RISE OF THE AWKWARD BOY.

He longed to be great and he longed to

rise,
And they laughed at him;
He studied books till he strained his eyes,
And they laughed at him!
His tongue was thick, but his will was

strong;
His ears were big and his legs were long.
In a hundred ways his plans went wron.
And they laughed at him:

He held his course day after day,
And they laughed at him;
He packed his satchel and went away,
And they laughed at him!
They heard of the blunders he made in

town, his awkward efforts to win renown-them he was merely a foolish clown And they laughed at him.

The papers began to mention his name,

The papers began to mention his name,
They were proud of him;
He was getting up, he was winning fame,
They were proud of him!
Go down among them there to-day,
And you'll hear his wise old neighbors say
They "always knowed he'd make his way,"
And they're proud of him!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



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CHAPTER V. There had been a morning of jubilee in the camp of the Fifth Separate bri-

gade, and a row in the tents of the reg-ulars. Up to within a fortnight such ulars. Up to within a fortnight such a state of affairs would have been considered abnormal, for the papers would have it that the former were on the verge of dissolution through plague, pestilence and famine due to the neglect of officials vaguely referred to as "the military authorities," or "the staff," while up to the coming of Canker to command sweet accord had reigned in the regular brigade, and the volunteers looked on with envy. But now a great martial magnate had praised the stalwart citizen soldiery whom he had passed in review early in the day, and set them to shouting by the arnouncement that, as reward for

their hard work and assiduous drill. they should have their heart's desired and be shipped across the seas to far Manila. It had all been settled beforehand at headquarters. The "chief" had known for four days that that particwiar command would be selected for the next expedition, but it tickled "the boys" to have it put that way, and the home papers would make so much of it. So there was singing and triumph and rejoicing all along the eastern verge of a rocky, roughly paved cross street, and rank blasphemy across the y. To the scandal and sorrow of the -teenth infantry some of the recent robberies had been traced to their very

doors. A commissary sergeant had "weakened," a cartman had squealed, and one of the most popular and attractive young soldiers in the whole command was now a prisoner in the guardhouse charged with criminal enowledge of the whole affair, and of being a large recipient of the ill-gotten money-Morton, of the adjutant's of-fice, a private in company K.

What made it worse was the allegation that several others, non-commissioned officers and "special duty men," were mixed up in the matter, and Canker had rasped the whole commissioned force present for duty in his lecture upon the subject and had almost intimated that officers were conniving at the concealment of the guilt of their sergeants rather than have it leak out that the felony was committed in a company of their commanding.

He and Gordon had had what was described as a "red-hot" row, all because Gordon flatly declared that while something was queer about the case of young clerk, he'd bet his bottom dollar he wasn't a thief. Canker said such language was a reflection on himself, as he had personally investigated the case, was convinced Morton's guilt could be established, and had so reported to the brigade commander in recommending trial by general court-martial. Indeed he had made out a case against the lad even before he was arrested and returned to camp. Gordon asked if he had seen the boy and heard his story. Canker reddened and said he hadn't. and he didn't mean to and didn't have Gordon said he had-he had talked with the lad fully and freely on his being brought to camp toward nine o'clock, and was greatly impressed with his story—as would anyone else be who heard it. Canker reddened still more and said he wouldn't allow officers to interview prisoners without his authority. "I'll prefer charges against the next that does it," said he.

And not three hours later, Mr. Billy

Gray, sprawling on his camp cot, striv-ing to forget the sorrow of the earlier morning, and to memorize a page of paragraphs of army regulations, was suddenly accosted by an orderly who stood at the front of the tent, scratching at the tent flap-the camp substi

te for a ring at the bell.
'A note for the lieutenant," said he darting in and then darting out, pos-sibly fearful of question. It was a

queer note: "I am a total stranger to you, but I wore to brighter days the badge of the same so-clety that was yours at the university. Three of the fraternity are in my company—one is on guard and he urged me to write at once to you. They know me to be a brother Delt, even though I dare not tell my real name. What I have to say is that the charge against me is utterly false, as I can convince you, but could not convince a court. I am confined at the moment of al, others in my life when it is most vitaffy important that I should be free. Grant me ten minutes' interview this afternoon and if I do not prove myself guittess I will ask no favor—but when I do convince you, do as you would be done by.

"GEORGE MORTON." "I am a total stranger to you, but I wore in brighter days the badge of the same so-

"GEORGE MORTON."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said Mr. Gray, as he rolled out of his gray blanket.
"Here's a state of things! Listen to
this, captain," he called to his company commander in the adjoining tent "Here's Morton, back from 48 hours absence without leave, brought back by armed guard after sharp resistance, charged with Lord knows what all, wants to tell me his story and prove his innocence.

"You let him alone," growled his senior. "Remember what Canker said, or you'll go in arrest. What call has Morton on you, I'd like to know?"

The lad flushed. Fraternity was a very sacred thing in the $\Lambda \geq X$. It was "the most exclusive crowd at the 'varsity." Its membership was pledged to one another by unusual ties. It was the hardest society for a fellow to get into in any one of the seven colleges whereat it flourished, and its mystic bonds were not shaken off with the silken gown and "mortar board" of undergraduate days, but followed its membership through many a maturer year. It was a society most college men might ask to join in vain. Money, social station, influence were powerless. Not until a student had been under observation two whole years and was thoroughly known could he hope for a "bid" to become a "Delta Sig." Not until another six months of probation could he sport its colors, and not until he formally withdrew from its fold, in post graduation years, could he consider himself absolved from its mild obligations. But the boast of the "Delta Sig" had ever been that no one of its membership had ever turned a deaf ear to a fellow in need of aid. Who of its originators ever dreamed of such a thing as its drifting into and becoming a factor in the affairs of the regular army?

No wonder Grav stood for a moment, the paper still in his hands, irresolute, even disturbed. Not to answer the appeal meant to run counter to all the ten ets of his fraternity. To answer might mean arrest and court-martial for deliberate disobedience of orders. Canker has no more mercy than an Indian. It was barely 48 hours since he had been publicly warned by an experienced old captain that he would find no "guardian angel" in Squeers. It would seriously mar his prospects to start now with Squeers "down on him," and as that lynx-eyed commander was ever on watch for infractions of orders, Billy well knew that he could not hope to see and talk with the prisoner and Canker not hear of it. To ask permission of Canker would only make matters worse -he was sure to refuse and then re emphasize his orders and redouble his vigilance. To ask the consent of the officer of the day or the connivance of the officer of the guard was to invite them to court arrest and trial on their own account. He couldn't do that even to oblige a brother Delt. If only Ned Craven were officer of the guard some-thing might be done—he was a college man, too, and though not a "Delt," but rather of a rival set, he "would understand" and possibly help. Guard mount was held toward dusk, and that was four hours away, at least. The prisoner's note and tone were urgent. An idea occurred to Billy: What if he could get Gordon to let him "go on" this very evening? It wasn't his tour. He had "marched off" only two days before, as he well remembered, for Canker "had roughed" him up and down about that little error in copying the list of prisoners from the report of the previous day. Moreover, he had counted on going to town right after "retreat," dining at the Palace, an extravagance not to be thought of at other times, so as to be on hand when the Primes and Amy Lawrence came down to dinner. He had planned it all-even to the amount of surprise he was to exhibit when he should discover about when he had finished his own dinner that they were just beginning theirs, and the extent and degree of pleasurable as he hastened over to greet them, and accepted their offer to be seated with them, even if he had been so unkind as to dine beforehand, instead of with them. He had set his heart on having a chat with Miss Lawrence as part recompense for all he had lost turbing note. Time was getting short, too; there was no telling how much longer they might stay. Mr. Prime had brought his only daughter all that long journey across the continent on the assurance that the boy he loved, with whom he had quarreled, and whom, in his anger, he had sorely rebuked, had enlisted there in San Fran-cisco and was serving in a regiment at the great camp west of the city. He had come full of hope and confidence he had found the young soldier de-scribed, and, in his bitter disappointment, he declared there was no re semblance to justify the report sent him by the boy's own uncle, who vowed he had met him with comrades on the main street of the city, that the recognition was mutual, for the boy had dart d around the first corner and escaped His companions were scattered by the time Mr. Lawrence turned to the spot

telegraphed young Prime and the father in the distant east. Now, Mr. Lawrence was away on business of his own. Written assurances that he couldn't be mistaken lost weight, and Mr. Prime, disheartened was merely waiting the report of an agent who thought he had traced the boy to Tampa. In 24 hours he might spirit his daughter away on another chase, and then there would be no fur-ther warrant for Miss Lawrence's remaining in the city. She would return to her lovely home in one of the loveliest California valleys, miles away from the raw fogs and chills of the Golden Gate, and would be no more seen among the camps. That, said Billy Grav to imself, would take every bit of sunshine from his life.

after a brief, fruitless search, but pri-

vate detectives had taken it up and "lo

learned from the fair lips of Miss Law rence herself, for Mr. Prime and his daughter seemed to shrink from speaking of the matter. From the first Miss Amy had had to take the young gentleman under her personal wing, as it were. In her desire to aid her uncle and cousins in every way, and knowing them to be strangers to the entire camp, she had eagerly sent for him as the first familiar or friendly object she saw. Then when he came and was presented, and proved to possess little interest to the careworn man and his anxious and devoted child, it devolved upon Miss Lawrence to make much of Billy in proportion as they made little of him, and for three days or so the blithe young fellow seemed fairly to walk on air. Moreover, she had taken him into family confidences in telling him of the missing son and brother, for both her uncle and cousin, she said, were so sensitive about it they could not talk to anyone except when actually necessary. They had leaned, as it were, on the general and on Col. Armstrong for a day, and then seemed to draw away from both. They even seemed to take it much amiss that her father had to be absent when they though they had sent no word, until late, of their coming. He was on his return, might arrive any hour, but so might they go. Now if Billy could only discover that missing son

Then came an inspiration! Penciling a brief note he gave it to a soldier of his company and bade him take it to the guard tents. It told Morton of the colonel's orders, issued that very day, and bade him be patient—he hoped and believed opportunity would be afforded for an interview that evening. Then he hunted up a subaltern of his own grade whom he knew would probably be the detail for officer-of-the-guard that evening. "Brooke," he said, "will you swap tours with me if Gordon's willing? have-I'd like mightily to exchange if it's all the same to you.'

Brooke hesitated. He had social hopes and aspirations of his own. By "swapping" with Gray he might find himself doomed to a night in camp when he had accepted for some pleasant function in town.

"Thought you were keen to go in tonight-right after retreat," he hazard-

"Well, I was," said Gray, pulling his drab campaign hat down over his eyes to shut out the glare of the westering "But I've got-a new wrinkle.

"Some bid for Friday? That's your tour, isn't it?" And Brooke began



counting on his fingers. look at my notebook. Friday? Why, that's the night of the Burton's card party-thought you didn't know them."

"I don't," said Gray, glad enough to escape the other question. "And you hate card parties, you know you do. It's a go, is it? I'll see Gordon at once."
And off he went, leaving Brooke to wonder why he should be so bent on the ar-

But Gordon proved an unexpected foe to the plan. "Can't be done, Billy," said he, sententiously. "Canker watches those details like a hawk. He basn't forgotten you only came off two days ago, and if I were to mount you tonight he'd mount me-with both feet."

"Think there's any use in asking him?" queried the boy, tossing a backward glance toward Canker's tent.

"Not unless ou're suffering for another snub. That man loves to say no as much as any girl I ever asked, and he doesn't do it to be coaxed, either. Best leave it alone, Billy."

And then the unexpected happened. Into the tent, with a quick, impetuous step, came the commanding officer lim self, and something had occurred to stir that gentleman to the core. His eyes were snapping and his head was

Mr. Gordon," said he, "here's more of this pilfering business, and now they're beginning to find out it isn't all in my camp by a damned sight. I want that letter copied at once." Then with a glance at Gray, who had whipped off his cap and was standing in respectful attitude, he changed his tone from the querulous, half treble of complaint. What's this you'd best leave alone be suddenly demanded. "There are a dozen things you'd best leave alone and a dozen you would do well to cultivate and study. When I was—however, I never was a lieutenant except in war time, when they amounted to some thing. I got my professional knowle edge in front of the enemy-not at any damned charity school. You're here damned charity school. to ask some new indulgence, I suppose Want to stay in town over night and fritter away your money and the time the government pays for. No, sir; you can't have my consent. You will be can't have my consent. You will be back in camp at 12 o'cleck, and stop and report your return to the officer of the guard, so that I may know the hour you come in. Who's officer of the guard to-night, Mr. Gordon?"

"Mr. Brooke, sir."
"Mr. Brooke! Why, I thought I told you he was to take those prisoners in town to morrow. He has to testify before that court in the case of Sergt. "They'll not we troit Free Press.

All this detail, or much of it, he had Kelly and it saves my sending another officer and having two of our lieutenants away from drill and hanging around the Bohemian club. Detail somebody else!"

"All right, sir," asswered Gordor, imperturbably. "Make any odds er, who is detailed?"

Canker had turned to his desk and was tossing over the papers with nerv-ous hand. Gray impulsively stepped ous hand. forward, his eyes kindling with hope It was on the tip of his tongue to launch into a proffer of his own services for detail, but Gordon hastily warned him back with a sweep of the hand and

portentous scowl. 'No. One's as bad as the other. Next thing I know some of 'em will be letting prisoners escape right under my nose, making us the laughing stock of these damned militia volunteers." (Canker entered service in '61 as # private in a city company that was militia to the tip of its spike-tailed coats but he had forgotten it.) "I want these young idlers to understand distinctly, by George, that the first prisoner that gets away from this post takes somebody's commission with him. D'you hear that, Mr. Gray?" And Canker turned and glared at the bright blue yes as though he would like to blast their clear fires with the breath of his disapprobation. "Has that young fel-low, Morton, been put in irons yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on Gordon again.

"Think not, sir. Supplies limited Officer of the day reported half an hour ago every set was in use. Sent over to swered we had a dozen more'n we were entitled to now. Wanted to know 'f we meant to iron the whole regiment—"

"The hell he did!" raged Canker. "I'll settle that in short order. horse there, orderly! I'll be back by four, Mr. Gordon. Fix that detail to suit yourself." And so saying the rascible colonel flung himself out of the tent and into his saddle.

"You young idiot," said Gordon, whirling on Billy the moment the coast was clear. "You came within an ace of ruining the whole thing. Never ask Canker for anything, unless it's what you wish to be rid of. Tell Brooke you're for guard, and he's to go to town

"Hopping mad," as he himself afterward expressed it, Col. Canker had ridden over to "have it out" with the quartermaster who had ventured comment on his methods, but the sight of the commanding general, standing alone at the entrance to his private tent, his pale face graver than ever and a world of trouble in his eyes, compelled Canker to stop short. Two or three orderlies were on the run. Two aids de-camp, Capt. Garrison and a comrade were searching through desks and boxes, their faces grave and concerned. The regimental commander was off his horse in a second. "Anything amiss general?" he asked, with soldierly

The general turned slowly toward him. "Can our men sell letters," he said, "as well as food and forage? Do people buy such things? A most important package has been-stolen from my tent.'

[To Be Continued.]

Certainly Worth Something.

In a rural community in one of the middle states dwelt a man who made a vow in 1856 that he would wear his hair and beard untrimmed until John C. Fremont should be elected president of the United States. He kept the vow for 40 years, at the end of which time he had nearly a half bushel of hair on his head and face. Then, coming to the conclusion, toward which his mind had been gradually working for a long time, that Gen. Fremont's death in the interval had practically absolved him from his his beard shaved off clean. On his next visit to the county-seat he went to a bar ber-shop and was soon relieved of the hirsute burden he had carried for four decades. "How much?" he asked. he asked. Have to charge you half a dollar for that job," said the barber looking at the mass that lay on the floor. "Half a dollar!" he gasped. "Don't I get any-thing for the hair?"—Youth's Companion.

Would Not Tell Her Name.

She had just come up from Mississippi ous foreign policy; and an income tax." friends at home promised to write to After the new of the city wore off and the ache of homesickness began to make itself felt she went to the "general delivery" at the post office to inquire for her mail. She still has her moss-grown suspicion of "town folks," and their dark and devious ways, so she marched aggressively up to the general delivery window and demanded: "Any letters here for me?" "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "'Tain't none of yo business what my name is!" she responded, indignantly, and without further parley she left the post office an grily muttering to herself: wine to tell that white man whut my name is. Lak to know what business 'tis o' hisn what my name is." The cautious old body didn't hear from home that day.—Memphis Scimitar.

Another Convert.

Miles-What do you think of this faith-cure business? Giles-Oh, it's all right. I tried it

once and was completely cured.

Miles—Indeed! Of what were you cured? Giles-Of my faith in it. - Chicago

Daily News.

Sufficient.

Mrs. Ashley—Isn't this new prayer rug of mine pretty? Mr. Speakly-Yes, but isn't it very small?

"Well, it is large enough for all my prayers."—N. Y. World. A Correct Gness

Brown-What do you think of the walking dresses the women have now? "They'll not wear them long."-De-

ENDORSED BRYAN.

Pennsylvania Democrats Hold Convention.

Candidates for State Offices are Non inated and the 64 Delegates to the National Convention are In-structed to Vote as a Unit — The Platform.

Harrisburg, April 6.—The 64 delegates from Pennsylvania to the national democratic convention in Kantional democratic convention in Kan-sas City were instructed by yester-day's state convention to support William J. Bryan for president. They are bound by the unit rule and can not change to any other presidential aspirant unless it be so decided by a majority of the delegation. The plat-form strongly endorses Bryan's can-didacy; denounces the war policy of didacy; denounces the war policy of the McKinley administration and ad-vocates numerous state reforms. Ex-cept for a slight breeze over the con-tests from Dauphin, Luzerne and Philadelphia, the convention was a quiet gathering. The committee on credentials reported in favor of the credentials reported in favor of the sitting delegates and its action approved by the convention. Th lowing ticket was nominated: Auditor General-P. Gray Meek, of

Congressmen-at-Large — Harry

Grim, of Bucks county; N. M. Edwards, of Williamsport.
Electors-at-Large—Gen. A. H. Coffroth, of Somerset; Otto Germer, of Erie; Francis Shunk Brown, of Phila-delphia; Andrew Kaul, of Elk. The following delegates-at-large to

the national convention were chosen: Col. James M. Guffey, of Pittsburg; ex-Gov. Pattison, of Philadelphia; John B. Keenan, of Greensburg; Congressman Rufus K. Polk, of Danville; Charles J. Reilly, of Williamsport; ex-Congressman James M. Kerr, of Clearfield; ex-State Chairman John M. Garman, of Nanticoke; ex-Congressman William H. Sowden, of Al-

lentown.

The platform begins with a demand for a thorough revision of the tariff and declares in favor of such duties only as are necessary for an eco ical administration of public affairs Democratic congressmen are urged to secure the enactment of a law making it obligatory upon the secretary of the treasury to place on the free list every article of raw material and manufactured product now used and manufactured by any trust, monopoly or combine.

Faithful enforcement of the anti-

trust act of 1890 is demanded and opposition to what is termed the imperialism of the present administration is announced. Home rule for the Filipinos under the protection of the United States is favored. It is de-manded that the army be withdrawn from Cuba and that congress observe the pledge made to that people. "We demand for the people of Por-

to Rico the right of freely importing and exporting to and from any part of the United States; we denounce the sinister influences that have caused the president to depart from that which he termed a 'plain duty.' "We deplore the subserviency of

the present administration to the bethe present administration to the be-hests of England and English states-men, whether the same be intention-al or caused by the ignorance of our officials in the state department. We denounce the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a complete abandonment of claims of our statesmen of our right to construct and control an inter-oceanic canal, and as un-American and a base surrender of our inherent

right of self-defense.
"We denounce as at variance with our rights of citizenship and destructive of the rights of a free man the use of the army of the United States and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and declarations of martial law in times of peace, in or-der that labor may be intimidated

and labor organizations broken up.
"We declare in favor of an interoceanic canal controlled and protected by this country; no further sur-render of Alaskan territory; fortifi-cation of strategic points on the Pano entangling alliance with England or other country, secret or open; free trade with Porto Rico; independence of Cuba; home rule for the Philippine islands; no subject people; no colonial dependencies; eternal opposition to trusts; a vigor

The election of United States se ators by a vote of the people is favored.

Bimetallism is favored as tending to make permanent the prosperity of the country and "freeing us from the

power of the money trust. power of the money trust."

Sympathy to the Boers is extended and it is declared "that the war of conquest now being carried on by the British empire in its greed for gold and power is a menace to advancing civilization. We favor united action on the part of all the republics of the world to maintain the independent existence of the two republics in South Africa."

Increase in our standing army is opposed as a menace to free govern-ment and the supremacy of the civil over the military authorities is insisted upon.

Trust are denounced and legislation

to curb their power is favored. Municipal ownership of public franchises

is demanded.

The appointment of M. S. Quay as
United States senator by Gov. Stone is denounced.

Naval Officers Convicted of Fraud.

Odessa, April 6.—The military court at Sebastopol has closed the hearing of the great naval scandal and has convicted 26 officers and civil servants of criminally defrauding the govern-ment in connection with the supply of coal and other commodities to the The sentences will be pro nounced to-day.

Nethersole Is Acquitted.

New York, April 6,—The jury in the case of Olga Nethersole, accused of maintaining a nuisance in performing the play "Sappho," westerday returned a verdict of not guilty.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

Within three miles of the town go-

ing eastward is the farm of Mr. W. Creamer, one of the municipality's largest and most prosperous mixed farmers. Mr. Creamer came to this country in 1880 and settled on a por-tion of the land which comprises his present enormous farm of 1,280 acres. In common with many others of a similar period he experienced all the hardships and difficulties common to the absence of railway and market facilities. In no wise daunted, by energy, industry and indomitable he has been able to surmount all obstacles and has achieved an unparalleled success, and is known throughout the district as one of its preeminent farmers. His operations extend over 1,280 acres, two sections (the thought alone of so much land makes the eastern farmer dizzy); 800 acres of this is broken and the remainder is excellent pasture land and wood. This harvest he took off a crop of 500 acres of wheat and 200 of other grains. Four hundred acres are plowed and ready for wheat next spring. Mr. Creamer is, as has been stated, a mixed farmer of no mean proportions, having at the present time 40 horses, 60 head of cattle and 50 pigs. The most modern farm buildings are found on his premises, the main building being a barn 55 feet square on a stone foundation containing stabling for 16 horses and a large number of cattle. The loft is stored with 29 loads of sheaf oats for feed and tons of hay; there is also a cutting box. Another building of large dimensions is the granary, in which after teaming large quantities to market he still has stored 3,000 bushels of wheat. A crushing ma-chine is in the building. There are a number of lesser buildings contain-ing chicken house, pig pens and cattle sheds. The farm residence is a handsome frame structure of ample proportions, in connection with it is a wood shed. The water supply is un-excelled; besides house supply there is a well in the stables and a never failing spring situate in a bluff, which never freezes. Surrounded by a thick bluff of poplars, extending in a semi circle to the west, north and east, the winter storms are broken and accumulation of snow unknown. Added to his farming operations, Mr. Creamer conducts a threshing outfit for the season. His success is only one in-stance of what can be accomplished in Western Canada.—Baldur (Man.) Gazette, Nov. 16th, 1899.

Thousands are going to Western Canada this year to take advantage of the free homestead laws that are being offered by the government.

A Bit Rough.

In the course of the fearful march of the Irish fusileers from Dundee to Ladysmith the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey.

One man in particular stumbled

along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed. asked Michael, "what country

this at all we're marching over?"
"The Natal table-land, my man,"

was the reply.
"Bedad, sir," said Pat, "I think the
table's turned upside down and we're
walking over the legs of it."—London Answers. Some of the delights of single blessedness

Some of the delignts of single discovered by a British bachelor who was sewing a button on his overcoat without a thimble. When the needle was partly through the cloth he would force it further by pressing the shank against the wall; then he would aid the movement by dragging the needle forward with his teeth. He was engaged in the latter part of the performance when his teeth slipped from the needle and he fell backward from his chair to the floor, breaking his collar-bone.

Reception Music.

"Shall I sing, or play, Mr. Bored-

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Miss Blimm -whichever you think you can do without interrupting the flow of conversation."-Detroit Free Press.

In Newsboy's Alley. "You's de inside of a bunghole!" yelled Jimmy.
"You's de center of a cruller!" retorted
Micky.—Chicago Evening News.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Tells About Her Daughter's Illness and How She was Relieved-Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

"MRS. PINKHAM :- I write to tell you about my daughter. She is nineteen years old and is flowing all the time. and has been for about three months. The doc-tor does her but very

little good, if any. thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I want your advice before beginning its use. I have become very much alarmed about her, as she is getting so weak."— Mrs. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., Mill.

May 21, 1899. "DEAR MRS. PINK-HAM:-It affords me great pleasure to tell

you of the benefit my

daughter has received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After beginning the use of your medicine she began to mena rapidly and is now able to be at her Her menses are regular and

work. almost painless. I feel very thankful to you and expect to always keep your Vegetable Compound in my house. is the best medicine I ever knew. have my permission to publish this letter if you wish, it may be the means of doing others good."-MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macou, Ga., September 18, 1899.