

Meeting of the Extremes

Valerie had been amply prepared, amply warned by John's numerous girl cousins,—by Eleanor, particularly,—but when the dreaded moment arrived she was alarmed. In five minutes John would be gone, actually gone, for the entire day, and she would be all alone with John's mother—yes, actually with her mother-in-law!

She looked at John very soberly, and let him take her hand under shelter of the table-cloth. John smiled fondly at her. They were having breakfast, they and John's mother, in their own home for the first time. They had been married exactly five weeks, and they had come home from their wedding trip on the previous evening. The home was new only to Valerie. It had been for many years the home of John and of John's widowed mother.

John had explained to Valerie that he might not leave his mother alone, and that she would be loath to relinquish her home, and almost unable to adapt herself to a totally new environment. Valerie was quickly sympathetic.

'She need not, John,' she had said, reassuringly. 'She is older than I, and I don't want to spoil any of her life for her. Of course we will go and live with her. I shan't be a horrid, typical daughter-in-law!' she had warmly concluded.

John did not know exactly what she meant by a typical daughter-in-law, but he assured her again and again that she could not possibly be anything horrid. Their discussions of the practical details of their future invariably ended in such personal irrelevancies.

Valerie certainly looked unlike anything horrid as she gravely returned John's smile. Her rose colored muslin breakfast jacket, with its decoration of black velvet bows artistically sewed on at random, lighted charmingly her fresh young face, and harmonized prettily with the rose stuck also artistically at random in her curly brown hair.

John's mother, about whom there was nothing at random, glanced at Valerie occasionally with an inner disquiet almost equal to Valerie's alarm. In a moment John would be gone, actually gone, for the entire day, and she would be left all alone with John's wife—yes, actually with her daughter in law! She had also been amply prepared and amply warned, touching the inevitable emergency; but she also looked soberly at John.

He thought that his mother was thinking how beautiful it was to have Valerie permanently in the house; and again he smiled. His mother was gentle and tender beneath all precision and primness concerning which John's cousin Eleanor had solemnly warned Valerie,—Valerie, whose theories of order were undeveloped,—and she had assured John that his wife would be most welcome.

'I have no intention, my dear,' John's mother had said to him, 'of being a conventional mother in law—and it will be sweet to have a daughter.'

She had the gentlest intentions; but as she looked at Valerie she recalled vividly all that her niece Eleanor, who had been in college with Valerie, had said regarding the girl's tendency to leave her hat on the piano, her umbrella on the library table, her overshoes on the stairs, or her book on the floor.

'Valerie is an angel,' Eleanor had said but she thinks a house is made just to live in. She has such a picturesque, disorderly way of being orderly!

John's mother had had occasion to appreciate the justice of Eleanor's criticism, for Valerie had visited her for a week before her marriage. John's mother had given the criticism not very much thought; but now Valerie was no longer a guest; she was a permanency!

The permanency was meditating upon the possibility of going with John, and spending the day at his office. The nearer he approached the end of his breakfast, the more clearly she remembered his cousin Eleanor's confidence concerning her mother-in-law; yes, she actually had come into possession of a mother-in-law! What should she do with her? Eleanor had said, impressively:

'My dear, John's mother is lovely, but she is the precise person that ever existed. She has kept her silver teapot in the mathematically same spot for thirty-five years; she told me so herself! She has a place for every pin, and she keeps the pin exactly in it.'

'Well,' Valerie had said, 'I don't care. She has a perfect right to keep her pins

and her teapot where she likes. I don't care where things are kept.'

'You certainly don't!' Eleanor had exclaimed. 'That is the very point. You are a dear, but you never did have a real place for a thing; and if you had, you probably wouldn't keep the thing in it—all the time. Would you, Valerie?'

'No, I suppose not,' Valerie had returned, 'but you know I've visited John's mother. I shocked her a little, I'm afraid, but she was very kind.'

'Wait until she is your mother-in-law,' the well-intentioned Eleanor had said.

Valerie had waited so happily, but now—she thought of the silver teapot. 'Thirty-five years! Thirty-five minutes would be nearer the time I'd have kept it in one place!' she reflected.

She looked at John's mother curiously, almost forgetting that she had stayed in the house for a week with her—and, presumably, with the silver teapot; she had not noticed exactly where John's mother kept it. Her mother-in-law in turn looked at Valerie, almost forgetting, on her part, the visit during which Valerie had been so demure and sweet that her habit of dropping her small personal belongings about the house had been all forgiven. Eleanor's words gained weight. Disorderly order might be picturesque, but it was contradictory, thought John's mother.

John serenely finished his breakfast, and methodically folded his napkin. He wondered why his mother and his wife were so silent. He even asked them, but they smiled and did not tell him.

Valerie followed him into the hall, dropping her handkerchief, two hair pins and the rose from her hair on the way. She detained him as long as possible; then she went to the gate with him. At the gate she told him five times to come home early very early. She lingered until he turned the corner; then, restraining a wild impulse to run after him, she slowly returned to the house.

'How absurd I am!' she told herself. 'But I am so afraid John's mother won't really be fond of me. She thinks I'm frivolous, I know.'

John's mother met her in the hall. She held Valerie's rose, her handkerchief and hairpins in her hand. She was a kind woman, but her life had followed for many years the selfsame pattern, and she had acquired a cool fixed demeanor that might have made a less sensitive, impulsive daughter in law than Valerie shrink. 'I think you dropped these?' she said, and Valerie felt uncomfortable.

'Thank you,' she answered. She tucked the rose and the hairpins in her hair, and pushed the handkerchief into her sleeve. Her face was so serious that John's mother was distressed.

'What shall I ever do with her?' she asked herself. 'I had rather hoped she might love me, but she evidently thinks me foolishly particular.' She turned to go into the dining room, and Valerie followed her.

'Do let me help you!' said Valerie. 'I don't know very much about housekeeping—but if you will tell me how, I'd love to help about everything.' She was divided between a feeling that she really ought to help and the fear that John's mother might not desire her to help. She suddenly wondered if John's mother expected her to attend to all the household affairs. She decided to write and ask her own mother's opinion; but meanwhile she must carefully feel her way. 'Eleanor says that you are a wonderful housekeeper,' she said, lifting her face to John's mother eagerly.

John's mother smiled; she was a trifle vain because the silver teapot had never, except when in actual use, left its appointed place. Valerie was coming nearer. John's mother accepted her help.

Valerie did her best, but her heart sank. 'How shall I ever endure it?' she wondered, when John's mother explained to her that the coffee urn also belonged in a particular place, that the sugar bowl was not kept in the ice-chest, and that soapy water made cut glass dull. They spent a sober, restrained morning. After luncheon Valerie, almost on the point of tears, took refuge in her room, 'to write letters,' and John's mother patiently did again the things that Valerie had assisted her in doing. 'Can I really endure this—in my old age?' she asked herself.

Valerie found that her letters refused to be written. John would not be home for at least three hours! She cast about in her mind for some cheering occupation. John had mentioned that their wedding presents had arrived; that the boxes con-

taining them were in the room at the end of the hall. She decided to ask John's mother to help her arrange them.

She went down stairs, her gloom somewhat lightened. It was so pleasant to remember that the wedding presents had no accustomed proper places! Valerie peeped into the dim parlor, with its chairs so precisely set in place, its books so fixedly arranged on the table, which was so geometrically placed in the center of the room. John's mother was not in the parlor, and Valerie wandered about the house looking for her.

'I shall be nice to her always, regardless—if I perish in the attempt!' she heroically resolved. Valerie's ideas of order were perhaps chaotic, but her sweetness of nature was as fixed as the place of her mother-in-law's silver teapot.

John's mother was sitting in the dining-room, hemming an apron. Her face looked tired and pale, and Valerie hesitated a little as she suggested the arranging of her wedding gifts. 'You look a little tired,' she said, gently. 'Perhaps you'd rather not.'

She was seized with an impulse to sit in her mother-in-law's lap and kiss her. Her own mother found such treatment refreshing when she was tired; but Valerie feared that a mother-in-law might find it even proper.

Yet the mother-in-law, who had seen Valerie with her own mother, was wishing that the girl would sit in her lap and kiss her. She was coming a little nearer her daughter in law, and she reflected that Valerie might have committed a greater crime than the putting of the sugar bowl into the ice chest. John's mother was very gentle, and John's wife was very sweet natured. They were doing their best to surmount their unlikeliness and Eleanor's warnings. It was not easy, but it was less difficult than they thought.

They unpacked the wedding gifts, and brought the majority of them down stairs. Valerie had expected to scatter them about the house. She had expected to display the cups, the little silver dishes and the pretty embroideries on an afternoon tea table; she had a college girl's fondness for a tea table. She mentioned tentatively her expectation, but her mother in law said:

'They will get so dusty, my dear. Wouldn't it be better to keep such beautiful things carefully in the china closet and silver drawers?' She made the suggestion kindly; she remembered that Valerie did not appreciate the degree of care needed by silver and glass and china; and Valerie's gifts were too fine, she thought, to be dulled and tarnished by dust.

The girl's disappointment was keen. The wedding gifts were such cherished possessions, she wanted them in a familiar confusion. She had determined, however, not to be a typical daughter in law, and she smilingly allowed them to be arranged in orderly, straight lines, in places in which they would belong—perhaps for thirty five years! The occupation lost its interest, but it helped the flight of time.

'John will soon be here,' thought Valerie. 'If it were not for John, I would go straight home—without waiting to dress. I simply don't know how to be orderly, and I'm really afraid John's mother will never get used to me.'

In spite of this reflection, she thanked John's mother very charmingly, and went slowly away to dress for dinner. John's mother looked after her. The girl's step seemed listless; her face, even with its smile, had been too wistful to escape her notice. She remembered other things that Eleanor had said. Suddenly she remembered that Valerie was a girl—a little girl, she gently amended her remembrance.

'Valerie,' she said, 'come here, my dear child.'

Valerie gazed at her in surprise. She went quickly to her side. John's mother took her hand and looked at its bright new wedding ring. She looked up at the girl's sweet face, at the disordered hair with its drooping rose. She remembered that she was older than Valerie's mother, and she smiled, partly at Valerie, and partly at the recent dismay caused by this tangle-haired, womanly little girl.

'My dear,' she said very gently, 'are you tired?'

Valerie quite forgot that this was her mother-in-law, who was precise, who had kept her silver teapot in the same place for thirty-five years. She remembered that she was John's own mother, her own new mother. She sat on the arm of her chair and put her arms around her neck.

'No, I'm not tired; I'm only afraid I—I will be an awful trial to you. I've never kept anything in the same place for thirty-five years!'

It was a foolish little explanation, but it had a pleasant effect upon John's mother. She laughed and patted Valerie's rosy cheek. 'I hadn't supposed so, my dear. I am a reasonable woman, and as you are only twenty—' She interrupted herself

and said more seriously: 'But my dear, you may keep your silver teapot in as many places as you like. You know this is your home now, too, and you must be happy in it. I don't know how girls are accustomed to keeping things. I was a girl so long ago—'

'If you will keep me in your heart, you may keep my teapot anywhere you like!' whispered Valerie, impulsively.

'So you may, my dear, if you will keep me in yours,' replied John's mother. 'You may move mine to some other place if you like.'

Valerie slipped into her lap. 'Now that you know just where to keep me, for always and I know where to keep you for always, I think we can easily arrange for the silver teapots—and such things,' she said, with a contented laugh. And to the surprise of all the cousins,—and particularly Eleanor,—they did, with complete mutual satisfaction.

The Spring Feeling

NOT EXACTLY SICK—BUT
NEITHER ARE YOU WELL.

"Close Confinement During the Winter Months Has Left You Weak, Easily Depressed and "Out of Sorts."

The words "weak and depressed" express the condition of thousands of people in the spring time. It is one of nature's signs that humanity cannot undergo months of indoor life in badly ventilated buildings with impunity. Sometimes you have a headache; slight exercise fatigues you; your appetite is variable; you are easily irritated or depressed; perhaps there are pimples or slight eruptions that indicate that the blood needs attention. Whatever the symptom may be it should be attended to at once, else you will fall an easy prey to graver disease. Do not use a purgative in the hope that it will put you right. Any doctor will tell you that purgatives weaken, that they impair the action of the liver and create chronic constipation. A tonic is what is needed to help nature fight your battle for health, and there is only one always reliable, never failing tonic, and that is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have no purgative action. They make rich, red blood, strengthen the tired and jaded nerves, and make weak, depressed, easily tired people, whether old or young, bright, active and strong. Among those who have proved the health giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Emma Chaput, of Lake Talon, Ont., who says: "I cannot thank you enough for the good I have derived through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I honestly believe that but for them I would now be in my grave. My health was completely broken down. My face as white as chalk, and if I made the least effort to do any housework I would almost faint from the exertion, and my heart would beat violently so that I feared I would drop where I stood. I was a great sufferer from headaches and dizziness as well, and my appetite was so poor that I scarcely ate at all. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me, and then I decided to send for some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes and before I used them all I was as well as I had ever been with a good healthy color, a good appetite and an entire freedom from the ailments that had made me so miserable. You may be sure that I will always have a warm regard for your invaluable medicine."

Do not experiment with other so-called tonics—you are apt to find it a waste of money and your health worse than before. You will not be experimenting when you use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have proved their value the world over, and you can rely upon it that what they have done for others they will do for you. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Linguistic Triumph in China.

It was during the height of the late military troubles in China, and an English correspondent was standing near two Alsatians of the German troops. One said to the other:

'Schang, schynt d'sunn schun?' (John, is the sun shining yet?)

His companion replied: 'Ja, d'sunn schynt schun lang?' (Yes, the sun has been shining a long time.)

An English soldier chanced to pass as this interesting conversation was progressing, and he stopped to listen. Then he exclaimed feelingly and with evident admiration:

'Wonderful fellows these Germans! Only been here a week, and blowed if they aint talking Chinese already!'

An Error of Judgment.

A colored citizen, says the Atlanta Constitution, gave a justice of the peace a big fat possum as a wedding fee. Meeting the groom a year after the justice said:

'Well, Jim, how do you like married life?'

'Well, sah,' was the reply, 'all I kin say is—I wish I'd eat that possum.'

Neighborly: Husband—lan't it about time Mrs. Borrone was returning our call. Wife—Yes, but, if she does return it, it will be more than she does with the other things she gets from us.

THE SIX KINGS EDWARD.

One Belonged to the House of Tudor and the Other Five Plantagenets.

Previous to the monarch who reigns as Edward VII., England had six Kings Edward, five Plantagenets and one Tudor. It is an interesting fact that the title of Prince of Wales, which the present king so long bore, was established by the first Edward, who conquered that little kingdom.

Edward I. was born in 1239. Destined to be the last English monarch who would ever embark in a crusade, he was in the Holy Land when his father, Henry III., died. He had made a great reputation as a fighting man, and he maintained it by his wars against the Welsh and Scotch and French. He amended the laws of his kingdom, and enforced them, too, and his reign of thirty five years was in many respects a wise and just one. Tradition says that he massacred the Welsh birds. He shared, no doubt, the cruelty of his time. It was during his reign that the house of commons was instituted.

The story goes that King Edward, who, for all his fighting, had failed to subdue Scotland, charged his son and successor not to bury him, but to boil his bones clean in a caldron and carry them before the English army until the Scots were overthrown! But that son, Edward II., was no such sturdy character as his father, and it was in his reign that the Scots so completely routed the English at Bannockburn.

He lavished wealth and honors on unworthy favorites, quarreled with everybody he should have cherished, and finally his queen and some of his nobles made war upon him and deposed him. He was murdered in Berkeley Castle in the year 1327, when he was forty-three years old, and had reigned inefficiently for twenty years.

Edward III., the son of this unfortunate monarch, is best known, perhaps, as the father of Edward the Black Prince, who won the great battles of Crecy and Poitiers. But the third Edward, who reigned for fifty years, was a resolute, well-meaning man, and so good a general himself that he carried out his grand-father's pet ambition and conquered Scotland—for a time. The greater glory of the reign, although Edward could have hardly realized it, was that in his day Wycliff arose.

The fourth Edward was born almost a hundred years later, and came to the throne as a result of the Wars of the Roses. He was Edward, Earl of March, son of the Duke of York, the White Rose champion, and he succeeded Henry VI.

Warwick, 'the kingmaker,' put Edward on the throne, and afterward reinstated Henry. Finally Warwick and Henry were killed, and Edward, who, although vain, avaricious, sensual and cruel, was more popular than better men have been, remained in undisputed possession of the throne. He died in 1483, having reigned twenty-two years.

Everybody has read the pitiful history of Edward V., a lad who was only thirteen when his father died. The little king was never crowned, and most of the few weeks he held his title he spent in prison, his uncle, Richard, duke of Gloucester, having had himself appointed 'Protector of the State.' Soon Edward's eleven-year-old brother, the Duke of York, was imprisoned with him, and the two little princes were murdered in the tower.

Edward VI., another boy king, was the son of Henry VIII., and although he reigned—under a protectorate—only six years, dying at the age of fifteen, it seems a safe prediction that he would have been a better man than his father. He died almost three hundred and fifty years ago. What a wonderland the England of Edward VII. would seem to an Englishman of his day!

Trifling With Mrs. Nation's Zeal.

W. L. Higgins perpetrated a practical joke on Carrie Nation while the smasher was in Indianapolis. A well-known local dentist, who dresses well and is rather adipose, was standing at the corner of Pennsylvania and Washington streets when Mrs. Nation got through haranguing the crowd there.

'Look at that man,' said Mr. Higgins, pointing to his friend the doctor. 'He is well off, and he makes his money out of the tears of orphans, the wails of widows and the groans of strong men.'

'He keeps a rum shop, does he?' said the smasher, darting a piercing glance in his direction.

'No,' said Mr. Higgins, 'he is a dentist.'

An accident: Fred—I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.

Ed—You don't mean it? Where did you fall?

Fred—I feel asleep.

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.