REY, DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "God's Second Gift"-The World is Too Much With Us-The Better Life and the Advantages of Religion-The Story of Caleb and Othniel.

TEXT: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."—Joshua xv., 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughcaleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would eapture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man who could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb ism. Besides, I do not think that Calebowas as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means aren with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evil I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocket-book. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the con-querors. The work done, Othniel comes querors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to con-quer the girl's heart, for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw

an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by,
Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their own home. However loads, bals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb. the good old man, had given as a wedding present a piece of land that was mountainsloping southward toward the ous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she want a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Calculate and services with the calculate of the that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the

nether springs."

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfled with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off for the desert of sorrow, swept by flery siroecos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, and the autronoling of power to the surroughters. amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely

write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no know who blows the cornet or who flored."

when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an iliustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiog. of the streets and see the agonized physiog-nomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastilest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only affected. den any more because they have only \$50,-

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me, also springs of me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs

me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs,"

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to some which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion. David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up to an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham chat you know—and life! The last the life is the last the shall all the sha

his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cupbearers, If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: blooms into the King's banquet. Men say:

"Look at that odd fellow with the wornout
coat." The angels of God cry "Lift up
your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let
him come in!" Fastidious people cry,
"Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers
of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my
Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he
comes to die, though he may be carried out
in a pine boy to that notter's field to that in a pine box to that potter's field, to that potter's field the charlots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, hese nether springs of comfort! They are perennia!. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My depart and the fills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation. When you see your trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagmant pond, seummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages!
Take up one cup of that spring water and
across the top of the chalice will float the
delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the
yellow of jasper; the green of emerald,
the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.
I wish I could make you understand the

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man lean as a bart and It makes the lame man leap as a hart and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your eradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live. 'Tis religion can supply 'Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land:" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. O Chris-tian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his arcistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries ont: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence."

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard. nal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought

tains of water."

O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of this great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is huried into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good!" He is coming!" And when we stand around the fatal accident, they cry: "Good!" He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas

home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

RAILROADING IN CHINA.

Its Difficulties and Humors Apropos of Recent Rots.

Mr. Cox, who was recently assaulted near Peking, China, has had many similar experiences during the dozen years he has been railroad building in the Chihli Province, and has only extricated himself by dint of tact, pluck, and good humor. He has practically for years carried his life in his hand.

In 1890, for instance, during floods, a mob, led by the soldiery of Lutal, a military camp near Tien-Tsin, cut the railway embankment and destroyed seven miles of line, their officers encouraging them, and the enlightened Viceroy Li Hung Chang, in his Yamen a few miles off, "layin low and nuffin." The cause alleged was that nuffin." The cause alleged was that the embankment prevented the flood water from running off, which, as there were froment outlets, was utter there were frequent outlets, was utter nonsense. Previous to that, attempts had been made to wreck trains, and the lives of the foreign employes were constantly threatened.

The life, too, of the foreign guard on a train is not always a happy one. Mandarins' servants without tickets take possession of a first-class carriage; eat, drink, sleep, and perform other functions in it. Perhaps they light a pan of charcoal to warm themselves if the weather is cold. Charcoal has certain asphyxiating effects; the other passengers complain, and the servants have to be ejected. Too much violence might lead to a general attack on foreigners and another Tien-Tsin massacre; while too little would not be effective. The unhappy guard has to follow the "happy" mean between a good hard push and a mild

knock-down blow. There have, of course, been many ludicrous as well as dangerous incidents on the North China Line. When it was first opened Chinese would come to the booking office and try to bargain for tickets. When told the fare they would offer half and gradually raise their bid, much disgusted that they should not, in a business spirit, be met half way.

One day a country gentleman on his first ride in a train seeing his house midway between two stations flying past deliberately opened the door and stepped out into space. At the pace the train was going a European would certainly have been killed, but the supple Celestial, after a prolonged series of somersaults, was seen to pick himself and bundle up, dust his clothes, and set off home across the fields-much pleased with his short cut and the convenience of the "firewheel carriage."

An unfortunate rallway coolle, equally ignorant of the laws of mechanics, did not get off so well. Seeing two trucks coming at a snail's pace down a siding he placed his foot on the rail to stop them. To his astonishment it was cut off, and he learned, like Stephenson's cow, that momentum is made up of mass as well as velocity.

But in spite of everything, railways are bound to prosper in a country where traveling is otherwise so slow and so difficult, carts and ponies in the north and boats in the couth never doing more than thirty to forty miles between dawn and dark.

The Klondike of the South.

Tierra del Fuego has been called the Klondike of South America. So far. however, there is no justification of the term. There is plenty of gold, but of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

up to now no large quantities have been discovered and that found is difficult to mine. The gold is all placer gold. Some of it is in the shape of nuggets as large as marrowfat peas, but the greater part of it is in leaflets or scales. The most of the mines are in the southern part of Tierra del Fuup to now no large quantities have in the southern part of Tierra del Fuego proper and the islands adjacent. The gold is found on the shore, the clay containing it running down under the water and being exposed only at low tide. The gold is covered with shingle and sand, which must be removed before bed rock is reached. At the Slogget Bay diggings, for instance. there is six feet of sand and gravel above the bed rock. This has to be shoveled off, and when the tide comes in the gold-bearing clay is again covered. Almost similar conditions exist at the washings on the island of Navarino and elsewhere. From what I can learn here there are only a few places where gold has been found in any quantity, and these are nothing in comparison of the great gold deposits of our western states. There are two or three companies which work sluice boxes with machinery, pumping the water from the sea and gathering the gold dust with machinery on copper plates. The most of the mining, however, is spasmodic and uncertain. The territory is extremely difficult to reach and the prospecting is coupled with such hardships and expenses in the way of getting supplies that I would advise the American miner to stay at home.

Burglar Catching Kodak.

W. E. Travers, an Oakland (Cal.) photographer, is determined to take a flash-light picture of the next burglar that breaks into his house. During the past year his store has been robbed repeatedly of cash and valuables, Mr. Travers has placed a camera directly in front of the door on the opposite side of the room. Upon entering, the intruder will walk against an invisible wire which opens the camera and at the same time electrically explodes an incandescent globe filled with flash-light powder. After the explosion, the burglar may do one of two things; run for deer life, or drop dead from fright. In the latter event Mr. Travers will get out of bed, view the remains and ring for the Morgue

Christmas Gifts for Sensible People.



This Solid Oak or Wal-nut Commode measure, when closed, 18x18x18 in, it comes complete with China Pan. The ettire Commode is strongly con-atructed and well finished, lets: |price \$4.00. Orders filled promptly. This Commode is but one of thousands of bargains to be found in our 160-page cata-logue of Christmas

Price, \$3.95. JULIUS HINES & SON, Bept 314 BALTIMORE, MB. 0

CLEVER MATCH MAKING.

Both of the American Girls Got Eligible Husbands.

"An exceedingly clever bit of matchmaking has just been executed by an American lady whose eldest daughter left New York with some friends on a European tour, and who, after doing the continent, returned to our gay capital for several months of rest and pleasuring," writes a resident of Paris to the New York Commercial Advertiser. "Attractive and clever, she had many suitors. She advoitly reduced the number to two. Then she wrote home to her mother, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well-conducted and rich that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question: 'What shall I do?' Ten days later she received a telegram from her mother: 'I sail tomorrow; hold both until I come.' The next transatlantic steamer brought the mother with her second daughter, just turned 18. On her arrival she at once took the helm of affairs, and she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American cnapel on the same morning."

Cost of Launching a Warship.

The total cost of the launch of a modern battleship often amounts to over \$10,000. About five tons of tallow and over a ton of oil and soft soap are used in greasing the ways-that is. the slip down which the cradle in which the vessel is placed, glides into

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Would you feel relieved if you could raise something? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise more mucus in the morning?

Then you should always keep on hand a bottle of

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last one is always harder to cure than the one before it.

Dr. Ager's Cherry Pectoral Plaster protects the kings from colds.

Help at Hand.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prempt reply.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

6 N C 49 WANTED—Case of bad health that BIPA New will not benefit Send 5 cts to Ripsus Chemica On, NewYork, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: give

If you lie to help a man out of a scrape he will always remember you as an accommodating liar,

If it weren't for politics Satan would lose his grip on some men. An orange tree will pear fruit until

it is 150 years old.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists artisfections were transfer.

gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c. The Princess Therese of Bavaria is scientific writer of considerable merit.

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 gets 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 Hundre 1 Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Chener & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Bighard Jones and Fr. he dealers in the distribution of the content of the content of the cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Richard Jones, aged 87, is a justice of the eace at Ebensburg, Pa.

Just the Time.

This is just the time of the year we feel the muscles all sore and stiff, and then is just the time to use St. Jacobs Oil to relax them and to cure at once.

A good memory is one that does not hold too many things

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever, 10c, 25c. If C. C. C, fail, druggists refund money.

You cannot get order out of chaos as long as there is disorder in it.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. % trial bottle and treatise free Du. R. H. Klang, Ltd., 881 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"All that glitters is not gold." For instance-glittering generalities.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bao, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-Booklet and sample free. Address

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York Some of the European Powers are models

While You Sleep.

Do not have too much air blowing through your room at night, or neuralgia may creep upon you while you sleep. But if it comes, use St. Jacobs Oli; it warms, oothes and cures promptly.

Flattery is one of the telling forces in teeping the world peaceful and happy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the guma, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind coise. Ec.a bottle.

Thomas Tinsley, the New York million-aire, is still in Jail in Houston, Tex., and has been for the past two years, for con-tempt of court in refusing to produce certain books.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tableta. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Lord Kitchener is engaged to be married to Miss Marie Evelyn Moreton, whose father was a private secretary to the Marcus of Lorne during his stay in Canada.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pura 50c, \$1. All druggists.

The corruption of some of the "decaying nations" smells to beaven.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Many Thomson, 2914 Ohio Ave., Alloghany, Pa., March 18, 1894.

Some people know all they care to know,

To Cure Constipation Forever, Take Cascarets Candy Cathartia, 10c or 250. If C. C. C. fall to cure, druggists refund money.

A great mug is sometimes empty.

GURLS WHERE ALL FLSE FAILS.
Beet Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALI-FORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company -

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OVER-WROUGHT NERVES OF WOMEN.

Extracts From Letters Received by Mrs. Pinkham. "I am so nervous and wretched." "I feel as if I should fly." How familiar these expressions are. Little things annoy you and make you irritable. You can't sleep, you are unable to lift ordinary burdens, and

are subject to dizziness. That bearing-down sensation helps to make you feel miserable. You have backache and pains low down in the side, pain in top of head, later on at base of the brain.

Such a condition points unerringly to serious uterine trouble. If you had written to Mrs. Pinkham when you first experienced impaired

vitality, you would have been spared these hours of awful suffering. Happiness will be gone

out of your life forever, my sister, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and begin its use, then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor, your letter is seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just charge you nothing for her advice.

what is best for you, and she will MRS. JENNIE BIERLY, Youngdale, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-Will you kindly allow me the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, backache, headache, loss of appetite, a heavy bearing-down feeling, also burning pains in the groins. I could not sleep, was tired all the time, had no ambition. Life was a burden to me. The pains I suffered at times of menstruation were something dreadful. I thought there was no cure for it. I saw your advertisement in the paper. ment in the paper, and my husband advised me to try your medicine. I took five bottles, and now I am well and happy. Your medicine saved my life. A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine