THE LIONS OF THE LORD

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

BY HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Sometimes his grievance would have a personal basis, as when he told them: "I have gone to work and made roads to the canyon for wood; and I have cut wood down and piled it up, and then I have not got it. I wonder if any of you can say as much about the wood I have left there. I could tell stories of Elders that found and took my wood that should make professional thieves blush. And again I have proof to show that Bishops have taken thousands of pounds of wheat in tithing which they have never reported to the general tithing-office,—proof that they stole the wheat to let their friends speculate upon."

Under this very pointed denunciation many of the flock complained bitterly. But Brigham only increased the flow of his wrath upon them. "You need," said he, "to have it rain pitchforks, tines downward, from this pulpit, Sunday after Sunday."

Still, there were rebellious Saints to object, and, as Brigham drew the lines of his wrath tighter, these became more prominent in the community. When they voiced their discontent, they angered the priesthood. But when they indicated their purpose to leave the valley, as many soon did, they gave alarm. An exodus must be prevented at any cost, and so the priesthood let it be known that migrations from the valley would be considered as nothing less than apostasy. In Brigham's own words: "The moment a person decides to leave this people, he is cut off from every object that is desirable in time or eternity. Every possesion and object of affection will be taken from those who forsake the truth, and their identity will eventually cease."

But, as the reform wave swept on, it became apparent that these words had been considered merely figurative by many who were about to seek homes outside the valley. From every side news came privately that this family or that was preparing to leave.

And so it came about that the first Sunday Joel Rae was able to walk to the tabernacle, still weak and wasted and trembling, he heard a sermon from Brigham which made him question his own soul in an agony of terror. For, on this day, was boldly preached, for the first time in Zion, something which had never before been more than whispered among the highest elect,—the doctrine of blood-atonement—of human sacrifice.

Under his discourse Joel Rae sat terrified, with a bloodles face, cowering as he had made others to cower six weeks before. The words seemed to carry his own preaching to its rightful conclusion; but now how changed was his world!—a whirling, sickening chaos of sin and remorse.

As he listened to Brigham's words, picturing the blood of the sinner smoking on the ground, his thoughts fled back to that night,—that night of wondrous light and warmth, the last he could remember before the great blank came.

Now the voice of Brigham came to him again: "'And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission!'"

Then the service ended, and he saw Bishop Wright pushing toward him through the crowd.

"Well, well, Brother Rae—you do look peaked, for sure! But you'll pick up fast enough, and just in time, too. Lord! what won't Brother Brigham do when the Holy Ghost gets a strangle-holt on him? Now, then," he added, in a lower tone, "if I ain't mistaken, there's going to be some work for the Sons of Dan!"

CHAPTER XIV.

How the Souls of Apostates Were Saved.

The Wild Ram of the Mountains had spoken to-day; there was work at hand for the Sons of Dan. When his Witness at last came to Joel Rae, he tried vainly to recall the working of his mind at this time; to remember where he had made the great turn—where he had faced about. For, once, he knew, he had been headed the way he wished to go, a long, plain road, reaching straight toward the point whither al the aspirations of his soul urged him.

And then, all in a day or in a night, though he had seen never a turn in the road, though he had gone a true and straight course, suddenly he had looked up to find he was headed the opposite way. After facing his goal so long, he was now going from it—and never a turn! It was the wretched paradox of a dream.

The day after Brigham's sermon on blood-atonement, there had been a meeting in the Historian's office, presided over by Brigham. And here for the first time Joel Rae found he was no longer looked upon as one too radical. Somewhat dazedly, too, he realized at this close range the severely practical aspects of much that he had taught in theory. It was strange, almost unnerving, to behold his own teachings naked of their pulpit rhetoric; to find his long-cherished ideals materialized by literal-minded, practical men.

He heard again the oath he had sworn, back on the river-flat: "I will assist in executing all the decrees of the First President, Patriarch, or President of the Twelve, and I will cause all who speak evil of the Presidency or, Heads of the Church to die the death of dissenters or apostates——" And then he had heard the business of the meeting discussed. Decisions were reached swiftly, and orders given in words that were few and plain. Even had these orders been repugnant to him, they were not to be questioned; they came from an infallible priesthood, obedience to which was the first essential to his soul's salvation; and they came again from the head of an organization to which he was bound by every oath he had been taught to hold sacred. But, while they left him dazed, disconcerted, and puzzled, he was by no means certain that they were repugnant. They were but the legitimate extension of his teachings since childhood, and of his own preaching.

In custody at Kayesville, 25 miles north of Salt Lake City, were six men who had been arrested by church authority while on their way east from California. They were suspected of being Federal spies. The night following the meeting which Joel Rae had attended, these prisoners were attacked while they slept. Two were killed at once; two more after a brief struggle, and the remaining two the following day, after they had been pursued through the night. The capable Bishop Wright declared in confidence to Joel Rae that it reminded him of old days at Nauvoo.

The same week was saved Rosmas Anderson, who had incurred rejection from Israel and eternal wrath by his misbehavior. Becoming submissive to the decree of the Church, when it was made known to him by certain men who came in the night, it was believed that his atonement would suffice to place him once more in the household of faith. He had asked but half a day to prepare for the solemn ceremony. His wife, regretful but firm in the faith, had provided clean garments for her sinful husband, and the appointed executioners dug his grave. They went for him at midnight. By the side of the grave they had let him kneel and pray. His throat had then been cut by a deft hand, and he was held so that his blood ran into the grave, thus consummating the sacrifice to the God of Israel. The widow, obeying instructions, announced that her husband had gone to California.

Then the soul of William Parrish, at Springville, was saved to eternal glory; also the soul of his son, Beason. For both of these sinful ones were on the verge of apostasy; had plotted, indeed, and made secret preparations to leave the valley, all of which were discovered by church emissaries, fortunately for the eternal welfare of the two most concerned. Yet a few years later, when the hated Gentiles had gained some shadow of authority in the new Zion, their minions were especially bitter as to this feat of mercy, seeking, indeed, to indict the performers of it.

As to various persons who met death while leaving the valley, opinion was divided on the question of their ultimate salvation. For it was announced concerning these, as their bodies were discovered from time to time, that the Indians had killed them.

It was now that Joel Rae became conscious that he was facing directly away from the glory he had so long sought and suffered for. Though as yet no blood for Israel had been shed in his actual presence, he had attended the meetings of the Sons of Dan, and was kept aware of their operations. It seemed to him in after years that his faculties had at this time been in trance.

He was seized at length with an impulse to be away from it all. As the days went by with their tragedies, he became half wild with restlessness and a strange fear of himself. In spite of his lifelong training, he knew there was wrong in the air. He could not question the decrees of the priesthood, but this much became clear to him,—that only one thing could carry with it more possibilities of evil than this course of the Church toward dissenters—and that was to doubt that Brigham Young's voice was as the voice of God. Not yet could he bring himself to this. But the unreasoning desire to be away became so strong that he knew he must yield to it.

Turning this in his mind one day he met a brother Elder, a man full of zeal who had lately returned from a mission abroad. There had been, he said, a great outpouring of the spirit in Wales.

"And what a glorious day has dawned here," he continued. "Thank God, there is a way to save the souls of the blind! That reminds me—have you heard of the saving work Brother Pixley was obliged to do?"

"Brother Pixley?—no." He heard his own voice tremble, in spite of his effort at self-control. The other became more confidential, stepping closer and speaking low.

"Of course, it ain't to be talked of freely, but you have a right to know, for was it not your own preaching that led to this glorious reformation? You see, Brother Pixley came back with me, after doing great works abroad. Naturally, he came full of love for his wives. But he had been here only a few days when he became convinced that one of them had forgotten him; something in her manner made him suspect it, for she was a woman of singularly open, almost recklessly open, nature. Then a good neighbor came and told him that one night, while on his way for the doctor, he had seen this woman take leave of her lover—had seen the man, whom he could not recognize, embrace her at parting. He taxed her with this, and she at once confessed, though protesting that she had not sinned, save in spirit. You can imagine his grief, Brother Rae, for he had loved the woman. Well, after taking counsel from Brigham, he talked the matter over with her very calmly, telling her that unless her blood smoked upon the ground, she would be cast aside in eternity. She really had spiritual aspirations, it seems, for she consented to meet the ordeal. Then, of course, it was necessary to learn from her the name of the man—and when all was ready for the sacrifice, Brother Pixley commanded her to make it known."

"Tell me which of Brother Pixley's wives it was." He could feel the little cool beads of sweat upon his forehead.

"The fifth, did I not say? But to his amazement and chagrin, she refused to give him the name of the man, and he had no way of learning it otherwise, since there was no one he could suspect. He pointed out to her that not even her blood could save her should she die shielding him. But she declared that he was a good man, and that rather than bring disgrace upon him she would die—would even lose her soul; that in truth she did not care to live, since she loved him so that living away from him was worse than death. I have said she was a woman of a large nature, somewhat reckless and generous, and her mistaken notion of loyalty led her to persist in spite of all the threats and entreaties of her distressed husband. She even smiled when she told him that she would rather die than live away from this unknown man, smiled in a way that must have enraged him—since he had never won that kind of love from her for himself—for then he let her meet the sacrifice without further talk. He drew her on to his knee, kissed her for the last time, then held her head back—and the thing was done. How sad it is that she did not make a full confession. Then, by her willing sacrifice, she would have gone direct to the circle of the Gods and Goddesses; but now, dying as she did, her soul must be lost——"

"Which wife did you say——"

"The fifth—she that was Mara Cavan—but, dear me, Brother Rae! you should not be out so soon! Why, man, you're weak as a cat! Come, I'll walk with you as far as your house, and you must lie abed again until you are stronger. I can understand how you wished to be up as soon as possible; how proud you must feel that your preaching has led to this glorious awakening and made it possible to save the souls of many sinful ones—but you must be careful not to overtax yourself."

Four days later, a white-faced young Elder applied to Brigham for permission to go to the settlements on the south. He professed to be sick, to have suffered a relapse owing to incautious exposure so soon after his long illness. He seemed, indeed, not only to be weak, but to be much distressed and torn in his mind.

Brigham was gracious enough to accord the desired permission, adding that the young Elder could preach the revived gospel and rebaptize on his way south, thus combining work with recreation. He was also good enough to volunteer some advice.

"What ails you mostly, Brother Joel, is your single state. What you need is wives. You've been here ten years now, and it's high time. You're given to brooding over things that are other people's to brood on, and then, you're naturally soul-proud. Now, a few wives will humble you and make you more reasonable, like the rest of us. I don't want to be too downright with you, like I am with some of the others, because I've always had a special kind of feeling for you, and so I've let you go on. But you think it over, and talk to me about it when you come back. It's high time you was building up your thrones and dominions in the Kingdom."

He started south the next day, riding down between the two mountain ranges that bordered the valley, stopping at each settlement, breathing more freely, resting more easily, as each day took him farther away. Yet, when he closed his eyes, there, like an echo, was the vision of a woman's face with shining eyes and lips,—a vision that after a few seconds was washed away by a great wave of blood.

But after a few days, certain bits of news caught up with him that happily drove this thing from his sight for a time by stirring within him all his old dread of Gentile persecution.

First he heard that Parley Pratt, the Archer of Paradise and one of the Twelve Apostles, had been foully murdered back in Arkansas while seeking to carry to their mother the children of his ninth wife. The father of these children, so his informant reported, had waylaid and shot him.

Then came rumors of a large wagon-train going south through Utah on its way to California. Reports said it was composed chiefly of Missourians, some of whom were said to be boasting that they had helped to expel the Saints from Jackson county in that state. Also in this train were reported to be several men from Arkansas who had been implicated in the assassination of Apostle Pratt.

But news of the crowning infamy reached him the following day,—news that had put out all thought of his great sin and his bloody secret, news of a thing so monstrous that he was unable to give it credence until it had been confirmed by other comers from the north. President Buchanan, inspired by tales that had reached him of various deeds growing out of the reformation, and by the treatment which various Federal officers were said to have received, had decided that rebellion existed in the Territory of Utah. He had appointed a successor to Brigham Young as governor, so the report ran, and ordered an army to march to Salt Lake City for the alleged purpose of installing the new executive.

Three days later all doubt of the truth of this story was banished. Word then came that Brigham was about to declare martial law, and that he had promised that Buchanan's army should never enter the valley.

Now his heart beat high again, with something of the old swift fervor. The Gentile yoke was at last to be thrown off. War would come, and the Lord would surely hold them safe while they melted away the Gentile hosts.

He reached the settlement of Parowan that night, and when they told him there that the wagon-train coming south—their ancient enemies who had plundered and butchered them in Jackson county—was to be cut off before it left the basin, it seemed but right to him, the just vengeance of Heaven upon their one-time despoilers, and a fitting first act in the war drama that was now to be played.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Which Wife Did You Say—"

Was Not Worth the Trouble

Irishman Didn't Want Whole Town Torn Up to Find Watch.

Kid Gleason, of the Philadelphia National league team, was telling his friends a little story on a Hibernian friend. The kid and his friend had attended a boxing bout and when leaving the building the Irishman discovered that his watch was gone. The sergeant of police promised to "leave no stone unturned" in the effort to recover the timepiece. Next day, in walking down street with his friend, Gleason pointed to some men who were engaged in some excavating work. By chance, the sergeant to whom Gleason and the Irishman had reported the loss was watching the men work.

"Great operation, isn't it?" the ballplayer asked.

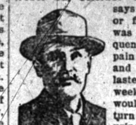
"Yis, it is, indade. Phat's it all fer?" asked Pat.

"Why, don't you remember that the police sergeant said he would leave no stone unturned to get back your watch? See, there he is now directing the work."

The kid's friend from the old sod was amazed, and, walking up to the sergeant said: "I thank yez, very much, sirgeant, but if yez is going to tear up the whole town, let the watch go to the devil. It's not worth the trouble."

AWFUL ATTACKS OF PAIN.

A Most Dreadful Case of Kidney Trouble and How It Was Cured.



Thomas N. McCullough, 321 South Weber St., Colorado Springs, Colo., says: "For twelve or fifteen years I was suffering frequent attacks of pain in the back and kidneys that lasted for three weeks at a time. I would be unable to turn in bed. The urine was in a terrible condition, at times a complete stoppage occurring. I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon felt better. Keeping on, I found complete freedom from kidney trouble. The cure has been permanent. I owe my good health to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BROKE THE DEER'S BACK.

How Treed Hunter Escaped From Threatened Death.

Peter Rindernecht, of Camp Bailey, Pa., is still talking of his narrow escape from an infuriated deer, which he finally killed in an unusual manner.

While the other members of the camp were away on a long drive, Pete, finding things slow in camp, decided to do a little hunting on his own hook.

Back of the Hinkle farm he jumped a large buck and fired a shot which made a flesh wound. The angry deer, lowering its prongs, made for Pete, who dropped his rifle and climbed the nearest tree.

The deer pawed at the tree, snorting with rage, and Pete thought it a fine joke until night began to draw near with the buck still on guard.

Pete yelled for help, but his cries only echoed through the ravines. It was very cold, and the hunter found that it would not be long until he would release his hold on the branches and fall to the ground.

A desperate plan was determined upon. Pete weighs close to 280 pounds, and when the buck, walking around the tree, was directly beneath him, the hunter doubled himself up like a ball and dropped.

He landed right on the buck's back, breaking its spinal column and crippling it so that the work of killing it with his hunting knife was easy.

TWO SISTERS HAD ECZEMA.

Cuticura Cured Scalp Troubles of Two Illinois Girls—Another Sister Took Cuticura Pills.

"I must give much praise to all the Cuticura Remedies. I used but one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, as that was all that was required to cure my disease. I was very much troubled with eczema of the head, and a friend of mine told me to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and am glad to say that they cured my eczema entirely. Since then we have always kept the soap on hand at all times. My sister was also cured of eczema of the head by using the Cuticura Remedies. Another sister has used Cuticura Resolvent and Pills and thinks they are a splendid tonic. I cannot say exactly how long I suffered, but I think about six months. Miss Edith Hammer, R. F. D. No. 6, Morrison, Ill., Oct. 3, 1906."

Expert Ocean Mail Sorters.

One of the most interesting performances of modern times is the handling of the mails in great ocean steamships. Some of the men become so expert at sorting that they work almost automatically, many of them being able to put their finger on any particular town marked on the rack blindfolded. On an ordinary western trip they carry on an average about 250,000 letters and some 10,000 registered packets. The latter have all to be written up in detail in their books during the voyage, and this takes more time than the actual sorting. The officials do not always manage to finish the work by the time they reach port, and when such is the case they accompany what is left to the general post office and complete the job there.

Invigorate the Digestion.

To invigorate the digestion and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels there is nothing so good as that old family remedy, Brandreth Pills, which has been in use for over a century. They cleanse the blood and impart new vigor to the body. One or two every night for a week will usually be all that is required. For Constipation or Dyspepsia, one or two taken every night will afford great relief.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used and being purely vegetable are adapted to every system.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The Well Knit College Chap.

Ethel's big sister has an ardent admirer who is a college athlete, a big, broad-shouldered chap. Ethel overheard her sister say that he was well knit. The next evening, when the young man called, Ethel went into the parlor to entertain him.

"Do you know what sister says about you?" demanded Ethel.

"No. Something nice, I hope," said the young man.

"Oh, yes, it's very nice," replied Ethel. "She says you are beautifully crocheted."

To Explore Greenland Coast.

The duke of Orleans has announced to his friends at Copenhagen that he intends to start a new expedition next spring in the ship Belgica to penetrate as far as possible along the northeast coast of Greenland. The purpose is to join the Danish expedition, under Mylius Erichsen, which left last June to explore the same coast.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

If all a man's real wants are gratified he has no excuse for being unhappy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The man who is on pleasure bent is apt to find himself broke in due time.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to light and washing and color more goods than others. 10c per package.

It takes a hair tonic manufacturer to pull the wool over the eyes of a bald-headed man.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

It takes a clever man to pick up an umbrella and walk off with it just as if it belonged to him.

Garfield Tea (Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Law) regulates a sluggish liver, overcomes constipation, purifies the blood and eradicates disease. It is made of Herbs.

Now an Elephant Farm.

The latest addition to the list of "freak farms" is an elephant farm, which, it is claimed, will be established near Pasadena, Cal. The plans are for maintaining a herd of 300 animals.

How to Trap Wild Animals.

40-page trap book illustrated, picture 40 wild animals in natural colors, also barometer & calendar, also gun & trap catalog, also prices on raw furs. All sent post paid for 10c stamps or silver. FREE to those who ship to, or buy of us. Address Fur Dept., N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis.

Disease and Injustice.

The sin which is termed dishonesty is the same evil as that which is called disease in living bodies or blight in the seasons; and in cities and governments has another name, which is injustice.—Plato.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Health of New York City.

Statistics of the board of health show that the general death rate in New York city is decreasing in all diseases excepting the four groups of acute respiratory troubles, cancer, diseases of the heart and diseases of the kidneys.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Sweet Amenities.

"I hope you won't be disappointed, dear, for I know everybody thought George was paying attention to you. But as a matter of fact, he asked me last night to marry him."

"He has then carried out his threat, poor fellow!"

"What threat?"

"He declared to me the last time I refused him that he would take some desperate step."

Long and Remarkable Life.

Suffold tells us of a remarkable record of an old man of his acquaintance employed by Mr. William Lodze, of Gorleston-on-Sea. This old gentleman began his working life as a farm laborer 71 years ago, before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and at 81 he can still drive a plow as well as most men of half his years. Almost more remarkable is the fact that although he has spent practically all his long life within sight of the sea he has never been on it, nor has he ever been inside a train.—Tit-Bits.

HEALTH AND SPIRITS

Are Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Cases of Debility and Despondency.

General debility is caused by mental or physical overwork with imperfect assimilation of nourishment, or by some acute disease from which the vital forces have been prostrated and the entire organism weakened so as not to easily rally. To restore health it is necessary that the blood should be purified and made new.

The case of Mrs. E. M. Spears, of 92 Mt. Pleasant street, Athol, Mass., is a common one and is given here in order that others may be benefited by her experience. She says: "I had been sick for a year from indigestion and general debility brought on by over work and worry. I had tried many remedies, but found no relief. I suffered from swelling of the limbs, loss of appetite and dizzy spells, which became so severe towards night, that I sometimes fainted away. I was bilious and my hands and arms would go to sleep for an hour or two at a time. I was so sleepy all the time that I could hardly keep awake. I had frequent cramps in my limbs and severe pains at the base of my head and in my back. My blood was impoverished. I was afraid to give up and go to bed fearing that I would never get well.

"About this time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend in South Vernon, Vt. I felt better soon after beginning the treatment and continued until I was entirely cured. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a grand medicine for weak women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Canadian Government Free Farms

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Over 200,000 American farmers who have settled in Canada during the past few years testify to the fact that Canada is, beyond question, the greatest farming land in the world.

OVER NINETY MILLION BUSHELS

of wheat from the harvest of 1906 means good money to the farmers of Western Canada when the world has to be fed. Cattle Raising, Dairying and Mixed Farming are also profitable callings. Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent, M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SISTER

WRITE TO ME and I will send you in a plain wrapper FREE of cost

30 DAYS' TREATMENT ON TRIAL

If it cures, send me one dollar, if not, you owe me nothing. If you suffer from Piles, Falling of the Womb, bearing-down pains, backache, hot flashes, profuse, scanty or painful periods, TUMORS or Growths, sit right down and write for my harmless, vegetable cure. Send me no money—your name and address to

MRS. A. R. OWENS, Belleville, N. J.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 5, 1907.

NATURE PROVIDES FOR SICK WOMEN

a more potent remedy in the roots and herbs of the field than was ever produced from drugs.

In the good old fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines and Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., in her study of roots and herbs and their power over disease discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value. During its record of more than thirty years, its long list of actual cures of those serious ills peculiar to women, entitles Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the respect and confidence of every fair minded person and every thinking woman.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful functions, weakness, displacements, ulceration or inflammation, backache, flatulency, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other remedy in the country has such a record of cures of female ills, and thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it has done for them.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. For twenty-five years she has been advising sick women free of charge. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and as her assistant for years before her decease advised under her immediate direction. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Before You Paint, This Spring

bear in mind the fact that it costs you as much if not more to paint your buildings with inferior paints than it would to use paints of good quality. More harm and dissatisfaction is caused by the use of poor paints than almost any other article used for preserving or beautifying property.

Buffalo A.L.O. Paints

Aged Linseed Oil

are the highest grade paints made. They contain the purest and most lasting pigments ground in Aged Linseed Oil in correct proportion, are honestly made, cost no more than inferior paints and stand every test for exterior and interior work. Before you decide on the kind of paint to use, it will be to your interest to send for our 1907 color chart of the latest shades for modern uses, also valuable information and paint facts that you ought to know.

We want every owner of a building in this locality who sends us his name and address to receive a souvenir Buffalo-board stick pin. The pin is neat and unique in appearance and will be sent without charge, if name is received before April 1st.

BUFFALO OIL PAINT & VARNISH CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.