

# A REVERSIBLE LOVE POEM.

The following lines may be read either up or down without altering the sense. The stars were all bright, The moon was overhead, I named her queen of night, And she my footstep led. So wondrous fair was she, I asked her to be mine, As she glided up at me, I thrust my love divine.

Beside the meadow lark, As she stood lingering there, Her eyes were like the stars, In radiance wondrous fair, "You're all the world to me," She murmured sweet and shy, A thrill of ecstasy I felt at her reply.

Love led me all the way, As we tread home again; Our hearts were light and gay, The world was blissful then, Though shadows cross the sky, No gloom our hearts could know, 'Till stars be ever high, When hearts are blended so. —Denver Times.

# "DADDY DIMMIE"

By CARRIE CHRISTIAN KUNKLEY  
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The ambulance dashed up to the door of St. Michael's, and Dr. Peyton sprang out. Hurriedly he summoned the driver and porter to help him carry a stretcher up the broad, stone steps into the corridor. "Call Dr. Johns and Jessup—and hurry—of this boy will die before we get him on the table," said the surgeon. There was hurrying hither and thither—then the stretcher was borne to the elevator and up to the third floor into the operating room, while the child shrieked aloud in his agony of pain. The door closed. The little form was laid upon the table. Anesthetics were given until the agonized little body lay white and still, then the merciful knife was applied to the crushed and shapeless limbs of the child. Swiftly and skillfully the surgeons worked, aided by the deft hands of the trained nurses. When it was all over the unconscious boy was laid upon a white bed in a pretty room with dainty curtains at the window, and beautiful pictures on the walls. Hours passed before the heavy eyelids of the child were raised. A pair of wondering blue eyes looked up at the white-capped nurse. Steadily they regarded her and then in an awestruck whisper he said, "Is you an angel? Is this heaven? Where's God and mother?" Nurse Jennings stroked the little white face as she answered tenderly, "No, dear! You are not in heaven, you are in St. Michael's hospital. You were hurt by the cars and they brought you here to make you well. Our kind Dr. Peyton saw you when the car struck you. Just lie still and do as we tell you, and you will soon be well."

glimpse of the white beds occupied by sick people, while white-capped nurses hurried hither and thither, made her little heart quiver with a nameless horror. The baby, with round wondering eyes stared about her until she caught sight of Jimmie's white face upon the pillow. She gave a frightened cry of entreaty, "I want to go to Daddy Dimmie." A wan smile lit up the boy's face and he feebly tried to stretch out a welcoming hand to her, but it fell weakly at his side. "Come, baby," he whispered, "come and kiss Daddy Dimmie. Oh, what will they do while I'm sick? Mother gone and father can't come home? There's nobody but me to take care of them," he moaned. "Never mind, Jimmie," said Nurse Jennings, as the tears rose to her eyes, "here's a kind friend who is going to look after Jimmie and the baby until you get well—don't fret, that's a good boy, but just be quiet, and get well as fast as you can." Jimmie's



Nurse Jennings softly opened it, face became pale as marble as she gazed at Jimmie and she suddenly darted forward to the bedside and dropping upon her knees buried her face in the snowy coverlet. "Oh, Jimmie," she wailed, "is you agoin' to leave me and the baby and go to find mother? Don't go, Jimmie! Stay with me and baby! Oh, don't go, Jimmie! don't go!" Strong but tender hands lifted the child to her feet and hurried her sobbing from the room—for the excitement might be fatal to the little sufferer who lay on his bed not knowing why it was that he could not "feel his feet," as he said, in his ignorance that both limbs had been amputated below the knees. "Please can I say good-bye to Jimmie before she goes," he whispered. The brave, little lad looked up at his sobbing sister with such a wealth of love in his blue eyes as he said feebly, "Don't cry, Jimmie. They're awful good to me here! I most thought I was in heaven at first. You tell Miss Marini I'll be well soon and come home all right—and Jimmie—he whispered in a scarcely audible voice—"don't tell father 'bout me, he might worry. Kiss me, baby—kiss Dimmie," and as the children were led from the room the wan little face was turned to the wall with a sigh of content. The afternoon waned and night came. A slight flush crept into the pale face and the hot blood surged through his veins. Now he was warm and happy as stood on the streets in the clear bright sunshine calling "News" and "Puhlican." Then he heard the rumble of the cruel car that had almost crushed out his young life as he fell. Again he was in the little room at home eating the simple food that Jimmie was able to prepare. Then he floated away on the air—now rising and falling, while beautiful scenes passed rapidly before his astonished eyes. Then all was dark and he was plunged into abyssal depths. As in a far away dream he heard voices and felt his hand raised while something cool was put to his parched lips; and so the new day wore on and tender-hearted Nurse Jennings, who watched over the little child in "number thirteen" told the other nurses, "He has one chance in ten to live." Again came Jimmie and the baby to see "Daddy Dimmie," but he only opened his eyes and looked at them a moment, then the white lids fluttered over the



"Is this heaven?" "ly out of the room and telephoned to a charitable friend to go and bring Jimmie and the baby to see the child who lay fighting for his life on the little cot in room thirteen. It was late in the afternoon when there was a knock at the door of "number thirteen." Nurse Jennings softly opened it to admit the kind friend who had undertaken to find Jimmie and the baby. They stood in the doorway. Jimmie's pinched face was pale with fright. She had never been in a hospital before and the vastness and imposing aspect of the place, with

blue eyes as he slipped off into that floating land of partial unconsciousness. "Me wants Daddy Dimmie to come home," said baby in agonized entreaty while poor Jimmie could only look at Jimmie with that awful dread in her young face that had gone into it when she first saw him laying white and still on his little bed. "Come and kiss your little brother good-bye," said the nurse as she softly led them to the bedside. Out from the hospital went Jimmie with her young heart so bruised and sore, and her young eyes so dim with tears that she could scarce see her way as she walked homeward leading the baby. Night and its solemn quiet brooded over the great hospital. Dr. Peyton and Nurse Jennings sat by the little bed in "number thirteen." Suddenly the eyes of the child opened and from their questioning depths he gazed up into the faces of the doctor and nurse. "Where's Jimmie and the baby? I got a quarter hid away in my shoe to buy the baby some new red shoes for Sunday—did you put it away?" he said appealingly. The nurse's eyes were moist but she said soothingly—"Yes, Jimmie, your money is all safe, I'll take care of it." A smile of content curved the child's lips and he closed his eyes—dosing fitfully as the night wore on. At midnight the change came. The child babbling of "mother" and "heaven" and "Jimmie and the baby," "Jimmie," he called softly, "where is you? I can't see you! Mother's here, and she's calling us to go to her. There's music like they have at church, and tall lilies like we saw at Easter. I can 'most smell the lilies. Ahn't the music just grand, Jimmie? Oh, where's the baby, Jimmie? Have you got her red shoes? I 'most forgot them. Nuthin'll hurt you, baby,—I'm here. Don't you love Dimmie, baby? Hark! the music's playing—oh, there's some children singing way up there in the sky—look, Jimmie, they're comin' to go to church and hear the music—and smell the lilies. How close they are, Jimmie! Where are you? Baby take hold of Daddy Dimmie's hand. They can't hurt you, baby—lean up 'gainst me. Come, Jimmie—where—are—you? The door's open—let's go in. There's mother! Oh, mother, I'm comin'! Jimmie! Baby! Come with Daddy Dimmie! I'm goin'— Good-bye—" And "Daddy Dimmie" had gone in at the open door.

## A STUDY OF SHE.

Philosopher's Moralizing on the "Eternal Feminine." The more we study She the more we don't understand how it is that She is able to twist us around her little finger whenever She feels like it. But She is. For whom is it that in childhood's happy days we fight with a boy three sizes larger than ourselves, and get so severely punished that we can't sit up for a week? Why, for She—and She only laughs at us for our pains. Who is it that devours all our spare change in the shape of candies and flowers, and calls for more and gets them, too? She. For whom do we linger at stage-doors with bouquets, to purchase which we have to endure a fortnight's martyrdom in lieu of lunch? She. Who is it that at the railway restaurant deals out the soul-destroying sandwich and the death-dealing bun? 'Tis She every time. If it were He we would slap him on the spot and glory in the deed. Who accepts our hard-earned gold on the pretense of being a first-class cook, and then broils our steak in a frying-pan and boils our coffee as hour? She. Who is it that accepts our theater tickets, our snappers, our bouquets, and our devotion, and then goes off and marries another fellow? She—and for this we ought to forgive her a good deal. Who, we ask, is it that when we employ her as typist spells summer with one "m" and February with only one "r," and yet escapes without censure? It is She. Ah, yes! It is She.

Mistake of French Diplomats. It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to King Menelik. The French some years ago brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of a dusky king. Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then he thrust them aside. "Do you think," he asked, "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?" The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted. "These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a king," he declared. The influence of the Russians and English over Menelik dates from that lucky incident.

Monument to Whist. The citizens of Altenburg, Germany, have erected a monument in honor of "Akut," which is a German variation of whist. The monument consists of a column painted with diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs, and on the top are two pigs—symbols of luck—and a fountain throwing up a jet of water.

Faithful Dog. A beggar who recently died in a Paris hospital possessed a dog which was greatly attached to him. During the man's stay in the hospital the animal never moved away from the door. When the beggar died the dog followed his body to the cemetery, where it remained lying on the grave for several days.



Mr. Red Kibber spent Sunday night with Miss Bertha Walsh, holding hands—Birmingham correspondent Milton (Wis.) Post. In the barred base of a vision old I gazed through the years that the mista enfold, At a sacred niche in a great best room Where I once held hands in the faintly gleam. And I held them tight with a firm embrace, While I begged the maiden to say me "Yes." Then I pressed her close to exultant heart, In the silence there, in the niche apart! Oh, the trust and hope of an unassured youth. As it joys unstung by thorn or tooth! How we felt the world was aglow with love As we sat alone in the clouds above! Oh, reluctant hands! Oh, those love-warm hands! As they tender grew "neath affection's hand." I can feel them now in my arid room— But beyond to the base where the shadows loom, For she lies asleep on the wooded hill in that holy ground where the world is still! But my heart knows well when the trumpet calls. When the end is here and the black shroud falls. There are soft white hands all aglow with love. To caress and hold in the land above! 3 3 3

Very Exclusive. They do strange things out in Washington sometimes. At Harrington two bachelor chums went visiting, and while absent one of them, renouncing bohemianism and celibacy, was secretly married. The bride and groom reached home first and retired in the bachelor apartments which the two chums had occupied in common. In the night the remaining bachelor returned and entering peacefully sleeping he decided to get into bed without a light. The results were somewhat exciting, but after the first brigade had



NOT HIS WEDDING. responded and the town marshal had calmed the excited neighborhood, the bride and groom continued to be so exclusive the bachelor had to hunt another couch on which to court Morpheus that night. Now what do you think of that? 3 3 3

Married. Fold saunter gowns and place in alcove, cedar chest, The screen door waist and skirt, The hose and all the rest! Hunt madly through the house For furs and heavy wraps, Shake moth-balls from the folds And find the winter cape! Bring on the thread and cloth, The sewing girl and shoos, Get busy with the stuff And spin your hubby's sneers! The time of year has come When you must spend a lot, For when you come out new Your clothes must touch the spot! How can I joke and sing— Of this light verses make, When even now my purse Is fattened like a (pau) cake? Four eagles for a hat, Twelve dollars for some braid, Put extra belts at last, How can I stand the raid? Six twenties for the silk, A couple more for shoes— No wonder that a man Is cross and gets the blues! So fold the gowns and lace, Put things things away, Just spend and sew and rip, And I the bills will pay! 3 3 3

A Sorry Plight. Two hilarious companions with unstable equilibrium were standing on a corner in the suburbs, yesterday, much engrossed. One was without a hat. Passing along a neglected, vacant lot, the hatless man had evidently fallen head foremost into a patch of prickly, sticky burrs. His companion, steadying himself as best he might, was picking the stick-



STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER. ers from the hair of the unfortunate who was shaken with conflicting emotions of laughter and pain. Perhaps the Bible had burrs in mind when it warned that strong drink stageteth like an adder! 3 3 3 Not For Him. Sir Montague—"Where is thy servant, my lord?" Sir Lancelot—"Gone to the marketplace, Sir Montague, good fellow." Sir M—"Aye, aye! And what to purchase, my lord?" Sir L—"A song, sir; a most wondrous and popular song, my dear friend!" Sir M—"Ah, his name?" Sir L—"Ah, it's name, prithee, is 'His'— But his strid had flown forthwith.

A girl may be a trifle frivolous, but she is apt to be engaging. ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers. A conceited woman is seldom jealous.

A Rare Good Thing. "An unguine ALLEN'S FOOT-PAIRE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Mathilda Holmest, Providence, R. I." Sold by All Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

How to Overcome Fear. In overcoming your various fears, follow each one out to its logical conclusion thus, and convince yourself that at the present moment the things you fear do not exist save in your imagination. Whether they ever come to pass in the future or not, your fear is a waste of time, energy and actual bodily and mental strength. Quit worrying just as you would quit eating or drinking something you felt sure had caused you pain in the past.

Polish Women's Perfect Feet. Polish women are renowned for their beauty, for the perfection of their hands and the smallness of their feet. They place the fineness of the hands above all other charms. "I regard my hands, not my face," said one, and it is reported in Warsaw that the Vienna shoe dealers keep a separate case of shoes for the delicate feet of their Polish customers.

Change in Army Uniform. The most marked change in the uniform of the army, under the general order just issued, is that the stripes on the infantry trousers, which was changed a year or so ago from white to blue, will again be white. The same change will be made in the chevrons, and the box spur and black leather trousers strap will be abandoned.

Socialism in New Zealand. New Zealand has gone farther than any other nation in realizing the ideal state of the Socialist, where the government owns all the land, manages all the industries, and is the only capitalist in the community. About one man in every six throughout the islands is in some form of government employ, or is in receipt of a pension from the government.

Hook Noses. The nose with a hook was found in only 6 per cent of 3,000 Hebrews observed by Dr. Fishberg, medical examiner for the United Hebrew Societies. Straight noses constituted 68 per cent, broad noses 12 per cent and retroussé noses 14 per cent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c. No woman ever attributed the loss of her husband's appetite to her cooking.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight to cigar. Made by hand of ripe, thoroughly cured tobacco, which insures a rich, satisfying smoke. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Lamb's rush into Wall street where the old sheep fear to tread.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

Reclaims Nile Lakes. Some of the old Nile lakes, which were formerly dry salt plains in summer and covered with a few inches of alkali water in the wet season, have been reclaimed by the British government and are now worth from \$200 to \$500 an acre. They produce magnificent crops.

New York's Water Supply. The present plan for increase of the metropolitan water supply provides for an expenditure of about \$50,000,000 for bringing to New York 200,000,000 gallons daily from the Wappingers creek and Esopus regions.

Man's Life Growing Longer. Under modern conditions, man's life is growing steadily longer, despite the increased strains of competition, social, political and commercial.

Thought Beards Effeminate. The ancient Romans considered it effeminate to wear beards. All their busts representing the famous men of olden times are without beards.

Reads Like a Miracle. Friarspoint, Miss., Nov. 30.—The Butler case still continues to be the talk of the town. Mr. G. L. Butler, the father of the little boy, says: "The doctor said my boy had disease of the spinal cord, and treated him for two months, during which he got worse all the time. Finally the doctor told me he did not know what was the trouble. The boy would wake up during the night and say that he was dying. He would be nervous and trembling and would want to run from the house, saying he saw ugly things which frightened him. After we had tried everything else, I read an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for Nervous Troubles. I purchased some and used them until he had taken altogether eight boxes when he was sound and well with not a single symptom of the old trouble. This was some months ago, and I feel sure that he is permanently cured. We owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for his restoration to good health." Time is money to the bookmaker when your horse falls to come in in time

Remarkable Telescope. With a 12-inch parabolic reflector of only 30 inches focus Professor Schaeberle has obtained with less than five minutes' exposure images of stars which are apparently too faint to be seen in the great 36-inch telescope of the Lick Observatory. The little instrument also reveals, with a similar but short exposure, all the stars that the large Crossley reflector of three feet diameter is able to picture with an exposure of two hours.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Colingswood, N.J., says: "I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular. I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me.—\$5.00 profit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be proved." Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

UNION SHOT GUN SHELLS are found on every American farm where there is a live boy. New Club loaded with black powder. Nitro Club and Arrow loaded with any smokeless powder. They are "Duck Killers." Catalogue free. The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Agency, 313 Broadway, New York.

Baby's Troubles Mothers, you may rely upon Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPsin. It keeps the baby's little bowels cool and regular, cures Wind Colic, and helps them to grow strong and hearty. Special directions for the babies on each bottle label. Your druggist sells it. PEPsin SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

CAPSICUM VASELINE (SEE IT IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES) A substitute for and superior to menthol or any other ointment, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The best soothing and restorative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the itching at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it to the head and neck external disease (irritant known, who as an external remedy for pain in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuritic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be unrivalled in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents, all druggists or other dealers, or by sending 10c in stamps to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHESTERHOUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

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