

CRISIS OF GIRLHOOD

A TIME OF PAIN AND PERIL

Miss Emma Cole Says that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Made Her Well.

How many lives of beautiful young girls have been sacrificed just as they were ripening into womanhood! How many irregularities or displacements have been developed at this important period, resulting in years of suffering!



Miss Emma Cole

A mother should come to her child's aid at this crisis time and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will prepare the system for the coming change and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Miss Emma Cole of Tullahoma, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: I want to tell you that I am enjoying better health than I have for years and I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

When fourteen years of age I suffered all kinds of constant pain and for two or three years I had nervous and pain in my side, back and head and was almost nervous, and doctors all failed to help me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and I began taking it. My health began to improve rapidly, and I think I saved my life, sincerely thank you for your Compound will be a help to other girls who are suffering from girlhood troubles.

Miss Emma Cole of Tullahoma, Tenn., writes:

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice, please write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will receive free advice which will put her on the right road to strong, healthy and happy womanhood. Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty years has been advising sick women free of charge.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

In buying a cough medicine, remember the best cough cure.

Kemp's Balsam

costs no more than any other kind. Remember, too, the kind that cures the cough and the chest.

Every year thousands are saved from a consumptive's grave by using Kemp's Balsam in time.

It is worth while to experiment with anything else.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Disobedience Brought Death.

An Italian prince had strictly forbidden one of his daughters to smoke, but so great a hold had the habit obtained over her that she secretly engaged in the practice at every opportunity. One day she was indulging in a cigarette, as she reclined on a balcony attired in a dress of the lightest muslin. Suddenly her father appeared on the scene. In the hurry to hide the evidence of her disobedience the princess placed her hand with the burning cigarette behind her back. The result was startling and tragic—her frock was immediately in a blaze, and she was fearfully burned from head to foot, dying after suffering intensely.

Anticipate Honor for New Yorker.

Rev. Dr. Magnus, recently elected assistant rabbi of Temple Emanuel in New York, is spoken of as the next president of the American Federation of Zionists; at present Dr. Friedman, of Baltimore, is the official head of the federation.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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The Mystery of the White Mansion

By Mrs. B. M. Croker

(Copyright, by Joseph M. Bevilacqua)

One summer I visited my sister Ursula in her new home in South Carolina. She had just married the wealthy Mr. George Middleton, and the newly wedded pair had taken up their abode in the old family homestead.

There were several other relatives and friends visiting at the house at the time of my arrival.

As Ursula's eldest and favorite brother, extremely kind, reception was accorded me by her friends—especially her girl friends.

One afternoon a party of four—two of Mrs. Middleton's nephews and a rich financier called Van Boom—had been wading through rice fields after snipe. We were 12 miles from our headquarters and the nest was overpowered, when Van Boom gave out. He was a stout, short-necked, self-indulgent millionaire, who had come south for a cure.

Having explained the situation to our darlings, a young mulatto, pointing to a long line of trees in the distance, said: "Bery good house still, everything same as in old massa's time, they say. Rest stop here."

The suggestion of a white-haired veteran objected, but was silenced by the young man, who had now installed himself as our pioneer.

In ten minutes time we had arrived before the sunken pier of what had once been a fine gateway, leading to a long majestic avenue of white oaks. The avenue was grass grown, and at the far end loomed an unexpected sight—a stately white mansion of commanding aspect and the roof was a large chamber with two big windows overlooking the avenue.

"I was—dying!"

"His four-post bed and open fireplace reminded me of home, which, I believe, was the sole reason that I preferred it."

In one corner stood an old secretary, priceless to a collector of antiquities, with stiff backs and chairs were to match, and over the chimney piece hung a large Scriptural print in a heavy black frame, representing "The Death of Jehu." Death was inscribed: "Had Jehu peace who slew his master?" The window curtains were faded chints, and the floor was dark polished oak, in places almost black.

I flung open a window and gazed down the great avenue. The air of the room was stifling and musty.

An old man entered with a great can of water; as his eyes met mine he shook his head, and said:

"I berry sorry massa take dis room. 'Why?' I asked.

He made no reply beyond a more solemn shaking of his head accompanied by a lamentable groan, and a call that dinner was ready hurried me below.

Sufficient supply of plate, glass and crockery was forthcoming, and on our expressing our amazement at such luxuries, the negro, showing every tooth in her grin, replied:

"House belongs to our massa—been in Europe—nigger come here."

After dinner, which was a very many peering, dusky faces watched us as we strolled past the roofless stables, and the long lines of half-deserted negro cabins as we were returning we passed a thicket of magnolias and it seemed to me that among the white blossoms there peered forth a black, malignant face.

I looked away for a moment, then glanced back. It was gone!

What tricks imagination does play! We hear of faces in the wall—that had been a face among the flowers!

When I at last entered my room, I was already surprised (remembering the cold chill of the room) to find that a large wood fire had been lit, and I shivered, cheerfully up to the chimney, illuminating the whole scene.

The light caught the lower part of the gloomy print, and threw out in relief the figure of the man who slew his master!

I was very tired and I was soon asleep, undisturbed by the horse and snore and croaking of the frogs in the marsh.

I must have been asleep for a considerable time when, half between sleep and waking, I was awakened by a curious noise, and by the still bright light of the fire, was not a little startled to behold the empty rocking chair in vigorous motion.

Presently the chair ceased and was jerked back—the sitter had evidently risen.

I deliberated heavily footsteps here! It was surely a man! I walked to the door, and an invisible hand shot me back with murderous emphasis.

Another alarm! I started back towards the old bureau, and I heard the clink! clink! of coin; presently I was aware of loud breathing beside me, and a succession of steady touches, tangling the bedclothes of a cautious fumbling with the coverlet, and then

suddenly, with a force that made my eyes start with all my strength; I found my mouth! Before I could move my lips had seized my throat with the grip of a steel trap. I struggled fiercely with all my strength; I found my arms out, but of what use was my feeble resistance? The air was empty! Yet the terrible hand never once relaxed its hold, and I was obliged to ebb away from me—I was—dying—

I was so terrified that I was in the clutches of the hand, and I was about to be taken away and buried. My limp and lifeless body was thrust into what I supposed was such—the both body and soul—was hauled across the gallery and down the stairs with a bump, bump, bump—

—the out of the house into the garden and dragged through the high wet weeds. Death was taking me to a nameless grave.

At last my grievous journey was ended, and the sole noise that fell on my ears was the thud of a working spade. The digging ceased; the task was evidently complete, slow footsteps came towards me—then—I heard no more.

It was broad daylight when I awoke. I sat up in bed wondering if my experience of the past night had seemed a dream! My head ached abominably, I felt feverish, anything but refreshed and in the night's rest. The face that confronted me in the looking glass was haggard and hollow-eyed, and I noticed deep red traces of finger and without another word he hastily shuffled away.

I was about to pursue him, but I heard a call from Van Boom.

"Come over here, unless you want to live and die here, we're all waiting."

Back home once more we were welcomed and made much of, especially by the ladies of the party, and treated like long-lost, civilized castaways.

Of course, we were compelled to undergo an exhaustive cross-examination as to where we had been, and what we had been doing. Van Boom related our experience.

As he described it, I noticed that the general air was monotone; his sentence, and at last Mr. Middleton exclaimed:

"You don't mean to say you've all passed a night at Whitehall, and returned alive?"

"Very much alive," rejoined Van Boom. "What's the matter with the place?"

"I wish I could tell you," replied my sister Ursula. "George" (this to her husband), "you must know something about it—don't you rent part of the plantation?"

"Yes—that's a different thing to renting the house," he replied, evasively.

"Oh, then there is a story?" said Van Boom; "of course there's never smoke without fire."

"Let us have the tale, true or untrue," I urged.

Mr. Middleton deliberately sat down, crossed his legs, clasped his hands in his lap, and in a low, monotonous voice, "Well, years and years ago, I believe, long before we came here, Whitehall belonged to a Mr. Heyward, a man of high English rank, who was unmarried and very eccentric."

"Of course, he was eccentric, if he was not married," put in Ursula.

"He was reputed to be a miser and a bit of a miser. His health failed, and he was nursed and assiduously attended by a black boy called Sam, a slave who greatly attracted the attention of whom the old gentleman placed the most absolute confidence. Sam waited on him, and sat up of a night, and by all accounts tended Mr. Heyward as if he had been his own son."

"The story goes on that one evening the two retired together as usual. Next morning when the invalid's coffee was taken to him, his room was empty. He and Sam had both disappeared, and from that day to this, no trace of either of them has been discovered. He was always believed that Mr. Heyward kept an immense sum of money in a certain bureau in his bedroom; but I understand that the contents of this bureau were a severe disappointment to his heirs."

"Naturally, there was an outcry and a strong suspicion of foul play, but whether Sam killed the old man, or the old man killed Sam, or whether the devil killed them both, was never discovered, and, as the mystery is now buried under the dust of 60 years, no one will ever know the truth."

"But—I knew."

Survived Broken Neck.

Lawrence Oldendorfer of Huntington, L. I., whose neck was broken four years ago, has been made attendance officer of the Huntington high school.

Oldendorfer's case is one of the most remarkable on record. That he lived at all was believed to be a marvel. He is now able to fish and hunt and drive and enjoy the active sports of his profession.

Oldendorfer's neck was broken in a football game. Week after week the patient lay upon a water bed, unable to move, and he never regained consciousness, it was believed to have succumbed. After three months of constant battle he began to mend and to-day he is almost as well as before his accident.

Nome Means "Home."

It is said that the name of Nome was the result of a misinterpretation by some Englishman in writing a letter. He evidently intended to write the word "home," but the makers of the map read it as "Nome."

The name belongs to history and the great district of Alaska. Some authorities claim that the word "Nome" is a corruption of the Inuit phrase "wuk Konna, meaning something like 'I know it.'—National Geographic.

"THE MARRIAGE SQUIRE"

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1,400 Couples.

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., has fairly earned the title of "The Marriage Squire," by officiating at 1,400 marriages.

Far and wide, having already married over 1,400 couples, he has been ten years ago was deputy county treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my feet were swollen, and the passages of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediment. Three Lozenges of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A physician, writing to the British Medical Journal says: "To-day thousands are taking aspirin without a doctor's prescription. If we had always prescribed it as an 'acid salicylic' we would have saved many lives. Remember the name; the same applies to hundreds of others."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is the same old-fashioned Castoria.

Beasts the Signature of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Kid You Have Always Boor!

Master of Seventy Languages. Jeremiah Curtin, at present living at Bristol, Vt., is the master of 70 languages. He began his life of a farmer, but by diligent study acquired one language after the other. He is at present doing special work. Besides his own translations he is the author of a large number of books. He graduated at Harvard and shortly afterwards President Lincoln appointed him secretary of the legation at St. Petersburg.

The Original Porous Plaster. It's Alcock's, first introduced to the people sixty years ago, and to-day undoubtedly has the largest sale of any plaster in the world. It is used annually all over the world. There have been imitations, to be sure, but never has there been one to even compare with Alcock's, the world's standard external remedy.

For a weak back, cold on the chest or any local pain, the result of taking out or over-exercising, nothing we know of compares with his famous plaster.

GAVE DRUMMER A SCARE. Delayed Telegram Suggested Awful Possibilities.

"There was a traveling man," said the night operator, "whose wife presented him with a son while he was out drumming up trade. The doctor told the man's address, and the wife was doing none too well, wrote out a message giving him the news and telling him to return."

"The doctor gave the message to the cook, who couldn't read. She forgot to send it, and the next day Dr. Drummer came home of his own accord."

"He stayed a day or two, found his wife doing all right, and set out on his rounds again. Nothing, as it happened, was said about the forgotten telegram."

"And at the end of the week the telegram was remembered by the cook. With an exclamation of horror—'you know she couldn't read—she hurried to the office and sent to the drummer that delayed message. When he got it that night he was terrified. What was the matter?"

"Another addition—a son: your wife very ill; return at once."

"He took the midnight train for home. He was like a man in a trance. 'Another?' he kept muttering in a dazed way. 'Impossible! Impossible!'"

"On getting home he was so relieved when everything was explained to him that he decided not to fire the cook, after all."

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS. He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do. No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own—often gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An overworked doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing too much work, attending to large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was literally better than dead. I was suffering from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application."

I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and palpitation during the first hour of two every retiring."

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly. I was so glad I got more satisfaction from them than anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation I found that I was getting more of it every morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar."

"My improvement was rapid and permanent in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of life again, and am enjoying the best of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal."

The little pamphlet, "The Road to Well-being," is in stock. It is rapidly saved and handed to every needy sufferer along with the indicated remedy. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a remedy."

And the less money a woman has to spend the more she talks about.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes and allays all kinds of pain.

It takes a man with strong will power to listen to reason when he is angry.

Old Soda, Best of Chalks, etc. can be had with PUTNAM PALE LIME DYES, fast, bright, durable colors.

Nothing so increases one's reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depth of human nature.—Charles Baxter.

National Pure Food and Drugs Act. All the Food and Drugs Law. Take Garfield Tea for constipation and sick-headache.

Piquette's Army Nickname. Gen. Piquette was always so gentle in his manner while about his regimental duties that his nickname in the French army was Georgette.

How's This? We offer old-fashioned French brand for any case of eczema that cannot be cured by Paris's method. F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all his transactions. We are unable to carry out any obligations made by him.

Halt's Catarrh Cure is taken infrequently, setting free the system of impurities, and is a safe, pleasant, and sure remedy. Price 25 cents per bottle. Take Halt's Family Pills for constipation.

Flowers Kept Long in Storage. A French experimenter, named Verclon, has succeeded in keeping certain kinds of flowers in storage for three months in cold storage, with the flowers in fair preservation to the end of the winter. Red and white China peonies, for some unknown reason, best stood the long tests.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA. Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four years old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, but no one helped him. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was contagious, and they would not touch him. He was in the hospital, and times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his hands were so sore that he would not be touched by his mother. He was teased me to cut ureters, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT. Man Has Good Reasons for Looking at Inside of His Hat.

"I see here that a woman writer wonders why a man always looks in his hat before he puts it on," said the active man as he looked up from his paper. "Here is what she says: 'When a man puts on his hat he most always looks inside it. What he expects to see remains a mystery, but he looks for it all the same.' That's easy. He looks in his hat to see if the knot holding the inside band together will be on the back of his head when he puts it on. Now if she'll tell me why a woman always pulls down her veil and purses up her mouth before she steps out of doors, we'll call it square."

"Funny, the things you read in the Sunday papers! I see here that another Chicago professor got up on his hind legs to declare that 'there should be schools of love, and the young should be educated in love. Single Schools of love aren't necessary. The young of the softer sex inherit a sufficiently large stock of knowledge on this subject from their mothers, and what they can't teach the young men it isn't necessary for them to know.'"

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Vanderbilt Popular with Comrades.

Colonel Vanderbilt is slowly but surely earning his way to the front in the national guard of New York. In 1901 he was elected a second lieutenant in the Twelfth regiment and is now senior first lieutenant in the organization. He has been detailed to the captaincy of one of the companies and will soon become a regular captain. The members of the regiment show no jealousy over this promotion, as they say it was earned by good work as a soldier.

In one pound of coal there is enough coloring matter to dye 200 yards of flannel magenta, to dye 150 yards airt, to dye 2,900 yards scarlet, and 215 yards Turkey-red.

MUSCULAR AILMENTS

The Old Monk-Cure will straighten out a contracted muscle in a jiffy.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Don't play possum with pain, but 'tends stricture to business.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA. Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four years old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, but no one helped him. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was contagious, and they would not touch him. He was in the hospital, and times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his hands were so sore that he would not be touched by his mother. He was teased me to cut ureters, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

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