NERVOUS PROSTRATION IS **SYSTEMIC CATARRH.**

[Pe-ru-na is the only Systemic Catarrh Remedy known to the Medical Profession]

MRS. IDA L. GREGORY
A LEADING CLUBWOMAN OF DENVER, COLO.

Mrs. Ida L. Gregory, President of the Poets and Authors Club of Colorado, President of Colorado Art Club, Director of School of Industry and Design, Vice President of Sherman Art League, is One of the Leading Club Women of Colorado.

In a recent letter from 2 Grant avenue, Denver, Colo., this prominent lady says:

"Some years ago my husband suffered from nervous prostration and advising with a friendly druggist he brought home a bottle of Peruna. His health was restored from its use, his appetite was increased and restful sleep came to him. I therefore heartily endorse Peruna, as an honest remedy worthy the good things which are said of it."—Ida L. Gregory.

Nervous prostration is so frequently associated with systemic catarrh that some doctors do not distinguish between the two. In systemic catarrh the disease has pervaded the whole system and there is a constant loss of vital fluids from the mucous membranes.

A great many people recognizing for nervous prostration who need to be remediated cured by a course of Peruna. Peruna makes clean, healthy mucous membranes. By this preservation of the fluids the weakening drain of their discharge is prevented.

The medical profession is just beginning to awaken to the fact that chronic catarrh, especially systemic catarrh, will soon produce a condition so nearly resembling nervous prostration that it is very difficult to tell one from the other.

Peruna cures these cases without fail.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Spain Expels Deroulede.

San Sebastian, Spain, cable: The government of Spain has ordered that Paul Deroulede, the French political conspirator, be expelled from the country, and the exile accordingly left without stating his destination.

Ping-Pong Cause for Divorce.

Thomas Ford, a Southsea, Eng., boarding housekeeper, who stated that his wife sat up late to play ping-pong obtained a decree recently in the divorce court.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

New Army Field Carriage.

F. L. Allen, of Washington, has invented a field carriage which will convey ammunition, water and hospital litters. Such a combination, however, cannot reasonably claim the protection of the Red Cross.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
SORE THROAT
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

A Boon to Humanity

Mr. Thomas J. Conghlan of Lakeland, N. Y., in a letter says: "I have derived great benefit from the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters when suffering from indigestion and loss of appetite." It certainly is a boon to humanity. Sold in liquid or tablets at 25 cents.

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can be secured by all residents of the country of similar cities, our catalogue is kept for reference. We sell every variety of merchandise of reliable quality at *lower prices than any other house.* We have been right here in the same business for thirty-one years and have two million customers. If we save them money, why not you?

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CHICAGO
The house that tells the truth.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Over-pleasure is as hard on the muscles and joints as over work. The best thing to do to get the body right after a long bicycle ride is to rub the sore, stiff parts well with **Mexican Mustang Liniment.** No better remedy made for bruises, cuts and chafing.

EVERY CHILD BORN INTO THE WORLD with an inherited tendency to distressing, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available, viz., THE CUTICURA TREATMENT.

Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, are all that can be desired for the alleviation of the suffering of skin-tortured infants and children and the comfort of worn-out, worried mothers. A single set is often sufficient to cure when the best physicians fail.

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$500 Will be paid for any case that DR. KEITH'S Laxative, Tobacco and Cigarette Antidote fails to benefit in liquid form without any other medicine, either with or without the patient's knowledge. Price $1 a box. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write DR. H. C. KEITH, 7811 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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GINSENG The Twentieth Century MONEY MAKER. $10,000 profits per acre. Large cash Garden in America. Address R. E. BARNARD, Houston, Mo.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 39—1902

When answering Ads. please mention this paper

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Why have you lived so long in Alaska?"

"I could not get away," was the answer. "Yours is the only face I have seen since I left my friends, the Indians, save those who held me captive."

"And you have escaped?"

"Yes."

"Then come with us to the camp on the Klondyke."

"Klondyke—I've heard of it; they often talk about it when they think me asleep, but I do not always sleep when I seem to."

Paul was filled with delight, for here was a chance to unravel the mystery in which he was involved.

Another silence fell on the group, broken by Paul asking:

"Do you know a miner named Glum?"

"Glum—Glum—no."

"Glum Ralston."

The old man again shook his head, declaring he had never known such a person. Paul was disappointed. From what Glum Ralston had told him he was confident that this mysterious hermit of the woods was the long-lost captain who had followed the Indians to the place where they said gold in great quantities was found. But when the mysterious hermit disclaimed any knowledge of him at all he was quite as far away from the solution of the problem as he had been before.

Next morning the party resumed their march guided by the sun, which shone a portion of the day. Paul and the hermit were constantly together, and hourly grew more and more friendly, until, as the noble nature of the hermit unfolded itself, Paul came to love him. He was known to the hermit by his sobriquet of Crackdash, for he had been called by no other name since his arrival in Alaska.

Paul was hourly entwining himself about the rugged heart of the old man. One night when they had halted and the Indians were building a fire for the night the hermit said:

"Crackdash, you impress me strangely. I don't know why, but I have grown to love you as if you were my nearest relative. When my own dear boy grows up to manhood I could only wish that he would make as noble a man."

Paul, deeply impressed with the old man's sad story, expressed a hope that he would soon be able to leave Alaska and reach his home, and that his wife and child might yet be alive to welcome him.

Their stock of provisions were running short. One day the Indians came on the trail of a moose and were anxious to start on its trail. Paul gave them permission to go, while he and the hermit kindled the fire and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the night.

The prisoner as usual sat in sullen silence, with his back against a tree and his eyes fixed on the fire. Paul and the hermit sat engaged in earnest conversation.

Suddenly the former was talking in a low tone, telling how he had been robbed by the prisoner and three others, and followed them into the forest. He was in the midst of his narrative when two objects suddenly appeared before them, each with a Winchester rifle and said:

"Surrender or you are dead men."

Resistance was useless; they were prisoners almost before they knew it.

CHAPTER X.

Paul Learns That Laura Is in Alaska.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Ned Padgett, rubbing his hands gleefully at seeing the tables turned. "You have in slight, mates, in good time. Must 'a' had fair luck."

Paul had no difficulty in making out the two men, companions of the third, whom he had met on other occasions. As these were the men who had robbed him and whom he and old Glum had chased in the forest, there was little mercy to expect from them. With thomas of scalskin Paul and the hermit were quickly tied hard and fast, and told they must move on before the Indians returned.

As it was dark and the snow falling rapidly, there was little danger of even the Indians following on their trail, shrewd as they were in such experiences.

The night was dark and the snow falling, so it was difficult traveling. A strip of walrus hide was tied about the arms of each above their elbows and fastened about their backs. They were heavily loaded, and threatened with the knotted stick which Ned carried in his hand when they staggered under their heavy loads.

On, on and on they staggered through the darkness and over the uneven ground. At last Paul, utterly exhausted, sank down at the root of a tree.

"Get up! Go on!" cried one of their captors.

"I cannot."

"Ye lie!" cried Padgett and raised his club.

But one of his companions quickly interposed with:

"Hold on, Ned. Don't be a fool, now, and throw away every chance we have."

"What ye goin' t' do?" asked Ned.

"We're too far away for the Metlakahtlans to overtake us, so we will go into camp and wait till mornin'."

A roaring fire was built against the side of a great stone which reared its snow-capped head a hundred feet into the air.

Paul's pack was removed from his back and he laid on a blanket in front of the fire with the hermit by his side.

The rascal named Morris came to the old man's side and said:

"You said you could not give up that secret if you wished."

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

"It is lost."

Morris stared at him for a moment with wide open eyes and gasped:

"I don't understand you, Cap, you are talkin' in riddles."

"I care very little whether you understand me or not," the old man defiantly answered. "The secret is lost. It was written in cipher on a walrus hide and the walrus hide is lost."

It was some time before the idea could get through the thick skulls of the ex-sailors, but when they came to fully comprehend the loss they roared like madmen. Ned seized his knotted stick and swore he would brain them both, but his more cool companion interfered, saying:

"It may all be a trick. After all it may be only a trick to throw us off the trail. If we decide for the old cuss to pass in his checks, let it be done deliberately and give him time to reflect."

So Padgett decided to let them live and trust to some chance to reveal the hiding place of the money. Paul had heard the above conversation between their captors and waiting for an opportunity to speak with the hermit when he would not be overheard by them, whispered:

"Is the walrus hide you referred to the one left in the cavern where you took me?"

"Yes."

"I took it."

"You?" There was an expression on the old man's face almost fierce as he asked the question.

"Yes, I took it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to the miner who was with me before I fell from the precipice and whom I found after leaving the cavern. He said he had seen it before."

"Where?"

"The Indians who had enticed his captain away in search of gold had some such hide, only there had been painting added to it since."

The hermit turned, and fixing his great, earnest eyes on him in astonishment, asked:

"His captain—had he been a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what seas?"

"Almost all over the world, but his last voyage was in a sealing schooner to the Paul Island, Alaska, and this coast."

"What was this sailor's name?"

"He is called old Glum."

"No other name?"

"I believe Glum Ralston is his name, but after all his real name, I don't think is known. In this country nearly everybody goes by some nickname, and I fancy that Glum Ralston was only a nickname."

"Might have been Jack Ralston."

"Well, since you mention it, I believe I once heard him say his real name was Jack Ralston; however, I will not be sure."

The hermit was very calm. Paul waited a long time for him to answer, but the old man was silent as the grave. Then two of their captors came near where they were sitting, and they dared not talk anymore.

Their journey was very painful and difficult. Grown desperate, Paul had determined to escape from their captors even if he had to kill them.

One day they reached a great gloomy cavern which extended to an unfathomable depth in the earth. Their captors had pine knots on the wall about the cavern, and lighting one of these went back to where there were piles of dead grass and a table of stone on which lay a pack of greasy cards. Here they took up their abode.

Several days passed, and then Morris and Padgett left the cavern in charge of Tom Ambrose, who tied the prisoners every night, established a deadline in the cavern in daytime, and swore he would shoot the first one who attempted to cross it.

Two or three weeks had elapsed, for in that dungeon night and day were one, when the two men came back and with them another whom Morris seemed to have known. He introduced the newcomer to Tom Ambrose as a friend from San Francisco.

Padgett told Paul to where the stranger sat on a musk ox hide and the latter asked:

"Is your name Paul Miller."

"It is."

"Are you from Fresno, California?"

"I am."

"Do you know Laura Kean?"

"I do; what of her? His whole frame was trembling with anxiety and emotion."

"She is in Alaska. Just landed a few days ago at Juneau in company with Mr. Theodore Lackland."

"It is a lie—a lie!" roared Paul, beside himself with rage and mortification. "It's a lie and I will crowd it down your throat!"

Before anyone knew what he intended he had his informant by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

The guards came to the relief of their companion. Paul was quickly torn away from him and his hands bound. He lay upon the dead grass piled in the cavern. His mind was in a whirl and he kept saying to himself:

"Can it be possible? No, no, it is not possible. The whole world may be false, but Laura is not. Come to Alaska in company with that man—no, it is not true."

A thousand tumultuous emotions were stirring his breast as he lay on the dried grass, striving to persuade himself that after all this was some horrible dream. The man whom he had assaulted in company with Padgett and Morris approached him. Morris handed Paul a letter in the well-known handwriting of Laura Kean. It was dated at Juneau and addressed to Paul's mother in Fresno. The letter was brief, saying she had just arrived, and would rest a day or two before proceeding farther.

"Isn't that evidence?" asked Morris.

"Yes; but she did not come with him."

"Oh no; he came on another ship."

Then he died when he said they came together."

Morris laughed a cold, sardonic laugh, and in a voice that seemed to have all the evil of a demon in it, answered:

"Though they came on different ships from America, there is but one train going to the Klondyke and both will be in that train. The chances are she knows no one but him, and you know Lackland's feelings towards the girl. When he starts to win he wins; he's got millions to work with, and if it's necessary to buy the entire pack train off he can do it."

Paul Miller groaned aloud, but made no answer. He realized how great her danger and how utterly hopeless he was to aid her.

"Now you can save her," said Morris.

"Save her? My Heaven, how? What other infernal scheme have you on hand?"

"You were overheard talking with the old man about a walrus hide. From what you said it was understood you knew something about it. If you will give us information that will lead to finding it, you shall be given your liberty and be taken to this young lady, Laura Kean."

"I cannot," groaned Paul.

"Why."

"I don't know where it is."

"What did you do with it?" asked Morris, his face expressing the deepest concern.

"I gave it to another. Where he is or what he has done with it I do not know."

A look of disappointment swept over the faces of the captors at this announcement. They retired to near the entrance of the cavern and there held a consultation.

"It's all a pack of lies," cried Padgett. "We've been twenty years in these woods waitin' t' grab that pile, an' no nearer to it now than before. Knock out their brains an' go away is what I say."

Tom Ambrose, though equally as much a villain as his companion, urged moderation. During all the years the unprincipled rascals had struggled to get possession of their captive's secret, Tom had acted as a brake to fiery Ned's temper.

"We have a hold on the old man," one of the plotters at last decided. "He can be made to tell where the gold is cached."

"But he don't know."

"He does know. He must know."

"Well, what good is that do? Hain't we been the best eighteen or twenty years tryin' to open the hatches o' the old capen, who's as close-mouthed as a clam? We've threatened t' hang him—done everything any one kin, but it's all no use."

"We got a stronger pull now than ever."

"What is it?"

"Come here."

His companions gathered about him and he spread his arms around their shoulders and began to reveal the plan which emanated from his wonderful brain—a plan that was diabolical, but promised success.

(To be continued.)

RACIAL FEUDS IN EUROPE.

Antagonism Engendered Between Prussians and Poles.

Hardly a day passes but the newspapers contain striking evidence of the antagonistic spirit which is being engendered between the Poles and the Prussians. Last week it came to the ears of the publishers of a Polish paper circulating in Westphalia that one of their compositors was about to marry a German girl. They considered that this stamped him as a traitor to Poland, and although he had served them faithfully for many years they dismissed him on the spot. A large number of Poles work in the Westphalia coal mines, and in order to further the amalgamation of the races the authorities have issued regulations to the effect that no person shall be employed underground who is not proficient in the German language. The Poles obstinately refuse to know a word of German when they happen to be called up to make statements in public.

A few days ago a Polish miner had to give evidence in a Westphalia police court. He was, of course, as innocent as a newly-born babe of any knowledge of German until the magistrate threatened to report the case to his employers, who would have been compelled to dismiss him. Thereupon his German came back, and he replied fluently to all the questions put to him. His wife had been present during the hearing of the case, and was waiting for him in the passage just outside the court room door. As soon as he appeared she bitterly reproached him for having given way, and to render her arguments more forcible, soundly boxed his ears. She then kicked him with such vigor that he had to race down the corridor into the street to escape the attentions of his "patriotic" better half.—London Leader.

WHY FRANCE HAS NO NOBLES.

Gambetta Discusses Use of Aristocrats With King Edward.

The veteran Marquis de Gallifet, a former French minister of war, is letting some of his recollections get into print. He tells of meeting King Edward in Paris in 1880, when the latter dined with him and met Gambetta.

At dinner the prince said to Gambetta:

"May I ask you why you and your friends keep the French aristocracy out of office?"

"But, sir, there is no aristocracy in France," answered Gambetta. "There are dukes that head no army, marquises who defend no marches, counts and viscounts who have no counties or viscounties, no authority or influence."

"Suppose, then, that I spoke of nobles?"

"But they don't want to be employed. One only meets them in the army and navy and now and then in diplomacy. In these careers they cut, I own, a good enough figure."

"But why do you not act as in my country, quarter the prince, 'where we pick out the best in manufacture, trade, science and literature and ennoble them?'"

"In your country that is possible, but not in France. The duke of Mossyatone would object to rub shoulders with the duke of Cottonmills. We cannot in a republic have any aristocracy but that of science and merit."

"I see you are a true republican, M. Gambetta."

"Allow me, sir," retorted Gambetta, "to confess that I think you consistent in being a royalist."

Novels Read by Statesmen.

The yearly bill for novels supplied to the library of the French Chamber of Deputies is usually between $4,000 and $4,500.

DON'T GIVE UP.

Don't be discouraged by past efforts to find relief and cure from the myriads of ills that come from sick kidneys. You may pass nights of sleepless tossing, annoyed by frequent urination. Your back may ache like a toothache or sudden twitches and twinges of backache pain make life a misery. Perhaps you have nervous spells, are weak, tired-out, depressed. There is a cure for all of this and for every trouble of the bladder and kidneys. Read this case and note it tells how well the cure was tested:

Charles Lindgren, sealer of freight cars on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., La Porte, Ind., says: "I have greater faith in Doan's Kidney Pills to-day than I had in the fall of 1897 when I began taking them and made a public statement of the result. At that time I had suffered with lameness and soreness of the back, which was so excruciating that I could scarcely turn in bed, and Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured this trouble. I am always ready to endorse Doan's Kidney Pills personally to anyone requiring a kidney remedy. After a lapse of three years I make this statement which shows my undoubted faith in the preparation."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mr. Lindgren, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents per box.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

Wisdom didn't did wid Solomon, patience wid Job, nor meekness wid Moses. Come ter think er it, Solomon wuzn't ez wise ez what he 'lowed he wuz; Moses wuz fur from meek, en Job wuz de biggest growler in de country.

I don't spend any time at all in crowlin' at de weather. Wen it's cold, I thank God fer fire—eff I got any, en I ax Him fer wood, eff I ain't; en, wen de summer is hot enough ter make folks think er de herafter, I bless God dat I'm ten mile fum freezin', en dat palmetto fans is cheap.

No matter whether de world is roun' or flat, de sum on total er de whole business is—we're on de green side er it, en de very bes' thing we kin do is ter plant shade trees fer summer en strong shelters fer winter.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fifty Down.

Madras, British India, cable: An English mail train yesterday, 205 miles from this city, dashed over a bridge which had been undermined by floods. Fifty passengers and four soldiers were drowned.

Had Crazy Spells.

West Pembroke, Me., Sept. 22.—The thirteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. A. L. Smith suffered with a peculiar affliction which her mother describes as follows:

"It is two years now since she was first taken with crazy spells.

"They kept on coming at intervals and I could get nothing to do her any good.

"The doctors gave me no encouragement. They all said they could not help her.

"The crazy spells would last about nine days, then she would be well about nine days, but would eat very little and was very yellow. Even the whites of her eyes were yellow.

"I heard that Dodd's Kidney Pills were a great remedy for young girls and decided to try them.

"After taking one box she was completely restored and she has not had one bad spell since. Of course we continued to use the pills and she used altogether five boxes last fall.

"In March I thought I saw symptoms of the spells again and I got six boxes of which she has taken four, and is in splendid health.

"Her case was certainly a remarkable one and we are very thankful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the great good they have done my daughter."

Never borrow trouble. If the evil is not to come, it is useless, and so much worse, if it be to come. Just keep all your strength to meet it.—Tryon Edwards.

The troubles that trouble us the most are the ones that should trouble us the least.

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

Diamonds Lose Old Time Favor in London Society.

The coronation year has not resulted in the great rush for diamonds that was expected, and the quietest looking but more expensive pearl has gained an easy "lead." The manager of Tiffany's told a London Express representative recently that the sales of diamonds during the past year had not been very much above the normal, but the amount of alteration and repair work, resetting of stones, etc., had been extraordinarily great, and the expert workmen had been kept very busy. The chief work had been in connection with the repair of family jewels, while large numbers of Americans staying in England for the coronation had their diamonds reset and polished by English workmen.

The American grande dame was always a large buyer of diamonds, and was particularly anxious to have them set in the English style. The reason for the small increase in the sale of diamonds was the great popularity of the pearl, which had become exceedingly fashionable of late months, in spite of its expensiveness.

The usual price of a pearl necklace ranged from £20,000 to £40,000, and a really fine necklace was not to be had for less than £75,000. Where a society woman could make a "good show" in diamonds for £2,000, she could do very little for the same amount in pearls.

Simplicity was the keynote of the fashion in diamonds and clusters of large stones, made into brooches and pendants and other articles of adornment, were far more popular and created a better effect than a large collection of small diamonds set thickly together. The average price for a diamond brooch with fine large stones was £2,000, and this article found a rapid sale.

Volcanoes Awake.

Manilla cablegram: The Macon, Taal and Baluan volcanoes are unusually active. The Baluan volcano had been inactive for years. No seismic disturbances have resulted.

Delays Naming Archbishop.

Rome cable: It is said on high authority that the nomination of an archbishop of Chicago to succeed the late Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan will not be made until November.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The reason some folks "lose their mind" must be that they have given others "a piece of their mind" so often, they have none left for themselves.

To Cure a Cold in One day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing what nerves would have been done before, and never can again.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small, they gall and pinch us; but if too large, they cause us to stumble and trip.—Colton.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; cures the pain. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the household remedy.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disturbed.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Would you know how to give? Put yourself in the place of him who receives.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumpt on saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A small but good paying business plant is better than an unprodu tive family tree.

Mrs. Emma E. Felch, Treasurer Fond du Lac, Wis., Social Economic Club, Tells How She was Cured of Irregular and Painful Menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for irregular and painful menstruation, and was entirely cured after using two bottles. I can truly say it is a boon to suffering women, and I would recommend all suffering from the above troubles to try a few bottles and be cured. Very thankfully yours, EMMA E. FELCH, Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis."

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

No other medicine for female ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

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