed with one-half cupful of butter, one well beaten egg, one-half cupful of grated chocolate, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix all together to a soft dough, roll out a little at a time very thin and cut into circles. Bake in a moderate oven.—Detroit Free Press.

An Italian having written a book upon the art of making gold, dedicated it to Pope Leo X., expecting a good reward. His holiness, finding that the man constantly followed him, at length gave him a large, empty purse, saying: "Sir, since you know how to make gold, you have no need of anything but a to put it in."



ON THE FARM.

There's many a successful business man who sits in his city office and lets his mind slip back to his boyhood days on the farm. How good it felt to live! What an appetite he had! How good everything tasted! How sound his sleep was! How eagerly he rose with the sun and raced with him through the long day. And now he's a successful man. But he can't sleep. He doesn't enjoy his food. His stomach is weak, his nerves are shaken, and he no more rises with the sun to race eagerly against him. His vitality is low and now and again his heart seems to plunge in his breast as if it would break loose. That's the price he has paid for success.

The mischief of the whole business is that he buys "tablets" of one sort or another to "aid" his digestion, and indulges in bromides and other nerve stimulants, just to hold himself together, and wonders why he seems to be getting worse.

The whole trouble with such a man generally lies in what is called a "weak" stomach. The food he eats does not nourish him because it is only partially digested and assimilated. No man can be stronger than his stomach, because it is in the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition that strength is made from the food which is eaten.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the strength of the body in the only way strength can be restored, by food which is perfectly digested and assimilated, when the diseased stomach (with its allied organs) is cured of disease. It is a blood-making, body-building medicine, inasmuch as blood is made from food and the body is built up by blood. It is not a stimulant, containing neither alcohol or any other narcotic.

NO OTHER DOCTOR FOR ME.

"Last spring, early I wrote you my feelings and condition," says Mr. A. J. Vandewater, 323 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill., "and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (a few bottles), and then write you how I felt. I am happy to say I am getting to feel fine. In all I have taken six bottles of the 'Discovery' and four or five vials of the little 'Pellets.' They have done me worlds of good. All my friends say, 'Vandewater, how well you are looking.' And in the world here you are being doing.' I tell them I have been doing with Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y. 'Why,' they say, 'you haven't been there.' No, I say, but I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his little 'Pellets.' These medicines have wrought the great change in me. From a slow motion of a man that could hardly crawl, tired and sick all the time, and could do no work, to a man who can work as hard as the best of them, and that tired feeling is all gone away. I am very thankful that I wrote to Dr. Pierce, his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his little liver 'Pellets' have almost made a new man of me. I feel young as I did at thirty years. No other doctor for me, only Dr. Pierce."

HAD GIVEN UP HOPE.

"I will express my thanks to you for the kindly advice you have given me in regard to my case," writes Miss Corrie J. Wharton, of Dumavant, Spottsylvania Co., Virginia. "When I wrote to you last spring I was in a terrible state of health. Had given up all hope of ever being better. I spit up my food all the time and it seemed as if I was going to die. I would have a bad sick headache every other week; in fact, my head never felt clear, and I was perfectly broken down under the strain of losing my food constantly. I had read a great deal in your books of what your medicine had done for others, so I wrote you and got your advice. Bought two bottles of Golden Medical Discovery and the first dose I took I felt better. When I had finished taking the two bottles the spitting up had entirely stopped and my mind was much better. I believe your medicines are just what you have said of them. "I carefully read the books you sent me and shall always speak a good word for the 'Golden Medical Discovery' whenever I have a chance. "You can publish this if you think it worth while. It might induce some one else to try your medicine who was suffering as I did. It was by the testimonials of others that I was induced to try it. I shall always rely on your advice and feel safe to do as you tell me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, its causes and consequences.