AN ACCIDENTAL HERO.

"VINETA JIM'S" ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.

Saving a Herd of Cattle by Mistake—A Daring Indian Escapade—Now a United States Official.

"Vineta Jim" is one of the officials at the Capitol in Washington. He is a man of great versatility and oddities. He is not known as "Vineta Jim" here in Washington, but he is best known by that name down in his home in Tennessee and in certain sections of the West. He has a reputation as a writer, a cowboy and an Indian fighter. By many he is regarded as a great hero. His friends here know him best as a keen wit.

The other day he got confidential with a Star reporter.

"Accident often makes heroes," he said. "Twice in my life I gained some fame. I have enjoyed the sensation of being a hero and have had my courage praised with loud acclaim, but I didn't have the courage to do it. I was all accident. But the fact is that things just happened to me so that I couldn't get out of being a hero, and I made the best of it.

"I went West from Tennessee to make my fortune. I got out on the plains range and was looking for a job. I knew nothing at all about herding cattle. I could ride fairly well, as most Southern men can, and could manage 'most any horse that another man could, but knew nothing about herding cattle, and had no sort of conception of what one of those big Western herds was like.

"I had hardly got into camp among the cowboys on an immense cattle ranch when something happened, and the cry went up that there was a stampede. We were right out on the prairie and the herd of cattle, which was off at some distance, was coming on the jump in our direction. The cowboys jumped on their horses and scattered for high places. I had no idea how serious a thing a stampede of cattle was. I had no conception of the size of the herd and did not realize the danger.

"I rode straight toward the cattle on the dead run, trying to head them off as I would a few cows in a pasture. When I got pretty close to them the thing began to dawn on me. In front of me were thousands of cattle, covering acres of ground, bearing down toward me like a charge of cavalry, fairly making the earth tremble with the stamp of their feet. Their dilated nostrils, great spreading horns, and bulky forms wedged together in a great rushing mass convinced me that I had no business riding heading into them. I wheeled my horse around and put on the dead run. The herd came thundering behind me. At every jump of my horse the bunch of cattle seemed to get bigger. They were right behind me. I was leading the stampede. All at once I thought what would happen if my horse should stumble. I bore off a little to the right to get out of the line of their charge. They followed close in my trail. Still more to the right I bore, but they were directly in my trail. They were following me to a dead certainty, and I could only guess what the finish could be, but I bore off still more to the right. Finally I hit a large heavily rolling ground, and, seeing my chance, I turned quickly behind a ridge and cut out directly to the left along the sunken ground, the ridge hiding me from view. The cattle kept on bearing to the right until they got to running in a great circle and got mixed and wound up in a standstill. When I appeared on the top of a ridge a mile away the cowboys came over to me on the gallop. 'It's the best I ever saw!' cried one of them, slapping me on the shoulder. 'I never saw cattle milled better.'

"I didn't know what he meant, but saw he was pleased, so I said nothing. They were all overwhelming in their praise of my 'milling.' They said I had saved the herd, and took me up in triumph to the owner of the ranch. There was one of the cowboys I knew called Yellow John, who came from the same county I did in Tennessee. I got him aside and asked him what it was all about and what 'milling' was.

"'I kinder thought you didn't know what you were doing,' he said, 'but fion't say a word.' He then explained that 'milling' was leading a stampede herd off their straight, heading course and getting them to run in a circle, so that they would get mixed up and locked in a bunch. Cowboys take the lead of a stampede herd at the risk of their lives to save the herd from destruction or heavy loss; and this is what I had done without intending to.

"I took Yellow John's advice to say nothing, and was made a great hero of. I was at once taken into service, and was the highest paid cowboy on the ranch. With Yellow John's assistance I managed to play out the hand.

"I was still enjoying the glory of this adventure, when in 1862, the Civil war broke out, and Lieutenant Black was ordered to prevent a collision between the two bands of Indians, one under Speche and the other under Chicotah. Lieutenant Black recruited his company with some of the most daring of the cowboys and Yellow John and myself among the rest. The two bands of Indians were advancing toward each other separated by a range of hills, and there were but two passes through which they could go. Lieutenant Black's troops were camped near one of these passes. Across the pass from the camp was an elevation commanding a view of both passes. Yellow John and I were stationed on this elevation to watch the further pass under orders to give the alarm if the Indians made a move.

"Yellow John was on his horse and I was standing with my hand on the saddle. Directly there was a whiz, and an arrow went through the calf of Yellow John's leg, through the saddle thethers and into the horse. It was just enough to set the horse wild, and it dashed off toward the camp. I threw myself into my saddle, lost the reins, and my horse followed that of Yellow John. This happened in an instant. A shower of arrows followed the first one, and they came from between us and the camp. Neither of us had any control over his horse nor any choice of what direction we would take. We knew the Indians were between us and the camp, and that we were dashing right into them, but we had to go where our horses took us. The Indians had refrained from using firearms lest they should alarm the camp. I do not know just what happened, except that the arrows were whizzing about me and I was lying as close to my horse's neck shooting, while the horse was going like all possessed. I rode into camp with a revolver in each hand with all the chambers empty. The troops got out and drove the Indians back, preventing their escape. The next morning I found that both flanks of my horse were powder burnt. I had been shooting straight down into the ground with both hands instead for shooting at the Indians. I was so scared I did not know what I was doing. But I was a great hero. Lieut. Black complimented me on my daring, and it was reported to the department that the escapee of my life had prevented by the daring venture of Vineta Jim and Yellow John—only giving our right names—who had fought their way through and warned the command.

"I did not like to look at Yellow John, and he avoided looking at me when these things were being said."

ABOUT SLEEP WALKERS.

Queer Things about Them and Their Narrow Escapes.

The mention of a sleep walker standing upon the street railway track the other night and barely escaping being run down has brought to the minds of many people incidents in this line that have come under their observation, and it is simply astonishing how general and particular hold, says the Hartford Courant. One person mentions the case of a member of the household who was found wandering about on the housetop, all unmindful of his danger, while the observer was at his wits' end to know how to get him in before he should make a misstep and fall to the ground. Usually the eyes of the somnambulist are wide open, and now and then a story indicates that the vision must be fairly good at times. For instance, a gentleman remembers that when he was a young man an acquaintance was badly given to the habit, and he would often go out into the yard and wander about. One night a number of them lay in ambush for him just to watch his operations. By and by the door opened in a business-like way and out came the young man. He went straightway across the street into a lot where there was a nut tree, and proceeded to pick up nuts and put them in a pile. A few moments at this task and he started toward the house. In spanning the fence he slipped, and while he was in the first act of collecting his knuckles he saw in the darkness the young men who were watching him. Just at that time their appearance so startled him that he fled like a deer. The circumstance was so impressed upon his mind that he never afterward indulged in the habit.

A gentleman told an amusing incident that happened in his early life. He was sure that he could not have been more than 5 or 6 years old at the time. He then found himself at the far end of the long, unfinished chamber where he slept, and usually could not awake sufficiently to find his way to bed again, so one or the other of his parents would hear him crying and come to his rescue. Naturally they got tired of the bother, and no one should be blamed for what followed. As stated, the chamber was an unfinished one, and in place of the guard rail at the danger end of the stairway a number of barrels had been placed. When the night's somnambulist tour culminated—that left a lasting impression on his mind as well as his body—he was near those barrels, and it seemed he was struggling to get through between them, when he surely must be killed by falling down the stairs. The noise aroused the parents, and on this memorable occasion the father visited the chamber, and just in time to save the lad from getting through.

Velvet makes exceedingly pretty dresses for girls. Skirts of velvet with waists of silk or plain materials are approved. A dress of pale blue velvet is made with the skirt perfectly plain, a waist of India silk shirred on a half-fitted lining and a bolero of velvet with trimmings of narrow gold braid are set on flat.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A COMPETITIVE SERMON BY A PROMINENT MINISTER.

"Your Anchors" is the Title of the Thirteenth Sermon in the New York Tabernacle Competition Series—Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon to Sisters.

TEXT: "They cast four anchors out of the stern."—Acts xxvii., 29.

The symbolism of this text is striking and suggestive. Many lives have been shipwrecked for the need of anchors holding them to steadfastness. However deep we may feel the waters to be through which we are sailing, we are often nearer the shoals and reefs than is imagined.

The first anchor which should be thrown out is fixedness of purpose. The inner most secret of successful lives is in the concentration of power along certain definite lines. Paul says, "This one thing I do," and the world will ever do him reverence. Dr. Hudson Taylor says, "This one thing I do," and China is opened as never before to higher ideals and larger visions of life. The Earl of Shaftesbury says, "This one thing I do," and he goes down to the Holborn viaduct, in London, and the bootblacks and hucksters and street crabs and costermongers are transformed. The great seasons in art, in science, in philosophy and in finance are always identified with pain and purpose. Life is power, but power undirected is lost. Only constant striking on the same spot makes an impression. Purpose connects and unifies our months and years and makes of them all but parts of a single whole. Each day ought to be a link tempered and welded into the chain of a completed life. Three-fourths of men's failures may be attributed to the lack of purpose. The house can scarcely be constructed without a plan; how much less can a human life be fashioned without a conception of what it will be when finished? Plan must precede construction; the ideal, before the realization, the purpose before the accomplishment. Only the man who aims will strike the mark. Turn your life into a definite channel; let it not cover too much territory, for it is the deeply flowing stream which cuts away the obstructions, and at last reaches the sea, while the stream which spreads itself in shallowness goes silently into the swamp-land and its life is ended. The analysis of every completed life reveals a central point about which energy and emotion and devotion clustered themselves.

But purpose to exert its influence must be accompanied by persistency, so cast out the second anchor. There is a vast difference between the aim and the accomplishment. Perseverance is the bending of the bow to send the shaft at the target, and the bow is the will, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," says the great general. That is the spirit which conquers. No sooner have our plans been drafted or our purpose fixed than circumstances and difficulties seem to conspire to overwhelm them. Many a man has seen his star in the east, but only here and there has one been possessed of the courage and devotion to follow it over an unbeaten path until it led him to his treasure. It is blood earnestness which tells. Success is never conceded to those who are lie who some day will plant his standard upon the enemies' ramparts and win the day. He who holds on in the face of the storm, in spite of discouragements, calmly suffering temporary delays, is he who finally secures the victory. Men who are ever ready to complain of difficulties when a thousand fingers are pointing at wonderful achievements, made despite apparently tremendous obstacles? Helen Keller, without sight, without hearing, without language, presses on until she possesses the entrance examinations to Harvard University. John Bunyan, the drunken tinker of Bedford, rises to the authorship of "Pilgrim's Progress." It is half-heartedness which fails, but the "doing with thy might" which succeeds. Before a determined will and a passionate devotion men will stand aside and let you pass—they cannot hinder it. Men will vanish—they cannot withstand you; obstruction will be crushed—their strong strength destroyed.

Then, in order to make perseverance possible, anchor the third, faith in one's self. Too often the estimate of our power falls far short of what it really is. Emerson's word, "Trust thyself," carries with it a true philosophy. Many a man has failed until there is a firm belief in one's own soul. If we rate our ideal at 100 and our power at fifty the accomplishment will be but one-half. The great crime men commit against themselves is not in overjudging, but in underjudging. My self-set limitations determine the extent of my achievement. And what right has one born in the image of God, with unknown and undeveloped powers standing before a hidden future, to measure and to circumscribe his capabilities and to limit his possibilities of success in the construction of life? Only God may measure man, for only God knows the height the individual may reach. Men who to-day are almost meaningless in their intellectual strength, they who have not dared with compass and rule to set their bounds. This is not conceit, but a respect for the untouched and undeveloped potency of your own soul. So then, believe not only in your ideal, but in the possibility of realizing it.

And then the fourth anchor, faith in God. We may imagine Paul as the last anchor is thrown out calling to the sailors, "Men, does it hold?" and the answer coming back, "Yes; the rope is taut; we do not see the ledge down below the waves, but the anchor holds." Ah! that is the blessed experience of life; this anchor always grasps the solid rock, the unseen rock of God! Faith connects man with Omnipotence. Faith is the conductor which places at our disposal divine grace and power. This is the testimony of every child of faith, "I can do all things through Him." This is the power not our own which may be appropriated. And there are times when the safety of the whole life depends upon this anchor. The anchor of purpose may be dislodged and dragged upon the shore by storm and tempest; the anchor of perseverance may be worn away by the fretting tide and the cutting sands, the anchor of faith may snap in twain in some fearful crisis when the strain is great and the heart is sick. But if we have thrown the anchor of faith may snap in twain in some fearful crisis when the strain is great and the heart is sick. But if we have thrown the anchor of the bow to send the shaft at the target, and the bow is the will, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," says the great general. That is the spirit which conquers. No sooner have our plans been drafted or our purpose fixed than circumstances and difficulties seem to conspire to overwhelm them. Many a man has seen his star in the east, but only here and there has one been possessed of the courage and devotion to follow it over an unbeaten path until it led him to his treasure. It is blood earnestness which tells. Success is never conceded to those who are lie who some day will plant his standard upon the enemies' ramparts and win the day. He who holds on in the face of the storm, in spite of discouragements, calmly suffering temporary delays, is he who finally secures the victory. Men who are ever ready to complain of difficulties when a thousand fingers are pointing at wonderful achievements, made despite apparently tremendous obstacles? Helen Keller, without sight, without hearing, without language, presses on until she possesses the entrance examinations to Harvard University. John Bunyan, the drunken tinker of Bedford, rises to the authorship of "Pilgrim's Progress." It is half-heartedness which fails, but the "doing with thy might" which succeeds. Before a determined will and a passionate devotion men will stand aside and let you pass—they cannot hinder it. Men will vanish—they cannot withstand you; obstruction will be crushed—their strong strength destroyed.

Then, in order to make perseverance possible, anchor the third, faith in one's self. Too often the estimate of our power falls far short of what it really is. Emerson's word, "Trust thyself," carries with it a true philosophy. Many a man has failed until there is a firm belief in one's own soul. If we rate our ideal at 100 and our power at fifty the accomplishment will be but one-half. The great crime men commit against themselves is not in overjudging, but in underjudging. My self-set limitations determine the extent of my achievement. And what right has one born in the image of God, with unknown and undeveloped powers standing before a hidden future, to measure and to circumscribe his capabilities and to limit his possibilities of success in the construction of life? Only God may measure man, for only God knows the height the individual may reach. Men who to-day are almost meaningless in their intellectual strength, they who have not dared with compass and rule to set their bounds. This is not conceit, but a respect for the untouched and undeveloped potency of your own soul. So then, believe not only in your ideal, but in the possibility of realizing it.

And then the fourth anchor, faith in God. We may imagine Paul as the last anchor is thrown out calling to the sailors, "Men, does it hold?" and the answer coming back, "Yes; the rope is taut; we do not see the ledge down below the waves, but the anchor holds." Ah! that is the blessed experience of life; this anchor always grasps the solid rock, the unseen rock of God! Faith connects man with Omnipotence. Faith is the conductor which places at our disposal divine grace and power. This is the testimony of every child of faith, "I can do all things through Him." This is the power not our own which may be appropriated. And there are times when the safety of the whole life depends upon this anchor. The anchor of purpose may be dislodged and dragged upon the shore by storm and tempest; the anchor of perseverance may be worn away by the fretting tide and the cutting sands, the anchor of faith may snap in twain in some fearful crisis when the strain is great and the heart is sick. But if we cast down below the crashing billows of passion and temptation rests the anchor of faith embedded in the heart of God. So let us live with a noble purpose worthy the patient endeavor and unfaltering devotion we bestow upon it, mindful of our own undiscovered resources and holding fast to the might of God.

Rev. Charles Alexander Carpenter, First Presbyterian Church, Providence, R.I.

FOR GIRLS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches Directly to the Sisters.

TEXT: "And his sister stood afar off to wit, to see what would be done to him."—Exodus ii., 4.

Princess Thermutis, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the latticed window of her palace, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor beam, and they would have been useless anyway. There was only one passenger, and that a baby. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus, tightened together by bitumen. "Fish!" thought the Hebrew children, but it had been Phaoh's daughter who had launched the boat. The princess ordered her boat to the side of the mother of little Moses, and, if she had in that queer boat at all launched him. His sister, Miriam, stood on the bank watching that precious craft. She was far enough off not to betray the secret to the host, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank—Miriam, the prophetess; Miriam, the quick-witted; Miriam, the faithful; though very human, for in after time she demonstrated it.

Oh, we admire Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing when she watched the bulrush woven of river plants and made water-tight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the apex of time and of a coming eternity under obligation when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and its mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more buried in the bird-defying Phaoahs; for Princess Thermutis, of the bathing-house, would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and, as she had no child of her own, this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a garland for a faithful sisterhood!

Miriam was the oldest of the family; Moses and Aaron, her brothers, were younger. Oh the power of the older sister to help—decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have drived back water for the cradle boat of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle boat shall go. Miriam, guided by God's wisdom, in her childhood, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a good king's daughter, a princess than Thermutis should lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and whose paths are peace. The older sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy, it is a little boy crying around a great fat child and getting her ears boxed because she can not keep him quiet! Oh! the responsibility of the young sister! she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity and she has waxed old in celibacy, and society call her by an unfair name; but in heaven they call her Miriam.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care destowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother will ever amount to anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness—lie will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are pilloted by brothers! Sisters, you have made two well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers because the older brother rose to the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house one stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked out and saw it was so dark he did not dare go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience. The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later—7 o'clock, 8 o'clock, 9 o'clock. "Oh," he said, "I wish I were home!" As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of lightning and a deafening roar overcame him. But after awhile he saw in the distance a lantern, and lo! his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother, who took him home, where they were so glad to greet him, he said, "I wish I never had been waiting. So may it be when the night of death comes and our earthly friends can go no further with us, and we dare not go alone; may our Brother, our elder Brother, our Friend closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of his promises, which shall be a lantern to our feet; and then we will go in to join our friends who have gone home already, the marriage supper of the Lamb!

THE MURDER OF BARRIOS.

Shot While Walking Near the Palace—Cabrera Will Probably Succeed Him.

Washington, Feb. 11.—The first official information of the assassination of President Barrios came yesterday in the shape of a cable message from United States Minister Hunter at Guatemala City, dated Wednesday:

"President Barrios was shot and instantly killed last night at 8 o'clock while walking with two military officers near the palace. The assassin, who has escaped, was shot and killed by the President's staff. Manuel Estrada Cabrera, temporarily the constitutional successor, will probably be installed. All quiet."

Blood Money Offered for His Death.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 11.—The news of Barrios' death will not greatly surprise the colony of Guatemalans in this city. The colony is composed mostly of exiles driven out by Barrios, politicals and friends of the revolutionary party.

It was known here months ago that a big price had been set upon Barrios. Sympathizers in Guatemala, Honduras and some merchants in the disturbed country, combined and offered $100,000 for the head of the dictator.

The politicals went into the scheme to regain their power and the merchants to avoid the heavy taxation on their property. The fact was notorious in Guatemala and Barrios himself knew of the offer. There was much talk about it, and it was fully expected that attempts would be made on the life of the dictator.

Cardinal Gibbons Guest of Honor.

Washington, Feb. 11.—The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Gary gave a dinner last night, it being the third one of the week. The guest of honor last night was his Excellency Cardinal Gibbons. In the decorations of the table, which were red in color, in the gown of the hostess, which was of white satin, with touches of red velvet at the bodice, and in the menu cards, on which a Cardinal's mitre was painted, compliment was paid to the eminent guest, who was the principal of the evening. The others present were Justice and Miss McKenna, the Minister from Mexico and Mme. Romero, the Minister from Brazil and Mme. de Mendonca, Mr. and Mrs. Janes and Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell of Baltimore, Mrs. Sheridan, Judge Advocate-General and Mrs. Leibert, the Minister from the Netherlands, Captain Charles McCawley and Miss Madeline Gary.

Heavy Executions Filed.

Bethlehem, Pa., Feb. 14.—The Cutter Silk Manufacturing Company, which failed recently, has had executions filed against it amounting to over $100,000.

ONE GIVES

Don't Spend a Dollar for Medicine until you have tried

RIPANS TABULES

You can buy them in the paper 5-cent carton. Ten Tabules for Five Cents.

This sort is put up cheaply to gratify the natural present demand for a low price.

If you don't find this sort of Ripans Tabules At the Druggist's, Send Five Cents to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail. 12 cartons will be mailed for 48 cents. The chances are one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

TRADE MARK

HUMPHREYS' CURES

No. 1 Fever, Congestion
No. 2 Worms.
No. 3 Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 Diarrhea.
No. 7 Coughs & Colds.
No. 9 Headache.
No. 10 Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
No. 11 Delayed Periods.
No. 12 Leuchorrea.
No. 13 Croup.
No. 14 Skin Diseases.
No. 15 Rheumatism.
No. 19 Catarrh.
No. 27 Kidney Diseases.
No. 34 Sore Throat.
No. 77 Grip & Hay Fever

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics, Diseases of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Urinary Diseases, etc., Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Manual of Diseases mailed free. Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Largest Room.

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 100 feet in breadth.

Big Christmas week there were in the central market in Paris 2,000 oysters, 67,000 chickens, 11,000 turkeys, 52,000 hares, 82,000 pigeons, 16,000 geese.

The richest baby in the world is the Duchess Olga, the 2-year-old daughter of the Czar and Czarina. The dowry she was born $5,000,000 was settled on her.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a sufferer. I have been sick for years, was troubled with severe pain in the sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me what to do. I followed your directions and cannot praise your medicine too far what it has done for me. Thanking you for your advice. I remain, Yours truly, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—Mrs. Florence Hoffman, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

A medicine described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet it is a hard matter to struggle on with daily pains and weaknesses, disregarding the warnings until overtaken by a collapse.

Lydia E. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled. We publish a women's side by side with a man's. Pinkham, and for years past has had sole charge of a department dealing with the sex. Her advice is free, and she stands ready for a consultation by letter. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a vegetable compound and consists of roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless. It is the best medicine for all female complaints, and is the only medicine that has been proved to be a positive cure for the most dangerous form of female complaint, inflammation and ulceration of the uterus, and for the kindred ailments, backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhœa, irregularity, and general nervous prostration. It cures the worst forms of female weakness, and is invaluable to women who are approaching the period of change of life. It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, dizziness, and all nervous ailments. It is a tonic, and gives strength to the whole system. It cures bloating, nervous prostration, and general debility. It cures all kinds of kidney complaints, and is the best medicine for backache. It cures bearing-down pains