

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Mrs. Etta Dorion, of Ogdensburg, Wis., says:

"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

How Mrs. Boyd Avoided an Operation.

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.



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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Before Submitting To An Operation

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Carolyn of the Corners

(Continued from page 6.)

"I'm—I'm just as co-oid as I—I can be," she chattered. "Oh, Chet! take me home, please!"

"I'm a-going to," chattered the lad in return. He dragged off his coat now, wrung it as dry as he could and wrapped it around Carolyn May's legs before he seated her on the sled again. Then he seized the rope once more and started toward the sound of the chapel bell.

Prince began to bark. He could not move forward much faster than Chet did, but he faced the wind and began to bark with persistence.

"There—there's something over there, Chet," murmured Carolyn May. She was all but breathless herself.

Then, through the wind and storm, came a faint holl. Prince eagerly pursued his barking. Chet tried to reply to the holl, but his voice was only a hoarse croak.

"We've got to keep on—we've got to keep on," muttered the lad, dragging the sled slowly.

The dog had disappeared. Carolyn May was weeping frankly. Chet Gormley was pushing slowly through the storm, staggering at each step, scarcely aware in what direction he was heading.

CHAPTER XIV.

How to Write a Sermon. Joseph Stagg heard the dog bark first of all.

The men with Mr. Stagg having spread out on the ice like a skirmishing party, now closed in toward the point from which sounded the dog's barking. The hardware dealer shouted as he ran. He was the most reckless of them all and on several occasions came near falling.

Suddenly an object appeared in the smother of falling snow. Hoarsely the dog barked again. Mr. Stagg shouted: "Hey, Prince! Prince! Here we are!"

The mongrel made for the hardware merchant and almost knocked him over. He was mad with joy. "Show 'em to us, good dog!" cried Uncle Joe. "Take us to 'em! Where's Hannah's Carlyn? Show us, boy!"

Prince lapped Mr. Stagg's face and then ran off through the falling snow, barking and leaping. The men hurried after him. Twice or thrice the dog was back, to make sure that he was followed. Then the men saw something outlined in the driving snow. "Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!"

The child's shrill voice reached the hardware merchant. There was poor Chet, staggering on, leaning against the wind, and pulling the sled behind him.

"Well, you silly chump!" growled Joseph Stagg. "Where're you going, anyway?"

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" wailed Carolyn May, "he isn't anything like that at all! He's just the bravest boy; and he's all wet and cold."

At the conclusion of this declaration poor Chet fell to his knees and then slipped quietly forward on his face.

"I vum!" granted the hardware dealer. "I guess the boy is all in."

But Chet did not lose consciousness. He raised a faint murmur which

reached Mr. Stagg's ears. "I did the best I could, Mr. Stagg. Take—take her right up to mother. She'll fix Carlyn up, all right."

"Say, kid!" exclaimed the cook, "I guess you need a bit of fixin' up yourself. Why, see here, boys, this chap's been in the water and his clothes is froze stiff."

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stagg said. "I'll carry Hannah's Carlyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said:

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kep' me goin', folks—the chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stagg, carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men helped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter—just because she couldn't find the sexton?"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em, Chet and Miss Mandy, did their best."

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's hack, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the hack driver was naturally as curious as anybody. So he willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably, Doctor Nugent having just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Pitcher of George Washington I pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's job."

Carolyn May did not altogether understand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the carpenter's daughter.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual vitally interested in the adventure who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident. Doctor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stagg surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stagg found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found

a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambitions.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter airs, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunt Rose declared that Carolyn May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunt Rose would have said. Composition writing was her pane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning.

The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil—and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

The Rev. Afton Driggs watched her puzzled face and laboring fingers for some moments before calling out of his window to her. Several sheets of sermon paper lay before him on the desk and perhaps he was having almost as hard a time putting on the paper what he desired to say as Carolyn May was having with her writing.

Finally, he came to the window and spoke to her. "Carolyn May," he said, "what are you writing?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs, is that you?" said the little girl, getting up quickly and coming nearer. "Did you ever have to write a composition?"

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write one or two each week." And he sighed.

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl agreed. "You have to write sermons. And that must be a terribly tedious thing to do, for they have to be longer than my composition—a great deal longer."

"So it is a composition that is troubling you," the young minister remarked.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to write—I really don't. Miss Minnie says for us not to try any flights of fancy. I don't just know what those are. But she says, write what is in us. Now, that don't seem like a composition," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

"What doesn't?"

"Why, writing what is in us," explained the little girl, staring in a puzzled fashion at her slate, on which she had written several lines. "You see, I have written down all the things that I'member is in me."

"For pity's sake! let me see it, child," said the minister, quickly reaching down for the slate. When he brought it to a level with his eyes he was amazed by the following:

"In me there is my heart, my liver, my lungs, my verform pendicks, my stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece of peppermint candy and my dinner."

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut off this explosion by a sudden cough.

"I guess it isn't much of a composition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said

frankly. "But how can you make your inwards be pleasant reading?"

The minister was having no little difficulty in restraining his mirth.

"Go around to the door, Carolyn May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you in. Perhaps I can help you in this composition writing."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried the little girl. "That is awful kind of you."

Carolyn May, He Said, "What Are You Writing?"

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the clergyman did not seem to mind neglecting his task for the pleasure of helping Carolyn May with hers. He explained quite clearly just what Miss Minnie meant by "writing what is in you."

"Oh! it's what you think about a thing yourself—not what other folks think," cried Carolyn May. "Why, I can do that. I thought it was something like those physiology lessons. Then I can write about anything I want to, can't I?"

"I think so," replied the minister. "I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish I might do something for you in return."

"Help me with my sermon, perhaps?" he asked, smiling.

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May was very earnest.

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would you go about writing a sermon if you had one to write?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exclaimed the little girl, clapping her hands. "I know just how I'd do it."

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps you have an inspiration for writing sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sunshine and the sky—and the mountains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd write a sermon."

The clergyman's face had grown grave as he listened to her, but he kissed her warmly as he thanked her and bade her good-by. When she had gone from the study he read again the text written at the top of the first sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah.

"To write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier," he murmured as he crumpled the sheet of paper in his hand and dropped it in the waste-basket.

(To be continued next week.)

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"Carolyn May," He Said, "What Are You Writing?"