

The Ligonier Banner

LIGONIER, INDIANA.

HAPPENINGS OF A WEEK

Record of the Most Important Events Condensed for the Perusal of the Busy Man.

POLITICAL.

William H. Taft delivered several speeches in Lincoln, Neb., and William J. Bryan wound up a three weeks' tour with a big meeting at Creston, Ia.

President Roosevelt and William J. Bryan engaged in a warm exchange of statements as to the administration's sincerity and success in prosecuting law-breaking trusts and the justice or injustice of the accusations against Gov. Haskell of Oklahoma.

The Indiana legislature in special session passed a county local option bill.

Charles H. Haskell, governor of Oklahoma, has resigned the trusteeship of the Democratic national committee. He announced his retirement from active participation in the Bryan campaign at Chicago and in his message to Chairman Mack intimated that he would prosecute President Roosevelt and others who had accused him.

Chairman Hitchcock of the Republican national committee announced that Gen. T. Coleman DuPont of Delaware, head of the bureau of campaign speakers of the national committee, had resigned as head of that bureau and also as a member of the executive committee of the national committee and that his resignation had been accepted.

PERSONAL.

Yancey Carter, the Independence party's candidate for governor of Georgia, was indicted for carrying concealed weapons.

Sir George Truscott was elected lord mayor of London.

Joseph Stewart of Missouri, superintendent of the division of railway adjustment in the post office department, was appointed second assistant postmaster general, succeeding James T. McCleary of Minnesota, who resigned.

Caleb Powers, the Kentuckian who spent eight years in a penitentiary in connection with the Goebel assassination case before being pardoned by Gov. Willson, was baptized in the Baptist church at Jellico, Tenn.

Dr. J. A. S. Grossland, formerly United States minister to Liberia and a negro political leader of national prominence, was placed under arrest at St. Joseph, Mo., on a charge of grand larceny.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has begun work in the Hartford Carpet works at Thompsonville, Conn.

Fay Hempstead of Arkansas will be crowned poet laureate of masonry in Medinah Temple, Chicago, October 5.

GENERAL NEWS.

The castaways from the British steamer Aeon, who spent nearly two months on Christmas island, arrived at Suva, Fiji, on the steamer Manuka, well and increased by one in number. A daughter was born to the wife of Captain B. R. Patrick, U. S. N., 24 hours before the Manuka was sighted.

Dr. Robert Koch stirred up a renewal of the old discussion on the sources of pulmonary tuberculosis in the congress on tuberculosis at Washington, when he repeated his opinion, stated in 1901 in London, that "human beings may be infected by bovine tuberculosis bacilli, but serious diseases from this cause occur very rarely."

Robbers dynamited the safe of a bank in Cogswell, N. D., but fled without getting any plunder.

Lazare Weiller, a prominent French financier and aeroplane promoter, announced that he had ordered the construction of 50 aeroplanes on the Wright model.

The legislative inquiry into the bribery charges made against Gov. Hanly and Senator Wickwire of Indiana by Representative Kniesly ended in a complete vindication for the governor, a finding that Kniesly would not have accepted a bribe if tendered, and the making of a scapegoat of Wickwire by the house.

The Atlantic battleship fleet passed Zamboanga, where it was greeted by Gen. Bliss and swarms of natives.

The American battleships Alabama and Maine arrived at Gibraltar.

Secretary Cortelyou opened the International Congress on Tuberculosis in Washington, a great assemblage of notable men from all civilized nations being present.

The International Fishery congress decided to meet in Rome, Italy, I, 1911.

Opposition to the guaranty of bank deposits was declared by the trust company section of the American Bankers' association at Denver, Col.

Cold weather and snow were general throughout the west and north, and in the east the long drought was broken by heavy rains.

Union labor officials went to Montreal to attempt to end the Canadian Pacific machinists' strike.

At Portland, Ore., 50 store and shopkeepers, representing practically every business excepting saloons, were placed under arrest in an effort to put into effect an old Sunday blue law.

Tom Cockrill, the notorious Kentucky feudist, was killed by a train in Louisville.

James W. Paul, banker and financier of the firm of Drexel & Co., Philadelphia; J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, and Morgan, Harjes Company of Paris, died at Hot Springs, Va.

A Turkish steamship ran down the steam ferry boat Stambul outside the harbor of Smyrna. One hundred and forty persons were drowned.

Rev. F. M. Hill and his bride of a few days were drowned near Chaplin, Ky.

The annual convention of the League of American Municipalities began its sessions in Omaha, Neb., with large attendance.

Christopher Crezise, treasurer of Gilpin county, Col., killed the daughter of his landlady and committed suicide.

The business section of Michel, B. C., was almost wholly destroyed by fire.

Mrs. George Cook and Mrs. Kate Floyd, sisters, were burned to death in a farmhouse near St. George, Me.

Manufacturers of railroad material, representing hundreds of millions of dollars in capital, met at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, New York, to form an organization to combat the attacks on railroads from legislative and other sources.

The United States steamer Tarlack was caught in a gale and driven ashore on Borongan island, one of the Samoan group. It is thought the vessel will be a total loss.

How the Standard Oil's correspondence with Foraker, McLaurin and others came into the possession of Mr. Hearst was explained in a statement made by John D. Archbold, vice-president of the big corporation. He asserted they were stolen by a former employee of the company.

The National Irrigation congress opened at Albuquerque, N. M., and attracted a large and enthusiastic crowd to the convention hall.

Charles Edward Davis was bound over to the district court at Omaha to answer the charge of murder in the first degree for the killing of Dr. Frederick Rustin.

Ninety-three heroes who within the last year have saved the lives of drowning persons in the waters around New York were presented with medals or certificates of honor by the United States Volunteer Life-Saving corps.

Miss Katherine Hord, member of a prominent family, was almost instantly killed; Robert Payne, a young society man, was crippled, and four other persons were severely bruised when an automobile collided with a street car in Louisville, Ky.

Twelve Ohio counties voted under the Rose law and all went "dry" by majorities ranging from a few hundred to more than 2,000. The number of saloons affected is 23.

The Wisconsin supreme court declared unconstitutional the eight-hour railroad telegraphers' law, which was enacted at the 1907 session of the legislature.

The tourist steam yacht Argonaut, from London for Lisbon, was sunk near Dover by collision with a steamer.

Her passengers and crew, 250 in number, were saved.

The police of Budapest arrested two anarchists suspecting of plotting to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain.

Lord Rosslyn "went broke" in the test of his roulette system against Sir Hiram Maxim, losing \$50,000 in "dummy" money.

Thousands of native houses have been washed away and there has been a heavy loss of life in the Hyderabad and Deccan districts of India as a result of the floods which followed an unprecedented rainfall.

At Dusseldorf, Rhenish Prussia, Capt. Von Abercon and Lieut. Von Goltzheim, well-known aeronauts, had a miraculous escape from death during the course of an ascent in a spherical balloon. When they were 6,000 feet in the air the gas bag burst, but after a fall of 2,000 feet the envelope spread out like a parachute and the balloon came down gradually.

While playing with the scrub team against the Yale varsity football team, Lewis Baker Warren of New York, a member of the class of 1910, Sheffield Scientific school, was kicked on the head and rendered unconscious.

Drunken men who had been to the "blind tiger" near Antrhus, Tenn., fired into a crowd of churchgoers, killing three men and fatally wounding the pastor.

Illinois Central's fast Diamond Special, south-bound, ran into an open switch at Diverson, 20 miles south of Springfield, and was derailed. A little girl near the tracks was killed by fragments and the engineer and fireman were injured.

In the presence of a crowd of women shoppers at the Fourteenth street station of the Sixth avenue elevated railroad, New York, a well-dressed woman of 26 threw herself in front of a moving train and was so terribly injured that she died a few moments later.

The Prussian Academy of Science, an association of eminent men under the patronage of the government, has inherited the sum of \$7,500,000 from a banker named Sampson. The money is to be expended for scientific purposes.

Fire in Fond du Lac, Wis., destroyed several churches, seven dwellings and other buildings, the loss being \$250,000.

At West Union, Ia., Walter Whitbeck was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of his father, Arlow Whitbeck.

OBITUARY.

Travus Ross, who has been the messenger for 17 postmasters general, from D. M. Key to George von L. Meyer, died at the age of 60 years.

Rev. Alexander Leclair, 98 years old, who for 75 years was a member of the Masonic fraternity and was possibly the oldest member of any secret order in the United States, is dead at Lynden, Wash.

John McClurg, president of the Cosmopolitan National bank of Pittsburgh, Pa., died at his home.

John Henry Neville, vice-president of the Kentucky State university, and one of the leading educators of the south for half a century, died suddenly at Lexington.

Joseph Wheelock, a well-known actor, died of heart disease at Highlands, N. J.

Dr. J. B. McQuand, 66 years old, one of the most prominent physicians of Winona, Minn., was found dead in the yard of his home.

John Harker of Des Moines, Ia., for many years secretary and treasurer of the United Commercial Travelers of America, died in Kansas City.

PECK'S BAD BOY IN AN AIRSHIP

By HON. GEO. W. PECK

Travels in Side-Door Pullman

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

(Copyright in Great Britain.)

There is not much fun in being an orphan until you escape from the orphan asylum, and I want to say that my chum and myself have had two red letter days in the town where we seemed to drop out of a balloon into the hearts of the country people.

They took up a subscription to buy clothes for us, and dressed us up, and we looked as though we had been clothing dummies in front of a clothing store, and then the people got into a quarrel as to who should adopt us.

A farmer drew my chum and wanted him to get acquainted with some mules and drive six mules to haul fertilizer on the farm. My chum had to sit on a saddle on one mule, and drive the other five mules by using one line, which he pulled and hauled to make them gee round grand right and left.

The fat woman adopted me because I was such a dear little thing. She was one of those happy widows, whose husband got plenty of her sauce, and took to the tall timber, and all she wanted to do was to hug me, and tell me that if I had not dropped into her life, out of that balloon, she would have kicked the bucket, and I thought of how any bucket I ever saw would have collapsed, for she had a foot like a fiddle box.

She made me tell her the story of my past life, and when she found I was Peck's Bad Boy, and I thought I had made my story so sanguinary that she would want me to go away, so she could have a quiet life, she just froze to me and said she could see that she had been selected by Providence to take the badness out of me, and she went to work hypnotizing me, and giving me absent treatment on my meals, to take my strength for wickedness away, and then she got so weak I could not hug back when she squeezed me, and you can imagine the condition a growing boy would be in who could not do his share of the hugging.

The second day of my sentence to be her adopted son, with all my crimes on my head, she let me go out on the farm to visit my chum, and there is where my whole new life changed.

My chum was driving his mules around the farm, and I was riding behind him on the wheel mule, when a balloon from St. Louis came over, and the men in the balloon yelled at us to grab hold of the ropes as they wanted to land in the field. The mules began to act up and my chum could not control them, and I jumped off the mule and grabbed the rope and gave it a

loon to take to the station, to ship to St. Louis, I found a mail bag, and I told the farmers these balloonists were carrying the United States mail, and any man that laid hands on the government mail could be imprisoned for life for treason, and I scared the farmers so they gave the balloonists their dinner, and hauled the balloon to the station with the whole bunch of us, and when the balloonists went away on the train they told my chum and me that if we would come to St. Louis they would give us jobs carrying off balloons, and they would teach us how to fly. Gee, but that was nuts for us. To rise, at once, from being mule drivers and adopted boys, to a place in balloon society, was what we wanted, and my chum and I de-



Grabbed the Balloon Rope and Gave It a Hitch Around the Pole.



"Any Man That Lays Hands on the Government Mail Can Be Imprisoned for Life for Treason."

hitch around the pole of the wagon, and that settled it with the mules. They rolled their fawn like eyes around at the great gas bag that was swaying over the wagon, with the two men yelling, and the mules started to run, with the wagon and the balloon, around that field, the balloon striking the fence occasionally, and a tree once in a while, the men yelling for us to cut the rope, and the mules braying and saying mule prayers, and me chasing along to try and cut the rope, and my chum hanging on to the ears of the wheel mule, and the farmers rushing into the field from every direction to stop the mules, and the men in the balloons using the worst language.

The mules had run around the field several times, and the balloon was doing its best to keep up, when I yelled to the men in the balloon: "Why don't you throw out your anchor?" and they then seemed to recollect about an anchor, and they threw it out, and when it caught fast in the ground the mules pulled loose from the wagon and went through the fence, and started for Texas, and I guess they are going yet. My chum got off all right, except he was so scared he could not stand up. Well, we had a time straightening things out, the farmers wanted to lynch the balloon men, and make them pay for the mules, but in rolling up the bal-

loon, and when I got near him he snarled and grabbed a mouthful of my new pants and held on and shook me, and I yelled and got away.

As it grew lighter I saw a box near the dog, and in it were some square things that my practiced eye, as the son of an old hunter, told me were dog biscuits, a sort of petrified dough and meat scraps made for high class dogs that are not allowed to eat scraps from the table, and I told my chum we would have breakfast. It took me half an hour to steal a few dog biscuits away from that dog, and all the time he was trying to make his breakfast off of me, but I finally poked out enough for breakfast, and I called my chum to partake of the repast. He said he always had to have some kind of breakfast food before he ate meat, so I cut into a bag of oats, and gave him a handful, and there we sat and chewed away, trying to imagine that we were happy, and thinking of coffee and pancakes and sausage, and waffles, and biscuit and honey.

It was probably the worst breakfast ever eaten by anybody. The dog biscuits were so hard we had to pound them on the floor with a curry comb, and that did not help the flavor much. After breakfast we laid down on the hay with a horse blanket over us, and slept till noon, when we heard water being poured into the tin trough for the horses, and we quenched our thirst, and ate more dog biscuits, and I hoped that the other boys would hear of our distress, and that no boys would ever run away from a happy home again.

My chum and I talked over the depression in the money market, and the panic in Wall street, and tried to think we were better off than millionaires who did not know where the next meal was coming from, and with our stomachs full, and no care on our minds, we wished we could give some of our dog biscuit to the hungry rich.

While we were thinking of the good one can do with a few dog biscuits, there was a terrible crash, the car jumped on the ties and reared up, and finally rolled over and down a bank and all was still as death, except that the hot air of the engine was blowing off steam, and the horses were groaning, and the confounded dog that chewed me was dead.

Men ran over the cars, and chopped with axes, and finally a fire engine began to throw water on the burning cars, my chum and I were wedged under bales of hay, one of my legs was asleep, and we both yelled murder, and finally the fire was out, the side was chopped out of the car, and they took us out and put us in an ambulance and the brakeman who had let us into the car said: "Tickets, please," and the ambulance was driven to a hospital at East St. Louis, and they wanted to amputate us, just for practice. One of the hospital attendants asked me who I was, and when I told him I was "Peck's Bad Boy," traveling for my health, he said: "Well, you are certainly getting what is coming to you," and I guess that is no lie.

example of patience, and strive to become members of the four hundred. So we refrained from getting even, and Rockefeller was not kept awake.

We were pretty hungry, but I lightened up our belts and pretty soon a freight car stopped on a side track and a brakeman came along with a lantern and I gave him the last dollar I had and told him we wanted to land in St. Louis, and he looked over us and pointed to a car, and we hustled in and he locked the side door of the car, and we were alone in the dark, hungry and thirsty.

We found a part of a bale of hay, and scattered some on the floor and went to sleep, and I never slept better on a spring mattress, but I dreamed of home, and all the fun I had ever had, making it hot for other people, playing tricks on them, but now all was changed, and I felt that I was on my own resources, making my way in the world, handicapped by always having an easy life.

Along towards daylight in the morning some horses began to paw and whinner and a collic dog began to bark in the car, and some sheep bleated in the car, and as morning came, and a little light came in the car, which was hitting the high places, running at high speed, so it shook us out of our hay bed, we looked around starved and stiff, and sick at heart.

When the train stopped I walked through the car, over bags of oats, and looked at the horses, and wished I was a horse. The dog was a watch

AN OUTING IN HUNGARY



ROYAL AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM IN TOWN PARK BUDAPEST

FIELD WORKERS IN THEIR SUNDAY CLOTHES AT TEKEHARA, HUNGARY



A TRANSYLVANIAN PEASANT

For those contemplating a tour to Europe, Hungary offers an embarrassing choice of beauty spots. The following is Miss Alice Stronach's interesting story of her visit to the country of the Magyars:

"Late spring and early autumn are the best times for a visit to Hungary. True, there are winter spots in the Tatra to attract the enthusiast for these, and in summer's heat delicious cool may be found at the many lovely mountain spas, whose marvels of scenery and of healing springs are far too little known to English victims of gout and rheumatism, and other ailments. But the extremes of cold and heat make traveling on the great plain of Hungary well-nigh intolerable in the depth of winter or the height of summer. Autumn, when a glory of crimson and gold begins to sweep over forest and mountain, and the Alfold, or lowland, teems with mellow fruitfulness, is a delightful time for a tour in Hungary; and, moreover, the traveler who times his visit then can count on seeing something of the Hungarian vintage, a festival peculiarly fascinating in the land of the csardas, the home of picturesque costume and gypsy music.

"The Hungarians are not yet infected with the strenuousness of their British and American visitors, and we found life in our little mountain spa of Trensenc-Teples, on our arrival there, a restful and pleasant change from the bustle of a London season. We sampled the baths, whose strong sulphur waters attracted visitors from Vienna, Germany and all parts of Hungary; listened to the music of the gypsy band, that played in the morning in a lime-tree alley, in the evening in the casino; had picnic teas in the woods on the spurs of the Little Carpathians, and dined in the garden of a little inn, where we first experienced the joy of eating kukurukus (heads of maize), and drinking a delicious wine that our host called tokay, possibly a distant cousin of the imperial wine. And always there was the sensation of living in a fairy tale, where every peasant girl might be a princess, and every swineherd a prince in disguise. The shops with their quaint, naive signs—a crusty loaf to denote the baker's, a realistic ham at the butcher's, a beaker foaming at the brim, or a cup frothing over with cream, to tell where beer or coffee might be had—deepened the sense of fairy tale or pantomime.

"Our later wanderings took us to others of the wonderful medicinal spas which, well known to the Austrians, Hungarians, and Poles are too little known in England.

"On leaving Trensenc we traveled down the Danube, when an hour's journey brought us to Orsova, a quaint oriental town on the Rumanian border just above the Iron Gates. A gentle specimen of the unspeakable Turk rowed us across to the island of Ada Kaleh, midway in the Danube, where

the people of a Turkish colony live under Hungarian protection, exempt from taxes and military service, making life picturesque for themselves and for the strangers who visit them to sip Turkish coffee and buy Turkish wares at their funny little shops.

"The finest stretch of the Danube lies just above Orsova, and the day's voyage from there to Belgrade was well worth the early start on a chill October morning. The glorious scenery of the delta of the Tisza, the coming and going of peasant folk of many nationalities—Serbians, Hungarians, Rumanians, and people from farther east, with an occasional grand Turk spreading his prayer-carpet on the deck at sunset, make a steamer-voyage on that part of the Danube memorable.

"There is, indeed, no pleasanter mode of travel in Hungary than by the steamers that ply on the Danube and the Tisza, and it has the advantage of economy, since fares are low and you can sleep as well as have meals on board.

"Our steamer anchored just above the flashing crown of electric lights that marked Belgrade, and, after a day spent in the capital of King Peter's kingdom, where there is a fascinating market, we took train for Szeged. Not that we had any special wish to see that prosperous but somewhat prosaic town, which has been rebuilt on the site of one washed away by the floods of the river Tisza, some 30 years ago. It was but a convenient stopping-place on the way to the most fascinating part of Hungary, Transylvania; and its shops and theater and picture-gallery, even its marketplace, ablaze with costume and aflame with red pepper, did not tempt us to linger.

"For time was flying, and to leave Hungary without making a tour in Transylvania would be to miss the finest forest and mountain scenery, the most bewitching variety of costume, the most characteristic portion of the land of the Magyars. It is in Transylvania that many Magyar nobles have their country seats, and there the best shooting is to be had, the most delightful hospitality is dispensed. It is a vast country, and up in the mountains and off the beaten track the traveler may have occasionally to rough it. Another pleasant town is Nagy-Szeben (German, Hermannstadt), where you seem to stumble into the middle ages or a Faust legend, so old-world are its cobbled streets, its churches and houses, and market-place peopled with Saxons, Rumanians, and Hungarians in picturesque costumes. Both Nagy-Szeben, and Brassó (German, Kronstadt), a few hours nearer the Rumanian border of Hungary, are good centers for excursions among the peaks of the Carpathians. The Carpathian club has mountain shelters where travelers can obtain simple fare and beds, and is ever ready to help the stranger with advice and information from its offices in these towns.

"It was, however, too late in the season for more than a flying visit to some of the quaint little walled citadels of the Saxon settlers, whose fortified churches tell of the surprise visits of the Turks to dwellers in these regions. But before leaving Brassó, I traveled as far as the Rumanian border, and had glimpses of mountain scenery whose rugged grandeur reminded me of the Scottish Highlands."



A story with a good point.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.



Small Urelin (to major, who has been thrown from horse into pond)—Hi, mister, as you 'appens to be in the water, would you mind looking for Willie's whistle?

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

Sometimes Hard to Tell.

George Elliot says that the expression on a woman's face when she is sewing tells the story of the woman's heart. If she is happy and contented, or possibly slovenly and indifferent, she may smile and look the happiness she either feels or is incapable of feeling. If she has many things to worry her and is possibly planning how to make ten cents do a dollar's worth of good, or if she is naturally a vixen, it will show in her face, so after all it is not safe to predicate as to what her sewing face reveals.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, I ss.

LEWIS COUNTY, I ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is a senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1908.

A. W. GLIBSKY, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Really practical men live in a world of ideals. They realize that it is not practical to conduct a business successfully unless that business is kept alive and growing by a constant out-reaching after ideals yet unattained.

If Your Eyes Bother You get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

If you would not cease to love mankind, you must not cease to do them good.—MacLaren.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

He who hesitates much will accomplish little.—Von Moltke.

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

If you have anything to do, do it; don't loaf on the job.

These Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures itching, writes A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

If you don't get the best of it, make the best of it.

FARMS FOR RENT or sale on crop payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

One cannot quarrel if the other will not.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst form of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for