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Patoka, Ill.—"I had been married five years and my greatest desire was to become a mother.



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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming woman's ills because it contains the tonic, strengthening properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, curative influence.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

## The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXVII  
"I Want My Wife."

Lashmore was too exhausted to argue; so they went back to Osborne's room. Not a word was said about the fatal question; but they talked about Lashmore's case. It was a bad time; the hours seemed to drag; there were long stretches of silence. The dawn was followed by the bright light of a glorious morning; Osborne pulled up the blinds and revealed their pale and haggard countenances. His man came in with breakfast, and stared at them, although he was too discreet to express his astonishment in words.

They made a pretense of eating breakfast; then, as men will, took to their pipes again. Osborne went outside the door and sent a scribbled note to Forbes for Lashmore's everyday clothes; and when they came the men had a bath and changed. They went out into the street and walked and drove. Lashmore made no effort to get away. Indeed, he could not have gone, because he had given Osborne's address on the cable. They returned to Osborne's rooms at intervals during the day, to find that no cable had arrived. A kind of dogged sullenness had settled on Lashmore, and he could no longer speak; both men felt as if they were being tried for their lives and were waiting for the verdict.

Osborne had told his man to get dinner for them, and they sat down to it, but very soon rose from the table and got their pipes again, Lashmore half-crouching in a chair, Osborne leaning against the mantelshelf and staring at the carpet. Suddenly there came a knock at the door, they both started as if the verdict were being pronounced, and Osborne, opening the door, took the envelope from the telegraph boy. Lashmore snatched it from Osborne's hand and tore it open. He uttered a cry, a terrible cry, and hoarsely read the cable aloud:

"Mrs. Lashmore sailed for England. Have you not seen her? Cable reply.—Coke."

"She is here! She is my wife!" Lashmore exclaimed fiercely.

He caught up his hat and made for the door. Osborne seized him by the arm.

"Where are you going?" he asked, with an agitation as great as Lashmore's.

Lashmore glared at him. "Where am I going? Where do you think? I am going to my wife!"

CHAPTER XXVIII  
A Desperate Expedient.

Lady Lorchester kept Eva at Eaton Square until the guests had gone—and they went quickly, to spread the

news all over London—then she accompanied Eva and Lord Herdale to Gordon Gardens.

Eva was the calmest of the three; she knew that Lashmore was not mad; she felt convinced that there was some mystery that must be soon cleared up. She had not heard Lashmore declare himself to be Lord Herdale, and Herdale did not mention this part of the incident. They found Sir Talbot waiting for them in the library. He had been worrying over a mass of papers, which he thrust aside as they entered.

He looked weary and careworn, and he saw by their faces and manner that something had happened, and his look of anxiety deepened. Eva went to him and put her arm round him while Lady Lorchester and Herdale's between them told the strange story; the former all in a flutter and much agitated, the latter angry and contemptuous.

Sir Talbot listened, his head bowed on his breast, his hand wandering across his forehead now and again. "It is most remarkable," he said, "most extraordinary! There is some terrible mistake somewhere, and, of course, Mr. Lashmore's delusion is one of identity."

"He's mad!" said Herdale. "I can scarcely think that is the explanation," he said. "He spent some time with us at the Court, and he was certainly one of the sanest and most intelligent of young men I ever met. It is a case of mistaken identity. And yet, I understand that he says his wife bore the name of Eva Lyndhurst." He looked at Eva. "Were there any love-passages between you and Mr. Lashmore when he was at the Court?"

The color rose to Eva's face. She was silent for a moment, then she said:

"I—I think Mr. Lashmore thought that he was— Yes, father, one day I met with an accident out fishing, and he spoke, acted, as if he cared for me; but it was vague and indefinite, and he went away that day and I never saw him again until to-night."

Herdale scowled. "You have told me nothing of this," he said. "There was no need," she said, with quiet dignity, and looking at him steadily. "Nothing definite passed between us."

Sir Talbot sighed heavily. "I cannot solve the mystery," he said. "We can only hope that Mr. Lashmore has discovered his unfortunate error by this time, or that he will do so shortly. Of course we can convince him of it. I should like to see him. I liked him very much, and I am quite sure that he is not actuated by any base motives, that he is the victim of a delusion."

"On more points than one," said Herdale, with a sneer; he saw that they had better hear from him that Lashmore had claimed the title. "After Eva had left the room, the man claimed to be Lord Herdale." Sir Talbot stared at him, then exclaimed: "Claimed to be Lord Herdale! Why, how can he do that?" He pondered for a moment; then, as if a light had broken in upon him, he said gravely: "This young man, Lashmore, must be Herdale's son. Yes, yes! I thought when I first saw him that there was something about his face and figure which awoke a vague recollection in my mind. Yes, he must be Herdale's son."

"His illegitimate son," said Herdale haughtily. "It is probable. He looked like an adventurer playing a desperate game. Eva, you must be worn out."

"Yes, yes!" said Sir Talbot. "Go up to bed, Eva. Go with her, Emily."

When the two men were left alone, Herdale's manner became still more contemptuous and overbearing.

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CURES BLOOD POISON, HAIR LOSS, SKIN ERUPTIONS

**THERAPION No. 2**  
CURES BRUISES, WOUNDS, BURNS, LACERATIONS

**THERAPION No. 3**  
CURES ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, LEUCODERMA, AND ALL FORMS OF ITCHING

**THERAPION No. 4**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF GOUT, RHEUMATISM, AND NEURALGIA

**THERAPION No. 5**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND NEURALGIA

**THERAPION No. 6**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION, COLIC, AND BILIOUSNESS

**THERAPION No. 7**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF NERVOUSNESS, ANXIETY, AND DEPRESSION

**THERAPION No. 8**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF INSOMNIA, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, AND GENERAL WEAKNESS

**THERAPION No. 9**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF MENSTRUAL DISTURBANCES, PAINFUL PERIODS, AND INFERTILITY

**THERAPION No. 10**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF EYE AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING CATARRH, OPHTHALMIA, AND NEURALGIA

**THERAPION No. 11**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF EAR AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING OTITIS, AND DEAFNESS

**THERAPION No. 12**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF THROAT AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING TONSILLITIS, AND BRONCHITIS

**THERAPION No. 13**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF LUNGS AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING BRONCHITIS, AND PNEUMONIA

**THERAPION No. 14**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF LIVER AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING CATARRH, AND GALLSTONES

**THERAPION No. 15**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, AND INDIGESTION

**THERAPION No. 16**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF CONSTIPATION, HEMORRHOIDS, AND PILES

**THERAPION No. 17**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF URINARY AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING CATARRH, AND GRAVEL

**THERAPION No. 18**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF BLADDER AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING CATARRH, AND NEURALGIA

**THERAPION No. 19**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF PROSTATE AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING CATARRH, AND ENLARGEMENT

**THERAPION No. 20**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF VENEREAL AFFECTIONS, INCLUDING GONORRHOEA, AND SYPHILIS

**THERAPION No. 21**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF SYPHILIS, INCLUDING GUMMATA, AND OSTEOITIS

**THERAPION No. 22**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF GUMMATA, INCLUDING OSTEOITIS, AND PERIOSTITIS

**THERAPION No. 23**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF PERIOSTITIS, INCLUDING OSTEOITIS, AND GUMMATA

**THERAPION No. 24**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF OSTEOITIS, INCLUDING PERIOSTITIS, AND GUMMATA

**THERAPION No. 25**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF GUMMATA, INCLUDING PERIOSTITIS, AND OSTEOITIS

**THERAPION No. 26**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF PERIOSTITIS, INCLUDING GUMMATA, AND OSTEOITIS

**THERAPION No. 27**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF OSTEOITIS, INCLUDING PERIOSTITIS, AND GUMMATA

**THERAPION No. 28**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF GUMMATA, INCLUDING OSTEOITIS, AND PERIOSTITIS

**THERAPION No. 29**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF PERIOSTITIS, INCLUDING GUMMATA, AND OSTEOITIS

**THERAPION No. 30**  
CURES ALL FORMS OF OSTEOITIS, INCLUDING PERIOSTITIS, AND GUMMATA

"This will be all over London in a few hours," he said. "A fracas in a Drawing-room, a pretty scandal!"

"For which neither Eva nor I can be held accountable," said Sir Talbot with dignity.

"Of course not," assented Herdale. "But I think the sooner our marriage takes place the better. It will give the lie to this man's assertion and stop the scandal quicker than anything else can."

Sir Talbot bowed his head. For some time past he had had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Herdale's character, and though his eyes were not fully opened, he had a vague dread of committing Eva to his care.

"You must speak to Eva," he said, in a low voice. "It rests with her." He paused a moment. "I have been trying to examine our accounts; but they seem a hopeless muddle to me, though I understand them sufficiently to be aware that I am heavily in your debt, Herdale. I am sorry, bitterly sorry."

Herdale shrugged his shoulders. "We can settle that after the marriage," he said, in an off-hand way which made Sir Talbot wince. "In fact, I should be quite willing to give you a clear quit-claim—let's say as a memento of the wedding. I'll go now. Good night."

As Herdale had said, the news was in the evening papers, which, suppressing names, gave a lurid account of what they called "A Sensational Scene in a London Drawing-room"; but Eva did not see the paper, for she was confined to her room by a violent headache. Of course she was harassed by the mystery; but it was not so much of Herdale or of Lashmore she thought as of Owen Osborne.

She had seen the wonder, the anguish in his face as Lashmore had claimed her as his wife, and Osborne's expression haunted her. She had known that he loved her still, though he had striven unsuccessfully to suppress the fact while he was in her presence; but that look on his face had gone straight to her heart, the heart which she knew was his, though she was Herdale's promised wife.

She came down in the evening; and she and Sir Talbot had just finished dinner, when a footman came in and said:

"A gentleman to see you, sir; Mr. Lashmore. He is in the library."

Eva went pale, but remained calm. "I knew he would come," she said. "You must see him, father."

Sir Talbot went to the library. Lashmore was standing, his hands gripped tightly behind him, his haggard face set with the look of a man who has resolved to keep himself quiet. Sir Talbot went to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Lashmore?" he said. "I expected you. You have come."

"For my wife, Sir Talbot," said Lashmore, in a low voice. Sir Talbot flushed, and motioned him to a chair. "Let us talk this matter over," he said. "Distressing as your errand is, I am glad to see you, Mr. Lashmore. We were very good friends, and I may say that I have a strong regard for you. But that is inexplicable. I am sure I am right in saying that you are the son of my old friend, Lord Herdale."

Lashmore inclined his head. "I am His lawful son," he said gravely. "But—forgive me, Sir Talbot!—at this moment the fact is not of so much importance to me as that my wife is under this roof."

Sir Talbot shook his head. "I assure you on the honor of a gentleman that you are laboring under a delusion. My daughter is not your wife. She has been under my charge, under my eye, ever since you left us at the Court. She has not been out of England. You say that you married the lady, for whom you have mistaken her, abroad, in South America. I understand? I repeat, my daughter has

not been out of England. This at once settles the question."

Lashmore regarded him with bent brows. "Forgive me, I cannot accept the statement. I must believe my own eyes, my own feelings. You do not know all. You do not know that I fell in love with Eva when I was at the Court, that I met her and proposed to her, that she promised to be my wife. More, that she agreed to come out to me. And she came out. We were married. Will you let me see her? I ask your permission; but remember that I have the right to ask for her."

Sir Talbot bit his lip. "My dear sir," he said pleadingly, "why inflict the unnecessary pain of an interview upon my daughter? She has been confined to her room all day; meeting with you, after the terrible scene of last night, would naturally cause her poignant distress. I am convinced of the sincerity of your belief."

Lashmore laughed shortly and bitterly. "And what am I to think?" he demanded. "That there is a conspiracy to rob me of my wife. For some reason or other, she has deserted me, returned to you, disowned me. For some reason she left Quirapata—I have a cable here saying that she had gone—I want to know that reason, and from her own lips."

"Very well," said Sir Talbot, coldly. "You shall see her."

He went out of the room, and Lashmore paced up and down, his hands working, his lips tightly set. The door opened, and Sir Talbot came in with Eva. Lashmore drew a long breath and took a step toward her; then stopped, his eyes fixed on her face with a mixture of reproach and appeal.

"Eva, Eva! I have come. Will you not end this? A word, one word will be sufficient. Will you not speak to me? Why did you leave Quirapata? What have I done that you should desert me, disown me?"

Sir Talbot would have led Eva to a chair; but she shook her head and stood with her hands clasped, her eyes meeting Lashmore's sadly and steadily.

"I am not your wife, Mr. Lashmore," she said. "Oh, why do you not believe it? Look at me! You must believe it!"

Lashmore trembled, and the sweat stood thickly on his forehead. "Do you think I am mad?" he said. "Do you think I have lost my memory; do you think I have forgotten you, the night we met on the edge of the wood, that moonlight night when I told you that I loved you, when you promised to be my wife, to come to me if I sent for you?"

"The edge of the wood—moonlight!" said Eva, almost breathless with amazement.

"Do you deny it?" he said sternly. "I remember every word you spoke, every expression of your face. How can I bring it home to you! Ah! He tore his pocketbook from his pocket and flung on the table an artificial flower, fattened out of shape and faded.

"You gave me that, took it from your bosom, as a pledge of love and faith; have you forgotten it? Look at it! It came from the dress, a pink dress, that you had worn. You have worn it since at Quirapata!"

(To be Continued.)

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The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

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2054—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length.

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