

# THE STORY TELLER

## THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY.

"Tis only common clay, with pebbles scattered through,  
Just common clay,  
Unnoticed by the throng in search of something new,  
The live-long day,  
But 'neath the potter's skillful touch and furnace blast  
'Tis changed to vessel wondrous fair, until at last  
'Tis fit for king to see,  
Or incense lamp to be—  
That ugly, common clay.

Thy life, O fellow-man, is only vulgar earth,  
Just common clay,  
By thee and others trodden down as with-out worth  
From day to day;  
But God can mold it into form so fair and true  
That in His presence thou shalt stand, created new,  
Made fit thy King to see,  
And in His presence be—  
Transformed and glorious clay.

His plan for thee is fairer far than dream of thine—  
Just patient stand,  
His likeness day by day He's tracing, line by line,  
In colors grand,  
Be patient 'neath His touch, nor faint when fierce the blast,  
And soon the task will be complete, until at last  
He'll take thee home, to be  
Through all eternity  
With those at His right hand.

But ere that glorious day shall dawn, undimmed by cloud,  
Eternal day,  
Bring thou, my child, to Christ thy Lord some other clod,  
Some other clay,  
For Him to change from vulgar earth to vessel grand,  
From which shall shine His likeness fair, and which shall stand,  
Without one ugly line,  
Before the King Divine  
In that eternal day.

—George R. Varney, in Chicago Standard.

## CHECK MATE.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

THE two men, riding a little distance from the house, sat on their horses and looked at one another.

"He went there, sure as fate," said the elder man, with decision.

"But she says not," said the younger, much perturbed. "An' if she says so it'll pay us to go slow. Old May's mighty touchy."

The sheriff ran his fingers grimly through his long beard, and gazed at the house in question. "Looks mighty innocent," he said reflectively. "Nobody at home but the girl—her there ironin'—ducks and chickens in the yard—everything like it had been just so for a year."

The young man, who chanced to be deputy sheriff, smiled at his superior with some embarrassment. "Tell ye what," he said blushing, "if he's there I can get that girl to give him up. I'm some acquainted with her," he added, consciously. "I've took her to church once or twice—an' onct on a hay-ride. You just go off down the road and wait at that sycamore tree at the fur side o' the clearin'. Bet you five dollars if the man's there I'll bring him out."

"See what it is to have a kind o' way with women," sighed the sheriff. "There was always somethin' lackin' in me, but whenever I piped they didn't dance, not by a long sight. I'll wait for ye, Ben."

The sheriff rode away as though he had given up the quest, while Ben Pringle, deputy of a week's standing and intent on his first capture, went back to the house he had quitted a few minutes before. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and alert. There was something suggestive of power in the very manner in which he tossed the bridle over a fence-post and slapped the horse's neck, making that animal bound airily; and perhaps the girl within was not altogether unconscious of it.

She bent over the table sprinkling more clothes and singing to herself. The neck of her waist was turned in, showing the round, white throat. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and such arms might have set throbbing an older heart than his. All the mass of her red-brown hair was piled up on her head, but there were alluring little curls that fluffed around her forehead and strayed over her neck. The deputy sheriff inwardly reminded himself that he had come back in pursuit of an escaped prisoner; but when he paused to think he was not quite too sure. As for her, when she straightened up at the sound of his step in the door there was a daring light in her eyes.

"Back already?" she said with a laugh and a toss of her head. "You'd better be out hunting for the man that beat Sol Wiggins, it seems to me."

The deputy sheriff sat down deliberately. "I don't mind waitin' awhile," he said civilly. "We think the man came this way, an' havin' a kind o' friendship for—the family you know—I couldn't rest easy with you here alone and the man loose in the woods."

His eyes were fixed on a closet door just beyond her. That was absolutely the only place possible.

"So! You're worried about me!" said the girl, flashing that light in

her eyes upon him. "Now, isn't that kind of you—especially as father's in the field just over yonder, and if I called he'd come."

She took up an iron from before the fire and held it near her glowing cheek, looking at him the while.

"You seem to forget that other people may be worried about you as well as your father," he said, with an emphasis that was tenderer than he had really meant to make it.

The girl opened her eyes with a babylike stare as she rubbed the iron smooth on a cloth. "Other people?" she repeated. "Oh, yes; you mean my mother, and Aunt Lucy, and Cousin Jim. They are all in town to-day, but perhaps they'll hurry back because they are worried."

He felt that he was not making much headway. The abrupt motion he made tipped his chair down with a crash.

"You know," said the girl, spreading out a garment with elaborate care and beginning to run the iron over it with skillful haste. "I never felt so flattered in my life. Here is a criminal loose in the country—not so very much of a criminal, either, just the man that got into a fight with Sol Wiggins, and laid Sol up for a while—and here comes an officer and stands guard over me, so that I won't be harmed. Now, isn't that beautiful? I suppose that's what the country hires officers for—to come and sit here and watch me iron, and scare off criminals."

Her mockery set his face ablaze; but he would not allow himself to be ridiculed out of his purpose.

"I'd do more than that for you," he said, leaning his elbow on the table and looking up at her.

"Would you?" she asked. "I wish you knew how to iron. If you could only take that off my hands now—or perhaps you wouldn't mind splitting up a little wood there and making a fire in the stove."

Ben Pringle frowned. "I don't know nothin' about that kind of work," he said, firmly; "but I know how to catch up with people that's hidin' criminals from the officers."

She set the iron down before the fire and perched herself on the edge of the table. "Are there people who do such a thing as that?" she asked with awe. "Mercy, what wicked people they must be! When you catch people at a thing like that, what do you do to them? Take them to jail?"

"We settle with 'em," he said, darkly.

"Oh, how awful that sounds," she said, with a shudder. "And now, with so many criminals to catch and people to be settled with, how can you stay here and bother me with my ironing? Do hurry off now and tell Sheriff Barton he isn't hiding here."

She slipped down from the table and began ironing again, humming the remainder of that little tune, as though the discussion was quite finished as far as she was concerned.

"I'll look around a little first," he said, rising with a darkened countenance. His eyes were fastened upon the door of the closet, and he drew near it.

The girl stepped back toward the door and flung up her head like a deer. The time for jesting was over. "What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm goin' to see who's hid in that closet," he thundered, extending a hand.

But she was too quick for him, and sprang to the closet door and stood with her back against it, her round, young arms laid out on either side. Her blood was up, and her brown eyes flashed fire into his.

"Don't dare to touch me!" she cried, the red glow surging into her face; and determined as he was, he fell back discomfited.

"You've got somebody in there," he said, sternly, "an' I'm going to see who it is before I leave."

"Are you?" she said, smiling at him tauntingly, as though she dared him with all his height and strength. "All right—come push me away and break down the door!"

He stood and looked at her with the kind of helplessness that strong men feel in a clash of wills with women. He could have crushed her with one hand. He could have thrust her aside as though she had been a gnat. Yet there she was, standing up and defying him.

"I have to do it, Miss Bert," he said, falteringly. "I hate to do it—mightily, but the law compels me to see into that closet."

"The law doesn't know anything about it," she retorted, with all a woman's unreason.

"But it has to know," he said, almost supplicantly. "Just stand out o' the way, now, Miss Bert, an' let me look into that closet."

She stood still, her pretty head up, her arms thrown back against the wall.

"Do, now, Bert!" he pleaded, desperately. "I hate to do it—if I wasn't compelled, the fellow could go hang for all of me. But I just must see into that closet. I'll—I'll never forgive you if you make me push you out o' the way."

The girl dropped her arms and walked over to the window like an offended princess.

"Open the door, then!" she cried, haughtily; and with deep humiliation, and something rising in his throat and choking speech, he took up a hatchet from the corner and pried the door open.

The shelves within were adorned with boxes and cans and such gear from floor to ceiling. The rest was empty.

As he fell back discomfited the girl burst into ringing laughter.

"Thank you for waiting so long,"

she said, cheerfully. "It gave the man a good chance to get across Hollow Tree ford and into another state. I gave him directions early this morning. I hope you have enjoyed your stay. Come again, Mr. Pringle."

"What did you mean by makin' me think he was hidden there?" he demanded, furiously, unappressed by the dancing brown eyes that looked into his.

"I didn't tell you that he was there," she said, innocently. "You said he was there yourself."

Ben Pringle flung himself out of the house and upon his horse without a backward glance. If he had looked he would have seen the girl standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand and waving something white after him; but he could not look. Down under the sycamore tree vengeance was waiting for him in the person of a grim old sheriff who had an extraordinary gift of language.

The girl watched them out of sight and then turned back into the room. "You can come out now," she said; and the man who had laid Sol Wiggins low came forth from his hiding place.

"Talk about Dellah!" he said, gleefully, as he stretched his cramped limbs, "I'll bet you could give her cards and spa—"

"I wouldn't talk about anything," she said, briefly. "I'd strike out for the lower ford, and try to get across before they find the track again."

And acting on her suggestion he went; but bursts of laughter made merry the solemn road down to the lower ford.

Three weeks later Ben Pringle, still in the depths of humiliation, told Sheriff Barton all about it.

"I thought I knew something about women," he said, irritably, sitting sideways on his horse; "but there she was, ironin' away an' chaffin' me all that time, with him hid under the ironin' table. She had a big quilt spread over it to iron on, an' there he was so close I could 'a' reached out o' caught 'im from where I was sittin'. Blame a woman, that's what I say!"

"Beats me," said the elder man, thoughtfully, "how easy it is for some folks to be come over by a woman. Now, if I'd gone there, looks to me like I'd 'a' seen into that little game. There ought to be somethin' done with that girl. She ought to be taught a lesson."

"That's what I thought," said the deputy, with a chastened spirit. "I went there an' talked to her seriously—an' we're goin' to be married next month. You see it occurred to me—"

"What!" ejaculated the sheriff.

"That there ain't a mob livin' could get a prisoner away from that girl if she didn't want to give 'im up."

The sheriff considered the question thoughtfully.

"But Ned, if that ain't so!" he exclaimed, with astonished conviction. "We'll just take 'er into partnership, Ben—ironin' table an' all!"—Woman's Home Companion.

## ORIENTAL SUAVITY.

Where Truthfulness Is Regarded as Secondary to the Ability to Making One's Self Agreeable.

The gentleman of the east feels bound, out of politeness, to give one the answer that will prove most agreeable. An English traveler, according to Youth's Companion, reports from northern India the result obtained from intelligent natives by repeated inquiries:

"Is it far to Gilgit?"

"Not so far, your highness."

"One or two kos?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Isn't it three?"

"It may be, your highness."

"Is that what it is?"

"It may be five or six, your highness."

"Then why did you say it was one or two?"

"To please your highness."

"Now, what is the real distance?"

"Whatever your highness pleases."

Here is another specimen. At a certain village the traveler inquired of the proper official, the cutwal, as to supplies. "Any eggs or milk?"

"Plenty, your highness."

"Sheep?"

"Plenty, your highness," and so on through the list.

They were told there was plenty of everything. So they ordered a lot of things to be brought, and rejoiced in the idea of plenty—milk, eggs and butter being occasionally scarce; but nothing came. Then they finally sent for the official again.

"Where are the eggs?"

"There are no eggs, may it please your highness."

"No eggs? Well, where's the milk?"

"May it please your highness, I cannot find any milk."

"Cannot find any milk? What do you mean? Where are the cows?"

"There are not any cows, your highness."

"Then why did you say there were plenty of supplies?"

"To please your highness."

Negro Philosophy.

You would have to go far to find a philosophy to match this: A negro, standing in his cabin door during a thunderstorm, exclaimed: "Bless God, lightning's hit de mule, en de sheriff can't levy on him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She Weighed 155.

Mrs. Henpeck—Darling, what would you do if some horrid man should steal me and hold me for a ransom?

Henpeck—Don't make me laugh. I've got a headache.—Detroit Free Press.

## PUZZLE PICTURE.



"I WONDER WHERE THE CADDY HAS GONE."

## MEETING WITH ANACONDA.

Thrilling Experience of a New York Lawyer in Passing Through the Amazon Valley.

A New York lawyer, who has traveled a great deal, had an encounter with an anaconda, which, according to the Post, he describes as follows:

"I was riding ahead of my party along a narrow road in the Amazon valley. My mount was a large white mule, whose only ambition in life seemed to be to bite and kill every one he encountered. I do not know but what he was a more dangerous quadruped than any of the wild animals in the Matto Grosso. On either side of the road rose the forest. The branches of the trees met here and there overhead, so that the thoroughfare looked more like a verdant tunnel than a country road. Suddenly my mule stopped, dropped his ears and turned his head about. Thinking that this was evidence of a desire on his part to bite my leg, I was about to whip him when I noticed that he was shivering all over in an ague.

"I looked up and down the road, and then I shivered. Not more than 60 feet away a huge snake, half-coiled around a bough which projected over the road, lay swinging and looking at me with a glare that was not at all assuring. I had left my rifle behind on a baggage mule, and had nothing with which to fight save a hunting-knife. I drew this promptly from the scabbard, and with the courage worthy of a better cause, used it as a spur upon my luckless steed, which turned and galloped for dear life in the opposite direction.

"I reached my party, got the rifle and with my men galloped back to secure the constrictor. The reptile and I must have had the same brand of bravery. He had dropped from the bough and vanished in the recesses of the jungle."

## Apple Cream Filling.

Make a smooth apple sauce from nice tart apples. Sweeten to taste, flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon; to each cupful apple thus prepared add one well-beaten egg (or yolks of two) and one-half cupful cream. If mixture is too thin, heat and stiffen with flour or corn-starch. Cover top of pie with thick meringue and decorate with bits of bright red apple jelly.—Ladies' World, New York.

## The Eminent Lawyer's Client.

"What," asked the eminent criminal lawyer, "is your friend's defense?"

"That depends altogether on you," replied the friend of the accused.

"If he had one we would be consulting a cheaper lawyer."—Indianapolis News.

## SAFEST PLACE ON EARTH.

Not One Passenger Killed on English Railway Trains in an Entire Year.

The board of trade returns of railway casualties in the United Kingdom during 1901 show that in the course of that year out of the millions and millions of passengers whirled along behind the iron horse not a single one met his death through an accident to a train, reports the London Telegraph. And it speaks eloquently for the arrangements of the companies, the care and skill of their servants, and the soundness of their material that this record, as it is, should be established at a time when services are fuller, speeds faster and travelers more numerous than at any previous time since George Stephenson's great invention was put to general public use. It is true that there were mishaps, and that some persons were killed and many injured, but not one of the former was a passenger, and the number of the latter was about 400 short of the corresponding figure for 1900. To be exact, during last year accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, etc., were responsible for the deaths of eight railway servants and three persons other than passengers, and for injuries to a total of 637, out of whom 476 were members of the public.

It is evident that if one is going to have anything at all to do with railways, one is safest in a train that is on the move, for in the course of the year 135 passengers were killed and 1,669 injured by falling between carriages and platforms, getting into or out of compartments, tumbling on to the lines or crossing them at inappropriate moments, or in other ways that could easily have been avoided by the exercise of a little care and prudence. All casualties whatever on railways or the premises appertaining to them, including those affecting employes, caused the deaths of 1,171 persons and injuries to 6,740 others. Nor does the board omit to record that during the 12 months 45 horses, 5 donkeys, 30 bulls and cows, 125 sheep, 6 pigs, 3 dogs and 1 deer strayed on to the lines with effects disastrous to themselves.

## No Help from Her.

"Miss Frisbie—Ellen, love," said young Mr. Gallagher, timidly, "I have lost my heart."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Mr. Gallagher," replied the maiden, not unkindly. "I haven't found it."—Detroit Free Press.

## Fast Understanding.

How some people who are so widely different from us can be satisfied with themselves is past all human understanding.—Chicago Daily News.

## A SHOCK FOR JOHN BULL.



J. Bull—Well he did turn the island over to 'im—blast me bloomins' boys—the old ganabo is goin' plumb daffy! —Minneapolis Journal

## POPULIST CANDIDATES.

A Complete State Ticket is Placed in the Field with Thomas G. Meighan as Candidate for Governor.

Governor, Thomas G. Meighan, Fillmore.  
Lieutenant Governor, John B. Hontela, Otter Tail.  
Auditor, O. S. Reishus, Yellow Medicine.  
Treasurer, E. W. Knatvold, Freeborn.  
Attorney General, F. J. Seidle, Traverse.  
Clerk Supreme Court, H. B. Imstahl, Marshall.  
Secretary of State, Spurgeon O'Dell, Lyon.  
Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner, F. C. Gibbs, LeSueur.

The foregoing was the ticket nominated by the Minnesota Populist convention in Century hall, Minneapolis, July 2:

The nominations were all made by acclamation except that of E. N. Knatvold for treasurer. J. B. Duker, of Hennepin, and F. X. Beaudette, of Dakota, ran against him. John McGuire of Lac qui Parle was placed in nomination but his name was withdrawn. Knatvold received 353 votes. Duker 123 and Beaudette 79.

Mr. Meighan made a short speech in accepting the nomination, in which he said populism was his religion.

Mr. Horta declared he was a Republican of the Abraham Lincoln school and his remark was heartily applauded. He said that conditions which later came up in the Republican party had made him a Populist.

The platform as adopted was as follows:

We, the representatives of the People's party of Minnesota, in convention assembled this 24 day of July, 1902, do hereby reaffirm our allegiance to the fundamental principles of our party, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and in our several platforms, embodying the public ownership of all public utilities, direct legislation, and the issue of all public money direct by the government, every dollar of it full legal tender, whether paper, silver or gold. We believe the Fowler banking bill now before congress is a gross inequity conceived by a heartless money trust.

All monopoly, as a rule, is the direct result of unwise legislation, either to restrict or stimulate the development of natural resources, and the growth of business enterprises, for the profit of selfish commercial combinations.

We look with alarm upon the vast industrial combinations to control the prices of the necessities of life, and we charge the Republican party with having fostered such combinations by excessive and discriminating tariff laws, and with negligence in enforcing the anti-trust laws now on our statute books. We propose that import duties be removed from all articles, the production or sale of which is controlled by a combine, and that the criminal law be revoked for the punishment of violators of the anti-trust laws.

We are opposed to the national banking system of the money trust.

We demand the payment of the national debt, and an enlargement of the issue, and circulation of the paper currency known as greenbacks.

We demand an amendment of the federal constitution, that will sustain an income tax.

We demand the establishment of government postal savings banks for the safe deposits of the earnings of the people.

In disposing of problems that have been thrust upon our country by the exigencies of war, we do not believe that it is necessary to make foreign people citizens of the United States, our subjects thereof and declare ourselves in favor of according to all such people, the same rights that the American people have insisted upon for themselves since the foundation of this republic.

We believe that the system of taxation now in vogue in this state, is grossly unjust and severely condemn the last Republican legislature for its failure to enact a just and equitable tax code. We believe that all state taxes should be levied on franchises, incomes and inheritances, and that county option be granted in the matter of local taxation.

We demand that as far as possible the common schools of the state should be divorced from the university system, and a more thorough instruction be given in the fundamental branches of common school education.

We declare in favor of extending to the raters of each county the right of local option in the matter of granting license to sell liquor within the county limits.

We favor the enactment and rigid enforcement of laws reducing freight rates upon the railroads of the state.

We ask the people of the state to contrast the abject subservency to railroad influence of the railroad commissioners elected at the last general election with the determined protection of the people displayed by the Populist commission appointed by Gov. Lind.

First. Be it resolved that we do pledge ourselves and our nominated and our elected officials whether in state, county or otherwise, to the support of the doctrines herein enumerated, and other principles which may naturally arise from the same.

Second. Be it further resolved that we do hereby endorse the able and efficient administration of Gov. Lind and congratulate the state of Minnesota on having enrolled his name among its list of governors and on having made his work and policies a part of the history of the state.

Third. And be it resolved that we do pledge ourselves to the maintenance of a separate and distinct party organization, and in the exercise of the right of franchise to the support of our own independent nominees for positions of public trust.

At the night session resolutions expressing regret at the death of Ignatius Donnelly were adopted. A resolution declaring the party to be in favor of an eight hour day for workmen was also adopted.

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

The annual crow hunt of the Elkin (Ill.) Gun club resulted in the slaughter of 1,396 crows.

There is no limit to the duration of the sessions of the Massachusetts legislature, such as now exists in most states.

"Molasses" is the name of a new cattle food made in the West Indies. It consists of 90 to 95 per cent of molasses and 15 to 20 per cent of cuscuth, the finest part of the fiber of sugar cane.