

# WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused It to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ailments and weaknesses of the body, and was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to

restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

## OLD Favorites

Old Grimes.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man. We ne'er shall see him more. He used to wear a long black coat, All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day, His feelings all were true, His hair was some inclined to gray; He wore it in a cue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain His breast with pity burned. The large round head upon his cane From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all; He knew no base design. His eyes were dark and rather small; His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind; In friendship he was true, His coat had pocket holes behind; His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes He passed securely o'er— And never wore a pair of boots For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest, Nor fears misfortune's frown. He wore a double-breasted vest— The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find And pay it its desert. He had no malice in his mind, No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse— Was sociable and gay. He wore large buckles on his shoes And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze, He did not bring to view Nor make a noise town meeting days, As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw In trust to fortune's chances, But lived (as all his brothers do) In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares His peaceful moments ran, And everybody said he was A fine old gentleman. —Albert Gorton Greene.

### QUEER ACCIDENTS AT FIRES.

Disastrous Fires Have Been Often Followed by Explosions.

An accident, which of its kind is probably unique, occurred in April, 1903, during a fire at Portland, Me. A railway accident led to the ignition of a huge tank containing 6,000 gallons of crude petroleum, says the Detroit Free Press.

Fearing that it would explode and scatter fire a wide area, the naval authorities brought up a one-pounder gun and bombarded the tank in order to let the oil run out.

The first shot missed the tank and killed an unfortunate spectator. Subsequent ones, however, effected their purpose, and, ridding the tank, allowed the blazing oil to escape.

For a fire engine to cause a fire seems the very height of irony. Yet such a case actually occurred not long ago near Worcester. The engine in question belonged to an insurance company and was in process of being converted into a motor for self-propulsion.

The day before the work was finished there was a call from Kempsey village, where a farm was on fire, and the engine, in spite of its incomplete condition, started.

No spark protector having been fixed sparks escaped, and these set fire to a load of straw which was passed on the road. Next two ricks became involved, and, finally, the water-tube of the motor burst and the unucky engine came to a complete standstill barely 200 yards from the scene of the original fire!

Another story of a strange chapter of fire accidents comes from Cavanaugh, in Armagh. A dog, running into a farm sitting room, barked at a cat, and puss, terrified, sprang on a table, upsetting a lighted lamp.

The burning oil saturated the poor beast's fur and, maddened by pain, she dashed around the room, which was already in a blaze, sprang through the window and rushed into the stack-yard.

Rick after rick was fired by this living torch until the whole place was alight and very serious damage was done. The farmer's son, too, was badly burned in his efforts to extinguish the flames.

A London gas works was once the scene of a curious fatal fire accident. A boiler full of molten tar gave way, its contents catching fire from the furnace, spread in a tide of flame down the sloping floor of the sulphate room.

One of the workmen, caught between the flames and the wall, seized a ladder and, raising it to the window, sprang up it. Unhappily, the window had iron bars and before these could be removed the ladder burst

through and the poor man fell back into the furnace below.

Every one will remember the great Baltimore fire, the most terrible conflagration of 1904. After this was extinguished there was naturally great anxiety among the proprietors of the burned buildings to know how the contents of their fireproof safes had fared.

Most extraordinary were the finds. In one jewelry had been melted, while a box of matches was intact, and a silk handkerchief was not even discolored.

One of the most disastrous fires of late years was that which followed a chemical explosion at Griesheim, in Germany. The explosion took place in the Griesheim Electron factory, and almost simultaneously the whole building was in flames.

Fire engines came galloping up, but as they approached the men were seen to fall from their seats. Spectators running after them dropped as if shot, and, meanwhile, the blaze increased, involving fresh buildings and even crossing the river into the village of Schwannheim. What had happened was this:

The sudden mixture of vats of different chemicals under intense heat had filled the air with a gas of so terribly poisonous a nature that those who came within its deadly influence were suffocated at once. Fifty-one dead and three times that number injured was the result of that terrible fire.

### COMFORT WHILE SLEEPING.

Little Head Pillows as an Aid to Complete Relaxation.

"The little head pillows should not be regarded as a luxury to be had by a few, but a necessity to be had by everybody," insists a doctor whose fad, if it can be called a fad, is that people should be comfortable as they sleep. "Most people exclaim to me, 'Why, we are comfortable when we sleep,' but I know better. They can't be, with heads lying on the usual large bed pillow, which brings a strain at the neck. Unconsciously people strive to avoid this neck strain by bolstering their head with arm or hand, by humping the pillow about the body, by attitudes that throw the whole body into a stiffness that does not permit perfect relaxation. Little head pillows obviate all this strain. It is not a fad to have two or even three to tuck about one's neck and back to relieve the slightest effort against absolute relaxation.

"I never knew what peace was till I tried your idea," one of my patients told me. "I never waked up in the morning without a strain of more or less annoyance to me in my neck, for through all my life I never had been able to get perfectly comfortable in bed. Now I tuck my little wedge pillows, as I call them, about me and never bother about comfort, for I am simply surrounded by it." Speaking of comfort in sleep, why are most people so hard on themselves in the matter of blankets? People who can have plenty of luxuries will stint themselves in the quality of their blankets, purchasing for themselves those made for the most part of cotton—heavy, unyielding coverings that settle down like a weight of lead upon one, tiring tired-out limbs all through the night. It's warmth that one wants from blanket covering, not weight. Every ounce of weight on the body as it sleeps is an ounce of something to be deplored.

"Let it be your first luxury, if you will insist upon calling necessities for health luxuries, to put a lot of good money in blankets. You'll have to put in a lot of money, for the fine blankets are expensive. A very fine blanket, carefully cared for at wash times and at moth seasons, will outlive a cheap blanket by so many years that there is absolutely no comparison between them. A good solid part of one's twenty-four hours is spent in sleep. Upon the length of that sleep and upon the quality of it depend your vitality in your waking hours. The excellence of your work, the thoroughness of your pleasure depend upon your sleeping well. You can't sleep well unless you sleep comfortably."—Kansas City Journal.

### Franklin's Last Days.

Two of the last incidents of his (Franklin's) life are lovingly remembered. It was he who introduced the motion in the Constitutional Convention to open their meetings with prayer. His last public act was to indite from his deathbed as president of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery, a noble and touching appeal "for those unhappy men who, amidst the general joy of surrounding freemen, are groaning in servile subjection," in which the warm heart of the aged philanthropist seems united to the unerring conscience of the glorified saint. It is fitting that this beneficent and symmetrical life should be closed with this large utterance of humanity.—Century.

### High Speed Torpedo Boat.

Forty-one miles an hour will be the speed of the next torpedo boat destroyer to be built for the British navy.

A man may be able to take care of himself, but he isn't apt to realize it until he acquires a wife.

You can have Carnations in July by planting young plants in two-inch pots and setting them out in the spring.

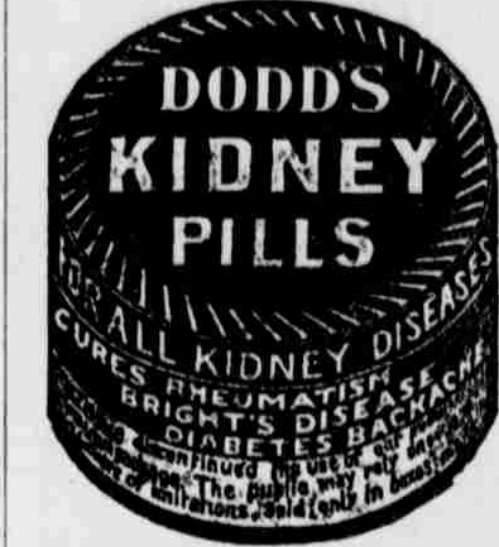
He who serves not sins.

You cannot glorify God by despising His world.

Consideration for others is the noblest courtesy.

Blessed is the sorrow that cures of selfishness.

Russia has not yet adopted the Julian calendar, although for some ten years back prominent personages of that country have discussed and favored the change. There is a difference of thirteen days between the Gregorian and Julian calendars, the former, which Russia uses, being behind the latter to that extent. For a long time, the matter of such a change has been discussed in Russia, in order that the country might conform to the rest of Europe.



The custom of sending valentines on the fourteenth of February is a very ancient one, and its origin is not definitely known. St. Valentine is said to have been a bishop, who was beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Claudius—A. D. 270—and afterward canonized. One authority says that he was a man famous for his love and charity, and the custom of choosing valentines upon a festival took its rise in commemoration of his good qualities. Others derive the custom from birds being supposed to select their mates on that day. Others again say it originated from a practice prevalent in ancient Rome at the festival of the Lupercalia, held during the month of February when the names of young women were placed in a box from which they were taken by young men, according as chance directed. Another custom was on Valentine's eve to put an equal number of names of both sexes in a vessel, and each person drew a name, which, for the time being, was called his or her valentine.

If the white of the eye is clear, bluish and transparent, with no veins showing in it, it is an indication that the nervous system is in bad condition.

If a child should swallow any dangerous substance, immediately slip down its throat the white of an egg, which will form a curd around it and thus prevent serious effect.

When we pray for gold heaven is likely to give us a piece of iron, and we are too dull to know it is the key to heaven's treasures.

### HAD HEART PAINS

A Critical Case of Rheumatism Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

While Mr. W. S. Geisel, of No. 123 East Coates street, Moberly, Mo., was steadily working at his trade in a foundry at that place, he became the victim of an attack of rheumatism, and his experience is that of thousands who are compelled to work in similar surroundings. He describes his situation as follows:

"I had been at work for a long time in a foundry where I was exposed to dampness. First my feet began to hurt and to swell, then my knees and my shoulder joints began to be affected in the same way. Finally I could not walk without great difficulty and suffering and had to stop work altogether. My appetite was feeble and I grew very pale and weak. I began to have pains about my heart and it fluttered a great deal. I became greatly alarmed about my condition. My mother knew about the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they had given her back her health when she was nearly wasting to death, and when she found that they were good for rheumatism too, she began to give them to me about a month after I was attacked. That was in the early part of March, 1903, and by June they had driven away the pains and swelling and had restored my appetite and color. Then I felt strong enough to take up a line of outdoor work and now, in October, I regard myself as entirely well and I am about to go into a foundry again at St. Louis."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills also cure other diseases springing from impure blood or disordered nerves, such as sciatia, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis and all forms of weakness in male or female. They may be had at all druggists or directly from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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