CHAPTER XX-Continued. -14-

"No. I do not forget, James. There was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I went about it deliberately, with my low, unsteady voice. eyes open. I came here to induce him taken him back to his mother's home. to her grave, and there I would have | the point of loving you." told him what you did to her. If after hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would manner that would have hurt you the years of anguish-years, I say."

pray do not overlook that fact," said times I am sure that something of Mahe. "I suffered for twenty years. I tilde was in me. I was not myself. You was at the edge of oblivion more than have looked into my eyes a thousand once, if it is a pleasure for you to hear times with a question in your own. me say it. Therese."

"It does not offset the pain that her gave to her boy, nor the stigma you was in me. You-" put upon him. I am glad that you suffered. It proves to me that you secret-her-when you were in my arms." ly considered yourself to be in the wrong. You doubted yourself. You were never sure, and yet you crushed the life out of her innocent, bleeding heart. You let her die without a word to show that you-'

"I was lost to the world for years," he said. "There were many years when I was not in touch with-"

"But her letters must have reached you. She wrote a thousand of-"

"They never reached me," he said significantly.

"You ordered them destroyed?" she cried in sudden comprehension.

"I must decline to answer that question."

### CHAPTER XXI.

Revenge Turned Bitter.

She gave him a curious, incredulous smile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded, I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to ters she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later on, to plead with you and to kill you if you would not listen to him. But you had gone-to 'Africa, they said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy. He was hers and -" She stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards. my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden-you know how carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years they searched for him-and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you, God bless her poor soul! You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich-very rich. with difficulty. "Yes, I know all these But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had se- age of letters and glanced at the subcreted him too well. At last, one day, scription on the outer envelope. Sudshe told me what it was that you ac- denly he raised them to his lips and, cused her of doing. She told me about with his eyes closed, kissed the words Guido Feverelli, her music-master. I that were written there. Her head

finest men I have ever seen." Brood.

"Perhaps. Who knows? But if so, he never uttered so much as one word of love to her. He challenged you. could have done? Was it just to your Why did you refuse to fight him?"

"Because she begged me not to kill him. Did she tell you that?" "Yes. But that was not the real rea-

son. It was because you were not sure of your ground."

"I deny that!" "Never mind. It is enough that poor Feverelli passed out of her life. She did not see him again until just before she died. He was a noble gentleman.

that wretched day in this house. I have it here in this packet." She drew a package of papers from her bosom and laid it upon the table

white ribbon

on. "I have brought it here for you to just as I fascinated you. He would not | "There! You see, James?" she cried. read. But not now! There are other have gone away with me, even after whirling upon her husband. letters and documents here for you to you had told him that he was not your "I think you'd better step in and see consider. They are from the grave. son. He would not do that to you, him now, Jim," said the doctor, sud- all-"

and draw back from them. They convict you. James."

"Now I can see why you have taken up this fight against me. You-you know she was innocent," he said in a

to run away with me. I would have But what you do not understand is everything out for him. He could have how I could have brought myself to had his Lydia, even though he went

"Loving me! Good heaven, woman,

what do you-" "Loving you in spite of myself," she cried, beating upon the table with her hands. "I have tried to convince myhave taken him away from you in the self that it was not I but the spirit of Do you understand? I do not hate you Matilde that had come to lodge in my worst. My sister was true to you. I treacherous body. I hated you for would have been just as true, and after myself and I loved you for Matilde. you had suffered the torments of hell, She loved you to the end. She never it was my plan to reveal everything to hated you. That was it. The pure, you. But you would have had your deathless love of Matilde was constantpunishment by that time. When you ly fighting against the hatred I bore were at the very end of your strength, for you. I believe as firmly as I bewhen you tremble on the edge of ob- lieve that I am alive that she has been livion, then I would have hunted you near me all the time, battling against out and laughed at you and told you my insane desire for vengeance. You the truth. But you would have had have only to recall to yourself the moments when you were so vividly re-"I have already had years of agony, minded of Matilde Valeska. At those Your soul was striving to reach the soul of Matilde. Ah, all these months suffering brought to me. It does not I have known that you loved Matildecounter-balance the unhappiness you not me. You loved the Matilde that

"I have thought of her-always of

"I know how well you loved her." she declared slowly. "I know that you went to her tomb long after her death was revealed to you. I know that years ago you made an effort to find Feverelli. You found his grave, too, and you could not ask him, man to man, if you had wronged her. But in spite of all that you brought up her boy to be sacrificed as-

"I-I-good God, am I to believe you? If he should be my son!" he

cried, starting up, cold with dread. "He is your son. He could be no other man's son. I have her dving word for it. She declared it in the ter was as pure as snow. You know presence of her God. Wait! Where are you going?"

"I am going down to him!"

"Not yet, James. I have still more to say to you-more to confess. Here! Take this package of letters. Read them as you sit beside his bed-not to health, never fear. If he were to die. I should curse myself to the end of time, for I and I alone would have been the cause. Here are her letters -and the one Feverelli wrote to her. to the killing of my own son!" me-little me-that she told her story This is her deathbed letter to you. And She stood over him, silent for a long and it was I to this is a letter to her son and yours! time, her hand hovering above his whom she read all of the pitiful let- You may some day read it to him. And head. here—this is a document requiring me to share my fortune with her son. It is a pledge that I took before my fa- full command of her voice. "I can ther died a few years ago. If the boy promise you that, James. I shall not ever appeared, he was to have his go from this house until he is well. I mother's share of the estate-and it is shall nurse him back to health and not an inconsiderable amount, James. give him back to you and Matilde, for He is independent of you. He need now I know that he belongs to both of ask nothing of you. I was taking him you and not to her alone. Now, James, home to his own"

She shrank slightly as he stood over her. There was more of wonder and pity in his face than condemnation. She looked for the anger she had expected to arouse in him, and was dumfounded to see that it was not revealed in his steady, appraising eyes. "Your plan deserved a better fate

than this Therese. It was prodigious! I-I can almost pity you."

"Have-have you no pain-no regret -no grief?" she cried weakly.

"Yes," he said, controlling himself and more." He picked up the packknew him, James. He had known her drooped, and a sob came into her from childhood. He was one of the throat. She did not look up until he began speaking to her again, quietly, "He was in love with her," grated even patiently. "But why should you, even in your longing for revenge-why should you have planned to humilfate and degrade him even more than I sister's son that you should blight his life, that you should turn him into a skulking, sneaking betrayer? What would you have gained in the end? His loathing, his scorn-my God, Therese,

did you not think of all this?" have told you that I thought of everything. I was mistaken. I did not stop to think that I would be taking an away from happiness in the shape of love that he might bear for someone eise. I did not know that there was a He wrote but one letter to her after Lydia Desmond. When I came to know, my heart softened and my purpose lost "But one letter from him," she went | ways loved Lydia. I fascinated him- to him, but, of course-"

manded Brood scornfully "If you had not come upon us here, the whole story of my life, of his life and of yours. Do you think he would have refused forgiveness to me? No! He would have understood."

"But up to that hour he thought of you as a-a what shall I say?"

"A bad woman? Perhaps. I did not everything as soon as the ship on which we sailed was outside the harbor yonder. That was my intention. and I know you believe me when I say that-there was nothing more in my "And why I have hated you, ai-e? mind. Time would have straightened away with me. Once away from here, do you think that he would ever return? No! Even though he knew you to be his father, he would not forget that he has never been your son. You have hurt him since he was a babe. now. It is something to know that you have worshiped her all these years. You were true to her. What you did believed that she had wronged you. agement! But you went on loving her. That is what weakened my resolve. You loved der," she said quietly. Something been worthy of her love. She knew you citement. better than all the world. You came to me with love for her in your heart. You took me, and you loved her all the are not entitled to this miserable, unhappy love I have come to feel for you my own love, not Matilde's."

"You-you are saying this so that I to the street-"

"No!" she cried, coming to her feet. 'I shall ask nothing of you. If I am to go it shall be because I have failed. I have been a blind, vain-glorious fool. The trap has caught me instead of you, and I shall take the consequences. I approached, but watched them with have lost-everything!"

"Yes, you have lost everything," said he steadily.

"You despise me?" "I cannot ask you to stay hereafter this."

"But I shall not go. I have a duty they encountered. His shoulders vation. I am his strength. When you to perform before I leave this house. I intend to save the life of that poor boy downstairs, so that he may not die believing me to be an evil woman, a faithless wife. Thank God. I have ac complished something! You know that he is your son. You know that my sisthat you killed her and that she loved you in spite of the death you brought

to her. That is something. That-" Brood dropped into the chair and buried his face on his quivering arms. In muffled tones came the cry from his soul. "They've all said that he is like his deathbed, for I shall restore him me. I have seen it at times, but I would not believe. I fought against it, resolutely, madly, cruelly! Now it is too late and I see! I see, I feel! Damn you -oh, damn you-you have driven me

"He is not going to die," she said at last, when she was sure that she had you may go down to him. He is not conscious. He will not hear you praying at his bedside. He-"

A knock came at the door-a sharp, imperative knock. It was repeated several times before either of them could summon the courage to call out. They were petrified with the dread of something that awaited them beyond the closed door. It was she who finally called out: "Come in!"

Doctor Hodder, coatless and bare armed, came into the room.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment. The two were leaning forward with alarm in their eyes, their hands gripping the table.

"Well, are we to send for an undertaker?" demanded Hodder irritably. Brood started forward. "Is-is he dead?"

"Of course not, but he might as well be," exclaimed the other, and it was plain to be seen that he was very much out of patience. "You've called in another doctor and a priest and now I hear that a Presbyterian parson is in the library. Hang it all, Brood, why don't you send for the coroner and undertaker and have done with it? I'm blessed if I-"

Yvonne came swiftly to his side. "Is he conscious? Does he know?" "For God's sake, Hodder, is there

any hope?" cried Brood. "I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't believe there is. It went in here, above the heart, and it's lodged back each other without speaking. there by the spine somewhere. We most of its force. He would have been haven't located it yet, but we will, Had Yvonne gravely. safe with me, but would he have been to let up on the ether for awhile, you happy? I could not give him the kind see. He opened his eyes a few minbefore him. There were a half dozen of love that Lydia promised. I could utes ago, Mrs. Brood, and my assistant that has reached God's ear?" she cried ries. letters tied together with a piece of only be his mother's sister to him. He is certain that he whispered Lydia in real amazement. was not in love with me. He has al. Desmond's name. Sounded that way

Ah, I do not wonder that you shrink James, in spite of the blow you struck | denly becoming very gentle. "He may

him. He was loyal to Lydia and to come to again and-well, it may be the you have said all that to me before, power to thwar death, at least in this last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, Lydia.' it's as bad as all that " "And what did he think of you?" de

"I'll go-at once," said Brood, his Mrs. Brood?" demanded Lydia. "You nurses were not slow to admit that face ashen. "You must revive him for he would have known me for who I am a few minutes, Hodder. There's someand he would have forgiven me. I had thing I've got to say to him. He must asked him to go away with me. He re- be able to hear and to understand me fused. Then I was about to tell him It is the most important thing in the

-" He choked up suddenly. "You'll have to be careful, Jim. He's ready to collapse. Then it's all off."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my husband has something to say to his son that cannot be put off for an instant. I think it will mean a great care. It was part of the price I was to deal to him in his fight for recovery. pay in advance. I would have told him It will make life worth living for him." Hodder stared for a second or two. "He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I-I-if it's got any thing to do with his mother, say it, for pity's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times-"

"It has to do with his mother." Brood cried out. "Come! I want you to hear it, too, Hodder."

"There isn't much time to lose, I'm afraid," began Hodder, shaking his head. His gaze suddenly rested on Mrs. Brood's face. She was very erect, and a smile such as he had never seen before was on her lips-a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a long, long ago was not your fault. You positive, undeniable feeling of encour-"He is not going to die. Doctor Hod-

her to the end, she loved you to the went through his body that warmed it end. Well, in the face of that, could I curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who go on hating you? You must have is seized by a great overpowering ex-She preceded them into the hall.

Brood came last. He closed the door behind him after a swift glance about time. I am not sure, James, that you the room that had been his most private retreat for years

He was never to set foot inside its could feel it coming-his strengthwalls again. In that single glance he bade farewell to it forever. It was a Lydia. You will see a strange sight, may refrain from throwing you out in- hated, unlovely spot. He had spent an my dear. James Brood will kneel beage in it during those bitter morning side his son and tell him-" hours, an age of imprisonment.

On the landing below they came up- his hands in a gesture of admission. on Lydia. She was seated on a win- "You must hear it, too, Lydia. Not dow ledge, leaning wearily against you, Therese! You are not to come the casement. She did not rise as they in. steady, smoldering eyes in which there she said, with the air of a dictator. was no friendliness, no compassion. They were her enemies, they had killed side him and you will not be needed." the thing she loved

Brood's eyes met hers for an instant and then fell before the bitter look hope lies here, James. I am his sal-



"And What Did He Think of You?"

drooped as he passed close by her mo tionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It passed through the valley of the opened and closed an instant later and shadow of death and was but new he was with his son

For a long time, Lydia's somber, piteous gaze hung upon the door through | finement, but there was a healthy glow which he had passed and which was to the skin and a clear light in the closed so cruelly against her, the one eye. For a week or more he had been who loved him best of all. At last she permitted to walk about the house and looked away, her attention caught by a into the garden, always leaning on the queer clicking sound near at hand. She arm of his father or the faithful Hinwas surprised to find Yvonne Brood du. Each succeeding day saw his standing close beside her, her eyes strength and vitality increase and each closed and her fingers telling the beads night he slept with the peace of a he'll never get over knowing that that ran through her fingers, her lips care-free child. moving in voiceless prayer.

The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascina- She had gone through the campaign tion. The incomprehensible creature against death with loral, unfaltering likely to forgive himself so easily. He was praying!

Lydia believed that Frederic had shot himself. She put Yvonne down as the real cause of the calamity that had fallen upon the house. But for her, did not marker, for she was of the for the thing she set about to do. You James Brood would never have had a motive for striking the blow that tenance on which she throve despite love. She debased herself, even crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy boy. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now sho begged to be pardoned for her foli7! An inexplicable desire to laugh 25 the plight of the trifler came over the girl. but even as she checked it a 20ther and more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion.

Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded

"He is not going to die, Lydia," said The girl started to her feet. "Do you ! think it is your prayer and not mine

"The prayer of a nobler woman than either you or I has gone to the throne," said the other.

Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentment. "You could have prevented

"Be good enough to remember that absolute certainty that she had the

A Pathetic Letter. uation many interesting letters were received by representatives and senators from Dixie. The following one-

countries in Europe are issuig merrytoriums, so that the people can put off paying there detts a while. 'Now, 1 have 18 bales of cotton and owe detts amounting to about six hundred dol-In the height of the great cotton sit- to pay out and leave anything to pay

"Yours truly, ----

#### MRS. LYON'S instance, had its effect, not only on "What is your object in keeping me the wounded man but on those who **ACHES AND PAINS** her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them

away from him at such a time as this, attended him. Doctor Hodder and the

Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall never have got beyond the form of a

have to face them together. I can mere hope. There was something pos

promise you this: Frederic will be itively startling in her serene convic

saved for you. Tomorrow, next day tion that Frederic was not to die No

perhaps, I may be able to explain less a skeptic than the renowned

everything to you. You hate me to- Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and

day. Everyone in this house hates me her mother that he now believed in

-even Frederic. There is a day com- the supernatural and never again

was my prayer, Lydia. I was not pray- the dampness of death on the young

"I want to say to you, Mrs. Brood, matter out of nature's hands. It was

that it is my purpose to remain in this not in the books that he should get

be the one great tonic that is to re- first day's struggle. He was marked

you are commanded to stay here and ing change. Life did not take its ex-

help me in the long fight that is ahead | pected flight; instead it clung, flicker

anxiety, but the light of exaltation was any of those days in which the be-

with an incentive that otherwise might

would say "there is no God."

man's brow, a remarkable change had

occurred even as he watched for the

last fleeting breath. It was as if some

secret, unconquerable force had sud-

denly intervened to take the whole

well; it was against every rule of na-

ture that he should have survived that

for death and there was no alternative.

Then came the bewildering, mystify-

ing but indestructible, to its clay and

would not obey the laws of nature

For days and days life hung by what

we are pleased to call a thread; the

great shears of death could not sever

the tiny thing that held Frederic's

wildered scientist and his assistants

did not proclaim that it would be his

last, and yet he gave the lie to them.

Hodder had gone to James Brood at

the end of the third day, and with the

sweat of the haunted on his brow had

whispered hoarsely that the case was

out of his hands! He was no longer

the doctor but an agent governed by a

claim its own! And somehow Brood

understood far better than the man of

The true story of the shooting had

long been known to Lydia and her

mother. Brood confessed everything

to them. He assumed all of the blame

for what had transpired on that tragic

morning. He humbled himself before

them, and when they shook then

heads and turned their backs upon

him he was not surprised, for he knew

they were not convicting him of as-

sault with a deadly firearm. Later

on the story of Therese was told by

him to Frederic and the girl. He did

his wife no injustice in the recital.

brown head at his knee and voiced the

thought that was in his mind.

end of things."

Frederic laid his hand upon the soft

"You are wondering, as I am, too,

what is to become of Yvonne after to

day," he said. "There must be an

end, and if it doesn't come now, when

will it come? Tomorrow we sail. It

is certain that she is not to accom-

pany us. She has said so herself, and

father has said so. He will not take

her with him. So today must see the

"Frederic, I want you to do some

thing for me," said Lydia, earnestly.

"There was a time when I could not

have asked this of you, but now I

implore you to speak to your father

in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear

I cannot help it. She asks nothing of

any of us, she expects nothing, and

yet she loves all of us-yes, all of us.

She will never by word or look make

a single plea for herself. I have watched

her closely all these weeks. There

was never an instant when she re-

vealed the slightest sign of an appeal.

yes, but that is all. I think she is

reconciled to what she considers her

to protest against it. Perhaps it to

natural that she should feel that way

about it. But it is-oh, Freddy, it is

terrible! If he would-would only un-

"Listen, Lyddy, dear. I don't be-

lieve it's altogether up to him. There

is a barrier that we can't see, but they

do-both of them. My mother stands

between them. You see, I've come to

know my father lately, dear. He's not

a stranger to me any longer. I know

what sort of a heart he's got He

never got over loving my mother and

Yvonne knows that she loved him to

the day she died. We know what it

the first, and she knows. He's not

didn't play fair with either of them.

see. Lyddy, she married him without

derful woman in the world. She's got

"I'm not so sure of that," pro-

see how he can help loving Yvonne, in

"Ah, but you have it from her that

represented the love that had never

past. She is herself, she is not Matilde.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Gents: I have heard that forrein

He loved Matilde all the time."

spite of everything. She-

bend a little toward her. If he-

With

refuse to let me go in to him. Is it be-

"There are trying days ahead of us,

ing when you will not hate me. That

Lydia started. "For yourself? I

"You hesitate? Perhaps it is just as

"You are welcome, Lydia. You will

store him to health of mind and body.

Yes, I shall go further and say that

"I-I thank you, Mrs. Brood," the

Both of them turned quickly as the

door to Frederic's room opened and

James Brood came out into the hall.

"Come, Lydia," he said softly, after

he had closed the door behind him.

"He knows me. He is conscious.

Hodder can't understand it, but he

seems to have suddenly grown

"Stronger?" cried Yvonne, the ring

of triumph in her voice. "I knew! I

even out here, James. Yes, go in now

"Come!" said Brood, spreading out

"I grant you ten minutes, James,"

"After that I shall take my stand be-

She struck her breast sharply with

her clinched hand. "His one and only

come out of that room again it will

be to stay out until I give the word

for you to re-enter. Go now and put

spirit into him. That is all that I ask

He stared for a moment and then

lowered his head. A moment later

Lydia followed him into the room and

Yvonne was alone in the hall. Alone?

Ranjab was ascending the stairs. He

came and stood before her, and bent

"I forgot," she said, looking down

upon him without a vestige of the

old dread in her eyes. "I have a friend,

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June.

On a warm morning toward the

and Lydia sat in the quaint, old-fash-

ioned courtyard, in the grateful shade

of the south wing and almost directly

beneath the balcony off Yvonne's bou-

been wheeled to the spot by the dog-

like Ranjab, and she sat on = pile of

against the wall. Looking at him, one

would not have thought that he had

emerging into the sunshine of secur-

ity. His face was pale from long con-

As for Lydia, ese was radiant with

courage; there had meyer been an in-

fighting kand. Her love was the sus-

June Frederic

doir. He lounged comfortably, yet She takes it for granted that she has

weakly, in the invalid's chair that had no place in our lives. In our memory.

cushions at his feet, her back resting fate and it has not entered her mind

happiness. The long fight was over. was in Yvonne that attracted him from

stant when her stanch heart had failed that's what I'm trying to get at. 1

her; there had been distress but never don't believe he can forgive himself

despair. If the strain told on her it any more than he can forgive Yvonne

the bongarly offerings that were laid though she can't admit it even now

before her during those weeks of fam- I love her, too. She's the most won

Times there were when a pensive the finest instincts a woman ever

mood brought the touch of sadness to possessed. But she did give herself

her grateful heart. She was happy to the man she hated with all her soul.

and Frederic was happy, but what of | and-well, there you are. He can't for-

the one who actually had wrought the get that, you know-and she can't

miracle? That one alone was un- Leaving me out of the question alto-

happy, unrequited, undefended. There gether-and you, too-there still re-

was no place for her in the new order mains the sorry fact that she has be-

of things. When Lydia thought of trayed her sister's love. She loves

her-as she often did-it was with an him for herself now, and-that's what

indescribable craving in her soul. She hurts both of them. It hurts because

longed for the hour to come when they both know that he still loves

ute; when the strange defiance that nounced Lydia. "He loves your moth-

held all of them at bay would dis- er's memory, he loves her for the

appear and they could feel that she wrong he did her, but-well, I don't

rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. he loved my mother even when she

She realized that her sweetheart's re- was in his arms, because, in a way, she

remarkable influence exercised by this died. Now all that is a thing of the

Yvonne Brood would lay aside the my mother."

mask of resignation and demand trib-

no longer regarded them as adversa-

There was no longer a symptom of

covery was due almost entirely to the

woman at a time when mortal agen-

cies appeared to be of no avail. Her

girl was surprised into saying.

ing for Frederic, but for myself."

might have known you-"

house as long as I can be-"

well"

of us."

in his eyes.

stronger. He-'

of you.

his knee.

after all."

cause you are afraid of what-"

Have All Gone Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa .- "Kindly permit me



Lydia E. Pinkher 's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it 1 was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches-pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and

had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."-Mrs. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work nas produced the grandest remely for woman's ills that the world ha ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, His face was drawn with pain and soul to earth. There was no hour in forty years ago, gave to womanking a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seekspirit that would not permit death to ing health-many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

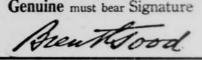
> Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly com

pel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Co stipation, Indigestion,

and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

CARTERS



Not Proportionate "They say the national conscience is growing."

"They can't prove it by the national conscience fund."

> Drink Denison's Coffee. Always pure and delicious

A woman never entirely forgives her husband for not being a hero.

# Are Your Kidneys Weak?

Do you know that deaths from kidney troubles are 100,000 a year in the U. S alone? That deaths have increased 725 in 20 years? If you are run down, los ing weight, nervous, "blue" and rheu-matic, if you have backache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, act quickly. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. No other medi-cine is so widely used, none so highly recommended.

A Nebraska Case



F. M. Gilliland was in a bad was with decrease with dropsical swellings in my feet and limbs. I had spells of dia-ziness. My heart palpitated a n d the annoying pain in my back was awful. The kid-I had tried a lot of medicin benefit I took Doan's Kidn

me to the best of health. Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, uch as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot ouches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine

possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E.

Pinkham Medicine Co. has rec-Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with wo-men, which proves its superi-ority. Women who have been ority. relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists.

50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass

## Safety First

It begins with a C and smells like "Camphor. What is it? Campholatum, of course or is it possible you have never used this we derful remedy, which is giving the and comfort every year from Hay Fever, Piles and Hemorrhoids, Sore Eyes, Sprains, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Insect Stings, Neuralgia, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Burns and Scalds, and a host of other conditions? You should acquaint yourself with its household usefulness advantage of this golden opportunity. Cut con pon out before you forget, fill in your name and address and mail to us with 15 cents in stamps. receive a full size far of this wonderful oin ment. There is but one Campholatum and usands of imitations. Insist upon this and no other

Campholatum Co., 2704 Park Ave.,

American Cities. caution to equip himself with large own house. sums of money, that he cannot pos

Wherein Conditions Are Different

From Those That Prevail in

TELLS OF LIFE IN VIENNA have a whole house to himself.

He will find that he can ride up-have a drink, but in all likelihood he usual service rendered by one of them ward in an elevator, but that he must | will accept a clean collar. walk down. He will find that if he and how its inhabitants enjoy them grandmothers and the messenger boys invalid bachelor. After that he clipped Life in Vienna offers many incon- selves, he must stay out all night, are men. These grown-up messenger a dog for an actress; next he beat a gruities to the American. First, he When he comes home late he must tip boys are known as "commissioners." carpet for a boarding-house keeper;

The people frequent the cafes of many kinds of work other than run- packing a trunk for a departing travsibly afford to live anywhere except in Vienna so constantly that peddlers of ning errands. It would doubtless be eler wound up the day by helping a a flat No one except the nobility and linen derive a smart income from sales more correct to style them "men of plumber deliver a bathtub.

is accepting hospitality may decline to | trades." Witness the varied and un- | tate to complain of the times. He was

will find, unless he has taken the pre- the doorkeeper in order to get into his They are dressed in distinctive uniforms and are licensed to perform ished an officer's sword, and after extractions the foreigners can hope to to be used on the spot. The guest who all chores" rather than "Jacks of all Yet the "commissioner" did not hesi-

in a single day: In Vienna the retired chorus girls His first job was to rebottle some wants to see anything of the place, are pensioners, the flower girls are wine; then he cleaned a pipe for an

then he curried a cabman's horse, pol-

quite willing to be quoted as stating that he hoped conditions would improve soon so that he might be kept busy.

ing-was received by Senator Bank-

lars. I can't sell my cotton for enough taxes and live on next year. If they are selling merrytoriums in New York I wisht you would see what it will cost most pathetic in spite of its odd spell- to buy me one for the amount of my detts, good for six mos.