

THE STORY TELLER

WHEN I GET RICH.

When I get rich, oh, many things I'll do; For all poor folks whose lives are full of care, Their days now drear, I'll make so sweet and fair, They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair.

When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear Shall know no more those weary, tolling hours; I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers.

When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well May not be here, but far beyond the skies, And never know the hidden love that lies Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain surmise.

When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now! Yes, scatter sunshine—dry the falling tear— Light up with hope the darkened heart and cheer, That may be near you—Oh, ne'er mind the year.

When you get rich!

—Rev. F. H. McCauley, in Freeman's Journal.

Two Claimants to a Jewel.

By MARY GIBSON.

THE king motioned to the guards to leave him alone with the prisoner, and they withdrew, bowing low as the curtains hid them. It was not often that a prisoner was heard anywhere but in the Judgment Hall, but now he leaned back among the cushions, his white robes in sharp contrast to their gorgeous colors. The air was heavy with scent of sandal wood and cassia, and of the sweet spices that seemed a necessity to the great king.

Silently and with admiration he studied the man before him. Taller by a head than the guards who had brought him, with a powerful frame and heavy dark hair falling around his shoulders, he was a picture of manly strength and beauty such as was not often seen. Not even the rough, soiled bandage about his forehead, the cords with which he was bound, or his muddy clothes, could make him bend his proud head. He looked at the king fearlessly, quietly, and with an evident determination to bear all bravely.

The king spoke suddenly: "David, son of Abner, thou hast done a wicked thing and hast brought shame upon an honorable house. Why didst thou steal the jewel?"

For an instant the quiet look changed. A flash of fierce anger and indignant denial came into his eyes and he threw back his head proudly. Then the look faded and once more he looked as proudly but quietly at the king.

"What have you to say? Why hast thou done this shameful thing?" "I have naught to say, my lord the king," came the low answer.

"Naught? Dost know the penalty? and the grief and shame of thy house?" "I know it all, and have naught to say," was the steady reply.

"Thou art a truthful man and art not wont to lie," suggested the king, gently.

Again the man's eyes sent their look of fierce anger.

"Nor have I yet!" he said, quickly. "In words, no. But thou hadst the jewel on thy person, and thine eyes deny the charge. Didst steal it, then, or—?" and the king paused.

"I have naught to say, O king," was the only answer.

The king leaned back thoughtfully, then pointed to the opposite side of the room.

"Stand thou there against the farther wall. Thou art deaf and dumb and blind. Dost understand?"

The prisoner bent his head, then retreated to the wall, his eyes cast upon the floor. In response to the clapping of the king's hands an old man appeared, received a low order and left again, after a quick glance at the prisoner.

A moment later he came in leading a young girl by the hand, then went out, leaving her standing there. The king frowned a little, for he was quick to resent any lack of ceremony, and this girl stood looking at him without word or sign. Then she put out one hand before her and turned her head from side to side quickly, as if frightened.

"Where am I? They said they would take me to the king. I am afraid!"

"Child, I am the king," he said gently. "Come here."

She sank on her knees with an exquisitely graceful movement.

"Pardon, O king, for I am blind."

"Ah!" he said, pityingly. "Come nearer, child. So, thou needest not fear. They say thou canst tell me of the jewel which was stolen last night." He glanced warningly at the prisoner beyond, for at the sound of the girl's voice he had raised his head and made a quick step forward as if to speak. At the king's glance he turned and hid his face against the wall.

"What dost thou know?" "I heard, but now that David, son of Abner, was accused of the theft,

and I hastened here. My lord, 'tis false! I stole the jewel." "Thou!—a daughter of Geber the Deputy—hast stolen from thine own father!" exclaimed the king.

"No, no daughter of Geber, and 'twas mine to steal," she broke in passionately.

The king bent forward and searched her face in astonishment. She was very small and slight; true, Geber was of swarthy, heavy build.

The girl shook her head in quick denial, then turned as though listening.

"Are we alone? I heard something—a breath. Is no one here?" "We are alone—save for one whom thou mayest trust," he reassured her. "Speak on."

She spoke in a quick, low tone, her hands now clasped in eager explanation, now pressed tight against her breast or stretched out in helpless appeal.

"'Tis a long story. Will the king hear?" "Speak on," he said again.

"When Geber lay dying, as they thought, my lord, he grieved sore and was fiercely angered, too, that there was no man-child to bear his name—only a girl. That night his wife Rizpah bore two more, and they feared to tell him lest he curse them all. They were frail; one died that night, and the other could not live. Then one came who told that a poor Phœnician woman, who dwelt in the town below, had borne two babes that night, one of them a boy, Daniel, the brother, himself went to the woman to buy the boy, but she refused, and then he said he would borrow him and would leave that as a pledge which he valued more than all the world. And he gave her the Great Ruby which he always wore. He took the child; then, lest something might occur, he knew not what, yet feared, he took them both. But Geber did not die; he lived, and they dared not return the babes lest swift punishment fall. The mother—my mother—died of grief, they said, but others say 'twas not that. Then they searched for the jewel, but it was not to be found, and they dared not noise the loss abroad. The boy, my brother, died when but a lad, for he was never strong, but I have lived, and 'twas not long ago that I learned all this. Naahma, my nurse, told me all when she was dying—how she had cared for my mother through all her sickness, thinking to cure her in spite of all her grief. But she awoke from sleep one night to find her dead. She then took the jewel from its hiding place, and later, by good fortune, was made a nurse in the house of Geber. Before she died she gave the jewel to me, and I wore it always here beneath my robe. One night, as I sang before Geber, the little packet slipped from the folds of my robe, and he saw it. He asked that he might wear it, and I cared not—jewels mean naught to me; but he had promised that I might have it when I wished, and when he would not give it to me—I stole it."

"And thou wished to give it to—some one?" questioned the king gently.

"Aye, my lord," she answered, not understanding the drift of the king's question. "Geber had promised me in marriage to Abner, who is old and very rich, they say, but I did not wish to go to him, though I knew Geber must be obeyed. So I wrote to him and asked him if he knew that I was blind, for he had only seen me once, and would he not let me be free. Then he wrote that he had not known and would say no more if I would give him the jewel which he knew belonged to me, for Geber had told him so when he wished to buy it from him."

"But how came it with David, son of Abner?" asked the king.

"I—it fell from my robe as I leaned over the balustrade," she faltered, "and he—picked it up."

The king leaned forward, searching the young face.

"And the broken jar just above where he was found?" "I broke it, my lord. I turned swiftly and forgot 'twas there," she answered quickly.

Still the king bent forward.

"There was earth upon his feet and garments, and the bank was torn and broken, showing where he had fallen from the rocks to the road beneath thy window. How cam'st that?" he asked, sternly.

The girl gave a little cry and put out her hands as if to ward off a danger.

"Must I tell it all?" she asked with a sob.

"How can I judge the matter if I do not know the truth, daughter?" he asked, then turned toward the prisoner. His head was hidden against the wall and his tightly clenched hands had caused the great muscles to stand out, the cords making deep cuts. His shoulders heaving, but no sound was heard save the soft, unsteady voice of the girl.

She had raised her head proudly and stood with her hands tightly clasped.

"We loved one another, my lord, and there was no way that we might meet and speak. I dared not trust a note to any servant in the house, and each night he would pass on the road at the foot of the hill. Then I would drop a little packet to him from the balustrade above and he would send an answer when he could, in some way. But last night I was late, and some one came just as I reached the place, so I threw the packet down, and did not know until this morning that in my haste I had thrown the jewel down. When they told me that David was taken with the jewel in his robe I put my hand into my bosom and found what I had done. They said 'twas clearly proved that he had stolen it, for his

garments were soiled where he had slipped and fallen. Perhaps it fell upon the hillside and he climbed to get it; I do not know. But he was not guilty of the charge, my lord, the king. Thou wilt spare him?" she pleaded, with unsteady voice.

"How didst thou get the jewel when the guards were at the door? They swore that none had passed."

"I walked to the edge of the wall and entered by the window. Geber sleeps heavily, and my fingers did not waken him when I felt for the jewel," she said.

"Thou walked the wall! And didst not fear?" exclaimed the king, in astonishment.

"I am blind, my lord, and have no fear where I know the way. I have entered so since I was a little child, and so they did not know." She knelt and raised her hands pleadingly. "Wilt thou not spare him, my lord, the king? 'Twas my fault alone, and I will gladly suffer the penalty if thou wilt set him free. He has served thee well, and I am useless and have none to care."

"And dost thou love him well enough to pay the penalty if I set him free?" "Aye, my lord," she answered, softly.

"Then thou must take that punishment I shall give, and that is—?" The king stopped suddenly and looked at the prisoner, who sprang forward, as if to speak. Then he bent a little and put a foot forward and his face grew white and set as he strained every muscle to break his bonds. Lower he bent, the veins swelled like great cords, and he swayed as the rope broke and set him free. He clutched at the heavy curtains, and, regardless of the king, he reached the girl who had covered with fear against the couch.

"Ruth! Dost thou not know me? Thou shalt not suffer for me!" Like a bird she nestled close to him, raising soft hands to caress the face she could not see, murmuring words of love and radiant happiness.

"David! Thou here—and safe—I did not know—the jewel—?" "Twas long before the king spoke, his eyes watching the two who stood there forgetting all but their great love and happiness, while his lips smiled as if well pleased. When at last they turned, he only laughed and pointed to a doorway.

"I will need thee soon—to pronounce just punishment," he said. "Wait there."

"And thou claim'st the jewel, though thou sayest it was not truly thine?" asked the king.

"Yea, my lord, for she gave it to me when she was but a child. My wife had given it to her with other things which should have been the boy's. And at his death I took them for my own, as was but just." The old man leaned heavily on his staff and glared angrily at the king from beneath his heavy brows.

"And thou, too, dost claim the jewel, for thou sayest it was promised thee in payment for her freedom." The king looked searchingly at the thin, sharp face and restless black eyes of the other man.

"Aye, my lord," he whined, as he anxiously clasped and unclasped his hands. "Surely 'twas but right that she should do what she wished with her own."

The two old men grew pale as the curtains parted and two others came in, a man and a girl, who shrank against him as she heard the voices. The king turned sternly to the two old men.

"I have heard the truth from her and somewhat else from thee. Geber, thy daughter has told me all, and cleared herself from blame. Abner, thy son, was taken prisoner, charged of the theft, which thou hast left him to bear without help from thee. Thou dost claim the jewel—and thou; and I say that when two men shall claim a treasure, the son of the one shall marry the daughter of the other and they two shall hold it safe." With a quick motion the king bent forward, and, taking the hand of the girl, he held it out, then laid upon it a gleaming spot of crimson bound with gold. Still holding it there, he looked at her with a little smile.

"Tis thine. So I have decreed. See that thou keep it safe."

Slowly she turned it in her fingers as if to assure herself that it was truly the Great Ruby that she knew so well. For a moment she hesitated, then she held it out with a smile.

"If, then, 'tis mine, my lord the king, wilt thou not take it from me as a token of my gratitude for the great happiness that thou hast given me?" she asked, softly.

The king's eyes rested on the jewel, for 'twas well known that he loved it dearly.

"And what sayest thou? Dost give up the treasure willingly?" he asked, as he turned to David.

"Tis not mine, my lord; but if I had ought to say in the matter, and thou takest it, 'twill be but small exchange for the great treasure thou givest me."

And the king's hand shut the flaming ruby from the envious sight of two, while the others turned to one another with eyes filled only with the softer light of love.—Ledger Monthly.

Before and After Taking. "Sary Ann," sighs the Higgins boy in tremulous tones, "if I get a red ear at the huskin'-bee to-night I'm a-goin' to do somethin'."

"Are ye?" asks Sary Ann. "I be."

"What are ye a-goin' to do?" "If I get a red ear I'm a-goin' to take a kiss 'm you."

"If you take a kiss 'm me," asserts Sary Ann, giving her head a saucy toss, "you kin' be sure that you'll git two red ears right away."

—Judge

HUMOROUS.

"Clayton's egotism is something fierce." "How has he been showing it lately?" "Yesterday was the anniversary of his wedding and he congratulated his wife on her choice."—Indianapolis News.

It All Depends.—"Do you believe that women should propose?" "Well, that depends." "Depends on what?" "Depends on whether the woman in question is attractive enough to make a man propose."—Chicago Post.

Jones—"Brown is an unlucky dog." Smith—"How's that?" Jones—"His object in marrying was to get out of a boarding house." Smith—"Well?" Jones—"Now his wife is running one to support the family."—London Tit-Bits.

"Do you take this woman for better or for worse?" began the clergyman, but before he could proceed further he was interrupted: "It's too early to tell yet," answered the groom; "you'll have to give me a few weeks' time, sir."—Ohio State Journal.

Too High-Toned.—Mother—"What do you want to marry him for? He's poorer than Job's turkey!" Daughter—"But I love him, mamma, with all my heart and soul and mind." Mother—"Fudge, my child. Don't you know love like that can't possibly live on nine dollars a week?"—Comfort.

No Harm Done.—"I was afraid my sermon last Sunday would make some of my people mad, but it didn't," said Rev. Shouter. "What was your subject?" asked his friend. "The Duplication of the Average Man," and I spoke pretty plainly." "You couldn't tread on any corns that way. Every man considers himself above the average."—Philadelphia Press.

ASSIMILATION OF FINLAND.

Changes Recently Wrought in Russia's Prosperous Province by the Government.

Finland has been the most prosperous and progressive province of Russia; the taxation has been light; there has been a large foreign trade; every encouragement is given to the liberal arts; and the community as a whole is one of the best educated in the world, states the London Speaker. Higher education is within the reach of all. Women may enjoy all the privileges of an academic career. Colleges have been established for agricultural and commercial education and a population of rather more than 2,000,000 furnishes 2,000 undergraduates. Yet art and civilization are combined with simplicity and economy. Plain living and high thinking are compatible in this marvelous land, where freedom has so long flourished under the aegis of an alien and benevolent despotism.

But with the appointment of Gov. Bobrikoff a year or two ago the whole scene has been changed. The imperial manifesto of 1899 marked the beginning of a new policy—the policy of Russifying Finland. The constitution has been broken and the diet suspended. The public record office has been raided, and the charter of Finnish liberty removed to St. Petersburg. The post office has been taken over by Russian officials and the country flooded by Russian police. Through the civil service Finns are being dismissed and replaced by Russians. Public business is almost at a standstill.

Many Finns are emigrating in despair, preferring the freedom of the new to the tyranny of the old world. The press has been gagged. Commerce is to be destroyed by the application of the barbarous Russian tariff to Finland, and the wretched Finns are now to learn through conscription the meaning of suzerainty. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues may smile at the overthrow of Finland as they smiled at the overthrow of Greece. But there are many Englishmen who regard with mingled horror and shame that hateful knife of imperialism which, having cut with cold brutality the throats of two small republics, is now being plunged into the heart of the only free and prosperous community in Russia.

Getting a Circulation.

"I think we'd better send this article back," suggested the assistant editor of the magazine that "pays on publication."

"Why?" demanded the editor. "Because," replied the assistant, "we won't be able to use it for at least two years."

"Great mackerel!" cried the editor; "haven't you any business head at all? Can't you see that to accept it is as good as getting a two-year subscription? Doesn't it dawn upon your feeble intellect that if we accept it the author will buy the magazine every month for two years in order not to miss his story when it appears? Accept everything, sir; everything. That's the way to get a circulation."—Woman's Home Companion.

Getting at a Woman's Age.

"What is your age, madam?" the judge inquired, and "Whatever you choose, sir," was her answer. She was under oath.

"You may put down 45 years, then," said the judge to the clerk. "What is your occupation, madam?" "Sir," said the witness, "you have made a mistake of ten years in my age."

"Put down 55 years, then," directed the judge. "Your residence?" "Sir," exclaimed the lady, angrily, "my age is 35, not 55!"

"Thank you, madam," said the judge, blandly.—Washington Times.

Queer Consumption Cure.

A recent cure for consumption advocated by an Irish physician, Dr. W. C. Uinchin, is the inhalation of the vapor of garlic juice. The doctor claims that by this method he has effected some remarkable cures.—London Lancet.

IN A BAD WAY.

Night after night with rest and sleep broken by urinary troubles. Painful passages, frequent calls of nature, retention, make the day as miserable as the night.

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