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Young men and women with business training find positions everywhere. Go to Northwest's largest Business College, BEHNKE-WALKER, Portland, Ore. All courses. Positions guaranteed. Write for free illustrated catalog.

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Do Your Own Plumbing  
By buying direct from us at wholesale prices and save the plumber's profits. Write us today your needs. We will give you our rock-bottom "direct-to-you" prices. L. o. b. rail or boat. We actually save you from 10 to 35 per cent. All goods guaranteed.  
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Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Itchy Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rest—Refresh—Relieve. Myrtle is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your Myrtle eye cream as your eyes need with the same regularity. CARE FOR THEM—YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES. Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Myrtle Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

**DAISY FLY KILLER.** placed anywhere, kills flies, mosquitos, gnats, etc. Lasts all season. Made of natural, safe, and effective ingredients. Guaranteed effective. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, prepaid for \$1.  
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**The Frog.**  
"Please don't call me Frog," said the little boy whose nickname was Frog.  
"Frog means a good jumper," the other boy answered.  
"Yes," said the first one, "but I don't swaller my skin."—Indianapolis News.

**You Know the Kind.**  
"What kind of a fellow is he?"  
"Oh, he's the kind of a fellow who goes out for a walk with you and then tells you how democratic he is; not afraid to be seen with anybody."—Ex.

**Flattered.**  
"I hear, Mr. Catts, that you said I was a wall flower at the ball." "My dear Miss Passy, I remarked that you were among the conspicuous mural ornaments of the occasion." "Oh, Mr. Catts, now that's something different, but you flatter me."—

**Lingers on the Job.**  
Mrs. Casey—When that young man of Maggie's calls evenings, he stays hours an' hours an' thin she has a hard time gettin' him t' leave th' house.  
Casey—Shure, that's natural, Mike's a ploomber an' his father before him wor a ploomber.—Boston Transcript.

**ANNOUNCEMENT OF ADVANCE IN PRICE**  
**VAUGHAN'S PORTABLE DRAG SAW**  
4 H. P. Now \$145; Sept. 15 will be \$155  
The Lightest and Strongest Drag Saw made—Can be Operated by One Man and Carried by Two Men.  
Vaughan Motor Works, MAINE  
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**VALUABLE AS GREEN FODDER**

Opinion of Growers of Sudan Grass is That It Will Largely Take Place of Millet and Sorghum.  
Most of the earlier accounts of Sudan grass failed to make clear that this new crop is nothing more or less than a fine-stemmed, nonsaccharine sorghum. It has most of the characteristics of the ordinary sorghum, and its requirements as regards soil and climate are similar except that the Sudan grass differs from sorghums by maturing earlier and having such fine stems that it is readily cured into hay.

Experiments made at the Kentucky state station in 1915 produced a crop of eight tons per acre of dry hay in



Sudan Grass in Texas.

two cuttings. This exceptionally high yield was made possible by unusually fertile soil and good culture. The plots were drilled about the middle of May, using 20 to 25 pounds of seed to the acre, seeded with an ordinary grain drill.

The first crop was cut when the Sudan grass was fully headed, and the second crop in time to avoid the first frost.

Where Sudan grass has been grown for two or three years it is the opinion of the growers that it will largely take the place of millet and sorghum for fodder purposes, and also be valuable as a green fodder to cut for supplementing pasture.

**Hurrah! How's This**  
Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Ouch! ? ! ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callous stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callous dries up and lifts right off without pain.  
He says freezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callous from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.

**Not Her Fault.**  
Aunt Mira— I shan't take you to the seashore this summer, Edith. Last year during the two months you spent there you were engaged to half a dozen different men.  
Niece—But, auntie, what could I do? I'd hardly got engaged to one young man before his vacation would be over and he'd have to go back to the city, and that's the way it went. It was just horrid. You can see it wasn't my fault.—Boston Transcript.

**Misapplied Adage.**  
"I amassed by industry the fortune which you squander in idleness," said the reproachful father.  
"Well," replied the gilded youth, "that's the rule. Business before pleasure."—Washington Star.

**A La Carnegie.**  
Mr. Millyuns— I will give you my daughter, sir, if you will promise to maintain her afterwards.  
Suitor— Heavens! You talk as though you were giving away a free public library.—Boston Transcript.

**FIERY RED PIMPLES**  
That Itch and Burn Are Usually Eczematous—Cuticura Quickly Heals.  
It needs but a single hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to the most distressing, disfiguring eczemas, itchings and burnings to prove their wonderful properties. They are also ideal for every-day toilet uses. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**SHEEP'S CLOTHING**  
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
Author of "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," Etc.  
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**CHAPTER XV—Continued.**

It certainly looked all right; no question about that woman being straight goods. Of course Lydia might have been decent enough to write a more explicit excuse to "Dear Peter" instead of "Dear Mr. Traft;" but then, a correspondence card conveyed through the hands of a third person with whom the dear girl couldn't feel well acquainted—

"Where to, sir?"  
Peter came out of morose reverie to find himself hesitating beside the taxi. "I'll be darned if I do!" Peter replied hotly.

"What's that?"  
"Oh, beg pardon—no offense—was thinking. Just wait, please," Peter threw himself back into the cab, slamming the door. "Rotten fix," he grumbled. "Why, she said she'd come back."

Regarding the note critically, he enunciated a somber doubt, "Don't believe she wrote you. It's all a plant."  
The handwriting was unmistakably that of a woman of culture. How was he to say it wasn't Lydia's hand, who had never seen a scrap of it?

He would have kissed it, could he have been sure.

Through the forward window he commanded a perspective of the southerly sidewalk as far as to Madison avenue, where a surface car, swinging up-town, hesitated with grinding brakes, and then rumbled on.

A moment later the shadowy shape of a man darted across the street and toward the taxicab, and Peter recognized Craven's characteristic gait. But for that he wouldn't have known the man, who was all but disguised to eyes that had never beheld him out of dress clothes after nightfall—Craven wearing a bowler with a shabby, flapping raincoat, at a midnight hour, was a sight unprecedented.

Peter sat up. Barely in time a devious thought engaged his fancy, and he acted on it promptly. Ready to his hand rested the mouthpiece of a flexible speaking tube, ending in a fixed earpiece close by the chauffeur's head. "Five dollars," Peter said distinctly into the mouthpiece, "if you don't let on I'm inside, in case this man questions."

The chauffeur didn't even signify he had heard, so positive became his immobility at sound of those magic syllables, "Five dollars."

Hastily Peter dragged his overcoat across the bosom of his shirt and crowded himself into the corner nearest the curb.

Bearing out his premonition, Craven stopped to speak to the chauffeur—and the eavesdropper cursed bitterly to hear no more than the confused grumble of their voices.

Then without the least warning the car shot away at a round pace westward.

Simmering with profanity, Peter seized the speaking tube to bellow a demand for incontinent halt; but on second thought permitted the car to round into Madison avenue before he gave the order.

Again at pause, this time halfway down the avenue block, the cab ejected an infuriated fare.  
"What the blank did you do that for?"

"Why in blank shouldn't I?" the chauffeur demanded as hotly. "You told me not to let on, didn't you? Here—come through with that five!"

Choking, Peter found his money, disbursed. "How did it happen?"

"Why the old gink says, did I bring a young lady and was I waitin' for her, and I says yes, an' he slips me three bones—the clock says two-forty—and says to clear out, I won't be needed. And what did you want me to do about that, seen' you didn't want him to know you was inside?"

"Oh, all right," said Peter wearily. "You did precisely the right thing. Only—I didn't quite understand." He eyed perplexedly the colored lights of a drug store across the way.

"Well, what's the good word now, boss? If you're done with me, I'm on my way."

"No," Peter insisted, "I'm keeping you. Run across the block and wait just out of sight on Park avenue. I'll walk back."

Buttoning topcoat to chin and sacrificing his Bond street topper to the elements, Peter trudged back to Seventy-sixth street, then eastward past number 98, regarding the house aggressively.

It looked down on him now, he thought defiantly, with a touch of contemptuous pity for his impotence to read the riddle of its staid, uncommunicative walls.

Embittered, he walked on to Park avenue, and found his chartered car at the appointed place. Pausing beside it, and ignoring the chauffeur's well-meant advances (stimulated by the romantic notion that this swell young guy was tryin' to beat it with the old duffer's daughter, and had stubbed his toe in the getaway), Peter painfully exorcized the inevitable conclusion that the only thing he could do was wait and watch. He comforted himself a little

with the cold assurance that Craven was now with his daughter. Whatever old Tad's shortcomings, Peter couldn't believe he would suffer a hair of Lydia's innocent head to be harmed. Only—

What the deuce was keeping the two of them there so long?

Then abruptly a second taxicab swung round one of Park avenue's scrubby little ovals of grass and shrubbery, slid into Seventy-sixth street, checked briefly in front of 98, discharged two passengers, and slipped away toward Madison avenue. Peter recognized something familiar in the association of a long and slender figure with one short and stoutish, as the two dodged hastily into the basement area of number 98 and disappeared.

"Musical comedy rogues," mused the perturbed young man: "the tall thin scoundrel and the short fat sharper; Messrs. Southpaw Smith and Gondon, of course. What in thunder—Confound it! she must be all right! Craven would never let anything happen to her."

He began to fume impotently. No good trying the front door again.

Then he thought of consulting Quoin by telephone, and had started back through Seventy-sixth street toward the corner drug store, when a taxicab shot round from the avenue, passed at a sharp clip, and immediately slid to a smart stop, while the door swung open and a man, jumping out, hailed sharply:

"Peter!"  
"Quoin—thank heaven! How in the name of wonder—"

"Found Craven had left the Great Eastern, taxied back to the Margrave, got the address Miss Craven gave from the carriage porter. Luckily you made such a sensation bolting after her taxi that it had fixed the number in the fellow's memory. Now what's up?"

Briefly Peter detailed the inconclusive and unsatisfactory circumstances of his vigil.

"In through the basement, you say?" Quoin pondered this darkly. "Looks like a move to trick somebody—Craven, at a guess. Come along."

Grasping Peter's arm, the detective trotted him rapidly back toward number 98.

"What are you going to do?"  
"Let developments guide us."  
"You mean to try to get in?"  
"No; I mean to get in," Quoin corrected grimly.

"How'll you make 'em admit you?"  
"Don't know precisely, as yet. But we're going to find out something—we're going to see Miss Craven and get her personal assurance she's all right, or raise the deuce of a row in this quiet neighborhood. Not only that, but I'm still pining for a chat with Craven."

They were ascending the brownstone steps. Quoin rang imperatively.  
"Stand back a moment," he suggested. "Let me do the talking."

Peter had barely time to withdraw to one side when the woman of the house came out through the vestibule and hurriedly opened the outer door.

As it opened Quoin entered. Peter heard him say pleasantly "Good evening, Mrs. Ellsworth," and after that a sort of strangled gasp from the woman. A moment later, Quoin moving on, Peter saw her clearly.

She had fallen back against the closed door, blanched and trembling, destitute now of every shred of her amiable self-possession of half an hour earlier. Her eyes were fixed in terror on Quoin's face. She made an effort to speak, but evoked only a dry, rasping sound.

"You're not ill, I trust, Mrs. Ellsworth?"  
There was a sardonic inflection in Quoin's voice that seemed to Peter a trifle unnecessary.

"I thought," she gasped, and gulped, "I thought you were the doctor."  
"Otherwise you wouldn't have let me in, I presume? Is there anything really serious the matter?"

"Craven"—the woman panted.  
Quoin started with horror. "Craven!" he iterated; then, controlling himself, "I was afraid—something of the sort. You've phoned for a doctor, you say? While we're waiting let me have a look at the poor devil."

**CHAPTER XVI.**

"I am Mrs. Ellsworth—yes," said the woman with the agreeable voice who answered Lydia's ring. "Won't you come in?"

And when Lydia had crossed the threshold Mrs. Ellsworth shut the vestibule door and looked the girl over with smiling interest.

"Miss Craven, I presume?"  
"You were expecting me?"  
"Your father telephoned sometime ago. Would you mind stepping upstairs?"

"But—I have merely a message—"  
"Yes, my dear, I know; but do let me consider it in comfort—upstairs."

Under the soft glow of the electric dome Mrs. Ellsworth's smile and the gracious inclination of her head that invited Lydia anew to ascend the stairway were alike quite irresistible. Lydia found no excuse for refusing; so subdued her impatience, assented with a murmur, and preceded her hostess up the staircase.

"I'm really delighted to know you, Miss Craven. Yes—straight ahead, if you please. But I do need more light to see you by."

Entering the designated room, Mrs. Ellsworth touched a wall switch, adding the illumination of an electric lamp on a desk, and paused to review the girl with her kindly and engaging glance.

"I've known your father for many years," she affirmed, nodding; "and you've much of his charm, my dear,

though you don't resemble him in the least—rather, I fancy, your mother."

"You knew my mother?" Lydia asked eagerly.  
"No. Won't you sit down? No; Tad Craven has always been a confirmed bachelor in everybody's esteem since I've known him. Is it true he means to marry again?"

"Yes," said Lydia; and opening her wrist bag produced Craven's note.  
"No—please don't rise," interrupted Mrs. Ellsworth, crossing to her. "Mr. Craven mentioned this over the wire. Pardon—"

Taking a chair beside the reading lamp, she opened and scanned the message with careless interest. A nod confirmed evident foreknowledge of its contents. Folding the note abstractedly, Mrs. Ellsworth seemed for some moments preoccupied.

But Peter Traft had claims not long to be disregarded, and presently Lydia stirred restlessly, with an inquiring look ready for the eyes that her hostess then lifted from the carpet.

"You've met this—ah—Mrs. Merrilees, no doubt?" Mrs. Ellsworth queried unexpectedly. "Is she then such a beauty as they say?"

"She's very beautiful," Lydia returned, "and I'm very fond of her. But, if you don't mind, Mrs. Ellsworth, I have another appointment; in fact, with Mrs. Merrilees and my father—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear," Mrs. Ellsworth assumed a convincing look of contrition. "So thoughtless of me. I quite forgot to tell you: Mr. Craven wants you to wait for him here, rather than keep the appointment at the Margrave."

The Margrave again!  
"The Plaza," Lydia corrected absently; then in a breath remembered. "I'm sorry," she said, rising, "but I can't wait. If daddy's coming here, he'll get the answer from you personally; so there's no need," here Mrs. Ellsworth rose in her turn. "And—I left a friend waiting in the taxi."

"A friend?"  
It was none of Mrs. Ellsworth's affair, but quite automatically Lydia answered, "Mr. Traft."

"But really hadn't you better wait? I'm sure Mr. Craven won't be long now."

Mrs. Ellsworth was moving slowly toward the door, as if she didn't really expect her objection to avail, an effect heightened by her manner, which continued to be perfect, lacking anything but gracious interest.

Lydia, however, was quite settled in her determination to wait no longer. Craven could lose nothing by being obliged to follow her to the Plaza; and anyway, in all fairness, she owed his wishes little consideration—he who was little enough considerate to her—and below in the taxi all earthly happiness waited.

"I'm sorry," she repeated mechanically. "You're very kind; but I really don't think—"

At this point she was interrupted by a shrill-tongued electric bell downstairs. Mrs. Ellsworth started nervously, eyed the girl furtively with what seemed a trace of doubt, and darted toward the door.

"The telephone!" she said indistinctly. "Forgive me if I—"

Her hand caught the knob as if thoughtlessly; but the slam of the door cut short her words emphatically enough to have awakened her to appreciation, had her act been really thoughtless.

For an instant Lydia paused in amazement. The thing was incredible, preposterous, outrageous!

None the less the door remained obdurately shut, mutely testifying that the incredible was an accomplished fact.

With a little cry of indignation the girl tried the knob. It turned freely, but without engaging the latch. Infuriated, she caught it with both hands, braced a knee against the wall, and pulled with all the strength of her lithe and vigorous young body; but failed to budge the door by so much as a hair's breadth. And the only discoverable keyhole was in the knob itself—a thin, irregular slit for a combination latch-key, lacking which the door, once closed, could never be opened, but only hewed or battered down.

Examination proved the room a veritable stronghold. It had only the one door. The sashes of the two windows were guarded with locks requiring a key; through the panes closed steel blinds with hasps and padlocks were to be seen. There was not a bell button on the walls; and the telephone on the desk yielded no response to the girl's manipulation of the receiver hook—evidently an extension cut off from the main line.

At length Lydia yielded to the inevitable, sat down, composed herself to the best of her ability, and strove to fit some reasonable explanation to this atrocious and high-handed act. There was but three:

She was the victim of a nightmare. Mrs. Ellsworth was insane. Or else Craven had never meant her to restore the necklace to Mrs. Merrilees!

Bending forward, an elbow digging into her knee, her chin clipped between knuckles and palm, her mouth mutinous, her eyes smoldering, a hot spot in each cheek, motionless, Lydia brooded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**The Changing Times.**  
This war is changing all of our oldest institutions. In more peaceful days the typewriter repair man came in, turned a screw, untangled the ribbon, wrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," and went his way.

But times are different. The repair man entered the office this week and wrote: "A quick movement of the enemy will jeopardize six gunboats."—New York Evening Post.

**There's a Heap o' Comfort in a Bottle of**



It's the drink that fits, drunk by thousands everywhere, throughout the Northwest, because it has taste, body and health qualities. Ask your dealer. THE PORTLAND BREWING CO., Portland, Oregon.

**Free trial of Resinol for sick skins**  
Physicians have prescribed Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap for twenty years in the treatment of itching, burning skin-eruptions. Sold by all druggists; for trial free, write to Dept. 1-T, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

**THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS**

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-drawn, can be reduced with

**ABSORBINE**

also other Bunches or Swellings. Noblister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Book \$3 M free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers, \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 403 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

**Scarcity.**  
"Are dancing men scarce this season?"  
"I haven't observed," replied Miss Cayenne. "But with all this demand for soldiers and farmers, I fancy they'd better make themselves so."—Washington Star.

**Social Rivalries.**  
"What's the grouch?"  
"General jealousy," replied the hostess, disconsolately. "The young men are sulking. Each of them started in to be recognized exclusively as the life of the party."—Washington Star.

**Serious Moments.**  
"Did your boy Josh show any enthusiasm on registration day?"  
"No," replied Farmer Cornstassel. "Josh had too much business on his mind to enjoy the luxury of gettin' out an' hollerin'."—Washington Star.

**The Safety Valve.**  
"When a man has sworn off drinking he is usually pretty grumpy for some time afterward."  
"Yes; after swearing off things he usually indulges in a lot of swearing at things."—Boston Transcript.

**MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS**

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my household work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own household work. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

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