

A Woman's Problem

How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.

The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I started the Change of Life five years ago. I always had a headache and backache with bearing down pains and I would have heat flashes very bad at times with dizzy spells and nervous feelings. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new person and am in better health and no more troubled with the aches and pains I had before I took your wonderful remedy. I recommend it to my friends for I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. MARGARET GRASSMAN, 759 N. Ringgold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Beverly, Mass.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for nervousness and dyspepsia, when I was going through the Change of Life. I found it very helpful and I have always spoken of it to other women who suffer as I did and have had them try it and they also have received good results from it."—Mrs. GEORGE A. DUNBAR, 17 Roundy St., Beverly, Mass.

Erie, Pa.—"I was in poor health when the Change of Life started with me and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, or I think I should not have got over it as easy as I did. Even now if I do not feel good I take the Compound and it restores me in a short time. I will praise your remedies to every woman for it may help them as it has me."—Mrs. E. KISSLING, 931 East 24th St., Erie, Pa.

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

LIVING HIGH IN THE AIR.

Quito, in Ecuador, With Winter Above and Summer Below It.

Quito, in Ecuador, lifted nearly two miles into thin air, has always boasted its "perpetual spring," but in sooth it would be just as fair to call its climate "perpetual autumn." With a temperature that hovers about 60 degrees F. in the shade, the Quitonian passes his life in early April or late October.

He escapes the winter, to be sure, but misses the vernal miracle that redeems the higher latitude. But, whether he feels chilled or baked, he can always turn his eye toward comfort.

Out across the plain, about three miles to the north, the road drops 3,000 feet through a stupendous ravine, and from the high places of Quito one can peer down into a semitropical valley, its coffee trees and cane fields dancing in the heat waves.

On the other hand, when the over-

head sun scorches there are a score of snow peaks to refresh the eye. As you study through a fieldglass the huge drifts and wild snowstorms on Antisana, which looks out over the rank forests of the "Oriente," you realize that it is easier and safer to get from where you are to Greenland than to reach those polar solitudes only a dozen miles away.

Groves of eucalyptus in the environs of Quito agreeably relieve the majesty of the scenery, and it is said that this province has a third of a million of these trees. President Moreno introduced them from Australia half a century ago, and it was a saying among even the enemies of Moreno that on the day of judgment he will escape the penalty of his misdeeds with the plea, "I gave Ecuador the eucalyptus."



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POSTOFFICE POINT.

There is No Mail Station Located on This Arctic Ice Pack.

Almost due north of Bering strait is a point in the solid north pack that always extends much farther south than the pack at the eastward or at the westward. This point is naturally variable, according to the heat of the summer and the severity of the previous winter, but it does not move more than a few degrees. For fifty or seventy-five years this point of ice has been spoken of by the arctic whalers as "Postoffice point."

This does not mean that there is a postoffice there, but the significance of the name is locating the whaling fleets usually are divided, some ships going considerably east of Postoffice point and others west of it. Ships that have been east of it cruise along the edge of the pack and very frequently meet ships that have been to the west of it, and the meeting point for some reason has always been in the neighborhood of Postoffice point. It was here therefore that the ships used to meet, after being separated for many weeks, and exchange news and gossip.

The solid north pack comes pretty close to Point Barrow and extends in an irregular line from Point Barrow to Postoffice point. Much of this ice "looks as though it has been there from the year 1," as one of the whaling captains has expressed it. Bearing in mind the fact that Postoffice point is always to be found in approximately the same latitude and longitude, it seems as though there must of necessity be land back of it, although of course there is a possibility that there may be a very solid pack of ice instead of land, held in place by comparatively shallow water.

THE UBIQUITOUS TURKEY.

He Has Spread All Over the World Despite His Retiring Ways.

In every corner of the globe almost, at least where civilization has spread its epicurean taste, may be found the domesticated turkey—not, however, of his own volition. Never would he, in his wild state, have sought to cross the stormy seas to find green fields and pastures new.

He is not so constructed. He is not bold or adventurous of disposition. On the contrary, he is timid and much afraid of things he does not understand and when undisturbed is prone to let well enough alone and get along with his accustomed feeding grounds.

Again, as a flier the turkey is not a pronounced success. He flies ponderously, almost painfully and with great effort and only when very much frightened. His flight can be sustained for only a short distance, but what the wild turkey lacks as an aviator he fully makes up as a sprinter.

He can outrun a race horse, especially in his own native forest, where undergrowth and bushes seem but to add to his speed. But he could not have flown over the ocean even if he had had that unnatural desire.

He was taken over by the hand of man, first to Spain, then to other Mediterranean countries, to northern Europe, to the far east, until now he is well nigh omnipresent. And this spreading out of his kind even into the ends of the earth is all due to the entrancing qualities his meat takes on when properly baked or roasted.

The Vampire Bat.

The true vampire bat is a quite insignificant creature, not unlike our noctule bat in general appearance and size, but with a small "nose leaf" and no web between the hind legs. The really remarkable thing about it is its perfect adaptation for secret and painless bloodletting. Most bats have teeth very like those of the carnivora, with long canines and small incisors, but in the true bloodsucking vampire bat the incisors are very large and broad and exceedingly sharp edged, thus being able to inflict a shaving surface cut which causes no pain, but a great deal of bleeding. Indeed, not only does the sleeper very rarely wake under the winged bloodletter's attentions, but a bite may be inflicted unfeared on a person who is awake at the time.—London Graphic.

Fairly Warned.

"What's the value of that trunk?" inquired the baggage man. "You mean my wife's trunk over there?" asked the man, who was smoking a Pittsburgh stogie in a gold mounted meerschaum holder.

"Yes." "Well, my private opinion is that the whole outfit isn't worth \$4. But if you had ever seen my wife get really tired you wouldn't lose it for a million."

Consider the Trees.

The trees are lovely in summer; so are the women. But how different are the women and the trees as to their clothes! To be sure, both are delightfully clothed, yet, with the abundant raiment with which the trees are supplied, they require but one trunk to hold it all.

A Queer Lack.

"Wouldn't you like to visit the great desert?" "Indeed I would, but I haven't got the sand."

Usually the Way.

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret. Maud—How do you know? "She told me so."

Failures are but the pillars of success.—Old Proverb.

Flies Flea Blue.

A French scientist is authority for the statement that flies have a distinct objection to the color blue. This was first discovered by a farmer who keeps a large number of cows in several sheds. One of these sheds happened to be painted blue on the inside, and in this the cows were little troubled by flies. He blued all the walls and thus protected all his cows.

THE SHOES I CAN'T WEAR

All Because of a "Touchy" CORN

BUT you can wear them, Madam—and now. Simply place on that corn a little Blue-jay plaster, and never again will you feel it. In two days there will be no corn. It will disappear for good. Millions of women know that. They don't care corns. They don't suffer. When a corn appears they end it. We are urging you to join them. Corns are needless since Blue-jay was invented. So they are absurd. You can prove in one minute that Blue-jay stops corn aches. You can prove in two days that it ends them forever.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

Want you? Send for a Free Sample of Blue-jay Plaster. BAKER & BLACK, Chicago and New York. Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

PUZZLED THE JAPANESE.

The Tumult a White Woman's Pair of Black Gloves Caused.

Japanese women never wear gloves. Thousands upon thousands of Nippon natives have never seen a pair of gloves. One day an American girl and I were walking through a small village some distance from Tokyo we were at a loss to understand why such a large crowd gathered around us on the street.

In a small town an American always gathers a crowd, but this crowd was particularly thick and excited, and when the Japanese do any looking they want to do it up close. The natives kept looking at my partner, pointing and jabbering away, wildly excited. The crowd kept getting tighter and tighter,

while with our hands on our noses we kept trying to push out. They kept pointing at her hands, then at her face, and not until one of them reached over and felt of her hands did we understand what was the matter.

The girl with me had on a pair of black gloves with the ends under her sleeves, so that the excited villagers were trying to solve the mystery of how a person could have black hands and a white face. When she drew off her gloves, revealing hands the same color as her face, they disappointedly widened enough to let us through.

No doubt if she had not removed her gloves the legend of the woman with the black hands and the white face that once visited the town would have been handed down for years.—Homer Crox in Leslie's Weekly.

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