KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved In Three Months.

C. B. FIZER.

MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes:

"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past.

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain.

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Pe-ru-na for Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. *I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time.*

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin.

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time.

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance.

Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.

PAUL HAD HIS OWN IDEA.

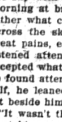
Father's Explanation of Lightning Not Satisfactory to Him.

Little Paul was four years old when the western city in which he lived was swept one night by a terrible storm. Wind, thunder and lightning played havoc, and, while other members of the family were huddled in dark corners, Paul watched the illumination of the sky with great delight. The next morning at breakfast he asked his father what caused the streaks of fire across the sky, and his father, with great pains, essayed to explain. Paul listened attentively and apparently accepted what was told him, but, when he found attention diverted from himself, he leaned over to his aunt, who sat beside him, and whispered:

"It wasn't that, auntie. It was God scratching matches on the sky."

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.



James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner St., Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

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

WHAT MADE HIM DOUBTFUL.

Size of Commuter's Hat Caused Acquaintance to Worry.

A commuters on the D., L. & W. remarked to a friend the other morning, as they came into the city:

"Hawkins, of Stamford, is going to move into that new house next door to me. I know him very slightly, and I understand that you know him pretty well."

"Yes, I have known him for upward of 20 years."

"Well, what kind of a fellow is he, anyhow?" asked the commuter.

"A first-rate fellow, and in every way desirable. Why?"

"I just wanted to know, because I could never quite make up my mind about him, he wears such a small hat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

BABY'S ECZEMA GREW WORSE.

Hospitals and Doctors Could Not Relieve Him—But Cuticura Remedies a Speedy, Permanent Cure.

"Eczema appeared when our baby was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nything but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all $1.25. C. F. Kara, 343 East 65th Street, New York, March 30, 1906."

Labor rids us of three great evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.—French.

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS
THE GREAT LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SUPPOSITORY. EACH WRAPPED. 50 CTS. BY MAIL. SAMPLE FREE. GET RIGHT WORK.

THE HOUSE OF THE LOST COURT

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, Author of Ruggles of Red Gap, Lin McLean, etc.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

In the light of the fire the little man could see their faces, and he became suddenly coherent, smiling at them in the old way.

"Why have you come so far in the night?" he asked Prudence, taking one of her cool hands between his own that burned.

"But, you poor little father! Why have you come, when you should be home in bed? You are burning with fever."

"Yes, yes, dear, but it's over now. This is the end. I came here—to be here—I came to say my last prayer in the body. And they will come to find me here. You must go before they come."

"Who will find you?"

"They from the church. I didn't mean to do it, but when I was on my feet something forced it out of me. I knew what they would do, but I was ready to die, and I hoped I could awaken some of them."

"But no one shall hurt you."

"Don't tempt me to stay any longer, dear, even if they would let me. Oh, you don't know, you don't know—and that devil's drumming over there to madden me as on that other night. But it's just—my God, how just."

"Come away, then, Ruel will find your horse, and we'll ride home."

"It's too late—don't ask me to leave my hell now. It would only follow me. It was this way that night—the night before—the beating got into my blood and hammered on my brain till I didn't know. Prudence, I must tell you—everything—"

He glanced at Follett appealingly, as he had looked at the others when he left the platform that day, beseeching some expressions of friendliness.

"Yes, I must tell you—everything." But his face lighted as Follett interrupted him.

"You tell her," said Follett, dogedly, "how you saved her that day and kept her like your own and brought her up to be a good woman—that's what you tell her." The gratitude in the little man's eyes had grown with each word.

"Yes, yes, dear, I have loved you like my own little child, but your father and mother were killed here that day—and I found you and loved you—such a dear, forlorn little girl—will you hate me now?" he broke off anxiously. She had both his hands in her own.

"But why, how could I hate you? You are my dear little sorry father—all I've known. I shall always love you."

"That will be good to take with me," he said, smiling again. "It's all I've got to take—it's all I've had since the day I found you. You are good," he said, turning to Follett.

"Oh, shucks!" answered Follett.

A smile of rare contentment played over the little man's face.

In the silence that followed, the funeral drum came booming in upon them over the ridge, and once they saw an Indian from the encampmnent standing on top of the hill to look down at their fire. Then the little man spoke again.

"You will go with him," he said to Prudence. "He will take you out of here and back to your mother's people."

"She's going to marry me," said Follett. The little man smiled at this.

"It is right—the Gentile has come to take you away. The Lord is cunning in His vengeance. I felt it must be so when I saw you together."

After this he was so quiet for a time that they thought he was sleeping. But presently he grew restless again, and said to Follett:

"I want you to have me buried here. Up there to the north, 200 yards from here on the right, is a dwarf cedar standing alone. Straight over the ridge from that and half-way down the other side is another cedar growing at the foot of a ledge. Below that ledge is a grave. There are stones piled flat, and a cross cut in the one toward the cedar. Make a grave beside that one, and put me in it—just as I am. Remember that—unconfined. It must be that way, remember. There's a little book here in this pocket. Let it stay with me—but surely unconfined, remember, as—as the rest of them were."

"But, father, why talk so? You are going home with us."

"There, dear, it's all right, and you'll feel kind about me always when you remember me?"

"Don't—don't talk so."

"If that beating would only stay out of my brain—the thing is crawling behind me again! Oh, no, not yet—not yet! Say this with me, dear:

"'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

"'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

She said the psalm with him, and he grew quiet again.

"You will go away with your husband, and go at once—" He sat up suddenly from where he had been lying, the light of a new design in his eyes.

"Come—you will need protection now—I must marry you at once. Surely that will be an office acceptable in the sight of God. And you will remember me better for it—and kinder. Come, Prudence; come, Ruel!"

"But, father, you are sick, and so weak—let us wait."

"It will give me such joy to do it—and this is the last."

She looked at Follett questioningly, but gave him her hand silently when he arose from the ground where he had been sitting.

"He'd like it, and it's what we want—all simple," he said.

In the light of the fire they stood with hands joined, and the little man, too, got to his feet, helping himself up by the cairn against which he had been leaning.

Then, with the unceasing beats of the funeral drum in their ears, he made them man and wife.

"Do you, Ruel, take Prudence by the right hand to receive her unto yourself to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband for time and eternity—"

Thus far he had followed the formula of his church, but now he departed from it with something like defiance coming up in his voice.

"—with a covenant and promise on your part that you will cleave to her and to none other, so help you God, taking never another wife in spite of promise or threat of any priesthood whatsoever, cleaving unto her and her alone with singleness of heart?"

"Oh! Oh! My Poor Sorry Little Father—He Was So Good to Me!"

When they had made their responses, and while the drum was beating upon his heart, he pronounced them man and wife, sealing upon them "the blessing of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning clothed with glory and immortality."

When he had spoken the final words of the ceremony, he seemed to lose himself from weakness, reaching out his hands for support. They helped him down on to the saddle blanket that Follett had brought, and the latter now went for more wood.

When he came back they were again reciting the psalm that had seemed to quiet the sufferer.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Follett spread the other saddle blanket over him. He lay on his side, his face to the fire, one moment saying over the words of the psalm, but the next listening in abject terror to something the others could not hear.

"I wonder you don't hear their screams," he said, in one of these moments; "but their blood is not upon you." Then, after a little:

"See, it is growing light over there. Now they will soon be here. They will know where I had to come, and they will have a spade." He seemed to be fainting in his last weakness.

Another hour they sat silently beside him. Slowly the dark over the eastern hill lightened to a gray. Then the gray paled until a flush of pink was there, and they could see about them in the chill of the morning.

Then came a silence that startled them all. The drum had stopped and the night-long vibrations ceased from their ears.

They looked toward the little man with relief, for the drumming had tortured him. But his breathing was shallow and irregular now, and from time to time they could hear a rattle in his throat. His eyes, when he opened them, were looking far off. He was turning restlessly and muttering again. She took his hands and found them cold and moist.

"His fever must have broken," she said, hopfully. The little man opened his eyes to look up at her, and spoke though absently, and not as if he saw her:

"They will have a spade with them when they come, never fear. And the spot must not be forgotten—300 yards north of the dwarf cedar, then straight over the ridge and half-way down, to the other cedar below the sandstone—and unconfined, with the book here in this pocket where I have it. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever:"

He started up in terror of something that seemed to be behind him, but fell back, and a moment later was rambling off through some sermon of the bygone year.

Slowly, then, the little smile faded—the wirtful light of it dying for the last time. The tired head fell suddenly back and the wan lips closed over lifeless eyes.

From the look of rest on the still face it was as if, in his years of service and sacrifice, the little man had learned how to forgive his own sin in the flash of those last heart-beats when his soul had rushed out to welcome Death.

Prudence had arisen before the end came. Follett was glad she did not see the eyes glaze nor the head drop. Then he sprang quickly up and put his arm about Prudence.

"Come, sit here close by the fire, dear—no, around this side. It's all over now."

"Oh! Oh! My poor, sorry little father—he was so good to me!" She threw herself on the ground, sobbing.

Follett spread a saddle blanket over the huddled figure at the foot of the cross. Then he went back to take her in his arms and give her such comfort as he could.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Few Women Faint Nowadays

Sex much More Robust Than it was a Few Years Ago.

Athletics and a more sane system of living have put an end to fainting by women. That is the opinion of an eminent physician who, as a young man, used to visit a score of "fainting ladies," as he laughingly puts it, each day.

"Not many years ago it was the fashion for a woman to scream and drop down into a dead faint at the least provocation," said the doctor, "but now women are ashamed to faint. It is too kittenish. All women want to appear strong even if they are naturally weak. And as a sex they are considerably more robust and more fascinating than they were a few years back.

"The reason for it is that woman go in for more outdoor life and recreation than their mothers or their grandmothers. They may partake of more highly seasoned food and eat more than is good for them at times, but they lead a more athletic life and for that reason do not have to faint, legitimately or otherwise, no matter what that shock may be. We are going to have a stronger race in consequence. For every woman who faints over a sudden shock there are scores who are satisfied to scream and let it go at that. Fainting women are exceptions these days."

HAY'S WRONG IDEA

STATESMAN ERRED IN SETTING LIMIT OF USEFULNESS.

According to His Theory a Man Had Succeeded or Failed at the Age of 40 But Time Proved Its Falsity.

A quarter of a century ago I was visiting John Hay at Whitelaw Reid's house in New York, which Hay was occupying for a few months while Reid was absent on a holiday in Europe, says Mark Twain in his autobiography in the North American Review. Temporarily also, Hay was editing Reid's paper, the New York Tribune. I remember two incidents of that Sunday visit particularly well.

In trading remarks concerning our ages I confessed to 42 and Hay to 40. Then he asked if I had begun to write my autobiography and I said I hadn't. He said that I ought to begin at once and that I had already lost two years. Then he said in substance this:

"At 40 a man reaches the top of the hill of life and starts down on the sunset side. The ordinary man, the average man, not to particularize too closely and say the commonplace man, has at that age succeeded or failed; in either case he has lived all his life that is likely to be worth recording; also in either case the life lived is worth setting down, and cannot fail to be interesting if he comes as near to telling the truth about himself as he can. And he will tell the truth in spite of himself, for his facts and his fictions will work loyally together for the protection of the reader; each fact and each fiction will be a dab of paint each will fall in its right place, and together they will paint his portrait; not the portrait he thinks they are painting, but his real portrait, the inside of him, the soul of him, his character. Without intending to lie he will lie all the time; not bluntly, consciously, not dully unconsciously, but half-consciously — consciousness in twilight; a soft and gentle and merciful twilight which makes his general form comely, with his virtuous prominences and projections discernible and his ungracious ones in shadow. His truths will be recognized as truths, his modifications of facts which would tell against him will go for nothing, he reader will see the fact through the film and know his man.

"There is a subtle, devilish something or other about autobiographical composition that defeats all the writer's attempts to paint his portrait his way."

Hay meant that he and I were ordinary average commonplace people, and I did not resent my share of the verdict, but I nursed my wound in silence. His idea that we had finished our work in life, passed the summit and were westward bound downhill, with me two years ahead of him and neither of us with anything further to do as benefactors to mankind, was all a mistake. I had written four books then, possibly five. I have been drowning the world in literary wisdom ever since, volume after volume; since that day's sun went down he has been ambassador, brilliant orator, competent and admirable secretary of state.

Timber Fast Disappearing.

An idea of the rapidity with which the timber is disappearing from some sections of Pennsylvania can be obtained from the following figures, which refer to the timber cutting on the Hicks Run tract in Clearfield county: Original size of tract 9,000 acres; timber cut the first two years, 3,000 acres; still standing, 6,000 acres; amount of timber cut, 50,000,000 feet; amount standing, 200,000,600 feet; daily capacity of sawmill, 200,000 feet; daily shipments, 15 carloads; amount of timber in Hicks Run yard, 6,000,000 feet; time of operation, two years; estimated time to cut standing timber, four years; number of men employed, 500.

He Was Out of Sight.

Recently I photographed a large factory group, and a few days later brought the proofs to show the group and take orders. Quite a crowd gathered around me to see the picture. Suddenly I felt someone pushing his way through the crowd toward me. Up came a funny looking humpback and wanted to look at the proofs. There being about 120 in the group, it was taking some time for this individual to find himself. He looked so disappointed that I asked him where he sat when it was taken. He answered:

"I was in the engine-room sweeping."—Judge's Library.

Yellowstone Park.

The reservation known as the Yellowstone National park, set apart for public uses by an act of congress passed in 1872, covers a tract of about 65 miles in length from north to south, and about 55 miles in width from east to west, lying chiefly in northwestern Wyoming and overlapping to a small extent the boundaries of Montana on the north and Idaho on the west. This gives an area of 3,312 square miles, a tract that is nearly the area of the states of Rhode Island and Delaware combined, and nearly half as large as the state of Massachusetts.

A Man's Notions.

If we go into a feminine crowd, not a miscellaneous, outdoor crowd, but an intensely feminine indoor crowd, we see at once that women have become more uniformly beautiful. Only the appallingly hideous women are really ugly, the others are genuinely attractive.

Among the women who "go into business" at the present day the most successful are those who seriously enter the business of being beautiful.—Exchange.

Not What He Wanted.

"I am selling a new burglar alarm," said the gentlemanly agent. "Can I interest you in it? This contrivance will fix it so that everybody will be awakened the moment a burglar steps inside the house. It can't—

"I don't want it. If you have any kind of a contrivance that will keep my wife from waking up when burglars break in, come around and I will talk business with you."

25 PER CENT OF DAIRY COWS HAVE BOVINE TUBERCULOSIS

HEALTH OFFICE REPORTS SHOW AN ALARMING INCREASE OF THE DISEASE.

Thousands of People Are Daily Contracting Consumption from Milk and Meat of Diseased Cattle.

"Tubercular cows in number probably in excess of 7,500 are daily contributing to Cleveland's milk supply," is the startling declaration of Dr. Friedrich, health officer, in his annual report to the Board of Health.

Out of the 30,000 cows furnishing milk to the city of Cleveland, and valued at $300,000 the ratio shows 7,656 have Bovine Tuberculosis, and in view of the fact that "Bovine Tuberculosis and human Tuberculosis are identical," these figures present an alarming problem to the people.

Bovine Tuberculosis Dangerous.

"Facts gathered show that Bovine Tuberculosis is even more dangerous to the human race than human Tuberculosis or Consumption. Not enough stress is laid on the fact that milk from Tubercular Cows is an ethnological factor in the production of human Tuberculosis. The Tubercular cow must go before we can get rid of human Tuberculosis."

There are 70,000,000 cattle in U. S. and the Govt. is daily condemning them to slaughter by the thousands, yet the disease is continuing to spread. Cattle owners everywhere as well as the millions of people innocently exposed to contagion daily from the consumption of the 7,500,000,000 Gallons of Milk annually consumed in daily food use will rejoice in the discovery of what is claimed to be positive and simple preventative—one that costs but a few cents a year to guarantee the dairy cow against the disease.

A very interesting booklet on the subject is edited and distributed free to all for the asking by The Mutual Mercantile Co., Cleveland, O., and should be read by every one whether a consumer or producer of milk and meat in any form. It gives the whole story in a very clear and concise way, and shows how the claim is made to wipe out the disease in a single generation by feeding small amounts of Rankine and extract of Gentian, both of which may be had at any Drug Store. Ask your Druggist or Feed Dealer for a Free Booklet.

Dont expect a man to have faith in your judgment if you call him a fool.

Anyone can dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES; no experience required; success guaranteed.

Where might is master, justice is servant.—German.

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

Speaking of shade trees—most family trees are more or less shady.

Krause's Cold Cure.
For cold in head, throat, chest or back. Best remedy for La Grippe. Druggists, 25c.

Work faithfully, and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness.—Ruskin.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Modern doctors think it is better to take a patient's money than his blood.

The inducements to adopt Nature's perfect Laxative, Garfield Tea, are many! It is made wholly of simple Herbs and is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Law; it overcomes constipation, regulates the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood and brings Good Health.

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?—George Eliot.

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.

It requires the same kind of patience to teach a pig to waltz that is needed by the fisherman who can angle all day without getting a bite.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before, and never can be again.—William Burleigh.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

National Editorial Association and Christian Endeavor Conventions.

Personally conducted special trains via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line leave early in July for the Pacific Coast. Special all-expense tours at very low rates for round trip, including sleeping car accommodations, meals, etc. All the advantages of a delightful and carefully arranged tour in congenial company. Write for itineraries and full particulars. S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark Street, Chicago.

A quiet wedding is but a curtain raiser for a strenuous afterpart.

Peat as Inexpensive Fuel.
Lieut. H. Ekelund, of Jonkoping, Sweden, claims to have made an important invention in fuel saving. According to his method, peat is used in the shape of a powder and is said to give sufficient heat to use steel in a furnace without the use of coal.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR A KIDNEY DISEASE
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BACKACHE, DIABETES
Ask the public why they use them.

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.

FARMS THAT GROW "NO. 1 HARD" WHEAT
IN ABCARB FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE
(Sixty-three Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

New Wheat Growing Territory

HAS BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO MARKETS BY THE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies.

For literature and particulars address SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or the following authorized Canadian Government Agent:

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Mention this paper.

JOIN THE NAVY
Which enlists for 4 years young men of good character and good physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; fine opportunities for advancement; pay $16 to $70 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, carpenters, ship-fitters, coal-passers, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 45 years, clerks, hospital apprentices between 19 and 25 years, enlisted in special ratings with suitable pay. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 30 years service. Applicants must be American citizens, physically perfect, free to recruits. Expenses paid; travel allowance 4 cents per mile to place of enlistment. Bonus four months' pay and transportation upon re-enlistment within four months of discharge.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATIONS.
No. 23 Lafayette Avenue, - - DETROIT, MICH.
Chamber of Commerce Building, - TOLEDO, OHIO.
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Post Office Building, - - SAGINAW, MICH.

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 20, 1907.

Perfect Womanhood

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the feminine organs.

Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

the great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs.

It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and all Ovarian Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.