Trials of Motherhood

395 Broad Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 12, 1903.

I suffered for nine years with ovarian troubles making life a burden to myself as well as to my family. During that time I had two miscarriages and although we longed for a child to bless our home this seemed impossible. I had constant racking bearing-down pains in the pelvic organs and a pulling through my limbs with frequent headaches. I felt sick at my stomach and vomited frequently and no medicine helped me until I tried Wine of Cardui.

Then my general health improved, the pains gradually lessened and after 18 weeks I was well. I am now the happy mother of a boy eighteen months old and my husband joins me in sending heartfelt thanks to you for your splendid medicine.

Without, I would have been a childless, instead of a happy and well mother. Mrs Frederick Nirdlinger

CHAPLAIN, ST. ANDREW'S ASSOCIATION.

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Wine of Cardui is the most successful menstrual regulator. By regulating menstruation, Wine of Cardui banishes inflammation from the entire female organism and the strengthened ligaments bring the organs back to their proper place. This is what Wine of Cardui did for Mrs. Nirdlinger. It banished the racking pains and burning inflammation and brought her relief. She was restored to health and strength and gives Wine of Cardui the credit of making her able to become a happy mother. This medicine equips a woman for every duty of wifehood and motherhood. There are many suffering women who think that health can never be theirs because they cannot secure the services of a great specialist, but we want to say right here that while Mrs. Nirdlinger lives in Philidelphia, a great medical center, she depended on Wine of Cardui for a cure and she was cured. This same medicine is within your reach. Will you take it?

All druggists sell $1.00 bottles Wine of Cardui.

The Journal's Daily Short Story.

BY BREEZES BLOWN

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

"So that's the way the land lies, is it?" asked Ivy Lyle.

The sensitive face under the big, rose lined sun hat was very white. Her lips quivered a little. The hands that held the vagrant sheet trembled.

"It isn't that I care!" she told herself. "I hadn't begun to care—in that way. I was only becoming—attracted. But the shock—the disillusion"—

When she had started out an hour ago for her usual brisk morning walk along the crisp, shelving sands, she had been one of the most indifferent, light hearted of girls. She was done with college, and the two years of foreign travel had succeeded school as a sort of polishing process. She had perfect health and misty dreams of all the veiled future held in its keeping. She had aesthetic tastes, and her skill in athletic sports was the admiration of her less vigorous girl friends. She had been having a beautiful time down at this gay, unconventional resort on the Michigan coast. And now—well, temporarily it seemed that her pleasure was spoiled.

And in her heart she knew that she must have been beginning to think too much of the man whose attentions to her had been so marked or else this discovery would not so affect her. Sitting to rest and watch the white crested waves come curling up to break on the border of the lake like threads of rarest lace, her attention had been caught by a small, white, whirling object that at first sight she had taken for a bird. It had whisked lower and nearer. Then it floated so close she could put out her hand and grasp it, and she found it was a sheet of note paper covered with diminutive chirography. It was written on the stationery of the fashionable hotel looming up on the dunes behind her. At first she had been about to crumple it up and cast it aside, but in the very act of doing so a name—her own name—met her eye.

Even then she hesitated. But the three words were so significant she must know their writer's full meaning. The page was the continuation of a letter, and the first three words at the top of the page were "love Ivy Lyle!" Impulsively, giving herself no chance to weigh the niceties of honor in the balance, she scanned the page. As she read it slowly again the fresh, soft color went tiding out of her cheek.

"Love Ivy Lyle. I've fought against it, for I can't afford to marry her, as you know. But she has rather swept me off my feet, old chap. At first I was taken with her innocent beauty. There was no one at this big hosteiry to compare with her for looks. So I let myself drift. I thought she was just a dear little country girl and that it would be easy to say a sentimental farewell when the summer was over. You know what these warm weather flirtations amount to. So I've been going to see her steadily and taking her everywhere. We've gone dancing and swimming and boating and all the rest of it, and, by Jove, for all she's mighty quiet, I've come to find out she's not the typical little country girl at all. She's well read and traveled, though she seemed rather aghast when she let that fact out. And she looks at a fellow in a cool, apprising sort of way that makes him feel pretty cheap if his spoken thoughts are not quite up to her white standard. But she's not really in the social swim. She's a native, I take it. It's been hard to pin her down to any confidence about herself. She lives with a very dragon of an aunt at a farmhouse on the edge of town. She wears her cotton dresses and shade hats in a way that takes the shine out of the women up at the hotel, but I've never seen her sport any of the swell clothes they wear to the hops here. Oh, confound it, what's the use of my mooning away to you at this rate? I've got to go away and try to forget her before it's too late.

"Damaris Chase and her father are to be here this week, they tell me. And she's the girl the heads of both our houses expect me to marry. She may have the good taste to refuse me, and I almost hope she will. She's a great heiress, and the consolidation of the business interests would be a capital thing; but, oh, hang me if I thought it would be so hard to get that little girl's sweet face out of my heart. I must do the sensible thing and go in for the $20,000 a year. Lord, but I'm sorry for those poor devils of kings who have to wed for reasons of state. I feel disgustingly like one of them. I'm sleepy. Good night. I'll finish this in the morning. Ten to one I dream of Ivy Lyle!"

It needed no signature. The writer was easily recognized. She crumpled the paper tightly in her hand and thrust it into the blouse of her gown as a rapid, heavy step came crunching down the beach. That step had become too pleasantly familiar. Could he have known the sheet had been whisked out of his room? Had he seen it blown down to the beach?

"Good morning, Miss Lyle!" He flung himself down beside her. His handsome, boyish face looked strained and set, as though insomnia had claimed him. "You're out early. Will you go rowing with me today up to Clear Springs?"

"I—I can't!" she faltered.

The pleading voice had become so perilously dear to her she found it hard to refuse. Something strange in her tone made him look up quickly, and he saw how pale she was.

"You are ill?" he cried sharply. "What is it? What is wrong?"

There was no doubt of the sincere concern in his eyes.

"It is nothing!" Pride came to her aid. She rose. "I must go home."

"And won't you come up Black river today?" entreatingly, almost tenderly. "It may be the last time!"

He was planning—planning. Oh, that cruel, cruel letter! But—the last time, he had said.

She flung up her head and smiled at him. "Yes, I will go!" she said.

They were very gay that afternoon, almost recklessly so. They had luncheon at the inn near the springs and floated back between the wooded banks just as the day was closing. When they came to parting at the clump of lilac bushes in the lane that led to the farmhouse Jack Ardsley leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Dear," he said, "I love you! I love you, and I can't let you go out of my life—ever! You don't know much of me, Ivy, but—will you be my wife?"

"What," she faltered, "what about Damaris Chase?"

He took her shaking hands and held them fast.

"Who in the world has been telling you of her? I've never seen her, but our fathers have vast interests in common and have been anxious to arrange a match. I don't say I didn't think of being complaisant. Darling, some time I may get up courage to tell you how near I came to being a paltry coward, how desperately I tried to make myself think I could do without you. But I cannot, and that's all there is to it. If you can endure being poor with me for a few years I'll work so hard at my profession to give you everything that I shall be sure to win."

She had not been mistaken in letting herself love him, then! For she did love him—she did. And she had known it all the while. She lifted her shy, flushed face.

"I will be a good wife to you, dear!" she promised. And he kissed her on the lips.

* * * * * * *

That night when he sought her at the dance at the inn he stood amazed. That lovely lady in the snowy, shimmering gown his demure little country lassie! How superbly she carried herself! And those diamonds around her white throat were worth a fortune. She smiled up at his amazed countenance.

"Aunt Agatha and I did not wish to be bothered with attentions," she whispered, "so we've been living incognito. I expected my father tonight and dressed to do him and you," sweetly, "what honor I could. You will pardon me," as she signed for a boy who had brought her a telegram and broke the seal of the message. "Detained!" she read. "Will be with you tomorrow!"

She handed Ardsley the yellow slip. It was signed, "Jasper E. Chase," and it was addressed to "Miss Damaris Chase!"

"That," she said, "is my name!"

"Ivy!" he gasped.

"Damaris Ivy Lyle Chase! You poor boy! Come out on the balcony. They are staring at us."

"Come—you base deceiver!"

Young Man Found Dead.

Gainesville, Ga., Jan. 6.—Hubert Estes, son of the late Judge J. B. Estes, and brother of Claud Estes, of Macon, was found dead here last night. He was a well-known lawyer, and was an orator of great ability. The funeral occurs at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning from the Presbyterian Church.

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