

Woman's Danger Periods Made Safe

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Here is proof:

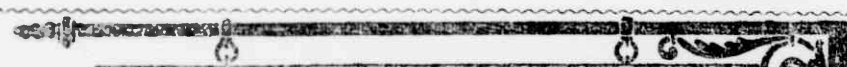
Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the Change of Life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold. I had creepy sensations and could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I had a tumor.
"I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it has worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Nathan B. Greaton, 51 No. Main St., Natick, Mass.

Cornwallville, N. Y.—"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time for Change of Life, nervousness, and a fibroid growth.
"Two doctors advised me to go to the hospital, but one day while I was away visiting, I met a woman who told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and it knew it helped me wonderfully. I am very thankful that I was told to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Wm. Boughton, Cornwallville, N. Y., Greene Co.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



THE GREAT MYSTERY SERIAL



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CHAPTER XVIII.

Edith's Cousin.

That was to be Margery's last evening at Fred's. Edith had kept her as long as she could, but the girl felt that her place was with Miss Letitia. Edith was desolate.

"I don't know what I am going to do without you," she said that night when we were all together in the library, with a wood fire, for light and coziness more than heat. Margery was sitting before the fire, and while the others talked she sat mostly silent, looking into the blaze.

The May night was cold and rainy, and Fred had been reading us a poem he had just finished, receiving with indifference my comment on it, and basking in Edith's rapture.

"Do you know yourself what it is about?" I inquired caustically.

"If it's about anything, it isn't poetry," he replied. "Poetry appeals to the ear; it is primarily sensuous. It is more than that; it ceases to be poetry and becomes verse."

Edith yawned.

"I'm afraid I'm getting old," she said. "I'm getting the nap habit after dinner. Fred, run up, will you, and see if Katie put blankets over the boys?"

Fred stuffed his poem in his pocket and went resignedly up stairs. Edith yawned again, and prepared to retire to the den for forty winks.

"If Ellen decides to come down stairs," she called back over her shoulder. "Please come and wake me. She said she felt better and might come down."

At the door she turned, behind Margery's back, and made me a sweeping and comprehensive signal. She finished it off with a double wink. Edith having never been able to wink one eye alone, and crossing the hall, closed the door of the den with an obtrusive bang.

Margery and I were alone. The girl looked at me, smiled a little, and drew a long breath.

"It's queer about Edith," I said. "I never before knew her to get drowsy after dinner. If she were not beyond suspicion, I would think it a deep laid scheme, and she had Fred sitting and holding hands in a corner somewhere."

"But why—a scheme?" She had folded her hands in her lap, and the eternal ring sparkled malignantly.

you always get what you want?" Then, of course, Fred came in, and fell over a hassock looking for matches. Edith opened the door of the den and called him to her irritably, but Fred declined to leave the wood fire, and settled down in his easy chair. After a while Edith came over and joined us, but she snubbed Fred the entire evening, to his bewilderment. And when conversation lagged, during the evening that followed, I tried to remember what I had said, and knew I had done very badly. Only one thing cheered me; she had not been angry, and she had understood. Blessed be the woman that understands!

We broke up for the night about eleven. Mr. Butler had come down for a while, and had even played a little, something of Tschikovsky's, a singing, plaintive theme that brought sadness back into Margery's face, and made me think, for no reason, of a wet country road and a plodding, back-burdened peasant.

Fred and I sat in the library for a while after the rest had gone, and I told him a little of what I had learned that afternoon. "I don't know," he said, "and a primitive type, eh? Well, did she shoot him, or did Schwartz? The Lady of the Democratic Tiger?"

"The Tiger," I said firmly.

"The Lady," Fred, with equal assurance.

Fred closed the house with his usual care. It required the combined efforts of the maids, followed up by Fred, to lock the windows, it being his constant assertion that in seven years of keeping house, he had never failed to find at least one unlocked window.

On that night, I remember, he went around with his usual scrupulous care. Then we went up to bed, leaving a small light at the telephone in the lower hall; nothing else.

The house was a double one, built around a square hall below, which served the purpose of a general sitting room. From the front door a short, narrow hall led back to this, with a room on either side, and from it doors led into the rest of the lower floor. At one side the stairs took the ascent easily, with two steps for landings, and at the other the stairs opened from a similar, slightly smaller, square hall. The staircase to the third floor went up from somewhere back in the nursery wing.

My bed room was over the library, and Mrs. Butler and Margery Fleming had connecting rooms, across the hall. Fred and Edith slept in the nursery wing, so they could be near the children. In the square upper hall there was a big reading table, a lamp, and some comfortable chairs. Here, when they were alone, Fred read aloud the evening paper, or his latest short story, and Edith's sewing basket showed how she put in what women miscall their leisure.

I did not go to sleep at once; naturally the rather vital step I had taken in the library insisted on being considered and almost regretted. I tried reading myself to sleep, and when that failed, I tried the soothing combination of a cigarette and a book. That worked like a charm: the last thing I remembered is of holding the cigarette in a death grip as I lay with my pillows propped back of me, my head to the light, and a delightful languor creeping over me.

I was awakened by the pungent acid smell of smoke, and I sat up and blinked my eyes open. The side of the bed was sending up a steady column of gray smoke, and there was a smart crackle of fire under me somewhere. I jumped out of bed and saw the trouble instantly. My cigarette had dropped from my hand, still lighted, and as it lay the way with cigarettes, determined to burn to the end, in so doing it had fired my bed, the rug under the bed and pretty nearly the man on the bed.

It took some sharp work to get it all out without rousing the house. Then I stood amid the wreckage and looked ruefully at Edith's pretty room. I could see, mentally, the spot of water on the library ceiling the next morning and I could hear Fred's strictures on the heedlessness and indifference to property of bachelors in general and me in particular.

Three pitchers of water on the bed had made it an impossible couch. I put on a dressing gown, and with a blanket over my arm, I went down to hunt some sort of place to sleep. I decided on the davenport in the hall just outside, and as quietly as I could, I put a screen around it and settled down for the night.

I was awakened by the touch of a hand on my face. I started, I think, and the hand was jerked away—I am not sure; I was still drowsy. I lay very quiet, listening for footsteps, but none came. With the feeling that there was some one behind the screen, I jumped up. The hall was dark and quiet. When I found no one, I concluded it had been only a vivid dream, and I sat down on the edge of the davenport and yawned.

I heard Edith moving back in the nursery; she has an uncomfortable habit of wandering around in the night, covering the children, closing the windows and snuffing for fire. It was a faint smell of the smoke from my centigrade had reached her suspicious nose, but she did not come into the front hall. I was wide awake by that time, and I was then, I think, that I noticed a heavy, sweetish odor in the air. At first I thought one of the children might be ill, and that Edith was dosing him with one of the choice concoctions that she kept in the bath room medicine closet. When she closed her door, however, and went back to bed, I knew I had been mistaken.

The sweetish smell was almost nauseating. For some reason or other, association of certain odors with certain events—I found myself recalling the time I had a wisdom tooth taken out, and that when I came around I was being sat on by the dentist and his assistant, and the latter had a black eye. Then, suddenly, I knew. The sickly odor was chloroform!

I had the light on in a moment and was rapping at Margery's door. It was locked, and I got no answer. I called light shewn over the transom, but everything was ominously quiet beyond the door. I went to Mrs. Butler's door, next; it was unlocked and partly open. One glance at the empty bed and the confusion of the place, and I rushed without ceremony through the connecting door into Margery's room.

The atmosphere was reeking with chloroform. The girl was in bed, and she was breathing very slowly, stertorously, with her eyes partly open and fixed.

I threw up all the windows before I roused the family, and as soon as Edith was in the room I telephoned for the doctor. I hardly remember what I did until he came; I know we tried to rouse Margery and failed, and I know that Fred went down stairs and said the silver was intact and the back kitchen door open. And then the doctor came, and I was put out in the hall, and for an eternity, I walked up and down, eight steps one way, eight steps back, unable to think, unable even to hope.

Not until the doctor came out to me and said she was better, and would I call a maid to make some strong black coffee, did I come out of my stupor. The chance of doing something, anything, made me determine to make the coffee myself. They still speak of that coffee at Fred's.

It was Edith who brought Mrs. Butler to my mind. Fred had maintained that she had fled before the intruders, and was probably in some corner of the upper floor. I am afraid our solicitude was long in coming. It was almost an hour before we organized a searching party to look for her. Fred went up stairs, and I took the lower floor.

It was I who found her, after all, lying full length on the grass in the little square yard back of the house. She was in a dead faint, and she was a much more difficult patient than Margery.

We could get no story from either son of them that night. The two rooms had been ransacked, but apparently nothing had been stolen. Fred vowed he had locked and bolted the kitchen door, and that it had been opened from within.

It was a strange experience, that night intrusion into the house, without robbery as a motive. If Margery knew or suspected the reason for the outrage, she refused to say. As for Mrs. Butler, to mention the occurrence put her into hysteria. It was Fred who put forth the most startling theory of the lot.

The Final Blow

The Last Great Slash in the Prices—Prices That Will Almost "Wake the Dead." The Climax of "Bargain Giving" Now Reached. The "FUR WILL FLY" From Now Until the Finish,

Saturday Night, April 15, at 10 O'clock

All New Easter Oxfords and Shoes Must Go by That Time. They Will Go, Too. You Had Better "Come on the Run" as Soon as You Get This and Get First Pick—BECAUSE This is an Opportunity That Comes Your Way Once in a Life Time.

HERE IS A POINTER: When this Sale Closes; when Foreman & Miller Step Down and Out of the Retail Shoe Business You, Yes You, Will Have to Pay More for Shoes Not Nearly so Good.

Right in Season When You Want Easter Shoes and Slippers This Entire Stock is Forced On the Market and Only Marked at a Mere Fraction of Its Real Worth. The Very Newest Shoes All Included. You Are Not Buying Shoddy, You Are Not Buying Trash

But the World's Best Brands of Easter Shoes and Slippers at Unheard of Prices.

THE FOREMAN & MILLER CO. Going Out of Business

Lay in a Full Year's Supply Before Saturday Night. Better to be a "Live One" Than a "Wish I Had." See What You Save, Buy Now and Bank the Difference.

One big lot of Ladies' \$1.25 White Canvas Oxfords this week,	One big lot of all \$1.50 White and Gray Canvas Oxfords,	Another big lot of Men's and Women's Sample Shoes, worth up to \$3.00	The balance of all new Men's 25c Socks, to go at	Don't fail to get one of the new \$3.00 values that go at	One Final Blow! Men's and Women's \$3.50, \$4 and \$5 values
24c	59c	98c	9c	\$1.67	\$1.89

Men's Shoes and Oxfords

- Never were such bargains offered—never will again—get yours before your neighbor gets them. Another Sample lot to go at \$.98
- One big lot Men's semi-dress Shoes, also Oxfords, worth \$2.50, to go at 1.39
- A new lot fine \$3.00 Gun Metals 1.67
- One big lot of the world's best \$3.50 and \$4.00 Pullman Oxfords, go down and go out lively at 1.89
- Not what they are worth, but get rid of them, is the question. New \$4.00 Oxfords, all colors, all sizes 2.39
- One big lot that sold for \$4.50 and \$5.00 2.67
- All Hanan \$6.00 Oxfords that sold last week for \$2.19, also all those fine Pullman \$5.00 Oxfords now go down to 2.89
- New \$6 French Shriner Oxfords, 3.89
- Hanan's finest \$7.00 values 4.89
- It's not choice; it's compulsion.

Ladies' Shoes and Slippers

We are going to make one grand final "clean sweep"—this week. Come early and often.

- A snap for all women:
- Ladies' new lot of Samples, worth any old price \$.98
- One big lot of old ladies' "easy shoes for tender feet" that Foreman & Miller sold for \$2.50, now 1.39
- One big lot Ladies' new tan blucher cuts, worth \$2.75, to go at 1.59
- Ladies' Pumps and Straps, tans and blacks 1.67
- One big lot of Velvets, Patents and Gun Metals, Pumps and Oxfords, all sizes worth \$3.50 at 1.89
- \$4.00 grades now go down to 2.39
- New tan and black \$5.00 Suedes and Velvets, also Pullman Patents, just what you want for Easter 2.89

All Boys' and Girls' Shoes Literally Given Away, 69c, 89c, 98c, \$1.24, \$1.39, all Worth Double

Sale Closes Saturday Night, April 15th at 10 P. M.

If You Value Money Attend This Sale of Sales—THE GREAT FAREWELL SALE. The New Shoes You Want for Easter. The One Shoe Event of Charlotte.

PRICES THAT MAKE COMPETITORS "Shake in Their Boots"

Look for the Big Blue Sign

Foreman & Miller Co.'s Old Stand

42 East Trade Street, Cor. College. COBLE SHOE CO. in Charge.

STORE OPEN AT NIGHT

As it turned out, Edith's intuition was more reliable than my skepticism—or Fred's.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

About one woman in a thousand can hit the nail on the head. The other 999 hit the nail on the finger.

Well—"Do you think that is all her own hair?" Belle—"No, part of it is her sister's; at least, I saw her sister buying some just like it."

A He never dies from lack of circulation.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ANTAL-MIDY These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubeb or Injections, and BELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconveniences.

You never know just how much is going to strike you until you meet him, nor for how much.

The girl's out in March, and certain young man Yavin has a chance he has such talk.

This is Cyrus O. Bates, the man who advertises Mother's Joy and Goose Grease Liniment, two of the greatest things known to humanity.

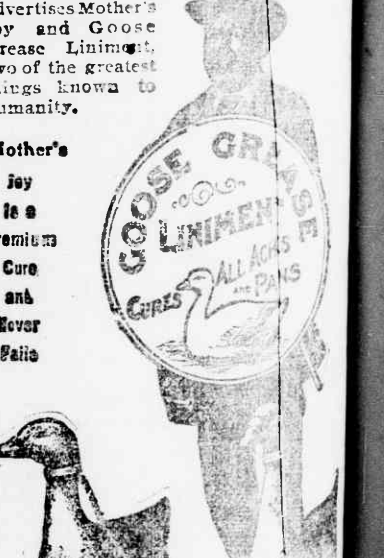
Mother's Joy is a Premium Cure and Reviver

Did I tell you that I saw her sister buying some just like it?

The D team h aggregate before

Inter-creasing the boy's schedule will be

The D here should collect any leafy Manage into his good line of the ex



For sale by R. H. Jordan & Co.