



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—Mrs. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

A medicine that has restored so many women to health and can produce proof of the fact must be regarded with respect. This is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which cannot be equaled by any other medicine the world has ever produced. Here is another case:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I was troubled with falling of the womb, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, dizzy and fainting spells, and stomach trouble. "I doctored for about five years but did not seem to improve. I began the use of your medicine, and have taken seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, three of Blood Purifier, and also used the Sanative Wash and Liver Pills, and am now enjoying good health, and have gained in flesh. I thank you very much for what you have done for me, and heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—Miss EMMA SNYDER, 218 East Center St., Marion, Ohio.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN." Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence thus entrusted to her, and although she publishes thousands of testimonials from women who have been benefited by her advice and medicine, never in all her experience has she published such a letter without the full consent, and often by special request of the writer.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A PROFESSIONAL OPINION. The Advice of a Lawyer to His Barber, Who Was Cutting in on His Business.

A former judge, now practicing law, became interested when told by his favorite barber that the latter wanted to study with a view to admission to the bar, relates the Philadelphia Times. The lawyer encouraged him in every way possible, lending him books and giving him an informal lesson while being shaved each morning. Soon the barber began putting hypothetical cases to his patron, was gravely, soundly and painstakingly gave information as to correct procedure. After a time the ex-judge learned that the barber's cases were genuine—that, indeed, the fellow was acting as a cut-rate attorney for his friends, who invariably profited by following his advice. The following morning the barber opened up by putting what he described as an imaginary bit of litigation to the latter-covered lawyer, and then asked: "Now, judge, what do you advise?" "Let me see," replied the lawyer, musingly. "Then, why, I advise that you come see me at the office, bring me a certified check for \$100 as a fee, and I'll tell you how the case should be handled."

Instincts of a Great Name. The Osage Indians have invested \$8,000,000 in the state bank and own 1,000,000 acres of land. Each brave, squaw and papoose in the tribe possesses land to the value of \$4,000, and the interest on their money in the bank affords an annual income of \$200 to each member. That's great! Henceforth better call them the O'Sages.—N. Y. Telegram.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

"O! she's so sweet, so angelic and fair," sighed Lovett Fursyte. "But I know I shall never succeed in winning her love." "Nonsense!" exclaimed May Sharpe. "Lots of other men have succeeded. Why shouldn't you?"—Philadelphia Press.

"It's an ill Wind—" William: "Didn't that burglar's chloroform make you ill?" Richard: "Well, I didn't like it; but it cured my wife's neuritis."—Detroit Free Press.

Rubs Off. Silicious—A pretty woman doesn't always wear well. Cyrenus—No; beauty sometimes rubs off.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Bouncer—"I have been to see Mrs. Grace this afternoon. What delightful company she is!" Mr. Bouncer: "Yes; I understand that she is no talker."—Boston Transcript.

Whisky straight makes crooked paths.—Chicago Daily News.

THE PROMISED LAND.

It Lies Before Every One in the Possibilities of the New Year.

Reasonable Sermon by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher on Caleb's Brave Appeal and Paul's Noble Purpose.

[Copyright, 1902, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.]

Chicago, Dec. 28, 1902. Texts:—"Let us go up at once and possess it (the land); for we are well able to overcome it."—Numbers 13:30. "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Philippians 3:12-14.

The world loves a hero. It has the profoundest admiration for the brave, manly man. It is ever ready to applaud the man of conviction who courageously stands up in the face of opposition and declares for the right. It is willing to step aside and give place to the man of noble purpose, who is persistently pushing toward a high ideal. It is even eager, at times, to catch the inspiration of a noble purpose and follow the lead of the fearless pioneer as he blazes the way into the new country of enlarged possibilities. Such characters may, perchance, be found in profane history. Certain it is that they are found in the sacred history of God's Word.

Two such characters step before us as the words of our double text fall upon our ears. Caleb, that intrepid explorer, that fearless fighter, that true-hearted patriot; and Paul, that magnificent soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ, that sure, steadfast leader, that untiring preacher and writer. They stand before us in all of their overtowering manhood; God's noblemen, their feet resting on the eternal purposes of the Divine will, and their hearts as true as steel and as uncompromising for the right as the mountain that feels unmoved by the breath of the tempest. Caleb, with the black looks of cowardly fear cast upon him by the other ten spies, and with the faint-hearted and rebellious people surging about him, stands up and courageously pleads: "Let us go up at once and possess it (the land); for we are well able to overcome it." Paul, with the clank and rattle of the armor of his armorial guard overshadowing him as he wrote to his beloved Philippian church, sees beyond his prison wall and the limitations of his surroundings, and exclaims: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Caleb and Paul stand before us with the Promised Land of new possibilities. In the unknown realm toward which their steadfast gaze was turned, hope and aspiration paint an attractive picture of fresh triumphs and enlarged opportunities, and they are eager to go up and possess the land. Caleb, with his faithful sword at his side and God's sure promise of victory in his heart, is impatient for the command: "Forward, march!" Paul, stripped of every worldly possession, and with every muscle set, and his eye fixed steadfastly on the goal, listens eagerly for the word "Go," that will send him speeding over the course to obtain the coveted prize.

No less really does everyone who treads the narrowing border land of the Old Year stand face to face with the Promised Land of the New Year. The long, and sometimes trying journey of the Old Year has been made. The discouragements, and disappointments, and failures, and mistakes of the past are forgotten as you climb the mountain of hope and grace off toward the Promised Land of the New Year. The pathway of the journey by which you have come bears the ineffaceable imprint of your hurrying feet. Here and there the footprints lead from the right path. At numerous places along the way may be seen the equinoxes and pitfalls into which you have tumbled. You may not retrace your steps and mark out a different record, but in the Promised Land of the New Year your feet may follow a straighter and a better course. And this is the message which comes to us out of God's Word. Caleb's brave hand reaches down through the centuries and grasps the strong hand of the Apostle Paul and they two stand in their voices in the beautiful harmony of a single purpose as they plead with you and me to go up and possess the Promised Land of new opportunities.

As the fading days of the Old Year grow less and less, and the dawning of a new calendar year begins toadden and glow on the horizon of Time, it seems most natural for the human heart to be impressed with the thought of a closing of old accounts and the opening of new. Each year, as it comes and goes, marks more or less distinctly in every life ending and beginnings. It is the mile stone that is set by the roadside of life to indicate a certain distance in the journey covered, and a new stretch begin. With the beginning of the New Year, more than any other time, are beginnings made, hopes revived, and a new grip on life and its possibilities taken. It is a season of grave digging and garden making. With a sigh of relief the past is laid away and covered over with the fresh soil of new purposes and desires, and in this productive soil the tiny seed of hope is planted. It soon pushes up its tender blade of green, and if not blighted and killed by the heat of uncontrolled desire and passion, or dried up by the drought of careless neglect and forgetfulness, or drowned out by the recklessness, or change of an unsteadfast heart, then it may attain a vigorous growth and bear the fruit of glad success and bright prosperity. Old Father Time, who came to us one year ago young and fresh and bright, has counted off the days for us one by one. With the passing of each night and the bursting of the sun into the eastern sky, he has laid at our feet the new day of possibilities. And thus the year has sped around, and well or ill spent, it is nearly gone.

Old Father Time has but a few days left in his control to unroll before us, but, as with feeble step and short breath he nears the term of his days, he raises his trembling hand and points us hopefully toward the Promised Land of the New Year. Will you enter that Promised Land with Caleb and Paul and make it the best year of your life?

The Promised Land.—The history of the children of Israel is familiar to all. How the promise came to Abraham that his seed were to possess the land of Canaan; how they suffered bondage in the land of Egypt for 400 years; how God raised up a leader for them in Moses and brought them by a miraculous way through the Red sea, down through the wilderness around Mount Sinai, and up to the border land of Canaan, where we find Caleb pleading with the people to go up at once and possess the land which God has promised to give them, and which in His strength they are well able to overcome. The Promised Land was a land flowing with milk and honey. A veritable garden spot where every Israelite was to dwell in safety and contentment under his own vine and fig tree. A Promised Land for Israel, but is there a Promised Land for everyone who will go up and possess it? Let us see.

The Promised Land was given by promise of God to Israel; it was selected by God, and God led the way up and into the land. This triple association of God with the Promised Land has its close parallel in the relations which God sustains or wishes to sustain to every life. It is said that He is what we make it, and a prophetic saying of the present day is: "Don't wait for your opportunity; make it." Longfellow, in his "Psalm of Life," says: "Lives of great men all remind us. We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time."

These declarations are true when God is linked in the thought and when He has an opportunity to work out in the purpose and activity of man, but they are only half truths if man seeks by himself and in his own strength and wisdom to make his own opportunity, and to make his life a sublime success. There can be no truth apart from Him Who is The Truth. There can be no true success, true happiness, true achievement, true life which does not include God as a factor. The Promised Land of every life is the supreme possibility which lies in that life through Christ Jesus; as Paul puts it: "The high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The supreme possibility of the children of Israel lay in their entering the Promised Land of Canaan and occupying it. How the glory of that possession shines out in the reign of Solomon, so that to this day the splendor and wisdom of Solomon are cited as a basis of comparison. The children of Israel, if they had not entered their Promised Land, might perhaps have built cities elsewhere, they might have become a successful and prosperous nation, possibly, but they never could have rejoiced in the splendor and riches, and prosperity and power of a Solomon's reign if they had not occupied the land God chose for them and gave to the reign of the individual life. So it is with the Promised Land of every man and me in the New Year. It is Divinely appointed, and God will lead you and me into it if you will but let Him. The "high calling of God in Christ Jesus," is the land flowing with the milk and honey of Divine possibilities which God calls every soul to enter. There are fightings by the way, there are Jerichos to be crossed, there are enemies to be overcome, but God leads every step of the way. And what is the high calling of God in Christ Jesus? It is a calling which takes a soul out of active touch with the practical, throbbing life of the world and makes him a nonentity? Is it a calling which puts a silver-strung harp in our hands, an angelic smile on our faces and a song in our mouths.

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing. Only to be at His feet." Only a thousand times no! Strange, isn't it? that such an idea should have gotten abroad in the world. If God's Word is to be believed, and its grand procession of heroes which passes before us from Abel, the first successful sheep raiser, and Noah, famous in his time as a mighty architect and builder, down to Paul, the greatest logician and thinker of his or any other time, is to be allowed to bring its weight of proof, then we must admit that the men who have entered the Promised Land of the high calling of God have been in the most practical and vital contact with the world. The high calling of God in Christ Jesus does not shut the office door, does not hush the bustle of the mart of trade, does not stop the factory wheels, does not close the books of the student or quiet the busy hum of the halls of learning and invite the cobwebs of ignorance to wave their disfiguring mantle over the intellect. No, it makes a better and fuller life in all the essential activities of the world. And as you think and plan for the New Year look over into the Promised Land of God's purpose for you. Realize your best in "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Singleness of Purpose.—Caleb says: "Let us go up at once." Paul exclaims: "This one thing I do." All brave hearts, with such an spirit as that burning in their breasts no wonder all the strong cities of Canaan and the mighty sons of Anak could not make Caleb falter, or the chains and prison walls could not cut short the great mission of the mighty Paul. In this day of many ideas and multiplied activities, it is said that the man of a single idea has little or no chance of success. However that may be we are here prepared to judge, but we are confident in our assertion that the man of a single purpose is the man who will succeed in planting his banner

on the mountain top of achievement, if any man can. "This one thing I do" has been blazoned along the rugged and steep pathway which has been traveled by all those who have achieved worthily and mightily in the world. Here is indeed a worthy sentiment for the New Year. Many resolutions and elaborate plans are made to-day to be broken and to fall to-morrow. But the single purpose of a Caleb or a Paul carries through the difficult way to the Promised Land of the high calling of God.

The one purpose of Paul was resolute as well as progressive. It dealt with the past which might hinder and make him wish to go back, and it marked out clearly in the unmeasured distances ahead the goal to which he aspired. "Forgetting those things which are behind," he says, "and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." With the face set steadfastly toward the rising sun, and fastly toward the coming morning, he was determined to press onward and upward. He was going to burn the bridges behind him so that the hardships in the unoccupied country ahead might not tempt him to beat an ignominious retreat. What do you suppose it was that Paul was so anxious to forget, and the memory of which would so evidently prove a handicap in the race he was entering? Certainly it was not the bright One he met in the way on his journey to Damascus, when he heard the voice of His Lord speaking to him out of the Heavens; certainly it was not his three years' communion with his Lord in the Arabian desert, during which time he was caught up to the third heaven and "heard unspoken words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter;" certainly it was not the mighty work he had accomplished on his evangelistic tours through Asia Minor and Europe; certainly it was not his beloved church in Ephesus, for he says in his opening salutation to them in the letter from which our text is taken: "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you;" certainly it was not his bonds and the afflictions which had come to him, for he says of these: "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in other places." He delighted to call himself the prisoner of Jesus Christ, and in his second letter to the Corinthians he carefully enumerated what he had suffered for the sake of the Gospel: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," so that we know these were not the things which Paul wished to wipe from the tablet of his memory; nay, he is even particular to close by saying: "I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities." I do not believe it was even the angelic face of Stephen, whose death Paul was instrumental in compassing. What was it then that Paul wanted to forget? The opening verses of the third chapter of Philippians, I believe, tell us. He wanted to forget his splendid pedigree, his scholarly attainments; his spotless life, for they fed pride and self-centered esteem and hindered his gaining the Promised Land of the high calling of God. The things that were gain for him, he counted loss for Christ. And here is where we need to begin to strip for the entrance into the Promised Land. Pride and self-centered esteem have wrecked more lives and blocked the entrance into the Promised Land of the high calling of God than anything else that touches the human heart and life. If you want to run with Paul you must forget those things which are behind which will nourish pride and self-esteem. Strip yourself of these hindering weights and you may with this New Year enter the Promised Land which God sets before you. It was no easy task which Paul set for you ever did in your life to kill that pride which is blinding your eyes and narrowing your view of life, to break up that self-centered esteem which has made yourself the axis around which every plan and purpose in life have revolved. Break away from these things which "do so easily beset" the human heart, so that you may be able in the New Year to leave the valley of narrow purpose and endeavor and, scaling the mountain of vision, look off into the Promised Land which God has selected for you and to which He will faithfully lead. Yes, "forgetting those things which are behind" in the little narrow self, "reach forth" unto the larger opportunity of a new and better self. See the attitude of the runner as he sets himself for the race. The body strains forward with every muscle set for the starting spring, that will send him well along in the race. He has no time to think of the things which are behind, but with pride on his splendid physique and bulging muscles. The glory of these will only be manifest at the end of the course when the laurel wreath rests upon his brow. Everything is forgotten that would hinder him at the starting point. So it must be with you, if you would run the race of this life well. "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Caleb's course lay in the Promised Land of Canaan. Paul's course, and the course for you and me lies in the Promised Land of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. It is a land worth possessing, for it is there and it flows with the milk and honey of enlarged opportunities and possibilities. As this New Year dawns upon you, will you get up and with the help of God and under His leadership possess the land?

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME Are Never Without Peruna in the House for Catarrhal Diseases.



MR. AND MRS. J. O. ATKINSON, INDEPENDENCE, MO. Under date of January 10, 1907, Dr. Hartman received the following letter: "My wife had been suffering from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years. Her case had baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing. "She also was passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life. In June, 1906, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Malanin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her. She firmly believes that she would have been dead only for these wonderful remedies. "About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions, and continued to use your remedies, and it has completely cured me. "Your remedies do all that you claim for them, and even more. Catarrh cannot exist where Peruna is taken according to directions. Success to you and your remedies." John O. Atkinson, Independence, Mo.

When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people. This explains why Peruna has become an indispensable to old people. Peruna is their safeguard. Peruna is the only remedy that cures that terrible disease. Each case cannot be treated locally, no lining but an effective systemic remedy could cure them. This is exactly what Peruna is. If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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