ALL THE GOOD WE CAN.

If the sunshine never crept
Into hovels dark and sad,
If its glories never shone
Save where everything was glad,
If it scattered not its beams
Over hearts by sorrow chilled,
Would the sunshine do His will? Would its mission be fulfilled?

If the roses never bloomed
Save for gladsome eyes alone,
If their beauty and their grace
For the weary never shone,
If they never brought a smile
To the wayside passer-by,
Would the roses do their task
While the hours of summer fly?

If the birdies sang their songs
Far from every listening ear,
If they poured them not abroad
All the earth to glad and cheer,
Would the birdies' work be done
Ere the autumn breezes call?
Ere the gold and crimson leaves
O'er the grave of summer fall?

If the sunshine of our smiles
We have scattered not afar,
If our roses-kindly deedsBloom not where the lowly are,
If our words of hope and joy
Never fall to bless and cheer,
Have we done our Maker's will?
Have we wrought our mission h

Have we wrought our mission here —George Cooper, in Golden Days.

A CLEW BY WIRE Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST. Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The president was writing when I entered, but he laid aside his pen when he saw me.

"Take a seat, Conway," he said.
I did as requested. My heart heavy before, but it was heavier when I noticed the troubled look on his face. "Mr. Perry, have you read the papers?" I asked.

The president nodded assent.

"How is it that such a general impression has gone abroad that I had something to do with the affair? Who has started such a rumor?"

"I do not know, Conway, unless the police have given public expression to their opinion."

"The police. And what is their opin-on? Was it not shown beyond any doubt that I was miles away from the vault at the time that the robbery must must have been committed? I say nothing about my own assertions. But how can anyone doubt the word of a man of Mr. Morley's standing?" "Well, Conway, no one does doubt

that you told the truth in that. Butr. Perry seemed loath to proceed. "But what, sir?" I demanded, after

a pause.
"The detectives' theory is that you had accomplices, who, from directions given by you, were able to carry out a prearranged plan."

I answered with a scornful laugh.
"Accomplices! Who are they?" I

'Well, I suppose they are looking for them," Mr. Perry said, with a half-

"I hope they'll enjoy the search," said, sarcastically. "Oh, Mr. Perry, why is this thing brought upon me? Why am I so universally suspected, when nothing can be shown against me? If there is enough cause to attribute the robbery to me, why am I not arrested?"

We had hoped to keep the affair a secret, for a time at least. Therefore some few of the trustees thought it best not to make it public, as having you arrested would have done. We were all pledged to secrecy, but somehow the affair got abroad. I suppose you did not mention it?"

"No, indeed. I have not spoken to a Boul on the subject," I replied. "Mr. Perry," I cried, impulsively, "you do not believe I am guilty, do you?"

I do not wish to believe so." he replied, guardedly.
"Oh, think, sir, what this terrible af-

fair means to me! It is a fearful bur-den for a young fellow to bear who is wholly innocent.'

"It is, indeed. But, you see, it is this way. The bank is a public institution, and I, as its head, dare not let my personal feelings interfere with my to the public. Personally, it does not seem possible that you could have any connection with the loss of the people's

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Perry! I kney

you could not think—"

He cut me short. "Officially, I must hold you in doubt, so much so at least that I cannot give you back your po-

"And did you suppose I expected to remain?" I asked, indignantly. "I could not. I want to hold no position where absolute and perfect confidence is not felt in me. You can consider this as my resignation, sir," I added.

"I am glad you look upon it in that light. It is manly, sir," said Mr. Perry. And, Nelson, not even the restoratio of the missing funds would give me as great pleasure as the establishment of your innocence."

"Never fear, sir, my innocence will soon be proved. It cannot be otherwise, for I am innocent," I said, confidently. "I have a small estate which came to me from my grandfather," I continued.
"Every cent shall be expended, if necessary, for the purpose of proving my innocence."

"You can do as you see fit about that." the president said, after a long pause during which he seemed to be pondering over my words. "But if you wish for my advice, I would say, do nothing whatever on your own hook. Nelson," he continued, coming close up to me and speaking low, "secret measures have aleady been begun to solve the mystery, and they will be thorough and farreaching. This is wholly independent of any investigations the police au-thorities may undertake. You see, my boy, that I do trust and believe in you, after all. What I have told you is in strict confidence. Live as quietly and patiently as possible under the cloud.

Take a trip to Europe, and enjoy your-

self."
"No, I'll stay and face the music. I am not afraid of any investigations which may be made into my life.

"Well, good-by now. I must not allow you to take up any more of my time. 1 beg of you to follow my advice, and undertake no search on your own hook. In spite of discouragement, heartache, or long delay, do nothing yourself." He shook my hand heartily, and I left

As I was going out the door leading into the lobby, I van against a man just coming in. He was an old fellow, small and thin, and had piercing steel-blue

eyes. He rebounded a trifle from the collision, then gazed at me sharply. "I beg your pardon," I said. "I hope I did not hurt you?"

"No. Not much, at any rate. I want to see the president. Are you the president?" he asked.

There seemed to me to be something insolent about his question, as though he knew I was not the president and he had asked but to mock me.

"You will find the president in his of-fice," I replied, curtly. "As for me, I am a bank robber."

There was the suspicion of a twinkle came in his eyes as he said: "Indeed!

Well, you don't look it."

The old fellow then entered the office, and I went outside to the street.

A few days went by, and, although nothing was found to sustain the theory of the detectives, that fact did not lessen the general suspicion which rested upon

Indeed, it was a case of surprise to me that I was not arrested. It would have been an easy matter, for I had no thought of hiding. The most public streets during the daytime, and a concert or the theater at night, were fre-quented by me. I held my head erect, as I had a right to do: but it was with a beavy heart and a chastened spirit that I realized that people shunned me. Houses where I had been on most friendly terms were closed against me.

I was tempted many times to seek consolation and encouragement in the presence of Florence Morley, but it did not seem right nor kind to burden her bright life with my troubles, even should she consent to see me, of which I was doubtful under the changed cirumstances. Perhaps it was this fear which kept me away, as much as any

other idea.

About a week after the robbery a let-

About a week after the rootery a feeter came to my boarding-place:

"Mr. Nelson Conway—Dear Sir: If convenient, kindly favor me with an opportunity for conversation this evening at eight. I remain in town over night, and you will find me at my city residence.

"SYLVESTER MORLEY."

Wondering what he could wish to say

Wondering what he could wish to say to me, I repaired to his house at the time mentioned.

Mr. Morley received me in the library,

Mr. Morley received me in the normal and arose from his chair as I entered. "Good evening, Mr. Conway," he gravely said, bowing his head. "Please

After I had chosen a chair on the opside of the room, and he had resumed his seat, he began, somewhat reluctantly, but in his stately, courteous

"Our conversation may prove unsatisfactory to you. If so, I beg your pardon in advance. Of course you are aware that the public in general connects your name with that daring and mysterious affair at the bank.

"I know very well, sir, that it is so," I replied, sadly.

"Now, I do not mind saying that I do not necessarily condemn a man because he is suspected," Mr. Morley continued. 'In a case like yours the general public's opinion does not influence my opinion. At the same time, the general public is not to be blamed so much, public is not to be blamed so much, after all. The people form their opinions from the newspapers, and I am sorry to note that the papers do not seem friendly toward you."

"That is true, sir," I answered. "And

I cannot imagine why they should take that stand, when nothing, absolutely nothing, can be found to criminate me.

"I can furnish no idea why it is so; I simply state a fact. As I intimated, it is not my custom to condemn a man before he has been found guilty. But, is not my custom to condemn a man before he has been found guilty. But, ing my white drapery with light. There whatever my private opinion may be, in this case you must understand that the suspicion which has fallen upon you ets and katydids. With a sigh from will necessarily preclude a continua-tion of the friendly relations which have placed the note in its receptacle and existed between you and-and my household."

"Oh, sir, you cannot believe in your heart that I had anything to do with the bank's loss!" I exclaimed, bitterly, for, kindly as was his manner, the words he spoke seemed to strike a knell to my fondest hopes.

"I have already said all I care to say n that score," Mr. Morley replied,

rather coldly. "And—and your daughter, sir," I went on, with trembling voice; "she does not share the general suspicion!" A smile flitted across his face for a moment. Then he became grave again,

and regarded me earnestly. He did not reply for some time; he seemed to be considering his answer. "My daughter is rather indignant; she thinks that you are unjustly

treated," he finally said.

I could not restrain myself on hear ing this. I sprang from my seat and

approached him.
"Mr. Morley, you do not know what
it means to me to hear this. You cannot imagine how your daughter's opinion fills me with hope. May I ask you, sir, to express to her my deepest gratitude for her faith in my innocence? As God bears me, her faith is not misplaced.' There was no controlling my voice; it trembled in spite of my efforts to be

calm. Dear, true-hearted girl!
"I will convey to her your message," said Mr. Morley. "She has informed me and got into bed. of the sentiment you entertain for her. But, Mr. Conway, I believe you are a young man of sense and honor. You therefore realize the position you would place her in by insisting on the Hello, what's that?" I exclaimed, as a continuation of a friendship which, out of kindness and gentleness of disposi-

to you, and wholly contrary to my wishes."

"I fully appreciate the meaning of followed. your words, Mr. Morley. Believe me, I regard your daughter too highly to terious happenings in my house and intrude upon her notice, under existing circumstances. It is no sentiment I entertain for her; it is love, sir, deeper, truer, fonder than mere sentiment. This love has become the ruling motive of my life, and will always remain so. But I promise you I will hold no communication with your daughter until it seemed. A gentle night breeze had it is shown before the world that I am arisen, and some of the windows in the innocent. I confess, to follow this course will be the greatest sacrifice of my life. I have no parents, no near relations to whom I can go for love and sympathy. It means something, there-

fore, for me to promise you this."

Mr. Morley arose from his chair.

There was a kindly gleam in his eyes, and an expression on his face of—sadness, was it? At any rate, there was undoubtedly a touch of sorrow in his voice when he spoke again. It seemed somewhat strange to me at the time. He had obtained the promise he wished, but it did not seem to give him the pleas-

ure I naturally expected it would.

He extended his hand. "Mr. Conway,
you are a man of honor," he said. "I deem it a favor to shake hands with you. I sincerely hope your innocence may be established. But," he hesi-tated here, "do not be over-sanguine. Robberies have occurred before which have ever remained mysteries. I must confess, although I am one of the trustees and am therefore an interested party, I am not so sure the perpetrators of this last robbery will ever be dis-There seems to be not the covered. slightest clew to work on. I do not say this to cause you pain, but simply to warn you against entertaining hopes which may never be realized."

CHAPTER V.

On the first evening of my occupancy of the old homestead I recalled Mr. Morley's words and thought with sorrow how much superior his judgment had been to mine.

A year had gone by, a year of heartache, disappointment and unfulfilled longing, and the cloud had not been lifted from my life. And, oh, I was so homesick for just a glimpse of my dear love's face.

A few days after my interview with Mr. Morley I had received a note from

Mr. Morley I had received a note from Florence:
"Dear Mr. Conway: Father has informed me of your resolve not to call on me or attempt to keep up the friendship which made me so happy, until you are freed from all suspicion. I appreciate the manliness which prompts you to such a resolve, and I wish to assure you from the bottom of my heart that I respect and trust you. I know you are innocent, and shall always believe so. Keep up a brave spirit. The mystery will be explained and you exonerated. Remember, I believe in you wholly, and shall always remain, Your true friend,
"FLORENCE MORLEY."

I took the worn note from the locket

I took the worn note from the locket which I wore around my neck and



"Speak out I say or I'll fire!"

pressed it to my lips, as I had done many times since its receipt, and I wondered if her heart was still true to the sentiment expressed in it.

The harvest moon was resplendent dow where I sat in my night robe, flood-

Turning from the window, I saw right opposite me, on the other s of the room, a tall white figure. What was it? There it stood, while I gazed spellbound, motionless, mysterious. In lightning flash of thought Sarah's forebodings came to me.

Then I grasped my pistol, which was lying on the table beside me.
"Now, then, if this is a practical joke, intended simply to frighten me, let it stop," I said. It was with some dif-ficulty, I consess, that my voice was

who was kept steady.

"Whoever you are, speak and explain, or I'll see if you have substance enough to stop a bullet!"

I paused for a reply, but none came.
"Speak out, I say, or, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, I'll fire!" I called again, and again received no reply.

The white thing remained there, in

spite of my threats. After another pause, during which the cold chills chased up and down my spine, I raised my arm, took deliberate aim and fired.

A rattle of breaking glass followed the report of the pistol, and a dark spot appeared in the center of the white figure. The flash of the pistol had been reflected back, and in an in-

stant I realized the truth. With a scornful laugh and a condemnatory exclamation at my foolish ness, I placed the pistol on the table

Then a slight scuffling noise, seem ing to come from beneath, reached my ear, and I said, aloud, and with a laugh "I've stirred up the rats, at any rate. deep, muffled sound, accompanied by a slight jar, immediately followed. It tion, she would probably not refuse you. was as though a heavy door in some

It would be unjust to her, embarrassing | distant part of the house had slammed For quite a time I sat up in bed and listened, but no more unusual sounds

> Mrs. Snyder's words concerning mys Sarah's unreasonable fears for my safe ty, followed by the two events just men tioned, did have an effect upon me, al though the first event was due wholly to an ordinary cause, and the second the apparent sound of a slamming door might be, and probably was, just what upper part of the house might have been left open, thereby producing a draught and causing an intervening door to swing shut. True, the sound seemed to come from beneath me. But then that was probably imagination. In the silence of night a sudden noise is rather difficult to locate. How often the most common events, under un familiar circumstances, become inex plicable mysteries!

I am not of a superstitious make-up and therefore Sarah's vague fears did not produce in me a feeling of fright; but there was a watchfulness about my senses as though there were "funny things," to use Sarah's term, about the house, which would become apparent in due time.

Nestling my head down on the pil-low, redolent with the grateful healthgiving aroma of spruce, I closed my

Sleep did not come as quickly as I had boasted to my old nurse it would, and it was some time before my consciousess began to wander into the domain of vague fancies and indistinct ideas which characterize the period between waking and sleeping.

Then, almost before my eyes could open, I suddenly sat up in bed and listened with hearing sharpened by the sense of expectancy which had come over me.

Out through the silence of my room there came stealing the sound of a voice -but such a voice! Not possessed by any human being, surely! Pitched on a high, quavering tone, and yet so soft and small; so faint, as though borne from a great distance; so plain, as though right at my bedside; bearing no semblance to human tones, but nevertheless undoubtedly a voice; for after a time I could distinguish a word now and then.

If there were in the world weird, misshapen little folks like fairies and gnomes, and we could hear their conversation, I imagine their voices would ound like this one to which now I was listening.

There was no wonder Mrs. Snyder had been impressed by it, if this were the voice she had heard.

Strange indeed, and unnatural, as though not of this world, it seemed to me. A creeping sensation came over me, not exactly like that produced by fear; there was more of awe, of solempity, about it. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NOVEL LADDER.

It Was Lengthened by a Heroic Man's

A ladder is made to be walked on, but a human ladder is a novelty, and sometimes a grand novelty. Such a ladder came into requisition in New York not very long ago. But after all, though the act was novel, the actor was but one in the long line of men and women who, in life's emergencies, are always on hand to exhibit that spirit of courageous self-forgetfulness which makes the looker-on feel that there is something grand left in humanity yet.

It was but the old story of a tene-

ment house on fire, and a small crowd of frightened escaping tenants. They came down the fire escapes in desperate haste, before the firemen arrived upon the scene. But between the last rung of the ladder and the ground was a drop of ten feet.

The light, flimsy ladder swayed be-neath the weight of the most venture-some tenant, who stood irresolute, frightened to take the big drop, and unable to return, for above was an ever increasing weight of human beings pressing downward. It was a moment of peril and it threatened to be one of catastrophe. But just then the janitor stepped forward, self-possessed and self-forgetful. Standing on the stoop he reached up and found that his arm could just grasp the end of the shaky

"Climb over me," he cried, and stood his ground, holding on to the flimsy ladder, while men, women and children scrambled over him to a place of safety. By means of that human ladder they all reached the ground .- Youth's Companion.

When Admiral de Horsey, at Port Royal, was one night returning to his flagship alone his way to the boat led across the barrack square. A black sentry, one of the West India regiments. halted him at the gate with: "Who goes Great was the admiral's annoyance to find that he had neglected to get the password. "That's all right," he said, carelessly, hoping to overcome the man's scruples of indifference, "you know who I am." "Dunno know noknow who I am." "Dunno know no-body, sar," replied the negro, pompous-ly; "you can't go in dar." "Why, I'm Admiral de Horsey!" "Well, you can't go in," was the reply. "I don't care if you's Admiral de Donkey, I don't."— Household Words.

A Plain Direction.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door: "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice: "Go round the other way."—Household Words.

Charged for It. "And did the doctor give you any

hope?"
"Well, I'd hardly call it giving."—Chi-

cago Journal,

HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

And kept it two years.

How he lost it at last.

The great World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1933, while it gave pleasure to many, gave tain to not a few as an indirect result of leir visit to the White City. People were leir visit to the White City. People were

The great World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1833, while it gave pleasure to many, gave pain to not a few as an indirect result of their visit to the White City. People were lured along the miles of wonderful exhibits by the new marvels that met the gaze at every step, and did not realize their exhaustion until they dropped into a thair in some breezy corner by the lake, and "cooled off." That's what began the trouble, in many cases. Of one such case, Mrs. L. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me. World's Fair, which we attended. This cugli two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This copy lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be found to help him, although various; remedies were tried. Several doctors afforded no relief. Finally, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel the pain that the provided prompting and effectively. In response to contain the provided prompting and effectively. In response to the pain and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel.

A GRAVEYARD COLLOQUY.

\$400 For New Names!

to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get free their great seed catalogue and Il new farm seeds, including above corn and oats, positively worth \$10, to get a start. **

A boy never smells anything baking without at once getting hungry.

From Baby in the High Chair

Peach Trees in Large Supply

A Sharp Answer.

Mose—Ef I sho'd escort anuddah lady toe de ball nex' week would yo' feel much cutup?

Clarina—Nopey; yo' would.—Judge.

Lane's Family Medicine.

A GRAVEYARD COLLOQUY. The Salzer Seed Co. want suitable names for their 17-inch long corn and White Oat prodigy. You can win this \$400 easily. Catalogue tells all about it. Seed potatoes only \$1.50 a barrel. \$500 in prizes! SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CTS. IN STAMPS Between Two Black Men on a Dark

At rare intervals the moon peeped through the billows of a sea of fleecy clouds and cast sickly beams across the path of a form which was walking slowly and steadily in a country graveyard. The figure stole furtive glances about him as he crept to the grave of a man who had died on the gallows on Friday. Just as the clock was tolling the midnight hour the form fell prostrate on the grave, uttering not a sound. Almost in an instant the figure arose. Taking a knife from his pocket, he made a single, rapid cut, and turned to leave the place. A moonbeam revealed a look of ghoulish giee on his counterance. from Haby in the High Chair to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desires substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grain it is a food in itself. Has the tast and appearance of the best coffee at 4 the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your groeer for Grain-O

turned to leave the street turned to revealed a look of ghoulish glee on his countraance.
"Hat!!"
The figure stopped.
"Who goes there?"
"Jist a poah niggah."
The figures met and the lantern's flash discloses the identity of the men.
"Sam Johnsing!"
"What Johnsing!"
"What her doin' heah, Hiram Jackson?
Lookin 'fo' ghostes?"
"Naw. What vo' doin' heah yo'se'f?"
"Come after dis rabbit's lef' hin' foot.
Kotched him at 12 o'clock on a dahk night, on de grave ob a man hung on Friday, of Gway, niggah! Wouldn't take a thousand dollahs fo' it. Yo' niggahs won't be in it wid me at cake-walks an' shootin' craps."
—Louisville Courier-Journal. Thirteen is an unlucky age for a girl. She is too old for dolls and too young for beaux.—Chicago Daily News. And at greatly reduced price. Also Pear, Plum, Cherry trees and Raspberry roots at one-half former prices. Send for Catalogue and prices. Address G. S. Pickett, Clyde, Ohio.

DISCOUNTS AND PROFITS.

Bicycle agents have learned by experience that large discounts do not necessarily mean large profits. Large discounts are only obtainable by a sacrifice of quality of material, of care in manufacture, of rigid inspection, of thoroughness in finish, and of the numerous other items that go toward es-tablishing the enviable reputation of a reputable bicycle. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that the discounts on Columbia bicycles are the smallest of any in the trade. The agent knows, however, that in this case he is buying his goods at the very lowest market price, but is willing to accept a smaller discount on the Columbia because he immediately discovers that the quantity of his sales is greater than can be effected by handling other makes, and he has the additional guarantee that not only can no one undersell him, but that it is equally impossible for any other dealer to obtain Columbia bicycles at lower prices than he himself pays. That the agency for such a bicycle is sought after is easy to appreciate, and in the same connection the reason is not far to seek why Columbia agents are sought after by other man-ufacturers who desire to follow the path of success, but while the subject of discounts is of vital interest to the agent, the quality of the discount is of

much greater moment. None in Stock.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headachs. Price 25 and 50c. When a man tells how well his employes ike him, he usually needs bragging on. like him, he usually ne Washington Democrat.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dan-

A man takes off his gloves upon entering church, while a woman puts hers on.—Washington Democrat.

Poor Baby

Will not strangle and die with croup if Hoxsie's C. C. C. is used. For whooping cough, it is invaluable. 50 cents. When people hear a piece of gossip, they never stop to ask before repeating it: probable?"—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Hicks—"I felt so queer last night after I went to bed. My head was spinning around awfully." Wicks—"You probably slept 'like a top."—Boston Transcript.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A fellow doesn't really enjoy a favor it he is immediately asked to return it.—Washington Democrat.

None in Stock.

Lady (to dog fancier)—What kinds of dogs have you for sale?

D. F.—Scotch terriers. Chinese pugs. French poodles and English setters.

"Have you any of these ocean greyhounds that I have read about?"—Detroit Free Press.

When have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg. Pa., May 4, '94.

A good many of us think frankness means to have others tell us how nice we are.—Washington Democrat.

WORKING WOMEN WHO SUFFER.

Should Get Mrs. Pinkham's Advice-The Whole Truth can be Told to her Because she is a Woman.

The suffering and pain endured by some working women is almost past belief. Here is a letter from one of the multitude of women who have been restored to health and usefulness by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel as though your advice had lifted me from the



of a century has been helping women to be strong and well.

The following statement from Miss H. PATTERSON, of 2531 Lawrence St., Philadelphia, Pa., should interest all working

women who are troubled with female complaints: "DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell what your medicine has done for me. I am a working girl and have to stay at my work all day. I suffered greatly with bearing-down pains and backache. I was advised by a friend to try your Vegetable Compound. I did so and can say positively I am cured. I have recommended your medicine to all my lady friends, and would advise any of my sex suffering from female weakness to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound a trial, for I know it will cure."

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women troubled about their health to write to her at Lynn, Mass., and secure her advice free of all charge. All such letters are

and answered by women only. Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Illa