JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Two hundred feet from the house the dog paused and sniffed the air. Then, with a yelp, he plunged to the right, made for a rock which showed dim through the snow, and burrowed frantically into a drift on its leeward side. In the white mass Blake saw a dark object, and as he reached the rock it moved. The next instant a bearded face appeared from the folds of a heavy fur overcoat, and a man struggled unsteadily to his feet.

"Can you walk?" shouted Blake, grasping him by the arm.

"I think so," said the stranger, as he grasped the rope. "How far is it?"

"Not far," replied Blake, encouragingly. "Pull on the rope. It will help you."

Once in the cabin, the stranger seated himself near the stove, while Blake produced a flask and heaped fuel on the fire.

"Keep your hands and feet away from the stove, if they are frozen," cautioned Blake.

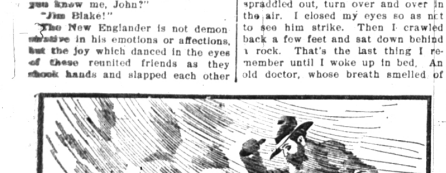
"I'm not frost-bitten," was the stranger's reply, as he clapped his hands vigorously and pinched his ears. I was completely done for. If you hadn't found me when you did," he said with much feeling, as he extended his hand, "I should never have left there alive!"

At the sound of the man's voice James Blake started and gazed intently at him. When the bearded stranger raised his eyes and offered his hand the recognition was complete.

"John Burt, or I'm a ghost! Don't you know me, John?"

"Jim Blake!"

The New Englander is not demonstrative in his emotions or affections, but the joy which danced in the eyes of these reunited friends as they shook hands and slapped each other



THE NEXT MOMENT A BEARDED FACE APPEARED FROM THE FOLDS OF A HEAVY FUR OVERCOAT

on the back was more eloquent than words.

"This seems too good to be true, Jim!" exclaimed John, his hand on his shoulder. "But for you, old chum, my California experience would have been ended. How small the world is, that we should meet here, of all places on earth!"

"Take off your clothes and get into bed, John," directed Blake, as he pushed John into a chair and tugged at his frozen boots. "Do as I tell you and you'll be all right. Lie quiet and rest. Don't talk, but keep awake."

Several times, during the next two hours, John fell into a drowse, but by forces of will he roused himself. The reaction after the awful struggle in the drifts was severe, but he mastered it and was himself again. Blake, exhausted the resources of his larder in a dinner, which John enjoyed as never before in his life, and Dog did not go hungry.

Then pipes were produced, and, seated near the red-hot stove, the two friends recounted some of the events which had marked their lives during the preceding six years. It seemed ages to both of them. The strippings of seventeen were now stalwart men.

Blake listened eagerly to his friend's recital of the events leading up to the quarrel with Arthur Morris. Jim clenched his hands and leaned excitedly forward when John told of the struggle with Morris in the tavern.

"I have sometimes thought," said John, "that I should have remained and faced the charge of murder which might have been made against me. That was my first impulse. I did not kill Morris, and it is only by chance that he did not kill me. The revolver was still in his hand when he fell, though I had bent his wrist so that he could not turn it against me. It was one of those new self-cocking weapons and Morris shot himself. But I had no witnesses, and Grandfather Burt and—and others advised me to put myself beyond the reach of a prosecution in which all the money and influence would have been against me. But tell me of yourself, Jim. What have you done in California, and what has the Golden State done for you?"

"I would take me a week, John, to tell my experiences of the last five years," said Jim Blake, tossing another log into the fire. "Most of them would not interest you, some might amuse you, and others would make you mad. I've been rich three times, John, and in love twice—no, three times."

"How rich, and how badly in love?"

"My strokes of fortune and my love affairs are all jumbled together," explained Blake, laughing heartily. "You'll have a bad opinion of me, John, but I've reformed and am going to lead a better life. I made my first strike on the Little Calaveras. Talk about luck! That was a funny thing. I broke my neck and discovered a gold mine and a sweetheart in doing it!"

"Broke your neck? Surely you're jesting!"

"It's a fact, just the same," asserted Blake, thoughtfully rubbing the back of his neck, which showed no signs of fracture. "I was a greenhorn then, and my prospecting expeditions were the joke of the old stagers. I bought a horse and a Mexican saddle and prowled through all the mountains and foothills back of the Little Calaveras. One afternoon I was following a trail that skirted along the side of a mountain. There's a lot of woodchucks in those hills, and in burrowing around one of them loosened a rock, which came rolling down in my direction. My horse saw and heard it, and shied off the trail. He slid about twenty feet and then fell, and as he went my right foot went through the stirrup. He rolled over me, and we started down the slope. Sometimes I was on top, and sometimes he was on top.

"Four or five hundred feet below I saw a thin row of trees, and I knew they marked the edge of a cliff. For some reason there's most always a fringe of trees at these jumping off places. We were going like lightning. Just as we neared the edge the horse rolled over we again. As I came on top I saw that we were going to pass between two small trees. A big rock slewed the horse around, and he went down head first. I grabbed at a tree, and by the merest chance threw my free leg around it. I held like grim death to a coon, and heard the leather snap as the horse went over the precipice. If it had been a first-class saddle I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. I was hanging down over the cliff. It was eighteen hundred feet deep to the first stopping place, and I saw that horse, all sprawdled out, turn over and over in the air. I closed my eyes so as not to see him strike. Then I crawled back a few feet and sat down behind a rock. That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in bed. An old doctor, whose breath smelled of liquor, was bending over me, and near him was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She and her father were approaching me when I started to slide down the mountain. Her name was Jenny Rogers."

Jim sighed and paused.

"This is growing romantic, but how about the broken neck?" asked John.

"It was broken, or dislocated, which is about the same thing," continued Blake. "Jenny's father knew of an old Spanish doctor, about forty miles away, and went for him. He was a wonder on bones. He was black as an Indian and uglier than sin. He felt around my neck, swore softly in Spanish, rolled me over on my face, climbed on my back, jabbed his knees into my shoulder blades, and grabbed me by the jaws. He gave my head a quick wrench. I saw a thousand skyrockets; something cracked and I became senseless. When I awoke he had my neck in splints, and was jabbering Spanish to Rogers. He said he was the only white man in the world who could set a broken neck, and I guess he was. He had learned the trick from an Indian medicine man. He charged me twenty-five dollars, and told me to lie quiet for a week. Jenny Rogers nursed me, and of course I fell in love with her. I was in their cabin, and near by Mr. Rogers had located some valuable claims.

"Here is the most remarkable part of this story," Blake went on. "When I was able to dress I picked up that cursed Mexican stirrup to see how the leather happened to break. It was a steel affair, and I noticed some bright yellow spots in the crevices. Blamed if it wasn't gold! I didn't say a word, but when I was strong enough I went back and climbed slowly down the place where my horse fell. It was easy to follow it. Near the edge of the cliff I found an outcropping of gold-bearing ore, and the mark on where the metal part of my stirrup had scratched it. I staked out a claim and sold it to Jenny's father for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He's made two millions out of it. I made love to Jenny, and I think she would have had me, but I went to San Francisco and dropped the hundred and twenty-five thousand on the mining exchange. I went back and asked Jenny to wait until I made another fortune. She said she'd think about it. I guess she did. A year later she married a man who is now a United States Senator.. So I broke my neck, lost my fortune and my sweetheart all in less than a year."

"And what have you now?"

"This mountain chateau," replied Blake, with a lordly sweep of his arm, "and a hole in the ground back of it. Then I have a fine view of the valley, a good appetite, a slumbering conscience, and—and Dog, here, who never upbraids me for being seven kinds of a fool.

John told the story of the dying sailor and his map, and read an extract from Peter Burt's letter. Then he produced the map, and they spread it out on the table and examined it by the light of the lantern.

"I followed the trail all right," explained John, "until the storm set in, and then I had to feel my way. Before I lost my bearings I was about two miles from the point where this sailor claims to have found gold. I kept near the edge of the cliff until I could go no further, and then curled up behind that rock in the hope that the storm would cease."

Blake studied the map with growing interest and excitement. With a splinter from a log as a marker he traced the trail.

"I know every foot of it!" he exclaimed, resting the point of the splinter on a round spot on the map. "Here is Bear Creek Lake. You came that far by stage. Here is the creek which you follow for seven miles until you come to the old Wormley trail. You take that to the cliffs, and, go along the cliffs until you cross four brooks and come to the fifth one. You were within a hundred yards of that fifth stream, John. Now let's see the key to this thing."

John handed him the letter.

"'From the east face of the square rock, on the north bank of the brook, at the edge of the cliff,'" read Blake. "I know the rock well. Let's see. 'Thence east along the bank of the brook in a straight line four hundred and twenty-two feet, and then north by right angles, sixty-seven feet to the base of the tallest pine in the neighborhood.'"

Blake rushed to the door, forgetful of the storm, to verify his suspicions. He pushed it open an inch, on a solid bank of snow blocked the way.

"Where do you suppose the base of that pine tree is?" he demanded. Without waiting for a reply he found a hatchet and tapped the clay floor until he located a spot which gave a dead-sound. Then he chopped away a few inches of packed dirt and sank the blade into a solid substance.

"There's the base of the big pine tree described by your dead sailor, and I'll bet my life on it," he shouted. And here are sections of the tree," he continued, pointing to the logs which formed the foundation of the cabin. "I'm dead sure of it, John. It's about a hundred and forty yards from here to the edge of the cliff. I know, for I measured it. And its about twenty yards to the brook. What is more conclusive, this was by far the largest tree anywhere around. That's why I located the cabin here. Let's see what comes next!" His eyes glistened with excitement.

The instructions were to measure three hundred and eighteen feet north from the base of the tree and thence east to a carefully described rock, which Blake remembered. This was the base of the incline. Within a hundred yards of this rock the key located three gold bearing quartz ledges.

(To be continued.)

HAD BEEN CHASING RABBITS.

Naturally Dreamer Had Not Enjoyed His Sleep.

"A man down in my country," said Representative Clayton of Alabama, "saw a dog sleeping in the sun. The dog was twitching and starting as dogs sometimes do in their sleep. The man said, 'I'd like to know what that dog is dreaming about.'

"'Easy enough,' replied an old chap who stood by. 'You just put a chip on that dog's ear and leave it there until he wakes up. Then you take that chip and put it on your chest when you go to bed to-night and you will dream of what the dog is dreaming of now.'

"The fellow got a chip and put it on the dog's ear and stood around until the dog waked up and brushed it off. He put the chip on his chest when he went to bed that night. Next morning I saw him coming listlessly down the street.

"'What's the matter?' I said. 'What was the dog dreaming about?'

"'Oh,' he answered, 'I'm clean tuckered out. I was chasing rabbits all night long.'"

Why He Didn't Recognize It.

Sir Frederick Bridge recently told the members of the London Society of Arts a story about some ladies whom he found listening in a country house to a mechanical piano player. By their enraptured expression of countenance he became aware that he was hearing a classical piece of enormous worth, though it sounded so very slow that he felt himself hardly educated up to it. So in a whisper he asked what it was, and received the reply that it was Bach's fugue in D minor. He still failed to recognize it, and when the piece was finished proceeded to elucidate the mystery. He then found that the fugue had been played backward, as the ladies had put in the perforated paper upside down.

The Jews in Marco Polo's Day.

The renown of the Japanese for courage and skill as remarkable in Marco Polo's day as it is in the present. He narrates the story of an invasion of the country by the forces of the khan of Tartary. A Japanese army of 30,000 men was besieged in a tower. Refusing to surrender, they fought until all but eight of them were killed. On these eight—travelers' wonders must creep in—it was found impossible to inflict any wound. "Now this was by virtue of certain stones which they had in their arms, inserted between the skin and the flesh. And the charm and virtue of these stones was such that those who wore them could never perish by steel." They were therefore beaten to death with clubs.

The Honest Farmer.

The story following is told as an actual experience by James Whitcomb Riley. During a vacation spent on a Western farm his host one day took him into his confidence.

"Yes," he observed, "some farmers put the big apples at the top of the barrel, but I never do."

Mr. Riley said something to the effect that honesty was the best policy.

"No," the farmer continued, "I've learned better. I always put my big apples at the bottom."

"How's that?" queried Riley.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "people have got so suspicious about us honest farmers that they are sure nowadays to open the barrels at the bottom."

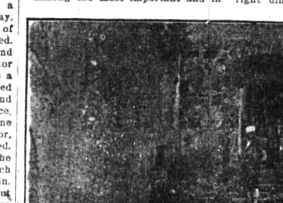
THE STORY OF THE CROSS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Palestine the land of Mohammedans, neglected by civilization and ignored by commerce, where Europeans only pass through on a speedy tour, with no desire to remain, is, notwithstanding, filled with charitable institutions, churches and convents, belonging to innumerable different sects. In behalf of the church and to propagate her creeds, men have willingly given up all that Europe and civilization offered them, and have come on crusades and pilgrimages to guard their sacred places from the hands of the infidel.

Thus it comes about that most of the Europeans in the Holy Land are found within religious institutions, principally in convents and monasteries. In all villages of any importance there is a Christian church and a convent; sometimes there are two, belonging to different sects; indeed, it is not unusual to find a large church built over some great traditional site, and numerous chapels within, each representing a different Christian sect.

Among the most important and interesting convents in Palestine is the Convent of the Cross. This is one of the most valued possessions of the Greek Church. The story which is woven around this spot is very peculiar, linking together, as it does, biblical characters of all ages, in a strange legend which supposes them all to have had something to do with the tree which was planted in Abraham's day and finally became the cross of Christ.

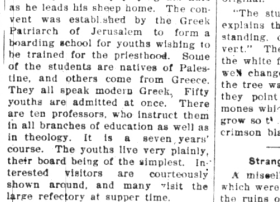


Stairway, Church of Holy Sepulcher.

The convent presents a very medieval appearance, being a large, gloomy, square building of stone. It is situated in the valley of Gihon, on the southwest of Jerusalem. The convent is built low down in the valley, which abounds in large olive trees. All around are the bare, stony hills which inclose the little vale. Rugged paths lead down to the monastery, which stands absolutely alone, distant from every village.

The chapel bell, ringing for matins and vespers, re-echoing over these hills, is heard only by the devout within the convent and perhaps by some stray peasant treading his way over the hills to Jerusalem, or a sheperd boy cheerfully playing his flute as he leads his sheep home. The convent was established by the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem to form a boarding school for youths wishing to be trained for the priesthood. Some of the students are natives of Palestine, and others come from Greece. They all speak modern Greek, Fifty youths are admitted at once. There are ten professors, who instruct them in all branches of education as well as in theology. It is a seven years' course. The youths live very plainly, their board being of the simplest. Interested visitors are courteously shown around, and many visit the large refectory at supper time.

The chapel within the convent is not large, but it is richly decorated, as usual in Greek churches. At the east-



St. John's Church and Fortress.

ern end of the chapel are some steps, above which is a high screen of carved wood and gilt inclosing a small chancel, where mass is celebrated. A stain across the altar marks the blood shed at the Persian massacre under Chrosoes. The pavement is of mosaic, laid in elaborate patterns made of innumerable stones. On each side of the aisles are large columns decorated with frescoes of saints in quaint attire and of peculiar perspective. The service is in Greek. The music is all vocal as the Greek Church never employs instruments for worship. The priests' voices are well trained, and their part-songs are beautifully harmonious. No seats are provided in the Greek Church; the worshipers must either stand or kneel on the marble floor.

The monks of the convent claim that Adam and Eve nestled after their banishment from Eden, in this valley, which was then covered with beautiful white flowers. The story goes on to tell how Abraham and Lot, many years later, visited the spot, and Lot was commanded by an angel to plant a young tree in the valley. He did so, and brought water with which to refresh it all the way from the River Jordan.

Still seven hundred years later, King Solomon came here when contemplating the erection of his beautiful temple in Jerusalem. He ordered his workmen to cut down the best trees in the neighborhood. Then men, on coming to Lot's tree, hesitated. It was so beautiful they regretted having to cut it down. But they obeyed the king's command, and as they did so an exquisite odor like incense filled the air. As Solomon would have no noise in the Temple, all sawing and hewing had to be done elsewhere, and this tree was prepared in the valley itself. But the beams they brought up to the temple were never of the right dimensions. There seemed to be a fatality about them, and the workmen angrily cast the beams aside, exclaiming "What an accursed tree!" The timber lay unnoticed for 1,100 years when it was found and used for the crucifixion. After the crucifixion, no one knew what had become of the cross of Christ till Queen Helena, in 325, came to the Holy Land in search of it. She had a vision in which she saw the place where the cross was buried. She set men to dig for it, and they found it in the very spot of her dream. She immediately had a beautiful cathedral built over the site, and it stands there to this day, an interesting goal for Christian pilgrims—the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

To prove the veracity of the newly found cross, it was asserted that pieces of the wood, when worn, acted as charms for incurable diseases. To this day it is believed by many that chips of this cross are veritable talismen. This is the story the monks tell, and we might add that if all these pieces of the cross were put together, they would be sufficient to make a cross many times the size of the original.

"The stump and root of the tree," explains the guiding monk, "are still standing, covered over by the convert." The monks claim further that the white flowers which Eve loved so well changed their color to red when the tree was used for the cross. And they point to the glorious red anemones which abound in the valley and grow so thickly as to make a veritable crimson blanket over the earth.

Strange Find of Old Coins.

A miscellaneous collection of coins which were recently discovered among the ruins of the Campanile at Venice has been the subject of an interesting lecture by Signor Papadopoli at the "Institute Veneto." The coins were discovered in different parts of the remains of the tower, so that they can not have formed part of any concealed treasure. In all probability they have been dropped at various times by visitors to the tower, or not improbably lost out of almsboxes. They are foreign and Venetian coins, dating from the fifteenth or first half of the sixteenth centuries. There are among them some Bavarian coins of small values (1394-1450), and others with the head of Ferdinand I. of Austria and Bohemia.

This Kitten a Vegetarian.

A kitten was lately brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a London family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food, and pays no attention to rats or mice that are purposely permitted to wander across its range of vision.

LIVE STOCK

NOVEL METHOD OF SUICIDE.

English Jurist Had Himself Shot by His Gamekeepers.

Lord Chief Justice Hanford of England, who lived in a manner eccentric, notwithstanding his high position, became so tired of life that he determined to shuffle off this mortal coil. But he feared to commit suicide, because at such time a verdict of felo de se followed as a matter of course, and the body of the suicide was buried at four cross-roads with a stake thrust through it. Further, he had to consider the consequences to his relatives of forfeiture of his goods, which was also one of the penalties for self-destruction. He adopted a novel expedient. Several of his deer having been stolen, he gave orders to his keepers to shoot any person they met in or near the park at night who did not immediately stand when challenged. Then on a dark night he threw himself in the path of the keepers and, not answering the challenge, was shot dead on the spot. The stump of an old oak under which he fell still marks the scene of the tragedy and goes to this day by the name of Hankford's oak.

Soft Corn as Feed.

The soft corn problem is a serious one. In many sections of our state during the past two years there were large areas on which the corn was worthless from a market standpoint. It must either be fed to live stock or allowed to rot in the field. To the man who had plenty of stock the commercial value of this product was not a serious question. He could solve the same by feeding it to his animals. We have a large number of farmers, however, who belong to the class called grain growers. Thus, they had to either sell this soft corn for feeding purposes, or else allow it to rot in the fields. To them the commercial value of this product was an important question. It was also an important question to the cattle feeders who had to purchase soft corn for feeding purposes. We received a great many requests from parties belonging to both classes asking for information concerning the feeding value of this soft corn.

We therefore conducted some experiments with the hope of giving them some aid. It is very likely that in the future we will conduct some further experiments with the hope of finding some feed stuffs which perhaps can be fed to advantage with soft corn for fattening cattle. Many attributed the large losses which resulted in many sections of the country last year from the cattle feeding business to the fact that the corn was of poor quality. Perhaps some of these losses might be attributed to this cause. In the majority of cases, however, I think the trouble was due to the fact that feeding cattle in the fall of 1902 were unusually high in price, and the finished cattle in the spring of 1903 were rather low in price. In too many instances cattle which were bought for five cents per pound as feeders had to be sold for less when sent to the market as finished animals.

W. J. Kennedy,
Iowa Agricultural College.

Good and Poor Steers.

If a man will visit the Union Stockyards, Chicago, and watch the buyers selecting cattle he will soon come to understand that an animal, to bring the good prices desired by the seller, must have something more than weight and fat. The good cattle are in demand and the buyers compete with each other in bidding for them. But when they get to the rough cattle it is different. These do not catch the eyes of the buyers and the latter do not feel the interest in buying that they evince when bidding for the other animals. The easy sellers are the high grade, which means that they show in their conformation and coloring much blood from some one of the accepted beef breeds. The really good cattle do not comprise one-tenth of the total number going to the yards. It not infrequently happens that a farmer takes a bunch of steers to market and works hard to sell them, but finally gets for them only about one-half the price he expected to receive. Professor Munford tells the writer that the buyers value the cattle largely according to the proportion of improved blood they show, unless this improved blood is dairy blood, in which case it is a detriment rather than a help. The dairy cow or steer may get fat, and show good weight but the butcher knows that when he comes to kill and dress the animal he will find the greater part of the fat in the intestines where it has little commercial value. A very large per cent of the animals coming to the stockyards are poor, inferior animals, both in flesh and form.

Profit In Young Animals.

The profit in beef and mutton production lies in the young animals. There was a time, but that was many years ago, when the big boned steer that weighed 1,800 to 2,000 pounds was looked for by the buyers of beeves, but now the animal that is sought by the butchers is one that weighs from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds. We have long since found out that the cheapest meat is made on young animals, and the money thus invested is soonest ready to be turned over. Not only is the money tied up longest in old animals but the cost of producing meat on them is so great that our best beef feeders are no longer attempting to do that. The method advocated now is to keep the animals growing right along from birth to the period when they weigh what the market demands. Steers are now ready for the market at two years old or under. If all the animals shipped to the stockyards were of this kind there would not be much complaint about poor returns in stock breeding and beef making. A good many farmers are still trying to make profitable beef on old steers. But the young steer is the only animal that gives us any promise of a profit.

Corn a Too Carbonaceous Food.

Corn is by no means a balanced ration, though it is considered by many men the best single stock food known. This opinion is erroneous. The nearer a grain comes to being balanced the more nearly is it a perfect food. Corn contains a very large amount of carbonaceous matter and a small amount of protein. Corn to be used to the best of advantage must be combined with some protein that will act as a balance to the elements that make up the starch, fat, sugars, and digestible nutrients. It has been demonstrated over and over again that by combining corn with some food that will increase the total amount of protein to a point where it will be a fair balance for the carbohydrates, the steer will be more smoothly finished and his coat will be more glossy than where corn is the single grain food.

The economy of feeding silage, in preference to any other fodder crop, was demonstrated at the Danmark Model Dairy, where the exhaustion of the silage supply caused a decided advance in the cost of making both butter and milk.

Investments by Jesuits.

It is estimated that the investments of the Jesuits in Europe amount to four billions of dollars. Much of the money is invested in German government bonds.

Could You Use Any Kind of a Sewing Machine at Any Price?

If there is any price so low, any offer so liberal that you would think of accepting on trial a new high-grade, drop cabinet or upright Minnesota, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Standard, White or New Home Sewing Machine, cut out and return this notice, and you will receive by return mail, post paid, free of cost, the handsomest sewing machine catalogue ever published. It will name you prices on the Minnesota, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, White, Standard and New Home sewing machines that will surprise you; we will make you a new and attractive proposition, a new machine offer that will astonish you.

If you can make any use of any sewing machine at any price, if any kind of an offer would please you, don't fail to write us at once (be sure to cut out and return this special notice) and our handsome book, our latest offers, our new and most surprising proposition. Address

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

Contrasts in Size.

Lord Kelvin calculated that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth its constituent atoms would be somewhere between the size of a small shot and base balls.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A.S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Russia's Method of Testing Its Wheat.

By blowing up its own warships with them is unique, but it has its disadvantages.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so use Red Cross Ball Blue. It whitens them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

You can never take in a man's virtues so long as you will focus on his faults.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of misery in existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of one who was troubled as I was, and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and built up in three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. BROWN, 39 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers' Club.—$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuine cannot be produced.