

From Mrs. Vaughn to Mrs. Pinkham.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64,571)

"DEAR FRIEND—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worse form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was so stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefitting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—MRS. MARY VAUGHN, TRIMBLE, POLASKI CO., KY.

Many of these sick women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged and life was a burden to them when they wrote to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham, and without charge of any kind received advice that made them strong, useful women again.



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Buchanan, Mich., May 22,
Genesee Pure Food Co., La Roy,
N. Y.
GENTLEMEN:—My mamma has been a great coffee drinker and has found it very injurious. Having used several packages of your **GRAIN-O**, the drink that takes the place of coffee, she found it much better for herself and for our children to drink. She has given up coffee drinking entirely. We use a package every week. I am ten years old.
Respectfully yours,
FANNIE WILLIAMS.

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Your choice of 217 twenty-five cent boxes sent free, for each three wrappers and 5 cents for postage.

LIKE UNTO STORM SWEPT GALVESTON

By Paul P. Harris.
(Written for this paper.)

"SO YOU'RE gwine ovah thar to Galveston, air yo', so thar th' world kin know how 10,000 human critters giv' up their lives. Wuz you evah in one of them const storms, stranger? Did yo' evah happen to be roun' when the sea sweep' things dar fo' miles, leavin' only hyar en thar a poo' stranded cuss to mourn the loss of loved ones? No? Thank God fo' that, stranger.

"When Ah saw thar that line in the mo'nin' Ploymoe ez we wuz pullin' out f'm New Orleans, Ten Thousand Dead, Twenty Thousand Injured, Ah wondered how many readers thar wuz ez would really know what thar thar meant. Tain't them thar go down beneath the waves thar mah deepest pity. Goin' down dar las' long, Ah speaks, sub, if them thar bez to stan' by helpless en see those thar he hol's a thousan' times dearer then life itself sweep' away by the mad, rushing tide. Ah ain't argvine fak yo' re way, stranger. Ah hev to get off at Crowley, but Ah reckon Ah sh'ld hev time to tell yo'. It's just bary possible thar yo' en Ah shall meet agin en ef we don' mebbe yo'll see fit to tell them thar no'then newspaper feller thar Ah hearn yo' say thar yo' worked fo' mah little story of Edwin en Genie.

"Ah wuz livin' down near the bayou Cook, Plaquemine parish, sixty odd mile below New Orleans, in those days, not far f'm Buras township. Genie wuz a creole. She wuz plain en simple of dress, sweet en Heavenly, sub. When Ah think of her Ah seem to heah the ring of distant church bells ez the' need to ring when she, a little miss of twelve er tharabouts, in snow-white gown en with a sprig of jessamine er valley lilies in her ha'r used to trip erlong past our plantation of a Sunday mo'nin' on her way to our parish church. Like the church bells, her mission seemed to be to summon souls to bettah things. The' wuzent much about her pedigree to brag on, but, stranger, if yo' could hev took one look into them deep blue eyes with the long dark lashes, yo' would hev allowed thar the' hed cornered all the sunshine. Ah took thar look mahself, sub, an' Ah hev seen the sun shine elsewhar sence.

"Edward—Ah calls him thar, now—hed everythin' to brag on in the way of pedigree, en ez Ah look at it now, in everythin' else thar goes to make up the gentleman, but he nevah said much about hisself. Neither of his parents wuz livin' en he wuz pretty much alone in the worl'. He wuz tall, broad shouldered en han'some. He come f'm up yo're way somewhar, New York state, Ah reckon. Mebbe yo' know of him er his family. Las' name wuz Noble. Ah carent figure it thar he could hev been bettah named unless it would have been Noble Edward Noble; thar's what Ah hev on his tombstone now; but Ah'm getting ahead of mah story.

"Edward en Ah wan' the bes' of fren's f'm the fust, though the fault of thar wuz altogether mine. Ah hed been used to hev'n' things pretty much mah own way. Mah paw hed the bes' plantation in the parish, sub. It hed been in our family sence Jackson's army moved on New Orleans en our bottom lan' erop of rice en cane wuz, Ah reckon, the bes' thar grew. Mah parents hed set a heap on me, en Ah remember well the day thar mah paw (she wuz f'm the proudest family in the lan', sub), tole me thar she hoped she would nevah live to see the day thar the son of hers would take to wife a low-born creole, en the tears thar dimmed her eyes, sub, kep' me f'm sayin' what Ah should hev been sorry fo'. Genie wuzn't low born, now, stranger.

"Befo' many days hed passed, Ah hed asked her to be mine, an', though she nevah quite consented, thar wuz moments thar thar Ah felt ez though it wuz only a matter of time when she would give in, en when once, stranger, Ah thought thar, Ah saw the love light shine in them dear blue eyes, mah heart seemed sho' enough to stan' still en mah breath came short en quick. Thar wuz the sunshine days, sub.

"Edward came down to study the effect of various fertilizers on our long staple cotton thar itself wuz enuff to set the fah a smolderin'. We felt in them days just affah the war more than we do now thar the south wuz fully able to see to the cotton raisin' er anythin' else ez fah ez thar goes, down in Dixie, without the intervention of Yankees with any of their dog gone scientific ideas. What at fust didn' amount to much broke out into a full flame of hatred when Ah saw thar Edward had his eye on mah Genie. Ah saw them standin' together once, under the big pecan tree in front of her house ez Ah wuz ridin' past. Mah fust impulse wuz to pass on ez though Ah hedent noticed, then the foolishness of thar came to me en I reined up short. Thar w'a't the slightest embarrassment in his look ez he waded me 'How de', but if Ah hed tried Ah couldn't en he saved mah life he answered. Ah just sat there en glared like a stupid gawk till it seemed ez if Ah should burn up with shame en anger, en, when he spoke agin in his calm, courteous way, Ah struck him a vicious cut across the face with mah ridin' whip, en, diggin' the rows into mah hoss, dashed on. Lookin' back ovah mah shoulder, Ah saw a sight thar in memory Ah see now daily. Thar wuz a bloody mark thar mah whip hed left, but his face bore no trace of anger; thar wuz nothin' but pity en grief thar. Mah Genie had sprung to his side, en, stranger, when Ah saw thar them eyes of hern wuz, sho' enuff,

shinin' the love light ez they looked into his, hope lef' mah life, but Ah made up mah min' thar, if Ah, who wuz willin' to give up mah home en birtheright fo' her, couldn't hev her, no one else should, en Ah took an oath, sub, thar thar'd be a killin' en either thar cold-blooded Yankee ez Ah should bite the dust, Ah didn' care much which did which sence Ah hed seen whar the love light shone.

Ah didn't see him fo' many days, er Ah reckon thar it wuz well thar Ah didn't, but Ah u'id see Genie, fo' she came direc' to the levy cane patch whar she knew Ah was workin' the niggas. She hed hed a right smart walk, though their plantation wuz nex' to ours. Her face wuz flushed showin' to bes' advantage her rich olive skin thar shone in such pleasin' contrast to the eyes with the fringe of dark lashes. Ah didn't even get of f'm mah hoss, sub, Ah'd hev fallen a'er her feet the day befo', but the day befo', Ah hadn't seen whar the love light shone, but nevah min' about thar, sub, Ah felt all undone, though she didn't say a word thar she shouldn't hev. They want even a reasonable amount of scold in her voice considerin' what Ah hed done, but Ah saw thar the' wuz nothin' fo' me to look fo' in the blue eyes, nothin' cept in an unfathomable well of pity.

"Ah, say to her: 'He carent love yo' ez Ah do, Genie, ez Ah do, who he grown up with yo', en learned to love the whole worl' ca' yo' live in it, Genie. Yesterday, Ah'd hev thought f' bettah to hev lived down on the poo' plantation across the river if Ah couldn't hev seen yo' smile sometimes en he know thar the love light thar wuz fo' me then to hev lived on the mos' princely estate in the lan' without yo'. Genie hain't we gwine to meet no mo' do' in the lane whar the magnolias grow.' Ah love yo' so, honey, Ah'd die fo' yo' a thousan' times rather then see yo' care fo' another. Yo're Yankee hain't got none of thar kin' of love fo' yo', Genie. He hain't got even the spirit to resent an insult—but Ah got no further, the look she giv' me, well, Ah nevah saw it like befo'.

"Ah wen' back to mah work en staik thar. Mah niggas hed to git up en go thar summer. Ah nevah lef' the plantation.

"It wuz a Sunday afternoon in September thar the storm broke on the Louisiana coast. All thar afternoon sh' ragged fiercer en fiercer. Ah hed been out on the rivah in the mo'nin' fishin' fo' croppies till the storm begin to rise en finally drove me in. The Mississippi is pretty wide down thar. It's only about forty mile above whar she breaks up into a score of mouths en goes into the gulf. The neck of lan we were or wuz near enuff, not mo'n eight mile wide, the rivah included, an' we hed a wide sweep of sea on either side.

"Ah lay aroun' the wearhouse mos' m' thar afternoon. Our wearhouse had the highest an' bes' foundation in the parish. The flo' stood just even with the top of the levy. We used to run the trucks laden with cotton bales, f'm thar straight out ovah skids to the levy en f'm thar out ovah the long pier to the boats fo' New Orleans. Thar afternoon Ah thought a score of times thar the win' would pick us up en toss us into the middle of the rivah en to'ad dark Ah thought thar Ah would take no mo' chances en Ah wen' home er soon to bed.

"Ah had been sleepin' fo' some hours when Ah wuz awaken' by a poundin' or the side doo' by mah windo'. Paw er mah wuz sleepin' then en Ah wen' to the doo' quietly. Ah foun' a family of neighbors. Their house hed blown down, stranger. F'm then on till mid-night they kep a comin'; sometimes a hull family, but mo' often thar'd be some lackin'; en occasionally some one'd start back through the shriekin' night, lookin' fo' wife er little one. It mos' hev been two o'clock er tharabouts when the watah began to come in, fust creepin' a little, then growin' stronger en stronger till the flo' wuz kivered with right smart of watah while outside we could see only ragin' storm.

"Ah hed hearn paw tell how yars ago the win' hed sweep' the sea f'm the gulf right across our narrer neck of lan' ez hed lan'd a full-rigger ship whar our orange grove hed sence been planted. Ah calculated thar paw was thinkin' of thar, though Ah don' recollect thar he said a word thar night 'ceptin' thar the watah got so deep en our solid ole house began to shake in the surgin' sea en the wind, he picked mah up in his arms ez though she had been a baby en, turnin', said: 'To the wear house.'

"Ah, mahself, caught two little ones, chillen of neighbors of ours en placed one on each shoulder. Thar wuz fust stronger then Ah in them days, stranger, but it took every muscle Ah hed to face thar storm. Ah knew thar we wuz out of the path, fo' twice Ah hed tripped en nearly fell. Mah paw hed caught in a tangle of garden cow-peas. Ah kep ez near ez possible to paw en Ah hed mah prayin' fo' all on us. About half of our numbah reached the wearhouse. The res', God help them, thar wen' down. Ah knew every chick en chile of them. Ah wuz surprised to see thar many f'm other directions hed reached the wearhouse befo' us. Thar wuz some of the La Dues, the Valentines, the Loraines en the Valtieres. Ah looked eagerly fo' mah Genie, but she wan't thar nor were any of her kin. Ah went to the rear of the house en saw thar the rivah was full en knew thar the watah mos' be pourin' ovah the levy in the terrible flood up yondah.

"Ah saw a man crouchin' on the levy en peerin' out ovah the watah. Ah hed crope mos' to his side befo' Ah noticed thar Ah wuz thar, en when he turned Ah bar-headed en his clothes wuz torn a mos' to rage. Ah knew thar he hed been stopped by the fo'ce of the storm f'm goin' to Genie. He caught mah han' fo' a moment en we looked each o'ah in the eye. Thar w'a' word

A Real Labor of Love.

Young Wife—I knew you would like the slippers, Harry, for no other reason, because I made them. Husband—You don't mean this is all your work? Why, what a talented little wife I have, to be sure.

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"Me eyes is crossed," sighed Kate. "No, love; Not crossed," cried Pat. "Be jabber! 'Tis jist that aich is jealous of 'The beauty of his neighbor.'"—Philadelphia Press.

RETROSPECTIVE.



"Harry!" "What is it, Dorothy?" "Did you give me that parlor lamp last Christmas, or did I give it to you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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