

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"Oriented" Orientals.

Knowledge of direction seems to be instinctive with the Burmans, says the author of "A People at School." They always reckon by the needle, not by relative position. They do not say "Turn to the right," but "Turn to the west." If a table in a room has two tumbler on it, one of them will be the east tumbler, the other the west, and the table itself will be not the "table near the window," but the "table in the east of the room." So they speak of the north or south side of a street or of a tree, not the shady or sunny side. Even in rain or mist they know the direction at once. An English traveler, walking in the Burman forest on a foggy morning to find all trace of the road wiped out by rain and every apparent means of ascertaining direction gone, was at a loss what to do, but his Burman servants knew at once. "That is north," they said, pointing, "and that is east. Our course lies between," and straight to the northeast they marched unerringly.

Helgoland Soup.

What do the Helgolanders do with their birds? Some are sent away to the Hamburg market and the rest kept for home consumption. Roasting before a slow fire, with the tail on, over toast, is practically an unknown art or at least one rarely practiced. Everything goes into the pot for soup. "Troselsoup" is an institution much lauded. Mr. Gatkke tells us how it should be prepared. Take care to commit forty, or fifty thrushes, according to the requirements of the family, to the soup pot, and do not have the fattest birds drawn, and if the cook is a true artist no one will fail to ask a second helping. A favorite Helgoland dish is kittiwake pie. In November and December these birds are very fat, and when prepared

in Helgolander fashion are considered a delicacy, although a somewhat fishy one. The gray crow is also a very favorite dish.

Beggars Who Take the "Cure."

Begging seems to be a lucrative calling in Vienna. In one of the district police courts a man and his wife were summoned to appear on a charge of begging in the streets. Only the woman appeared, and in answer to the magistrate's questions stated that her husband had gone to Baden to take a cure! The prosecuting attorney remarked that the Viennese beggars earned such good incomes and lived so well that they were forced to go to some bath resort to recover from their high living. Only a few days ago, he said, a beggar well known in the Vienna police courts had returned from Carlsbad after taking the cure there and had resumed his begging with renewed vigor.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Pawnshop Sales.

"Don't imagine," says an auctioneer, "that you can get any real bargains at a pawnshop sale. The pawnbroker knows just what people think about his stock, many of them having learned from experience that he will pay next to nothing on the best quality of jewelry and silverware, watches, etc., and they thus get it into their heads that all the articles sold at auction are genuine goods. But there's where they make a big mistake. The pawnbroker seldom sells any pledged articles at these auction sales. He uses them simply for a 'blind.' Articles taken in pawn are invariably sold at private sale."

Miller's Worm Powders are the best laxative medicine for children as nice as sugar. T. B. Taylor & Sons.

WHY CAN'T I EAT LIKE OTHER MEN DO?

WHY?—BECAUSE YOU'RE A SLAVE TO DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION—OR OTHER STOMACH DERANGEMENTS THAT ONLY CAN BE REACHED AND CURED BY SUCH A TRIED AND TRUE REMEDY AS

Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets

RELIEF IN ONE DAY

Ask half the men or women who have stomach troubles, why it is so, and they will tell you that they have to live in such a constant hurry that they have no time to keep well,—if the great army of stomach troubled people would take Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets as a traveling companion, from a health stand point, life would be all sunshine,—they are a veritable vest pocket doctor,—they act directly on the digestive organs,—a

pure fruit pepsin that is pleasant to take,—powerful in the work it does,—but as harmless as milk,—helps all the stomach distresses immediately and will give good relief to the most acute cases in one day.—You go about your business,—eat hearty meals,—take all the pleasures as they come, and as you do so the Doctor plays his part and works permanent cures.

35 cents a box at all Druggists and Medicine dealers.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE GIVES RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES
DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER GIVES RELIEF IN 10 MINUTES

SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.

A FAMOUS OLD HYMN.

Pathetic Origin of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well known hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," which was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, in Yorkshire. Six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heart-broken. Men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go."

"Nor I either," returned her husband, "and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than \$200 a year.

This hymn was written by Dr. Fawcett to commemorate the event.

FASTING FADS.

They Should Find No Favor With Nervous, Anemic People.

It is said by some physicians that a good deal of the insomnia, extreme thinness and general debility from which Americans suffer is due to the various fasting fads. Here a man goes without breakfast, there a woman makes a point of going hungry to bed. Another systematically omits a meal at noonday, and so it goes. Where people are constitutionally below par and in a position where they can only hope to maintain a fair degree of efficiency by keeping up their vitality such "stunts" are of questionable virtue. Sturdy, full blooded people, with iron nerves and digestions that can negotiate nails, may try starving themselves with impunity perhaps. Thin, anemic, nervous people, on the other hand, generally need all the food they can eat and all the blood they can make. If such people would eat before going to bed they would generally see an increase in vigor, for the reason that while the wear and tear of the body were suspended digestion and assimilation would still be going on. In other words, the body would be making more tissue than it destroyed; hence an increase in blood, in weight and in health. At least that's the way one physician explained things to a woman of the pale, thin type who applied to him "all run down."

A Humming Bird's Umbrella.

In front of a window where I worked one summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely—in fact, we could look right into the nest. One day when there was a heavy shower coming up we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as to completely cover it. Then she flew away. On examining the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked upon. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—Exchange.

The Lost Golf Ball.

"Once in Scotland," said a professional golf player, "I saw a lost ball cause a great commotion. Over there, you know, a lost ball means a lost hole. Two professionals were playing, and one of them lost a ball in the tall grass. He searched for it a long time. Nearly half an hour passed. His opponent kept urging him to admit that the ball was lost and to forego a hole, but this the other refused to do. And finally, with a triumphant laugh, he pounced down, fumbled in the weeds and rose with a ball in his hand.

"Here's my ball. I've found my ball," he shouted.

"Yer a liar," said the other professional, "for I've got it here in my pocket."

Rather Rough.

Above the stairway there flickered a candle, and then a deep voice called from the shadows:

"Katherine, Katherine, who is that sandpapering the wall this hour of the night?"

A long stillness and then:

"No, one down here, father, dear. I guess it must be next door."

The candle vanished and then from

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured it—became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with

their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkhams sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughters-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound: made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

the gloom of the parlor:
"George, you big goose, I told you never to call on me unless you had been shaved!"

After the Fall.

"I always pitied Adam and Eve for being driven out of Eden in such insufficient clothing, just as winter was beginning."

"How do you know it was winter?"

"Why, it was just after the fall, wasn't it?"

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Phillips.

A Cordial Invitation to Disease.

This is an apt description of constipation. It's an unnatural condition to begin with, and it's more, because it brings about blood deterioration, interferes with digestion, renders you susceptible to infectious diseases and causes anaemia. Not so much a purgative as a natural stimulant to the bowels is what you need. You get it in Dr. Hamilton's Pills which increase liver activity, restore the bowels to perfect action and positively cure constipation and its attendant evils. Insist on having Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mat Drake and Butternut, 25c per box at all dealers.

NORTH END BAKERY.

We were never better prepared to supply the wants of the public in everything expected to be found in an up-to-date

Bakery and Confectionery.

Candies of All Kinds
Fruits in Season.

Nuts From All Nations.

Cigars That Please Particular Smokers.

Wedding Cakes That Delight Bride and Groom.

Your Orders will Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

S. E. THOMPSON.