

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINGERBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, we won't bother about that, Heroncourt," he said; "let's have the complete list; that's all I ask for."

"I think it's pretty complete," said Heroncourt. "Before you go over it, I should like to make a proposal. To put it candidly, I don't like to avail myself of your generosity, I don't like to trespass upon it. This takes up to a large sum; and I've been thinking of a way of paying you back—at any rate a portion of it. If you take up the mortgage at a lower interest than I am paying now, we should be able to save some money—I am sure Maida won't mind going quietly—and we will pay you back by instalments."

Mr. Carrington shook his head.

"Oh, I'm quite sure Maida would be quite prepared to economize. She'd be prepared to go in for any amount of cheese-paring. I suppose you'd let Heroncourt be content to live there with three or four servants and a dog-cart, or something of the kind?"

"That was the idea," admitted Heroncourt.

"Oh, well; I don't approve of anything of the kind," said Carrington, "it wouldn't please me at all. A man of your rank ought to live in his own place, and live in a suitable way. As I told you before, I made my money for my daughters' sake; and I want Maida—and you, too—to live as becomes your rank. Besides, the country expects it; they say I was mean, and I shouldn't like that. No, let's stick to our original compact. I'm a business man and don't go from my word; it's to that principle that I owe—"

He broke off suddenly and gazed at Heroncourt in a vacant fashion.

"But he recovered quickly, and taking up the list, went over the items.

"Spinner's down here for a biggish sum," he said, but not complainingly. Heroncourt winced and coloured slightly. He was on the point of acquainting Mr. Carrington with the terms upon which Mr. Spinner had lent him the largest of the sums.

"I do not mind. What does it matter?" she murmured back. And as they paced to a dim corner of the corridor she stopped and folded her hands behind his neck and leant against him. With a smothered cry, he caught her to his breast and kissed—but gently, reverently—the rippling hair and warm, red lips; for Maida was not usually demonstrative, and the clasp of her warm arms had carried him beyond himself.

"I have just been talking to your father," he said. "He has behaved most generously to me—most generously. He is the most liberal of men. What magnificent diamonds, dearest!"

"Father gave them to me to-day," said Maida, with a little sigh. "Are they not too fine, Byrnes?"

"Not for you, dearest; nothing could be too fine or precious," he responded, almost using Carrington's own words. "Why, they are finer

than the Heroncourt set." He paused for a moment, looking down into her eyes, then went on, with a catch in his breath: "Maida, how soon will you wear them? How soon will you be my wife? Dearest, I want you—want you badly!"

She shrank from him slightly and the colour flooded her face.

"Oh, not yet, Byrnes," she breathed. "Not—not for a long time. Why, we were engaged only the other day!"

"Was it only the other day?" he said. "It seems as if I had known and loved you all my life; but I had not lived until I had known you—and Maida, why should we wait? Your father has made everything smooth for us. Lord Raymond would give up the Court to us, I know; it could be got ready in a few weeks. Oh, I want you, dear!"

"And I thought you were so happy!" she murmured.

"Happy!" he laughed, shortly. "There is no man in all the world so happy and so proud as I am; but there is a seventh heaven of happiness, and I want to get to it. You dwell there. Be good to me, dearest, and let us be married at once—soon."

The lace on her bosom rose and fell, her breath came faintly.

"It shall be as you please, Byrnes," she said. "You are my lord and master."

Her head drooped upon his breast.

"Not so; you are my queen and mistress. Shall it be in a week—a fortnight?"

She looked up at him with a smile in her eyes; a smile of joy at his impatience, of amusement at his man's ignorance of the difficulties in the way of so hasty a marriage.

"I could not get all my things ready," she said. "You have no idea how much there is to do."

He laughed.

"I should have thought you could have bought everything you want in twenty-four hours. What's the use of all the shops in Bond Street?"

"It's as well for you that Carrie cannot hear you," she retorted. "If I were the Maida Carrington whom you helped that night outside Lady Glassbury's I could buy all I needed in less than twenty-four hours. But all that's changed now."

She glanced at the plain little bracelet on her wrist—the bracelet which she always wore—and he bent and kissed it.

"Sometimes I wish you were," he said, with a sudden frown, as he thought of that bad quarter of an hour in the library. "But tell me, dearest, don't put me off longer than you can help. Surely you and Carrie—she's so quick—can get what you want in a week or two."

He coaxed her, all blushing and tremulous to name that day month; and he kissed his gratitude.

Carrie, coming out of her room, found them in their corner.

"Do you know some of the guests have come, you people?" she said; "you ought to be down-stairs, young lady. And, besides, the Hungarian band has come and is tuning up in the lower regions; they'll want this corridor. If I had my way I'd have a special room for engaged couples with 'Trespassers Will be Prosecuted' stuck up outside the door. And, pray, what are you looking so particularly happy and contented about, my Lord Heroncourt?" she broke off, scanning him with her sharp eyes.

"You'd look happy and contented if you were going to be married this day month, Miss Carrie!" he retorted, with the smile of a boy upon the dark face that used to look so sombre.

Carrie sprang at Maida and embraced her discreetly, with a due care for the fleecy lace.

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But he shrank from telling the father that the amount was to be repaid on his—Heroncourt's—marriage.

It was Mr. Spinner's own arrangement. Heroncourt had not liked it at the time the deed was signed; it had seemed a heartless, mercenary bond and security, and he would most certainly have declined to become a party to the agreement if he had foreseen that he would fall in love with and marry Maida, or, indeed, any woman.

"I should like to omit the last item of Mr. Spinner's from the list, Mr. Carrington," he said. "It was borrowed under a private arrangement, and he has some sort of security. I can very well manage to pay him that amount when—when it falls due."

Mr. Carrington looked at him rather curiously but conceded the point; and so Heroncourt indulged in a silence, a reticence, which ultimately cost him dear.

"All right," said Mr. Carrington; "I'll see about these matters. Don't you trouble your head any more about 'em; you're quite busy enough in being happy."

Heroncourt murmured his thanks and left the great financier still studying the paper.

Heroncourt's brows were knit as he came into the hall; it had been a bad quarter of an hour, notwithstanding that Mr. Carrington had shown such consideration and displayed such generosity. Heroncourt was a proud man—pride was, indeed, the principal characteristic of his race—and for a moment he felt as if he could not have gone through it again, even to gain Maida; but a second or two afterwards he heard a light footfall and rustle on the stairs, looked up and saw her and knew that he would go through ten times such an ordeal to win her.

Indeed, she was looking exquisitely lovely that night; and as she stood on the top of the stair in the subdued light of the electric lamps which she had persuaded her father to have screened with rose shades, the diamonds gleaming on the white skin, the black lace dress accentuating the delicate, ivory tints and the raven blackness of her hair, she was a vision of beauty calculated to stir the blood of the most lymphatic of men.

And she smiled down at him with the soft, all-embracing smile of a woman who loves passionately. She was irresistible!

Heroncourt sprang up the stairs to her—there was no one in sight—and took her in his arms. She looked so ethereal, so flower-like, that he was almost afraid to kiss her.

"I shall crush that beautiful dress of yours," he said in a low, passionate murmur.

"I do not mind. What does it matter?" she murmured back. And as they paced to a dim corner of the corridor she stopped and folded her hands behind his neck and leant against him. With a smothered cry, he caught her to his breast and kissed—but gently, reverently—the rippling hair and warm, red lips; for Maida was not usually demonstrative, and the clasp of her warm arms had carried him beyond himself.

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THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED.

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"Oh, you dear, good girl!" she exclaimed. "And how clever of you, Byrnes, to get her to name a day so soon! Oh, what a wedding we will have! Won't father spread himself—and I'll back him up and encourage him. But fancy my Maida an old married woman! Maida, I shall put my hair up on the day of the wedding; I shall be 'Miss Carrington,' then. Yes, and you'll have to treat me with more respect, Byrnes," for he had taken hold of her arms and was rocking her to and fro in the ebullience of his joy.

Mr. Carrington's voice was heard calling Maida, and the two girls went down. Heroncourt followed more slowly; for he felt that he bore a countenance too radiant, too full of his happiness, for public gaze. "Coming events cast their shadows before," but he felt no shadow upon him as, with head erect and guardsmen's gait, he went down to the drawing-room.

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

Burlaps makes good door curtains. Iron muffin pans are best for oatmeal muffins.

Natural rice makes one of the best of cereals.

Orange jelly is excellent to put in to layer cake.

Before oiling a floor, be sure it is absolutely clean.

Always use fresh eggs for mayonnaise dressing.

Lean fishes are usually boiled or used for made dishes.

An excellent macsalade can be made with dried peaches.

Fish should be eaten in season and when freshly caught.

Steamed brown bread with raisins is wholesome and palatable.

Whites of eggs will beat more quickly if they are very cold.

Drained rice, when cold, can be used in making griddle cakes.

Fried mush is palatable alone, but delicious with golden syrup.

Warm cornmeal mush, left over, may be used in making muffins.

Rag mats of the old-fashioned sort are coming to be a great fad.

Wall paper makes excellent lamp shades, if the design is well chosen.

Irish broth is a good nutrient stock in which vegetables have been cooked.

The dough of bread made with milk is peculiarly smooth and elastic.

Use light-colored manila paper to singe chickens and there will be no smoking.

Egg stains on table linen should be soaked out in cold water, not hot, before washing.

Rag bags for all the different kinds of rags are a great convenience to the housekeeper.

In lighting a dining room, use either electricity alone or candles alone.

The cooler and lighter bed coverings are for summer weather the better.

Onions, if large enough, may be stuffed with the same filling used for tomatoes.

Wafers which are not sweet are an agreeable change served with afternoon tea.

Bread should not begin to brown until it has been in the oven over fifteen minutes.

Bread mixed in the morning requires a larger quantity of yeast than bread mixed at night.

A cookie cutter is now made which cuts the cookies as fast as you roll it over the dough.

On ironing day, keep an old folded sheet handy, to lay under garments with buttons, etc.

A glass of hot milk taken before going to bed at night is a distinct relief for insomnia.

To save the tops of comforters where they touch the face, sew muslin protectors across them.

To remove iodine stains from clothing or bed linen, soak the article twenty-four hours in cold water.

Keep the air of the bedroom pure, remembering that you spend one-third of your life sleeping.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

Chinese decorations spread themselves most magnificently in the new dress trappings.

One-piece black-and-white checked dresses are pretty worn with black velvet jackets.

Linen is scarce, especially dress linens, with the almost inevitable result that fashion demands whole suits of genuine linen for almost every sort of out-of-door wear.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



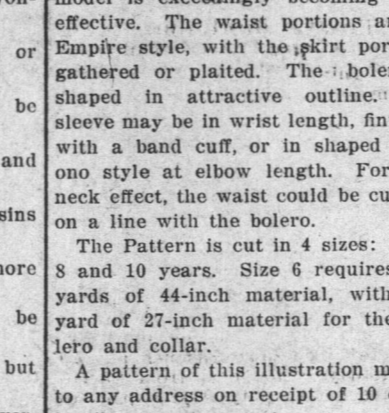
1639—A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear.

Blue batiste embroidered with white dots is here illustrated. The model is exceedingly becoming and effective. The waist portions are in Empire style, with the skirt portions gathered or plaited. The bolero is shaped in attractive outline. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or in shaped kimono style at elbow length. For low neck effect, the waist could be cut out on a line with the bolero.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material, with 1 1/2 yard of 27-inch material for the bolero and collar.

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A HERMING LOUNGING ROBE.



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