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I am a woman.
I know women's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treat-
ment with full instructions to any sufferer from
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Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Dis-
placement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty
or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or
Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels,
bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling
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weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment
entirely free to prove to you that you can cure your-
self at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember,
that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment
or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send
me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment
for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost
my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why
women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it,
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can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy.
It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment
which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickiness and Painful or Irregular
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Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly
tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women
well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is
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which he laughed uproariously, and then suddenly becoming serious said: "Well, now, what'll that Tom Drew (of course, this is a fictitious name) be up to next? He's always up to some practical joke or other, but this is rather more serious than usual. He came to our place in the middle of the night, or rather, near morning, and without dismounting said that you had brought him an urgent telegram which made it necessary for him to go south in a hurry, and that you had missed the trail and arrived at his place with badly frost-bitten feet; asked one of us to come down in the morning to see what we could do for you and then dug out. I never suspected anything amiss, although I did think it funny that when you were carrying a telegram you should lay off a day at our place, within twelve miles of your destination."

While telling me this little fable, on which I made no comment, the speaker who was one of the boys from the ranch I had left the day before, had been busy untying my hands and feet, and while he prepared breakfast I walked about swinging my arms, and soon worked the stiffness out of my limbs. So when we had eaten, and afterwards washed up the dishes, we pulled on up

the river, going by way of the ice, where I found the beaver houses again but no traps, of course. We arrived at the ranch just in time for dinner, during the discussion of which I took occasion to remark that I would have a very satisfactory report to turn in this time, merely saying I found everything quiet and orderly, and I asked the boys as a favor to keep the joke of the policeman's hold-up among themselves, otherwise, I would never hear the end of it, to which they laughingly agreed. I figured that my intentions would thus eventually reach Tom Drew's ears, in fact, I strongly suspected that he was within hearing.

After dinner I continued on up the river, found nothing, and returned to town by a different route, and in due time quit the force and found more congenial work on a ranch. One day, meeting Tom in town, at his pressing invitation I spent the next winter hunting and trapping with him and found him a pleasant and instructive companion, and, taken all round, one of the best fellows one would meet on many a long march. I need scarcely add that we left the beaver severely alone, both in their holes and in our conversation.

The Desertion of Winunla.

By H. P. George.

It was late autumn at Doss Fort and on the reservation. It was late autumn wherever parallels permitted, but on the agency, as is the way with agencies, it was a gloomier autumn than the rest of the world knew.

The Hon. Fred's girl wife held her baby in her arms and looked away down the wagon track—two gray lines cutting into halves the brown loneliness of the prairie. The baby gurgled ecstatically to a crack across the window pane, but his mother thought it was because he was watching for his father, even as her own eyes reached out to the sullen emptiness of the east.

"You will know him, Small One of my Soul," she said, with a mother's faith in a three months old intelligence. "See! He will walk so, as though there were no place in all the world where his foot was not welcome. And when he sees you he will laugh—so—with his head held back, and all the air will be big with his voice!"

And then, having grown gay for a moment in imitating the stride and the laughter of the Hon. Fred, the girl remembered her loneliness and held the baby against her lips to stop their quivering. For is it not the part of women to wait patiently when their men go into the East, promising with great vows to return?

"And his eyes are so blue, Dear One—his eyes are so blue!" she said.

Since he went, the winter too had gone, and the spring with its green hope, and the summer, when life holds its breath and listens under the sun, and now the autumn, when death seeks for things and a woman's heart must cling harder to the hope in it, lest it too die.

It was in August that the baby came, ushered into this world by the agency midwife, Awanasta, while the hot darkness pressed against the windows, and a greater darkness groped for a life—and drew back slowly.

And after came the mother cry, and Awanasta laid the child in the helpless hollow of her arm. "It is a great chief, Little Dear One," she said cheerfully. "Art thou not glad that a chief shall feed at thy breast?"

Winunla looked at the brown bit of life against her arm, and a fierce, unloving protest grew in her heavy eyes before she closed them frowningly.

"He is all of my people," she said faintly. "Take him away, Awanasta."

At the agency store they questioned Awanasta eagerly concerning this new ward of the government.

"He is a man child, big like his father and brown like his mother," said the midwife sententiously, weighing her tobacco plug in her wrinkled hand.

"Ah—he! brown like his mother!

And what says his mother to that?" The questioner was Winunla's cousin and a full blood Dakota. Moreover, he had been her lover in the days before her Eastern school had taken her in and sent her back an alien.

Old Awanasta turned upon the young man savagely.

"If Winunla forgot her people when the white man beckoned, well and good! In the year while she tasted his kisses she forgot us, needing us not. But now—there was the full price paid today. It is not good that a woman go down among the shadows and have not a man's hand to hold her in the great moment."

Awanasta's verdict had been the general one. If Winunla had neglected her friends in her happiness, now that she needed them they came back a faithful, silent people to the call of her deserted motherhood.

"It is good of you, my people," she said to them, "and when my husband returns with that gold of his father that is his, you shall be glad with many blankets and with much tobacco. Shall they not, my Small One?" And her eyes smiled above the dusky head of the child. Something in the sober faces about her spoke certain truths to her, and she lifted the child high as though she showed them a pledge.

"When my husband returns!" she challenged them sharply. And Awanasta drove them from the room, scuttling behind them until the door closed upon their doubts.

But there were other doubts that remained beside the young mother's pillow, and as she grew stronger moved with her into familiar ways. The pity of her people wrapped her about in a cruel, whispering sympathy, and Winunla shut her lips and steeled her eyes against it, and held her head high as her loneliness grew upon her.

Over at the Fort the men talked of her and sent presents to the heir according to their means and from the common great heart among them. There was a general sentiment against the Hon. Fred, who the year before had been the friend of all of them. There was also a general disgust for his lack of taste.

"Squaws of Winunla's style ain't plenty," said Sergeant Callan reproachfully, "an' to pick 'er an' throw 'er away ain't the act of a gentleman. We all give Fred credit for bein' a gentleman."

"It's a mighty shabby trick to play even a Injin," said Murry. His eyes rested tenderly on his own half breed wife, washing his shirt down in the married quarters. Murry beat his wife as a matter of course, but he would never have deserted her. "For," con-