

# THE TRIALS OF A HOUSEWIFE

How They Have Been Endured and How Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

## Experience of a Providence Woman



Providence, R. I.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a female trouble and backache. It began just after my baby was born, and I did the best I could about getting my work done, but I had awful bearing-down pains so I could not stand on my feet. I read in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the good it was doing other women, and I have got dandy results from it and will always recommend it. You can use these facts as a testimonial if you wish."—Mrs. HERBERT L. CASSEN, 18 Meni Court, Providence, R. I.

Ohio woman for three years could hardly keep about and do her housework; also was so ill. Made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound: Fayette, O.—"For about three years I was very nervous and had backache, sideache, dragging-down pains, could not sleep at night, and had no appetite. At times I could hardly do my housework. I got medicine from the doctor but it did not help me. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in a newspaper and took it with good results, and am now able to do my housework. I recommend your medicine to my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. CHESTER A. BALL, R. 15, Fayette, Ohio.

An Illinois woman relates her experience: Bloomington, Ill.—"I was never very strong and female trouble kept me so weak I had no interest in my housework. I had such a backache I could not cook a meal or sweep a room without raging with pain. Rubbing my back with alcohol sometimes eased the pain for a few hours, but did not stop it. I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and six bottles of it have made me as strong and healthy as any woman; and I give my thanks to it for my health."—Mrs. J. A. McQUITY, 610 W. Walnut St., Bloomington, Ill.

The conditions described by Mrs. Cassen, Mrs. Ball, and Mrs. McQuity will appeal to many women who struggle on with their daily tasks in just such conditions—in fact, it is said that the tragedy in the lives of some women is almost beyond belief. Day in and day out they slave in their homes for their families—and beside the daily routine of housework, often make clothes for themselves and for their children, or work in their gardens, all the while suffering from those awful bearing-down pains, backache, headaches, nervousness, the blues, and troubles which sap the very foundation of life until there comes a time when nature gives out and an operation seems inevitable. If such women would only profit by the experience of these three women, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the natural restorative for such conditions it may save them years of suffering and unhappiness.

There is hardly a neighborhood in any town or hamlet in the United States wherein some woman does not reside who has been restored to health by this famous medicine. Therefore ask your neighbor, and you will find in a great many cases that at some time or other she, too, has been benefited by taking it, and will recommend it to you. For more than forty years this old-fashioned root and herb medicine has been restoring suffering women to health and strength.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

More oil has run to waste in the United States than ever reached the refineries.

Few young men ever think that money will be of much account when they're sixty.

Try to follow the sacred way to truth, and you will never deceive yourself or others.—Goethe.

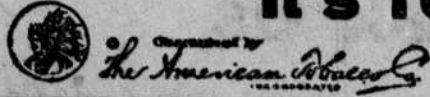
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Authorized Agent, Dept. of Immigration and Colonization, Dept. of Canada

## THE ENCHANTED BARN

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When she handed her nickel to the conductor she felt almost guilty, and it seemed as if he could see her intention in her eyes, but she told herself that she was not sure she was going to get off at all. She could decide as she came near the place. She would have to get off either before she got there or after she had passed, and walk back. The conductor would think it strange if a young girl got off the car in the country in front of an empty barn. How would she manage it? There had been houses on the way, not far from the barn. What was the name the conductor had mentioned of the man who had built another barn? She might get off at his house, but still—stay—what was that avenue where they had said the railroad would come some day with a station? They had called it out as they stopped to let off the woman and the little girl. Allister avenue! That was it. She would ask the conductor to let her off at Allister avenue.

She watched the way intently; and, as they neared the place where Allister avenue ought to be, her heart pounded so that she felt quite conscious, as if she were going to steal a barn and carry it home in her coat pocket.

She managed to signal the car to stop quite quietly, however, and stepped down to the pavement as if it were her regular stopping place. She was aware of the curious gaze of both motorman and conductor, but she held her head up, and walked a few steps up Allister avenue until the car had whirred out of sight. Then she turned anxiously, looking down the road, and there to her joy saw the stone gable of the great barn high on its knoll in the distance.

### CHAPTER II.

Shirley walked down the dusty road by the side of the car track, elation and excitement in her breast. What an adventure! To be walking alone in this strange, beautiful spring country, and nobody to interfere! It was her father's beautiful out of doors, and she had paid her extra nickel to have a right to it for a little while. Perhaps her mother would have been worried at her being alone in the country, but Shirley had no fears. Young people seldom have fears. She walked down the road with a free step and a bright light in her eyes. She had to see that barn somehow; she just had to!

She was almost breathless when she reached the bottom of the hill at last, and stood in front of the great barn. The up ear passed her just as she got there, and the people looked out at her apathetically as they would at any country girl. She stood still a minute and watched the car up the hill and out of sight, then picked her way across the track and entered the field where the fence was broken down, walking up the long grassy slope to the front of the barn and standing still at the top in front of the big double doors, so grim and forbidding.

The barn was bigger than it looked in the distance. She felt very small; yet her soul rejoiced in its bigness. Oh, to have plenty of room for once!

She put her nose close to the big doors, and tried to find a crack to look through; but the doors were tight and fitted well. There was no use trying to see in from there. She turned and ran down the long grassy slope, trying to pretend it was a palatial stairway, then around the side to the back of the barn, and there at last she found a door part way ajar, opening into what must have been the cow stables, and she slipped joyously in. Some good angel must have been protecting her in her ignorance and innocence, for that dark basement of the barn would have been an excellent hiding place for a whole regiment of tramps; but she trod safely on her way, and found nothing but a field mouse to dispute her entrance; and it scurried hastily under the foundation, and disappeared.

The cow stables evidently had not been occupied for a number of years, for the place was clean and littered with dry straw, as if it had fallen and sifted from the floor above. The stalls were all empty now, and old farm imple-

ments, several plows and a rickety wagon occupied the dusty, cobwebby spaces beyond the stalls. There were several openings, rude doorways and crude windows; and the place was not unpleasant, for the back of it opened directly upon a sloping hill which dropped away to the running brook below, and a little stone spring house, its mossy roof half hidden by a tangle of willows. Shirley stood in a doorway and gazed with delight, then turned back to her investigation. This lower place would not do for human habitation, of course; it was too low and damp, and the floor was only mud. She must penetrate if possible to the floor above.

Presently she found a rough ladder, cleats nailed to uprights against the wall; and up this she crept cautiously to the opening above, and presently emerged into the wide floor of the real barn.

There were several small windows, left open, and the sweet spring air swept gently in; and there were little patches of pale sunshine in the misty recesses of the great dim room. Gentle notes floated in the sharp lanes of sunshine that stole through the cracks; another ladder rose in the midst of the great floor to the loft above; and festoons of ancient hay and cobwebs hung dustily down from the opening above. After Shirley had skipped about the big floor and investigated every corner of it, imagining how grand it would be to set the table in one end of the room and put mother's bed behind a screen in the other end, with the old piano somewhere in the center and the big parlor chair mended, near by, the old couch covered with a portiere standing on the other side, she turned her attention to the loft, and, gathering courage, climbed up there.

There were two great openings that let in the light; but they seemed like tiny mouse holes in the great place, and the hay lay sweet and dim, thinly scattered over the whole big floor. In one corner there was quite a luxurious lot of it, and Shirley cast herself down upon it for a blessed minute, and looked up to the dark rafters, lit with beams of sunlight creeping through fantastic cracks here and there, and wondered how the boys would enjoy sleeping up here, though there was plenty of room downstairs for a dozen sleeping rooms for the matter of that.

Foolish, of course, and utterly impossible, as all day dreams always had been; but somehow it seemed so real and beautiful that she could scarcely bring herself to abandon it. Nevertheless, her investigation had made her hungry, and she decided at last to go down and eat her lunch under the big tree out in the sunshine; for it was dark and stuffy inside, although one could realize how beautiful it would be with those two great doors flung wide, and light and air let in.

The day was perfect, and Shirley found a beautiful place to sit, high and sheltered, where she would not be noticed when the trolley cars sped by; and, as she ate her sandwiches she let her imagination build a beautiful piazza where the grassy rise came up to the front of the barn, and saw in thought her mother sitting with the children at the door. How grand it would be to live in a home like this, even if it were a barn! If they could just get out here for the summer it would do wonders for them all, and put new heart into her mother for the hard work of the winter. Perhaps by fall mother would be well enough to keep boarders as she longed to do, and so help out with the finances more.

Well, of course, this was just one of her wild schemes, and she must not think any more about it, much less even speak of it at home, for they would never get done laughing and teasing her for it.

She finished the last crumb of the piece of one-egg cake that Carol had made the day before for her lunch, and ran down to the spring to see whether she could get a drink, for she was very thirsty.

There proved to be an old tin can on the stones in the spring

house, doubtless used by the last tramp or conductor who came that way; but Shirley scrubbed it carefully in the sand, drank a delicious draught, and washed her hands and face in the clear cold water. Then she went back to the barn again, for a new thought had entered her mind. Supposing it were possible to rent that place for the summer at any reasonable price, how could they cook and how keep warm? Of course there were such things as candles and oil lamps for lighting, but cooking! Would they have to build a fire out of doors and play at camping? Or would they have to resort to oil stoves? Oil stoves with their sticky, oily outsides and their mysterious moods of smoke and sulkiness, out of which only an expert could coax them!

But, though she stood on all sides of that barn and gazed up at the roof and though she searched each floor diligently, she could find no sign of a chimney anywhere. Her former acquaintance with barns had not put her into a position to judge whether this was a customary lack of barns or not. There were two wooden, chimney-like structures decorating the roof, but it was all too evident that they were solely for purposes of ornament. Her heart sank. What a grand fireplace there might have been right in the middle of the great wall opposite the door! Could anything be more ideal! She could fancy her mother sitting in front of it, with Harley and Doris on the floor playing with a kitten. But there was no fireplace. She wondered vaguely whether a stovepipe could be put out of the window and so make possible a fire in a small cook stove. She was sure she had seen stovepipes coming out of all sorts of odd places in the cities. But would the owners allow it? And would any fire at all perhaps make it dangerous and affect the fire insurance? Oh, there were so many things to think about, and it was all so impossible, of course.

She turned with heavy heart, and let herself down the ladder. It was time she went home, for the afternoon was well on its way. She could hear the whir of the trolley car going up. She must be out and down the road a little way to get the next one that passed it at the switch when it came back.

So with a wistful glance about the big dusty floor she turned away and went down to the ground floor and out into the afternoon sunshine.

Just as she crossed the knoll and was stepping over the broken fence she saw a clump of clover, and among the tiny stems one bearing four leaves. She was not superstitious, nor did the clover mean any special omen to her; but she stooped, smiling, and plucked it, tucking it into the buttonhole of her coat, and hurried down the road, for she could already hear the returning trolley car, and she wished to be a little farther from the barn before it overtook her. Somehow she shrank from having people in the car know where she had been, for it seemed like exposing her audacious wish to the world.

Seated in the car, she turned her eyes back to the last glimpse of the stone gables and the sweepy branches of the budding tree as the car sped down the hill and curved away behind another slope.

After all, it was but 4:30 when the car reached the city hall. Its route lay on half a mile nearer to the little brick house, and she could stay in it and have a shorter walk if she chose. It was not in the least likely anybody would be in any office at this hour of the day, anyway; that is, anybody with authority; but somehow Shirley had to signal that car and get out, long walk or not. A strong desire seized her to put her fate to the test and either crush out this dream of hers forever or find out at once it had a foundation to live.

She walked straight to the Ward Trust building and searched the bulletin board in the hallway carefully. Yes, there it was: "Graham-Walter—fourth floor front."

With rapidly beating heart she entered the elevator and tried to steady her voice as she said "Fourth;" but it shook in spite of her. What was she doing? How dared she? What should she say when they asked her what she wanted?

But Shirley's firm little lips were set, and her head had that tilt that her mother knew meant business. She had gone so far

she would see the matter to the finish, even if it was ridiculous. For now that she was actually on the elevator and almost to the fourth floor it seemed the most extraordinary thing in the world for a girl to enter a great business office and demand that its head should stoop to rent her an old barn out in the country for the infinitesimal sum she could offer. He would perhaps think her crazy, and have her put out.

But she got out of the elevator calmly and walked down the hall to where a ground glass door proclaimed in gold letters the name she was hunting. Timidly she turned the knob and entered a large room, spacious and high ceilinged, with Turkish rugs on the inlaid floor, leather chairs and mahogany desks.

There was no one in the office but a small office boy, who lolled idly on one elbow on the table, reading the funny page of the afternoon paper. She paused, half frightened, and looked about her appealingly; and now she began to be afraid she was too late. It had taken longer than she had thought it would to get here. It was almost 4:45 by the big clock on the wall. No head of a business firm was likely to stay in his office so late in the day as that, she knew. Yet she could hear the steady click of typewriter keys in an inner office; he might have remained to dictate a letter.

The office boy looked up insolently. "Is Mr. Graham in?" asked Shirley.

"Which Mr. Graham?" "Why," hesitating and catching the name on the door, "Mr. Walter Graham?" "No, he isn't here. Never here after 4 o'clock. The boy dropped on his elbow again and resumed his reading.

"Oh!" said Shirley, dismayed now in spite of her fright as she saw all hope fading from her. "Well, is there another—I mean is the other—Mr. Graham in?" Someone stirred in the inner office and came across to the door, looking out, someone with an overcoat and hat on. He looked at the girl, and then spoke sharply to the boy, who stood up straight as if he had been shot.

"Edward! See what the lady wants." "Yes, sir!" said Edward with sudden respect.

Shirley caught her breath, and plunged in. "I would like to see some Mr. Graham if possible for just a moment." There was something self possessed and business like in her voice now that commanded the boy's attention. Her brief business training was upon her.

The figure from the inner room emerged and took off his hat. He was a young man and strikingly handsome, with heavy dark hair that waved over his forehead and fine, strong features. His eyes were both keen and kind. There was something luminous in them that made Shirley think of Doris' eyes when she asked a question. Doris had wonderfully wise eyes.

"I am Mr. Sidney Graham," said the young man, advancing. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I wanted to ask you about a barn," began Shirley eagerly, then stopped abashed. How could she ask this immaculate son of luxury if he would rent a young girl his barn to live in during the summer? She could feel the color mounting in her cheeks, and would have turned and fled gladly if a way had been open. She was aware not only of the kind eyes of the man before her, but also of the gaping boy taking it all in, and her tongue was suddenly tied. She could say no more.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Marshal Foch's Mail. From the New York Times. Over the portal of the College of Tarbes, where Ferdinand Foch was once a student, there is the following inscription: "May this house remain standing until the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the tortoise has crawled around the world." It was young Foch's indelible lesson of patience. Patience he must need in abundant measure to deal with the correspondence that has descended upon him like an avalanche since he became famous as the greatest soldier of his time. His mail is said to be enormous. He hears, of course, from enemies as well as from friends, from critics as well as admirers. He is praised and damned in one post. Books, odes, songs, gifts threaten to engulf him. Autograph collectors lay siege to him by the thousand. Mothers name their sons after him and want him to know it at once. His advice is solicited in matters about which he confesses that he knows nothing at all. Inventors of death-dealing contrivances are sure that he is interested in them. An American dumped upon his desk the other day two dozen letters and packages, all registered. Hence may have more terrors for a marshal of France than the full tide of war.

No Victorian Dotage. The prudens of both sexes see how until red in the face, but it is a safe bet that American women never will be lured back to the slavery of Victorian primness and dotage.