

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular, something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation. It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Matilda Richardson of 177 Wellington Street, Kingston, Ont., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "Some four years ago my usually good health began to fail. I had severe pains in my back, my head ached, I would have dizzy spells and during my monthly periods I would suffer intense pain. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad that I did, for it brought new life and health to me. My monthly periods were natural and painless, and my general health improved. I have not had an ache or a pain since, and I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to tell you what your medicine has done for me."

Mrs. Louise McKenzie of Mount Carmel, Montreal, Canada, writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I had heard so much good about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before I asked Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Alfred looked at her a minute without winking. Then he nodded his head. "It was 'cause I fell down that hole—she thought they'd got me!" he said aloud to himself. "Fore little gal! She hadn't ought to have did it!" He blushed deeply, and turning his face away, pulled down her skirt until it covered her ankles. Then he picked up his Winchester and fired three shots. The first hit directly back of the ear one of the stunned Indians who had fallen with his horse. The second went through the other stunned Indian's chest. The third caught the Indian with the broken leg between the shoulders just as he tried to get behind his struggling pony.

Shortly after, Billy Knapp and the wagon-train came along. A GUA ANTID CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 24 days. 50c.

Blazed Trail Stories

.. AND ..

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE GIRL WHO GOT RATTLED

(Continued.)

She looked out over the long sweeping descent to which they were coming, and the long sweeping ascent that lay beyond. The breeze and the sun played with the prairie grasses, the breeze ruffling them over, and the sun silencing their under-surfaces thus exposed. It was strangely peaceful, and one almost expected to hear the hum of bees as in a New England orchard. In it all was no sign of life.

"We'd get lost," she said, finally. "Oh, no, we wouldn't!" he asserted with all the egotism of the amateur plainsman. "I've got all that figured out. You see, our train is going on a line with that butte behind us and the sun. So if we go ahead, and keep our shadows just pointing to the butte, we'll be right in their line of march."

He looked to her for admiring of his cleverness. She seemed pleased. She agreed and sent him back to her wagon for some article of advent necessity. While he was gone she slipped softly over the little hill to the right, cantered rapidly over two more, and slowed down with a sigh of satisfaction. One alone could watch the directing shadow as well as two. She was free and alone. It was the one thing she had desired for the last six days of the long plains journey, and she enjoyed it now to the full. No one had seen her go. The drivers droned stupidly along, as was their wont; and the dimly-veiled Alfred was hiding his blushes behind clouds of dust in the rear, as was not his wont at all. He had been severely shocked, and he might have brooded over it all the afternoon, if a discovery had not startled him to activity.

On a bare spot in the prairie he discerned the print of a hoof. It was not that of one of the train's animals. Alfred knew this, because just to one side of it, caught under a grass-blade so cunningly that only the little scout's eye could have discerned it at all, was a single blue bead. Alfred rode out on the prairie to right and left, and found the hoof-prints of about thirty ponies. He pushed his hat back and wrinkled his brow, for the one thing he was looking for he could not find—the two narrow furrows made by the ends of tepee-poles dragging along on either side of the ponies. The absence of these indicated that the band was composed entirely of bucks, and bucks were likely to mean mischief.

He pushed ahead of the whole party, his eyes fixed earnestly on the ground. At the top of the hill he encountered the young Easterner. The latter looked puzzled, in a half-humorous way. "I left Miss Caldwell here a half-minute ago," he observed to Alfred, "and I guess she's given me the slip. Could her good for me when she comes in—will you?" He grinned, with good-natured malice at the idea of Alfred's scolding anyone. Then Alfred surprised him.

The little man straightened suddenly in his saddle and uttered a fervent curse. After a brief circle about the prairie, he returned to the young man. "You go back to 'at' wagons, and wake up Billy Knapp, and tell him this—that I've gone scoutin' some, and I want him to watch out. Understand? Watch out!"

"What?" began the Easterner, bewildered.

"I'm agoin' to find her," said the little man, decidedly. "You don't think there's any danger, do you?" asked the Easterner, in anxious tones. "Can't I help you?"

"You do as I tell you," replied the little man, shortly, and rode away.

He followed Miss Caldwell's trail quite rapidly, for the trail was fresh. As long as he looked intently for hoof marks, nothing was to be seen, the prairie was apparently virgin; but by glancing the eye forty or fifty yards ahead, a faint line was discernible through the grasses. Alfred came upon Miss Caldwell seated quietly on her horse in the very centre of a prairie-dog town, and so, of course, in the midst of an area of comparatively desert character. She was amusing herself by watching the marmots as they barked, or watched, or peeped at her, according to their distance from her. The sight of Alfred was not welcome, for he frightened the marmots.

When he saw Miss Caldwell, Alfred grew bashful again. He sidled his horse up to her and blushed. "I'll show you th' way back, miss," he said, diffidently.

"Thank you," replied Miss Caldwell, with a slight coldness, "I can find my own way back."

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"Yes, of course," hastened Alfred, in an agony. "But don't you think we ought to start back now? I'd like to go with you, m'ss, if you'd let me. You see the afternoon's quite late."

Miss Caldwell cast a quizzical eye at the sun.

"Why, it's hours yet till dark!" she said, amusedly.

Then Alfred surprised Miss Caldwell. His diffident manner suddenly left him. He jumped like lightning from his horse, threw the reins over the animal's head so he would stand, and ran around to face Miss Caldwell.

"Here, jump down!" he commanded. The soft Southern burr of his ordinary conversation had given place to a clear incisiveness. Miss Caldwell looked at him amazed.

Seeing that she did not at once obey, Alfred actually began to fumble hastily with the straps that held her riding skirt in place. This was so unusual in the bashful Alfred that Miss Caldwell roused and slipped lightly to the ground. "Now what?" she asked.

Alfred, without replying, drew the bit to within a few inches of the animal's hoofs, and tied both forelocks firmly together with the double-loop. This brought the pony's nose down close to his shackled feet. Then he did the same thing with his own best. Thus neither animal could so much as hobble one way or the other. They were securely moored.

Alfred stepped a few paces to the eastward. Miss Caldwell followed. "Sit down," said he.

Miss Caldwell obeyed with some nervousness. She did not understand at all, and that made her afraid. She began to have a dim fear lest Alfred might have gone crazy. His next move strengthened this suspicion. He walked away ten feet, and raised his hand over his head, palm forward. She watched him so intently that for a moment she saw nothing else. Then she followed the direction of his gaze, and uttered a little sobbing cry.

Just below the skyline of the first slope to eastward was silhouetted a figure on horseback. The figure on horseback sat motionless.

"We're in for fight," said Alfred, coming back after a moment. "He won't answer my peace-sign, and he's a Sioux. We can't make a run for it through this dog-town. We've just got to stand 'em off."

ing shrill-voiced, but firing no shot as yet. "They'll rush us," speculated Alfred. "We're too few to monkey with this way. This is a bluff."

The circle about the two was now complete. After watching the whirl of figures a few minutes, and the motionless landscape beyond, the eye became dazed and confused.

"They won't have no picnic," went on Alfred, with a chuckle. "Dog-hole's as bad for them as for us. They don't know how to fight. If they was to come in on all sides, I could handle 'em, but they always rush in a bunch, like damn fools!" and then Alfred became suffused with blushes, and commenced to apologise abjectly and profusely to a girl who had heard neither the word nor its atonement. The savages and the approaching fight were all she could think of.

Suddenly one of the Sioux threw himself forward under the horse's neck and fired. The bullet went wild, of course, but it shrieked with the rising inflection of a wind-squall through bared boughs, seeming to come nearer. Miss Caldwell screamed and covered her face. The savages yelled in chorus.

The one shot seemed to be the signal for a sparring fire all along the line. The Indians never clean their rifles, rarely get good ammunition, and are deficient in the philosophy of hind-sights. Besides this, it is not easy to shoot at long range in a constrained position from a running horse. Alfred watched them contemptuously in silence.

"If they keep that up long enough, the wagon-train may hear 'em," he said, finally. "Wait we weren't so far to northward. There, it's comin'!" he said, more excitedly.

The chief had paused, and, as the warriors came to him, they threw their ponies back on their haunches, and sat motionless. They turned the ponies' heads towards the two.

Alfred arose deliberately for a better look. "Yes, that's right," he said to himself, "that's old Lone Pine, sure thing. I reckon we'll all go to make a good fight!"

The girl had sunk to the ground, and was shaking her head to foot. It is not nice to be shot at in the best of circumstances, but to be shot at by odds of thirty to one, and the thirty of an outlandish and terrifying species, is not nice at all. Miss Caldwell had gone to pieces badly, and Alfred looked grave. He thoughtfully drew from its holster his beautiful Colt's with its ivory handle, and laid it on the grass. Then he blushed hot and cold, and looked at the girl doubtfully. A sudden movement in the group of savages, as the war-chief rode to the front, decided him.

"Miss Caldwell," he said. The girl shivered and moaned.

Alfred dropped to his knee and shook her shoulder roughly. "Look up here," he commanded. "We ain't got but one minute."

Composed a little by the firmness of his tone, she sat up. Her face had gone chalky, and her hair had partly fallen over her eyes.

"Now, listen to every word," he said, rapidly. "Those Indians is goin' to rush us in a minute. P'raps I can break them, but I don't know. In that pistol there, I'll always save two shots—understand? I'm a-goin' to shoot you with one of 'em, and myself with the other."

"Oh!" cried the girl, with her eyes opening wildly. She was paying close enough attention now. "And if they kill me first?" he reached forward and seized her wrist impressively. "If they kill me first, you must take that pistol and shoot yourself. Understand? Shoot yourself—in the head—here!" He tapped his forehead with a stubby forefinger.

The girl shrank back in horror. Alfred snapped his teeth together and went on grimly. "If they get hold of you," he said, with

solemnity, "they'll first take off every stitch of your clothes, and when you're quite naked they'll stretch you out on the ground with a rawhide to each of your arms and legs. And then they'll drive a stake through the middle of your body into the ground—and leave you there—to die slowly!"

And the girl believed him, because, inconspicuously enough, even through her terror she noticed that at this, the most imminent prospect of his life, Alfred did not blush. She looked at the pistol lying on the turf with horrified fascination.

The group of Indians, which had up to now remained fully a thousand yards away, suddenly screeched and broke into a run directly toward the dog-town.

There is an indescribable rush in a charge of savages. The little ponies make their feet go so fast, the feathers and trappings of the warriors stream behind so frantically, the whole attitude of horse and man is so eager, that one gets an impression of fearful speed and resistless power. The horizon seems full of Indians.

As if this were not sufficiently terrifying, the air is throbbing with sound. Each Indian pops away for general results as he comes jumping along, and yells shrilly to show what a big warrior he is, while underneath of all is the hurried monotone of hoofbeats becoming ever louder, as the roar of an increasing rainstorm on the roof. It does not seem possible that anything can stop them.

Yet there is one thing that can stop them, if skillfully taken advantage of, and that is their lack of discipline. An Indian will fight hard when cornered, or when heated by lively resistance, but he hates to go into it in cold blood. As he hears the opposing rifle, this feeling gets stronger. So often a man with nerve enough to hold his fire, can break a fierce charge merely by waiting until it is within fifty yards or so, and then suddenly raising the muzzle of his gun. If he had gone to shooting at once, the affair would have become a combat, and the Indians would have ridden him down. As it is, each has had time to think. By the time the white man is ready to shoot, the suspense has done its work. Each savage knows that but one will fall, but, cold-blooded, he does not want to be that one; and, since in such disciplined fighters it is each for himself, he promptly ducks behind his mount and circles away to the right or the left. The whole band swoops and divides, like a flock of swift-winged terns on a windy day.

This Alfred relied on in the approaching crisis.

The girl watched the wild sweep of the warriors with strained eyes. She had to grasp her wrist firmly to keep from fainting, and she seemed incapable of thought.

Alfred sat motionless on a dog-mound, his rifle across his lap. He did not seem in the least disturbed.

"It's good to fight again," he murmured, gently fondling the stock of his rifle. "Come on, ye devils! Oh!" he cried as a warrior's horse went down in a dog-hole, "I thought so!"

His eyes began to shine. The ponies came skipping here and there, nimbly dodging in and out between the dog-holes. Their riders shot and yelled wildly, but none of the bullets went lower than ten feet. The circle of their advance looked somehow like the surge shoreward of a great wave, and the similarity was heightened by the nodding glimpses of the light eagles' feathers in their hair.

The run across the honey-combed plain was hazardous—even to Indian ponies—and three went down kicking, one after the other. Two of the riders lay stunned. The third sat up and began to rub his knee. The pony belonging to Miss Caldwell, becoming frightened, threw itself well, becoming frightened, threw itself with its hind legs, kicking out frantically with its hind legs.

At the proper moment Alfred cocked his rifle and rose swiftly to his knees. As he did so, the mound on which he had been kneeling caved into the hole beneath it, and threw him forward on his face. With a furious curse, he sprang to his feet and levelled his rifle at the thick of the press. The scheme worked. In a flash every savage disappeared behind his pony, and nothing was to be seen but an arm and a leg. The band divided on either hand as promptly as though the signal for such a drill had been given, and swept gracefully around in two long circles until it reined up motionless at nearly the exact point from which it had started on its imposing charge. Alfred had not fired a shot.

He turned to the girl with a short laugh. She lay face upward on the ground, staring at the sky with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes. In her brow was a small blackened hole, and under her head, which lay strangely flat against the earth, the grasses had turned red. Near her hand lay the heavy Colt's 44.

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