AND CONSIDER THE **ALL** IMPORTANT FACT That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private illa to a woman -a woman whose experience with wesman's diseases covers a great many years. You can talk freely to a woman when it fa revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand-simply because he is a man. Many women suffer in allence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they cought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary, Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great. Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation: Women suffering from any form of female weakmess are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, spened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge

Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Following we publish two letters from a woman who accep- said I must have an operation or I could not ted this invitation. Note the live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailresult.

that will help your case. She asks noth-

ing in return except your good-will, and her!

advice has relieved thousands. Surely any

does not take advantage of this generous

woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she/

offer of assistance. - Lydia E. Pinkham

First letter.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable "Compound, I am very anxious to send you any testimonial, that others may know their ham, Lynn. Mass., for special advicedueand what you have done for me.

"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor ments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkit is free and always helpful-

like her in this world." it. Somebody's cut me out, Uncle Eb.'

"Ye want t' prance right up t' her." "I'm not agraid of any woman," I said, with a great air of bravery, "but if she don't care for me I ought not to throw myself at her."

"Jerusalem!" said Uncle Eb, rising up suddenly. "What hev I gone an

He jumped out of his berth quickly, and in the dim light I could see him reaching for several big sheets of paper adhering to the back of his shirt and trousers. I went quickly to his assistance and began stripping off the a firm hold upon him. I rang the bell

"Consarn it all! What be they-plasters?" said Uncle Eb, quite out of pa-"Pieces of brown paper, covered i

with-West India molasses, I should think," said I. "West Injy molasses!" he exclaimed. "By mighty! That makes me hotter'n

"To catch flies," I answered. "An' ketched me," said Uncle Eb as he flung the sheet he was examining

He took off his trousers. Then, hold ing them up to the light: "They're spilt," said he mournfully.

"Hed 'em fer more'n ten year too." "That's long enough," I suggested. "Got kind o' 'tached t' 'em," he said, looking down at them and rubbing his

"You can put on the other suit," I

city we'll have these fixed."

scrumptious in its day, if I do say it." "You look good enough in anything that's respectable," I said.

"Kind o' wanted t' look a leefle extry good, as ye might say," said Uncle Eb, groping in his big carpet bag. "Hope, she's terrible proud, an' if they should hev a leetle fiddlin' an' dancin' some night we'd want t' be as stylish as any on 'em. B'lieve I'll go an' git me a spang, bran' new suit anyway

As we neared the city we both began feeling a bit doubtful as to whether we were quite ready for the ordeal. "I thought so," I said. "Those I'm

I'm afraid." "They're han'some," said Uncle Eb, looking up over his spectacles, "but mebbe they ain't just as splendid as they'd orter be. How much money did

"One hundred and fifty dollars," I said, thinking it a very grand sum in-

"'Tain't enough," said Uncle Eb, looking up at me again. "Leastways not if ye're goin' t' hev a new snit. I

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Ha picked up his trousers then and task out his far leather wallet.

tikenk the dearly he whispered "Pop goes the weaset!" he exclaimed good naturedly, and then he began counting the bills.

"I'm not going to take any more of Your money, Uncle Eb," I said. "Tut, tutl" said he. "Don't ye try interfere. What d' ye think they'll

He stopped and looked up at me. "Probably as much as \$50," I an-

"Whew-w-w!" he whistled. "Purty steep, it is sartin!" "Let me go as I am," said I. "Time enough to have a new suit when I've earned it."

"Waal," he said as he continued counting, "I guess you've earnt it already. Ye've atudied hard an' tuk first honors, an' yer goin' where folks are purty middlin' proud an' haughty. want ye t' be a reg'lar high stepper, with a nice, sleek coat. There," he whispered as he handed me the money, "take thet, an' don' ye never tell 'at I gi'n it t' ye."

I could not speak for a little while as I took the money for thinking of the many, many things this grand old man had done for me.

"Do ye think these boots 'll do?" h asked as he held up to the light the pair he had taken off in the evening. "They look all right," I said.

"Ain't got no decent squeak t' 'em now, an' they seem t' look kind o' clumsy. How're your'n?" he asked. I got them out from under the berth, and we inspected them carefully, deciding in the end they would pass

The steward had made up our berths, when he came, and lit our room for us, Our feverish discussion of attire had carried us far past midnight, when we decided to go to bed.

"S'pose we mustn't talk t' no strangers there 'n New York," said Uncle Eb as he lay down. "I've read 'n the Tribune how they'll purtend t' be friends an' then grab yer money an' run like Sam Hill. If I meet any o' them fellers they're goin' t' find me purty middlin' poor comp'ny."

We were up and on deck at daylight, viewing the Palisades. The lonely feeling of an alien hushed us into silence as we came to the noisy and thickening river craft at the upper end of the city. Countless window panes were shining in the morning sunlight. This thought was in my mind-that somewhere in the innumerable host on elther side was the one dearer to me than any other. We inquired our way at the dock and walked to French's hotel, on Printing House square. After breakfast we went and ordered all the grand new things we had planned to get. They would not be ready for two days, and after talking it over we decided to go and make a short call.

Hope, who had been up and looking for us a long time, gave us a greeting so hearty we began to get the first feeling of comfort since landing. She was put out about our having had ber." breakfast, I remember, and said we must have our things brought there at tration?"

"I shall have to stay at the hotel awhile," I said, thinking of the new "Why," said Mrs. Fuller, "this girl

has been busy a week fixing your rooms and planning for you. We could not hear of your going elsewhere. It



"Young man, take your choice!" would be downright ingratitude to

A glow of red came into the cheeks of Hope that made me ashamed of my remark. I thought she looked lovelier in her pretty blue morning gown, covering a broad expanse of crinoline, than ever before.

"And you've both got to come and hear me sing tonight at the church," said she. "I wouldn't have agreed to sing if I had not thought you were to be here."

We made ourselves at home, as we were most happy to do, and that afternoon I went downtown to present to Mr. Greeley the letter that David Brower had given me.

CHAPTER XIX. CAME down Broadway that afternoon aboard a big white omnibus that drifted slowly in a tide of many vehicles. Those days there were a goodly show. of trees on either side of that thoroughfare-elms, with here and there a willow, a sumach or a mountain ash. The walks were thronged with handsome people-dandies with high hats and flaunting neckties and swinging canes; beautiful women, each covering a broad circumference of the pavement, with a cone of crinoline that swayed over dainty feet. From Grace church down it was much of the same thing we see now, with a more ragged sky line. Many of the great buildings, of white and red sandstone, had then appeared, but the street was largely in the possession of small shops-oyster [houses, bookstores and the like.

CHEMBER BRADES THE SERVICE PRINCIPLE of the Tribana did I feel a proper sense of my own littleness, There was the fountain of all that wisdom which had been read aloud and heard with reverence in our household since a time ! could but dimly remember. There sat the prophet who had given us so much -his gental views of life and gavernment, his hopes, his fears, his mighty wrath at the prospering of crucity and

"I would like to see Mr. Horace Greeley," I said rather timidly at the "Walk right up those stairs and turn

to the left," said a clerk as he opened

a gate for me. Ascending, I met a big man caming down hurriedly and with heavy steps. We stood dodging each other a me ment with that unfortunate co-ordination of purpose men sometimes encounter when passing each other. Suddenly the big man stopped in the middle of the stairway and held both of his hands above his head.

"In God's name, young man," said he, "take your choice!"

He spoke in a high, squeffky voice that cut me with the sharpness of its irritation. I went on past him and entered an open door near the top of the stairway.

"Is Mr. Horace Greeley in?" I inquired of a young man who sat read-

"Back soon," said he without looking up. "Take a chair."

In a little while I heard the same heavy feet ascending the stalrway two steps at a time. Then the man I had met came hurriedly into the room. "This is Mr. Greeley," said the young man who was reading.

The great editor turned and looked at me through gold rimmed spectacles. I gave him my letter out of a trembling hand. He removed it from the envelope and held it close to his big. kindly, smooth shaven face. There was a fringe of silky, silver hair, streaked with yellow, about the lower part of his head from temple to temple. It also encircled his throat from ugder his collar. His cheeks were full and fair as a lady's, with rosy spots in them, and a few freckles about his nose. He laughed as he finished reading the letter.

"Are you Dave Brower's boy?" he asked in a drawling falsetto, looking at me out of gray eyes and smiling with good humor.

"By adoption," I answered. "He was an almighty good rassler," he said deliberately as he looked again

"What do you want to do?" he asked

"Want to work on the Tribune," I

"Good Lord!" he said. "I can't hire everybody.

I tried to think of some argument, but what with looking at the great man before me and answering his questions and maintaining a decent show of dignity I had enough to do. "Do you read the Tribune?" he

"Read it ever since I can remem-"What do you think of the adminis-

"Lot of dough faces," I answered, smiling, as I saw he recognized his own phrase. He sat a moment tapping

the desk with his penholder. "There's so many liars here in New York," he said, "there ought to be room for an honest man. How are the

"Fair," I answered. "Big crop of boys every year." "And now you're trying to find a

market," he remarked. "Want to have you try them," I an-

"Well," said he very seriously, turning to his desk, that came up to his chin as he sat beside it, "go and write me an article about rats." "Would you advise"- I started to

say, when he interrupted me. "The man that gives advice is a bigger fool than the man that takes it,"

he fleered impatiently. "Go and do your best." Before he had given me this injunc-

tion he had dipped his pen and begun to write hurriedly. If I had known him longer I should have known that while he had been talking to me that tireless mind of his had summoned him to its service. I went out in high spirits and sat down a moment on one of the benches in the little park near by to think it all over. He was going to measure my judgment, my skill as a writer, my resources. "Rats," I said to myself thoughtfully. I had read much about them. They infested the ships, they overran the wharfs, they traversed the sewers. An inspiration came to me. I started for the water front, asking my way every block or two. Near the East river I met a policeman-a big, husky, good hearted

"Can you tell me," I said, "who can give me information about rats?" "Rats?" he repeated. "What d' ye wan' t' know about thim?"

"Everything," I said. "They've just given me a job on the New York Tribune," I added proudly. He smiled good naturedly. He had looked through me at a glance.

"Just say 'Tribune,' " he said. "Ye don't have t' say 'New York Tribune' here. Come along wi' me." He took me to a dozen or more of the dock masters.

"Give 'im a lift, my hearty," he said to the first of them. "He's a green (To be continued.)

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habit and at 19 contracted a serious disease. I treated with a dozen doctors, who all sed to cure me. They got my money and I still had the disease. I had given up hope when a friend advised me to consult Drs. K. & K., who had cured him Without any confidence I called on them, and Dr. Hennedy agreed to cure me or a no pay. After taking the New Method Treatment for six weeks I felt like a new let nan. The drains ceased, wormy veins disappeared, nerves grew stronger, hair topped falling out, nrine became clear and my sexual organs vitalized. I was entirely cured by Dr. Kennedy and recommend him from the bottom of my heart."
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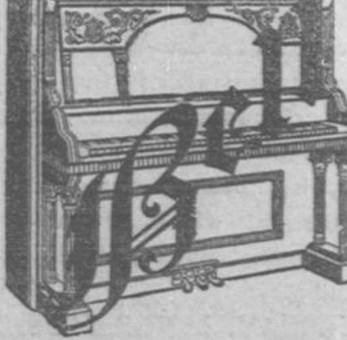
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When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, Capitol Sts., Benning P.O., Washington, D.C. you cannot well say, without trying it, "After following carefully your advice,

IRVING BACHELLER

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fir tast came the long looked for day

of my graduation, the end of my student life. The streets of the town were thronged every student gaving the college colors in his coat laged Die little company of graduates trembled with fright as the people crowded into the church, whispering and fanning themstelves, in eager anticipation. As the former looked from the two side pews mothers aglow with the inner light of they loved come to claim a share in the

greeted them—the faces of fathers and | chiefs. Our home at last was emptied pride and pleasure, the faces of many giery of that day. I found my own, I remember, but none of them gave me such help as that of Uncle Eb. However I might fare, none would feel the pride or disgrace of it more keenly than he. I shall never forget how he turned his head to catch every word when I ascended the platform.

As I warmed to my argument I could see him nudging the arm of David, who sat beside him, as if to say, "There's the boy that came over the falls with me in a pack basket." When I stopped a moment, groping for the mext word, he leaned forward, embracing his knee firmly as if intending to draw off a boot. It was all the assistance he could give me. When the exercises were over I found Uncle Eb by the front door of the church waiting

for me. "Willie, ye done noble!" said he. "Did my very best, Uncle Eb," I re-

"Liked it grand, I did sartin." "Glad you liked it, Uncle Eb." "Showed great larnin'. Who was the man 'at give out the pictur's?" He meant the president who had con-

ferred the degrees. I spoke the name.

"Deceivin' lookin' man, ain't he?

Seen him often, but never took no pertick'lar notice of him before." "How deceiving?" I inquired. "Talked so kind of plain," he replied "I could understan' him as easy as though he'd been swappin' hosses. But

when you got up, Bill, why, you jes' riz right up in the air, an' there couldn't no dum fool tell what you was talkin' Whereat I concluded that Uncle Eb's faumor was as deep as it was kindly,

but I have never been quite sure

whether the remark was a compliment

or a bit of satire.

CHAPTER XVIII. HB folks of Faraway have been carefully if rudely pictured, but the look of my own person since I grew to the stature of manhood I have left

Sore Throat and Coughs

muoliy to the imagination of the read-

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er. I will wager ne knew long since what manner of man I was and has measured me to the fraction of an inch and knows even the color of my hair and eyes from having been so long in my company. If not-well, I shall have to write him a letter.

When Uncle Eb and I took the train for New York that summer day in 1860, some fifteen years after we came down Paradise road with the dog and wagon and pack basket, my head, which in that far day came only to the latitude of his trouser pocket, had now mounted six inches above his own. That is all I can say here on that branch of my subject. I was leaving to seek my fortune in the big city. Uncle Eb was off for a holiday and to see Hope and bring her home for a short visit. I remember with what sadness I looked back that morning at mother and father as they stood by where they sat many familiar faces | the gate slowly waving their handkerof its young, and even as they looked the shadow of old age must have fallen suddenly before them. I knew how they would go back into that lonely room and how, while the clock went on with its ticking, Elizabeth would

> ment, while David would make haste to take up his chores. We sat in silence a long time after the train was off, a mighty sadness holding our tongues. Uncle Eb, who had never ridden a long journey on the cars before, had put on his grand suit of broadcloth. The day was hot and dusty, and before we had gone far he was sadly soiled. But a suit never gave him any worry once it was on. He sat calmly, holding his knee in his hands and looking out of the open win-

sit down and cover her face for a mo-

dow, a squint in his eyes that stood for some high degree of interest in the

"What do you think of this country?" I inquired. "Looks purty fair," said he as he brushed his face with his handkerchief and coughed to clear his throat of the dust, "but 'tain't quite so pleasant to the taste as some other parts o' the country. I ruther liked the flavor of St. Lawrence all through, but Jefferson

He put down the window as he spoke. "A leetle tobaccer 'll improve it some," he added as his hand went down for the old silver box. "The way these cars dew rip along! Consarned if it ain't flyin'! Kind o' makes me

is a leetle gritty."

feel like a bird." The railroad was then not the familraf thing it is now in the north country. The bull in the fields had not yet come to an understanding of its rights and was frequently tempted into argument with a locomotive. Bill Fountain, who came out of a back township, one day had even tied his faithful hound

to the rear platform. Our train came to a long stop for | deed. wood and water near midday, and then we opened the lunch basket that

mother had given us. "Neighbor," said a solemn faced man who sat in front of us, "do you think the cars are ag'in the Bible? D' you think a Christian orter ride on

"Sartin," said Uncle Eb. "Less the

constable's after him-then I think he orter be on a balky hoss." "Wife an' I hes talked it over a good They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with deal," said the man. "Some says it's the spothing properties of clippery elm and licorice. 100. All Druggists 400 Eile. The minister in deal," said the man. "Some says it's Her ar i dem peterm ber ber be if bern

skate he'd hed 'em hera with skates on 211 said Uncla Eb.

"Bunno," said the man. "It behoaves

Go not after new things. !!! "My friend," said Uncle Eb between hites of a doughnut, "I don' care what

I ride in so long as 'tain't a hearse. want sumthin' 'at's comfortable an' purty middlin' spry. It'll do us good up here t' git jerked a few hundred miles an' back ev'ry leetle while. Keep our j'ints limber. We'll live longer fer ft, an' thet'll please God sure, cus I don't think he's hankerin' fer our society, not a bit. Don' make no difference t' him whuther we ride 'n a spring wagthe cars so long's we're right alde up an' movin'. We need more steam. We're too slow. Kind o' think

a leetle more steam in our religion wouldn't hurt us a bit. It's purty fur We got to Albany in the evening just in time for the night boat. Uncle Eb was a sight in his dusty broadcloth when we got off the cars, and I know my appearance could not have been prepossessing. Once we were aboard the boat and had dusted our clothes and bathed our hands and faces we

were in better spirits. "Consarn it," said Uncle Eb as we left the wash room, "le's have a dum good supper. I'll stan' treat." "Comes a leetle bit high," he said as he paid the bill, "but I don' care if it

does. 'Fore we left I says t' myself:

'Uncle Eb,' says I, 'you go right in fer a good time an' don' ye count the pennies. Everybody's a right t' be reckless once in seventy-five year." We went to our stateroom a little after 9. I remember the berths had not been made up, and, removing our boots and coats, we lay down upon the bare mattresses. Even then I had a

some rule of steamboat etiquette. When I went to New York before I had dozed all night in the big cabin. A dim light came through the shuttered door that opened upon the dining saloon, where the rattle of dishes for a time put away the possibility of sleep. "I'll be awful glad t' see Hope," said

lurking fear that we might be violating

she will to see me," I said. "What put that in yer head?" Uncle Eb inquired. "'Fraid we've got pretty far apart,"

"Guess I'll be happier to see her than

Uncle Eb as he lay gaping.

"Shame on ye, Bill," said the old ger tleman. "If thet's so, ye ain't done right. Hedn't orter let a girl like thet git away from ye-th' ain't another "I know it," I said, "but I can't help

"'Tain't so," said he emphatically.

broad sheets which, covered with some strongly adhesive substance, had laid

and ordered a light.

a pancake. What's it on the bed fer?'

into a corner. "My extry good suit

chin thoughtfully. Then we had a good

suggested, "and when we get to the "Leetle sorry, though," said he, "cuz that other suit don' look reel grand. This here one has been purty-purty

'fore we go up t' Fuller's." wearing aren't quite stylish enough,

David give ye?"