

THE STORY TELLER

THE BOY FROM TOWN.

Last night a boy came here from town
To stay a week or so,
Because his maw is all run down
And needs a rest, you know.
His name is Ocell, and he's eight,
And he can't ride the cat.
His maw calls him "Pet," I'd hate
To have a name like that.
He wears a collar and a tie
And can't hang by his toes;
I guess that I would nearly die
If I had on his clothes.
He can't ride bareback, and to-day,
When we ride on the straw,
He says if roosters help to lay
The eggs I pick for maw.
When our old grander hissed he run
As though he thought he'd bite,
And he ain't ever shot a gun
Or had a homemade kiter.
He never milked a cow, and he
Can't even drive or swim—
I'd hate to think that he was me,
I'm glad that I ain't him.
He thinks it's lots of fun to pump
And see the water spurt,
But won't climb in the barn, and jump,
For fear of gettin' hurt.
His clo's are off'n nice and fine,
His hair's all over curls,
His hands ain't half an big as mine,
He ought to play with girls.
A little while ago when we
Were foolin' in the shed
He suddenly got mad at me,
Because I bumped his head.
There's lots of things that he can't do,
He thinks that sheep'll bite,
And he's afraid of granders, too;
But he can fight all right.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Man Who Would Not Be Saved.

BY HENRY OYEN.

AN almost dismantled, forsaken, adobe house stood alone near the edge of the sand-plain in the midst of a world of sand, sun and mountains.
To the east a range of squalid black rocks rose into a precipitous mountain range, striving with their dark-foreboding presence to subdue the exuberant gladness of the brilliant sunshine. To the west the monotonous yellow level stretched out like a tawny carpet, to where a slight rise in the land caused it to meet the sky as sharp and distinct as a placid lake meets the sandy beach.
On the side of the shack nearest to the mountain side stood a new freshly-painted army ambulance; a note of modernity interlarded in a world-old symphony of sand, rocks and atmosphere.
Crosswise on the tongue of the vehicle, limp as a half-filled grain bag, lay the form of a man clad in the stripeless trousers of a private soldier, and near him, in a tangle of gear and harness, lay a pair of the mule team that he had but recently driven.
At first glance it was easily discernible that man and mules were but recently dead from gunshot wounds, and here and there a bullet had torn its way through the sides of the ambulance, ripping off splinters and exposing the white wood beneath the dark paint. On every hand were unmistakable signs of strife.
Within the adobe house Second Lieut. Horton, recently Cadet Horton, of West Point, now stationed at Fort Pratt, was hurriedly making preparations to resist the band of Apaches who swarmed amongst the black rocks and took occasional pot shots at the house, until the officers at Fort Pratt would become alarmed at the non-appearance of the ambulance, and send a force over the trail and rescue him and the girl who was with him.
The devoted mescaleros who squatted behind the rocks were in no haste to rush in and finish the game which they had so securely trapped.
They had two mute witnesses up there among the rocks, two who were just as dead as the private who lay across the ambulance tongue, to testify to the marksmanship of the man in the house, and the rest were in no frame of mind to risk their lives by exposing themselves to his fire. There was much time. There was but one man in the house—and a woman. Long before the troop had arrived from Fort Pratt they could have easily disposed of the man, looted the ambulance and scattered out over their almost untraceable trails among the mountains.
So they crouched closely down behind their shelters, and leisurely satisfied their instincts for long-range shooting.
Horton, quite well aware that the trait of self-preservation—the terrible dislike to be the "first through the breach"—was exceptionally well-developed in the race to which those among the rocks belonged, hoping that by giving them an exhibition of his shooting he might cause them to delay their attack at close quarters until the dark afforded them a cloak, and by that time—well, if the men from Fort Pratt had not put in appearance before then, there would be a vacancy in the line of second lieutenants.
So Horton carefully directed the girl to a corner where the walls appeared strongest and hastily began to cut loop-holes, and organized

himself into a garrison of one to fight a score.
The bright sunlight which caused every speck on the mountain side to stand out wonderfully vivid, materially aided him, and after he had found the correct range he managed by carefully shooting at every exposed redskin to force a very wholesome fear into the soul of the enemy.
The girl, entirely inefficient to render any aid, sat silently watching with a wonderful kind of interest the boy who was doing all that man could do to save his life and her own. Occasionally a bullet bored through the mud walls and sent the dry mud flying in their faces, but the range was great and the walls stopped the majority of the bullets.
The hours seemed to come and go, to them; a dozen times Horton had momentarily ceased his fire to listen for the welcome thud of hoofs, and as often was disappointed. It was in reality but an hour before he suddenly discovered that his supply of rifle ammunition had been expended, and that the six charges in his pistol were his only remaining articles of defense. The girl saw this as he discarded the rifle and drew the pistol, and felt her heart sink as she realized the situation. She saw him as he gazed searchingly out over the plain in an effort to discern a bit of friendly blue, and saw the despair which no man can hope to conceal, come into his face and snuff out the bit of hope and dignity brought there by the joy of well fought combat.
Horton carefully examined each precious charge in the pistol, striving to force himself to think calmly; and all the time an unknown voice repeatedly asserted that further resistance was entirely useless. Still, possessed by that wonderful Anglo-Saxon courage which grows more and more rebelliously firm as the fight goes more and more to the enemy, he quietly informed the girl that he had only begun to fight, and by his demeanor attempted to live the lie.
Instinct, however, told the girl that his cheerfulness was entirely assumed, but by neither word nor look did she betray this knowledge.
Silent, not voicing vain regrets, nor weak vindictives, they stood, living for the moments that reeled off with fearful regularity, each fraught with the question of life or death. Occasionally Horton, from force of habit, glanced at his timepiece, and each time he slightly shook his head.
The wary Apaches, noting that the white man's terrible rifle was stilled, had stolen down to the last fringe of rocks that offered them protection, and were making visible preparations for a rush. Still, they knew that the blue-shirted cavalymen had an uncomfortable habit of shooting terribly fast and accurate at short range, with the pistol, and so they still hesitated.
Horton, closely watching their every move and carefully weighing every circumstance, reluctantly decided that the time had come to make the girl aware of the hopelessness of their situation.
"It's all up with us now, I'm afraid, Miss Jordan," he said, quietly. "They're getting ready for a rush out there, I see, and when they try that, I'm afraid I won't be able to hold them off. I'll only have time to fire—probably a couple of shots, then they'll—"
"I know," she said, quickly, as if the privilege of speech was a relief after the long pulseless wait. "We'll be killed. Well, you'll find that I'm not afraid to die."
The boy became visibly embarrassed.
"Tisn't that," he said, drooping his eyes to the floor. "They won't kill you, you know, Miss Jordan; tisn't their style with white women. They'll—they'll let you live; you understand, don't you, Miss Jordan?"
For a moment she did not comprehend, then when the revelation dawned upon her all her composure and self-possession gave way.
"My God, they don't really do that, do they?" she cried.
The boy nodded.
"Oh, it can't be," she said, clasping her hands as the fearfulness of the boy's disclosures grew upon her. "I'd sooner die a hundred times." She stopped suddenly, for her eyes, roaming furtively, had fallen upon the pistol in the boy's hand, the only lethal weapon remaining to them. Her gaze rose steadily to his frank eyes, and for a moment they gazed at each other, each fully cognizant of the other's thoughts. The boy grew sick at heart, for there was a world of pleading in the girl's eyes.
"You will, won't you?" she said, abruptly. "You'll surely spare me the fate of falling into their hands alive." It was a weak little plea, a plea which told of all hope for life departed, and only a wish remaining for decent death.
Horton walked to a loop-hole and scanned the plain in an effort to find one clew upon which to hang a single thread of hope. But nothing new appeared to disturb the never-ending monotony of the landscape. Then the hope died in his breast.
"It shall be as you wish, Miss Jordan," he said simply.
"Thank you," she said.
He stooped and reverently placed her hand to his lips. He would have also spoken, for they had come to be very close to each other in this short moment of awful trial, but an unknown odor of sanctity held him in reserve. He held her hand for a moment, then dropped it and turned to the door.
It was a pathetically heroic tableau they presented as they stood there, subdued by the calmness of despair, awaiting the end.

The afternoon sun came slantingly in through the rude windows and cast strange, golden lights and dark shadows upon them.
Outside the sun shone on the yellow sand and the black rocks as it had shone from the beginning, and a breath of sun laden breeze coming into the room mocked them with the song that the world was still good to live in.
The girl stood with clasped hands, gazing straight towards from where the fatal bullet would come, perfectly resigned and fearless to meet her God; the boy with bowed head, subdued by the duty imposed upon him, stood facing the door, idly rolling the cylinder of the revolver between his thumb and finger, waiting, waiting.
When the first naked rifles bounded up to the door with rifles held at ready, he fired twice, quickly, at the foremost, then as more came forward to take the fallen's places, he turned and skillfully shot her through the heart. When he turned to meet his fate Horton feared for a moment that his senses had left him.
The foremost Apache fell a wringing heap in the doorway as if struck down by a swift and powerful hand, and almost simultaneously one more fell likewise.
It was some seconds afterwards that the rifle reports coming up from the mountain pass where Lieut. Thompson and his troop—traveling towards Fort Pratt—were firing, dismounted, told Horton that he was saved.
For a moment the new lease of life fairly exhilarated him. Then his eyes fell upon the form of the girl, as she, a white, still heap upon the mud floor, lay beside him.
After all, Thompson and his men were too late. He was not to be saved. The girl was dead, and he had no right—
The first trooper to enter was a lightly-mounted private, and he found them lying almost side by side.
Lieut. Thompson, when he saw them, remarked that there would be two more scores for Horton's company to even up when it came their day to reckon face to face with Sultateau's mescaleros.—Overland Monthly.
Somewhat Chromatic.
A Virginia reader sends a story told by the late Alban S. Payne ("Nicholas Spicer") as an actual occurrence. It concerned a hard-riding, hard-drinking young Englishman who settled near Linden, that state, in the expressed hope that the rustic surroundings would prove an aid in ridding him of his abnormal thirst. But he clung to his old habits, and soon became a connoisseur in moonshine distillations, rather preferring them, after a time, to those bearing the government stamp. His face was a mingled purple and sunset-red, the joint product of whisky and an open-air life; and he had nothing of charm apart from his faultless manners to offer the pretty mountain girl who consented to become his wife. One afternoon he was carried home pretty well muzzed up as the result of a fall. The gravel of the roadside, the green of the grass and the smear from some cuts added to the colorfulness of his countenance; and the young wife, when Dr. Payne arrived, rushed out on the porch, screaming: "O, doctor! doctor! go in to him—quick! He has all the diseases of the rainbow!"—Philadelphia Times.
Don't Hurry.
Any one can hold out a dumb-bell for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of The Scarlet Letter steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday. The three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to Middlemarch does not in itself afford any criticism of the value of the book; but given George Eliot's brain to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter in the Cloister and the Hearth. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry, and therefore the world will not forget him in a hurry."—Atlantic.
A Family Jar.
Mrs. Timmins—John, I must say you are the narrow-minded man I ever saw. You have an idea that nobody is ever right but you yourself.
Mr. Timmins—Better look to home. Were you ever willing to admit that anybody was right who differed from you?
"That's an entirely different thing, and you know it, John Timmins."—Boston Transcript.
Old Saws Sawed Over.
Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but, like one woman calling upon another, she takes good care that most of us are out.
A rooster crows loudest on his own kopje.
Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but a dough cake won't.
A husband is judged by the late hours he keeps.—Ohio State Journal.
Temptations.
"You have such a cozy home here," her caller said.
"Yes," she replied. "Sometimes I almost feel like giving up my cub work and living in it for a while."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Dressmaker.—"I assure you that this is very fashionable." Protesting Customer—"How can it be? It's perfectly comfortable!"—Indianapolis News.
"It is your plain duty, and—" "Oh, yes; and that is what makes it so unattractive. I wish we could, once in awhile, have a duty so ornamental that it would be a pleasure to contemplate it."—Smart Set.
The Difficulty.—"Don't you find it difficult to answer all those questions?" "No," replied the man who runs the answers to queries column; "the answers are easy. What puzzles me is to think up freak questions to ask myself."—Washington Star.
Just Cause.—"Here, you naughty boys; stop your fighting!" "Aw, it's all dat Johnny Jinks' fault." "Has he been teasing you?" "Aw, I should say yes. Why, dat kid went an' said dat me fader played ping-pong."—Baltimore Herald.
A Sure Sign.—"There's one thing you should remember, my boy," said the wise man. "When the fellow who is narrating an anecdote says: 'Well, to make a long story short,' it is time for you to duck, for it means that he won't be through in less than an hour."—Chicago Post.
"Mr. Sandysugar," said the little customer, as she tiptoed to the counter, "my maw wants two pounds of sugar an' a pound of butter an' half a pound of bacon an' two pounds of lard an' a peck of potatoes an' charge it!" "Sorry, sis!" replied the Unsympathetic. "Tell your maw I'm just out of charge it."—Baltimore News.
Made Matters Worse.—Towne—"My wife used to get nervous every time she heard a noise downstairs, but I assured her that I couldn't be burglars, because they're always careful not to make any noise." Browns—"So that calmed her, eh?" Towne—"Not much. Now she gets nervous every time she doesn't hear any noise."—Philadelphia Press.

WAYS OF BOOK THIEVES.

They Usually Are "Very Respectable" People Who Purloin the Volumes.
"Yes," said the librarian, "I must confess that some very reputable people are book thieves. Do you see that shelf over there?"
He pointed toward a shelf on which were ranged some 30 volumes, says the Philadelphia Times.
"All those books were stolen from here," he said, "and I recovered them."
Among the books were Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Unrest," Hubert Crackanthorpe's "Wreckage," George Moore's "Celibates," the works of Charles Lamb, the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen and a Bible.
"A messenger boy stole that Bible," said the librarian. "He was thin and the waistband of his trousers was loose. He dropped the Bible down his waistband, and one of the young women saw him do it. She rushed to my office and told me, and I collared the boy before he had gotten half way down the stairs. We didn't jail him. Could anyone be jailed for stealing a Bible?"
"Crackanthorpe's 'Wreckage' was stolen by a girl of 20. She slipped the volume into a suitcase she was carrying. I myself saw her commit the crime, and when I delicately accused her she wept. She said the book was out of print in America and her bookseller had refused to import it for her. She had intended to return it after copying certain extracts, she claimed, and so we didn't prosecute her."
"In the winter time many more books are stolen than in the summer. This is because men wear in the winter loose overcoats with huge pockets, into which books may be slipped readily, and because women wear wraps under which books may be easily concealed."
"It was last January that 'Celibates' was purloined by a wealthy lawyer 68 years of age. He was a friend of mine and I discovered his deed by chance, for on a visit to his country place I saw the volume, stamped with our name, lying on his library table. He laughed on being accused. He said he had taken 'Celibates' in a fit of absent-mindedness. I expressed polite disbelief and carried the book home in my trunk on my return to town."
"We have never yet prosecuted any one for stealing books. It is a thing we hesitate to do, because all whom we have detected in this crime have been apparently respectable—school-teachers, clerks, physicians, lawyers and the like. We have a run in with one book thief a week on the average."

The Experienced Traveler.
It is always to be found on the Famous Transcontinental Express, for he knows they are the most comfortable in every respect. The North-Western Limited is easily the peer of all other trains (running every night between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago). For lowest rates and full information address T. W. Teasdale, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.
Something Better.—"I understand he claims the third edition of his novel was exhausted before publication." "Oh, no. That's what he used to claim, but it's old. He says now that the fifth edition was exhausted before it was written."—Chicago Post.
Mr. Henry A. Salzer, of La Crosse, Wis., whose 'Salzer Seeds' are famed the world over, has sailed for Europe, accompanied by his wife. He will dive into the heart of Russia and Hungary after new seed novelties.
"Are you not sensitive about being bald?" asked the man with a shock of hair. "Not at all," replied the man with the smooth pate. "I was born that way."—Philadelphia Record.
The Bavarian diet has enacted against the tipping evil. Instead of the diet going after the tip the tip usually follows the diet.—Kansas City Star.
Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.
True bravery is shown by performing without wavers what one might be capable of doing before the world.—Rochefoucauld.
To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.
ODDS AND ENDS.
Banking in Pittsburg dates back to 1804.
A wheelbarrow with ball bearings has been put on the market by an Ohio firm.
In an ironclad of 10,000 tons the hull weighs 3,400 tons and the machinery 1,400 tons.
Rosewood is so called because it exhales the fragrance of roses when freshly cut.
A reasonable allowance of water for a town is 80 gallons per head of population daily, for purposes of health.
The commission appointed to reapportion Oklahoma has announced the total population of the territory to be 600,000, with one representative for every 22,000 people, and one senator for every 45,000.
WHAT AN ALMANAC DID.
Matthews, Ark., Aug. 25th.—Mrs. Lee S. Sanders, of this place, tells how an almanac saved her life.
"I have been troubled a great deal with my kidneys all my life and was constantly growing worse."
"I chanced to get a copy of Dodd's Almanac for 1902 and in it read some stories of how Dodd's Kidney Pills had cured many very bad cases of Kidney Trouble."
"My husband bought a box and I began to use them and in a short time we were surprised and delighted at the wonderful improvement in my case."
"I am now as well as anybody and I can not say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was a lucky day for me when I picked up that almanac."
"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any one who suffers with Kidney Trouble."

TO MOTHERS
Mrs. J. H. HASKINS, of Chicago, Ill., President Chicago Arcade Club, Addresses Comforting Words to Women Regarding Childbirth.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Mothers need not dread childbearing after they know the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While I loved children I dreaded the ordeal, for it left me weak and sick for months after, and at the time I thought death was a welcome relief; but before my last child was born a good neighbor advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I used that, together with your Pills and Sanative Wash for four months before the child's birth;—it brought me wonderful relief. I hardly had an ache or pain, and when the child was ten days old I felt my best strength in health. Every spring and fall I now take a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find it keeps me in continual excellent health."—Mrs. J. H. HASKINS, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. — \$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.
Care and careful counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs, and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

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