

"I'm Simply all Worn Out."



The story is the same, no matter what her station in life
may be.

If she is one of the favored daughters of wealth,
If she belongs even to the realm of the "well-to-do,"

Or—

If she belongs to the unnumbered thousands who must
work in order to live—

The story is just the same; all suffer from about the
same cause, and in this suffering "peculiar to women," all
reach the same level, and all are of the same family.

When a woman is nervous and irritable, head and back
ache, feels tired all the time, loses sleep and appetite, has
pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, whites and irregularities,
she is not "worn out," but feels as if she were.

Such symptoms tell her that a womb trouble is imminent,
and she cannot act too promptly if she values her future
comfort and happiness.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted
women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such
trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the
organ to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write
Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do.

MRS. KELLOGG'S STATEMENT.

"One year ago I read a letter in a paper telling how much good one
woman had derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
I had been sick all winter, and was nearly
dead, as well as the doctor gave me did me no
good. I had kidney complaint, and had a
bearing-down feeling, and painful menstruation. I
wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, describing my trouble, and
soon received an answer telling me what to do. I fol-
lowed the directions, and have taken the bottles of
Vegetable Compound, and one package of San-
ative Wash, and one box of Liver Pills. I am well
now, do not have those sick spells at the monthly
period, can work all day, and that I never could
do until I can take the Compound. I cannot
praise the Compound too highly."

"I do hope every suffering woman will learn of
the Pinkham remedies and be cured as I have been,
the Compound; it has done wonders for me, and I
am so thankful."—Mrs. GENIE KELLOGG, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical
people have from time to time questioned
the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, we are constantly publishing, we have
deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000,
which will be paid to any person who can furnish
a testimonial that is not genuine, or was published before
the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM CO.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
Chat H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal
supervision since its infancy. 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 Flatulence. 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

Chat H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 7 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

\$500 REWARD

We pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation
or Costiveness we cannot cure with

Liverita, The Up-to-Date Little Liver Pill

They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction.
25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c
boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations.
Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Corners
Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Illinois.

For sale by A. G. Lukens & Co., Manufacturer, 411 Moore Drug Co.
18 north eighth street, Richmond.

CONFESSED IN TIME

Nurse Ethel had been with old Mrs. Parsons for over six months, and the exacting old lady was a patient. When Dr. Richard Westwood went to University hospital, he had requested that if possible Nurse Ethel should be sent, she being a distant relative of the patient.

When first she arrived, her duties had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

In the way she had met Philip Somers, who, about a month after her attendance on the old lady, had begun to pay her most marked attention.

But Ethel was not attracted by his dark face and was glad that her increasing duties rendered their meetings few and far between.

The physician, Dr. Richard Westwood, to whom she had been sent, had given a strange disease was over. The doctor was just turning to leave when a different look of solicitude came over his face.

"You are worn and pale, nurse. Have you been taking care of your own health lately?"

"Have you taken your daily exercise regularly? You know the end is not far off now, and probably you have a hard and anxious week before you. I insist on your going out into the fresh air, Ethel."

The calm professional air was now slipping from him.

The door was opened. Dr. Westwood entered with hand, and the lovers sprang apart.

"Mrs. Parsons says will you come to her at once, nurse?" An hour passed before nurse could leave her patient. She sank into one of the seats in the public park and was enjoying the soft spring air when Philip Somers, raising his hat, came and sat down beside her.

After a few commonplace remarks he mentioned the name of Richard Westwood.

"A good doctor he may be," said he, "but a worthless, scheming fellow for all that."

"How dare you say such a thing? What grounds have you for your cowardly assertion?" she exclaimed.

"I think it only right you should know, as I said, that now was his opportunity, that I—Westwood—was aware that Mrs. Parsons had made you her residuary legatee, which means a very considerable fortune to you. He was a witness to her will, signed four months ago. I only tell you this, Ethel, because I love you so that I cannot bear to see you woed by a man who only loves you for the money you will possess. Ethel, will you have my wife?"

"Leave me," she blushed out. "How can you tell me that it is for money only that I can be loved?"

He stammered an excuse, but she silenced him.

That night Mrs. Parsons' illness assumed a more serious character, and she died.

On the way being read after the funeral it was found that Ethel Marc Walton was appointed "residuary legatee."

"I wish a good round sum had been mentioned," said Dr. Westwood to old Mrs. Somers as he was tying up his papers. "The 'residue' may turn out to be half a crown when all is settled up."

"She will have about \$75,000," said the lawyer dryly. "Mrs. Weston," he continued, "cannot be persuaded to stay in the neighborhood. She dislikes the place and leaves for good today."

The battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought.

Among the first over the enemy's trenchments was Philip Somers of the Forty-sixth highlanders, but as he scrambled to the top he got his death wound and fell heavily on the other side. Then the tide of battle surged back.

No one seemed to have noticed his fall. But the young doctor who had so lately come out had seen his hero's position.

Quick as thought he sprang over the embankment, raised his burden and bore the wounded man out of harm's way.

But Philip Somers was beyond his skill. He recognized his protector, and a spasm passed over his pain drawn face.

"Westwood," he gasped, "she loves you, but I told her you knew of the legacy and only wanted her money."

"Whom?" asked Richard.

"Ethel," said the faint voice. "Before the governor found out I had been going the pace, and I enlisted."

It was some time before Dr. Westwood could be spared, and then hurry him to his room to find that Philip Somers had gone to stand before the great Judge to whom we must all some day render an account.

A nurse was performing for him the last sad offices. The quiet face opposite him was in shadow, the lips pale as in prayer.

Suddenly the eyes were raised, and he saw before him the girl he had sought so long, and in that one look each read the other's heart.—London News.

Loans Without Security.

One of the most remarkable loan associations in the world is the one made by Mme. Jeanne Robin in the suburbs of Paris. Its object is to assist needy artists and writers by small loans of from 5 to 20 francs. Neither security nor interest is required, nor is any time of payment specified. In this paradise of the impudent author the borrower simply signs the following paper: "I pledge my honor that I will pay back the sum of — francs." It is said that they who do not finally pay back are very few.

An old state law of New York limits the speed of horses on any highway to eight miles an hour.

R. S. Titley, Chillicothe, Pa., will train a string this spring, among them King Pointer, by Star Pointer.

FIFTH AND POINT.

We will all have to face the music of the funeral march—some day.

It comes as natural for a girl to like her schoolteacher as for a boy to dislike his.

Some one should compose a song entitled "You Promised Me" to be sung after marriage.

People wear out more shoe leather because they drag their feet than because they get around lively.

Take an honest invece of yourself at least once a year. No man ever helped himself by overestimating his ability.

Every one seems to be looking for some one to work for him who will see what needs to be done without being told.—Atchison Globe.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

To Prepare Stuffed Cabbages. A man may enjoy bounding health and know very little about the cause of his happiness, and, alas, a man may suffer all the woes of dyspepsia and know little or no knowledge as to the cause of his misery.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

In the way she had met Philip Somers, who, about a month after her attendance on the old lady, had begun to pay her most marked attention.

But Ethel was not attracted by his dark face and was glad that her increasing duties rendered their meetings few and far between.

The physician, Dr. Richard Westwood, to whom she had been sent, had given a strange disease was over. The doctor was just turning to leave when a different look of solicitude came over his face.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from college, had been light, and she had enjoyed revisiting friends she had not seen since she went to London to learn her profession.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic. That's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Colander, gazing almost enviously at