



The letter of Miss Merkle, whose picture is printed above, proves beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared, and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Bones with the People Off.

Two little fellows of 7 and 8 years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The 7-year-old boy listened patiently to the conversation, when the older boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I," replied the younger. "I do know."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off."—Pathfinder.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Women Can't Remarry.
Good society in Korea has many curious customs. One of these is that widows must not remarry. No widow in the really "smart set" would ever dream of remarrying, however young she may be or however soon the death of her husband may have followed her wedding. Married life in Korea is by no means an unmixed blessing to the woman, so perhaps perpetual widowhood might not be objectionable if it were not for the necessity of perpetually wearing mourning for the departed. This means that during the whole of her life she is limited to blue, black, and green as colors for her costumes.

The tests of turbine engines at Elberfeld, Germany, show a steam consumption equivalent to about eleven pounds to indicated horse-power, an unparalleled performance in economy.

Ayer's

To be sure, you are growing old. But why let everybody see it, in your gray hair? Keep your hair dark and rich and postpone age. If you will

Hair Vigor

only use Ayer's Hair Vigor, your gray hair will soon have all the deep, rich color of youth. Sold for 60 years.

"I am now over 60 years old, and I have a thick, glossy head of long hair which is a wonder to every one who sees it. And not a gray hair in it, all due to Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Miss H. R. BUNN, Redida, Minn.

61.50 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

White Hair

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE," "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The life of a physician is certainly a very unsettled and unsatisfactory one. No sooner, therefore, had Earle Elfenstein retired to his library, after his lonely supper, and become deeply interested in a book, that a severe thunder shower, now steadily speeding toward them, ushered in, by muttered thunder, and zig-zag lightning, than rat-tat-tat, came at the door, and a call for services about two miles off.

"Well," he thought, as he vaulted upon his faithful horse Sultan, "I can, perhaps, have a view of his ghostship on our way back, if we hasten."

He touched his horse and sped off in the darkness. Before reaching the home of his patient, the storm was indeed over him.

He lingered fully an hour, hoping it would abate, but instead, its fury seemed to increase with every breath. His patient had fallen into a quiet sleep, and he was anxious to be off. Donning his rubber coat, with its protecting hood well drawn over his hat, he started homeward.

Pitchy darkness he encountered all the way, relieved only by the vivid flashes of lightning that darted hither and thither, over the inky sky, while the wind, eerie like, soured through the tall trees of the grounds surrounding Glendenning Hall; then, seeming to gather force with each lull, broke loose again into fury, lashing, and thrashing the branches in a fearful manner.

Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning caused his horse to shy to one side, while a crash of thunder almost appalled him. Raising his eyes instinctively towards the sky, they fell by accident upon the windows of the Haunted Tower.

keep up the superstitious notoriety such a mystery would bring upon a place.

Finding sleep impossible, the doctor again arose and, drawing aside the curtain from the window, gazed forth into the darkness of the night. But while the storm still raged furiously, and the sky was shrouded by an inky pall, no light appeared from the direction of the hall to whisper forebodingly of the specter of the tower.

The young physician soon found himself pursuing another and an entirely different train of thought. This time the storm passing before his eyes was transferred to the wildly lashed and foaming billows of the sea. His peaceful home had changed to the cabin of an ocean steamer, and the goblin of night into the graceful form of Ethel Nevergail, his lovely fellow passenger of a few weeks before.

Ah, beautiful, lost Ethel! How he longed to see her, to speak to her, to hear her, but he knew that for him such a pleasure would never again be, so with a weary sigh he dropped the curtain and turned to his pillow, but not to sleep even, but to toss around, and strive in vain to banish from his mind thoughts of the girl who had unconsciously succeeded in leaving so indelible an impression upon his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Sir Reginald Glendenning dashing in a wild and furious way, while in a fit of vexation, down the ramble or carriage way leading from the Hall. The horse he sat upon was almost a colt, very wild and fiery, and as he had not been ridden for several days was particularly spirited on this memorable morning.



THE RIDER WAS DASHED UPON A PILE OF STONES.

What terrific spectacle was this that met his eyes?

The words of the boy were fully confirmed; the most horrid creature fancy could picture was surely dancing just within the tower in full, plain view. A hideous figure was jumping up and down, amid a glare of what seemed sulphurous light, while every now and then it sank down only to reappear, going through the same wild motions and capers, each one appalling enough to strike terror to the hearts of the superstitious beholder.

But Dr. Elfenstein was by no means a superstitious man. Ghosts, goblins, specters, all were to him mere vagaries of a crazed brain. Therefore, while startled and horrified for one moment by this singular apparition, the next, he coolly reined in his horse, and thus stood still, calmly contemplating the scene.

While still sitting there upon the back of his horse, lost in conjecture, the demoniacal hobgoblin, apparition, or whatever the evil genius of the Haunted Tower might be called, dropped from sight; the strange, lurid light disappeared; darkness reigned over the place, except as revealed by the lightning flashes, and the puzzled but undaunted physician was free to urge his horse onward once more towards the peaceful cottage that he called his home.

Once within the cheerful shelter of the library, he seated himself beside the table, drew nearer the wax candles, and again took up his book to read another chapter before retiring for the night. But he soon found that reading was impossible, for ever before the page flitted the implish figure he had seen, with its horns, its flaming eyes and hideous contortions. Closing the book then he leaned his head against the tall back of his chair, and thought long and deeply. At the close of his cogitations, as he laid himself down upon his bed for the night, one result alone was reached, namely:

"There had been a murder committed years before within Glendenning Hall, and the murderer was still unknown and at large. For some unaccountable reason the tower was made to appear in the possession of evil spirits by some parties, also unknown."

In his soul Dr. Elfenstein believed the dreadful apparition he had himself witnessed that night was the work of some wicked person, wrought out, probably, to

evident by groans, mingled with curses, the doctor hastened to reply to an impatient demand, to know the exact truth.

"I am happy to inform your lordship that the injuries, while severe, are not necessarily fatal," was the honest reply. "Shall I soon be over them?" was the next question that issued anxiously from the pale lips of the sufferer.

"You will not, I am grieved to inform you. Your hip is so injured that you will be helpless for weeks, nay, months, while your spine also has received a terrible wrench."

"Doctor, I cannot lie here a single night; I must get up, and go around my house," returned the patient in great excitement, striving to raise himself in vain, while great drops of perspiration gathered upon his pale brow.

"You see yourself that it is impossible. You must obey orders, and lie perfectly quiet, if you ever expect to walk again."

"I tell you I cannot lie here," shouted the sufferer, in the greatest agony of mind. "You don't know what you say when you demand it. I must, I will be around by night. It is of vital importance."

"I cannot help it. The dealings of Providence are mysterious, but also are inevitable. Your hip is broken; your spine is injured, and you are a prisoner for months," was the doctor's serious but firm reply.

"Doctor, answer me one question, and, at your peril, answer truly. Is there danger of delirium? Will my mind give way under this awful pain?"

"I think not. Your constitution is a good one, and your nervous system not at all shattered; but of course I do not say for a certainty, as these things are beyond a physician's knowledge."

"If there is the least danger of that within twenty-four hours I must know it, as I have business of vital importance to transact."

"There is no danger within that time, rest assured; so try and calm yourself, for the sake of your friends," returned the doctor.

Sir Reginald was silent a moment; then his eyes rested half inquiringly upon his weeping wife and niece, then fixed themselves, as if in deep study, upon the face of his nephew, while bitter sighs escaped his white, trembling lips.

"Drink this, my dear sir, and it will, I hope, relieve you," said the doctor at last, advancing to his side with some liquid medicine in a glass.

"Answer, first, will it deaden thought? If it will I cannot swallow it, as I have a terrible problem to be solved before my mind can rest," was the strange reply.

"Drink it. It may soothe pain, but I assure you, not prevent reflection."

So the trembling baronet swallowed the potion, and then became silent and thoughtful. Dr. Elfenstein waited until he saw his patient calmed and more pliable, then proceeded to replace the bone of the broken hip and arrange the sufferer in the position most important for the success of his surgery.

After giving explicit directions to Lady Constance and Mrs. Fredon, an old family nurse, for his further treatment, he withdrew, promising to return by evening.

No sooner had the door closed upon his retiring form than Sir Reginald ordered every soul to leave the room except Lady Constance, merely explaining to the wondering ones that he must consult his wife upon a matter of importance.

"Constance," said he, when he saw that his order had been obeyed and that they were alone. "Go to my library and get me from the locked drawer of my bookcase, a letter which lies upon the very top. The key you will find in my vest pocket."

Lady Constance instantly did as he directed, and the letter from his dead sister was once more in his hand. This time he read it in a different mood. Instead of anger, one could see intense satisfaction in his eager eyes.

"Now, I will tell you the request made of me in this letter," and he repeated to her the words read by his niece and nephew, as they stealthily possessed themselves of its contents. "This girl needs a home for a few months. I need some private assistance, and you need some person to aid you and the nurse in taking care of me, or at least, in amusing me. If this Ethel is willing to do as I wish, I will pay her for her services well, and thus my sister's desires will be carried out. What say you to the arrangement?"

"I am perfectly willing to acquiesce in what you think best," was the meek reply of the wife.

"Then give me a paper and pencil while I write a telegraphic dispatch. 'There,' said he, handing her the following message, addressed to the person alluded to:

"Sir Glendenning is ill. You can be useful here if you wish, so come instantly. Answer. Will be met at station."

"Call the coachman; tell him to take Jerry and go with all speed to the office and see that this is sent at once. Have him wait for an answer."

A short time elapsed only, when Matthew returned with this message: "I will come to you on the four o'clock train."

A few words concisely written, but on them hung a long train of terrible events that the movements of the dread future could alone unfold.

(To be continued.)

"Gulling" the Public.

Plovers' eggs are now in season, and the managers of the few remaining galleries of the United Kingdom are doing their best to keep the market supplied, says the London Sporting Dramatic News. One gallery never sends less than 2,000 gulls' eggs to London every spring, and these are all retailed to a credulous public as the eggs of lapwings. Of course, the men in the trade know better, and equally, of course, they pay nominal prices and make big profits.

Speaking terms are to be found on a card in the telephone booth.

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Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Nothing Do!

"Just one kiss, dear, before I go," pleaded the young physician. "None of that for me, thank you," rejoined the fair maid. "I don't like the idea of having a doctor's bill thrust under my nose."

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. Wood*

The Strenuous Life.

Sentimental Sue—Isn't it just too lovely for anything to get engaged? Tantalizing Tess—Yes; it's almost as exciting as a bargain counter rush.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. It cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Less than 7 per cent of the power used in manufacturing plants in the United States is electric.

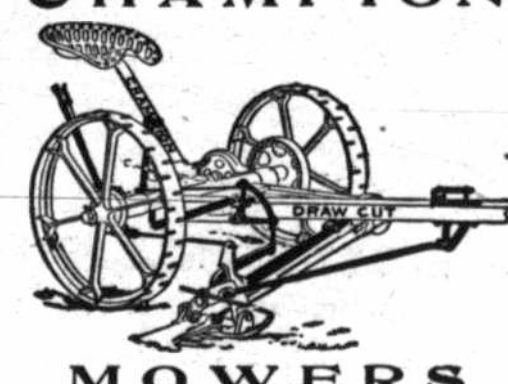
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—Thomas A. Kempis.

FITS Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 537 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them.—Colton.

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