

## Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women



Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my household work."—Mrs. B. B. ZIMMERMAN, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it, and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

### LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

## Happiness Secured

### A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XXII. A PROMISE OF SECRECY.

"Would to Heaven I never had!" is the passionate response. "God knows it was not with any wish or desire of mine. I struggled as desperately against the passion as ever man struggled for his life! But there are people in the world for whom it is useless to strive against fate—to try to go right—to keep in the straight and narrow path that is made so smooth and easy for others—people who, no matter how they strive, can never be anything but unfortunate—whose every hope falls them—whose love is crushed into the dust—whose whole life is a failure, as mine has been. Lesley," he adds, laying his hands on my shoulders with a fierce and sudden grip, "where is Adelaide? I must and will see her! I must speak to her at once!"

"You cannot see her!" I reply. "There is nothing to be gained by an interview. She sends you her forgiveness and best wishes for your happiness; for, cruelly as you have requited her, she loves you still! But she will not trust herself to see you any more!"

"And does she think—do you think that I am to be sent away like that—without one look into her dear face—one touch of her hand in parting—if we must part? No, Lesley, here I am, and here I remain until I have seen her!" he exclaims, throwing himself into a chair with a look of dogged desperation.

"Go to her," he adds, "and tell her what I say—that nothing on earth shall induce me to leave this house until she has granted me an interview!"

CHAPTER XXIII. THE HEART'S BITTERNESS.

THERE is nothing for it, but to obey him, and I go slowly back to Adelaide. "Ernest Warden is here, Adelaide, and, in spite of all I can say, insists upon seeing you," I reluctantly announce, as I enter the room, where, stretched on a sofa with neither book nor work, she lies, the image of silent despair. "Do you think you can bear to meet him, dear?"

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She is deadly pale! Even in those few short hours sorrow has set an indelible seal on the sweet face, that invests it with quite a new and different character. But something—a swift and sudden light that is almost joy—leaps into her eyes as I speak, and, rising to her feet, she turns to the door as if with the purpose of going downstairs.

"Come with me, Lesley," she says, as I stand hesitatingly whether or not to follow; "I dare not trust myself to meet him alone."

Together we descend to the parlor, where Ernest, with the pale, resolute face of a man who is bent upon some desperate course, strides restlessly up and down like a caged animal.

He turns as the door opens, and looks for one doubtful moment into her face; the next he rushes toward her, and, catching her in his arms, draws her, with a passionate cry, to his heart.

"My poor, little girl—my poor, little love!" he exclaims, as, with her whole frame quivering with pain, she yields for one sweet moment to his embrace. "Look up! speak to me, if it is only to curse me, for bringing this sorrow upon you—anything but that silent, accusing face that goes to my heart like a knife."

"Then it is true?" she asks, drawing back from his embrace with a shudder—"true what they tell me of that dreadful woman at Ivy Cottage?"

"With a groan he releases her. "Too true! But, oh! my love, forgive me, for as Heaven hears me, I would rather have been shot down like a dog at your feet than ever this miserable story should have reached your ears."

"Yet, knowing this, you could attempt to make me your wife?" she asks. "Oh, Ernest, how could you wrong me so deeply; how could you marry me, knowing that your wife still lived?"

"My wife!" he repeats. "Do you call that vile disgrace to the name of woman my wife? Oh, my darling, do not think so badly of me as that—I am not the villain you would make me out. That Maud Lennox, as she is called, is the woman to whom your officious friend, Mr. Smiles, married me in London, I do not deny; but I do deny that she is my wife or ever has been. She is mad, dear, and, if you were acquainted with 'Blackstone,' you would know that a marriage with a person of unsound mind is no marriage at all—that it is void in law! You are my wife, dear; you and you alone—nothing can alter that."

"Don't, Ernest—pray do not try to deceive me!" she entreats, with a pitiful little gesture. "Your sophistry does not deceive me; it never can! I am not your wife, and I know it. My duty lies straight before me; I see it plainly."

"What do you mean?" he asks, looking into the poor, little quivering face with a dreadful earnestness that is almost terror. "For the love of Heaven, Addie, don't tell me that you mean to let this one wretched, long-repenting folly of my youth come between us and our happiness! In the name of mercy, try to forget what you have been told. Try to forgive me!"

"I have forgiven you, Ernest," she replies, looking up at him with eyes that are full of misery. "I have thought of everything, but think as I will, I can see but one course open to us. We must part!"

"Never!" he replies, pressing her again to his heart as if by the sheer might of love he could keep her with him. "You are my wife, and do you think that, knowing this, anything on earth shall ever induce me to give you up? Oh, my darling!" he adds, striving to look into the anguish-stricken face she is averting from his gaze, "be merciful to me! Think of all I have suffered, of the heavy penalty I have already paid for that one fatal step, of my lonely life, of my great love, and do not cast me off! What do you suppose my life would be worth to me bereft of your love—bereft of my darling?"

"Have you ever realized what you are to me, child?" he goes on, in low, impassioned tones. "Do you think that I should ever care to live one day deprived of the sight of that sweet face, the sound of that dear voice? Remember, Addie, what you are to me—my one love, my very life! How, then, can you bear to give me up?"

"And do you think that I do not suffer?" she asks, her eyes still bent on the floor, as if dreading to meet the passionate pleading in the handsome face she loves so well. "Oh, Ernest, be merciful to me! My love renders me weak, but not so weak as to blind me to the truth. I see my duty only too plainly; I cannot shut my eyes to it if I would. The one course open to us is separation—there is no other! We must part! But why, oh, why did you ever deceive me about that marriage?"

"Remember how greatly I was tempted, dear," he pleads. "I loved you so madly that I would have dared anything to call you mine, to touch your lips, to hold you for just one happy, blissful moment to my longing heart—the heart that will beat for you as long as it beats at all. Oh, my darling, be reasonable! Think how happy we might be together! You would be very happy with me, would you not, sweet?"

Her white lips move, but she does not speak; and, forgotten by both, I sit trembling in my seat near the window, wondering whether there is anything I can say or do to put an end to a scene which I feel is fast becoming too painful for either.

"Look at me, dear," he goes on. "By all that we have been to each other through this one perfect period of happiness my sorrowful life has

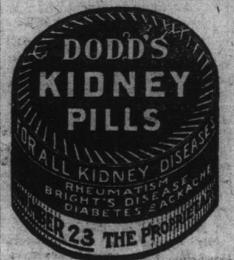
ever known, I implore you to acquit me of any intentional wrong toward you! I implore you to trust me still! Something shall be done! That accursed woman shall be sent away; the marriage, if you still persist in regarding it as a marriage, set aside, annulled, anything, as a concession to your scruples, you know, dear—nothing more! For myself, I will not acknowledge it; it is null and void! Nothing on earth shall make me own that woman as my wife!"

"It is worse than useless to reason with me," she replies. "However distasteful that marriage may have been to you, it was a marriage; and so long as that woman lives, we never can be anything to each other!"

"And do you think that I will ever submit to this?" he asked. "Do you think that I will ever suffer a hundred crazy hags like that to stand between us two? You never loved me, or you would not think of such a thing!"

"You know how cruelly unjust that accusation is, even while you speak it!" she replies. "Heaven knows that I do love you, and always shall! But it is useless—worse than useless—to prolong this pain! I dare not listen to you, Ernest! You may break my heart, but you cannot blind me to the truth—to my duty!"

"Which, according to your idea, is to break mine, it seems!" he exclaims, his voice changing from passionate entreaty to passionate reproach. "What a poor thing a woman's love must be after all our mad craving to win it, when, for a mere quibble—a wretched scruple of conscience—a mistaken sense of duty, or



whatever you choose to term it—you can throw me over like this—rob me of my one and only hope of happiness! Adelaide," he adds, in a low, suppressed tone, "have you paused to consider what is to become of me if you desert me, now?"

"You will think of it differently by and by, when you are calmer, dear," she says, looking at him with all the agony of her bitter renunciation in her eyes. "I should despise myself if I could act differently; and the day would come when you would despise me too!"

"Cold as marble and as unimpressible!" is the bitter reply. "Oh, my darling, have you nothing but this to say to me?" he asks, throwing himself with a despairing gesture into a chair.

"Nothing—save good-by and Heaven bless and keep you, dear!" she returns, looking pitifully down at him as, for one miserable moment, he sits there, shaking from head to foot with all the agony of a strong man's grief.

Seeing that he neither moves nor speaks, she goes gently up to him, and gravely, reverently lays her lips on his forehead in such a kiss as may press on some dear, dead face on which our eyes shall never rest again; and then, before he is aware of her intention, steals away.

At the door she pauses, looking back at him with a long and lingering gaze, in which the light of her life fades out; and the next, she has gone up to her room and turned the key!

(To be Continued.)



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## CABLE NEWS

WAR REVIEW.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.

(By the Associated Press.) The German battle line in France, following the impetus of the attacks of the French and British from the region of Soissons and the curve in the front to the village of Lassigny the enemy has been pushed further north between the Somme River at Bray to the south of the field Marshal Haig's men have continued their victorious thrusts. The sector of the front have the Germans been able to stay their feet, who have captured a large number of additional towns and vantage points which the further prosecution of the offensive are of the utmost strategic value. Nowhere is the enemy being permitted to pause for breath. The attacks of Rawlinson, Byng, Mangin and Humbert are pressing their advance with a strength that brooks no delay of their efforts. Thousands of prisoners, numerous guns and machine guns, and large stores of war supplies have been added to the stocks already in Allied hands as trophies of their valorous work since the tide of battle was turned against the enemy by the commencement of General Foch's offensive on the Marne on July 18. To the British alone in the past two days have come more than 5,000 prisoners. In a new offensive begun by Haig north of the Somme to Albert, an advance of two miles eastward ready has been made over the battle line front. In this fighting the town of Albert, the key-stone of the German defense protecting the Germans north of the Somme, has been taken. Here the British met 1490 German prisoners. The Arras River to the south of Albert was crossed by the British in their attack this morning, a serious menace to the enemy around Bray, where at last the ports Americans were in their battle line. Desperate resistance has been offered to the further advance of British in the sector immediately south of Arras, where the important railroad town of Bapaume seems to be the immediate objective. Particularly fierce fighting occurred at Ailette Grande, but although the town changed hands many times, the advantage belonged to the British. In last accounts, further important penetrations of the enemy lines have occurred and the British are operating well to the east of the Bapaume Arras railway. Under the further progress of the French armies from the vicinity of Lassigny to Soissons a mighty wedge seemingly had been driven in between the armies of General Von Boehm and the German Crown Prince. Over the entire front the Germans have been further pushed back, at some distance from two to three miles, and in the retrograde movement the enemy was forced to abandon large numbers of guns. No one is all but enveloped, and the hi-

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