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—Mrs. L. A. GUIMANN, Union Village, Vermont.

This is only one of such letters we are continually publishing showing what Lydia E. Pinkham has done for women, and whether you work or not Mrs. Guimann's letter should interest you.

Many women get into a weak, nervous run down condition because of ailments they often have. Such women should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the first sign of trouble. Good health is necessary and this splendid medicine will help you to keep it.

Lilac Time in Ellington

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

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When Mary got off the night train at the quiet little town of Ellington she went directly to her home. Had her neighbors known that she planned to return, there would have been many invitations extended to the lonely girl who was coming back alone after her trip abroad with her invalid mother.

The search for health had been unsuccessful and Mary had spent the remainder of her cherished hoard of money in buying her return trip ticket. She had told no one of her coming for she had been too heart sick to write after her mother had taken the turn for the worse. She had the instinct of a wounded animal to return to the places she knew; and as she drew in long breaths of the sweet country air, she knew that she had done the right thing. She had her flashlight in her traveling bag, and she snapped this on after she had unlocked the old-fashioned door that led into the back parlor. The aspect of the well-remembered room with the dear, shabby furniture brought the quick tears to her eyes. It would be very hard to move about these empty rooms and to know that she could do no more for the parent who had suffered so patiently; but, somehow, she felt nearer her dead here than she had done in the sunny French pension with its bleak, whitewashed walls and the strange foreign faces.

The Meddlicott home was at the very outskirts of the village and only near one house; this was the Smiths' house, which was next door, with large grounds and many trees about it. Therefore, when Mary set all her doors and windows wide open the next morning there was no one near enough to observe. "I suppose some one will see my smoke," thought the girl as she lighted the kindlings under the log in the grate, "and I shall enjoy the chats with my old friends. There is no place like home, I discovered while away."

She bustled about, hoping to set the place in its usual spotless order before the advent of the neighbors she longed to see, and it was nearly ten o'clock before she stopped to listen as the morning train tore through the town. A tender smile touched her lips as she stood leaning on her broom and thinking of the hundreds of times she had listened to that train and watched the fluffy spirals of smoke float lazily along the length of the train and then drift upwards.

"Why, Mary Meddlicott, why didn't you let us know you were coming home?" A pair of arms thrown warily about the slim, blue-ginghamed waist aroused her.

"I just came last night," she said. "I knew how good you would be, but I just thought I'd creep in and get it over with alone."

"Amanda shan't hear arm gently; well, you hadn't sleep another night here, alone. I'll be over again to get you for dinner."

"I've been planning all morning, and I can't bear to think of going away to teach; I want to be at home and I'm going to open a boarding house. What do you think of the plan?"

"There are several people I know of now. The hotel has been closed all winter, and the teacher from the village to school is looking about now for a place to board next fall—and—" Mary wondered why her old friend suddenly halted with twinkling eyes and stood as though thinking. "And what?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," was the evasive reply. "Didn't you feel afraid so far away from the other houses last night?"

"Mary shook her head."

"You know the Smiths' house has the name of being haunted. Did you hear anything?"

"No. I wonder why they don't rent it. Seems a shame for such a fine estate to fall into decay," returned Mary, a delicate pink staining her smooth cheeks as she recalled the quarrel between the two families. The feud had grown out of a mere trifle. A ball thrown by Mary's little brother had broken a pane of glass in the greenhouse, and touchy old Mrs. Smith had fussed and nagged until the families were on terms of bitter silence.

Amanda, watching the telltale expressions flit over the young face, knew that Mary was thinking of the brown-eyed Frank Smith who had been a childhood sweetheart and whom Mary had not seen for years. "Don't bother to set bread this morning," she said after a long pause, and she smiled to herself as Mary started confusedly. Evidently the girl's thoughts had not been properly focussed upon cooking. "For I have my baking in the oven, and I'll start you

with two loaves, just for luck," she added, descending the side steps.

Mary, her mind a jumble of thoughts, hurried over her dusting. She wanted to get out into the old-fashioned garden and see the flowers she had longed to see on her trip home. The yellow roses, badly in need of pruning, swarmed up against the squat bush of flowering quince and trailed in long, thorny sprays along the thick grass that was dotted with blossoms of pink and white clover. To the east Mary's eyes wandered and fell on the thick row of lilacs that divided the Meddlicott grounds from the Smiths' estate. "There, no one has touched those bushes for years," she thought, recalling the old happy times when Frank squeezed through the bushes that he persisted in calling lilac trees. "Those branches are growing over and spoiling my hedge. I guess I'll just start right there with my trimming." Stretching lazily, she sat looking up at the turquoise-blue of the summer sky and then jumped up and went in search of her shears.

Snipping away she worked steadily and there was a growing pile of branches as tribute to her industry when an abrupt sound on the other side of the hedge startled her. All her boasted disregard of the haunted house fled in an instant and she stood motionless—waiting.

"What do you mean by touching my lilac trees?" spoke a voice masculine and touched with a crisp annoyance, the voice of a man who was accustomed to obedience.

Mary looked startled. She could see no one, but the voice came from a few feet away beyond the hedge: "What do you mean? Your lilac trees?" she demanded. "I guess—"

There was a crushing sound and a gray tweed arm made an opening in the tangle of blossoms and a pair of brown eyes peered through. "You sound mighty confident, but as I happen to be the—why, Mary, hello. I didn't know you were expected home," he ended with a glad note in his voice that brought a rush of rose to the face that had gone white.

"And I," returned Mary, "understood that your house was empty except for ghosts, so I thought I'd prune your lilacs for you. They are crowding my hedge," she added a bit tremulously as his dark eyes dwelt disconcertingly on her embarrassed face.

"There are ghosts in the house," he said seriously; "ghosts of old memories—ghosts of an old love that has never been forgotten. I was just about to close up the old house and offer it for sale, as no one seemed to know where you were or when you would return. The folks seemed to think you would remain in France, and I couldn't bear it here with your home closed. Suppose, Mary, the dark eyes glowed and he took her hands in his. "Suppose you come through the hedge and help me keep the ghosts away in the Smith house?"

"Perhaps I will," murmured the girl, her eyes starry with joy; "a ghost is an inducement, and you certainly need help with your lilac trees."

REMAINS MAN OF MYSTERY

Hardly Probable Now That the Identification of "James Ord" Will Ever Be Made.

Who was "James Ord"? The public life of this man started at Georgetown college, Washington, D. C., where he lived with his "uncle," a Captain Ord, who obtained a position in the Washington navy yard to be near his ward. While the lad was still in college Captain Ord was taken ill and died, after a brief illness. Just before dying he tried to tell the true name of his parent, the name of whom he had previously said would startle Europe. He died in a fit of coughing after saying that he had sworn not to tell, but was trying to give the name.

Young "Ord" was supplied liberally with funds while at school, and even after he graduated he was privately tutored by a Maryland priest, who tried to trace his parentage. The search led to the unsupported conclusion that he was the son of King George IV of England, and that his mother was Marie Anne Smythe Fitzherbert, whom the king married in 1783. The Jesuit fathers of Georgetown college believed the report, and he was listed in the century history of the institution as "James Ord, son of King George IV."

When Mrs. Fitzherbert died she left some private papers, which she requested should remain in Coutts' bank, London, until the reigning sovereign of Great Britain should want them publicly opened. The seal was broken in 1905 by King Edward VII. The marriage certificate of George, prince of Wales, to Mrs. Fitzherbert was disclosed, but no mention of children. "Ord" died in Omaha at the age of ninety-seven, with the mystery still shrouding his past.

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