

**DOCTORS
FAILED TO HELP**

**But Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound Re-
moved the Cause of
this Woman's Illness.**

Worcester, Mass.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a weakness and pain which used to keep me in bed for two days each month. I tried many doctors without benefit until I was really discouraged. My mother urged me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it had helped her so much. I did so and soon saw a change for the better. I kept on taking it and am now so well and strong that I can do all my housework, even my washing and I have a little baby who is as healthy as I could ask—thanks to your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. F. H. STONE, 24 Bowdoin St., Worcester, Mass.

Women who suffer from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, headaches and nervousness should lose no time in giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

stood watching them both.

"Mademoiselle will be better to be quiet and alone," she said, softly.

"Do you think so, dear? Well, if you would rather I went—"

"I would much rather," faltered Floris.

"Let me get you a draught before I go, then," said Lady Betty, anxiously; and she went and mixed a draught from her medicine chest. "There, dear, take that, and now lie down and get some sleep. Josine, get Miss Carlisle's dressing-gown, and cover her up well. I am so sorry, dear. I shan't enjoy myself one bit; I shall be thinking of you all the day."

"Do not think of me," said Floris, with a sigh, as she sank on the bed. Then with a sudden impulse, she put up her arms and twined them around Lady Betty's neck.

"Good-by," she murmured.

Floris was so usually so undemonstrative, that Lady Betty was touched by the simple caress.

"Good-by, my dear," she said, kissing her. "Mind, you are to sleep for quite two hours, and you are not to go into the sun. I shall expect to see you quite yourself when I come back."

And, with a strange reluctance that she remembered afterward, she left her.

Josine stood looking down at Floris' pale face in silence for a moment, then she bent down and whispered:

"Keep a good heart, mademoiselle. Ah, but no man in the world is worth a heartache, after all!"

Floris looked at her with a mixture of repugnance and fascination.

"Mademoiselle will remain here until I come for her," said Josine, significantly. "And let mademoiselle console herself that it is better to be undeceived than fooled to the top of one's bent!"

And with this piece of worldly wisdom and comfort she went out.

Reaching her own room, she locked the door, and took the telegram from her pocket. For some minutes she looked at the mean and miserable envelope which the post office authorities deem a sufficient covering for so important a missive as a telegram, bending it this way and that in the endeavor to decipher some words of the contents.

But the pink paper was folded inward, and with a gesture of impatience, she went downstairs and got a jug of hot water.

(To be Continued.)



**Let Nature
Clear Your
Blood.**

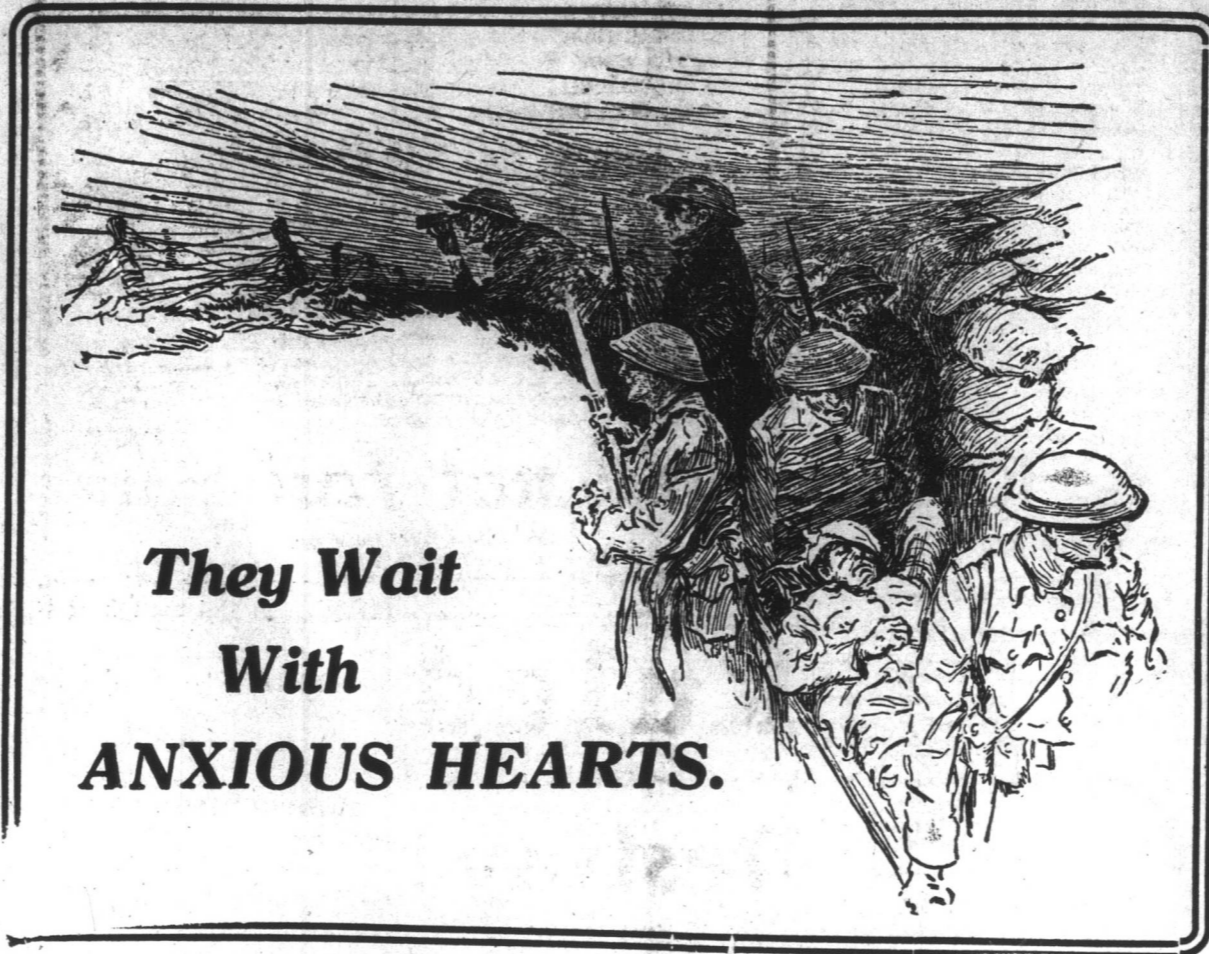
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