

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in
Regard to Their Health.

Mrs. Martha Pohlman of 65 Chester Avenue, New York, N. Y., is a graduate nurse from the Blockley Training School at Philadelphia, and for six years Chief Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of personal experience, besides her professional education and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon. Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs. Pohlman writes: "I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience, with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to use."

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, fearful backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctor prescribed for me but I did not improve. I would blot after eating and frequently become nauseated."

"I had pains down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad as a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female life, where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

"Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine."

"When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds where Others Fail."



nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to their sex is terrible to see. The money which they pay to doctors who do not help them is an enormous waste. The pain is cured and the money is saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is well for women who are ill to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant for many years before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women. In her great experience, which covers many years, she has probably had to deal with dozens of cases just like yours. Her advice is strictly confidential.

The White Cat

[BY GELETT BURGESS, AUTHOR OF "VIVETTE." Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Company.]

"Yes!" Leah again repeated my whispered word.
"Are you listening?"
"Yes."
"Are you listening?" Why was he repeating the question?
"Are you listening?"
"Yes."

At this, I suspected a formula he might be using for some hypnotic suggestion. I whispered to Leah to say, "Yes, yes," faintly.
"Meet me at the station, sure. You will come alone. Good by!"
I hung up the receiver, pretty sure that he had not detected the deception. I went downstairs again, and as by 11 o'clock Edna had not returned to the house, I had no doubt that she had gone to the station of her own volition to meet the doctor. This was fortunate, as seeing her evidently in obedience to his suggestion, he might be less likely to question her about telephoning and thereby discover our ruse. I was, however, nervous at the prospect of meeting them. Leah could scarcely be kept if the trick were discovered; I should have hard work brazening it out myself.

At about noon I started down the north lane to meet them, and discover the state of affairs in time to let Leah know. Half way to the station, however, I happened to recall what Uncle Jerdon had told me about seeing the two, the day we had broken down in the automobile. I decided to hide and see what I could discover—in a word, to spy upon them. I was by this time in no mood to be nice about my choice of weapons, and I took the first one

that came to hand. I had not waited long before I heard voices approaching, and I concealed myself behind a clump of bushes to watch. I was too far away to hear distinctly, and in fact, they did very little talking—an occasional exclamation from her, and the doctor's nasal replies. My eyes told me more than my ears—enough to prove that, however Edna regarded me, the doctor also came in for considerable more of affectionate demonstration than I had suspected, and either he was not so conscientious as I had been, or he was actually in love with her. Their actions were those of acknowledged lovers. Why, then, had she flirted with me? Was her behavior now, perhaps, more pique caused by the jealousy I had aroused in the way I had spoken of Joy?

I went in as luncheon was served. Edna met me a little locally, the doctor for more so. I was decidedly uncomfortable at being now a guest in a house where I was, perhaps, not wanted, but I pretended not to notice anything amiss, and endured my position as well as I could. The doctor ignored my presence completely, addressing all his dull witticisms to Edna, who laughed at them as usual, doing her best, now and then, to drag me into the conversation. She could not keep any one mood for long, however, and before the end of the meal I flattered myself that she would after all prefer being with me alone; but the doctor's pop-eyes held her, and his interminable foolery kept her whole attention concentrated upon him, despite herself. Nothing at all was said about the telephoning.

Directly after luncheon was over the two went upstairs into the study, without even the formality of an apology to me. As Leah was busy about her own work, I strolled out into the kitchen to see King. He was washing the dishes, and greeted me with his customary cryptic grin.

"Say, King," I said, "you got a joss in your room?"
His grin grew wider. "Yep!" he ejaculated, nodding.
"You no Christian, then? You not go to Sunday school?"
"Aw, no good go to Sunday school—I can talk Melican all light. Christian joss no good for Chinaman. You think so?"

"I guess you're right," I said. "But do you worship your joss? You burn punkstick sometimes? You trim him up with paper flowers, maybe?"
He laughed to himself as if it were a great joke, but kept on washing his dishes like a machine. "You like see my joss?" he said, looking back over his shoulder. "Heap good joss—velly old. I bring him from China."

"What d'you pray for, King?"
"Aw, sometimes one thing, sometimes other thing. I pray for good luck, allee same Christian. You play, too?"

"Oh, sometimes," I said. "But go on, tell me, King. When do you pray? You pray today?"

He shook his head. "Aw, no; no play yet. Play all time at night."

"What did you ask for last night, then? Come on, tell me!"

"Aw, no, no!" He shook his head, still laughing silly.

"Money, King? I'll bet you prayed for money!"
"Aw, no, no! I tell you. I play for Miss Fielding."

I had stumbled upon a live wire! Instantly I was aroused, and careful to say no tactless word. What I had already got from him was an extraordinary amount for a Chinese of his caste to discover to a white man. So I went wittily to lead him on to tell me more.

"That's good, King; I pray for Miss Fielding, too. I want her to get well. Don't you?"
"Yep. She good lady, you bet. Maybe she get well, I dunno."

"What you think the matter with her, King? I'm worried about her."
He emptied his dish water out, and wiped his hands first. Then he stopped suddenly and said:

"Miss Fielding, she got one no-good debbil on inside. You know? Sometime he heap bad, sometime he keep still. Plenty people have debbil in China; all time go pliest, he drive 'em away easy."

"The priest drives the devils away, King? How does he do it?"

"Oh, flighen debbil, that's all. Strike gong, burn fire crackers, make all time heap loud noise and debbil go away flighen!"

"I wish Miss Fielding could be cured as easy as that, King!"

For the first time during the conversation his grin disappeared. He came up to me, gestulating.
"You like flighen away debbil? Maybe I help you sometime?"
"Could you do it?" I laughed.

"Sure! Aw! you no think so?" He returned to wipe his dishes philosophically. I smiled at his earnestness and walked away.

I sat down in the library to wait till the doctor came. I found that he would have to wait, for I determined to have another talk with him if I could manage to see him alone. I had decided on a coup d'etat.

In a half hour they reappeared. Edna showed traces of heaviness about her eyes, as if she had been asleep. The doctor looked at his watch

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and found that he had just time to walk to the train. I offered to accompany him, and though he appeared surprised, he assented with a good grace. Edna did not care to go with us. It seemed to me that she not only perceived the antagonism between the doctor and me, but fostered it for her own ends. It was as if we were fighting for her and she had decided to let the best man win. So we left her and started out.

I began as soon as we were round the turn of the lane.
"Dr. Coplin," I said, "I wish you'd let me know exactly what Miss Fielding's condition is, and what hopes you have for her recovery."

"Did she ask you to interrogate me?" he asked blandly.

"In a way, she did. But I do so, nevertheless, quite on my own responsibility, as a friend who is very much interested in her case."

"Then I must decline to answer. You are aware, I suppose, that Miss Fielding has had her own reasons for not wishing the matter to be discussed?"

"I'm perfectly aware of that, but I think that, as I now know all the essential facts, it can't possibly matter to her. On the other hand, I can help, perhaps."

"I didn't know you were a specialist in nervous diseases—or even a psychologist," he answered in a sneering tone.

"I am neither, but I have common sense enough to perceive that her trouble is approaching a crisis. That, in fact, is my sole justification for staying on here."

"Oh, if that's all, you can go any time. I'm quite able to cope with the situation, I assure you."

"Dr. Coplin, I insist upon having a statement of what you are doing in this matter. I speak as the representative of Miss Fielding—the real Miss Fielding."

He turned to me now with his thin lips drawn back, showing his even line of false teeth, in a cruel, selfish smile. "Insist?" he repeated. "You have hardly that right, whatever Miss Fielding has said."

"I certainly do have that right!" I maintained.

He stopped in his tracks and confronted me. "Why?" he demanded.

The time had come for me to play my bluff.

"Because I am engaged to Miss Fielding!" I announced curtly.

He recoiled fiercely. "You are!" he retorted. "Very well, then, I have as good a right to refuse to answer you."

It was my turn to say, "Why? What do you mean?"

"Because I am engaged to her myself. So there you are!" With that he walked off, leaving me standing, staring at him. I was literally bluffed to a standstill. I watched him striding down the lane in silence. I was in a labyrinth of thought. Then I turned slowly back toward the house and prepared for war. I should have to get it out of Edna, or give up and confess myself defeated.

As I walked up the lane I heard a rustling in the bushes, and peering through them, I saw Nokomis bounding along. Her ears laid back, her brush trailing. She leaped down the bank a little way ahead of me and stood for a moment, pointing in the direction of the house. I called her, but she only turned her fine head for a moment, and then trotted on up the lane. I followed after her leisurely, preparing for my cross-examination of Edna.

Just before I came to the turn, I heard a quick sharp yelp, and a woman's shrill cry. Then a shot rang out, echoing against the hillside. I ran round the bend at full speed.

There was Edna with a pistol smoking in her hand. In the path, in front of her, Nokomis lay dead. Leah, running up the house, had stopped behind Edna, and stood horror-stricken, afraid to move. It was like the scene of a play.

I strode up. "What's happened?" I demanded.

Edna dropped the pistol to her side and looked down at the collier angrily. "Nokomis tried to bite me," she said. "But she'll never try it again! I always thought she was dangerous."

"Give me that revolver!" I said sternly.

She met my look, shrinking a little, and handed over the weapon. I put it into my pocket. Leah retreated fearfully to the house.

First, I took Nokomis' body and carried it to a bed of ferns beside the path, patted her head and left her there till she could be buried. Then I took Edna's arm gently, and led her away. She told me, a little frightened now at the impressiveness of my manner, that she had met Nokomis suddenly, and attempting to drive her away, the collier had snapped viciously at her. Edna had the revolver which she had taken from Leah earlier in the day, still in her jacket pocket, and at the attack had drawn it and fired immediately.

I had no reproaches for her—what was there to say? Even in speaking, she had recovered from her mood, and she became as blithe and inconsequent as if nothing had happened—the only effect apparent upon her was a whimsical pettishness at my implied rebuke. She began to attempt to cajole me childishly, patting my hand, looking saucily up into my face and pretending a sort of arch depreciation of her temper. It was evident that she was not at all sorry for what she had done; in fact, she seemed to be secretly altogether pleased at her prowess, though she covered it with considerable guile.

All the rest of the afternoon she was in an excited frame of mind. She treated me with all her former comradeship, but I could see that she was acting. It gave me a new insight into the rapidity of her development effected by the doctor's infatuation. She was no longer a child; she was becoming complex, although still dominated by rapidly changing moods. A new phase had indubitably commenced; it was the sign, I feared, of a growing supremacy.

That evening she wheeled me with every art of the coquette. Her familiarity seemed to give the lie to the doctor's statement about their engagement, but it might well be true that she was playing him as audaciously as she was playing me. I did not, of course, ask her about it. It did not matter.

To Be Continued.

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