

Painful Periods

are overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fifty thousand happy women testify to this in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful something is wrong which

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

will promptly set right; if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so unvaryingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cure.

Kept His Powder Dry.

According to his custom General Joubert preached a sermon yesterday, but he had a man detailed in the meanwhile, says the Chicago Record, to see that the powder did not get rained on.

Ella Ewing, the giantess, has completed her residence near Gorin, Mo. The house was built on a scale proportionate with Miss Ewing's needs. The doors are 10 feet high and the ceilings and windows look like those of fabled giants' castles. She is still growing, and is now 8 feet and 4 inches tall.

Paper shingles, lacquered and stiffened, are very tough and durable, and can be made in any desired shape or color. For novel cottages with slanting roofs, they are coming into great favor in England.

CATARH CAN NOT BE CURED.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

As a general thing, the sewing done by male tailors is finer, neater and more uniform than that done by females.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frost-bitten feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Alaska Miners' Association, at Seattle, has adopted resolutions, which were sent to congress, praying for authority to mine the Nome beaches and condemning the sending of military to that district.

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

The levees on both sides of the Mississippi are of sufficient extent that if they were built in a single straight line they would be about 1,300 miles long, or long enough to stretch the greater part of the distance between New Orleans and New York.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Egin, Ill.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c. 25c. 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 316 NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

THE coach was crowded, and it looked very much like I would have to stand for the trip into town, when a little old lady, her manner indicating that she was off on a well-earned pleasure jaunt, called to me to take a seat beside her, which I was very glad to do. As is usual with old ladies, as soon as I was seated, she looked me over, nodded and smiled, and began to talk.

"Did you have any rain down this way, dear?" "No, ma'am," I replied. "We have had sunshine and glorious weather all the day long."

"It was raining pretty hard—coming down mighty lively—this morning, when I took the train," my new-found friend continued pleasantly. "I have been on this same train since early morning, and I'm getting just a little bit tired; it's been pretty warm all the day long, and I'm well nigh worn out; but mercy me, I ain't half way there yet; won't get there until to-morrow morning, 'bout 11 o'clock; guess I'll be powerful glad. I ain't done no traveling for nigh on twenty-seven years, to 'mount to much," and she nodded and smiled, and looked very important, indeed.

"You are on a long journey, then, madam?" I inquired, and accompanied the question with a smile which I hoped would invite further confidence.

"Yes, I'm going back to the old home in Ohio; I ain't been there since just a little while after I was married; we just had our first little girl when me

then live 'round among the children; first with one and then the other; I've got mighty good children; there ain't no one got better children than I have," and the thin, careworn features of the loving mother were once more lighted up with a radiant smile. "There's going to be a reunion of soldiers down where I come from pretty soon; I hated awful bad to leave home just at this time, but, you see, they've got cheap rates back to the old home now and it won't cost nothing like so much money to go now as 'twould to go later on; my son thought first he would go with me, but it cost too much money for him to go—you see, he's married now—and he said he didn't see how he could spare such an awful lot of money; so, I just picked up courage and started by myself; I guess I'll get through all right. I have to change cars twice."

"Don't let that worry you, madam; the conductor and station-master will see that you are well taken care of; you will get through without a bit of trouble," I hastened to assure her, and she smiled contentedly.

"I brought a lunch with me; I did get a cup of coffee for dinner; they charged me 10 cents for it, and it wasn't very strong, either; and then, too, it was almost cold; and I did buy some bananas, two for 5 cents, and they were just about half ripe; back home where I come from you get five, and sometimes six, nice bananas for 5 cents; but, mercy me, they do cheat you on these railroad trains"—and the dim brown eyes twinkled merrily.



AND THEN THE SWEET OLD FACE BECAME VERY THOUGHTFUL.

and my husband left the old home—sold off the old farm, and went out to Iowa to live. There ain't no one back to the old home expecting me; I ain't never told nobody I was coming; guess they'll be awfully surprised to see me," and her face lighted up wonderfully at the prospect of the pleasant surprise she had planned for the "folks at home." "My husband died just about a year ago—just a year ago last June—so now I ain't really got nothing to keep me to home, so I thought I might just as well enjoy myself a little as not; it's lonesome back to home now since father's gone," and a tear found its way down the deeply furrowed cheek, "so I'm going back to see the folks at the old home."

"Then you are going to visit your children and the little grandchildren? I do hope you will have a nice visit, madam."

"No, I ain't got no children in Ohio; all my children live out in Missouri, where I come from; but my husband, he's got four sisters, and then my uncle and some of my cousins live back to the old home, and I'm going to visit them. I just know I'll have a lovely time; maybe I might stay a year—it's such a long way there; I'm just going to stay as long as I want to—till I get tired; there ain't really nothing to take me back home now, you see," and again the dim, brown eyes filled with tears. "I know they'll be mighty glad to see me. I kept house back to our home in Missouri, where I come from, till my last boy got married, and now I ain't going to keep house no longer; just live around among my children—I've got four children living and one dead; our youngest little girl—the baby—died about ten years ago. You know, it's pretty lonesome for an old woman like me to keep house all by myself, and 'tain't really no use nobow; so, I'm going to enjoy myself a little first and

Glancing over me, out through the car window, over the fields of corn, she continued cheerfully, nodding and smiling:

"Crops out this way look mighty poor; guess you had too much rain. My son-in-law has just got the most lovely corn you ever did see; he's going to make money this time; he's got most sixteen acres of the best land just outside the corporation line; he's done mighty fine this year. But you can't make nothing gardening now days; times is too hard, and money is too scarce; can't sell a thing; there's so many men out of work, and they get just a little bit of ground, just big enough to garden, and raise their own vegetables—so you can't sell nothing; just can't give vegetables away. Now, my husband did gardening; he done pretty well, always made a good living for me and the children," and the voice trembled slightly, "but then times was not so hard then days as now. We've got lots of peaches out on our place, but cherries don't do so well. My, how that river winds a out; just seems as though we didn't do a thing but just keep crossing that river. Them there bluffs offer there look powerful pretty; I ain't seen nothing so nice to look at as them there bluffs for many a long day. Guess we'll cross the Mississippi River pretty soon, won't we?" "Yes, ma'am, after you leave St. Louis; the Mississippi River, you remember, winds along between Missouri and Illinois. You will see wheat fields and plenty of corn in Illinois."

"That's what my son-in-law told me; he said they raise a mighty lot of wheat in Illinois. But, my, I ain't been this far from my children before; never was this far from them in my whole life. I bet they'll miss me just awful," and then the sweet old face became wonderfully thoughtful. "My son-in-law, the one that married my

next oldest daughter, he's a fireman on the road; he runs out in the State; he told me just the other day he might have to come this time on an extra train to St. Louis; maybe I'll see him here; I just hope I do. He makes good money, my son-in-law does; sometimes he makes \$80 a month; that's doing mighty well; folks ought to get lots of happiness and live mighty comfortable on \$80 a month. I just believe I'll take my bonnet off; guess I might feel a little cooler," and she laid the old-fashioned bonnet in her lap and smoothed back the hair from her temples. "And, do you know, I believe I am getting sleepy," and again she smiled contentedly.

"You have some little grandchildren at home, have you not, madam? I'm afraid they will miss their 'grandmamma'; children are always so fond of their 'grandmamma'."

"Yes, my daughter says I spoil the children; I guess maybe I do. I have five grandchildren; one of my daughters, she's got two little girls, and one of my sons, he's got a little boy, and then one of my other girls, she's got two little children—a little girl and a little boy; the oldest one, she's a little girl about 5 years old, and thinks there was never no one like me. Yes, they'll all miss 'grandma,' and again the quaint old face was wreathed in smiles. "My husband was back to the old home most seventeen years ago. They were all mighty glad to see him. When we left there to go to Iowa our farm wasn't worth nothing like \$40 an acre, and when my husband was there—that's seventeen years ago—he was worth nigh onto \$100 an acre. I reckon I just won't know the old place. You see, first we went to Iowa, but it was too cold there in the winter—they have powerful cold winters up in Iowa—so we sold off the place there and went out to Missouri; that's where I come from now; we've done pretty well out there. You ain't a going to get off here, are you? I'm so sorry."

"Yes, ma'am," I told her, "I get off here, but you don't know how glad I am to have met you. And I do hope you will get back to the old home all right and find all the folks well and happy. I know they will be glad to have you with them. The conductor will take care of you when you change cars, so don't let that cause you any uneasiness whatever. I do hope you will enjoy every minute of your visit. Good-by, and the God you love be with you and take care of you."

The dim brown eyes lighted up with great pleasure, and her good-by sounded very sweet and pleasant, though it was partially drowned by the noise of the train as it neared the station.

I tenderly pressed the toil-worn hand she put into mine, the hand that had labored unceasingly so many years for the husband and children she so dearly loved, and I looked at the quaint slight figure in its tidy black dress and at the old-fashioned bonnet in her lap. She seemed so sure they would be delighted to see her at the old home and the children so many miles away would miss her. The dim old eyes could still twinkle and the sweet old face still lighted up with a bright smile.

What unbounded faith these old folks have in the love of their children and kindred! May that faith never be shaken. God bless the quaint old lady, with her nods and smiles, and may she have a royal reception from the "folks at the old home," and when the children way out in Missouri write her—and may they send many a loving missive to the one on earth who of all others loves them best—God grant that they will remember to tell her, to tell her lovingly and often, how much they miss her at home, and how lonesome the place is without "mother."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Wasted Sympathy.

She is a charming widow, pretty, bright and light hearted. She was a charming young woman before she married Mr. Blank, and moved away to live in Georgia. Her married life was most happy, and the death of her husband was a great loss to her, but she bore up under it. After the funeral and a general packing up of things she returned to her old home. The day after she arrived she was met on the street by one of her very solemn-faced friends, who intended to give her a cluster of that sympathy that makes one feel as if the sympathizer had thrown something at and on the "sympathizer."

"Oh, Mrs. Blank," said the solemn one, "I am so glad you are so well."

"Yes," answered the widow, "I am as well as can be. I was never ill in my life, you know."

"And, Mrs. Blank," continued the solemn one in more solemn tones, "I'm glad to see you so happy."

"Why, yes. Yes, I'm very happy. You know it was not I that died. It was Mr. Blank."—Memphis Scimitar.

The Debate Closed.

"Yes, sir!" shouted the little man with thin, straggling hair, "the constitution of the United States guarantees to every man liberty of speech, and I'd like to see any one try to deprive me of it!"

"John Henry," exclaimed a large woman of a decided mien, who had just entered the room, "you dry up and come home."—New York Journal.

Penniless Klondikers.

The number of penniless men in the Klondike is placed at 3,000.

CAMEO CARVING.

A Description of the Tools and the Method Employed.

All the tools used by the cameo carver would make but a handful, says the New York Evening Post. The worker sits before a wheel turned by a pedal; tools occupy a small corner of the table surface on which the worker's hands rest while he holds the shaped stone or shell beneath the needle-like drill. The little pointed instruments which are used to drill resemble those employed by a dentist, and, indeed, it was from the cameo carver's kit that the dentists got many of their ideas when the tools now in use by them came to be manufactured, thirty years ago. The drills vary in thickness according to the portion of the figure or design to be executed. Some are as fine as the point of a cambric needle. A small china receptacle also stands near, filled with oil and diamond dust and into this the workman frequently dips his tool during the progress of his work.

The cameo cutter's occupation is very exacting. He can put in only a few hours' work at a time as a usual thing, because of the tension on his nerves. A quivering hand may be responsible for the single stroke which will spoil a week's work. He must have an eye almost like a microscope and a very delicate touch; he must be an artist in soul and as skilled a craftsman as a watchmaker; he must know how to model and draw, and he must have a knowledge of chemistry, so as to remove offending spots.

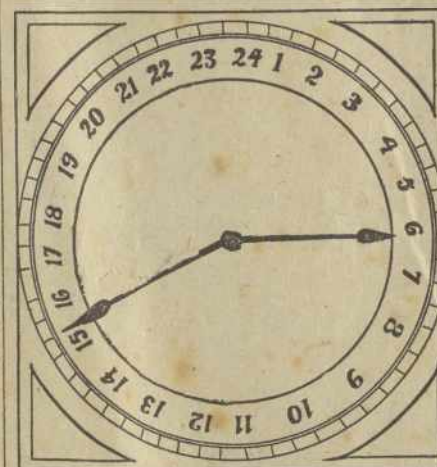
The work is executed in relief on many kinds of hard or precious stones, but essentially the chalcidonic variety of quartz and on shells. The cameo cutter himself prefers onyx because of its dark and light layers, which throw out in bold relief a white head, say, against a black background. He evolves his picture by removing all that portion of the white stratum remaining after the head has been completed. Sapphire blocks are used, carnelian, turquoise, amethyst and numerous other stones.

It takes about a month to execute a portrait on onyx, while much less time is consumed if the work is done on shell. There is always great danger of the latter breaking, and its durability, too, is not great, so that the shell, as a rule, is not desirable as the harder materials. A portrait on onyx will cost \$200, while one on shell may be had for \$50. The inquiries for these are rare and building up a patronage is slow and accomplished mainly by satisfied customers influencing others.

FROM 1 TO 24.

How Time Is Now Reckoned Throughout France.

A new method of counting time went into effect with the new year in all departments of the government of France, and the hours are now officially reckoned in that country from 1 to 24. The old system of dividing days



NEW CLOCK DIAL.

into two periods of 12 hours each has been abolished, and hereafter all governmental documents will be dated according to the new order of things. Under the new system a day begins at midnight. What is 1 o'clock in the afternoon under the old method is 13 o'clock under the new.

To Make Cloth Fireproof.

The American consul at Freiburg, Germany, reports an interesting discovery by German scientists, the application of which will render cloth and wood fireproof. The material used to bring about this result is now being manufactured by a German firm, and great things are expected of it. The American consul declares that he has experimented with the discovery, and has found that curtains, carpets, clothing, draperies and wood to which the liquid has been applied refuse to yield to flame. Even when cloth was covered with kerosene and the oil burned out the fiber of the goods was only charred, while the piece remained intact. It is claimed that with the use of this chemical application hotels may be made absolutely fireproof, and that it will reduce fire risks on inside property very greatly. The chemical is soluble, and is therefore impracticable for outdoor use. Garments, curtains or carpets that pass through a laundering process must be treated again. It is claimed, however, that the scientists who have worked out the process believe they can render it waterproof in time.

Men are so scarce that a man who talks of getting divorce can always find women sympathizers.