



MOTHER AND BABE.
Nature is cruel and visits upon mother and babe alike the results of the mother's neglect in a perfectly vigorous and healthy condition, this ever-recurring tragedy will soon be a story of the past. If women who suffer from weakness and disease of these delicate organs will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., they will learn that in order to recover and maintain their health in this respect, it is not generally necessary to submit to the humiliating examinations and local applications insisted upon by physicians. In writing confidentially to Dr. Pierce, a woman places her case, without charge, in the hands of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years' chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y.—one of the leading medical institutions in the world, with a staff of nearly a score of eminent practitioners. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Honest druggists recommend it instead of urging a substitute for a little extra profit.

If women will only learn, and teach their daughters, the supreme importance of keeping the distinctly feminine organism in a perfectly vigorous and healthy condition, this ever-recurring tragedy will soon be a story of the past. If women who suffer from weakness and disease of these delicate organs will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., they will learn that in order to recover and maintain their health in this respect, it is not generally necessary to submit to the humiliating examinations and local applications insisted upon by physicians. In writing confidentially to Dr. Pierce, a woman places her case, without charge, in the hands of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years' chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y.—one of the leading medical institutions in the world, with a staff of nearly a score of eminent practitioners. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Honest druggists recommend it instead of urging a substitute for a little extra profit.

"I have been a great sufferer from female diseases," writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd Co., Ga. "I was confined to my bed three years. Nine bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription completely cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Good temper is largely a matter of good health, and good health is largely a matter of healthy activity of the bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are safe, sure and speedy, and once taken do not have to be taken always. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. Druggists sell them.

Pellets.

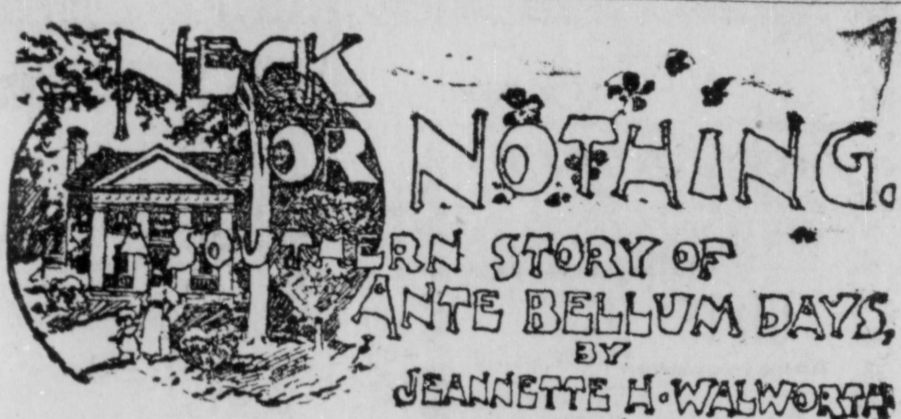
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NOTHING.
A SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS,
BY
JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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CHAPTER XII.

As which none thrust Strong had wined. The recollection of it brought the hot blood to his cheeks. He had not cared to remind his father that a better smile would have been Charlie's interference in an altercation between his brother and himself, for he was going into this fight himself as soon as he should have helped locate the colony on Lakelock, and he did not care to submit his own motives to the chilling influences of discussion.

"Tomorrow night my duties as a slave driver will end—and then I, too, shall enter the lists."

With a violent start he came back into the present. Why did he not hear some sound from the looked for caravan? Could that imbecile Sandy have misdirected it? He was unwilling to tax his horse for the return ride. He would need its services indefinitely into the future. The suspense grew unendurable. He walked swiftly toward his horse. His hand was upon the tethering rope. He stood still in the darkness, listening. If no sound from the advancing caravan was to be detected above the clamor of the frogs and the shrill voices of countless insect rovers of the night, he would turn the tired brute's head toward the mystery and ride to its solution.

He did detect another sound. Vague and uncertain at first, then definitely hurrying feet bearing down upon the spot where he stood cloaked in darkness. A panting sound, as of an animal sore pressed and terrified, then out of the blackness about him a single figure emerged. It was a woman's. He called out in sharp surprise:

"Who is it and where are the rest?"

"It's me, Suzanne."

Her voice was husky with her speed or with terror. He could not readily decide which. She came to a sudden halt so close to him that, in spite of the unlifting darkness, he could see her tall form swaying backward and forward to the rhythm of a horrible chant.

"I knew it. I knew it. You was fools. All fools. Mammy tried to warn you, but you wouldn't be warned. Now where is they? Ask God A'mighty. And where will you be if you don't mount that horse and gallop for your life? Ask de good Lord that too. I come here to give you a las' chance for your life. Mammy told me, come what come, I

worn't never to forget that she nussed you and me in her arms at the very same time. She say I worn't to let a hair of your head come to harm. You was a fool to come along with them that was tryin to drive the folks back outer reach of freedom. They ain't no quarter folks no longer, they's men and women, and you can't drive 'em in herds no longer. They don't want to be driv back to Lakelock, whar freedom can't find 'em, and they ain't goin to be. Good Lord, jus' look at him standin as still as if he were turned to stone. Go, Strong Martin! If life is sweet to you, go."

He laid his strong hands on her swaying shoulders and forced her into a semblance of composure.

"Stop your idiotic howling and tell me in plain English what you are shrieking at me, if you don't want me to choke it out of you. Where are the people?"

Suzanne's voice dropped to its usual slow monotone. Her arms were imprisoned in an iron grip. She nodded her head in the direction from which she had come.

"Back yonder. Buryin 'em."
"Buryin who?"
"Ole man Eben and Charlie Martin."
His strong hands fell away from her shoulders. She could hear him choke with the sudden rush of terrified emotion. He reeled like a drunken man and leaned against his saddle to keep from falling at her feet.

"Do you mean—do you mean?"

The sentence refused to be completed. Suzanne did it for him.

"The people have killed 'em. They tol ole Eben he mus' let 'em turn back and go down the river to where the gun-



"Do you mean—do you mean?"—hearts was helpin black folks to get to freedom's land. He laughed at 'em and tol 'em he worn't to be scared by no niggers livin; he was goin to work 'em on Gov'ner Strong's place till he were ordered to take 'em back home. Then he never laughed no more. They didn't shoot. They done it quick and quiet with ax helves and hoe handles. Dan Bludsee is a-leadin 'em now, and they—Hush, I hears 'em comin now."
"Hell hounds! I will ride to meet them!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"One small boy's head to be hatted, and five women, each owning two hands, normally furnished with five fingers apiece, all engaged on it. How many fingers all laboring for you, Dren? There is a sum in addition."

Liza Martie held up one hand. On its index finger a small unfinished hat of plaited palmetto gylated swiftly. The boy to whom that intricate mathematical problem had just been submitted brought an ancient hobbyhorse to an abrupt halt and precipitately dismounted, the better to criticise the unfinished hat.

A moment of reflective silence. With his pink palmed hands folded behind his back and his yellow curled head poised judiciously he delivered himself adversely. "My hat that did float away on the duck pond was a nicer hat than that."

"I know it was, you small ingrate. That was the work of a professional." She pulled him nearer to her by one rosy ear. "And, Dren, now that hats are worth their weight in gold, you must become more circumspect. You should never have let it float away. But, Dren, I gave you a sum in arithmetic to do, and you have not done it. How many fingers have worked on this hat of yours? Come, now, I will help you a little."

"Mamie Colyer brought the palmetto from the woods, Mother Martin cured it. Grandmother Strong split it into nice little narrow strips, your mother plaited it, and here I am sewing it into shape. You ought to feel tremendously important, Dren."

"I do," said the boy, promptly appropriating her homage.

"I don't doubt it." Liza laughed and stooped for a fresh coil of the plaited palmetto. "You see, we expect great things of you, Dren. You are all the man we have about to protect us when Seth is out in the fields. But how about that sum? How many hands all working for you?"

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75c for 25c yard
1.00 for 50c yard
1.65 for 80c yard |
| Fancy black braid for dress trimming | 1c, 3c, 5c per yard, worth from | | 10 to 25c |
| Ladies undervests, | 10, 18, 22, good value | | |
| Hooks and eyes | 1c card | | |
| Silk dress laces worth | 10c, now 2c | | |
| Table doyles worth | 10c, now 5c | | |
| Colored Trimming silk from 10c to 25c yard | worth double what we ask for them, | | 33c for 15c yard
36c for 19c yard
55c for 29c yard
55c for 30c yard
63c for 32c yard
for 40c yad
1.45c for 75c yard |
| Black sewing silk | 1c skein | | |
| Colored twist worth from 4c to 6 per yard, | now 2c. | | |
| Hemstitched hdkfs | 4c, worth 10c | | |
| Lace trimmed | 10c, worth 20c | | |

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