

DOCTORS WANTED TO OPERATE

Mrs. Quillon Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her from an Operation

Muskegon, Michigan. "After doctoring for eight or nine years with different physicians without any relief at all, they said that that medicine would not reach my case and I should have an operation. I had heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and often saw it advertised in different papers where some women had suffered just as I did and got well and strong again by taking the Vegetable Compound. I decided to see what it would do for me, and before I had finished the fourth bottle I was much better, the weakness stopped and the severe pains in my sides left me. I am now much stronger and do my own work and work in the factory besides. I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and give it all the praise." - Mrs. NELLIE QUILLON, 17 Morris St., Muskegon, Mich.

Women should heed such warning symptoms as bearing-down pains and weakness, for they indicate some female trouble, and a persistent and faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will seldom fail to help.

The Answer. "What are our young people coming to?" asked the lecturer. "Old age. Just like the rest of us," replied a wise philosopher in the audience, and the argument closed.

Advice is sometimes good if it is a warning; but be careful.

BACK ACHY?

Lame and achy in the morning? Tortured with backache all day long? No wonder you feel worn out and discouraged! But have you given any thought to your kidneys? Weak kidneys cause just such troubles. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you, too. Ask your neighbor!

A Pennsylvania Case. "I was afflicted with backache for several years. I had tried many remedies, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I had heard of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and I bought a box. I started taking them, and in a few days I began to feel better. In a few more days I was completely cured. I can now do my work and enjoy life again. I am very grateful to Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for what they have done for me." - Mrs. J. H. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

NORMS Children and Older Folk

These are the signs of a healthy child. They are the signs of a healthy older folk. Frey's Vermifuge is the best medicine for children and older folk. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of worms, and it is the only medicine that can be used in all cases.

What You Like LAQUES CAPSULES

What you like is what you need. Laques Capsules are the best medicine for all cases of indigestion, constipation, and other ailments of the digestive system. They are easy to take and very effective.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

Green Mountain Asthma Compound is the best medicine for all cases of asthma, bronchitis, and other respiratory ailments. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy that has helped thousands of people.

The Cortlandts of Washington Square

By JANET A. FAIRBANK

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"DO YOU LOVE HIM?"

SYNOPSIS.—Returning to her home in a small town, Milton Center, from a visit to New York, the widow's most of ten-year-old Ann Byrne announces her wedding to Hudson Cortlandt, socially and politically prominent. Her husband has not been told about Ann, and the new wife fears to tell him. With Ann Mrs. Cortlandt returns to New York, to the house of Hendricks Cortlandt, her husband's brother, with whom the latter is living. Hudson practically refuses to have anything to do with Ann and the child is gladly adopted by Hendricks Cortlandt. Ann's mother and stepfather are lost at sea. In a gap in Hendricks Cortlandt's lonely heart. The situation is revealed by Mrs. Rensselaer, Hendricks' sister, whose son, Hendricks, has been looked upon as the natural heir of the Cortlandt wealth. The Civil War breaks out.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

A subub of exclamation arose about him. Young men dropped their clinging partners, and drew together, frowning nervously. Ann looked at Hendricks with a new respect. "Oh," she cried, "if I were only a boy!"

"Yes," he said importantly, "I shall fight, of course." As he spoke he took in, for the first time, her new maturity, and his face dropped. Of all the strange events of this curiously unreal evening, the change in Ann was, perhaps, the strangest; there was something about her that awoke his sluggish spirit, something beyond his whiskered comment to Fanny, "Why—Ann's grown pretty!"

In the crowded, overheated room, with its drooping beehive roses and its glaring lights, a new sentiment was suddenly diffused. A little group of men burst from the supper room. Mr. Rensselaer in the lead, flushed and excitedly threatening; they were leader than any in their regiment. Ann pressed through the crowd to where the minister stood. "Ann! Ann!" he called, "what a beautiful girl! You are a beauty!"

Before the end every one was stung with her, in a great burst of sound that was strangely satisfying to the minister of the moment. When it was over she passed, and dropped, suddenly abashed, and there was young Hendricks below her; in his eyes was an expression that bewildered her. He held out both his hands, and she would have jumped lightly down, only he caught her clumsily in his arms, and set her carefully on the floor again. She thought that he was trembling. Or was it she who shivered, nervous? "What a beauty you are!"

"It is a matter of fact, he didn't think much of the way the minister was talking, extemporaneously, without his usual sodas notes. Nevertheless, he couldn't help listening. As a matter of fact, he couldn't remember ever listening like that in church before. The old boy evidently believed there was a war, all right. He would not as peace go in fight, he thought, but he didn't hold with stirring up a fellow like this. He supposed Ann was in a great state over it, being only a silly girl. At last it was over. The boy breathed deep in his relief. He turned half round, and met with Ann's eyes; they were blazing with excitement, but at the same time there was something timid about them, and he swung back reluctantly. She was pretty, he realized, above the tumult of his sensations.

CHAPTER V

A Premia. At seventeen the loss of a night's sleep is a comparatively unimportant matter, and no one would have known, the morning after her birthday party, that Ann had not been plunged in dreamless slumber. Instead of that, however, she lay wide-eyed in the dark, the music of "America" running through her head, accompanying her rousing thoughts. From the tangle of them one astonishing fact arose clear: a man had called her beautiful.

She would not frankly face the fact that she had been kissed, and not for worlds would she have admitted to herself why she lay with her hand against her cheek.

She determinedly tried to think of the momentous fact that Fort Sumter had been captured, but instead she found herself recalling the expression of young Hendricks' face when he said that she had grown to be a beauty. Over the trees in Washington square the dawn scored up on rose and silver wings, but Ann found that by closing her eyes she could see Hendricks' quite plainly, with their intent and troubling expression.

In the meantime, the young man himself had not been enjoying his usual complacent peace. It is true that his sleep was not interrupted, for Hendricks was not the sort of person to be kept awake by mere emotions, and the Sunday morning church bells roused him about ten o'clock. He awoke with the consciousness that something was wrong, and as he recalled the climax of his youthful evening with Ann, he had left Cambridge and its safe remoteness. He wondered, as he lay blinking at the dazzle of the sunlight reflected from the bowl of water on his washstand to the white ceiling above him, if Ann would tell him that he had kissed her. And what? The thought came harshly against his softer recollections, and abruptly he jumped out of bed. He knew that his mother would expect him to accompany her to church, and he dressed with some expedition.

There was a great crowd at church; people looked very solemn, Hendricks



"What a beauty you are!"

thought, and they followed in the service with an extraordinary fervor. Behind him Ann's voice rang distinct and clear in the hymn, and reminded him, first of her song, the night before, and then of some revival meetings long ago. He began to dislike her again, under the force of this reminiscence, and he had lost himself in wonder at his behavior at the hall, when the minister gave out the text of the sermon.

"Matthew ten, thirty-four.—Think not that I came to send peace, but a sword!" Hendricks jumped in his seat, and a flutter of nervous movement agitated the congregation. "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Up above him the minister stood, white-robed and remote, speaking in a deep voice that reached some far place in his soul, and tortured it. "My brethren, this is no ordinary Sabbath; today is a momentous one in the history of our nation. Fort Sumter has fallen. Every man inside the church already knew of that appalling fact, but in spite of that, a suppressed outburst of emotional sounds arose.

Hendricks frowned. He hated this atmosphere of hysteria; he didn't think much of the way the minister was talking, extemporaneously, without his usual sodas notes. Nevertheless, he couldn't help listening. As a matter of fact, he couldn't remember ever listening like that in church before. The old boy evidently believed there was a war, all right. He would not as peace go in fight, he thought, but he didn't hold with stirring up a fellow like this. He supposed Ann was in a great state over it, being only a silly girl. At last it was over. The boy breathed deep in his relief. He turned half round, and met with Ann's eyes; they were blazing with excitement, but at the same time there was something timid about them, and he swung back reluctantly. She was pretty, he realized, above the tumult of his sensations.

Outside, he found his uncle waiting for him. "Don't take you home with me today, my boy. Your mother will want you."

Ann did not look at him at all. She stood demurely beside her guardian, tense and remote. She gave the young man only her profile, but he found her irregular little nose charming. He was very gloomy as he dutifully accompanied his parents home, for the glidy breeze of his emotions had left him rather cross.

In the morning he awoke his mother by coming down to breakfast before nine o'clock—he who ordinarily slept until noon, when the tyranny of chapel at eight was removed from his life. "Where are you off to so early?" she asked.

"I thought I would go over to Dick Hendricks," the boy said, flushing. He

dumbly resumed his mother's penetrating gaze.

"What did you think of Ann?" Hendricks lifted his cup, drank hastily of the too-hot coffee, and said, "She's pretty!"

Mrs. Rensselaer added, "She is all of that. Your uncle is devoted to her, Hendricks." She looked rather sharply at him, as she continued, "There is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that he adores her. We shall just have to meet it. If she gets it all she will be a great catch. There will be plenty of suitors—when people see how devoted your uncle is to her."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Rensselaer allowed her son to eat in peace for a moment. Then she shot a questioning glance across the table at him. "You like her, Hendricks?"

The young man flushed again. "She is pretty," he said, apologetically. "And she is a bit soft on me, I don't mind telling you."

"Well," she said crisply, "worse things than that could happen to you." And with these qualifying words she allowed him to escape.

As he crossed from Union square to his uncle's house he found the city in a tumult; now that he had grown accustomed to the idea of the fall of Fort Sumter he thought that it was rather silly to be excited, and he wondered at his own exclamation on hearing the news. He bought a paper from a boy who was selling them as fast as he could deal them out; in the headlines he read that the president had issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to enlist in the army.

"I—I nonsense!" he said to a man who was passing by. "The New York police would do 'em up! That man Lincoln is smart."

"Scared?" asked the stranger glibly. "No, no. Bab, he's men's likely to be mad!"

Hendricks walked on, with an affection of a great and superior calm. "But," he said, "only that morning he had not himself while shaving."

In Washington square he found Ann waiting for him. She was looking at him with a new respect. "Ann! Ann!" he called, "what a beautiful girl! You are a beauty!"

Before the end every one was stung with her, in a great burst of sound that was strangely satisfying to the minister of the moment. When it was over she passed, and dropped, suddenly abashed, and there was young Hendricks below her; in his eyes was an expression that bewildered her. He held out both his hands, and she would have jumped lightly down, only he caught her clumsily in his arms, and set her carefully on the floor again. She thought that he was trembling. Or was it she who shivered, nervous? "What a beauty you are!"

"It is a matter of fact, he didn't think much of the way the minister was talking, extemporaneously, without his usual sodas notes. Nevertheless, he couldn't help listening. As a matter of fact, he couldn't remember ever listening like that in church before. The old boy evidently believed there was a war, all right. He would not as peace go in fight, he thought, but he didn't hold with stirring up a fellow like this. He supposed Ann was in a great state over it, being only a silly girl. At last it was over. The boy breathed deep in his relief. He turned half round, and met with Ann's eyes; they were blazing with excitement, but at the same time there was something timid about them, and he swung back reluctantly. She was pretty, he realized, above the tumult of his sensations.

Outside, he found his uncle waiting for him. "Don't take you home with me today, my boy. Your mother will want you."

Ann did not look at him at all. She stood demurely beside her guardian, tense and remote. She gave the young man only her profile, but he found her irregular little nose charming. He was very gloomy as he dutifully accompanied his parents home, for the glidy breeze of his emotions had left him rather cross.

In the morning he awoke his mother by coming down to breakfast before nine o'clock—he who ordinarily slept until noon, when the tyranny of chapel at eight was removed from his life. "Where are you off to so early?" she asked.

"I thought I would go over to Dick Hendricks," the boy said, flushing. He

"Well—I won't say nothing. Ann is to have the bulk of my fortune, of course."

"Mother said so," the boy blurted out. "In that case, my sister has shown her customary acumen. She will not be disappointed."

"Oh, yes, she will," young Hendricks exclaimed. "It is one thing to suspect, and quite another to know!"

He made his way gloomily out of the room; to find himself actually cut off was catastrophic. He stood for a moment in the hall, trying to adjust himself, and to recall what it was that his mother had said to him at breakfast. In regard to this calamity, he had appeared to have in mind some phrases that he was not clear to her son.

Suddenly, as he stood frowning, Ann appeared on the stairs above him. She leaned confidently down from the landing. "Uncle said you?" she demanded, smiling demurely.

"No," Hendricks said shortly, as he glanced down for his hat.

"He said down for his hat," she said, sliding her hand along the stair rail. "You'll have to get your uniform." She suggested brightly "and all that!"

"I suppose so," she looked at him with eyes that were stary with her new appreciation, and she came down the last remaining steps in a little rush. "Imagine it—a uniform and everything. You'll sleep in a blanket, Hendricks. I just wish I had the chance to!"

Young Hendricks was conventional shocked. "A girl!" he protested. "It is not my fault that I'm not a boy. I am sure I wish I were!"

A sudden consciousness of his manhood rose in Hendricks. "I am glad you are not," he said stoutly, and caught her hand in his.

Ann stood arrested; in her perfect stillness there was the threat of one poised for flight. "You shouldn't," she gasped, her glance holding his.

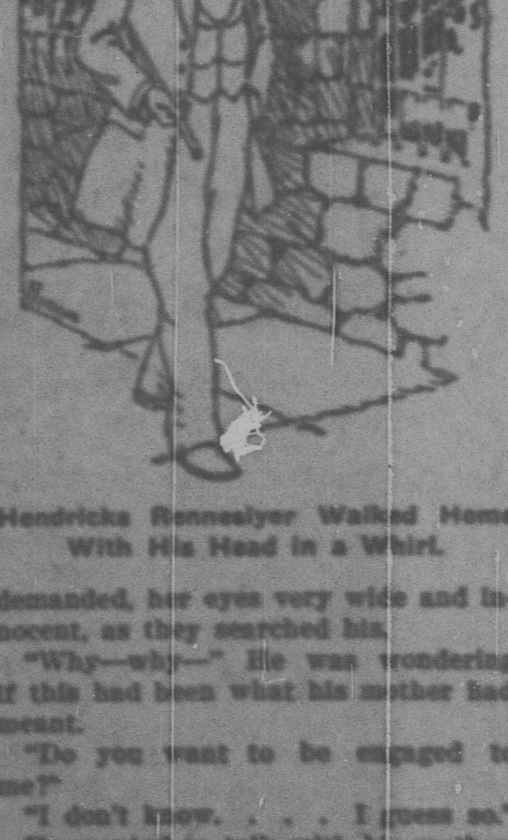
"Why not? You are the prettiest girl I know."

Her lips dropped, and in her eyes were all the errors of the world. "I am not, really," she pleaded. It seemed to Hendricks she grieved that he should be so deceived.

"It is all right," he said lamely. "I couldn't help it. . . . I am awfully good on you, Ann," he added, feeling that the situation demanded something in the nature of a declaration.

"Really?" she queried. "Because if you are—it's all right!"

"Then I am," he assured her. "And—and we are engaged!" she



Hendricks Rensselaer Walked Home With His Head in a Whirl.

demanded, her eyes very wide and innocent, as they searched his.

"Why—why—?" He was wondering if he had been what his mother had meant.

"Better not," he hinted darkly.

"Well, I don't want to seem contented, but I do think she likes me quite a lot."

"Oh," exclaimed Ann, "that is romantic, too!" And in her voice there was envy of Fanny, and her unrequited passion.

Hendricks Rensselaer walked home with his head in a whirl. He had left college, and was going to war, he was disheartened, and he had engaged himself to be married. He felt that he had put in a full morning's work, look at it as he would.

Mrs. Cortlandt was standing at the window of his library, looking out into the faintly misted green of Washington square. His upright figure was drooping; he looked old and discouraged.

"What is it?" Ann cried from the threshold. "Has there been a defeat?" Her guardian turned, a steady melancholy in his deep eyes. "No," he said. "It is not that. . . . Is there truth—what my sister tells me?"

"That you are engaged—and to young Hendricks?"

"Yes, uncle," she crossed the room to him with laughing feet. "I—I had to tell you. He wants me to be engaged to him."

"Engaged? So soon! And young Hendricks? Why?"

"Well—he thinks I am—rather nice."

"Good lord, of course you are rather nice! Is that all?"

Ann slid her hand into his. "No," she confessed confusedly. "If you won't laugh, I'll tell you. She put her fresh lips very near his cheek, and murmured, 'He thinks I am—pretty! He really does!'"

Mr. Cortlandt took her by her slender shoulders, and looked into her ashamed eyes. "It is my fault," he said heavily.

"What is your fault?"

"You are in love with him for that! Pretty! . . . I have brought you up wrong, Ann. Instead of trying to keep you unattached, I should have told you each morning that you are a beautiful creature! I should have protected you in that way."

"Do you mean it, uncle? Am I really—like that?"

"My dear, you really are!"

She smiled at him indignantly. "Now imagine!" she said quietly. "And I have been so afraid that Hendricks would wake up!"

"Do you love him?"

"I think so, uncle. . . . He says I do."

"It may be years before he can afford to marry. He must make his own way."

"I'll be his own way," Ann said hastily. "I'll be his own way!"

"I'll be his own way," Ann said hastily. "I'll be his own way!"

"I'll be his own way," Ann said hastily. "I'll be his own way!"

"I'll be his own way," Ann said hastily. "I'll be his own way!"

"I'll be his own way," Ann said hastily. "I'll be his own way!"

Ann! That is seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. When I'm making a thousand I think I might be married."

Ann drew her arm away precipitately. "Oh, married!" she said, as startled as though the idea were entirely new to her.

"Twenty of people live on that." "I suppose so. . . . I don't know much about it, Hendricks, but things do seem expensive."

"It is the war," the boy said impatiently. "When that is over they'll come down again."

"But I can't think about it with the war still going on! Really, Hendricks, I can't take an interest in marrying anybody while we are fighting."

And this was a fairly accurate description of her state of mind. Her imagination was entirely caught by the great drama and she had little interest in self-centered loving.

Late in May the Union army moved on Alexandria, where the Confederate flag flew in plain sight of all Washington, and in the successful occupation, Colonel Ellsworth, the leader of the New York Fire Zouaves, was killed. His death made a great sensation in New York, where he had been a popular figure, and as a result, there was a great rush for enlistment.

As soon as the regiments were ready, they were sent off to Virginia, where the Federal army was advancing slowly, and engaging in unimportant clashes with the enemy. The North was eager for victories, and hailed the taking of Fairfax Court-House as an important event. Great crowds hung about before the newspaper bulletins boards, following the movements of the New York troops engaged in the advance; enthusiasm was



"She will become the talk of the town," his sister warned him.

in the air, and the women in the Federal uniforms exhibited their efforts. Ann wrapped so much that in a day that she was herself, assumed.

In July, in an engagement at Manassas Junction, there came the first death in the war of any one Ann had known. Young Philip Vanderyben, with whom she had danced at her debut, was shot and buried on the field. This brought the tragic thing close; she was greatly shocked, and for a time she seemed almost to have transferred to him her feeling for her lover. Hendricks and his bookkeeping seemed indifferently remote.

The boy dropped into the Washington Square house one hot afternoon when his work was over and found only his cousin Fanny. Mr. Cortlandt's darkened library was gratefully refreshing, and as he sank into the most comfortable chair, he allowed himself the luxury of complaint.

"Where is Ann?" he demanded acutely.

"Fanny fished sensitively as she answered that she did not know.

"She knew I was coming today," he said, darkly irascible.

"I can't think where she can be," Fanny murmured sympathetically, again and again.

The outer door opened and there was a summer of a girl's clear voice in greeting. Old Joseph's footstep receded, but still the elixir did not appear; there was something reluctant in her delay. It was a good minute before her slim figure in wide crissoline was brilliantly outlined against the gloom of the doorway. She was apparently unaware of the disapproval she faced, for she smiled impersonally at the two cousins. "Hello," she said.

"Where have you been? If it is six o'clock."

"The twenty-fourth infantry marched away today," Ann observed impersonally. There was nothing to show that this fact had constituted the proverbial last straw on the lead of her endurance.

"I know," Fanny said placidly, "we had had work to get their haversacks finished in time. Even Ann worked on them." she added brightly, in an effort to lighten Hendricks' gloom.

"I am glad to hear that," Hendricks said, in heavy appreciation.

"You don't know what else I did," Ann said dejectedly. She was unusually irritated at the sight of Hendricks' lounging in his uncle's most comfortable chair, lemming to hand.

Fanny interposed nervously, miserable in the face of a situation that was becoming strained. "You worked all the morning."