



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period.

"TO YOUNG WOMEN:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."

—Miss Agnes Miller, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill. —\$5000 Perfect if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention.

FOR MAKING A GIRL.

BY ELIZABETH MCCRAKEN.

Catherine rushed from the house, hurried down the steps and ran to the corner, gesticulating excitedly to an approaching car. She hurried into the car, and sank with a little sigh of relief into a corner seat.

When she had paid her fare, unfastened her fur collar, carefully readjusted her veil and arranged the red rosebuds a little more securely in the front of her jacket, she gave her attention to her surroundings. Catherine always found in the street-cars unending demands upon her interest and curiosity.

A woman, shabbily attired, her face dull and weary, sat opposite, holding in her arms a pale little child. The child was asleep, and leaned heavily against her mother, who sat almost motionless, with heavy, unseeing eyes fixed on the car window. Catherine gazed intently at the child for a moment; then she crossed the car and sat down beside the woman.

"Is the little girl ill?" she asked, gently. Her cousin frequently complained that Catherine was continually doing "things of this kind; that she had absolutely no idea of social science.

The woman stared at her, but Catherine smiled in a friendly manner. Catherine took many things for granted, among them universal good-will toward herself. She was gentle to every one. She expected every one to be gentle to her, and almost every one was.

"Is she ill?" she repeated. "N-no. Her pa's in the drink a good deal, and she don't get much as usual to eat those times. Her pa's all right when he's hisself; but when he's in the drink—he ain't so good."

"It's too bad he—does drink," said Catherine. It was an inadequate remark, but she remembered that the man was the woman's husband.

"Yes," said the woman, "'tis, but those things happen, miss."

"Yes, I suppose they do, but it is a pity. How pretty your little girl is! Are her eyes dark? I've always longed for dark eyes."

The woman smiled with pleasure. "Yes, they're dark; but you've got no cause to be wantin' prettier eyes yerself, miss," she said.

Catherine's eyes were quickly noting the child's shabby brown dress and soiled little green jacket.

"Oh, but I have," she said, brightly. "You see, I never can wear red, and I'm so fond of red. Now your little girl would look sweet in red. Does she ever wear it?"

"She wears w'at she can get, miss; sometimes it ain't much," the woman said, so wearily that Catherine hastily turned her face away to hide the pitying tears that she feared might offend. Catherine's uncle was of the opinion that his niece had sufficient diplomatic ability to steer the ship of state. She certainly was beautifully considerate of the dignity and the sensibilities of those persons who had less to give than herself.

"My little sister wears red. She has brown eyes, and she looks pretty in it. She has a red cloak that she has outgrown. Your little girl would look sweet in it. Won't you let

her wear it? It is a shame to have it hanging idly in the closet when she would look so dear in it. I wish she would wake up and let me see her eyes. They must be pretty. I have to get off soon. You see, I am going to church, because it is Thanksgiving day. Won't you give me your address, and let me send the cloak? Mama will be so glad that I've found some one who can wear it."

She turned to the woman with her friendly smile. "You will—as a special favor to me, won't you?" she pleaded. And the smile became irresistible.

The woman's face brightened. She had not known charming girls who had asked her in that coaxing way to receive gifts as special concessions to them.

"Why, miss, if you don't need it, I'd be glad to have it for Seville—my girl's named Seville, after a girl in a book her pa gave me when he first knowed me."

"How interesting!" said Catherine. "It's such an unusual name, too. My name is Catherine, and so is my mother's, and my grandmother's, and her mother's."

"My name is Rose," said the woman. Her face was less dull and her voice less tired. It was so pleasant to forget for a moment her sorrows, and discuss pretty names with a girl who seemed not to remember one's poverty.

"My ma named me for a rose she found in an ash-barrel before I was born."

"That is like a story, too," said Catherine. She pulled the roses from her jacket. "I read a poem once about a 'Rose among roses.' You take these home, and you will be another 'Rose among roses.'"

The woman's cheek caught the red of the flowers. "What pretty things you know!" she said.

"Yes, I do," said Catherine, tenderly. "When mama asked us this morning what we had to be thankful for today, I said, 'For all the lovely people I know and all the lovely things I see.' Of course, there are other things, too, but these are the nicest. What are you specially thankful for?"

"Well, I don't know as there's much, miss, for me to be thankful for to-day, I'm havin' hard times now, with the man in the drink and Seville ailin'," said the woman, bitterly.

Catherine knew little of social science, according to her cousin's verdict, and she said, "It certainly must be hard, but perhaps you could think of something special. Mama insists that every one can. You just try."

"Well," said the woman, "but it ain't easy."

"No, it isn't. Dear me, I must get off at this next corner! What is your address May I bring the cloak myself this afternoon, after church and dinner? Good by!"

The woman watched her as she hurried across the street. "She's a funny kind of a girl, but she's awful nice," she thought. She held the roses to her face, and remembered the pretty thing the girl had said about a "Rose among roses."

The delicate flower of sentiment, the flower whose fragrance is the most subtle, the most exquisite in the world, had been crushed in the woman, but a faint new life quivered in it and stirred it.

In the quiet church Catherine thought of the woman and child. As she came with her family out into the frosty air, she took possession of her mother.

"Mama, there was a woman in the car with a little girl. The little girl didn't have half enough on. She really looked cold. May I give her Daisy's old red cloak and take her one of grandma's pumpkin pies?"

"Her mother smiled fondly and patted her hand. She was accustomed to Catherine, and cheerfully encouraged her in her unscientific philanthropy.

"Catherine is too young to study social science," she told the bewildered cousin. It is too large for her yet."

"Yes, I think so, dear," she said, "and I will pack a little Thanksgiving basket for her. She won't be offended. You can tell that your mother wanted you to take it."

Catherine possibly inherited a little of her diplomatic ability from her mother.

They packed the basket and folded the cloak, assisted by the aunts and cousins, to whom Catherine had not failed to relate the little story of Rose and Seville.

"Give the little Seville this," said her uncle, handing her a silver dollar. "Tell the 'Rose upon the balcony' that I never before have known, even indirectly, any one actually named for the heroine of a story."

"How kind you all are!" said Catherine. "She will do a lot of good in this world," said her uncle, closing the door for her. "She is filled to the brim with sisterly love. She'll never patronize a cat."

"No," said her cousin. "She would ask its advice or discuss the landscape with it."

"She is a dear girl," said her mother.

Meanwhile the "dear girl" had found the two rooms in which Rose and her little girl lived. She knocked softly, and the little girl cautiously opened the door. Catherine went into the kitchen and eagerly took the woman's hand.

"Her eyes are lovely," she whispered. The kitchen was warm, but very bare and cheerless. Catherine's roses made the one bright spot in it. Catherine, however, appeared utterly oblivious to its squalor.

She unwrapped the cloak. "Do try it on her!" she said. The woman amazed herself

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with her pleasant flutter and excitement. She began to be proud of her child. She had been too busy, too miserable to care whether her eyes were brown or blue; but this girl seemed so happy because the child was pretty that the woman's natural pride awakened.

"Well, now, she is a fine sight in it, ain't she?" she said. "Walk over there, Seville, till I see you! Now it's real stylish you're lookin'. An' it's me as thanks you, miss."

"I'm glad to see it on any one to whom it is so becoming. Oh, by the way, mama sent that basket of Thanksgiving things. Mama is always happy when she is giving away things, and I think she ought to be happy on Thanksgiving day. If you can't use them, just give them away. And Uncle John sent this silver dollar to Seville. He never before has known any one named for a story book heroine, and he was so interested. And I brought one of grandma's pumpkin pies. She makes such good ones, and I couldn't resist bringing one." Catherine put the basket on the table as she spoke, and gave the dollar to the woman.

The woman was almost overwhelmed. This girl had such a pretty way of giving! She evidently did not guess that the little pantry was almost empty. Soft tears came into the mother's eyes.

"I don't know what to say to you, miss. You've done that much for me. It's hard times I've had, but you're like a friend—a lady and me a poor woman."

"I'm a woman, too," said Catherine. "We have just lived differently, don't you see?"

"I guess we have, miss, I guess we have." In the silence that followed, Catherine heard heavy breathing in the room beyond the kitchen. She instinctively looked at the woman.

"It's my husband. He's sleepin' off the drink," said the woman.

"Oh!" said Catherine. "You will let me be your friend, won't you? And let me make hard times easier for you? You would for me, I know, and I'd let you."

"An' it's glad I'll be to let you, miss. You've been a blessin' this day. Now it's a cup of tay you'll let me be makin' for you?"

"I'd love it! And we'll eat some of mama's cake!" Catherine heartily replied. The hesitation, mingled with eager hope, in the woman's suggestion was very touching, and Catherine understood the brightness of giving.

She asked no questions, but over the thick cups and the broken teapot the woman told her how hard her times had been, and the girl seemed to understand. "Now I am your friend," she said, "and you must let me help."

When she went, the little girl, arrayed in the red cloak, accompanied her to the corner. The woman sat alone, leaning on the table. The sound of the heavy breathing in the room next the kitchen fell upon her ears, and the shadow came again to her face, the shadow of the too heavy burden that will not be banished from human faces until every person in the world remembers to do the little or the great services for others that he may do, that it is his privilege, his birthright to do.

The woman bit her lip. Her miserable eyes were dull and heavy. Suddenly her glance rested upon Catherine's roses. The shadow lightened. The woman's thoughts strayed to the girl. She recollected Catherine's words about giving thanks for special blessings. Again soft tears filled her eyes. She bowed her weary head on the table and whispered:

"God, I specially thank you—for makin' that girl."—The Youths' Companion.

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