

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Doan's Kidney Pills Effect Marvelous Recovery.

Mrs. M. A. Jenkins, Quanah, Texas, says: "I was bloated almost twice natural size. I had the best physicians but they all failed to help me. For five weeks I was as helpless as a baby. My back throbbled as if it would break and the kidney secretions were in terrible condition. The doctors held out no hope and I was resigned to my fate. At this critical time, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon felt relief. I continued and was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

AN UP AND DOWN ARGUMENT.



Sam—I want you 'toss understand dat Ise no common nigger, Ise had a good bringin' up, I has.

Pete—Dat's all right, but of yo' fools wid me, man, yo'll hab a good frowin' down, too.

Confusing.

Craig Biddle, at a dinner in Newport, was describing the changing odds on the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno.

"Eight to four and a half on Jeffries—nine to six the other way about—three to one and a quarter—it's rather confusing, isn't it?" he said.

"In fact, it's almost as confusing as the two girls' talk about a secret."

"Mary," said the first girl, "told me that you had told her that secret. I told you not to tell her."

"The nasty thing," said the other girl. "I told her not to tell you I told her."

"Well," said the first girl. "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

Foiled.

He was very baffled and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his word of consolation. "For God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."—Success Magazine.

True Independence.

You will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

PUZZLED

Hard Work, Sometimes, to Raise Children.

Children's taste is oftentimes more accurate, in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.

A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on."

"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner."

"The difference in his appearance is something wonderful. My husband had never fancied cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it."

"We are now a healthy family, and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts. A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical."

"They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason,"

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TAVERNA

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc. Copyrighted, 1903, by Burton E. Stevenson.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued)

But a moment or two sufficed to give me back my breath, and struggling to my feet, I first made sure that the leafy curtain had fallen naturally into place; then I made a quick circuit of the cavern. I found it rudely circular, with a diameter of perhaps a rod and a height of half as much. Padeloup had doubtless occupied it more than once, for in one corner was a pile of dry moss which had evidently served for a bed. To this I bore that still, limp body and fell to chafing wrist and temple, with a harrowing fear again gripping my heart. She was so pale, so haggard, her hands were so cold and nerveless that I was almost ready to believe that the horrors and hardships of the night had slain her; there was no pulse, no respiration—no sign that the spirit still clung to its earthly tenement.

Despairingly, I let the limp hand fall, if she were really dead, my path lay clear before me—I would share the fate of my companions—I would die beside them!

I bent and kissed her lips, softly, reverently. And in that instant a gentle sigh came from them, her eyes opened and she lay looking up at me.

"Then you are not dead!" I cried. "You are not dead!" and I caught up her hands again and chafed them madly, feeling with joy indescribable the warmth of life returning to them. She lay still a moment longer, then gently drew her hand away and raised herself to a sitting posture.

"Where are we?" she questioned, staring about her in the green half-light which filtered through the leafy curtain. "What has happened to us?"

"We are in a cavern which Padeloup knew of," I explained. "We are safe."

"I thought we were under the ocean," she said, still staring about her. "Far down in the depths of the ocean—I have always fancied it must be like this. But where are the others?"

"I do not know," I answered, as cheerfully as I could. "No doubt they have escaped in another direction," but in my heart I knew the absurdity of such a hope.

"You left them, then?" she questioned, looking at me from under level brows.

"M. le Comte commanded it," I answered, flushing. "Do you not remember?"

She pressed her hands to her temples. "I remember nothing," she said, at last, "except that we climbed a great mountain, and that your arm was about me, aiding me."

I breathed a sigh of relief that her memory stopped there, and I asked, "Shall I go back and look for them?"

"No, no!" she protested and caught my hand. "Do not leave me here—at least, not yet!"

"I shall have to go before long, in any event," I pointed out. "We must have food."

"I am not hungry—I feel that I shall never again be hungry."

"Nevertheless, you must eat. You must be strong and brave. We have a long journey before us."

"A long journey?"

"Yes—we shall not be really safe until we are among M. le Comte's friends in the Bocage."

"Is that far?" she asked.

"Not so far but that we shall reach there safely," I assured her.

"You must sleep," I added, gently. "Do not fight it off—yield to it. You will need your strength—all of it—for tonight."

"For tonight?"

"Yes, we shall not dare to start until darkness comes, and we must get forward as far as we can ere daybreak. You can sleep in perfect security. No one suspects that we have taken refuge here."

She did not answer, but turned on one side and hid her head upon her arm and closed her eyes. Sleep, I knew, would claim her in a moment.

I crept forward to the mouth of the cavern, and sitting down behind the screen of vines, pulled them aside a little and peered down the valley, in the hope that I might see Padeloup and M. le Comte making their way toward us. But there was no one in sight, nor could I hear any sound of conflict in the direction whence we had come. I might be, I told myself, that Padeloup had again fled, leaving in saving his master and that they had fled together in some other direction. Certainly no situation could have been more critical and hopeless than that in which I had left my friend.

Whatever the result of that struggle, there was evidently nothing left for me to do save to stand sentinel over my companion and see that no harm came to her. I sat down with my back against the wall of stone and composed myself as comfortably as I could to watch the valley. Indeed, my posture was too comfortable; the knowledge that we were safe; the slackening of the strain under which I had labored, had left me strangely weary; my eyelids drooped, and before I realized the danger, I was sound asleep.

I awoke with a guilty start, but a single glance down into the valley reassured me—no danger threatened us from that direction. How long I had slept I could not guess, but it must have been some hours, for I felt refreshed, invigorated, ready for anything—ready especially to undertake an energetic search for food to appease the insistent gnawing in my stomach.

But first I turned back into the cave and bent over my companion. She was still sleeping peacefully. A ray of light which had fought its way through the leafy curtain fell upon her face in soft meditation. I saw how sleep had wiped away the lines of weariness and anxiety, which I had noticed there, and I knew she would be ready for the task which nightfall would bring with it.

I drew her cloak more closely about her, then went out softly, leaving her undisturbed. I glanced up and down the valley to assure myself that I was unobserved, drew carefully together the veil of vines behind me, then paused a moment to reflect. I had two things to do—I must secure food, and I must discover, if possible, the fate of our companions. I resolved to do the latter first, and so proceeded cautiously down the valley, keeping a sharp lookout on every side. I thought for a time that I had got my directions strangely mixed, for the sun appeared to be rising in the west instead of in the east, but I soon perceived that it was not rising at all, but setting, and that instead of being mid-morning, it was mid-afternoon. I had slept not

three or four hours, as I had fancied, but eight or nine.

That discovery had the effect of hastening my steps and lessening my caution. I had no time to lose, and whatever the result of the fight at the cliff, it was improbable that any of the enemy had lingered so long in the neighborhood. So I went forward boldly and as swiftly as I could down the hill, into the narrow bed of the stream where I murmured the clear waters of a little brook over the rough stones, around a jagged point of rock—and the scene of the fight lay before me.

For a moment I saw only the rocks, the red earth, and my eye was caught by a huddled mass as I stepped into the mud as to be almost indistinguishable from it, yet unmistakably a human body. I hastened forward with heart beating madly; I bent above it and stared down into the battered and blackened face. Disgusted, repulsive as it was, I knew it instantly—it was Padeloup. With a sudden feeling of suffocation, I stood erect and looked about me, trembling at the thought of the deadly objects my eyes sought and yet shrank from. Then I drew a quick breath of relief, of joy, of thankfulness. Padeloup had sacrificed his life, indeed, but not in vain; his master had escaped, by some miracle with him. She had been only wounded, then—that was not the pallor of death—she had merely fainted; perhaps the wound had been only a trivial one. But which way had he gone? Why did he not hasten to him. He would need assistance. Which way—

I stopped, shivering, my eyes burning into my brain, for there, in cruel exposure, half way down the slope, were two objects—

How I got down to them, shaken as I was by the agony of that discovery, I know not. I remember only the tempest of wild rage which burst within me as I looked down at those naked, mutilated figures—hideously, unspcakably mutilated. And I held my clenched hands above my head and swore, as there was God in heaven, that I would have vengeance of the devil who had done this thing. He would pay for it; he should pay to the uttermost, drop by drop. I vowed myself to that task by my father's memory, by my mother's love, by my hope of heaven, I swore that for me there should be no rest, no happiness, no contentment until I had pulled this monster down and sent his soul to the torture which awaited it.

For an instant the mad thought seized me to act at once on the trail of the murderers, to harry them, cleave them asunder, seize the fiend who had set them on, and wring his life out; a superhuman strength possessed me, a mad courage came upon me, and not an instant did I doubt that my mad thought would nerve my arm to accomplish all this—to have doubted that would be to doubt His justice, His might, His mercy. But suddenly I remembered that another had died nearby, and that I must discharge that, first; I must go on to the Bocage. Then I could turn back to Dange.

I grew calmer after a time; that divine rage passed away and left me weak and shaken. I sat limply down upon a hard stone, and gazed at those desecrated bodies, with the hot tears starting from my eyes at thought of the gallant man and fair woman for whom this hideous fate had been reserved. In that moment of anguish, there was but one comforting reflection—she had died with her husband's arms about her, his voice in her ears, his kisses on her lips. Her soul had winged its flight to heaven pure, unsoiled. It was not she who suffered this defilement; it was but the poor, outgrown, empty dwelling which she left behind. And he had joined her before a throne which would endure through all eternity, in a land where there were no revolutions.

Yet, despite, resentful as they were, I could not leave these poor bodies here to rot in the sun, food for carrion birds and unclean beasts of the night. Still I could not spare the time to bury them, for the sun was already sinking toward the horizon. I glanced despairingly about me—then I saw the valley. Twenty feet above the bed of the stream, some tremendous freshet had eaten into the bank and so undermined it that it seemed to hang tottering in the air. In a moment, I had carried the bodies off one into the shelter of this bank and laid them tenderly side by side. Then I hesitated—but only for an instant. I went straight to the spot where Padeloup lay, and half dragging, half carrying, placed him at last beside his master, where he surely had the right to lie—where, I even fancied, he would have wished to lie. I knew little of the burial matter, but I could at least say a prayer above them, and consecrate them with my tears.

As was about to turn a sudden thought struck me. Here was a disguise ready to my hand, and I would need one sorely. I had donned my gayest suit the night before—the suit, indeed, had not thought to wear until I approached the high altar at Poitiers—and though it was already sadly soiled and torn, it must still attract attention to a man with no better means of conveyance than his own legs. Under the rude garments which Padeloup had worn—stained as they were with blood and dirt—no one would suspect the royalist. Here was a chance not to be neglected. In a moment I had stripped off his stockings, blouse and breeches, cleaned the caked mud from them as well as I could, and throwing my own garments over him, donned his—not without a shiver of repugnance—taking care to transfer to my new attire my purse, my ammunition, and the one pistol which remained to me, and to secure the knife which I had found gripped in his right hand. I tied his coarse handkerchief about my head, and stopping only for a little prayer, clambered to the top of the bank and with my sword began to loathe the overhanging earth. Great cracks showed here and there, and it must soon have fallen of its own weight; so very little remained for me to do, and at the end of a moment's work, I saw the cracks slowly widen.

Then, with a dull crash which echoed along the valley, the earth fell upon the bodies, burying them to a depth of many feet, safe from desecration by the fang of brute or the eye of man. The tears were streaming down my face as I turned away, but I could not linger, for darkness was at hand and I had already been too long absent from the cliff, for I would have no further need of it, then, with all the speed at my command I retraced my steps along the bed of the stream and upward toward the ledge of rock. As I approached it, I fancied I saw a figure slip quickly out of sight behind the vines. Dreading I knew not what

I hastened my step, swept aside the curtain and stooped to enter. But even as I did so, there came a burst of flame almost to my face, and I felt a sharp, vivid pain tear across my cheek.

CHAPTER XVIII

Circe's Toilet.

I was so blinded by the flash and by the swirl of acid smoke which followed it that for an instant I thought there had been some terrible explosion; another mine, perhaps, designed to wreck our cavern and entomb us beneath the rocks. Then, in an agony of fear, not for myself, but for the girl confined to my keeping, I sprang forward, determined to clinch with my assailant before he could fire again. Once my fingers were at his throat, I knew he would never fire—I would take a savage joy in shaking his life out!

But at the third step I stumbled over some obstruction and came headlong to the floor. I was up again in an instant, my back to the wall, my pistol in my hand, wondering at my escape—but there was no second attack, not a sound save my own hurried breathing.

Then, as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I saw with astonishment that the cavern was empty. What was it that had happened? Who was it that had fired that shot at me? What was the obstruction which had brought me down? I could just discern it on the floor before me—a dim, huddled mass. I went to it, bent over it, peered down at it—and in a sudden panic terror, I saw that it was Charlotte! The fiends had been watching, then; they had seen me leave the cavern, they had seen me desert her—fool that I was!—they had waited until I was safely away, then they had crept in upon her, surprised her as she slept, secure in the thought that I was watching over her! And they had murdered her, or worse than that!

With a groan of agony, I groped for her wrist and found myself clutching a pistol whose barrel was still warm. In a flash I understood and my heart bounded again with joy, the while I cursed my carelessness. It was she who had fired that warning shot. I knew me in this dress? She had been watching for me outside the cave, and had seen a brigand approaching her; she had slipped behind the curtain and a moment later I had burst in upon her without a word of warning. Fool that I was! Fool! And yet my heart was swelling with joy and thankfulness—joy that she had escaped; thankfulness that she had turned the pistol against me and not against herself. Had she not shot at me? I shook my head, for from me lest I break down completely.

I drew her to the entrance of the cavern that the cool air of the evening might play upon her face. At the end of a moment, her lips parted in a faint smile, her bosom rose and fell convulsively and she opened her eyes and stared up at me, with a gaze in which horror grew and deepened.

"Do you not know me, my love?" I asked. "It is Tavernay. See," and I snatched off Padeloup's knotted headgear.

The warm color flooded her face and she sat suddenly upright.

"Then it was you!" she gasped. "It was you!"

"Yes," and I laughed with the sheer joy of seeing her again so full of life, so glad to see you, to know you, your pistol. An inch to the right, and I should not be talking to you now, and I placed my finger on the still-smarting scratch across my cheek.

She gave one glance at it, then fell forward, sobbing, her face between her hands. What would I not have given to take her in my arms, to hold her close against my heart, to kiss away those tears! But even in that moment, there was about her something which held me back; something which recalled the promise I had made her; something which bade me remember that she was in my care, defenseless; that she trusted me, and that to abuse that trust were infamous. So I stilled the hot pulsing of my blood as far as I could, and even succeeded in speaking with a certain coldness.

"Mademoiselle," I said, touching her delicate, quivering shoulder, "it was nothing—or, rather, it was just what you should have done. The fault was wholly mine. I should not have burst in upon you like that. But I was so worried, so anxious to know that you were safe. You were right in shooting, if you had killed me, it would have been no more than I deserved. I blame only myself, and bitterly, was a fool. I hope you will find it in your heart to pardon me."

Her sobs had ceased and as I finished, she threw back her hair and sat erect again. I saw with astonishment and relief that she was smiling—and I found her smile as disturbing as her tears.

"Then we are quits, are we not, monsieur," she asked, "since we each made a mistake?"

"You did not make a mistake," I protested, "so we are not quits until you have forgiven me."

She held out her hand with a charming gesture.

"You are forgiven," she said, "so far as forgiveness goes. But," she continued, drawing away the hand which I had not the courage to relinquish, and rising quickly to her feet, "what are your plans?"

"There is, down yonder," I answered, "a charming little brook, which flows over the stones and stops to loiter, here and there, in the basins of the rock. The water is very cool, and clear."

"To the men who lose. Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be never so nobly done, their hearts are never so grand. And watched with jealous care, no glorious halo crowns their efforts grand. Contempt is failure's share."

Here's to the men who lose! If triumph's easy smile our struggle greet. Courage is easy then; The king is he who after fierce defeat Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose! The ready plaudits of a fawning world. Ring sweet in victor's ears; The vanquished banners never are unfurled— For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose! The touchstone of true worth is not success. There is a higher test— Though fate may darkly frown onward to press, And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose! It is the vanquished proudest that I sing. And this is the toast I choose; Then think, my comrades, of the things. Here's to the men who lose!"—Unknown.

When You Get Used to It. Admiral's Wife—Of course, my dear, like all seafaring men, my husband occasionally uses rather vehement language. Rector's Wife—Yes, but you get used to it just as a clergyman's wife gets used to doing without it.

The son of Hetty Green, a very energetic Texan, raised and sold \$160,000 worth of American Beauty roses last year.

Saucy Soldier Shut Her Up. Col. Robert C. Carter at a Nashville banquet was talking about campaign comrades.

"Then there was Dash of Company A," he said. "Dash had the reputation of being the nastiest tongued man in the regiment."

"It was Private Dash, you know, who, out foraging one evening on a rich estate, came accidentally upon the owner's wife, a grande dame in evening dress."

"Dash asked her for food. She refused. He asked again. But, still refusing, she walked away."

"No," she said, "I'll give you nothing, trespassing like this; I'll give you nothing. My mind is made up."

"Made up, is it?" said Dash. "Like the rest of you, eh?"

FOR THE SKIN AND SCALP

Because of its delicate, emollient, sanative, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, united with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors, Cuticura Soap is unrivaled for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for dispelling itching irritation and inflammation and preventing clogging of the pores, the cause of many disgusting facial eruptions. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find that Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment realize every expectation. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass. Send to them for the latest Cuticura Book, an authority on the best care of the skin, scalp, hair and hands. It is mailed free on request.

Uncle Allen. "If you're getting old and don't know it," philosophized Uncle Allen Sparks, "you'll find it out when you go back to the town where you grew up and look around for the boys you used to play with when you were a kid."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS. Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

We are builders of our own characters.—J. F. W. Ware.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, loosens bowels.

Absence makes the picture post cards accumulate.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW LIVER PILLS

I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-Paw Liver Pills. I guarantee they will purify the blood and put the liver and stomach into a healthy condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will refund your money.—Munyon's Homeopathic Home Remedy Co., 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS. They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and irritants. They are bad—hard—unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilemness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and Magical Beautifier. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 30 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. I recommend it to a lady of the highest rank (a patient) who ladies will use when they are in the country. For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe. Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

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Attention Sick Women

If you had positive proof that a certain remedy for female ills had made many remarkable cures, would you not feel like trying it?

If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

Hudson, Ohio.—"I suffered for a long time from a weakness, inflammation, dreadful pains each month and suppression. I had been doctoring and receiving only temporary relief, when a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and wrote you for advice. I have faithfully followed your directions and now, after taking only five bottles of the Vegetable Compound, I have every reason to believe I am a well woman. I give you full permission to use my testimonial."

—Mrs. Lena Carmocino, Hudson, Ohio. R. F. D. No. 7.

St. Regis Falls, N. Y.—"Two years ago I was so bad that I had to take to my bed every month, and it would last from two to three weeks. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in dry form. I am happy to say that I am cured, thanks to your medicine and good advice. You may use my letter for the good of others."—Mrs. J. H. Breyere, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

There is absolutely no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to cure female diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills.