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TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

Megaphones are comparatively new, and their introduction as means of calling carriages after a reception at the white house in Washington is noted as a useful innovation. But the megaphone seems out of keeping with modern inventions and usages. The tendency of the age is toward quietness and concentration, and the big, resonant megaphone in association with social functions is suggestive of anything but quiet elegance.

An Indiana man rushed up and down the bank of a stream in which his wife was battling with the torrent and offered $1,000 to anyone who would save her. After she had been rescued he refused to pay over the money claiming that he was unduly excited when he made the offer. The courts have decided that he must give up $1,000, but what can his poor wife be thinking now?

When the Boers mobilized their forces it is said that they only called out the first levy of men, between 18 and 24, some 25,000 in all. The second levy would consist of those between 35 and 50. The third levy would sweep in everybody else capable of bearing arms.

An Arkansas coroner in making out a verdict for the findings of an inquest over a ten-month-old child gravely wrote down the assertion that the child was unmarried and that its chief occupation was in keeping its father and mother awake at night.

The little town of Turner, Kan., which has but 400 inhabitants, supplied three soldiers when volunteers were called for at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, and all of them died of disease.

Chicago has a versatile woman, who for ten years ran a drug store and later at the home of the Young Women's Christian association served as an expert plumber, professional nurse and janitor.

The more progressive railroads are abandoning wooden freight cars in favor of steel built ones, and it is a question of a few years when all leading lines will use no other kind.

A late surgical discovery reported is that the inside of an eggshell answers as well as bits of human skin to start granulation in open wounds.

A recent report says that American apples to the extent of 100,000 barrels have lately been sold in Liverpool in a single week.

At the recent annual meeting of the Michigan State Millers' association the subject of beet-sugar raising came in for important notice. President Almendinger, according to the Detroit Journal, said that the recent state reports show that last year 22,000 acres were devoted to sugar-beet raising in Michigan, and the work has just commenced. So far as it is a legitimate industry, he said, it is entitled to consideration, or at least should be let alone. "That many farmers are being duped by beet sugar manufactures," said President Almendinger, "is no longer to be disputed. It is policy to allow men to be lured into an industry, which is to be a direct competition with our men, when a fair statement of the facts would dissuade many from engaging in it? A promoter of one of these schemes admitted in my presence that the beet-sugar industry might presently collapse, but in the meantime he and his friends would have got out of it in good financial condition." Mr. Almendinger cited the recent action of the beet growers of Bay and Shiawassee counties to show that beets were last year raised at a loss, and concluded by saying that if the industry cannot stand alone it might be the duty of the members of the Millers' association to use their influence in their respective communities to secure the early repeal of the bounty law, and also to set before the farmers who have not gone into the business of raising beets the exact conditions that surround their production.

Beet Sugar Versus Flour.

The tendency of policemen to become fat is proverbial. Put the thinnest man in a blue uniform with brass buttons and let him march to and fro on patrol duty and he will speedily develop into a ponderous person.

The husband of a woman who is lecturing in Arkansas on "How to Manage a Husband" committed suicide a few days ago. No other cause is assigned for the rash act.

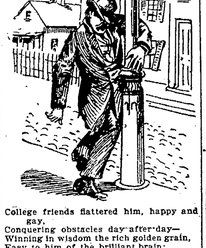
W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Andover meets the first and third Thursday in each month.

MRS. O. W. PROBASCO. Press Superintendent.

ONLY A DRUNKARD.

Only a drunkard! a pitiful thing,
Whose rough, ragged raiment so closely doth cling
To the rum-stricken form; while the wintry winds rave
With the moans that will echo so soon
Yet pity him now for the sake of the days
When his feet followed free in the happiest ways.
The skeleton brand of a sin-saddened sot,
Think of the time, ere the world drove him wild,
When he lovingly laughed as an innocent child;
A mother prayed over him, over him wept,
Taught him while waking and watched while he slept,
To crown him with culture, toiled early and late,
And dreamed of a manhood both honored and great.
Somebody's darling, somebody's joy,
Somebody's brother, somebody's boy,
Somebody's hero, somebody's love,
Worshiped as next to the Master above.



College friends flattered him, happy and gay,
Conquering obstacles day after day—
Winning in wisdom the rich golden grain,
Easy to him of the brilliant brain;
Bright eyes grew brighter with love when he came,
Fond of his fancies and proud of his fame;
And wept were delight, and a worshipful pride,
When he kissed her, and blessed her, and called her his bride.
'Twas then at the feast that he fell to his foe,
As he drank to the day in the wine's ruddy glow.
Little by little before it he fell,
Downward fate on the highway to hell;
Deeper and deeper he followed it down,
On to the damnable dens of the town,
Torturing, starving and cursing his wife,
Till death gave release from her rumridden life;
And the city authorities laid her to rest,
In a pauper's poor tomb with her babe on her breast.
How it pursued him! The demon, desire;
With its horrible thirst and its fancies of fire,
Forcing his feet to the terrible brink
Of the pit in which rages the maelstrom of drink,
Homeless, and hopeless, and loveless his life,
A whisky-worn, rum-maddened, bottle-bound sot.
Only a drunkard! And yet let us throw,
Charity's cloak o'er his ways and his woe,
Striving to lead him in love to the light,
Piercing the gloom with the rays of the right.
—Edgar Jones, in National Advocate.

"BRAVE BILL"

He Could Face Death on a Battleship But Was Defeated and Undone by His Enemy Rum.

When the report of the loss of the Maine reached this country the account was given also of the dauntless courage with which the officers and sailors met the disaster. One man, while the thunder of the explosion was still sounding in his ears, appeared at the door of Capt. Sigsbee's cabin, and, touching his cap, said, calmly:

"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has blown up, and is sinking."

He had faced an almost certain death in order to save the captain's life.

When the story was told, the heart of the nation responded with a proud throb. Every American felt honored by the courage and coolness of his countryman, and rejoiced that by some happy chance he was among the few who were saved.

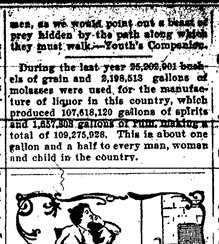
His after story is brief, and as it has been told in all the daily journals there can be no indelicacy in reciting it here.

He was a marine orderly on the Maine, a gallant, generous, friendly young fellow, who had but one enemy—himself. He drank to excess. After the destruction of the Maine he came to this country, and was received with praise and affection as a hero. His friends gathered around him; he married, and soon had another position offered him by one of his friends and his wife; but not work nor friends nor home could drag him away from the fatal habit.

Not two years after that day when, a hero among heroes, he trod the deck of the sinking ship, he sat alone in a public park in New York, a miserable outcast, who for liquor had given up all that made life dear. Mad with want and despair, he kissed the picture of his child, and put an end to his life—a life which God had fitted him to make happy and noble.

We tell this story to American young men, as we would point out a beast of prey hidden by the path along which they must walk.—Youth's Companion.

During the last year 25,202,901 bushels of grain and 2,198,513 gallons of molasses were used for the manufacture of liquor in this country, which produced 107,618,120 gallons of spirits, 1,737,808 gallons of rum, making a total of 109,275,928. This is about one gallon and a half to every man, woman and child in the country.



When a woman doesn't take any interest in her housework—
When the least exertion tires her—
When her back aches constantly—
her head troubles her—limbs pain,
and she feels generally miserable, it's a pretty sure indication that her kidneys are not doing their duty.
That backache is simply kidney ache.
The poison the kidneys should take out of the blood is left in and is breeding all sorts of dire diseases—
But you can stop it—

Doan's Kidney Pills

Act directly on the kidneys—strengthen them, help them to do their duty
Read what one grateful woman has to say about it.

Miss Carrie A. Miller of 23 Clinton Street, Seneca Falls, says:

"In 1896 I made this statement about Doan's Kidney Pills: At first when I noticed pain in my back the attacks occured at intervals, but as time went by it became constant; very distressing when lying down, and painful to stoop, straighten up or lift anything. I was ignorant of what caused the trouble, but I judged from the symptoms it was rheumatism. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills interested me, and thinking they might help me I got a box at a drug store. The first box did me so much good that I got more. They relieved the backache and convinced me that as a kidney remedy Doan's Kidney Pills are unrivalled. As a proof that my estimate of Doan's Kidney Pills was correct, I positively recommend them to anyone in my house for the last four years, and if I felt the slightest trouble of them I took a dose without delay. They always do the work."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers for 50 cents a box; sent by mail on receipt of price. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

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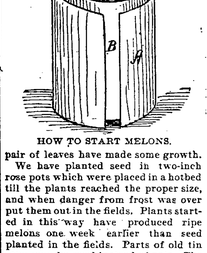
HORTICULTURE

STARTING MELONS.

How to Secure a Crop of Cantaloupes Some Time in Advance of Competitors.

Cantaloupes reach their highest development on a deep, mellow, sandy soil. It should be well prepared and the seed be planted as soon as danger of frost is over. In order to grow the crop early, which is a very important consideration from a commercial standpoint, it is best to make two plantings, one very early and the other some ten days later. Should the first planting be killed by frost or by insects, the second will usually make a stand. If neither planting be killed, the plants can be thinned out when the second



HOW TO START MELONS.

pair of leaves have made some growth.

We have planted seed in two-inch rose pots which were placed in a hotbed till the plants reached the proper size, and when danger from frost was over put them out in the fields. Plants started in this way have produced ripe melons one week earlier than seed planted in the fields. Parts of old tin cans may be used instead of pots. These cans may be thrown into the fire and the soldering which holds the ends and seams be melted, and afterward the cans be rolled out so as to form a smooth cylinder. They do best if can be placed inside the other, as at a and b, with the opening sides opposite, as illustrated. After the plants are set out, one of these tin cans may also be used for a plant protector against cut worms and cold winds until the plant starts to run. The can is simply slipped up above the plant, with an inch of it remaining in the soil to hold it.—Prof. R. S. Price, Texas Experiment Station, in Farm and Home.

A BAD INSECT PEST.

The Railroad Worm Is a Worse Foe to the Apple Crop than Even the Tent Caterpillar.

One of the worst pests that the apple grower has to fight is the railroad worm, called also the pulp worm and the apple maggot. The fruit growers of Vermont are unanimous in giving this insect the first rank among their insect enemies.

It is worse than the tent caterpillar. That can be entirely overcome by spraying whereas spraying has no effect on the railroad worm.

The railroad worm or apple maggot is the cause of the pulpy, pinky condition of the apples as we find them now in the stored fruit, and in that offered for sale. The eggs are laid just under the skin of the apple by a small fly. This fly begins her work in June, and keeps it up pretty much all summer, so that there may be worms of all ages in the apples. She has a strong preference for sweet apples, and practically ruined the crop of Talmans last year. Still, she works in all varieties, sour as well as sweet, and causes hundreds of dollars loss to the fruit grower.

We have consulted the authorities at the Vermont experiment station, and they frankly admit that no satisfactory way of dealing with it has been discovered. They say that considerable good can be accomplished by keeping hogs or sheep in the orchard to pick up the windfalls. These windfalls are usually full of apple maggots, and the hogs digest them out of existence.

Experiments are being made at various places in the United States, and we hope eventually to know some more effective way of dealing with this pest. But for the present we must rely on the practice of destroying the windfalls.—American Cultivator.

Care of Nursery Stock.

Whenever a farmer goes in for the growing of nursery stock he need have no lack of winter work. All the seedlings have either to be grafted or their roots in many cases are made into stocks, and a scion inserted in each. These roots and stocks with the scions are put in cellars, where they are covered with moist, not wet, earth, and when the scion is inserted the future tree is set up in unfrozen soil again, covering it even to the top bud of the scion. It is a long, wearisome job for one man, or for two or three, to root graft young trees enough to set an orchard in nursery. It also requires much care in handling, to see that the scion is not loosened before it is made fast by growth in the ground.—American Cultivator.

Rotation of Garden Crops.

It is sometimes claimed that a garden becomes too rich and that it produces an enormous growth of vine, with but little seeds or fruit. The difficulty is that the garden contains an excess of some kind of plant food. Rotate the crops or make a garden in a new location, growing corn, potatoes and cabbage successively on the old location, when it may be used as a garden plat again. It is doubtful, however, if a garden can be too rich.

PROTECT THE BIRDS.

They Are the Farmer's Best Friend and Should Be Tenderly Cared For and Housed.

There has been a great increase in the insect pests in fields and orchards of late years. The farmer or fruit grower finds himself confronted with the problem of how to successfully combat these little tyrants of the field and trees. Much has been done by spraying and much will doubtless be done in the future, but in the most such cases nature will doubtless supply the antidote. She has already given us many little helpers, but alas! we recognize them not. Chief among these are birds. Sitting near a nest in the season when the parent birds have from three to a half dozen hungry mouths to fill, one will soon be convinced, by counting the number of insects brought in an hour, and estimating the number the nest full of young will consume in a week's time, of the benefit the pair of little songsters are to him. Then let him consider that the good work steadily increases as the young birds grow in size and numbers, and multiply this family by the number of nests in his orchard and vicinity, and he will hardly fail to realize the great benefit the birds are to him. He will not begrudge the few cherries, strawberries, etc., that the birds appropriate to vary their diet, and furnish a balanced ration. That man, unless he is lacking in forethought, will hardly allow the boy with the gun to aid his precious foe. He will hardly keep a drove of useless cats, nominally to catch rats and mice, but in reality to roam about the orchards and fields, robbing pests and slaying parent birds. On the contrary, he will encourage his little friends in every way to make their homes near him. He will put up neat little houses in secluded nooks, for such as do not build in the trees. He will leave nothing undone to encourage the birds to come to his place.

The birds are nature's own remedy for the foes of the trees and fruit. If we make of ourselves, through ignorance or worse, an ally of the pests, we can only expect what we deserve—to suffer the penalty. It may be a great accomplishment to be able to bring down a bird on the wing, but it is the act of a fool nevertheless, if he who does it happens to be a farmer or fruit raiser.—J. L. Irwin, in Ohio Farmer.

SHOVELING DIRT.

Even This Humble Labor May Be Made Lighter by the Exercise of a Little Thought.

Here is a new wrinkle about so simple a matter as shoveling dirt into a ditch. You thought you knew all about that job before, but you didn't know this idea. The scheme is to turn the shovel over, having a man on one side of the ditch to push the shovel and on the

SHOVELING DIRT MADE EASY.

other side of the ditch to pull the shovel by means of a pole fastened by a wire to the base of the shovel handle. The picture makes it very plain. The old ditcher who got up this idea is an Illinois man and finds it a great help, especially where the soil is heavy. He is a man who does ditching by contract, and who therefore knows what he is talking about. He says that two men working in this way will accomplish as much as three men working with shovels in the ordinary manner.—Orange Judd Farmer.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

One of the best ways of protecting full-grown peach trees is to mulch heavily under the tree as far out as the branches extend.

Grafts for spring setting may be cut at any time when the weather is mild. Label them correctly and pack them in sawdust until ready for use.

In watering house plants the best plan is to give enough water at a time thoroughly to moisten all the contents of the pot to the very bottom.

Small fruit culture will always be most successful on the intensive plan. Plant only a small area at a time and give it the best possible culture.

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Ye olden Valentine

HOW QUAINT THE WORDS THAT HERE APPEAR
TO GRACE THE PAGE SHE SMILED UPON;
I LISTEN, FOR I SEEM TO HEAR
THE LAUGH WHICH TOLD HER LABOR DONE;
A QUEER CONCEIT? PERHAPS TO YOU
CAME LONG AGO THIS SELFSAME LINE;
"THE ROSE IS RED, THE VIOLET'S BLUE"
GLOWS ON THE OLDEN VALENTINE.

MAY HEAVEN SMILE UPON ITS PAGE!
I LOVE IT FOR ITS FADED HUE,
HER VALENTINE GROWS DEAR WITH AGE,
HER ROSE WAS RED, HER LOVE WAS TRUE;
THE YEARS BEHIND US ONLY PROVE,
DESPITE THEIR SHADOW AND THEIR SHINE,
THAT MANY A MAIDEN'S HOPES AND LOVE
WENT WITH YE OLDEN VALENTINE.
—T. C. HARBAUGH.

An Old Maid's VALENTINE

By ELISA ARMSTRONG.

MISS BECKY SOUTH closed her pocketbook with a snap and looked disapprovingly at her small maid, who stood before her with a flushed but determined face.

"You surely don't mean to tell me that you intend to waste your hard-earned money on valentines?" she said, in tones of shocked surprise.

Emmy's face grew redder yet, if that was possible, for it was the color of a winter apple already.

"Only one of 'em, Miss Becky," she faltered; "all th' girls buy 'em, an' I'm late with mine as it is, because you couldn't let me go out last night." She glanced eagerly at the door; but Miss Becky was not yet through with the subject.

"Of course, I have no my in the spending of your money," she went on, "still I consider it my duty to advise you to save it. The savings bank—"

Emmy had turned pale. "I did put th' money for my new hat in the bank, Miss Becky; but I—I must send Joe a valentine. He'll go for his mail to-morrow, an' he'd be disappointed if he didn't get one from me. Please, may I go now?"

IN THE ATTIC.

"Yes, I suppose so. But I still think it would be better for you to put the money away towards the time you want to go to housekeeping. I never sent a valentine in my life, and I don't know that I am any the worse for it. Look the kitchen door, and be careful that Garfield doesn't follow you."

Left alone with the softly purring Garfield and the clock which had ticked out the first hour of her life and which would be stopped at the one of her death, Miss Becky sat down to her knitting. She knew that nobody wanted homeknit stockings now, but her mother had always knitted them in the long winter evenings, and Miss Becky followed in her mother's ways from sheer lack of originality. As she knitted she talked to herself, sometimes almost aloud. She was ashamed of the habit and she had carefully explained to Emmy that she was merely counting stitches when her lips moved in that fashion. Emmy was not an observant person and she accepted the explanation as she accepted Miss Becky's scolding, without comment.

"Valentines, nonsense!" Miss Becky was saying now. "Of course, I always had too much sense to send any. But wait; I did get one once! I remember how provoked pa was when he brought it home from the post office. I never told them it was from Robert Mason, but I knew Robert was sent him buying it and she had to tell pa or die. That's the way with those crabbed old maids; they've always got to interfere with other folks' affairs!" Miss Becky was a girl again; she had quite forgotten that she herself was now an interfering old maid.

"I never knew what pa said to Miss Lavvy about that valentine, but I reckon it must have been something pretty sarcastic, for Robert hardly spoke to me the next time he met me, and he took Cora Bell home from choir meeting the next Friday night, instead of me. He married her the next year; no, the year after, and they went away out west to live. I suppose pa was right, but Robert was the only beau I ever had, and, down in my heart, I did like that valentine, though I let on to pa that I thought it silly, too!"

The clock had ticked off a good many minutes and she had turned the heel of a stocking, in her usual manner, before she spoke again. "I've got that valentine this very minute," she said, "though I haven't looked at it for years. Yes, I suppose I could find it by candlelight, if I wanted to. It's in the little old hair trunk, with my big doll and the first little dress I ever wore. Ma saved it for my own little girl, if I ever had one, and I reckon I saved the doll for her, too, though I never told anybody that." She got up and rolled her knitting in a neat roll, putting it on the mantel, out of the reach of Garfield's playful paws. Then she got down a tin candlestick, which shone like silver and lighted the candle.

"It's foolish, I know, but I want to see my valentine to-night," she said, and, taking her huge bunch of keys in her hand, she went slowly up the stairs which led to the attic, followed by Garfield.

When she reached the attic door she was minded to turn back. "It's a fool's errand," she said. "Why, I haven't thought of that valentine for years—why should I bother about it to-night? No, I'll just get out grandmother's quilt while I'm up here. It needs airing. Pshaw, after all, nobody'll ever know; I'll just look at that valentine; I've almost forgotten what it looks like."

She set the candle on the floor, where it was secure from draughts, and opened the little hair trunk. There was the valentine, in an old box, which had held her mother's gritish treasures before her own. It was a pitiful thing, this yellow valentine, compared to the works of art which bear the name now, but Miss Becky looked at it with partial eyes. It was a strange sight in the dim attic; the old woman crouched on the floor, beside the old hair trunk, with bags of dried fruit and bunches of herbs swaying in ghostly fashion over her head, while Garfield darted hither and thither in search of mice.

The verses on the valentine were of doubtful meter and far from original in sentiment, but Miss Becky did not criticise them. The verses were some take her fancy, in ancient eyes, quite poetic. "What an old goose I am to be so sentimental, I wonder! I guess I'm little enough to be valentine, some token sentiment to whatever sentiment the sate of courtesy had inspired.

Another source of sentiment was the writing of names each on a separate slip of paper, which was afterward rolled in balls of clay. The balls were then immersed in a basin of water. The one that was brought to the top first was said to be the one who would be married before the year was out.

Hydrant Houses.

In Dawson City the waterworks company supplies each consumer with a little hut and a little lot of clay. The hut is a human being as he had to give in to pa! But a little girl of my own—well, I never, if that isn't Emmy ringing the front door bell! She's lost that kitchen door key again, after all my warnings."

With guilty haste she hid the doll, the little yellowed dress and the faded valentine in the trunk. She locked the attic door carefully; then, in spite of repeated peals at the bell, she went back and stood herself into the dark room, to be sure that there were no sparks from the candle to set fire to the place.

"I reckon she's scared," Miss Becky said, grimly. "Well, it will make her less anxious to go gadding for valentines another year. I don't know, after all, that I blame her, though. Pa never let me be young, but I don't know that that is any reason why Emmy shouldn't be!" She opened the front door, just as there was another long peal at the bell. There, on the doorstep, stood, not Emmy, but a pretty little yellow-haired girl, with a tag on her arm, and behind her was Nate Sollers, the expressman, with a relieved look on his face.

"I was afraid you had gone to bed and I couldn't wake you, Miss Becky," he said. "Here's a little girl that come by express from Idaho; all by herself. She says she's your valentine, and she's the smartest little piece I ever saw in my life."

"My—my what?" Miss Becky gasped, looking, with hungry eyes, at the child.

"Your valentine, please," the clear little voice piped. "Here's my grandpa's letter; I s'pose it'll tell you all about me. Oh-h, what a lovely, lovely cat!" She caught the half-unwilling Garfield to her breast and hugged him, while Becky read her letter. It ran:

"Dear Becky: I sent you a valentine once, and I send you another now. My son died last month; his wife a year ago. I can't care properly for the child myself, and my second wife is peculiar and doesn't like children. I thought, maybe, for the sake of old times, you might keep little Minnie. If you don't want her, send her back, and I'll put her in an institution. I reckon you owe me this much, Becky, because if you hadn't laughed at that valentine I meant to ask you to marry me, and then half of my troubles would have been avoided. Keep her, if you can, and let her grow up the kind of a woman you are yourself. Yours respectfully,
ROBERT A. MASON."

"Well," said the expressman, "what'll you do, Miss Becky? Th' tag says that she's to be sent back, if you don't want her."

The little girl put down the cat, which escaped into the darkness, unheeded by Miss Becky, who was usually very careful to protect him from all danger of wicked boys, who chased him, whenever up trees, from which it was difficult to coax him down.

"Are you going to send me back?" she asked, anxiously. For answer Miss Becky caught the child to her hungry heart.

"You are going to stay," she said, softly. Then she faced the expressman, like a lioness. "Send her back!" she cried; "I'd like to see anybody do it. She's the last valentine I'll ever get, and the best!"

An hour later Emmy came in, abashed at the lateness of the hour. She stopped, stupefied, at the door. On the hearth rug sat a rosy little girl, with a huge old battered doll in her arms, while Miss Becky hovered over them both.

"Well, Emmy, I hope you got a pretty valentine," said the transformed Miss Becky. "This is mine!"

MISS BECKY'S VALENTINE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Years Ago It Had a Significance Which Is Entirely Lost Now.

St. Valentine's day in the olden times was hailed with delight by young men and maidens, for on that day they prepared with great care respectful expressions of love and a pretty implied hope for its return. A great deal of time and care was required to prepare one of these missives, and many a gallant knight took many miles to deposit his love token at his sweetheart's door.

Many people believed that the birds selected their mates on this day, and it was also supposed that the first person met on St. Valentine's day would be one's future husband or wife. Valentine parties were a great source of amusement. At these gatherings slips of paper containing the names of all present were shaken well together, and each person took one. The young man was also expected to wear the lady's valentine for some time afterwards.

A San Francisco man has come into possession of a valentine which she keeps on hand ready to send to the Times-Herald in case of his sudden death by accident.

Automobile Fuel.

Americans prefer electricity for running automobiles, the French petroleum and the Russians wood alcohol. Living in that country eight cents a

WOMAN'S PECULIAR ILLS

THE ills of women conspire against domestic harmony. Some derangement of the generative organs is the main cause of most of the unhappiness in the household.

The husband can't understand these troubles. The male physician only knows of them theoretically and scientifically, and finds it hard to cure them.

But there is cure for them, certain, practical and sympathetic. Mrs. Pinkham has been curing these serious ills of women for a quarter of a century. Failure to secure proper advice should not excuse the women of to-day, for the wisest counsel can be had without charge. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for it. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Among the multitude of women helped by Mrs. Pinkham and by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is MRS. JOSEPH KING, Sabina, Ohio. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Will you kindly allow me the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with falling of the womb, and those terrible bearing-down pains, and it seemed as though my back would never stop aching; also had leucorrhœa, dull headaches, could not sleep, was weak and life was a burden to me. I doctored for several years, but it did no good. My husband wanted me to try your medicine, and I am so thankful that I did. I have taken four bottles of the Compound and a box of Liver Pills, and can state that if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw your advertisement. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. It is worth its weight in gold."

Big Slaughter In Robes and Blankets.

We are determined to close out this class of good regardless of cost, and we now offer a large robe, well line, for $3.50. Other goods in proportion.

We are also closing out our stock of fine cutters at prices that defy competition. It will pay you to buy now for next season's use.

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