YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR — Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXV.

"I see," said the astute lawyer. "You intend a compromise."

"I intend offering her one half—three quarters," said Hugh, grimly.

"One half—three quarters!" exclaimed the lawyer, aghast. "Sir Hugh! is this—well, is this carrying out the spirit of Mr. Trevenion's will? We always regarded you as the heir, and now you wish to throw away—pardon me, but that is the only term that occurs to me—to throw away a half, or more than half, the amount bequeathed to you!"

"Look here," said Hugh, in his solemn fashion, "we won't discuss this—we should never agree. I will yield as to the amount, but I insist upon one half. Write to Miss Dorrimore"—the name left his lips hesitatingly—"and offer her one half unconditionally. All my fear is that she will not take it."

The lawyer shook his head.

"If she does not," he said, "she is—a very wanton young lady. Have you any other instructions, Sir Hugh?"

"No," said Hugh, sick and sore at heart. "If—if you could obtain any information respecting Miss Dorrimore's movements——" He hesitated and the lawyer looked at him curiously under his brows. Was his client out of his mind?

"What information do you want, Sir Hugh?" he said. "I understood that Miss Dorrimore was staying at the Castle."

"She is not now," said Hugh, with a sigh. "I see you don't care about the work of a private detective. Well, do as I tell you—one half, mind!' and he hurried down to his cab.

The lawyer made the offer, as we know; and the result shook his confidence in his knowledge of human nature.

"Wonderful to relate, Sir Hugh," he said; "Miss Dorrimore refuses any portion of the money—refuses it emphatically and unconditionally."

"You must insist upon it," said Hugh, firmly.

The lawyer smiled.

"Sir Hugh, all the insistence in the world would have no effect; it would rather make her more—obstinate. I am sorry to use such a word in connection with a lady's, and a young lady's conduct, but that simply and truly describes it. As her own solicitor says, she is obstinate. I don't think insistence will do any good, Sir Hugh. You remember the old distich:

"'If a woman will she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't!'

Better leave it as it is for the present, Sir Hugh; she may change her mind—I had almost said, 'come to her senses.'"

He said nothing of Mrs. Fermor's death. Lady Falconer had written him a line or two, and he was a wary old gentleman, who understood his business.

Hugh paced the office in his grim fashion for full five minutes. He thought he knew why she had refused. Archie would not like her to take money from him, and, of course, she was bound to consider Archie's feelings. But still he was reluctant to give in.

"Cannot I make it over to her in a deed of gift?" he asked, irritably.

"You could, but she would certainly tear the deed into pieces, and probably fling the fragments in my face," said the lawyer. "The fact is, Sir Hugh, the young lady appears to have an—an animus against you."

Hugh groaned.

"And the best thing that can be done is to let things slide, as our American cousins say. Let things remain as they are."

What could Hugh do? He paced the room for yet another five minutes, then he went out, with scarcely a good-morning for the man of law.

When he reached home he found a note from Maud awaiting him.

"Mamma has been very unwell," she wrote, "and the doctor thinks a change of air would do her good, and mamma thinks she would like to come to London for a few weeks. Will you, if you are not too busy, tell them to get the house ready?"

Sir Hugh possessed a small house in Gordon Place, looking on to the park. He never lived in it himself, always residing in chambers, and it was only used when Lady Falconer came to town; it had, indeed, got to be looked upon as hers, just as the Castle was regarded.

Hugh, who never gave a thought to his own rights or wishes, went round to the house in Gordon Place, and had an interview with a grimy old charwoman, who "kept" it when it was not occupied by the family, and then he sent in some decorators, and had the place made comfortable.

But he still occupied his chambers. Then there came a second note from Maud, saying that, if he had no objection, Lucy Fairfax, who was still with them, would continue their visitor. She was such a comfort to mamma, Maud added, though she didn't explain in what way Lady Falconer needed consolation.

Hugh wrote back a few lines, expressing his regret at his mother's illness, and informing them that they could ask whom they pleased, so that they didn't expect him to reside at Gordon House, which he detested.

Then he resumed his old moping about town, looking in at the clubs, and smoking innumerable cigars in his chambers at the Albany.

Ah! if he had but known that Dulcie was alone in the world, bereaved and in poverty, how differently he would have acted!

But he never thought of her but he pictured her happy and joyous, with Sir Archie by her side—Archie, who at that moment was wandering about "that wretched South Wales" with a fly-rod and a mackintosh!

Lady Falconer, and so much of the household as could be accommodated at Gordon House, came to town, and then Maud sent another piteous little note to the chambers in the Albany: "Why didn't Hugh come and see them?"

Hugh, who could not bear the sight of anything that reminded him of Dulcie, screwed up his courage and rode up to Park Lane.

He arrived about lunch-time. Lady Falconer was seated in her high-backed chair, which had accompanied her from the Castle, and was enveloped in fleecy shawls. At her feet sat the small, slim figure of Lucy Fairfax, who rose to greet him with a soft, sympathetic smile, and a low, gentle voice.

If he had not forgotten her, she had occupied so misty a place in his confused mind that she seemed almost ghost-like, and he felt almost guilty as he took the tiny, warm hand. After all, she had always remained true to him, he thought; and he could not but remember how, when his interests seemed to demand it, she had sacrificed herself for him.

"I am glad you are here," he said, rather awkwardly.

"Thanks; yes, so am I!" she said. "Dear Lady Falconer has been so unwell."

Lady Falconer did not look worse than usual, but Hugh answered something appropriate.

"Lucy has been so kind and good," said Lady Falconer, with a little sniff. "I am sure she must be quite knocked up. I want her to go out, but she refuses."

"Oh, but," said Hugh, "you must, you know."

"I want her to go to the Botanical this afternoon," said Lady Falconer, dolefully; "but she won't."

"The Botanical," said Hugh, with a forced smile; "that is just where I want to go, but I can't go alone. Go and get your hat on, and tell Maud. Come," and he smiled, "we shall have you ill next."

Lucy Fairfax hesitated, and cast an angelic smile upon the muffled-up figure in the chair; then, with a grateful glance at Hugh, stole from the room.

Five minutes afterward the Duke of Gretnam was announced.

No one had deplored Dulcie's sudden disappearance from the Castle more than the duke, who had taken a great fancy to her; and he had made it his business to drive over from his large place near the Castle to make inquiries—inquiries which only elicited the scantiest information from Lady Falconer, who, however, made the great man welcome.

The Duke of Gretnam was unmarried, be it remembered, and Maud had not yet secured her young lord.

From coming to inquire after Dulcie the duke got into the habit of dropping in at the Castle about lunch-time, as there were plenty of people to amuse him, generally accepting the invitation to join that free and cozy meal.

For some time his grace directed his attentions pretty equally—Edie from the school-room getting as many pleasant things from his complimentary lips as Maud—but after a time his grace found something specially attractive in the quiet little lady with the red hair and green eyes; and it chanced more than once that he found himself seated beside her, looking down at the sympathetic face and listening to the soft, musical voice.

This state of things would scarcely have met with Lady Falconer's approbation, but Lucy Fairfax was watchful, and managed to conceal the duke's attentions from that lady's observant eyes.

The duke used to drive off after the little luncheon with a self-satisfied smile, and wonder what it was that made the Castle so pleasant.

That it was pleasant is certain from the fact that when he heard that they were going to London, he suddenly awoke to a sense of his political duties.

"Going to London?" he said, when Lady Falconer told him. "By George, so must I. My dear madame, I am ashamed to say how long it is since I entered the House of Lords. I must really go to London myself."

So it happened that the great duke followed in their footsteps, and scarcely had the Falconers got settled at Gordon House than he called.

He came in now, dressed in his tight-fitting frock coat, with a flower in his button-hole, and looking—well, almost a young man still.

"Going to the Botanical?" he said. "Now, I wonder if you would allow me to make one of the party?"

As such a request amounted almost to a command, Lady Falconer smiled and said that she was sure Maud would be delighted.

And so it happened that Dulcie saw Lucy Fairfax between the duke and Hugh.

"Going to be amrried!"

Until that afternoon Hugh had not seen Lucy Fairfax since the night of those theatricals which had borne such bitter fruit.

(To be Continued.)

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Gdace Bay, N. S., November 9th.—Here is a case which sorely puzzled the hospital doctors. It was evident that the great suffering from pain under the left shoulder-blade was due to torpidity of the liver, but no medical treatment seemed to do any good.

In fact medicines failed, and the doctors said an operation was the only hope. But Mrs. Watkins hesitated before the enormous risk of an operation and decided to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills first.

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Mrs. Annie Watkins, Glace Bay, New Harbor, N.S., writes: "I think it is time for me to give my experience with your wonderful Kidney-Liver Pills. For seven months I suffered with what the doctor called indigestion; but whatever it was, I suffered terribly. The pain would start under my left shoulder and pass down my side until it reached the pit of my stomach. It just seemed as if the flesh were being torn from the bone. At times I used to go without food from one morning until the next. I had no energy left for work at all. At last our doctor sent me to the hospital for a month. For four days and nights I never broke my fast except for a drink of water. After four weeks' treatment there I returned home, and was back only four days when the pain came back worse then ever. Then I was told I would have to undergo an operation, but I would not consent to that. At last I read about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and started to take them. At first I did not notice much difference, but still I kept on using them, and by the time four boxes were used I was perfectly well again. That was in 1914, so you see I can safely say that I was cured. I shall always be grateful to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they did more for me than four doctors."

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