

FEARFUL PAINS

SUGGESTIONS HOW WOMEN MAY FIND RELIEF.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. This is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. When pain exists something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

Thousands of women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes woman's special pains and irregularities.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes, of 540 N. Division Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches, and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the east advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are regular, every ache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Compound sooner; for I have tried so many remedies without help.

"I dreaded the approach of every month, as it meant so much pain and suffering for me, but after I had used the Compound two months I became regular and natural and am now perfectly well and free from pain. I am very grateful for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of American women.

When women are troubled with pain, or irregularities, displacements or ulceration of the organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Kitty Marchurst was a veritable fairy in size, and her hands and feet were exquisitely formed, while her figure had all the roundness of a girl of seventeen. An innocent, child-like face, two limpid blue eyes, a straight little nose, and a charming rose-tipped mouth were Kitty's principal attractions, and her hair was really wonderful, growing all over her head in crisp golden curls. Child-like enough her face looked in repose, but with the smile came the woman—such a smile; a laughing, merry expression such as the Greeks gave to Hebe. Dressed in a rough white dress trimmed with pale blue ribbons and her golden head surmounted by a sailor hat with a scarf of the same azure hue tied around it Kitty looked really charming. Kitty had examined Gaston with a woman's quickness of taking in details, and she mentally decided he was the best-looking man she had ever seen, only she wished he would talk. Shyness was not a part of her nature, so after waiting a reasonable time for Vandelpou to commence, she determined to start herself.

"I'm waiting to be entertained," she said, in a hurried voice, raising her eyes; then afraid of her own temerity, she looked down again.

Gaston smiled a little at Kitty's outspoken remark, but remembering Madame's injunction, he rather mischievously determined to carry out her desires to the letter.

"It is a very nice day," he said, gravely. Kitty looked up and laughed merrily. "I don't think that's a very original remark," she said coolly, producing an apple from her pocket. "If that's all you've got to say, I hope Madame won't be long."

Vandelpou laughed again at her petulance, and eyed her critically as she took a bite out of the red side of the apple with her white teeth.

"You like apples?" he asked, very much amused by her candor.

"Pretty well," returned Miss Marchurst, eyeing the fruit in a disparaging manner; "peaches are nicer; are Madame's peaches ripe?" looking anxiously at him.

"I think they are," rejoined Gaston, gravely.

"I don't like your eyes," said Miss Kitty, suddenly.

"What's the matter with them?" with a quizzical glance.

"They look wicked."

"Ah, then, they belie the soul within," returned Vandelpou, seriously. "I assure you, I'm a very good young man."

She was about to reply when Madame Midas entered, and Kitty flew to her with a cry of delight.

"Why, Kitty," said Madame, highly pleased, "I am so glad to see you, my dear; but keep off, or I'll be spoiling your dress."

"Yes, so you will," said Kitty, retreating to a safe distance; "what a long time you have been!"

"Have I, dear?" said Madame; "I hope M. Vandelpou has proved a good substitute."

"Madame," answered Vandelpou, gaily, "we have been talking about the crops and the weather."

"Oh, indeed," replied Mrs. Villiers, who saw the flush on Kitty's cheek, and by no means approved of it; "it must have been very entertaining."

"Very!" assented Gaston, going back to his desk.

"Come along, Kitty," said Madame, with a keen glance at her clerk, "let us go to the house and see if we can find any peaches."

When Vandelpou came home to tea he found Kitty was as joyous and full of life as ever. Madame Midas felt weary and worn out by the heat of the day, and was sitting tranquilly by the window; but Kitty, with bright eyes and restless feet, followed Selina all over the house, under the pretense of helping her, an infliction which that sage spinster bore with patient resignation.

After tea it was too hot to light the lamp, and even Selina let the fire go out, while all the windows and doors were open to let the cool night wind blow in. Vandelpou sat on the verandah with McIntosh, listening to Madame, who was playing Mendelssohn's "In a Gondola," that dreamy melody full of the swing and rhythmic movement of the waves. Then to please old Archie she played "Auld Lang Syne"—that tender, caressing air which is one of the most pathetic and heart-stirring melodies in the world. Archie leaned forward with bowed head as the sad melody floated on the air, and his thoughts went back to the heather-clad Scottish hills. And what was this Madame was now playing, with its piercing sorrow and sad refrain? Surely "Farewell to Lachaber," that bitter lament of the exile leaving bonny Scotland far behind. Vandelpou, who was not attending to the music, but thinking of Kitty, saw two big tears steal down McIntosh's severe face.

"Sentiment from him?" he muttered in a cynical tone; "why, I should have as soon expected blood from a stone."

Suddenly the sad air ceased, and after a few chords, Kitty commenced to sing to Madame's accompaniment. Gaston arose to his feet, and leaned up against the door, for she was singing Gounod's charming valse from "Mirella," the bird-like melody of which suited her high, clear voice to perfection. Vandelpou was rather

or astonished at hearing this innocent little maiden execute the difficult valse with such ease, and her shake was as rapid and true as if she had been trained in the best schools of Europe. He did not know that Kitty had naturally a very flexible voice, and that Madame had trained her for nearly a year. When the song was ended Gaston entered the room to express his thanks and astonishment.

"You have a fortune in your throat, mademoiselle," he said, with a bow, "and I assure you I have heard all the great singers of to-day from Patti downward."

"I have only been able to teach her very little," said Madame, looking affectionately at Miss Marchurst, who now stood, blushing at Vandelpou's praises, "but when we find the Devil's Lead I am going to send her home to Italy to study singing."

"For the stage?" asked Vandelpou.

"That is as it may be," replied Madame, enigmatically.

CHAPTER VIII.

Slivers and his friend Villiers were by no means pleased with the existing state of things. In sending Vandelpou to the Pactolus claim, they had thought that Madame Midas would fall in love with the attractive Frenchman, and seek for a divorce in order to marry him—which divorce Villiers would of course resist, unless she bribed him by giving him an interest in the Pactolus. But they had both reckoned wrongly, for Madame was not in love with Vandelpou, and acted with much circumspection. Consequently Slivers and Co., not finding matters going to their satisfaction, met one day at the office of the senior partner for the purpose of discussing the affair and seeing what could be done toward bringing Madame Midas to their way of thinking.

"Then, suppose you go out to the Pactolus and see your wife," suggested Slivers.

"No go," returned Villiers, gloomily, "she'd break my head."

"Bah! you ain't afraid of a woman, are you?" snarled Slivers, viciously.

"No, but I am of McIntosh and the rest of them," retorted Villiers. "What can one man do against twenty of these demons? Why, they'd kill me if I went out there; and that wife of mine wouldn't raise her little finger to save me."

"It's no good beating about the bush," said the wooden-legged man, "you go out near the claim, and see if you can catch her; then give it to her hot!"

Villiers thought a moment, then turned to go.

"I'll try," he said, as he went out of the door, "but it's no go, I tell you, she's stone," and with a dismal nod he slouched away.

"Stone, is she?" cried the old man, pounding furiously on the floor with his wooden leg, "then I'd smash her; I'd crush her; I'd grind her into little bits," and, overcome by his rage, Slivers shook Billy off his shoulder.

Mr. Villiers went to the railway station and took the train to the Pactolus claim. Unluckily for Madame Midas, she had that day been to Ballarat, and was just returning. She had gone by train, and was now leaving the station and walking home to the Pactolus along the road. Being absorbed in thought, she did not notice the dusty figure in front of her, otherwise she would have been sure to have recognized her husband, and would have given him a wide berth by crossing the fields instead of going by the road. Mr. Villiers, therefore, tramped steadily on toward the Pactolus, and his wife tramped steadily after him, until at last, at the turn of the road where it entered her property, she overtook him.

A shudder of disgust passed through her frame as she raised her eyes and saw him, and she made a sudden gesture as though to fall behind and thus avoid him. It was, however, too late, for Mr. Villiers, hearing footsteps, turned suddenly and saw the woman he had come to see standing in the middle of the road.

Husband and wife stood glaring at each other for a few moments in silence, she looking at him with an expression of intense loathing on her fine face, and he vainly trying to assume a dignified carriage.

At last, his wife, drawing her dress together as though his touch would have contaminated her, tried to pass, but on seeing this he sprang forward, before she could change her position, and caught her wrist.

"Not yet!" he hissed through his clenched teeth; "first you must have a word with me."

"What do you want?" she asked in a low, clear voice.

"Money!" growled Villiers, insolently planting himself directly in front of her, "and I'm going to have it."

"Money!" she echoed, in a tone of bitter irony; "have you not had enough yet? Have you not squandered every penny I had from my father? What more do you want?"

"A share in your Pactolus," he said, sullenly.

His wife laughed scornfully. Villiers writhed like a snake under her bitter scorn.

"I understand," he said, in a taunting tone; "you want it for the man you are going to marry."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say," he retorted boldly; "all

Ballarat knows you are in love with that young Frenchman."

Mrs. Villiers felt herself grow faint—this man, who had embittered her life from the time she married him, was still her evil genius. A man she had seen on the road was now nearly up to them, and with a revulsion of feeling she saw that it was Vandelpou. Recovering herself with an effort, she turned steadily.

"You lied when you spoke just now," she said in a quiet voice. "I will not lower myself to reply to your accusation; but if you dare to cross my path again I will kill you."

She looked so terrible when she said this that Villiers involuntarily drew back, but recovering himself in a moment, he sprang forward and caught her arm.

"I'll make you pay for this," and he twisted her arm till she thought it was broken. "You'll kill me, will you?—you!—you!" he shrieked, still twisting her arm and causing her intense pain, "you viper!"

Suddenly, when Madame was almost fainting with pain, she heard a shout, and knew that Vandelpou had come to the rescue. He had recognized Madame Midas down the road, and saw that her companion was threatening her; so he made all possible speed, and arrived just in time.

Madame turned round to see Vandelpou throw her husband into a ditch by the side of the road, and walk toward her. He was not at all excited, but seemed as cool and calm as if he had just been shaking hands with Mr. Villiers instead of treating him violently.

"You had better go home, Madame," he said, in his usual cool voice, "and leave me to deal with this gentleman; you are not hurt?"

"Only my arm," replied Mrs. Villiers, in a faint voice; "he nearly broke it, but I can walk home alone."

"If you can, do so," said Vandelpou, with a doubtful look at her. "I will send him away."

"Don't let him hurt you."

"I don't think there is much danger," replied the young man, with a glance at his arms. "I am stronger than I look."

"Thank you, Monsieur," said Madame Midas, giving him her hand; "you have rendered me a great service, and one I will not forget."

He bent down and kissed her hand, which action was seen by Mr. Villiers as he crawled out of the ditch. When Madame Midas was gone and Vandelpou could see her walking homeward, he turned to look for Mr. Villiers, and found him seated on the edge of the ditch, all covered with mud and streaming with water—presenting a most pitiable appearance.

"You can tell my wife I'll pay her for this."

"Accounts are paid on Saturdays," called out M. Vandelpou, gaily; "if you call I will give you a receipt of the same kind as you had to-day."

Villiers made no response, as he was already out of hearing, and went on his way to the station with mud on his clothes and rage in his heart.

Vandelpou looked after him for a few minutes with a queer smile on his lips, then turned on his heel and walked home, humming a song.

CHAPTER IX.

It was now nearly six months since Vandelpou had become clerk of the Pactolus, and he was getting tired of it, only watching his opportunity to make a little money and go to Melbourne, where he had not much doubt as to his success. With a certain sum of money to work on, M. Vandelpou thought that with his talents and experience of human nature he would soon be able to make a fortune, particularly as he was quite unfettered by any scruples. With such an adaptable nature he could hardly help doing well, but in order to give him the start he required a little capital, so stayed on at the Pactolus and saved every penny he earned. Another thing that kept him there was his love for Kitty, and Vandelpou could not tear himself away from the place where she resided.

He had called on Kitty's father, the Rev. Mark Marchurst, who lived at the top of Black Hill, near Ballarat, and did not like him. Mr. Marchurst, a grave, quiet man, who was the pastor of a particular sect, calling themselves very modestly "The Elect," was hardly the kind of individual to attract a brilliant young fellow like Vandelpou. Kitty had fallen deeply in love with Vandelpou, so as he told her he loved her in return, she thought that some day they would get married.

"I don't want a wife to drag me back," he said to himself one day when Kitty had hinted at matrimony; "when I am wealthy it will be time enough to think of marriage, but it will be long before I am rich, and can I wait for Hebe all that time?"

Meanwhile, the Devil's Lead was still undiscovered, many people declaring it was a myth, and that a lead had never existed. Three people, however, had a firm belief in its existence, and were certain it would be found some day—this trio being McIntosh, Madame Midas and Slivers.

The Pactolus claim was a sort of Naboth's vineyard to Slivers, who, in company with Billy, used to sit in his dingy little office and grind his teeth as he thought of all the wealth lying beneath those green fields. He had once even gone so far as to offer to buy a share in the claim from Madame Midas, but had been promptly refused by that lady.

Still the Devil's Lead was not found, and people were beginning to disbelieve in its existence, when suddenly indications appeared which showed that it was near at hand. Nuggets, some large, some small, began to be constantly discovered, and every day news was brought into Ballarat about the turning up of a thirty-ounce or a twenty-ounce nugget in the Pactolus, when, to crown all, the news came and ran like wildfire through the city that a three hundred ounce nugget had been unearthed.

(To be continued.)

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