

## Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run-down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Gooden, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE LEBEL, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.



In Such Cases

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

## Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER XXVI.  
AN ATTRACTIVE BOTANIST.

Floris sat and pondered over this note for some moments; then she went and bodily carried both flowers and note to Mrs. Sinclair.

The old lady listened indifferently enough until Floris came to the flower part of the story, then she woke to interest, and seized the specimens and uttered a cry of delight.

"My dear girl, where did you get these? Who gave them to you? Where did you say? His collection? Whose?"

Floris explained.  
"Accept them! Rob the man of such treasures! Impossible, of course! But I must see it! If the rest are anything as good as this it must be priceless! What is his address?"

Floris named the hotel.

"Write to him at once, and ask him to call," said the old lady.

Floris hesitated for a moment then she went to her writing table and wrote a short note, thanking him for the flowers and book, and requesting him to call on Mrs. Sinclair.

She signed the note, of course, with her assumed name, Lillian Wood, and she resolved that if he should accept the invitation, she would not appear.

On the morrow he came, and was shown into the library, and as the door was opened for him Floris passed out into the drawing-room.

When she heard the servant let him out of the house, she returned to the library to find that Mrs. Sinclair was even more fascinated than she herself had been.

"That's a wonderful young man you have discovered, my dear!" she said, with unwonted enthusiasm.

"I discovered!" said Floris, elevating her eyebrows.

"Well, well; it was through you!" said the old lady, impatiently. "At any rate, I am much obliged to you. I don't know when I have enjoyed a visit more. He doesn't know very much about botany, but what he does know he knows thoroughly; and he has traveled. There does not seem to be any place that he does not know. Ah, that is where men have the advantage over our poor women! He is coming here to-morrow to tea, and will bring some specimens with him."

The next evening as the lamps came in, Mr. Oscar Raymond was announced.

Mrs. Sinclair greeted him warmly, but Floris merely inclined her head.

She officiated at the tea table, and gave him a cup of tea, then took a book and went to a remote corner.

He did not speak a word to her for some time, but confined his attentions to Mrs. Sinclair, listening rather than talking, his well-shaped head with its close, iron-gray hair, bent with respectful interest.

Two days passed, and on the third Oscar Raymond came again.

Floris was in the library with Mrs. Sinclair, and scarcely looked up when he came and made his bow.

As before, he devoted himself to the old lady, and did not venture to address Floris until just as he was leaving.

Then he came and stood beside her, with his hat in his hand, and waited until she looked up.

"Are you going, Mr. Raymond?" she said, coldly.

"Yes," he answered with a touch of sadness in his voice; "I am going. I wanted to say 'good-by' instead of 'good-day,' Miss Wood."

Floris looked at the paper spread out on the desk before her.

Mrs. Sinclair having bade him adieu, had turned to her books as if there was no one besides herself in the room.

"You are going to leave Florence?" said Floris, for want of something better to say.

"Yes," he said. "You have driven me away!"

"I?" exclaimed Floris, flushing, but avoiding his intense gaze.

"Yes, Miss Wood, you. Oh, do not think me so blind as not to be able to see that my presence is distasteful to you!"

"Mr. Raymond!" she said, very reluctantly.

"It is true," he continued sadly. "I know that you will be glad when I have gone. You have avoided me so plainly that—"

A vague feeling of remorse seized Floris.

"I am very, very sorry," she quietly murmured.

"No, do not say that! I know so well that you are glad this is the last time you will see me. And yet you do me a wrong, believe me!"

"How?" she asked, in a low voice, though she might have safely shouted so far as Mrs. Sinclair, absorbed in her books, was concerned.

"In this," he said, humbly. "You have heard stories about me; you have heard that I am one whose character is so bad that I am not fit to breathe the same air as yourself."

Floris lowered her lids.

"You do not deny it," he went on. "Would to Heaven that I could say they were false. But I cannot, least of all to you! By!" he sighed, and his voice grew strangely soft and sad—"but it is possible for even such as I to repent and change. And I have done both. Miss Wood, the man who stands before you is a different man to him whom you saw engaged in a vulgar brawl a month ago."

Floris remained silent. Her heart beat fast and furiously.

The soft penitent voice, the humble, pleading words affected her more than she cared to show.

"A month may be a lifetime, and this month has been a lifetime to me! I have learned that all my past life has been wasted, and of no account—worse than wasted, seeing how great a barrier it has raised between such as I am and you."

Floris tried to rise, to speak, but she could not; the soft, musical voice held her bound and enthralled, and as she listened came the old, old questions, "Where had she heard" if before?"

"I cannot tell you how your coldness and avoidance of me affects me," he went on, "but I cannot leave you forever without telling you that the change which has been wrought in me is your work, and has been as much your doing as that writing beneath your hand."

"I cannot listen," murmured Floris, slowly.

"Bear with me!" he pleaded, humbly. "Though I know I risk all by thus prematurely laying my heart bare before you, I must speak! I must bare it! Miss Wood, Lillian! I love you!"

Floris rose, pale and trembling. "You—you—"

"I love you," he said, white and trembling, even as she was. "There, I have said it, and let it stand. It has been on my mind—on my lips—no hope—of winning you, and yet I must say it. But, before I go, will you let me plead on my behalf?"

Floris was silent.

The witchery, the fascination which this man could exercise by voice and manner was insensibly stealing over her.

His handsome face, the dark eyes glowing with passion of intense love, seemed to sink into her soul.

A kind of mystic glamour seemed to envelop her as in some subtle shroud.

She could not lift her eyes to his, she could not speak.

"I love you," he repeated, and Floris, as she listened, wondered why the words did not ring and re-echo in the ears of Mrs. Sinclair as they did in her own; but the enthusiast was absorbed by her books and heard nothing.

"I love you with all my heart and soul! Send me away from you forever and I shall love you still. While I live I shall carry your image in my heart. I am a changed man. I can scarcely recognize myself! A month ago I was—all that you had been told I was; but now I stand before you a different being, reformed, purified by my love for you. I beg, I implore you to hesitate before you cast me off. Such as I am, my love for you has made me. For Heaven's sake have pity on me!"

His voice grew hoarse and broken, but still the nameless fascination held Floris bound as in a chain.

She panted for breath, like a deer hard pressed by the hounds and held at bay.

"I—I will not listen—I cannot believe. Oh, go—please, go," she panted.

"Will you meet me in the square, under the limes, to-morrow, at seven?" he pleaded. "If it be the last time, meet me there. A soul trembling 'twixt evil and good—I beg for one last word."

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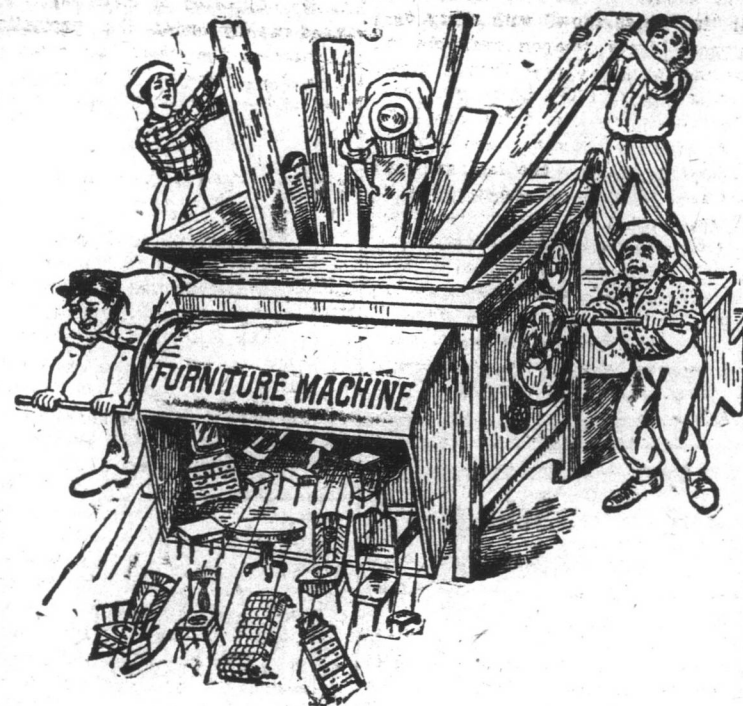
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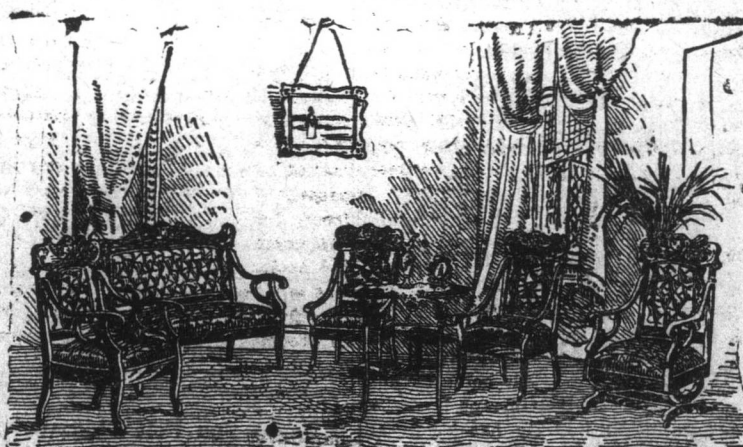
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FRENCH TAKE OFFENSIVE

PARIS, July 18.—The French this morning delivered an attack along the line from the River Aisne as far as the region of Belleu, a front of about 25 miles, made progress at certain points of between a mile and a half and three miles, the war office announced today. The situation on the Marne and Champagne fronts is unchanged.

ATTACK BELIEVED MAKING PROGRESS.

LONDON, July 18.—News received in London indicates that the attack started by the French this morning on the front between Chateau Thierry and Soissons is of considerable scale. The attack is believed to be making good progress.

BIG OFFENSIVE.

LONDON, July 18.—Reports received in London show the situation up to noon all along the line of attack begun by the French this morning to be excellent. The attack is the biggest offensive made this year by the Allies.

PRISONERS ARRIVING

PARIS, July 18.—Early in the movement the prisoners taken in the advance began coming in on the northern point of the attack in the town of Fontenoy, nearly a mile north of the Aisne. In the fighting of the front of the offensive the French last night stopped the Germans in the face of violent attacks which the enemy launched southwest of Mautheil-La-Fosse, between the Marne and Rheims, the front beyond Rheims east of the Vesle River an attack by the German Guards units was completely repulsed. The text of the statement received. The French attacked German positions from the region of Fontenoy on the Aisne, as far as the region of Belleu this morning. We have made progress at certain points from two to three kilometres. The capture of prisoners is reported. On the front of the Marne and Champagne this night brought no change. Southward of Nantouil-La-Fosse we arrested powerful and violent attack by the enemy. North of Presnes an attack by German Guard units broke down completely.

FRENCH GAIN.

LONDON, July 18.—The French have gained from twelve to four miles everywhere on the 20-mile front of their offensive to-day between the Aisne and the Marne.

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