

Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this neverfailing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, III.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912,

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and see

His Grievance.

The court of appeal has finally deedded against Mr. George Gray, the well-known actor, in the action brought against him by Miss Marie Corelli for infringing the copyright of her novel, "Temporal Power," in his sketch, "The People's King."

If Miss Corelli has a large circle of readers who admire her books, there is also a number of people who do not. Two men belonging to the opposing camps, both well-known journalists, were discussing her the other

'What I like about Miss Corelli." said the one who admired the authoress, "is that she is so-so alive!" "Yes, that's what I object to!" retorted the other .- Pearson's Weekly.

ITCHING TERRIBLE ON LIMB

effected part and when those scales were falling off the itching was more than I could stand at times. The first was only itching very badly at times, but the second year it advanced all around my leg and the itching was terrible. I had to be very careful to have my clothing around the affected part very loose. At night time I often happened to scratch the sore in my sleep. Then I had to stand up, get out of bed and walk the floor till the spell was over.

"I bought lots of salves and tried many different kinds of medicine but without any success. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment and when I had used them I was nearly over the itching. But I kept on with the Cuticura Soap for six weeks and the cure was complete." (Signed) S. O. Gorden, Nov. 20, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each tree, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postpard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Quite True.

congress for physical education will Journal. be held in Paris in March.

Patrice-What's the use? We all know it is a physical impossibility to educate some people.

Accommodating. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "All right; here's looking at you!"-Baltimore American.

EAST INDIA FUNERAL PYRE

Immolation of Silent Figure While Brother Looked on in Bitter Grief.

Even as we came opposite the bearers lifted one of them, all cool and dripping, from the river and set it, the slim, small figure, so quiet, so content, on a half-built pyre, C. F. Benson writes in the Century. Brushwood and fagots were built over it and at the head and foot and sides the fire was applied. A Brahman directed the rites and once, as the flames mounted and aspired, the brother, who was watching, clutched at his heart as there appeared for a moment at the top of the pyre a girl's face, with closed eyes and mouth that seemed to smile; then the radiant veil of flame shrouded it R. F. D. No. 3, Clarkfield, Minn.— again. The smoke rose in gray whorls and streamers against the again. The smoke rose in gray started with some small red and yel- stainless and tender blue of the sky, spots about the size of a pin head and still the brother watched, quiet on my leg and every morning there again and composed; he had given was a dry scale on top covering the only that one sign to show that he loved her whose ashes now lay among the charred and smoldering logs. Or rather it was only for the moment year I did not mind it so much as it that, thinking of days of childhood and dawns by the riverside, he forgot that it was not she who had been consumed in the flames of the pyre. Then he remembered again, and looking up from the pyre to the dazzling river he saw there on our boat his friend, the Brahman, and smiled to

Perpetual Anecdote.

When Oliver Goldsmith was a youth some young people at a gathering were amusing themselves by trying to see who could make the ugliest face. Many extravagant facial contortions were on display.

At the conclusion the master of ceremonies stepped up to Goldsmith and said: "Sir, I think you have won the prize.'

"Oh," responded the poet, "I wasn't playing.'

This incident also happened to Fred erick the Great, Dean Swift, William the Silent, Louis XIV, Mr. Pepys, Ivan the Terrible, Julius Caesar, Socrates Patience-I see an international and Attila the Hun.-Kansas City

> The Attempt. "Did the new actress in the party try to do the swoon well?" "She made a faint effort."

A woman knows her new hat isn't becoming to her because her dearest enemy tells her it is.

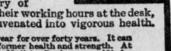
Men Fight On Their Stomachs Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman, if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form

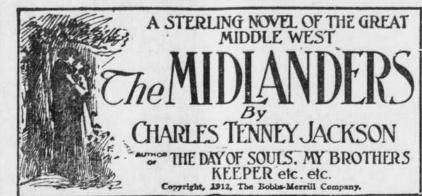
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action— helps them to digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body.

This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts
the liver into activity—oils the machinery of
the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk,
behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health.

Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can relieve you and doubtless restore to you your former health and strength. At least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send 50c for trial box of Tabletz—Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel & Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y. You can have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser of 1008 Pages for 31e.





CHAPTER XIII-(Continued).

The editor was musing. Janet, again, lways Janet! She seemed behind very manifestation of his new place in every manifestation of his new place in the hearts of men, his awakened ambitions, his power to be himself. The enfranchised and free companion, demanding freedom, giving it; that was what she had said the modern woman could be! He was awakening to this magnificence in Janet. And yet she must love him—she could do that also! And slowly his dream grew to a vision of a love past the common call of sex, a passion ennobled by the riches of her personality. There would be none of the parastic clinging to a man, the need of sentimentalizing shelter and

the parastic clinging to a man, the need of sentimentalizing shelter and protection. The helper to power, the counselor to a widening life—this would be the woman to come! This would be Janet!

He met the elder Vance next day, Jake, the political farmer, the malcontent, an original Greenbacker, a mugwump, party trouble-maker, forever given to standing about the Square Saturday afternoons in his motheaten, old buffalo coat arguing with the countrymen. He could not have been elected to any office, but he had not soured. His children had inherited his reasoning unrest, but they had disciplined it to achievement.

"Somebody to beat Hall—somebody"

had disciplined it to achievement.

"Somebody to beat Hall—somebody to beat Hall!" he roared. "Folks say it's comin' to be you, Wiley! I get it everywhere except in the News, and in the banks and warehouses and the court house! The county ain't what it used to be—there are mines and factories—and libraries and labor unions! The old gang doesn't realize that. It's you, Wiley, all the kickers want. And I hear you ain't got the money? Ain't some of these new real estate men and boomers over in Earlestate men and boomers over in Earl-ville close to you for that?"

"Not much. Cal Rice and Thad are in with 'em on most of their deals." Jake went out in the frosty sunlight. "Don't forget," he growled, "that there's a sight of people who ain't in any deals! Arne, let's go home and feed stock with that contraption of yours up in the haymow!" He looked off across the Square to the window of the school superintendent's office: "I guess that girl of mine is ready to go home, too!"
Wiley watched the Vances drive off,

Wiley watched the Vances drive off, the three of them in Jake's old buggy. "Jake used to travel to political conventions in the smoker, and, at 12 o'clock, put a basket up between his legs, spread a newspaper on his knees, eat his chicken and sweet pickles, and then pitch the paper out the window, but when Arne comes back from college he eats in the diner and uses a finger bowl," he told Aunt Abby. "And they have two hired girls at the farm! Janet and Arne make up the price of the dining car and the maids by figuring out soil analysis, or new school

wood-box. Michigan grinned "Done got a letter from our little girl, Mr. Curran!" And I done brought

bone got a letter from our little girl, Mr. Curran!" And I done brought it up here first thing for you to read."

"Aurelie?" Wiley was conscious of a disappointment that she had not written him. She had sent a post card from some town, with a blithe comment, but little news, only that everything was all right. Now he reached eagerly for the latter in the old soldier's eagerly for the latter in the old soldier's and over rock, answering the ment, but little news, only that everything was all right. Now he reached
eagerly for the letter in the old soldier's
hands. Aunt Abby stopped her cooking as he tore it open. Then they lost
the world in Aurell's tale of wonders.
"What she done say, Mr. Curran?"
"Fine! Says you'd look good to her,
now, Uncle Mich. She's having the
time of her life. Everybody's good to
her, and helps her, and the McFetridge
boys are just grand and everything's

boys are just grand and everything's grand." Wiley looked shinning-eyed around: "That's the most of it-just

"Wiley," said Aunt Abby severely, "I did hope she'd not get her head turn-

'Not a bit. She says: "Uncle Mitch. the first night I was scared, and when I walked out there and tried to see over the lights I just wilted—inside! Mr. Gratz stood in the wings with the book, and Hen McFetridge kept waving to me not to cross so far, and Mr. Feldman kept whispering something from the other side, so I guess I must have looked scared. I tried to speak and couldn't say a word, and I looked hopelessly off, and there was Mr. Hambury having a regular fit be-cause I was going to spoil his play. He cause I was going to spoil his play. He kept shouting to himself and dancing around: "Dried—I knew it!" Then that made me mad, and I glared at him, and then I heard what Morris Feldman was trying to whisper, and I said, "Father, I am here." And just right, too, Sol Gratz says—just like the haughty young beauty I was supposed to be who's under suspicion of being to be, who's under suspicion of being a thief. Because I was mad at Mr. Hanbury and his old play! And every time I lost my lines they all helped me—every one, and you ought to have seen what the papers said!" cried Mr. Curran—"I wish I'd seen that paper!" "Go on," said Uncle Michigan.

"Go on," said Uncle Michigan.
"When's she coming home?"
"Don't say," answered Wiley. "Says the hotels are pretty bad, and the theaters are cold and dirty, but it's just a glory! Oh, lord—Aurelie!"
"Likes it?" queried Aunt Abby, from her doughnuts.

her doughnuts. "Says she's got a mission! To up-lift the stage! Oh, lord—Aurelie!" "But when's she comin' home?" quavered Uncle Michigan.

quavered Uncle Michigan.
And looking in Michigan's eye, Mr.
Curran saw a tear.
"She doesn't say, Uncle Mich. She
just says she's sending a number of
things for 'you all" out at the Pocket—
with the first money she ever earned!
Christmas presents for you and Knute
and Pete and the baby, and Albert and
Mrs. Lindstrom—and for John."
"And John, he prayed so mighty hard

"And John, he prayed so mighty hard he chased her off the place! Reckon she's the same old girl, Mr. Curran." "Sure, I think so, Uncle Michigan." "Don't reckon this yere stage busi-ness'll ever change her a mite, Mr. Curran?"

Hope not, Uncle Michigan. Darn "Hope not, Uncle Michigan. Darn the smoke—it's getting in our eyes, ain't it?" Mr. Curran coughed and spluttered; he didn't want to see the tears on Michigan's whiskers. The old man thumped the wooden leg on the box and against the stove preparing to get out of the house. "Uncle Michigan." said Mr. Curran, "stay to supper and we'll talk about Aureile. Gee whiz, I hope that little girl makes good!"

"You want me to stay to supper?"

Her watch decisively. It was early for a county officer to be down town. She came across the street with her direct and springy step and to the News door. The editor took his feet off the desk and waved his hand lazily.

"Janet, let's go fishing. Let's get Old Mowry's wagon and take Aunt Abby and Jim Mims—if he's sober—and Mich and Aleck and all go fishing."

"Wiley, that's what you've always

Uncle Michigan turned to Aunt Abby—
'You're church folks, and I done been an ole whisky peddler Johnny Reb."
"You done been an old fool, Uncle Michigan! You sit right here till supper's ready!"
"Right here till supper's ready!" added Mr. Curran. "Here's some more of this letter—"
"But not any word about comin'

"But not any word about comin' home!"

"She'll get home. She says up in Waterloo the comedian got drunk and nearly busted up the show. And that night they had to cut out her big situ-

ation."
"What?" gasped Aunt Abby, "cut out

"I swear—"
"Well, it can't be serious or they'd telegraphed!" 'I guess so. She says Mr. Hanbury changes his play so much they just can't keep up with it in rehearsals, but that Sol Gratz thinks pretty soon they will get it all over."

will get it all over."

"Get over what—over the operation I suppose, Wiley?"

"She's picking up this stage slang so fast she must be getting on. I swear it's a fine letter."

"Well, you better keep this letter in the clock, Mr. Curran—or somewhere. I wouldn't lose it for the best leg I got."
He handed it back to Mr. Curran, and the editor locked it in the clock case, "When I git lonesome, I'll come up here with the clock case, and well'll read it all over again, Kind and well'll read it all over again, Kind and well'll read it all over again. Kind and the clock case, "April, Mr. Wiley, and dewberries air ring down in Louisiany!" the editor locked it in the clock case. "When I git lonesome, I'll come up here and well'll read it all over again. Kind o' lonesome at the ole place. John he's sourin' on the world. Keeps the boys cuttin' brush. And the baby's allin'. And the woman's frettin'. Seems like the sun don't shine so bright since Aurelie went away."

"Don't you worry. Uncle Mich. She'll."

lege he eats in the diner and uses a finger bowl," he told Aunt Abby. "And they have two hired girls at the farm! Janet and Arne make up the price of the dining car and the maids by figuring out soil analysis, or new school methods and don't bother their heads with picking chickens, or putting up lunches."

"Well, there'll come an end," she warned; "tain't in nature for a farm to stand two hired girls, or even one!"

He laughed: "Get on the band wagon, Aunty!" Then behind her, in the fragrant kitchen, he saw Old Michigan warming his leg across the wood-box. Michigan grinned ex-

BACK TO THE OLD TOWN.

furry gray. In the clay gaps of the hills one hears the tinkle of water under ice and over rock, answering the first call of the robins. The rabbit tracks along the fences drabble down to mere muddy markings in the snow and then are lost in the first faint green. Also, in town, housewives hang their rugs on the porches and beat them, stopping to look up at the blue and breathe, as if the winter's housing had taken a bit out of their souls which now was coming back; and one sees the children digging their toes in the mud on their way to school, testing eagerly its release from the frost.

But chiefly, in Rome people know!

Shut one eye tight and opened the other very wide, drew up his face so that the white whiskers, sticking out in all directions, made his face like a sunflower. Then he exploded his famous joke: "She done come from the holy family!"

Then he doubled over with laughter. That settled them! He roared it to Father Doyle when the good priest tried to settle Aurelie's patrimony; he chukled it to Aunt Abby and the Epworth league ladies; he discomfited Mr. Curran and all the town with it—his little girl was descended from the holy family!

"Uncle Michigan." put in Miss

disappears. When the former leaguer began to climb the hills in February and look off south; and when his work in Carmichael's stable grew slack and his eyes vacant and his promises to coach the high school ball team more vague; and when he came silently in the News office to read the "pink uns" of the Chicago papers, paid no atten-tion to Jim Mims, the tramp printer asking for a chew, or to Wiley when he asked who looked good for the sec-ond cushion with the Cubs since Delahanty was sold—paid no attention to any one at all, but wandered down to the junction and dreamily read the names of the box cars jogging down the cut, why then it was safe to set out garden truck—spring had come.

Then the News announced that Rufus Adrian Van Hart, one time catcher with the Cubs, had gone south to help with the spring try-outs at San Antonio and would also get himself in condition. This pleased Rube and all the town kids and hurt nobody. Poor old Rube was merely stowed in a box car getting away just because spring called and baseball was here and he could not help it. Among the Van Harts there was no accounting for Rube

And when Rube came back to town the women knew it was near time to take in house plants and let the children go for hazelnuts, and resume the lapsed work of the Shakespeare club. With Rube watch for a nip of frost. But now spring, and Uncle Michigan spading up Mr. Curran's garden, dis-

puting with his hous 'keeper while they knelt in the black damp earth over a package of seeds magnanimously dis-tributed by the Honorable James S. Hall, M. C. Their voices came to the editor at his desk. Jim Mims had gone to the blind tiger in the haymow of Carmichael's livery stable; and Aleck, the press boy had stolen off to Sin creek to see if it was yet good bullhead fishing.

"If I'm going to congress," murmured "If I'm going to congress, murmured the editor, "I must fire this spring fever and scold everybody into working." He was watching Janet Vance tie her team of colts to the county yard hitching rail, her trim, blue figure against the young elm green. She looked at the worth decisivaly. It was early for the young elm green. She looked at her watch decisively. It was early for a county officer to be down town. She

"Wiley, that's what you've always

done the first spring weather. But

"Don't finish it. Now—congress—"
"I drove in behind your back lot,"
she went on calmly, "and I see that
the W. C. T. U. ladies are right. The
size of that pile of beer bottles in your alley. Just suppose you'd boughs books all your Mfe instead of beer?" "Janet," Curran smiled at her, "I never had a place to put the books all my life. But there's always been a place for beer."

she looked at him in her old despair.

She looked at him in her old despair.

Now—now—" he went on and waved a hand at her, "don't scold. I'm up—I'm doing! In for a career—congress—anything! But the weather, Janet! Can't a fellow sit once in a while over his pipe—and watch you through the smoke, perhaps—and dream?"

She shook her head. "I know," he went on lugubriously. "The problem with the new woman is, will she ever let a man go fishing?"

She smiled but continued her directness: "Tom Purcell, of Earlville, is going to take the active management of your campaign this summer. The committee of the Progressive league decided on him."

He shrugged. Up the cliff back of

He shrugged. Up the cliff back of his shop the bluebirds were calling. The committee of the nascent Pro-gressive league—and Janet—had kept Mr. Curran plugging rather steadily all winter. He had addressed farmers' institutes and gone to state conferences of the progressive, had met Governor Delroy and the men of the state organization—'glad-handed around the circle," as he put—and had also gone among the men of his own county, lodge meetings, church fairs, district school entertainments. And on Arne's school entertainments. And on Arne's visits from school they had taken long drives to lonely precints where they had discussed farm problems from Arne's new angles, and Wiley had told the men simply and frankly that he wanted them to yote for him in the wanted them to vote for him in the primary.
"I don't know any other politics," he

it's a fine letter."

Aunt Abby was peeking at it over his shoulder. What's that? She asks if any one ever hears from Harlan Van Hart?"

Wiley sighed. "Yes. She—sort of knew Harlan." He folded up the letter and handed it to Uncle Michigan, who stared at it as if it was a jewel.

"I reckon," mumbled Uncle Michigan, "you done better keen this in your candidacy is not a joke. I hear Judge Van Hart has written Congressman Hall that he'd better come home and look over his constituency. They feel you, Wiley."

Wiley."

Wiley opened a benign eye. "Apparently, Tanner and Rice and Boydston

Wiley."
Wiley opened a benign eye. "Apparently, Tanner and Rice and Boydston are organizing this Retail Merchants' association, the secret motive of which who stared at it as it.

"I reckon," mumbled Uncle Michigan, "you done better keep this in your safe at the office, Mr. Curran."

"That safe rusted shut in '96, Uncle Mich—the time the creek flooded the News office—and it's never been opened since."

"The letter in the control of the fight. Janet, I shan't have an advertiser left except the undertaker and he wants me to take it out in

Keeps the boys cuttin' brush. And the baby's ailin'. And the woman's frettin'. Seems like the sun don't shine so bright since Aurelie went away."

"Don't you worry, Uncle Mich. She'll come back rich and famous, and everybody'll be happy, and she'll give a show in the tin opera house."

Uncle Michigan's eyes shone again. "Just as Ole Captain Tinkletoes prophesied down in Louisany! She'll done grow up to occupy the land!"

Mr. Curran's eyes shone, too. He had been told Aurelie's fantastic story, on, these many times! He had gilded it, "Fine!" cried the candidate, "Uncle Michigan," smiled Miss Vance, "we're trying to talk business. Now you know that business and Mr. Wiley—"

"Fine!" cried the candidate—"Uncle

when people ask you about her—people never know what to believe!"
"Reckon decent people believe only what's "ood—and the others don't count. But my little girl come of better stock than those big bugs on High

But chiefly, in Rome people know spring has come when Rube Van Hart disappears. When the former leaguer began to climb the hills in Fleaguer in dun-no exactly. Mr Wiles and the former leaguer in dun-no exactly.

"I dun-no exactly, read you her letters.

(Continued next week.)

The Land Question in Mexico.

From the Christian Herald. When General Villa, the rebel commander in Mexico, issued his decree confiscating the vast estates of the confiscating the vast estates of the Creel and Terrazas families in behalf of the people, he let in a light which strikes very close to the heart of the real problem in that republic. One must go deeper than the news in the daily press to find the cause of the troubles in Mexico, and the reason for the continued unrest, out of which has sprung the apparently endless succession of revolutions in that country. It sion of revolutions in that country. It is the old evil of the absorption of the land and the exploitage of the commen singly and in exploitage of the common people by clever and unscrupulous men, singly and in combination. They want the land and the right to share in its products. At the present time 700 patrician families own practically the whole of agricultural Maxico. The the whole of agricultural Mexico. The people also want the total abolition people also want the total abolition of peonage, which is simply slavery. They had a glimpse of greater possibilities during Madero's administration; but these were swept away by the rise of Huerta. It is their struggle for the realization of these hopes that has won for them the sympathy of lovers of progress and justice everywhere.

The Helping Hand.

From the New York Herald.

From the New York Herald.

That the appointment of a receivership for important dry goods houses will be cited as evidence of buriness depression is a foregone conclusion. "Calamity howiers," republicans ousted from office, and inveterate "bears" are not likely to let slip any opportunity to cry "I told you so" or repeat the old, old warnings of ruin that must be wrought by the democratic party's nolley.

f ruin that must be wrought by the demo-ratic party's policy.

But all that is a matter of politics and has nothing whatever to do with the dif-iculties of these dry goods firms. The sain truth is, they have made an error of calculation that has no general sig-

Their difficulties can be easily sur-ounted if other big dry goods firms come the rescue, just as in a financial crisis anking interests combine to help a strick-

Liverpool has completed the world's argest drydock, 1,020 feet long and 155 eet wide at the later line, the only one in the world large enough to receive the new 50,000-ton liners

NO POSSIBILITY OF HELP

Actor Had Been Called on So Often That Further Assistance Was Out of the Question.

When "September Morn" was in its final week of rehearsal a bare spot in act III. gave unbounded annovance to the actors, and the managers, the librettist, who was appealed to again and again to do something to brighten a scene which was simply talk, and yet 'could not be cut out without throwing awry the stage director's scheme of songs, dances and costume changes. The librettist at length made this appeal to "Dave" Lewis, the star of the piece:

"Say, old fellow, you've been @ comedian for 20 years and must have a trunkful of hokum. Won't you dig down into it and fish up something that will help us over this spot?"

Mr. Lewis' answer was: "I've been an actor for 20 years, and I had a trunkful of hokum. But I've dug down so often fixing up the first and second acts that the trunk's empty and there's a hole in the bottom."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXA-TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

HEAVIEST HORSE ON RECORD

Figures Show Clydesdale Weighed More Than Any Animal of His Kind Known to History.

The weight of the heaviest horse ever known was 3,000 pounds. This horse, a Clydesdale, was exhibited in New York in 1889. It was 211/2 hands high and although only five years old measured 32 inches round the arm, 45 inches round the stifle or knee joint, 95 inches girth, 341/2 round the hip and 11 feet four inches in length. It was of perfect proportions, with a head 35 inches in length. A French authority gives the weight of horses as follows: Excluding ponies, which have an average weight of 440 pounds, the weight of horses varies from 660 to 1,540 pounds. The weight of cart "And the mocking birds are singing in the canebrakes, Uncle Mich!" bounds. The weight of car and coupe horses, which is about the same as that of cavalry horses, varies between 990 and 1,056 pounds. These weights are for adult animals.

> Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

"They Say! They Say!"

Wife-The cashier at the bank says you are just the meanest, stingiest-Husband-Great Scott! Wha-what is that? He says-

"Well, he didn't say it in so many words, but that is what he meant, of course.'

"Look here! What did the fellow say?"

"He asked me to indorse the check, and, when I told him I didn't know what he meant he said he presumed I hadn't had much experience in getting checks cashed-so there!"

From Many, One.

"This is our most valuable fowl," and the amateur hen farmer. "A fine breed," remarked the visitor,

trying to look wise. "Yes indeed. We have named her E Pluribus Unum."

"Why the name?" the visitor questioned

"She came from the only egg that hatched of fifty in the incubator.'

Every man is his own master or else a slave for others.

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. - "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's.



Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lvdia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like

another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health." - Mrs. August W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened. read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.