# NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

## AND SHE BELIEVED HIM.

### After This Who Can Doubt the Power of Love?

George had been away on business for a whole long week, and during that time he had sent Clara ten letters, six letter-cards and 42 picture postcards.

Why, then, was there a touch of coldness in her greeting when he flew to her arms on his return?

"Dearest," he whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, George," she said, "you didn't send a kiss in your ninth letter."

"My precious," he replied, "that night I had steak and onions for dinner, and you wouldn't have liked a kiss after onions, would you?"

And, such is the unfathomable power of love, she was satisfied, and nestled to him.

## A Busy Locality.

Jack is the eight-year-old son of a Philadelphia suburban merchant, and not long ago made his first visit to New York with his father. The strenuosity of the big town got on the boy's nerves, and by bedtime he was about run down. He tumbled into bed quite regardless of certain duties, but his father was more observant.

"Don't forget to say your prayers, my boy," he said.

"O, what's the use, pop?" responded the boy. "God's too busy over here to bother with a little thing like that."

The father was shocked, but under the circumstances he thought it best not to urge his son.—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Plants That Are Poisonous.

Many harmless plants contain poison. Daffodil and narcissus pickers are troubled with a skin disease known as "daffodil poisoning." Gatherings form under the fingernails. They are caused by minute crystals in the juice of the stems. The bulbs of the white Roman hyacinth have similar unpleasant properties.

## RAILROAD MAN

### Didn't Like Being Starved.

A man running on a railroad has to be in good condition all the time or he is liable to do harm to himself and others.

A clear head is necessary to run a locomotive or conduct a train. Even a railroad man's appetite and digestion are matters of importance, as the clear brain and steady hand result from the healthy appetite followed by the proper digestion of food.

"For the past five years," writes a railroader, "I have been constantly troubled with indigestion. Every doctor I consulted seemed to want to starve me to death. First I was dieted on warm water and toast until I was almost starved; then, when they would let me eat, the indigestion would be right back again.

"Only temporary relief came from remedies, and I tried about all of them I saw advertised. About three months ago a friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food. The very first day I decided that my appetite was satisfied, which had not been the case before, that I can remember.

"In a week, I believe, I had more energy than ever before in my life. I have gained seven pounds and have not had a touch of indigestion since. I have been eating Grape-Nuts. What my wife saw how much good this food was doing me she thought she would try it awhile. We believe the discoverer of Grape-Nuts found the 'Perfect Food.'"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

# A HEROIC CURE

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS

(Copyright.)

"Have you noticed Paul don't use tobacco any more?" He dropped it about two months after he was married.

"No; he didn't give it up of his own free will exactly. In fact there was a kind of conspiracy. Margaret's the one that made the cure. She did the hard work, though I'm bound to say, and she says so, too, that I'm the one she got the prescription from, so to speak.

"Margaret and I were sitting sewing together one day, and we begun to kinder talk Paul over. You know women will discuss their men folks when they feel confidential. Finally I says: 'Paul's a good boy, if he is my nephew.' He's one in a good many hundred, but he's got one fault I can't abide. If you don't mind it,' I says, 'why, it's all right and I'm glad for you, but it's something I never could get used to.'

"'I do mind it,' she says right up quick. 'I always said I'd never marry a man that smoked. But now I've done it, and as long as I knew beforehand, why,' she says, 'I'll stand it the best way I can, and just won't nag him about it.'

"'That's right,' I says. 'It don't never do to be too good to nag a man. It just gets him more set in his ways, and it makes you both unpleasant to get along with.'

"Paul says himself that he'd like to stop, and I know it isn't good for

"I Told Her It Would Make Her Sick as a Horse."

him,' she says, 'but the habit is so strong that I don't suppose he ever will give it up.'

"'I believe he can be cured,' I says, 'and if you are willing to try it I'm pretty sure, knowing Paul as I do, that you can cure him in less than a fortnight.'

"She put down her sewing at that, and looked at me. 'I'd do anything in this world,' she says, and she seemed terrible in earnest.

"'What doctor did you have when you are sick?' I says.

"She looked kinder surprised, as if she didn't see what that had to do with it. 'I haven't been sick since I've been here,' she says, 'but I always had a homeopathic doctor.'

"'I always doctored t'other way,' I says, 'but I don't see after all but what the home paths have just as good luck. Anyhow, that's what I'd try on Paul, if I was you. Let's see —what is the motto of the home paths? Don't it mean that you cure a thing with something just like it?'

"She didn't say nothing for a long time. I could see she was studying on what I'd said, but she didn't get over looking puzzled. Finally, when I thought the right minute had come, I says:

"'And speaking of smoking, I had an old uncle and aunt once that both smoked. I don't s'pose anybody knows what a sight of comfort they took. They'd set down every evening side of the fire and smoke together. It seemed kinder queer till you got used to it.'

"Margaret looked at me steady, and then she smiled a little bit. 'I think I see,' she says, and then she made up a face and shivered.

"We didn't say no more about smoking that afternoon. I don't believe in telling folks too much when I'm giving 'em advice. They're too apt to go and say I told 'em to do so and so, and that's likely to make feelings. So I just let 'em think things out for themselves.

"When Margaret went home she says: 'I'm going to try it, Aunt Senath, if it kills me.' So then I waited pretty interested to see what would happen next.

"Well, Margaret didn't let no grass grow under her feet. It wan't more'n three days later that Paul dropped in to see me. I knew by the looks of him that he'd got something on his mind, and I says to myself: 'You're going to be counsel for both sides.'

"I talked as fast as I could on other things, for I've found that the longer you keep folks away from what they've come a-purpose to talk about, the more they'll say when you do let 'em get at it.

"Finally a pause came, and then Paul spoke up:

"'Aun' Senath, I'm in awful scrape.'

"'Why, what's the trouble?' I says.

"He laughed sort o' sheepish. 'It sounds funny, but it ain't,' he says. 'Margaret's taken to smoking.'

"'Smoking?' I says.

"'Yes, smoking,' he says. 'I don't wonder you're astonished. I was myself. I tried to get her off the notion, but she won't give it up. She said she thought it would be so sociable to sit by the fire evenings and smoke together, and she wanted to like all the things I did. I told her it would make her as sick as a horse, but she said she'd got real mild tobacco, and anyway she guessed everybody that learned to smoke was sick some. She said I must teach her how to do it, and if you'd believe me she brought out her tobacco and some pipes she'd bought. Well, I saw she was set on doing it, and I thought the quickest way to cure her was to let her have her way, but I tell you I was go'ng to settle all the time for fear some of the neighbors would drop in during the lesson, as she called it. She took a few whiffs, and then she turned as white as chalk, and I had to carry her to the sofa and open all the windows to air out. Well, I thought that would be the last of it, but the next night when I went to take my usual smoke she had to go through the same performance. She says she thinks she'll get the hang of it pretty soon, and I declare I believe she will, for she held out longer this second time.'

"He stopped and set there looking down at the floor, as moody and troubled as could be. I had hard work to keep from laughing.

"'Well,' I says, 'your great-aunt Jane used to smoke, and I don't know's it's worse now than 'twas in them days. And there was old Mrs. Plummer—'

"'Great Scott!' Aunt Senath,' he broke out. 'Do you think I want my wife to be like those old smoke-dried specimens?'

"'Perhaps we can think up some way out of the trouble,' I says, soothing like.

"I've tried everything I can think of to make her change her mind. Perhaps you could do something with her,' he says.

"I don't believe much in mixing up in married folks' troubles,' I says, 'and besides, why shouldn't she smoke if she wants to? Of course I don't see why she should want to, but then, I don't see why you should, either.'

"Pretty soon he stopped tramping and went and stood by the window. 'I suppose if I should give it up, she would,' he said.

"A night or two after that I see him again for a minute or two. 'Margaret's stopped smoking,' he says with a grin.

"'How'd you do it?' I says. 'Have you give it up, too?'

"'Margaret thinks I have,' he says, and he looked sly. I was disgusteder than ever with him, and discouraged, too. There our plan was going all to pieces, and Margaret and I were both beat.

"But the next day I found out we wan't quite so beat. Every Thursday they come over to supper, and early Thursday afternoon Margaret come, bringing her work in a bag. She looked kinder white and miserable, and I see she knew as well as I did that Paul was smoking on the sly.

"We didn't say a word about it, but an hour or so before supper time she folded up her work and put her hand into her bag and took out a clay pipe and some tobacco.

"'For the land sakes!' I says, 'what are you doing?'

"Paul thinks I've stopped,' she says, and she tried to look sly. I never give Margaret credit for seeing into things so far till that minute. She filled her pipe and went and got a match and lit it.

"'I thought I hated tobacco before,' she says as she begun to smoke, 'but I never did till I began to use it. How long before I'll like it, I wonder?' and she laughed in a way that made me want to cry. I didn't realize even then what she was trying to do, and that she was playing her trump card.

"She got whiter and whiter, till I was pretty well scared, and then she put down the pipe with shaking hands and I helped her to the old lounge.

"There she lay with her eyes shut. I didn't see how 'twas ever coming out right, and it worked on my feelings so I most dropped tears into the supper.

"When Paul come in, he looked so healthy and handsome that I declare I almost hated him for a minute. He saw Margaret, and a scared look came into his face. 'What's the matter?' he cries.

"'She's sick,' I says, as short as I could.

"He went and looked at her. 'What is it, dear?' he says.

"'It'll be over in a little while,' says Margaret, and I see the tears creeping out under her long eyelashes.

"Paul glanced around and see the clay pipe. For a minute he stood there, looking kinder guilty and mean. Then he just dropped on his knees side of the old lounge, and I went out and left 'em there.

"Once in awhile I could hear the low murmur of their voices, and then after a long time Paul came to find me. I tell you there was different looks on their faces, and we propped Margaret up in an easy chair and ate a little mite of toast while the rest of us had our supper. She was pale, but smiling and happy, and they couldn't either one of 'em keep their eyes off each other.

"That was most two years ago, and Paul and Margaret ain't smoked a mite since."

## MERELY A COINCIDENCE.

Winks—Jones broke his collarbone playing football.

Dinks—Was his wife vexed?

Winks—She was laid up with a knockup broken at basketball.

**First Gloves in England.**

Gloves were first seen in England during the reign of Edward II.

# MADE MUCH MONEY

## LARGE ESTATES LEFT BY PROFESSIONAL MEN.

### Records Show Immense Fortunes Accumulated by Doctors, Lawyers and Writers—Deathbed Scenes of Persons of Prominence.

Nothnagel, who died alone in his room, noted his own symptoms to the last, according to the British Medical Journal. A letter to his assistant is said to have ended as follows: "Written late on the evening of July 6, just after experiencing these severe attacks . . . died of calcification of the arteries." Traube also made observations on himself to the end. Loomck expressed a wish to be present at the postmortem examination on himself, and among Cuvier's last recorded words is a remark, as his fingers twitched involuntarily: "Charles Bell is right; Ce sont les nerfs de la volonté qui sont malades." Dyce Davidson, professor at Aberdeen, died immediately after saying to his class, speaking of the next meeting, which was never to take place: "Four o'clock Monday, gentlemen; four o'clock."

Several doctors have taken their leave with a blessing to those around them. Astley Cooper's last recorded words are: "God bless you and good-by to you all!" He had previously said to his physicians, Bright and Chambers: "God's will be done; God bless you both!" adding: "You must excuse me, but I can say no more medicine." Benjamin Brodie was heard to mutter: "After all, God is very good." The saddest of all recorded last words are probably those of Oliver Goldsmith, who, when asked by his physician if his mind was at rest, said: "No, it is not!" On the other hand, William Hunter's mind seems to have been full of bright thoughts at the moment of death, for he said: "If I could hold a pen, what a book I could write!"

Pasteur and Darwin, though not belonging to the medical profession, are venerated by its teachers. Darwin's last words were: "I am not the least afraid to die." Pasteur was offered a cup of milk, and, being unable to swallow it, murmured: "I cannot." He passed away with one hand in his wife's, the other grasping a crucifix. Lastly are mentioned the last words of Mirabeau, which are said to have been addressed to a doctor. He wrote on a slip of paper which he gave to his physician, the philosopher Cabanis, the single word "Dormir." Another account, which may be an expanded version of this, is that, after begging for an anodyne, he said reproachfully to the doctor: "Were you not my physician and my friend? Did you not promise to spare me the sufferings of such a death? Must I go carrying away regrets of having confided in you?" This is rather a long and rhetorical speech for a dying man.

It is given to few men of any profession to accumulate such large fortunes as the late Lord Brampton and Mr. Murphy, K. C., have left behind them—fortunes amounting to £141,000 and £234,000 respectively; but to say, as stated by a contemporary, that such an achievement is only possible in the law is scarcely in accordance with the facts. Three medical men at least have left estates still larger than the greater of these. Thirty years ago Dr. Blundell died worth more than a third of a million pounds—more exactly £350,000; during his 53 years of strenuous professional life Sir William Jenner accumulated the enormous sum of £375,000, though it is doubtful if he ever made more than £12,000 in any year; and Sir William Gull left personalty valued at £340,000. Dr. T. R. Armitage died at 66, worth £217,000; Sir Erasmus Wilson left £264,000 behind him, and Sir Andrew Clark's savings reached £204,000.

### Modern Hindu Women.

Within five short years a great change has come over a section of the native population of Lahore, says the Punjab Journal. Children of native gentlemen can be seen being taken out for an airing by ayahs morning and evening. The bold men have begun to take out their wives in the evening for a drive in open vehicles.

A week ago we saw the daughter of a man of position walking with her father on the railway platform at Lahore. She was dressed in what seemed like an English gown, had English shoes on, and her husband came up left her father and walked about with him. Her face was quite uncovered. Let those who have relatives in Lahore go there and see for themselves the state of things. They will see wives going out shoulder to shoulder with their husbands in the evenings, having said good-by to old restrictions.

A man who would dare reimpose the old manners on his womenkind would receive scant courtesy.

### Priest a Famous Mountain Climber.

The Abbé Gorret, who climbed every important peak in the Swiss and Italian Alps and who was the first to ascend the Matterhorn from the Italian side, has died at Aosta, aged 73.

He taught Alpinism to the present king of Italy and was well acquainted with the late King Humbert, who called him "the Mountain Bear."

Abbe Gorret, who was born of humble parents, began life as a guide. He was a man of superb physique and was noted in his younger days for his feats of strength.

By studying at night he passed his examinations as a clerical student and became a priest. He soon relinquished parochial duties, however, and retired to a cottage in the mountains, where he spent his time writing books on the Alps and climbing.

He was an intimate friend of Tyndall and many other well known English Alpinists of the old school.

### Insured.

"I suppose you will be very careful not to make any mistakes during your first term."

"Mistakes!" echoed the new member. "I should say not. I am so completely slighted that I don't even get a chance to make mistakes."

## THE SOFT ANSWER

Stern Parent—I hadn't any of the advantages you have had. How do you suppose I have got on as I have?

Young Hopeless (intending to make a soothing reply)—Er—I expect the grass wouldn't grow under your feet, sir!

## TWO CURES OF ECZEMA

### Baby Had Severe Attack—Grandfather Suffered Torments with It—Owe Recovery to Cuticura.

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter passed without once having on shoes, nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried many doctors to no purpose. Then I procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate improvement and finalcure. M. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., Apr. 23 and May 14, '07."

### Shielded.

"I suppose you think you could run the government better than we do?" said the statesman.

"I do," answered the energetic citizen.

"And I do not doubt you are happy and hopeful in that belief?"

"I am."

"It is a beautiful state of mind. It would be a pity to destroy it by allowing you to be elected to office."

### Many Professional Men,

clergymen, teachers and singers use Brown's Bronchial Troches for curing hoarseness and coughs.

Why do we so often prefer to believe In the necessity of suffering and weakness, rather than in the possibility of strength and gladness?—C. Wagner.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

## All Lost.

David Belasco, the playwright and manager, was talking about matinee idols. "Strange," he said, "the fascination that they exert upon young girls. I overheard the other day a literary conversation that is apropos. Two men were conversing. "Did you ever read Shakespeare's 'Love's Labor Lost'?" said the first. "No," growled the second bald head, 'but I've taken my best girl to the theater, and heard her rave all through the show about the leading man's heavenly hair.'"

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LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## The Starfish Analyzed.

The starfish, one of the lowest forms of life, has on its back about 25,000 jaws or hands arranged in rings and bands. By the aid of these it captures many animals for food, even quick, active fish of considerable size. Prof. Jennings of Johns Hopkins has photographed the starfish at dinner, and has discovered that even this low form of animal life has "habits."

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That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

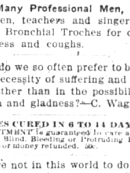
A man who says a mean thing about another man isn't half as mean as the man who repeats it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Calamity is man's true touchstone. —Beaumont.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, eradicating rheumatism, gout and other chronic diseases. It is made of Herbs—not drugs!

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.



25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.

## OF SUCH STUFF ARE DREAMS.

### Little Virginia Imagined She Had Eaten Herself.

Little Virginia, three years old, brought her mother to her nursery a few nights ago with heartbroken wails.

"What is the matter, dearie? Why are you screaming so?"

"Mamma, am I all here?"

"Certainly you are all here, right in your bed."

"But, mamma, feel of me, see if I'm all here. Are my feet here and the top of my head, both?"

"Certainly, Virginia, every bit of you is here, tucked in your little trundle bed. Why do you think you are not?"

"I dreamed"—this with another great sob—"I dreamed I was a chocolate stick and I had eated myself."

From first to last a man should maintain his character and in all things be consistent.—Horace.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If not sufficient to state your wants, write letter stating name and address plainly. WNU

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