

THE STORY TELLER

DUTY AND BEAUTY.

Who would the journey through this life
Find decked with flowers gay—
Who would escape the woes and strife
That sometime through the way—
Should scatter flowers bright and sweet,
—Alike for friend and foe;
Should smooth the path for tired feet
Wherever he may go.

There's naught on earth that yields so ill
Return for labor done
As toll for self, though done with skill
From rise to set of sun.
The selfish one will have few friends,
And though he may have gains,
Small be his acquisition, lends,
Piercing strife and endless pains.

But generous souls shall be made fat;
The world unites to pay
Homage to the toiler that
Shows love to man always.
There is that scatters far and wide
And yet increaseth too,
Neath Mercy's wing the good abide
And daily strength renew.

L'ENVOI.

The journey run and duty done,
Beauty, to our surprise,
Bright as the sun, sought well and won,
Shall gladly greet our eyes.
The streets of gold that wax not old,
Small flowers that ever bloom,
With joy untold Eternity unfold,
O Heaven, our beatitudes home.
Oscar B. Smith, in N. Y. Observer.

The Law Upon Deep Waters.

BY ZENIAS TUGG.

THE Ignace Island Mining company bought for a trifle the decayed river steamer Mascot, boarded up her sides, and offered for sale 200 tickets from Astoria to St. Michaels. Most people are aware that a stormy ocean lies between the Columbia river bar and the mouth of the Yukon, but 200 miners from the east paid their passage money, stowed their outfits on the Mascot, and waited impatiently for the start.

On Sunday afternoon the tramp collier Kafir Chief passed a line and stood out to sea with the Mascot in tow. Everyone was in a cheerful mood, from the prairie-bred men in the cabin of the ramshackle craft to the "Company"—who preferred the safer quarters on the collier.

It was summer time, and a long, gentle roll welcomed the novice Mascot. To her credit, she stood it for two days. Then, just as the passengers were regaining their legs and spirits after a season of seasickness, the hog chains snapped, a dollop of water plucked over the clumsy stern-wheel, and she settled down in the trough of the sea with a limpness that boded ill.

An hour later the collier, after taking in the hawser, steamed around the wreck and the captain viewed the situation with highly seasoned profanity. The "Company," composed of two men, listened calmly to what he had to say.

"I thought," said the master of the Kafir Chief, regarding articulately, "that the inspectors passed that as a steamer that was seaworthy. Looks like it, doesn't she? Opened out like a dead clam, wheel gone, funnel dropped over like a trolley-pole, hog chains busted—just barely afloat, and that owing to her hold being full up with cordwood. I say, you men, what am I to do?"

"It is really distressing," said the president of the company. "We leave it to your judgment."

"But what can I do?" vociferated the captain. "What can I do with that rubbish heap? I'm no beach-comber. I can't tow it; she's coming apart every minute. She'll not hold together even to get back to the Columbia river."

The secretary-treasurer lit a cigar and smiled meaningly. "Do anything you like, old chap. Only don't get us mixed up with those men out there. They might blame us, when—"

"When what?" asked the captain, with a scowl. Here the "Company" made a mistake. They did not understand that the master of the Kafir Chief was both honest and had a sense of responsibility. It was the president who finished the sentence by remarking—"When it's bad seamanship that's to blame. The inspectors said the Mascot was fit to make the trip to St. Michaels, and you've wrecked her out here."

Captain Mears stared at them without a word of reply.

An hour later he came alongside the Mascot and swung himself from the small boat to her upper deck, now almost awash. He was greeted by a silence unbroken save by the noise of the stateroom doors slamming as the steamer rolled.

The men sat sullenly on piles of baggage rescued from the lower deck. Their faces were not pleasant to look upon, and their eyes, to the experienced captain, held evil. He wasted no words on preliminaries. "It lies with you what's to be done," he said brusquely. "Speak up, somebody."

"Where's the president of the company?" asked a voice. The captain hesitated. He meant to be loyal to his employers, but his sense of justice was touched. "There's no use bringing them into it," he answered. "They won't help you."

"We want our money back," shouted an old man.

"Save your skins first," suggested the captain.

Silence ensued once more, and he

tried again. "This thing won't hold together much longer. The machinery may go through her bottom any minute and let that cordwood out. Then you'll drown."

"Take us on the Kafir Chief," said another.

"Yes, and take us to St. Michaels," another put in.

There were cries of "No! Never!" and pandemonium reigned. Finally a determined looking man pushed his way up the sagging deck and the noise died away. "We've half of us lost our outfits," he began, "and all of us are out a good lot. Now what good will it do us to be landed broke without anything to eat? How are we to get into the mines? It's a tough country up north."

"Let's go back!"

There was no answer, and he turned to the captain. "Now, sir, all we ask is that you take us aboard your boat, feed us at the company's expense, and when we land we'll deal with them."

There was a grunt of approval and the captain shifted his ground. "You'll be packed in like sardines. There's not an over-abundance of food. What I want to know is, where am I to take you?"

"To Astoria," was the reply, "and the quicker the better."

"Well, suppose a couple come over and talk to the company."

The self-constituted spokesman plucked a neighbor by the sleeve, receiving his commission from the miners, and they departed.

Late in the afternoon the impatient crowd on the Mascot welcomed the deputies back. With them came the president and the secretary-treasurer. The president did not relish the position, apparently, but he spoke loudly. "See here, men, we're sorry this has happened. Can't be helped now, you see. The Kafir Chief will start back for Astoria in a couple of hours with this in tow. You're safe enough here, and three days will see you safe ashore."

He ceased and 20 men came towards him. "Stand back!" said their spokesman. "I'm representing this crowd, and I've something to say."

The "Company" supported themselves uneasily against the tilting side of the cabin, and the speaker went on. "My partner and I have listened to a lot of this kind of talk. We haven't said anything yet, and now we're going to."

His audience kept quiet, and there were approving nods. "That ship," he continued, "is full of merchandise. These men have \$40,000 passage and freight money to account to us for. That belongs to us. It means only a couple of hundreds apiece, and we'll be out the cost of the trip west, our stake and our time. But it's better than nothing."

"Look here," the president broke in, "you're off there. You can look at your contract. The law protects us, and you're not entitled to a cent. If you were fools enough to put your eggs in our basket, that's your lookout, not ours. We've offered to do the square thing, and more we'll not do."

There was no answer. The setting sun shot its brilliant rays athwart the disheveled cabin, and the men blinked at the glare silently. Presently an oldish man, with the long, gnarled hands of a farmer, said (half to himself), "My wife is a starin' into that sun and waitin' fer me. I won't see them green prairies any more. And she won't have a roof to her head." There was no note of appeal in his voice; it was a simple statement. Still the men waited.

Suddenly the spokesman lifted his hand. "How many men," he cried, "have staked their last cent on this?" Every man shuffled forward and the tide of action was loosed. It was no longer an irresolute or irresponsible crowd, and he who aspired to lead them was satisfied.

"The first thing to do," he said, "is to take all our stuff and put it on the Kafir Chief. We've got to abandon this. Go ahead and pile it into the boats. Captain Mears has sent 'em over for that."

Within an hour the boats of the collier had transferred all that could be saved, and the men paused. Their leader, coatless, hatless and flushed with exertion, mounted a bench. "There's not much room on the Kafir Chief, boys," he said, "and I move that we leave the Ignace Mining company right here until they agree to our terms. They offered to tow us. We'll be polite and tow them. Now, you two thieves, when you feel like signing over your bills of exchange and lading, and you're willing to give us the cargo of the Kafir Chief, we'll see if we can find room for you on a nicer boat."

Harsh laughter greeted this, and the two men covered. "Look here, gentlemen," said the secretary-treasurer, "you won't talk this matter over fairly. We're simply standing on our rights according to law. We'll—"

A strong, though very calm voice breathed out of the crowd. "There ain't any law out here. We aren't talking to you any more. You set around here a couple of days. Then we'll do business with you."

Within an hour the two were quite alone, supperless and blanketless on the wallowing wreck of the Mascot. A quarter of a mile away they saw the gleaming lights of the Kafir Chief, and the chill evening breeze bore down to them the careless laughter and hoarse song of their dupes.

When they turned their thoughts to their own position it was even worse. Every roll slammed ghostly doors or yielded the more terrifying sound of the crash of a broken timber. The very seas peered tauntingly over the battered rail and

threatened to engulf forever prison and prisoners.

What they suffered no one ever knew exactly, for they were cowards. To all their cries and hails there was no response, though the Kafir Chief swung carelessly by, filled, as every sense told them, with cheer and plenty.

On the morning of the third day a committee of three put out from the collier and came up to the Mascot. Even to a landsman's eye the wreck had but little more time before the final breaking up. Yet there was no sympathy, no emotion of any sort on the leader's face as he greeted the gaunt captives.

"Well?" he asked quietly.

Both men threw themselves forward trying to speak. "Oh, it's all right, is it? Come aboard the Kafir Chief. Of course," continued the miner, gently, "we'll bring you back if you give us any more trouble."

The "Company" looked at each other.

"No," continued their master, "we're not going back to Astoria. We've concluded that with your financial assistance we can make it through to the Yukon. Glad of your company, of course. Coming?"

And with alacrity they came. Two hours later the collier Kafir Chief was hulled down to the northward, and all that remained of the Ignace Island Mining company was the battered, sinking wreck of what had been the Mascot.—Pacific Monthly.

SUSPECTED BOODLE.

Li Hung Chang Did Not Give Credit to an Official Working for Nothing.

When Mr. Ure was lord provost of Glasgow, Scotland, Li Hung Chang was on his tour of the world. The great Chinese statesman was the guest of the Scottish metropolis and was taken for a sail down the Clyde, so that he might see the shipping and the docks of that famous waterway. It fell to Mr. Ure as the deputy chairman of the Clyde harbor trust to conduct the illustrious stranger and show him all the works of the trust, and the works are many, for the old saying is true enough, "The Clyde has made Glasgow and Glasgow has made the Clyde."

"How much," asked Li, "do you get for managing all this?"

He was told in reply that there was no salary and that the chairmanship was a position of much honor and dignity. An incredulous look passed over the oriental's face and his keen eye fastened on a magnificent diamond pin Mr. Ure was wearing. Advancing toward that gentleman, he put his finger on it with a look of triumph: "Where, then, did you get that?"

His Practical Plan.

The parish kirk of Drumlic had been rather unfortunate in its ministers, two of them having gone off in a decline within a twelvemonth of their appointment; and now, after hearing a number of candidates for the vacancy, the members were looking forward with keen interest to the meeting at which the election of the most suitable applicant was to take place.

"Weel, Marget," asked one female parishioner of another, as they foregathered on the road one day, "wha are ye gaun to vote for?"

"I'm just thinkin' I'll vote for nane o' them. I'm no' muckle o' a judge, an' it'll be the safest plan," was Marget's sagacious reply.

"Toots, woman, if that's the way o' vote wi' me."

"An' hoo are ye gaun tae vote?"

"I'm gaun tae vote for the man that I think has the soundest lungs, an' I'll no' bother us deirin' again in a hurry."—Tit-Bits.

Was Buried on Suspicion.

The law courts sometimes furnish a morsel of humor. Not long ago a certain person who figured on the register of an English revision court was objected to by one of the agents on the ground that he was dead. The revision barrister declined to accept the assurance, however, and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

"Pray, sir, how do you know the man's dead?" demanded the barrister.

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know. It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the irate barrister. "You don't know whether he's dead or not."

"I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he's dead or not, but I do know this—he's buried him about a month ago on suspicion."

What Some Names Mean.

The following gives the meaning of the names of the principal Highland clans in Scotland:

McIntosh, the son of the First.
McDonald, the son of Brown Eyes.
McDougall, the son of Black Eyes.
McO'nechy or Duncan, the son of Brown Head.
McGregor, the son of a Greek Man.
McGuthbert, the son of the Arch-Druid.
McKay, the son of the Prophet.
Campbell, Crooked Mouth.
Cameron, Crooked Nose.
Stewart, His Stay or Support.

In the Far West.

"Any fish around here?" asked the stranger.

"Wall, I should say so!" replied Rattlesnake Pete. "Thar's five tenderfeet over in th' saloon playin' poker with th' boys."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Well Said.

"Here's where I fall to work," said the well digger when the rope broke.—Indianapolis News.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"GOOD EVENING, HENRY." WHERE IS HE?

GOATS WARD OFF DISEASE.

An Experienced Horseman Advises That They Be Kept Where Horses Are Housed.

"Goats are good things to keep around the stables where the horses are housed," said an old dealer in horses, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and the man who wants his horse to remain healthy will make a mistake if he does not keep a few goats around. I do not propose to go into an analysis of the reasons, but I am in a position to state the fact, and I do it after many years of experience. I have been handling horses for more than a quarter of a century, and I have had occasion to observe very closely those things which tend to benefit the horse. Occasionally I have been without goats, and nearly every time I have been called upon to doctor one or more of my horses for some complaint peculiar to this kind of animal. When I had goats around the stable to rub up against the stalls and wallow around generally sickness among my horses was a rare thing."

"My attention was called to the fact a good many years ago by a man who had spent the greater part of his life in the horse business. I had just lost a couple of fine horses and I was greatly grieved over the loss. I had dealt with them very carefully, and, in fact, had made pets out of them. I happened to meet my friend and was telling about my loss. 'Do you keep any goats around your stables?' he asked. I told him I did not. 'There is where you make a big mistake,' he said. 'Buy a few goats and turn them in the lot with your horses and let them run together. I have tried it and it is a good plan.' I never thought much of it at the time, but I concluded that I would try it just for luck. It could do no harm. I bought me some goats."

"Since that time I have always kept goats with my horses, and the health of my horses has been a matter of note among those who are familiar with my business. I do not pretend to say just what it is about the goat which will benefit the horse. But there is something which acts as a great protection to the horse in the matter of health. I have often heard that the odor of the goat, while offensive enough to a great many persons, was a very healthy thing even for members of the human family. I guess it is the odor of the goat which benefits the horse. I have often wanted to see a chemical analysis of the goat odor, so that I might understand just what the active purifying principle was made of. It is evidently a good disinfectant of some kind. Goats are good horse doctors, and the man who wants his horses to remain healthy and vigorous should keep goats around the stable."

A Hard Task.

Jack—Yes; he used to consider her very dainty and graceful.
Ned—And doesn't he still think so?
"No. I believe he saw her eating asparagus once."—Catholic Standard and Times.

PEOPLE OF ODD DELUSIONS.

Jerusalem Is a Great Place for Cranks Who Are Carried Away with Religious Fads.

Jerusalem is a great place for cranks, particularly those of religious tendencies. People who have visions and possess the gift of prophecy, who have discovered new ways of salvation and methods by which they may live without sin, seem to flock here as the moths seek the light. Some come in clubs and associations, others as individuals, says William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. Many of them are actually insane and possessed of peculiar delusions. There used to be an old sailor here who went around through the principal streets day after day carrying a heavy cross. He was doing penance for some great sin he had committed, and it would be a satisfaction to know whether he obtained absolution before he died. Then there was a man who bought a lamb every morning and sacrificed it, giving the skin and the meat to the poor. His place of sacrifice was on a rock outside the walls, and a crowd was there awaiting him when he came with his offering upon his back.

There is an old woman in Jerusalem now—and she is said to be rich, for she lives in a comfortable house and seems to have plenty of money—who considers it her mission to relieve the hunger and distress of all the Ishmaelitic dogs. She goes out daily with baskets of bread and meat to feed them, and if she can catch one of the mongrel curs with which the streets are haunted, she takes him home, washes him, puts ointment upon his sores, soaks him with carbolic acid and other disinfectants and then turns him loose. But she never gets the same dog twice. Although they like the food she brings them, they do not relish the other attentions.

The Moslems, like the North American Indians, consider a lunatic sacred, and any man who comes here with marked eccentricities is absolutely safe, safer than if he had an escort of the sultan's bodyguard.

Measure Light's Pressure.

Recently Prof. Lebedew, of Moscow, made an experimental demonstration of the pressure of light. He employs a radiometer, using a larger and more completely exhausted bulb, from which the heating effect, which is the principal agent in moving the Crookes' vanes is excluded. When the light falls upon the vanes they are driven by it, and the intensity of the pressure is thus revealed.—Science.

A Woman's Felling.

"Willie," said the mother one day, "I shall tell your father to-night that you have been bad."

"Oh, mamma," said Willie, "can't you keep a secret?"—Little Chronicle.

Love at First Sight.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Chris?"

"Sure. If more men took a closer look they wouldn't fall in love."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

There are only two kinds of people that ought to preach the Gospel—those who are independently rich and those who are independently poor. As soon as a preacher begins to want what is in the pockets of his hearers, there is a seed of weakness in his message.

Every real Christian desires to prove his religion, to make other people believe the truth he has learned. Now you are not going to prove the truth of Christianity to a living soul by quoting Scripture. Neither are you going to convert people by miracles. This is not the day for miracles. If I should see somebody come along and root up trees and cast mountains into the sea, it wouldn't convince me of anything. I would simply think I wasn't onto his system.

The trouble with the church to-day is that people try to quote Scripture, to work miracles, to deal in logic chopping, when what we want is samples—samples of what religion can do—and we are scarce of them. Who cares what church you belong to, what is your creed, what is your social standing? Is there a force in you that makes you do things that are Christlike? If not, you had better keep still.

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POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Footache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

DINING CAR SERVICE.

Mobile and Ohio Reduces Time to St. Louis.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad is engaged in a commendable effort to annihilate space between this city and St. Louis, and beginning Sunday August 31st, will materially shorten the time taken to traverse the distance between the two cities by the way of Meridian. And this date, too, will mark the inauguration of dining-car service in a car, on this line. This innovation will be a welcome one to travelers, who heretofore have been subjected to the abomination of taking their meals on the catch-as-catch-can plan at meal stations along the route. Passengers, by means of this new service, will be enabled to eat when they feel disposed, eat what they want at their leisure, and pay only for what they order, with a choice of anything in the gastronomic line from a cup of coffee to a course dinner.

These new dining-cars, by the way, are to be veritable palaces, fitted with every possible convenience known to modern railroad traffic. The decorations are of a superb order and the cars are brilliantly illuminated with incandescents, while a plentiful supply of electric fans will keep the atmosphere at a comfortable temperature, no matter how high the mercury may soar outside the cars. The cuisine will leave nothing to be desired. One of the most striking as well as pleasant features of this service is the announcement that the dining-car service will be made merely a convenience for the traveling public, serving everything at as near cost as possible, with no desire to make the service a source of profit to the company.—Times-Democrat, New Orleans, August 29.

Much of the Same Kind.

From a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S. who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's much the same kind of critter.'—Living Church.

New York and Return \$23.30.

Special excursions via Erie Railroad, Chicago to New York and return, only \$23.30. Good going Oct. 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, with liberal return limit. Full particulars on application to Erie R. R. Office, 605 West-ern Union Building, Chicago, or W. O. McNaughton, T. P. A., Erie R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Willing to Accommodate.

"Are you a wet nurse?" asked the lady who had advertised in the newspapers.
"No, ma'am," replied the applicant, "but I'll let you turn the hose on me if you give me the job."—Boston Post.

Visit the Old Home in the East.

In Indiana, Ohio and Western New York and Pennsylvania after the harvest. Very low rates via Erie Railroad Oct. 3rd to 6th inclusive. Return Nov. 3rd. Particulars by your home ticket agent, Erie Railroad Company, Chicago, or W. O. McNaughton, T. P. A., Erie R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Some music bath charms that would drive a savage to drink.—Chicago Daily News.

AN IOWA MAN

Discovers the Right Thing at the Right Time.

Mr. E. Sayre, official government and meteorological reporter, residing at Ogden, Iowa, was a very sick man from his kidneys. Mr. Sayre was prostrated in the summer of 1898, and almost despaired, as all endeavors to check the trouble proved of no avail; just at the danger point of kidney trouble he found a remedy that cured him. It was in a little wooden box and

LOOKED LIKE THIS—



If you have any kidney or bladder ills and want to be cured, cut out this coupon, send to us with your name and address, plainly written, we will mail you

A FREE TRIAL.

THIS COUPON
good for a free trial of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, a modern kidney specific for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Urinary Disorders, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all ills of the Kidneys and Bladder.
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