

to write. It was an ordeal for Mary to write a letter—her hand was more at home with a scrubbing-brush or a dish-towel than a pen—but it was now or never!

“Flowers Limited:

“Dear Sirs,” she wrote, “I aint feelin so good this morning and I know if I dont get better I’ll be gettin worse maybe you remember my friend Mrs. Minnis that died about two years ago and how all the ladies she worked for in Mayfare Crescent sent her flowers and bewties to Well I work for the same five women and have for two years and I beleve they would do as good for me as they done for her so heres what I want you to do Send me a dozen crimson roses with lots of green fern and if I do die and they come in to buy flowers for me show them the bill of these and tell them I said for them to pay it and let it go at that Tell them it was roses I wanted and roses I got and thank them for me and tell them I sure am much obliged and liked the roses. Tell them it was real good of them to be goin to send me flowers. Excuse mistakes I cant keep down even a drink of water so you see I aint feelin so good.

“MARY COULTER,

“5 Kent Building

“P.S.—They all deal with you Ive opened dozens of your boxes.

“P.S.—I forgot to tell you if I live I will pay for the roses but just as I am now I guess you’ll have to look to them . . . I aint feelin good But anyway youll get your money. Its as broad as its long.”

Next morning two boxes came from “Flowers