

THE STORY TELLER

PRINCE DANDELION.

The Prince of Dandelion wandered forth upon the green. And hung his golden banner to the sunshine and the breeze; Behind him trooped the Daisies, and the Crocuses were seen, Like tiny pages, in his train, beneath the maple trees!

Sir Robin Redbreast piped a note as royal heralds do, And from the lists of field and fell there rose a sylvan cry— A cry of royal welcome to a royal Prince and true, Whose domain is a flowerland beneath a smiling sky!

Aforetime Robber Winter bound the gallant Prince in chains, And mewed him in a dungeon cold, with all his regal train; But there came Princess Sunshine, and the Lady of the Rains, Who loved the Prince, and led him forth to glad the world again!

So, Phoebe-bird, and Blue Bird, and the raucous-calling Jay, And every winging creature in the skies of tender blue, Sang welcome to the Golden Prince, and to his fair array, Whose jeweled trappings flashed and burned and hid the earth from view!

The violets in purple robes ran racing over the hills, And Baby Birdseyes peeped and peered from every sunny place To watch the merrymaking of the dancing daffodils, While laughter seemed to ripple from each lovely flower face! —Thomas Emmet Moore, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

IN EXTREMIS.

BY MAARTEN MARTENS.

"GOOD-BYE, Doctor!" "Good-bye, child!" "And thank you kindly." He did not answer, but went down the garden path, between the hollyhocks and sunflowers, an old man, bent with gazing deep into other people's sorrows, yet the tears swam in his kindly eyes as he shambled on through the sunset summer shadows.

Roozje turned by the dairy door; she went back among the blue and white tiles, the sweet smell of milk all around her. She was comely with the freshness of eighteen years' upgrowing in Dutch pastures; her arms and neck stood out, perhaps a shade too delicately veined, against the tight-fitting black of her peasant costume and against her gold-pinned muslin cap.

"Dawdling!" said her stepmother's angry voice.

Roozje started. "I was thinking," she answered confusedly.

"Of the cows?"

"No, mother, not of the cows." "Of sweethearts, then?"

Roozje hesitated. "No, not exactly of sweethearts," she answered slowly.

"Pshaw! what should a farmer's daughter think of but one of them two? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Roozje, and that's what I've been wanting to say to you. If it were an honest young man of your own sort as came courting you, well, so much the better, says I; there's mouths enough anyway to feed in this family. But no decent girl'd allow a young squire to say he was sweet on her."

"He's never said a word like that!" cried the girl, her cheeks flaming; "never said a word all the world couldn't hear. We was friends ever since we was little children. We've always played—"

"I know what I know," replied the big farm dame sententiously, and moved toward the door, but her stepdaughter intercepted her. "What do you know?" exclaimed Roozje, "you're new to these parts, and you don't understand our ways. It's different up in the north from what we do here. We've always played, all our lives, with the squire's children."

"Have you?" Stop now, then, replied the stepmother viciously. She pushed through the door, but pausing to aim straight her final shot: "Madame's maid from the Chateau told me they all know he says that he's sweet on you," she added; "but he don't intend to marry you, he says."

Roozje remained standing in the golden shadows, among the shiny tiles; and the sweet smell of the milk was all around her.

The squire's son came across the dreary fields, in a haze of deep-blue evening, the lazy cattle lifted their heads to see him pass. He stopped by the dairy door; a little dog leaped about him and licked his hand.

"I join my ship to-morrow," he said.

"I know," answered Roozje.

"I have been here just a month," he continued. "It has been a very happy time."

She did not reply.

"Seeing my mother again, and my father, and all the others. What a lot of us there seem to be."

"Not more than here," she said.

"And where many pigs are the wash gets thin," he said, quoting a common proverb.

"Gentlefolks always have enough to eat," replied Roozje.

"Have they, indeed? Much you know about it! You know nothing about it! You know nothing about gentlefolks, Roozje."

"No, indeed," she said humbly. "I mean about their necessities. Now, look at me, a poor sailor man with half a dozen brothers and sisters. Obligated to sail away to the Indies for a livelihood," he laughed, "in the service of her majesty, the queen."

"How long will you be away?" she asked quickly.

"Two years at the very least."

"The poor men's wives!" she said thoughtfully. "What a time it is!"

"Oh, I daresay the wives don't mind. No, I won't say that! 'Tis a hard lot, that of a sailor's wife. I should never dare to offer it to any woman."

She looked at him curiously. "Never intend to marry at all," she said.

"Oh, some day, I suppose, when my seafaring days are over, I shall settle down some where with a bald brow, a middle aged spouse, and money-bags."

She shook her head. "That doesn't sound nice," she said.

"Well, what can I do for the next ten or fifteen years I can't be anything but a sailor. And so I can't marry if I would, and I wouldn't if I could." He spoke with inward heat, as if arguing more against himself than to her.

She rattled the milk pans, moving them, looking away.

"See here, don't let us spoil these last moments, talking about a dismal future. You see, I have come to say good-bye. I shall often think of the farmhouse, Roozje; think of the times when we have all played together in the orchard and the haylofts. What a jolly round dozen we were! And now one of us is dead."

"Yes, one of us is dead," she assented; for he had lost a brother a year ago from typhoid. She repeated the words once or twice among the milk pans: "Only one of us is dead."

"Only? Surely that is enough!" he exclaimed, surprised.

"There might be more," she answered, and spilt a great splash on the floor.

"Lord, what'll your stepmother say! You a milkmaid!"

"I wasn't attending. I don't think I ever did it before. Now, Jonker Dirk, I think you had better go."

"Go? What nonsense! I've only come."

"Mother doesn't like it," said Roozje, blushing.

"Like what! Me? Well, she won't be troubled by my presence for the next two years. Your father was a fool to marry that woman, Roozje."

"Oh, Jonker, hush!"

"Sailors speak their mind. And besides you know it, without my saying anything. She makes you unhappy, Roozje; I hate to think of that while I'm away." With his foot he pushed the splash of milk towards the little farm dog, who began lapping, with great wags of his tail.

"She means well," said Roozje.

"Good-bye, Jonker. God bless you, good-bye."

"No, in thunder! What has the woman been saying to you, Roozje? Come, we have never had any secrets from each other, never, since I told you all my scrapes, and you—I don't think you ever got into any scrapes, not into real bad ones, at least, like me. Have you got into a scrape now?" He looked at her good-naturedly, smiling. Then suddenly, with an angry change of face and voice: "Don't listen to her. Don't believe her. Whatever she says, I've no doubt it's a lie!"

Roozje was silent for full ten seconds. Then she answered, still looking away: "She don't think I ought to have talked with you; that's all."

The great veins rose upon his neck. "Now answer me honestly; have I ever said a word—one word—to make me deserve that?"

"No, oh no! Not one word. But people will talk."

"Talk! Who talks? Why, I am going away; I have had a happy month here. Who talks?"

"They—they—oh, it doesn't matter one bit."

"It matters. I will know." His voice rang low, so strong she could not have disobeyed it.

"It's only stupid servants' talk," she said, the words coming as if they were being dragged forth slowly through a loophole. Your mother's maid has told my mother lies."

He started so violently she could not but see it. "Tell me exactly what she said."

"I couldn't, Jonker."

"You must. At once. In an hour I shall be gone, perhaps for good."

"I couldn't." She hid her face in her hands. "She said you had said things you never could have said, and everybody had heard them."

"Well, it is true," he said simply. "See what parents we have, you and I? I told my mother, for she asked me, and my mother told her maid! Well, what does it matter? I am going away."

She took her hands from her burning face. "Tell it me," she whispered. The shadows fell so heavily, he could barely see her outline against the pewter cans.

"No."

"Tell it me." Her voice grew softer still.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

"Tell it me! Tell it me!" The words barely sank on her breath.

"God in Heaven! I love you, but I cannot marry you, so I oughtn't to have spoken at all."

"Yes, yes, yes. You love me. Of course you cannot marry me."

"I never should have spoken, but for my mother's misdoing! What can I do? I don't want you to believe lies about me. That would be too bad!"

"You love me. Of course you can't marry me. I don't want you to marry me. But, just for a little, you have loved me all the same."

"How can I marry? I cannot marry any one."

"In time, when you come back bald-headed and with medals—medals, please!—you will marry a woman in your own rank of life."

"Confound my rank of life! When I come back, Roozje, I shall visit you in your own farm kitchen, and wish some brave fellow joy."

She smiled, but he could not see that. He bent forward.

"Well, then, must it really be good-bye?"

"Wait a moment! One moment longer! You love me. You really love me? Say it again?"

"Oh, what is the use of saying it? It cuts me like a knife."

"Dear Jonker, it needn't do that. Listen just one moment. One moment longer. Mother will be coming to look for me. I also have got something to say, Jonker. I—I also have got something to say."

"That you don't care for me? Better leave it unsaid."

"Not that—oh, not that!"

"That you are going to marry some one else? So much the better. I know something about that. My mother told me. I should never—no, not even now—have spoken, else."

"It is a lie!" she cried out the words. Alarmed, he hushed her.

"It is a lie!" she cried out the words. "I must pay at once—it is not that, oh, not that! Oh, so different! Jonker, when you come back again I shan't be here. Listen! don't interrupt me. Oh, Jonker, do you think I should have let you say as much as you did—should have led you on to say it—yes, yes, a woman can stop a man or lead him on—if, if—unless—"

"What?"

"Jonker, you know I'm sometimes ill. Didn't you ever think it might be mother's illness? All her family die of it. I asked doctor on purpose this evening. I asked him to come and see me on purpose. I wanted to ask him before you came to say good-bye."

"You ill?" he cried. "Nonsense! you—ah pink and white!"

She shook her head in the darkness. "I made him tell me," she said. "I told him besides that I knew already, and that was true, though, of course, it does sound different. I can't last beyond the winter, he says. It doesn't really much matter. Tell me you love me, Jonker Dirk."

"It isn't true. It isn't true."

"Yes, it is true. Nobody'll care, when you're away. And see here, Jonker, it has brought me the great happiness of all my life—nothing more, anyhow, could come after that."

"It isn't true. It isn't true."

"Say again that you love me before mother comes. Say it again."

He threw his arms around her, he drew her towards him. "I love you; I love you; I love you!" He rained kisses on her upturned face.

"Say it again. Oh, say it again. You see, it is the last time, Jonker!"

"I love you, I love you, I have never loved any one before, dear; I shall never love any one again!"

"Ah, yes, you will! You will love the woman you marry. Promise me, for my sake, you will marry a woman whom you love. Moneybags or no moneybags, Jonker, you will marry a woman you love!"

He kissed her and drew her towards him and kissed her again and again.

"This is my wedding day, you see," she whispered, "but it isn't yours, Jonker—not yours."

"You will marry later on—and be happy—very happy—some day."

The pitch-dark night was about them in the dairy. A bell tumbled in the distance. The little dog scrambled up against his mistress, yelping, jealous, distressed.

"Oh, I love you, I love you!" she murmured. Then "good-bye," she said, and was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

"Old Patch," the Forger.

It was about the year 1784 that the first forgeries on a very large scale were discovered by the Bank of England, and these were done by one man, known from his favorite disguise as "Old Patch." By a large issue of notes spread over a long period he defrauded the bank of more than £200,000, and, having only one confidante, his mistress, great difficulty was experienced in tracing the source of the forgeries. "Old Patch," in his checkered career of lottery office keeper, stock broker and gambler, had given bank notes careful study, and acquired a knowledge of engraving, paper making and printing. He made his own ink, manufactured the paper and printed the notes on a private press. In various disguises he hired boys from the streets to present the notes. Suspicion was at last aroused by his movements; he was thrown into prison, where he cheated the law by hanging himself.—London Chronicle.

A Model Landlord.

Earl Fitzwilliam, father of the earl of that name who died recently, was regarded as an excellent landlord. One day a farmer went to him with the complaint that the earl's fox-hunters had ruined a field of wheat. The earl gave him £250 by way of payment for the damage. Later in the year the farmer returned the money, saying that the wheat had turned out well after all. Thereupon Earl Fitzwilliam drew a check for \$500 and handed it to the man, saying: "This is as things should be, twice man and man. When your eldest son comes of age give him this and tell him how and why you got it."—London Chronicle.

MOVING TIME.



—Minneapolis Journal.

HUMOROUS.

She—"Sometimes I think you don't love me any more." He (reproachfully)—"How could I love you any more?" —Somerville Journal.

Boroughs—"Say, can I see you alone for a minute." Merchant—"Yes, but you can't raise one." Boroughs—"Raise what?" Merchant—"A loan." —Philadelphia Press.

An Exploit—"Is he a skillful physician?" "Is he? Why he straightened out one man's fingers so that you couldn't tell he was a baseball pitcher." —Town and Country.

"I think it is silly to pick up a pin." "Oh, I don't know! I know a fellow that makes \$5 a week picking up pins." "Get out!" "Yes; he works in a bowling alley." —Philadelphia Record.

"Pa and ma got to quarrelling at the breakfast table about which played ping pong the better." "Yes." "And pretty soon they played ping pong with the cups and plates." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Stivers—"When I was your age I never spoke to my father the way you do to me." Young Stivers—"Well, I suppose he was a decent sort of old duffer. It makes all the difference in the world, don't you know?" —Boston Transcript.

"One kiss!" pleaded the confidential clerk. "I'd sooner kiss a serpent than you," hissed the irate typewriter. "Well, I saw you kiss a serpent yesterday." "W—what?" "Yes—the bookkeeper. He's an adder, you know." —Philadelphia Record.

CLAMS TRAP FLOUNDERS.

A Somewhat Fishy Story That Comes from a Town on the Coast of Maine.

The story of how "Sam" Perkins, the village barber, has succeeded in cutting the price of flounders, by using chained clams for bait and making a hitherto elusive fish an easy captive, is exciting considerable interest, and outside of Sandypoint has caused some incredulity, says the New York Herald.

Such clams as are taken out with the fork or lifted from their element by receding ice at once begin an earnest struggle to hide below earth, opening and closing their shells in an effort to bury themselves.

The barber also knew that when a clam closes its shell the grip is firm and lasting. With these two facts in mind he proceeded to work out his scheme.

As soon as the great ice cakes from the Penobscot river had grounded in Gundalow Cove Perkins went to the flats at low water, and digging a pair of large clams, bored a hole in every shell and inserted a chain in the holes, leaving the clams lying about on top of the mud. Then he cleared several rods of the flats of ice, casting it adrift in fragments, and waited for the tide to come in.

Until the barber had removed the ice the flats were cold and lacking in the good cheer which fish require, but as soon as the chilly cakes had gone the sun warmed the mud, and when the tide came slopping along the beach the flounders followed, seeking out the warmest spots as suitable places to take a sun bath.

A flounder is constructed on the plan of a snowshoe, mostly width and length, with no thickness that is worthy of attention. As the fish spread their fat sides out on the warm ooze and made ready to take comfort their fins and tails came in contact with the clams, which had opened their shells and were striving to cover themselves with mud. No sooner did the delicate mechanism inside the clams feel the touch of the flounders than the shells closed with a snap and held on with the zeal of bulldogs.

When the tide receded the barber walked along the beach with a basket and picked up his chained clams, nearly all of which had caught one or more flounders.

Firemen's Teeth.

"The reason of the physical examination of applicants for the position of fireman is so strict on the point of perfect teeth, is because it may easily happen that one man may have to rescue a number of small children from a burning room," said a physician. "When the fireman can hold no more children in his arms he must carry one of them by holding it with his teeth." —Chicago Tribune.

HOSPITAL SECRETS.

A Nurse Says: "Per-na is a Tonic of Efficiency."



MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

Mrs. Kate Taylor, a graduated nurse of prominence, gives her experience with Peruna in an open letter. Her position in society and professional standing combine to give special prominence to her utterances.

CHICAGO, ILL., 427 Monroe St.—"As far as I have observed Peruna is the finest tonic any man or woman can use who is weak from the after effects of any serious illness."

"I have seen it used in a number of convalescent cases, and have seen several other tonics used, but I found that those who used Peruna had the quickest relief."

"Peruna seems to restore vitality, increase bodily vigor and renew health and strength in a wonderfully short time."—MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months, without charge. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

PEN POINTS.

Police sometimes get those who help themselves.

There is a period in every girl's life when she dislikes her surname.

There are probably two historical falsehoods for each historical fact.

The taste of a millionaire are often imprisoned in a pauper's purse.

Pride makes some people ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

Virtue is its own reward and genius is frequently found in the same class.

A genius is a man who is able to dispose of his troubles for a consideration.

When a man wants to borrow money he discovers that his most distant relations don't always live farthest away. —Chicago Daily News.

A CURE FOR DROPSY.

Ashley, North Dakota, June 2nd.—J. H. Hanson of this place has found a cure for Dropsy.

For years Mr. Hanson himself has suffered with Rheumatism of the Heart and Dropsy, and of late has been so bad that he could not work.

He has tried many remedies, but nothing he could get helped him in the least and he was growing worse and worse.

Finally he began a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and to his great delight he soon found that the Dropsical Swelling was gradually going down and that the Rheumatism of the Heart was also disappearing. He says:

"I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am feeling better than I have for five years."

"I am able to work again and if the Dropsy or Heart Trouble ever comes back I will use Dodd's Kidney Pills at once."

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Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and easy to take as a pill.

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FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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