

# The Woman Hater

[A SHORT STORY.]

CURTIS TUNSTALL was known in the regiment as Stonewall. From this it may be gathered that he was not an impressionable or impulsive man. He had never been in a "honeymoon" as the other officers would have said. They would have added that when he did commit that folly, he would go in pretty deep. In revenge, he was a hard-working officer, who got plenty of work out of his footmen, and condescended to the same time to be popular with them.

He was not so popular with the fair sex. No man really is who persistently holds aloof from them, and, without being impolite in their presence, shows that he can do thoroughly well with their absence. Captain Tunstall was, from their point of view, no use at all. He could not be relied on except for barren courtesy. What, then, did it matter to any wearer of a petticoat whether he was a popular officer and had earned the D. S. O. or not? It mattered just as little that he was Lord Amersham's son, and would be a peer one day, with comfortable accessories—except that it was exasperating for all to be out of reach.

It was one time when his battalion was quartered at Windsor on guard duty that the great event happened. Ascot races were just over, and by way of finish to the week the Guards had arranged a big day on the pretty polo ground just outside Datchet. The "Clubs" of Windsor and the two counties gathered in state to see the sport, and the place was gay with flowers, frills, frocks and fashion. Captain Tunstall, of course, was playing in his own team. He was one of its strongest pillars, and when victory fell eventually to his side it was largely due to his rapid runs up and skillful shots at goal.

"Oh, who is that man—the man who made most of the goals?" cried a girl with enthusiasm. She was seated in Lady Philiston's carriage, which stood at the side of the ground. Captain Tunstall, riding in at the close of the game, came almost straight at the carriage, and the girl was able to see on closer inspection what a fine man he was. They exchanged glances.

"That is Captain Tunstall," replied Lady Philiston. "He is good to look at, isn't he? but you would be disappointed if you knew him. They call him a woman-hater—which, I suppose, means that he is too stupid to be able to make himself agreeable to any woman. Not that he seemed stupid on the only occasion that I ever met him. But if he is really a woman-hater, he must be a fool. Think what he misses!"

"He evidently doesn't hate you," said the girl in a discreet whisper. "For he is obviously coming to speak to you." But in her heart she wondered whether it were true that the pony's course had altered just a fraction since the exchange of that glance.

"Dear me, so he is," replied Lady Philiston in the same tone. "He has not forgotten me then." She was obviously much pleased. "He can't really be such a bear as people make out."

She welcomed him cordially, and Tunstall responded with (for him) unusual brightness. Usually he was grave with ladies. Lady Philiston, who liked big, good looking men, and knew well that Tunstall was not lavish in even these small attentions, rattled on for some time in a lively manner, taking all the compliments to her own fading attractions, and pluming herself on their effect. It was only as an afterthought that she introduced her friend Miss Certis.

The intelligent reader has probably divined by now that it was Miss Certis' face, and not Lady Philiston's attractions, which had drawn Stonewall Tunstall out into the open grove as if with some magnetic power. Truth, it was a wonderful face—not altogether regular, yet charming in its irregularity. What fixed the attention at once was the eyes—large, dark and lustrous. They might have belonged to an oriental beauty, and she knew well that the spark of the active brain of the west, not of the soulless torpor of the east.

She spoke to Tunstall about the polo, and he replied with zest. He had sufficient sense not to neglect Lady Philiston, but how great would have been her pique had she known that he regarded her as but the stepping stone over which a man must pass each time he comes and goes to the Happy Land? It does not do to kick it away into mid-stream.

He was so sincerely delighted with the encounter, so really anxious to please, that both ladies were captivated with him.

"You must come and see me," said Lady Philiston. "Oh, I know you are not a calling man, but you must make an exception. Write and say when you will come to lunch. Or, better still, come on Tuesday—if you don't mind a short invitation. We have a few people coming, and Miss Certis will still be with us."

Now, Tunstall always refused luncheon invitations. People who had had any experience of him in this way had given up sending them. Great would have been their surprise to hear him accept this invitation readily, nay, with gratitude.

Captain Tunstall went to that luncheon party and enjoyed it. Miss Certis was not only pretty to look at, but charming to talk to. Opportunities came in his way, and he used them. Nor was the language of the eyes wanting. Again and again the two drew together, and by manner and glance declared the pleasure that they felt in each other's society. Curtis Tunstall, who was not, as a rule, of an idealistic temperament, found himself talking enthusiastically of the affinity of souls and the natural rapprochement which, on some rare and beauteous occasions, one feels for another at the first encounter. He did not actually tell her that he had fallen in love with her at first sight, nor did he intend to. It was too early. Miss Certis, however, would have been blind if she had not perceived it, and she was not blind. Her own feelings—well, she liked to hear it. She wished that he would go on, realized only too well that he was not that kind of man, and felt that life was very hard. The worse of it all

vowed he would never descend to, and at others there was a sarcastic glitter in her eyes as if she thought that at last he was falling into some snare which she had cleverly laid for him, and rejoiced in his approaching disaster. Looking back, he could not see a trace in her of the girl whom he could have loved—except the face. And the face itself was so different, though just the same! To think that so short a space of time could have effected so great an alteration! Yet, stay, that girl, though to outward view an angel, was merely a heartless deceiver. Perhaps the inner fiend had worked through at last.

It must be understood that he did not think so of Lady Verdright when he was with her. Had that been the case, it would have been easy to break away. It was only when he was alone that he could criticize her coolly and total up her defects. When he was in her presence he was like a person hypnotized.

One day they were sitting out in front of the hotel watching the polyglot crowds that swayed to and fro. It happened that there passed by a certain Lady Fitzpallon, who had made herself notorious by the peculiarly cynical and heartless way in which she had thrown over a man to whom she was engaged in order to marry another of higher rank.

"Now, that woman is a heartless wretch, if you like," said Lady Verdright vehemently.

Captain Tunstall glanced at her and shrugged his shoulders. He remembered the proverb which advises abstinence from any discussion of helpless manufactures in a house where a member has died of over-suspension.

"Don't you think so?" demanded Lady Verdright.

"Perhaps she began as a flirt and clipped by easy stages into what she is," replied Tunstall cynically.

"O-has to flirting—just ordinary flirting—human nature tends to it. But this woman was much worse than that."

"I agree with you that for an engaged woman to flirt with another man is the worst of all," said Tunstall, eyeing her with meaning.

She bubbled over with laughter.

"Excuse me, I could not help it. Really when you look at me in that severe way you amuse me—breadfully. Now, I suppose the meaning of it all is that you think that some engaged woman has been flirting with you and you resent it."

This was bringing the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. Tunstall did not feel equal to charging her formally with that offense—especially as it seemed likely that she would laugh at him. On the other hand, she really was not worth a lie.

While he was reading the polite conclusion, she struck in abruptly.

"Suppose a case," she said. "Oh, I know of one, in which a young girl who knew hardly anything of the world or her own mind, and had never seen any man who moved her heart at all, became engaged to a man chiefly because he proposed and her parents approved, and she thought it was a fine thing to be engaged, just as, a few years before, she had thought it a fine thing to have her hair put up. And then suddenly she met a man who opened her heart and showed her what was in it, and the hopelessness and heartlessness of the union she had contemplated."

"And when she had derived sufficient amusement and instruction from the contemplation of it, she shut it up again, and, like a sensible girl, married the original man, saved the wickedness, and saved the scandal. Do I take you right?"

"Oh, for goodness sake don't look at me like that," cried Lady Verdright with a ripple of laughter. "I must laugh if you do, and want to cry, she didn't marry the original man. She broke it off—"

"Broke it off?" This was unexpected. Then the lady was not talking about herself. "And married the other?"

"They have not met again."

"Really, what a pity! Do you know, I like the idea of your friend. She seems to me to be rather a noble girl. One of the few, I suppose?"

"You are exceedingly rude," said Lady Verdright between her teeth. "I will not pretend to misunderstand you any longer. You have been digging at me all the time, and it is most impolite. If my husband wasn't such a bad shot, I would tell him to call you out. And the best of it is that you don't know it."

"Mistaken!" cried Tunstall. "What on earth do you mean?"

"You don't deserve to be told. In fact, if I did what you deserve I should leave you to flounder as you are. But I am very good-natured, so if you like to come to my room I will show you something that will interest you."

Almost mechanically Tunstall followed her to the private room on the first floor. His thoughts were in a whirl. Mistaken? What did she mean by that? Was it possible that there was no coherence in all he expected mystery, but there was none. Once arrived, she merely pointed to one of the many photographs that adorned the over-mantel.

"Do you recognize that?"

"Of course," he replied, in amazement. "It is you—and a good likeness!"

"Look again. Don't you see any difference?"

"Well, since you press me," he said, "no, without malicious enjoyment. It is you at your best. Perhaps it is pity that you don't always look like that, and do your hair like that. You had it so when you were at Lady Philiston's."

She uttered a harsh, strident laugh. "Well, all through life I have been given to understand that I am not as pretty as my sister, but never so plainly as now."

"Sister?" he gasped.

"Twin sister. Oh, we are very much alike, and have been taken for each other before. Now, don't you understand? And I never stayed with Lady Philiston in my life, or saw you before that day on the staircase here."

"Then, why did you pretend you had?"

"I didn't. You insisted on it. I knew, of course, that you were taking me for my sister, and I thought it would be fun—"

"But what does it matter," he struck in, bitterly. "The facts remain." His tones spoke volumes to Lady Verdright's quick ears. She eyed him closely—inquisitorially, for a moment. She knew that what she contemplated was a dangerous thing to do, but she thought she knew this man within and without, so she decided to risk it.

"You forget one thing," she said, slowly. "She did not marry the original man."

"His face became as if transfused."

"Where is she now?" he panted.

"Oh tell me. I must see her again!"—London World.

# "Mrs. Pinkham Saved me from an Operation."



## Operations Avoided.

When a physician tells a woman suffering with ovarian or womb trouble that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart.

And our hospitals are full of women who are there for ovarian and womb operations!

It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine after the doctors had said the operation must be performed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been very successful in curing ovarian troubles. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medicine is certain to help.

Ovarian troubles are easily developed from womb troubles, and womb troubles are so very common that ovaritis is steadily on the increase among women. It is, nevertheless, a most serious trouble, and to recommend wrong treatment for it is a crime for which there cannot be too deep a penalty.

It is, therefore, with full consciousness of the seriousness of the disease and the steady failure of other medicine to cure it, that we present for ovarian and womb trouble Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as the most certain to help of any medicine in the world to-day. Any person who could read the letters in Mrs. Pinkham's files at her office in Lynn, Mass., would be convinced of the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's Compound.

The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who have escaped the operating table by the use of this medicine. Let any woman suffering from these troubles, or anything which may develop into them, write and get Mrs. Pinkham's advice. If you are beyond the reach of the medicine, you will be frankly told so, but, if not, you will be fully and carefully and kindly advised.

The most serious of all the diseases of women, as well as the minor ills, are promptly overcome by

## Earnest Words of Gratitude.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Your Vegetable Compound has completely cured me of the worst form of womb trouble, and made me a strong, healthy, robust woman. Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I suffered with severe pains in back and side, headache and nervousness. Menstrual months were painful, and once I had a severe hemorrhage which lasted a month. I was confined to my bed and the attending physicians told me I would have to undergo an operation as soon as I was strong enough. I read in one of your little books several testimonials from ladies who were cured by your Compound after having been told by their doctors that an operation was necessary, and I made up my mind then and there to commence taking your Compound. I did so and it has completely restored me to good health. I have gained twenty-two pounds since taking it and my flesh is as solid as a rock. My friends remark about the change in me. I am a living advertisement of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can do, and have influenced many of my friends to try it, which has proved very gratifying in its results. I thank you for restoring me to health."—ANNIE HARTLEY, 269 S. Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill.

ANOTHER OPERATION AVOIDED.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel very grateful to you for the benefit I derived from your kind advice and remedies. I was troubled with a complication of female troubles, had ovaritis, painful and irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea, nervousness, and weakness. I had no appetite and could not sleep nights. The least exertion would cause shortness of breath and dull pains in my hips and side. The doctors all advised me to have an operation and have one of my ovaries removed, but this I could not bear to think of. I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking the first bottle I was much improved. It renewed my appetite, health, and strength. I continued taking it, also your Blood Purifier and Sanative Wash, until entirely cured of all my troubles. The pains have never returned, and my health is splendid.

Your remedies have been a boon to me, and I am sure many a woman owes her life to them."—MARIÉ WEBB, 356 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to publish the wonderful help Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. I was like a crazy person—could not eat or sleep; there was no rest for me day or night. Physicians examined me and said an operation was necessary. Before undergoing it, however, I determined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. I am so glad I did, for it cured me. I am a well woman; now and can do any kind of work. I want this published throughout the land, so that all my suffering sisters may read, and if in any way afflicted with female troubles, they may be induced by my sincere statement to try this wonderful Vegetable Compound and be cured!"—MRS. MARGARET BAMFORD, Centennial Ave., Crescent Beach, Revere, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to send you my testimonial stating the grand effect Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has had on my health. I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary. Your medicine having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My system was toned up and I suffered no more with my ovaries. Your medicine is the greatest boon on earth to suffering women."—MRS. ANNIE ASTON, Box 157, Troy, Mo.



MRS. ANNIE HARTLEY



MRS. ANNA ASTON

### \$5000 REWARD

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonials letters we are constantly publishing, we have decided to offer a reward of \$5000 to any person who can show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

**E. Wilson** This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** that remedy that curer a cold in one day.

### PALMS IN VOGUE.

seen in the houses of the well-to-do, their place having been taken by the palm.

As a rule, the first thing to greet the eye on entering the hall, the drawing room, the dining room of a fashionable house is a palm, and the household, sleeping rooms and nursery even are apt to contain one or more handsome palms. A main reason, some people think, for the vogue of the palm is that it is perhaps the most expensive of the family of decorative foliage plants, and has aristocratic un-

palms are today among the most fashionable household decorations. Their popularity represents the growth chiefly of the last ten years. Thousands of palms are purchased outright in this part of the country every year at an enormous outlay of money, and thousands of dollars are spent in bringing palms and in having them carefully looked after. Except on special occasions flowering plants are not much

now propagated very successfully in this country under glass, and there are florists who do nothing else. When the baby plant is about a foot high, it seems, these dealers turn it over to others, who make a specialty of coaxing it on to sturdier growth and getting it ready for the retail dealers. In one extensive palm nursery for example, as many as one million infant palms have been seen under glass at one time, every one of which, surviving the perils of a first year, is sure of a good market.