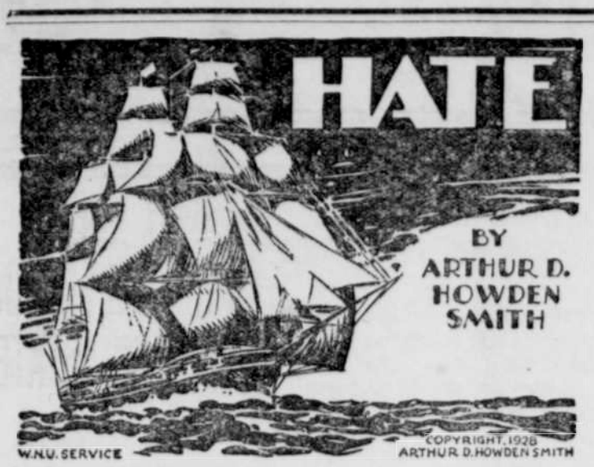

CHAPTER X—Continued

—18—

Fellowes was puzzled, nonplused, by Cara's testimony for him, the more so, as Sopher twittered immediately:

"Ah, then the case is simplified! Two witnesses, two impartial witnesses, should nullify any attempt at prosecution. But I will, with your permission, Lion, proceed to take depositions, and draw them up in due order. 'Tis a safeguard—"

"We have more important work to do than accounting for the death of that scoundrel," Fellowes interrupted sternly. And for the first time he looked Cara in the eye, disturbed by the directness of her gaze, the absence of any indication of a sense of guilt. "I am under a certain embarrassment, ma'am," he continued, trying to keep his voice level, to hide from her the distraction her mere presence caused in him. "I must ask you to pledge me your word of honor you and your attendant have no documents or papers upon your persons."

"We have none," she replied readily.

"And your luggage? I am loath to search it."

"You'll find naught, sir, of any import."

"You say this upon your word of honor?"

"Upon my word of honor," she repeated haughtily. "I am, whatever my sins, not one to practice lies, sir."

Ben Inglepin hemmed fussily.

"Since we are upon the subject, Captain Fellowes," he remarked, "I will give you my word of honor that no documents, other than those of a strictly business nature, are comprised in my effects."

"Then what is the purpose of your voyage, Mr. Inglepin?"

"'Tis revealed in the ship's papers," Ben answered with new-found suavity. "A commercial venture to Spain. I am persuaded the war will soon be ended, and am anxious to establish satisfactory connections with Spanish clients against that eventuality."

Miss Inglepin abruptly gave them her back, and Fellowes conceived a suspicion that she meant by this action to divorce herself from connection with her father's assertion.

"I am compelled to doubt you, Mr. Inglepin," he returned. "I must detain you on deck while your luggage is examined."

The merchant shrugged his shoulders, somewhat light-heartedly, Fellowes imagined, his bearing similar to that he had displayed at Chater's house. But the realization that his task would not be easy only stiffened the Long Islander's determination.

"Cuffee," he called, and when the negro approached: "You are responsible for these three people. Keep them here until I release you."

"Yah, Mars'r Fellowe'. Yo' look fo lettah?"

"Yes." Some quality in Cuffee's tone made Fellowes expectant. "Why?"

"Yo' wait fo' see, Mars'r. Yo' no fin' him lettah below, Cuffee make juju fo' him."

Going through the True Bounty's clearance papers, manifest and log, and ransacking the contents of Chater's desk and locker, Fellowes was disposed to favor the employment of all the juju at Cuffee's command. After Ben Inglepin's cabin had been searched with equal unsuccess, he called in the Centurion's hands to hunt for loose floorboards or concealed wall closets; and they tore the cabin to pieces—quite fruitlessly.

Frustrated at each point he assailed, Fellowes was striding the fo'c's'le deck, cudgeling his wits for some nook or cranny he hadn't attempted, when Tom Grogan accosted him.

"Cuffee'll have a word with ye, Cap'n."

"About what?"

"I dunno, but he's mortal itchin' for it. Wants to know can he bring his pris'ners for'ard?"

Recalling the negro's talk of juju, Fellowes' interest was awakened.

"Tell him to come along, Tom," he directed.

And presently, Cuffee shepherded the Inglepins and the duenna to the fo'c's'le.

"Him big debbil—" Cuffee nodded to Ben Inglepin—"sweat plenty ebery time yo' walk on fo'c's'le, Mars'r."

"Yes?" Fellowes prompted.

"Cuffee make juju, Mars'r. Juju tell Cuffee him lettah been on fo'c's'le."

Fellowes look sidewise at Inglepin. There were tiny beads of moisture on the merchant's forehead, despite the evening cool. Cara, however, seemed serenely indifferent, and the duenna was content to click away at her beads.

"Sir, this is nonsense," protested Ben. "Will you permit a superstitious negro to incommode persons, who, for no fault of their own, happen to be in your power?"

"Where are these papers concealed?" Fellowes demanded sternly.

"Papers? Why, you have had access to all we possess."

Cara Inglepin turned away with a faint sigh. Cuffee, wandering softly about the deck, touched various objects with his hands, his eyes, close-lidded, darting snakily at the merchant's face, his lips moving in a guttural refrain:

No him bowsprit!
No him capstan!
No him pawl!
No him hawse-pipe!
No him—

"Oh, my aunt, Mars'r Fellowe'! Him lettah in anchor-stock!"

Fellowes stared unbelievingly, but the negro pointed to Inglepin's gaping consternation while with his other hand he pulled out a plugged section in the end of one of the balks of timber that stocked the heavy bow anchors.

"My God!" exclaimed Ben.

Cara's face was devoid of feeling, but she stepped forward beside her father, squarely in front of Fellowes.

"I knew not its hiding place," she said icily, "since I refused longer to be concerned with secrecy. But 'twas I, no less than my father, who drew up that paper, and secured the signatures. And I am responsible for having interested Lord Wellington and the Prince Regent's ministers—"

Ben Inglepin emitted a groan of despair.

"Oh, have done, have done," he begged. "Are we not sufficiently exposed to this man, who would ruin us? I tell you, Cara, he and your uncle will see us hung!"

"And if we merit it, shall we complain?" she retorted. "We have made a cast, Father. Let us not weep for having lost."

From the cavity in the anchor-stock Cuffee produced a thick roll of oiled silk. It was on Fellowes' tongue to tell the negro to toss it in the sea, but Joshua's voice rang in his ears, Joshua's face, so absurdly like Ben's, appeared before his eyes. Hate! If you'll only hate enough! And after all, he had been given a trust.

"Hand it here, Cuffee," he said in a voice that was strange to him.

The scroll, inside the covering, was written in a bold, free script, and the import of its message took his breath away:

To the Right Hon. The Lord Liverpool, K. G., H.M.'s Prime Minister
My Lord:

Your petitioners, political representatives of the Federalist Party in the United States, and in especial, those sections of the Party established in New England and New York, do represent and make manifest—

Fellowes flipped through the pages to the end. Page after page of names. Names of senators, of representatives, of state officials, of those high in commerce, in the law and in the church.

Cara Inglepin nodded sadly, partly to herself, partly to him.

"That is the Federalist party," she said. "And they are Americans, Captain Fellowes, no more than Americans who disagree with you."

Fellowes gritted his teeth.

"They are traitors," he disputed her. "Your errand was treason of the blackest."

Ben Inglepin cried out in agony:

"Not treason! No, no! We want peace. Oh, d—n Jos!"

"Let us damn nobody, Father," Cara interrupted. "Treason or no, we need not be ashamed, for what we did we intended honorably."

She had pluck, this girl, Fellowes owned, but resolutely he curbed the admiration she inspired, bowing coldly, implacably.

"If it please you, ma'am! I must remove you all to the Centurion. Will you show the men your luggage?"

She smiled, and he had an uncomfortable sensation that she pitied him.

"It does not please me, sir; but I'll be a docile prisoner. Come, Father!"

She spoke in Portuguese to the duenna, and the three walked past him, Ben Inglepin with dragging feet, Cara lightly under the weight of her greatcoat, the duenna flashing a quizzical stare from her jetty eyes. Surely, the fat woman mocked him! But why? And why should Cara Inglepin, who shortly must answer at the bar to a charge of high treason, pity him who had taken her? Ah, and why should he ask himself such questions? What did they matter? He had won; he had his vengeance. He and Joshua would crush these people as—as—Cuffee's twenty-four-pound shot should crush the Badger.

Yes, crush the Badger, crush Collishawe, crush these people—crush them all. All! He must hate her the more vigorously because she smiled, because she pitied him, because she knew how desperately he tried to hate.

He stifled a groan.

"A fire under each hatch, Cuffee," he ordered. "I can't spare hands for another prize—not with the Badger to fight."

Cuffee crowed delightedly.

"Dis Chater ship him make plenty big fire. Oh, my aunt, we see him too long time off. Whoosh! Him buhn to sky. Yah, yah, yah!"

So hatred burned, Fellowes thought, annihilating, all-consuming, destroying even the soul that kindled it.

CHAPTER XI

Stormy Seas

Silence cloaked the Centurian as a twist of flame flickered up from the True Bounty's for'ard hatch. There was something portentious in the spectacle which impressed the roughest sailors. This was no ordinary act of destruction. It partook of the character of an execution, the condign punishment of a guilty fabric. The ship was dying, as her master had died, as perhaps her owners should die, in retribution for the offense of which she had been a part.

The Inglepins, standing apart on the brig's poop, watched with a kind of sorrowful fascination. When the masts of the dying ship crashed over side, and a murmur of comment broke the silence on the Centurion, Cara caught her breath and Ben Inglepin's lips framed a curse.

Fellowes, eyeing his prisoners uneasily, fancied there was something symbolical for them in the True Bounty's fate, but the punishment of the ship would be accomplished in much simpler fashion than the punishment he must see dealt to them. Soon, very soon, the charred remnants of the True Bounty would be rent asunder, and she would cease to be. But for Cara and her father remained all the long-drawn agony of public disgrace, the rancor of factional hostility, the torment of the law's delays. Surely, a punishment sufficient to satisfy any hatred, even Joshua's. Yes, even his own—except that it didn't. Perhaps nothing ever would. At the moment, he realized, he hated Chater dead as much as he had Chater living.

Ben Inglepin's voice, fretfully insistent, pierced his reflections.

"Captain Fellowes! Have you not some corner to which my daughter may retire? 'Tis insufferable she should be kept on deck."

"I have arranged that she and her attendant shall occupy my cabin," Fellowes interrupted. "You, sir, may have the quarters of my second lieutenant. You will be restricted to the after cabin and the poop. Am I plain, sir?"

"Sufficiently," Ben assented, flushing. "May we go below, then?"

"Within the limits prescribed," rejoined Fellowes.

Turning on his heel as the Inglepins left the poop, he saw that the True Bounty was gone. Only the frosty glimmer of the stars relieved the darkness.

For Fellowes the voyage now was irksome almost beyond bearing. He was impatient to come up with the Badger, and the inevitable daily contact with Cara embarrassed and harassed him. And Ben Inglepin, too, was continually in evidence, a set look on his plump face as he stared into the gray mists that hid the west. Only the duenna remained invisible, keeping to the after-cabin in all weathers, her presence indicated by occasional gargantuan rumbles when the seasickness visited her. Yet Fellowes sensed that in some mysterious fashion of her own the fat woman maintained a surveillance upon all that occurred aboard the privateer.

One and all, the men of the Centurian were admirers of Cara. Sorry for her, perhaps, pitying her plight, old Noggie and Spencer very paternal; Breed and Noggie's sons and nephew and O'Shaughnessy, the surgeon, ardent in varying degrees; Nimrod Sopher pompously devoted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Opportunity Seized by Men of Small Caliber

Let this fact sink into your mind—it is the non-commissioned officers of life who hurt, and against whom resentment is felt. The foremen and the petty overseers; the small men with near horizons and no vision beyond; the little go-betweens who have acquired the habit of tyranny—these form the grit of the machinery of industry.

Sometimes they are for the bosses and make life hell for the men under them. Sometimes they stand for rebellion against the higher direction, but invariably their objective is power. They are ready to adopt the shibboleths of either side so long as they gain authority thereby.

If they learn the trick of oratory they become leaders on one side or the other, not because they possess the intrinsic qualities of leadership, but because they are pleasingly vocal.

Nor is this phenomenon peculiar to any class. Oratory has passed for statesmanship in every phase and every period of our political history, and many a man has risen to the governance of state with no other qualifications than his aptitude for epigrams and sonorous peroration.—Edgar Wallace in "People."

Wisdom From Plutarch

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.—From Dryden's translation of Plutarch's Lives Plutarch (46-120 A. D.) (?), in "Life of Sertorius."

U. S. LEADS AT NAVY MEET

Henry L. Stimson.

London.—Henry L. Stimson, American secretary of state, is in the limelight at the five-power naval reduction meet here, and is regarded as one of the most important representatives attending the session. Secretary Stimson is in daily conferences with other leading diplomats, who are at the conference which is expected to take definite action on the world's naval equipment within the next few days.

TARIFF BILL SOON TO BE OUT OF WAY

Leaders Predict Passage of Measure in Three Weeks.

Washington.—End of the long drawn out tariff battle in the senate now appears to be definitely in sight. Having finally succeeded in disposing of committee amendments to all schedules, except a few temporarily passed over, the senate is nearly ready to turn to individual amendments.

It is expected that the three weeks remaining before the middle of February will be sufficient for consideration of these amendments and for final passage of the bill.

Some of the leaders are optimistic enough to think the bill may be passed within two weeks, while a few senators, having become pessimistic on all phases of the tariff, doubt if it can be passed before March.

Passage of the bill by the senate will by no means dispose of the controversy. Three or four weeks or more will be required to adjust differences in the senate and house bills in conference. Members of congress will consider themselves lucky if a new law reaches the statute books by March or April.

The tariff bill already has been pending in congress for more than a year, hearings having been commenced by the house ways and means committee early in January, 1929. The house passed the bill in May.

The coalition of Democrats and radicals is preparing to present numerous individual amendments to reduce duties on industrial products which were not involved in the finance committee amendments, which thus far have had precedence.

The question of a duty on cement is one of the principal controversies yet to be decided. The house bill imposed a duty on cement, which now is on the free list, and the senate finance committee approved the house rate. Inasmuch as the house bill paragraph was not amended by the finance committee the matter did not come up during the consideration of committee amendments to the earths and earthenware schedule. An amendment will be offered to restore cement to the free list. Most of the senators who voted to put lumber and shingles back on the free list are expected to vote similarly on the cement item.

Eielson Wreck Is Found; Rescuers Hunt Bodies

Seattle.—Buried deep in the snow, ten miles inland from the desolate Siberian coastline, has been found the wrecked plane of Lieut. Carl Ben Eielson, blazer of air trails through the Arctic and Antarctic wastes.

But the fate of Eielson and his mechanic, Earl Borland, was a secret the frozen north was keeping to itself.

The cabin of their plane was not damaged in the crash that tore the engine, a wing and a tail from the body.

Their food supply sufficient for thirty days, was in the cabin, untouched. And Eielson and Borland, searchers believe cannot possibly be alive.

Eielson and Borland have been missing since November 9.

Order Embargo Against Parrots

Washington.—President Hoover issued an executive order placing an embargo against importation of parrots from any foreign country in an effort to prevent further cases of parrot fever.

Olympic Bids Are Sent

Los Angeles.—Invitations have been sent out by William May Garland, president of the tenth Olympic games committees, to 62 countries to send athletes to the 1932 games.

PLAN FOR HEARINGS ON DRY LAW REPEAL

Open Discussion February 12 on Seven Resolutions.

Washington.—Representative George S. Graham, chairman of the house judiciary committee and Republican of Pennsylvania, announced that his committee would not only begin hearings on February 12 on seven resolutions now before the house to repeal the Eighteenth amendment, but would figuratively "take off the lid" and permit general discussion on various amendments to modify the Volstead act.

Both wet and dry leaders of the country will be permitted to appear before the committee, the chairman announced. There are more than a score of resolutions pending before the house for modifications which would permit light wines and beer.

A general wide open discussion of the whole of prohibition is seen in Representative Graham's announcement. Hearings are likely to be interminable unless curbed and are certain to run the entire gamut of the wet and dry problem.

Mr. Graham is regarded as a "liberal" in prohibition matters. His decision to open up the important house committee to general discussion means that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, and others of equal prominence in national anti-prohibition circles could be permitted to appear, together with leading drys.

Hearings on the seven resolutions to repeal the Eighteenth amendment will mark the first time such action has been taken in congress since the amendment was adopted.

The house judiciary committee faces also a demand from Senator William E. Borah, Republican of Idaho, for a thorough probe of prohibition enforcement methods which, in the opinion of many, could hardly avoid developing into a general survey of the wet and dry problem. The senator has not yet acted, however.

Representative Graham's move on the house side came at a time when another committee chairman, Representative Charles Christopherson, Republican of South Dakota, was announcing that his committee, dealing with the Wickersham law enforcement commission's juryless trial proposals, would eliminate from the bill now before it, any implied threat, that refusal to plead guilty to minor offenses before United States commissioners would lay the accused open to Jones law liabilities.

Representative Christopherson, himself a lawyer and author of the proposed bill, said the measure would prevent district attorneys from proceeding to grand juries with information of slight violations first placed before the commissioners and upon which defendant refused to plead guilty.

The Jones law leaves to the discretion of district attorneys and grand juries to say what constitutes "casual or slight" violations of the national prohibition law. "If the casual or slight violator demands a jury trial," said Representative Christopherson, "the district attorney must place before the grand jury an entirely new set of evidence to bring indictment and liability to the Jones law penalties."

The house committee, considering transfer of enforcement machinery from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, voted 10 to 7 to leave control of industrial alcohol with Secretary Mellon's department.

WASHINGTON BRIEFS

The Department of Commerce has issued an order that transport planes must fly at altitudes of not less than 500 feet.

Richard Hagel, for 53 years postmaster at Gypsum, Ohio, was nominated by President Hoover for reappointment.

A new 5-cent air mail stamp to be issued February 10, replacing the current bicolored stamp, is announced by the Post Office department.

The Colton bill authorizing President Hoover to appoint a commission to make a study of the public land problem was passed by the house.

Fred M. Dearing, minister to Portugal, has been chosen for ambassador to Peru and will be succeeded at Lisbon by John G. South of Kentucky, President Hoover announced.

The senate passed the Elliott bill to increase the federal road aid expenditures from $75,000,000 annually to $125,000,000 for the next three years.

The Wainwright bill to prevent use of the flag and insignia of the United States for advertising purposes was approved by the house judiciary committee.

7 Burned to Death in Home

Denver.—Seven persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the Martinez home at Frederick, Colo. The victims were Mrs. Pearl Martinez, her five children, and a neighbor, who entered the home in a rescue attempt.

Spain Bans Imported Corn

Madrid.—Importation of corn has been prohibited by a royal decree. It was stated that additional shipments would have created a situation prejudicial to Spain's economic interests.

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

Pasteur's Tremendous Discovery

IN 1683 there lived a curious Dutchman who ground lenses. He scraped some tartar from his teeth, mixed it with water, and examined it under his lens. What he saw was a more astounding sight than that which confronted Balboa, who, from his peak in Darien, saw a lot of water. For ages man had known of the Pacific ocean and millions of men had sailed its deeps; Leeuwenhoek, the Delft lensmaker, was the first human being to see a bacterium.

And the world promptly forgot him and continued for a century and a half to argue "spontaneous generation" and to exorcise devils as causes of disease. It remained for Louis Pasteur (1822-95) to prove the part bacteria play in decay, putrefaction, fermentation, and many other processes until then hidden from the ken of man. Koch, in 1876, proved the casual relation between the bacillus anthracis and the disease anthrax, and in 1882 invented the "solid culture media" for the study of bacteria. Pasteur founded a new science—biology; Koch revolutionized man's attitude toward the world and gave the human race its first rational theory of disease.

Bacteria are so small that almost nothing of their anatomy is known but their shape, and that changes according to circumstances. They not only vary during their life cycle, but as individuals; even abnormal and monstrous forms are found.

Bacteria show amazing vital capacity. They can defy hours of boiling water; their spores can resist a temperature of 212 degrees. Some sulphur bacteria haunt hot springs in water at 190 degrees. Some multiply at freezing point. Typhoid and diphtheria germs will live for days in a temperature of liquid air (284 below zero). Some bacteria have been known to defy liquid hydrogen temperature (464 below zero).

Even more astounding is their capacity to multiply. One becomes two by simple division. The germ of Asiatic cholera can divide every fifteen minutes. Within twenty-four hours one could become 78,700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; but the victim is usually dead in less than twelve hours, killed by the toxins of these prodigious workers. In growing and dividing, they have consumed food and liberated carbon dioxide. They are foreigners in our system, living at our expense and leaving their toxic garbage for us to eliminate.

The air we breathe and the food we eat are full of bacteria, and our body is covered with them. This is not literally true, but it is true enough to emphasize the question: why are they not always and more promptly fatal? Many factors enter into the case. For example, an entire group of bacteria live on our skin, where they are harmless. A scratch or a pin prick opens the skin. Now they are inside our body, but the only damage may be a boil or a pimple. Boils are usually not contagious and rarely fatal. Sometimes they are. It all depends.

Which brings us up to immunity. But note, first, that there are many kinds of immunity—and back of all the same principle: I am either immune or I am not. If I take it or catch it, I am not immune; if I do not take it or catch it, I am immune. But I may go down with it tomorrow! In other words, there are variable factors which will determine my predisposition to infection or my power of resistance against infection: age, hunger, thirst, fatigue, exposure to extremes of heat and cold, are such variable factors.

Even different strains of bacteria vary in their intensity: diphtheria and influenza, for example. There are mild epidemics, there are severe epidemics. Again, certain diseases seem to predispose toward invasion by the germs of other diseases. Acute tuberculosis may follow on the heels of measles; streptococci may invade lungs already occupied by tubercular bacilli. Typhoid fever and pneumonia, diphtheria and scarlet fever, syphilis and gonorrhea, are well known combinations of diseases.

Trypanosoma, the germ of sleeping sickness, is carried by flies from animal to animal. The disease is almost regularly fatal.

By having smallpox we acquire immunity from smallpox, also by vaccination. Against typhoid, from plague and Asiatic cholera, we acquire immunity by vaccination with dead bacteria—"cultures." With a secretion (or excretion) of living bacteria we acquire immunity from diphtheria. In other words, we become actively immune by incorporating into our body "live, virulent bacteria, less virulent bacteria, dead bacteria, bacterial secretions, or bacterial products from broken-down, dead bacteria." An antibacterial serum is a protective; an antitoxin serum is a curative.

Much is known of the "how" of immunity, almost nothing of the "why."

Quinine is specific death for malaria germs; ipecacuanha for the ameba which causes amebic dysentery. Possibly chaulmoogra oil is a specific cure for leprosy; asphenamin ("606") for syphilis, relapsing fever, and yaws; atoxyl, for sleeping sickness. The list of specific cures is pitiably small yet. Bacteriology is new, immunology is newer.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

Feen-a-mint

THE ORIGINAL CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
Feen-a-mint
The Chewing Gum LAXATIVE
No Taste But the Mint
Chew it Like Gum

FOR CONSTIPATION
effective in smaller doses
SAFE SCIENTIFIC

It is a bitter disappointment when you have sown benefits to reap injuries.—Plautus.

If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of good water.

There're Many Like Him

It was a sad day for the neighbors when they had Peter Tumbledown take

FAMILY DOCTOR MADE MILLIONS OF FRIENDS

Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription, which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, headachy, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from herbs and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.

BEST MEDICINE SHE KNOWS OF

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Ft. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown. I had nervous spells until I couldn't do my housework. A lady told me about the Vegetable Compound and it strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."—Mrs. Bertha Rivers, 2014 Polk St., Ft. Meyers, Florida.