

# THE WAY OF A WOMAN

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

ANY man who has ever wooed in earnest, or thought so, knows how hard it is to have his suit repulsed time and time again. However the capricious one may smile at times, one "no" upsets the memory of many days of smiles.

The structure of Gabe Harris' hopes had fallen so often that he had begun to build it over again listlessly and mechanically enough, until one momentous day, when it seemed fallen for good.

He had come by, as usual, upon his cart that evening after work, and paused, as was his wont, for a chat with his desired one, Anna Maria Moore. He had been hard at work all day hauling from the clay-pits, and so was not a thing of beauty as to clothes. But if Anna Maria loved him—and he believed she did—love was blind, which left him all right in his own eyes and hers.

Perhaps he was right even thus far, and all would have gone well had not the plump, brown beauty of the girl overcome him as he stood chatting with her.

The realization of her charm, of her desirableness, swept over him with a rush of emotion. Instinctively he held out his arms to her. They were in the front yard, too. "We'n—w'en you gwine ma'y me, honey? Tell me, with a rush to her. They were in the front yard, too. "We'n—w'en you gwine ma'y me, honey. Tell me."

Anna Maria froze at once. She grew as rigid as the seams in her newly starched calico.

"W'y—w'y, what's de mattah, Anna Maria?" stammered the discomfited Gabe.

"Seuse me, Mistah Ha'is," said the lady, with dignity, "but Ise not in de habit ob bein' spoke to in dat manah."

"W'y, what's I done, Anna Maria?" "What's you done, sah? What's you done? W'y you's scandalized me, 'fo' de eyes ob de whole neighborhood," and the calico swished itself as well as its stiffness would allow into the house.

Gabe scratched his head. "Well, I'll be dadburned!" he ejaculated.

Just then Uncle Ike, Anna Maria's father, came up. He was Gabe's friend and ally, and the young fellow's bewilderment was not lost upon him.

"What's de mattah, Brothah Gabe?" he questioned.

"W'y, Unc' Ike, I done axed Anna Maria to ma'y, an' she say Ise insulted an' scandalized de neighborhood. Hue come dat?"

"Tsch, tsch, tsch, Brothah Gabe; you sholy doesn't know de pherolosephy ob oomankind."

"I reckon I ain't up on dat, Unc' Ike; seems I ain't had de spe'ence dat hab fell to yo' lot."

The present was Uncle Ike's fourth matrimonial venture, and he was supposed to know many things. He went on: "Now, Brothah Gabe, in co'tin' a ooman, less'n she's a widdah ooman, dey's three t'ings you got to do; you got to satisfy huh soul, you got to chawm huh yeah, an' you got to please huh eye. 'Tain't no use doin' one ner tothah less'n you does all—dat is, I say, provided it ain't a widdah lady; dey bein' easiah to please an' mo' unerstannin' laik. Well, you come hyeah, aftah yo' day's wo'k, an' you talk to Anna Maria. She know you bein' a wo'kin, an' all mak' a good pervider; dat satisfy huh soul."

"Yes, sah; she smile w'en I was a-talkin' to huh, an' dat what mak' me fu'git myse'f."

"Uh-huh," said the old man, wagging his head sagely and stroking the straggling beard upon his chin, "uh-huh; dat mean dat you chawm huh yeah; but hol' on, hol' on, dey's one mo' t'ing. How in de name ob common sense you spee to please huh eye a-comin' hyeah in sich togs ez dese? Ki, yi, now you see."

Again Gabe had recourse to his signal of perplexity, and woolly head and grimy nails came together in a half-hearted scratch.

"Unc' Ike, you sholy hab opened my eyes," he said, as he went slowly out to his cart.

On the morrow he arrayed himself in his best, and hitching his mare to a buggy not yet too rickety to awe some of his less prosperous neighbors, started toward the home of his inamorata. Old Suke, accustomed to nothing lighter than her cart on work-days, first set her ears doubtfully at the unaccustomed vacation, and then, seeming to realize that it was really a vacation, a gala-day, she tossed her head and stepped out bravely.

In the heart of Gabe Harris a similar exultation was present. What now would check him in his quest of the fair one? He had fulfilled all the requirements laid down by Uncle Ike, and Uncle Ike knew. He had already satisfied her soul; he had done his duty as to "chawmin' huh yeah," now he went forth a potential conqueror for the last great feat—the pleasing of her eyes. Gone were the marks and the memory of the clay-pits, gone was the ashiness of dust from his hardened hands. His self-abasing cap was replaced by an aggressive "stiff hat," while his black coat and waistcoat, with drab trousers, completed an invincible make-up.

It was an autumn day, the year was sighing toward its close, but there was a golden touch in the haze that overhung even the mean streets where he passed, and somewhere up in a balsam

poplar a bird would persist in singing, and something in Gabe's heart kept answering, answering, as he alighted and hitched Suke before Anna Maria's gate.

A little later she came out arrayed in all her glory. She passed through the gate which the smiling Gabe held open for her, and stepped lightly into the buggy. Suke turned one inquisitive glance over her shoulder, and then, winking slowly to herself, consented to be unhitched and to jog leisurely toward the country roads. What Gabe said to Anna Maria and what Anna Maria said to Gabe on that drive is not recorded. But it is evident that the lover had been preparing his lady for something momentous, for upon returning late that afternoon he paused as he helped her alight, and whispered, softly: "I got sompin' mo' to say to you."

As they entered the house, the smell of baking biscuits and of frying pork assailed their nostrils. Aunt Hannah Moore also had recognized this as a gala-day, and was putting herself out to lay such a feast for her daughter's suitor as he should remember for many a day to come. Gabe sat down in the spick-and-span front room.

"Ma's biscuits cert'n'y does smell scan'lous," Anna Maria commented, agreeably.

Gabe's mind was too full of his mission to heed the remark. The momentous second had arrived—the second that held the fruition of all his ambitions, all his dreams. He plumped down on his knees at her feet. "Oh, Anna Maria," he cried, "Anna Maria, ain't you gwine hab me now?"

Anna Maria turned on him a look full of startled surprise, which soon turned to anger and disdain. "Look hyeah, Gabe," she said, wrathfully, "what's de mattah wid you? Is you done tuk leeb ob yo' senses? Ain't you got no 'spect fo' a lady's feelin's? Heah Ise tiahed and hongry, an' you come 'roun' talkin' sich foolishness ez dat. No, I ain't gwine hab you. Git up 'fo'om daih, an' ac' senible. Ise hongry, I is."

Gabe got up sheepishly, dusting his knees. Anna Maria turned to the window. He took his hat, and let himself out of the door.

"Heyo, Brothah Gabe, wha you gwine? You ain't gwine 'way fo' suppah, am you? We got some monstous fine middlin' daih fryin' speshly fo' you," was the greeting from Anna Maria's father.

"D'you want to buy Suke? Ise gwine 'way 'fo'om hyeah."

"What's de mattah'd you?" was the old man's quick question.

"Ise done filled all de 'quirements you tol' me, an' axed Anna Maria 'gain, an' she won't hab me, an' Ise gwine 'way."

"No, y' ain't. Set down."

Gabe seated himself beside his adviser.

"Wen you ax Anna Maria?"

"Jes now."

"Oomph, oomph, oomph," said the old man, reflectively; and he went on: "Gabe, fo' a ha'd-wo'kin, money-savin', long-haired man you sholy has got less sense dan anybody I know."

"What's I done now?" said Gabe, disconsolately. "Ain't I filled all de 'quirements? Ain't I satisfied huh soul, and Gabe went in with the black Solomon. During the blessing Anna Maria was cold and distant, but when the first biscuit was passed to her her face brightened. She half smiled as she broke it open and filled its hot interior with rich yellow butter. The smile was on full force when she had tasted the brown, crisp "middlin'," and by the time she had the "jackets" off two steaming potatoes her face was beaming.

With wonder and joy Gabe watched the metamorphosis take place, and Uncle Ike had constantly to keep nudging or kicking him under the table to keep from betraying himself.

When the supper was done, and it went on to a merry ending, Aunt Hannah refused Anna Maria's help with mock fierceness, and Uncle Ike went out on the porch to smoke. Only the front room was left for Anna Maria and Gabe, and thither they went.

Gabe lingered for awhile on the brink, and then plunged in: "Anna Maria, Ise failed an' failed, an' Ise waited an' waited. Is you—is you will you hab me now?"

"La, Gabe Ha'is, you is de beatness!" But her hand slipped into his.

"Is you gwine hab me, Anna Maria?" he repeated.

"I reckon I'll hab to," she said. Out on the porch Uncle Ike waited long in the silence; then he said: "Well, dat's a mighty good sign, a mighty good sign, but it sholy time fo' it. Oomph, oomph, oomph, ooman an' colts, an' which is de wus, I don't know."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Rich Man Plays at Work.**  
Springfield, Mass., has a millionaire who works as a day laborer. But, says the Chicago Record-Herald, he is probably doing it for fun, and not because he is afraid of losing his job if he should rest up a bit.

The czar has a single estate covering over 100,000,000 acres—that is, about three times the entire area of England

## LOVE DESCRIBED.

As It Is in That Delightful Season When the Bumble Bees Begin to Hum.

Judge Ryder in the Granite Enterprise thus describes his own love affair, says the Kansas City Journal. "As early as last spring, when the grasshoppers first began to hop and the bumble bees first started on the bum, when the bob white was whistling his mat and the spring poet was springing his poetry, Judge Ryder, who had bustled in this breathing world for 34 long summers, showed symptoms of a he-dove elorhood and was her'n. A courtship was begun, a result of which is now a part of Granite and Greer county history. Such results have been the culmination of such beginnings ever since Eros seized his life-giving arrows and pierced the cold bosom of this old earth, and such will be the culmination of such beginnings, dear reader, till the end of the chapter. The matrimonial bond is the most sacred of all human contracts. It is dictated by nature, advocated by Cupid and smiled upon by Providence. It removes the cloud on the title of a man's right to citizenship, and completes the existence of woman, which is love. A man's existence without the clinging love of a good wife is as bare and desolate as a laticed gallery which does not support a morning glory in the spring."

## HIS TIME WAS NOT UP.

And Father Made Him Take Off His Good Clothes and Work Another Half Day.

A man of a mercenary spirit had several sons, one of whom was on the eve of his twenty-first birthday. The father had always been a strict disciplinarian, keeping his boys well under parental charge, allowing them few liberties and making them work hard, relates Youth's Companion.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose one morning of his birthday and began to collect his personal belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rigidly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farmhand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year, and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't," shouted the old man, "at least not for awhile yet. You wasn't born until after 12 o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half-day's work down in the potato patch."

**How Pat Lost His Beauty.**

"At the Art Students' league, where I studied in 1884 and 1885," said C. D. Gibson, the artist, "I used to pose for me an extremely unprepossessing Irishman. This fellow was asked by a young girl one day how he came to be so ugly."

"You see, miss," he replied, "it came wence at the early loss of a good farmhand, and I should have grown up to be a very handsome and attractive man by rights; but my mother put me out to nurse, and the nurse changed me for the ugly, ill-favored creature that I am."—N. Y. Tribune.

**The Place for It.**—"What are you snorting about?" asked the young waitress of the old one, who was perusing a scrap of newspaper. "Here's a doctor who says it's unhealthy to go into the water after a meal. How would we get it if we didn't?"—Philadelphia Press.

**Not Strikingly Noble.**—"So your daughter is going to marry a nobleman." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "but he's only a nobleman by profession. Personally I must say he strikes me as a pretty common sort."—Washington Star.

**Sarcasm is a poor weapon with which to fight the devil; a poorer one with which to win friends.**—United Presbyterian.

"Was Robert of Normandy very evil, papa?" "No, my child, he was only medieval."—Princeton Tiger.

The man who rails at matrimony in public usually deserves the sort of wife he has.—Town Topics.

Daylight and truth meet us with clear dawn.—Milton.

# DOAN'S CHANGE DOUBT TO GLAD SURPRISE

EVERETT, MASS.—I received the sample of Doan's Pills and they stopped all my trouble of pain in the back, from which I have suffered for two years. I am a sole-leather cutter, and being on my feet and lifting heavy dies all day, appreciate the help Doan's Pills have given me. I feel like a new man.—GEO. A. BURGESS, 163 Belmont Street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Received sample, and am on my first bottle from the druggist—they helped me wonderfully. I had a feeling of wanting to urinate all the time, and trouble in passing, burning and itching. That is all gone now, and I feel thankful.—E. K. STEVENSON, 5351 Easton Ave.

ASPEN, COLO., April 10, 1903.—Doan's Kidney Pills accomplished the desired result in my case—relief came the second day after I commenced taking them. I was troubled with retention and dribbling of the urine. Now it is natural and free as ever in my life.—D. L. STAFFORD.

# "PE-RU-NA SAVED MY LIFE,"

Writes Mrs. W. McRoberts.

Women Made Strong and Happy Mothers.

Catarrh of the Pelvic Organs is a Frequent Cause of Barrenness.

Pe-ru-na Eradicates Catarrh From the System.

TO the woman of ancient Israel not to become a mother was regarded as the greatest of earthly calamities.

To become a mother—more especially the mother of a strong, healthy boy—was the height of glory for the faithful woman of the good old Bible days. Even now, when maternity is not esteemed as of yore, the mother of healthy children is an object of admiration, and sometimes envy, by her neighbors. As compared with ancient peoples, the average American woman has a low appreciation of motherhood. There are, however, a great many exceptions to this statement.

The accompanying letters from grateful women who have been made strong, healthy and happy mothers need no added words of ours to make them convincing. Catarrh had weakened and impaired their entire systems. Peruna made them sound and well.

Mrs. L. M. Griffith, Arco, Idaho, writes:

"My medicine did me a wonderful amount of good. It cured me of barrenness. I am 80 years old and never had any children; but since beginning your



"I Do All My Household Work and Take Care of My Baby and I Feel So Good."

## A YOUNG MOTHER'S LETTER.

Mrs. W. McRoberts, writes to Dr. Hartman from Delano, Miss., the following:

Delano, Miss.  
**Doctor S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:**  
Dear Sir:—"I feel perfectly well of catarrh. I did as you directed me to and took Peruna and Mannalin. The third of March I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl and we are both well and happy. I am very thankful to you, and Peruna saved my life. I recommend it to everyone and can't praise it enough."

"I send you my own and my baby's picture. She is so sweet and good,—she is a Peruna baby. I have such good health now. I do all my household work and take care of my baby, and feel so good."

"There are three or four of my neighbors using Peruna now, since it did me so much good. They were just run down, and they think it is fine. It is so good to give strength."—Mrs. W. McRoberts.

medicine I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl. She is now six months old and weighs 25 pounds. My friends were all surprised. Some would not believe it until they came to see me.

"My husband says he never saw such a change in any one as there was in me after I had taken three or four bottles of Peruna. I am stronger than I have been since I was quite young. God bless you and your medicine forever. I can not tell you all. My letter is too long already; but I will say Peruna cured me. I never saw or heard of anything half so good. I can never thank you enough for your kindness. In cases of a grippie it works like a charm. It cured my baby when other medicines failed. Was real bad with the grippie."—Mrs. L. M. Griffith.

Mrs. E. E. Thomas, Alpha, Mo., writes:

"I have used your Peruna and Mannalin. I had been doctoring for several years, but kept getting worse. One day a neighbor woman brought me your book, the 'Ills of Life,' and wanted me to take your medicine. I told her that I had given up all hope of ever getting well. My neighbors thought I was nearly dead with consumption."

"Finally I concluded that I would make a last trial. So my husband got me a bottle of Peruna and Mannalin. I commenced taking them according to directions. That was two years ago. A year ago last November I gave birth to a 10-pound baby boy, who is well and hearty; and I am doing my own household work. I can never give Peruna too great praise. I think it is the best medicine I ever heard of."—Mrs. E. E. Thomas.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna,

write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Well Up.  
The Professor—Have you had any musical education at all?  
Prospective Pupil—Oh, yes, sir! I can pronounce Paderewski, Techaikowski and Gabrielowitch.—Woman's Home Companion.

Did It Ever Occur to You to note the rapid development of East Texas as a truck and fruit-growing country? No? Then write for the pamphlet entitled 'Topics No. 2,' and become convinced that the resources of Texas are limitless. Address 'Katy,' 500 Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

Uncle Reuben says: Memory was given to humanity that it might look back and think of all de good things we hev done fur de world, an' how little de world has done fur us in return.—Detroit Free Press.

Even the very old colleges still retain their faculties.—Chicago Daily News.

Consult our Physician by mail; medical advice free.

## WET WEATHER COMFORT

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR

TOWERS' WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE

J. TOWERS CO. BOSTON MASS. U.S.A. ASK YOUR DEALER

If he will not supply you send for our free catalogue of garments and hats.

WESTERN CANADA

Is attracting more attention than any other district in the world.

"The Granary of the World." "The Land of Sunshine." The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock.

Area under crop in 1902 1,977,330 acres. Yield 1902 117,922,754 bushels.

Abundance of Water; Fuel Plentiful; Cheap Building Material; Good Grass for pasture and hay; a fertile soil; a sufficient rainfall and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth.

FREE LANDS OF 100 ACRES FREE, the only charge for which is \$10 for entry. Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Railways tap all settled districts. Send for Atlas and other literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. HOLMES, Box Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; T. O. CURTIS, Callahan Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. ROBERTS, Box 116, Watertown, So. Dakota; C. PILING, Grand Forks, North Dakota; J. M. MACLACHLAN, 37 Third Street, Wausau, Wis.; authorized Canadian government Agents, who will supply you with certificates giving you reduced railway rates, etc.

WESTERN CANADA

# GET RICH QUICK!

Every day, every hour, lost in sickness, represents so much money out of your income.