

# SOME VAGARIES OF THE DAY

## Gentle Cry for "Kivers"

De col' win' blow 'um eas' ter wes'  
En make me shuke en shiver;  
Dey heah me pray  
By night en day:  
"Lawd, sen' de ol' man kiver!"

Come down, en please deliver!  
Yo' col' win' make me shiver;  
By night en day  
Dis pra'r I pray:  
"Mo' kiver, Lawd—mo' kiver!"

De sparrow hidin' in he nes'  
You notice en deliver.  
Hit des can't be  
He mo' dan me?  
"Lawd, sen' de ol' man kiver!"

Come down, en please deliver!  
Yo' col' win' make me shiver;  
Dis pra'r I pray  
By night en day:  
"Mo' kiver, Lawd, mo' kiver!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## INTERFERING WITH A THEORY



Mrs. Graham is a lady of the old school. She obeyed her parents when she was young and afterward successfully brought up six children of her own who came when they were called and otherwise betrayed an active belief in the theory that the maternal word was law and the end of all things.

Therefore, Mrs. Graham took it hard when her third daughter, Susan, became a convert to the new theories on the proper way of disciplining juveniles and developing their intellects. Susan's 9-year-old daughter, Adaline, was going to grow to maturity without the humiliation of corporal punishment, without the breaking of her proud spirit, without the crushing of her originality into conventional molds. At least, that is how Susan explained her theories to her mother when Mrs. Graham remonstrated at Adaline's elevating her muddy boots to a resting place on a new \$10 Persian sofa pillow adorning her grandmother's davenport. Mrs. Graham had suggested the old-fashioned application of the back of a hairbrush as suitable to the case, but Susan had cast up her hands in horror.

"I never punish Adaline, mother!" she remonstrated. "Whipping is barbarous! I point out the error of her ways, recognizing she is a human being with a brain capable of being convinced. Then she does not repeat the offense, neither does she lose her respect for me nor for herself."



"I wouldn't interfere with Adaline's self-respect for the world, Susan," said her mother, crisply, "but seeing you are going to put those beliefs into practice during your visit I hope you won't mind if I lay away my expensive cushions and dress the brocade furniture in hollands."

At dinner that night Adaline began on her third helping of pudding before her grandmother, who had been squirming, finally opened her mouth. "She'll be sick," she said to her daughter.

Susan looked mildly surprised. "If Adaline wants a dozen servings of pudding, mother," she said gently, "she is to have them. If she is sick she will see the foolishness of greediness, and not do it again. I never interfere."

Mrs. Graham shut her lips tightly. "There's a bottle of painkiller in the medicine chest," she remarked inconsequentially. "And the hot water bag is hanging on the hook. I dislike to be disturbed after I have once got to sleep."

Adaline looked at her grandmother contemptuously. "Hm," she said between spoonfuls, "when I have aches I holler. I make everyone come and sit around me to wait on me. Mamma says I am not to be repressed. It would interfere with my pro-prog-progress."

Mrs. Graham gasped and her hands twitched. Her daughter was placid and beaming. "Dear Adaline," she said, smoothly, "understands so cleverly my attempts at doing my duty by her. It is so comforting."

Mrs. Graham is a delicate and prim lady, so possibly she did not snort as she arose, but it sounded much that way. And in her eye there was a light at which in years gone by Susan had quaked. It was just as well she did

not see it now. The light lingered steadily till the day came when Susan went to visit an old schoolmate and left Adaline in her grandmother's charge, then it glowed like an arc light.

"Adaline," called Mrs. Graham, for the third time, during the morning, "did you hear me tell you to come and put away your dolls and their clothes you left scattered all about the library?"

"Of course," Adaline answered, very leisurely. "But I don't want to. I'd rather look out of the window."

Before Adaline loomed her grandmother, who turned the young person about with no gentle hand. "Do you intend to mind me or not?" she inquired, with ominous calm.

Adaline's bullet eyes opened in genuine surprise. "Why, can't you hear?" she asked. "I said I didn't want to. And when I don't want to do a thing I am never made to. It would be bad for my high spirits, mamma says."

The battle light in Mrs. Graham's eyes doubled in intensity. "Come here, Adaline," she said, and Adaline, still curious, went. She made the acquaintance of the back of the hairbrush, wielded with all the expertness of a hand long skilled in its application. There was plenty of science about the experience, but it did not appeal to Adaline. Her remonstrances had not the remotest effect on Mrs. Graham, who, when she finished, looked remarkably at peace and happy.

"Please pick up your doll things, Adaline," she repeated.

And the haste with which Adaline minded the request would have startled her mother out of a year's growth. It is still a mystery to Susan why her child was so strangely meek, humble and obedient during the rest of her visit at her grandmother's. But Mrs. Graham and Adaline both kept the secret.

## TREES OF THE PHILIPPINES

The forestry bureau at Manila, which is in charge of Capt. Ahern, U. S. A., is an inheritance from the Spanish government, says Science. It was established some 35 years ago and through its officers and employes supervises the government forest property, which is estimated to comprise between 20,000,000 and 40,000,000 acres. The Philippines are known to possess over 400 species of trees, and a more careful survey will bring the number nearly to 500. Of these at least 50 are valuable, the Yanglyang tree being considered among the most important. This furnishes an oil which forms the base of many renowned perfumes. On the island of Romblon a mass of cocoa palms, the result of planting under a former governor, covers the slopes from sea to mountain top, and furnishes a yearly revenue of from \$1 to \$2 per tree.

## THE WOMAN FROM THE FARM



She is the quaintest little old body in the world. Her glistening white hair is always done in little sausage curls and she wears crisp gowns of black silk with real lace about the throat and wrists. Her little shriveled, knotted hands are laden with diamonds and pearls and her tiny feet are hidden in satin slippers of the softest kid. Her rooms, looking out over a park, are like dreams come true. They are furnished in pale, sweet colors and the rose bowls are crowded with flowers the year around. When she goes to air she has a dark brougham, with her own monogram on the panels, and a coachman and horses warranted to be perfectly reliable and not afraid of the cars, writes "The Girl Philosopher" in the Chicago Daily News.

She herself sometimes declares that all this luxury seems like a passing dream. In her heart she believes that it is awesomely extravagant to wear silk gowns for everyday, and she thinks that tating is quite as good a finish for neck and sleeves as this real lace that can never be washed with honest yellow soap and water. "But I've got to live up to my son William's ideas," she says with a comical sigh. "Though sometimes I do jest long for a dinner of corned beef and cabbage instead of one of these here course things where I get hungry while they're changin' plates."

Then for a little while she is silent. Perhaps she is thinking of the time when those little knotted hands were red and hard from toil and those little feet were always a-weary from constant trudging on the farm. Then she bursts into another peal of laughter. "But the most ridiculous thing William and Mattie has tried yet was to say I must have a maid all to myself—not a hired girl, but a real maid to fuss around and do up my hair and lace my shoes and all them kind of things."

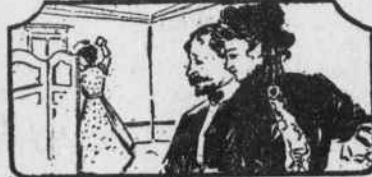
"So they got me one. She was a gay piece, with one of those pesky noses that I never could abide, still I guess she meant all right. But the first day she most set me plumb crazy!"

I jest couldn't think of enough things to keep her goin'. Finally I says: 'Maria, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll let you alone if you'll let me alone. You can have every afternoon and evening out if you'll let me do up my own hair and lace my own shoes. You can set in your little room to the back of my bedroom when you ain't out, and then if I should want anything I'll send for you.'

"Well, Maria was agreed to this, and we got along first class. Every onct in awhile William or Mattie ud ask me if I enjoyed my maid and I alla said yes, for it wasn't no untruth, for after Maria left me to my own devices she was a real comfort. Then one day William and Mattie saw my maid traipsing around when they thought she was on duty. They begun to make inquiries and then the whole story come out.

"Do you know, I jest felt like I had been caught stealing? But I wouldn't let 'em blame Maria, for she'd jest done exactly what I told her to do. I paid her to let me alone—and she done it. But when William and Mattie caught me I acted jest that sheepish. Finally I up and told them the whole thing and how I had jest kept a maid to please them.

"Then William laughed till I was



afraid he might bust a blood vessel and Mattie was pretty near as bad. When he come to enough to talk he said that I shouldn't have no maid any more if I didn't want one. He said he wanted me to do jest what I pleased. I jest had a notion to say that I could dispense with a good many of these chicken fixin's, but I didn't, for onct I heard him say to Mattie: 'The things I can do for my mother is the most comfort I get out of my money.' William's as good a son as ever was on this earth, so I jest try to please him by goin' round all toggled up and livin' up to his ideas as well as I can. But I would relish some corn beef and cabbage, biled up together!"

## WHERE WOMEN RETAIN THEIR NAMES

Elizabeth Cady Stanton declares that a woman should keep her family name through life and not have it merged in that of her husband. Mrs. Stanton would be delighted with the custom pertaining in the Channel Islands, those remnants of England's French empire lying off the coast of France. In the Channel Islands the woman does not change her name on marriage; no matter how often she changes partners, she carries her maiden name with her to the grave.

Captain—What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it. Irish sergeant—Well, strategy is when ye don't let the enemy discover that ye are out of ammunition, but keep right on firin'.

## "Now Don't Get the Blues."



When a cheerful, brave and light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture.

It is usually this way:

She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous.

Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing.

Her husband says, "Now, don't get the blues! You will be all right after you have taken the doctor's medicine."

But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake.

She loses faith; hope vanishes; then comes the morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. She should have been told just what the trouble was, but probably she withheld some information from the doctor, who, therefore, is unable to accurately locate her particular illness.

Mrs. Pinkham has relieved thousands of women from just this kind of trouble, and now retains their grateful letters in her library as proof of the great assistance she has rendered them. This same assistance awaits every sick woman in the land.

### Mrs. Winifred Allender's Letter.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have received from your wonderful remedies. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I was a misery to myself and every one around me. I suffered terrible pain in my back, head, and right side, was very nervous, would cry for hours. Menses would appear sometimes in two weeks, then again not for three or four months. I was so tired and weak, could not sleep nights, sharp pains would dart through my heart that would almost cause me to fall.

"My mother coaxed me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had no faith in it, but to please her I did so. The first bottle helped me so much that I continued its use. I am now well and weigh more than I ever did in my life."—MRS. WINIFRED ALLENDER, Farmington, Ill.



**\$5000 REWARD** Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

It is folly to take a thorn out of another's foot and put it into your own.

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