

THE STORY TELLER

DEPARTED GLORY.

How sad I used to be in those old days
away back there
Before I knew the world was full of
hidden snares and care;
I thought it was a task to hold the skein
as mother would
The crimson yarn while here and there
a stubborn snarl was found;
I thought my lot a dismal one, as sit-
ting there at night
I heard the humming spinning wheel and
watched the flight
Dance out across the floor and back as
fairly dancers might.

Ah, how I used to long to see the world
I'd read about,
To pack my little carpet-sack and boldly
sally out!
Reluctantly I used to bow my head upon
the chair
When father found that it was time to
say the evening prayer,
And thinking that my lot was hard—ah,
how absurd it seems—
I went up to my little bed beneath the
white-washed beams,
And, far away from worldly cares, had
proud, ambitious dreams.

Oh there is much that I have learned
about the world since then,
And much I've seen that serves to wake
the wonderment of men;
The world is far more splendid than I
dreamed that it could be
As lying 'neath the rough-hewn beams
fair visions came to me—
But one great glory of the world has
passed away forever,
I ne'er again may hold the skein as
mother winds back there,
Or, when the fire's low, kneel down while
father offers prayer.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A GARDEN PLOT

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

TWO very faint-hearted young peo-
ple were looking at one another
over the back fence of the vegetable
garden—she in the garden among the
cabbages, he outside in the seldom
used street. Between them was the
fence, with its green burden of but-
ter-bean vines. Practical, every-day
life and hard realism could go no
further.

"Of course, if you say so, I'll go to
my paternal ancestor and speak to
him about it," said the young man,
resignedly, adding the reservation,
"at least I'll kind of hint to him. I
might as well take out a good slice
of life insurance before I start. But
if I do go you've got to promise that
you'll go to your mother. I'm not
going to run all the risks!"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I'll have to go,"
said the girl, desperately. "And I'm
just as afraid as I can be. I know
there's some plot against us. Your
father came to see mamma yester-
day about something, and mamma
just looked at me awfully after he
had gone. I've been afraid to speak
to her ever since!"

"Maybe they're going to send you
back to school again," was the
savage remark from across the but-
ter-bean vines. "I won't have it, Nell,
and that's the end of it. If it comes to
that, we'll run away!"

"Oh, Tom, we can't!" came a
frightened whisper over the same
barrier. "I'll—I'll speak to mamma—
and see you here to-morrow evening.
Or why not come to the house! Mam-
ma never has said you couldn't, you
know."

"Oh, but the way she looks at me!"
was the tragic response. "Not by a
whole lot, Nell! We'll trust to these
cold-hearted cabbages instead."

Whereupon the two parted with
such evidences of affection as the
vines permitted, and went valiantly
forth to make confession.

Nell found her mother writing at
her little desk in the corner; but
at Nell's approach Mrs. Grayson shut
and locked the desk with a snap, and
turned an accusing face upon her
daughter. Anger had made her face
very red. There was no doubt that
she knew all! Nell's heart beat a
hurried double tattoo, and her nicely
composed, dutiful little speech died
on her lips. All that she managed to
say was "Mamma!" But she did that
with such an emphasis that appalled
her. Mrs. Grayson turned pale.

"You had better go to your own
room," she said, with austere dig-
nity, "and remain there until you
can listen to reason and talk over
matters calmly."

Mrs. Grayson swept out of the
room, and thus abruptly ended
Nell's confession.

Tom, gifted with a knowledge of
men that should make him a diplo-
mat some day, waited until Col.
Drane had eaten a remarkably good
dinner and was stretched at ease in a
capacious chair, as he could see
through the window. What he did
not see through the window was the
perplexed frown upon the col-
onel's brow—a frown which hung
there in spite of the dinner and the
chair. Tom was in the room and ad-
vancing upon the enemy in good or-
der before he saw the frown, and
immediately his ranks were thrown
into confusion. He faltered. "I'm
gone!" he said to himself. What he
said out loud was, "I have come to
speak to you, sir, about a certain
matter."

Quick as a flash the colonel was
up, with an apoplectic look on his
countenance.

"You will do nothing of the kind,
sir!" he shouted. "I know exactly
what you would say! Well, sir, you
needn't say it! My mind is fully
made up! Not a word, sir! You may
go! I wish to be alone!"

And thus abruptly ended Tom's
confession.

Early the next morning the but-
ter-bean vines received two new ex-
periences—the one very fearful and the
other full of very determined
laughter.

"She sent for him to-day!" sobbed
the fearful one. "I know I'll be sent
away now. I heard him talking loud
in there, and telling her something
about not paying any attention to
two children."

"You are 18, and I am 23," said
the laughing one. "Two good-sized
children, I should think—especially
as the colonel was married at 20. I
have the license in my pocket, Nel-
lie. Run and get your hat and come
around to the side gate. We'll go
up to Mr. Morrison's and be mar-
ried. He's been married lately him-
self, and I'll know how to sympathize
with us."

"Run away? Oh, Tom, let's not
run away!" was the frightened whis-
per that came out of the cabbage-
garden.

But the young man on the other
side of the fence had the license, and,
besides, he had the girl's heart. It
began to be apparent that there was
no other way. The end of it was
that Nell came out of the side gate,
trembling at every sound in the house
she had just left, and she and Tom
started off hand in hand, like two
children.

"Oh, I feel certain she'll overtake
me!" she cried presently, in a panic.
"Let's run—we can beat them both
running!" suggested Tom. And so
they both ran, holding each other's
hand, and laughing, because they
were not very old, and running away
seems a kind of joke to 18 and 23.

They arrived at the Rev. Felix Mor-
rison's quite breathless and full of
laughter; and Felix Morrison's girl-
wife laughed with them, and clapped
her hands on hearing that they were
going to be married right away. The
Rev. Felix himself demurred. They
were both very young—had they pre-
sented the matter properly to those
who had authority over them?

"Oh, that's all right!" said Tom,
cheerfully. "We've done everything
we could—begged and implored and
entreated—they were hard as a rock.
Here's the license—Mrs. Morrison
can witness—fire ahead!"

"Now do, Felix!" begged the little
wife on the other side. "They love
each other—almost as much as you
and I do. Suppose anything had kept
us apart?"

The mere supposition of such a
thing set the minister's lips, and
sent a spark into his calm blue eyes.
"Stand up!" he said.

It was at this awful moment that
they heard the sharp click of the
gate-latch, and Nell cast a terrified
glance between the lace curtains.
The light of the street lamp showed
two figures hurrying up the walk.

"Oh, here they both come!" cried
Nell, in an agony of fear. "They've
followed us! Oh, do save us, some-
body!"

"Here, into the back parlor!" Mrs.
Morrison was already pushing them
under the portieres. "Now do keep
still!" she warned.

"If you can throw them off the
scent," cried Tom, running back and
wringing the minister's hand. "If
you could just lie a little—"

"He can't, but I can!" said Mrs.
Morrison, eagerly. "Here they come—
what's the use if you don't keep
out of sight?"

Col. Drane and Mrs. Grayson might
easily have noticed that there was an
air of subdued excitement in the
parlor to which they were admitted,
that Mr. Morrison's hand shook, and
that a look of indignation and high
resolve was on Mrs. Morrison's face.
But the truth was, they did not no-
tice it, for they had larger matters
in hand. How guilty did the Rever-
end Felix feel when he saw Col. Drane
cast a stony glance around the room!

"Very pleasant weather," said the
Reverend Felix, with an air of deep
impressiveness.

"Very!" said the Colonel, dryly.
Tom, in the back parlor, groaned in
spirit at the sound of that voice.

"I thought this morning that we
should have rain," ventured Mr. Mor-
rison, firmly; "but the clouds—"

"Ah, yes!" said Col. Drane, curtly.
"But we come up to see—"

"Certainly!" Mr. Morrison hasten-
ed to assure him. He felt that he
could hear Tom and Nell breathing
in the back parlor.

"Now for it!" whispered Tom,
holding Nell carefully to keep her
from fainting. "The worst will be
over in a few minutes!"

"The fact is," said the Colonel,
fixing the unhappy minister with his
eye and speaking in an awed voice
and with a very red face, "Mrs. Gray-
son and myself have come up to be
married!"

Rev. Felix Morrison tottered
against the mantelpiece in the front
parlor, and Tom tottered against the
mantelpiece in the back parlor, but
the Colonel went on, belligerently,
"We have chosen this method because
we do not wish any gossip or re-
mark, and because my son and Mrs.
Grayson's daughter have shown
themselves so plainly opposed to any
hint of it—"

Mrs. Felix Morrison had gone off in-
to the back parlor and into hysterics,
and was laughing and crying at a
great rate. Tom had set Nell down
in an easy chair, and was rubbing
his chin with his hand as well as he
could for a most dignified grin.

"If the young people are opposed
to it," said Mr. Morrison, chokingly,
"would it not be better to wait awhile
and gain their consent?"

"No, sir, it would not!" roared the
Colonel, testily. "They have been
holding secret meetings and plot-
ting against us for days! I do not

propose to be dictated to by two such
snips of children! Here is the license,
sir. We are both of age, I think.
Mrs. Morrison can witness!"

And then, as they stood up, two
figures swooped down upon them
and stood facing them, side by side,
holding each other's hand.

"Well, father," said Tom, sever-
ly, "I must say I am scandalized.
Running away to be married! And
at your time of life!"

"Tom!" ejaculated the Colonel,
"Wha—wha—"

"I wouldn't have thought it of you,
mamma!" said Nellie, with much
spirit. "To think of you doing such
a thing without saying a word to
me!"

"A pretty thing this will be to get
out!" remarked Tom, regarding his
father, gloomily. "How is a young
fellow to get up in the world if his
father runs away and gets married
every time he takes a notion?"

"And what an example to set be-
fore me!" said Miss Nellie, primly.

Mrs. Grayson had already sank into
a chair and buried her face in a hand-
kerchief, and now the Colonel sank
into another one close by. He felt
very weak.

"Now that you both know it, Tom,"
he said, feebly, "I don't mind wait-
ing and being married quietly at home
some evening. If you hadn't shown
such determined hostility—"

"We'll have the wedding at home,"
said Tom, willing to show a forgiv-
ing disposition. "And while we are
about it we will have a double wed-
ding—you and Mrs. Grayson, Nell and
I."

"You! You two!" cried Mrs. Gray-
son, emerging from her handkerchief.

"We two," announced Tom, airily.

"But you didn't catch us running
away." He spoke with a lofty moral
tone, at the same time giving the
Reverend Felix a furtive kick.

The Colonel had taken time to di-
gest the statement, but he now
broke out with a roar of laughter,
slapping his knees.

"You two!" he roared. "Great
Scott! Who ever would have
dreamed it? How did you keep it
so close?"

After which Mrs. Grayson and Nell
were forced to go into the back par-
lor and give their personal attention
to Mrs. Morrison, who seemed about
to collapse.—Woman's Home Com-
panion.

Both Were Shocked.

Little Elsie was a faithful attend-
ant at Sunday school, and had lis-
tened earnestly when plans for a
coming Christian Endeavor conven-
tion were discussed, her interest in-
creasing to enthusiasm over the

Naturally, I assumed that the little
girl would enjoy looking at a pret-
tily illustrated book of fairy tales
which had just come into my posses-
sion. She took the book politely
and sat down to look at the pic-
tures. When I looked up she was
staring at me with a question in
her eyes. Seeing me disengaged, she
put it into words:

"Here's a very pretty picture,"
said she, pointing out, or rather in-
dicating, for she's too well trained
to point, to a wash drawing of Ti-
tania and her attendant fayes.

"They're very pretty, but will you
please tell me whether they're angels
or just insects?"—Washington Post.

Quaint Marriage Customs.

A certain marriage custom has, un-
luckily for the brides of to-day, fallen
into disuse. It was once incumbent
on the bridegroom to place a
sum of money in a purse on the
wedding night and present it to the
bride. Afterward this was done the
following morning, and the gift was
called the Dow Purse. Another
phase of the same thing existed in
Cumberland, where the bridegroom
provided himself with gold and
crown pieces. At the words, "With
all my worldly goods I thee en-
dow," he gave the clergyman his
fee and poured the rest of the
money into a handkerchief which the
bride held out. In other places it
was the custom on the day follow-
ing the marriage for the bride to
ask her husband for a gift of money
or property, and he was bound in
honor to grant her request.—Scot-
tish American.

Willing to Sacrifice Himself.

"Doesn't that rigid position make
you tired and uncomfortable?"
asked the artist.

"Yes," replied the ambitious pol-
itician, "it does; but I am willing to
suffer the inconvenience. This is the
pose in which I wish to be known to
posterity."—Chicago Tribune.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Case No. 49,873. Mrs. M. Isted of
1207 Strand Street, Galveston, Tex.,
who is proprietor of a boarding
house at that address, numbering
among her boarders a dozen medical
students, says: "I caught cold dur-
ing the flood of September, 1900, and
it settled in my kidneys. Despite the
fact that I tried all kinds of medicine
and was under the care of physicians,
the excruciating twinges and dull
aching across the small of my back
refused to leave, and trouble with
the kidney secretions began to set in.
From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon
fails to describe the annoyance and
suffering I endured. The fearful
pain through my body, loss of ap-
petite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of
energy, and, finally, an indication of
complete dissolution compelled me,
from sheer agony and pain, to either
lie on the floor and scream, or forced
me into spasms. On such occasions
my husband called in a physician,
whose morphine treatment relieved
me temporarily. I grew weaker and
thinner, and so run down physically
that nothing was left but skin and
bone. All my friends, acquaintances,
and neighbors knew about my criti-
cal condition, and on one occasion
I was reported dead and they came
to see my corpse. At last the doc-
tors attending me held a consulta-
tion and agreed that if I did not un-
dergo an operation I could not live.
Preparations were made, a room se-
lected at the city hospital, and they
even went so far as to have the car-
riage brought to the door to carry
me there. I don't know why, but
something told me not to go, and I
absolutely refused. Now I want the
reader to grasp every word of the
following: A friend of ours, a Mr.
McGaund, knowing that my kidneys
were the real cause of the entire
trouble, brought a box of Doan's
Kidney Pills to the house, and re-
quested me to give them a trial. I
had taken so much medicine that I
was more than discouraged, and had
little, if any, faith in any prepara-
tion. However, I reasoned if they
did not do me good they could not
possibly make me worse, so I be-
gan the treatment. After the third
dose, I felt something dart across me
like a flash of lightning, and from
that moment I began to improve.
The pain in my back and kidneys
positively disappeared, the kidney
secretions became free and natural.
At present I rest and sleep well, my
appetite is good, my weight has in-
creased from 118 to 155 pounds, and
my flesh is firm and solid. My friends
actually marvel at the change in my
appearance. Words cannot express
my own feelings. I am not putting
too strongly when I say I have
been raised from the dead. I am
glad that had it not been for
Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when
they were, I would have been either
in the Lake View Cemetery, or
an invalid for the balance of my life.
I will be only too pleased to give
inuter particulars of my case to any
one calling on me, not, of course,
at of idle curiosity, but if they real-
ly have kidney complaint and want
to know what course to pursue to
get relief."

"I am commissioned to tender his re-
grets. You see, we are so busy just now
that it was impossible for both of us to get
away, and so we tossed up to see which of
us should come," said the young man.
"How nice! Such an original idea! And
you won't."
"No," said the young man, absently; "I
lost."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

We Lost.

A Quaker city gossip tells this story of a
young man who apologized for being late
at a dinner party:

"Awwfully glad to see you, Mr. Blank,"
said the hostess. "So good of you to come.
And all the way from New York, too! But
where is your brother?"

"I am commissioned to tender his re-
grets. You see, we are so busy just now
that it was impossible for both of us to get
away, and so we tossed up to see which of
us should come," said the young man.
"How nice! Such an original idea! And
you won't."
"No," said the young man, absently; "I
lost."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

It Made a Difference.

A man of literary aspirations who had
his way yet to make in the world wrote a
poem, which he submitted to his wife be-
fore sending it out for publication. "Why,
Henry," she said on looking it over, "you
have made 'hundred' rhyme with 'on-
ward.' That's all right," he replied;
"Tennyson did it." "Yes," rejoined his
wife, "Tennyson could do such a thing,
but you can't, Henry."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Surprised Physician.

A dying patient recovers through the in-
terposition of a humble German.
Chicago, Nov. 25.

Some weeks ago Dr. G., a very reput-
able and widely-known physician, living on
C— Street, was called to attend a very
complicated case of Rheumatism. Upon
arriving at the house he found a man about
forty years of age, lying in a prostrated
and serious condition, with his whole frame
dangerously affected with the painful dis-
ease. He prescribed for the patient, but
the man continued to grow worse, and on
Sunday evening he was found to be in a
very alarming condition. The knees and
elbows and larger joints were greatly in-
flamed, and could not be moved. It was
with only extreme difficulty that the pa-
tient could be turned in bed, with the aid
of three or four persons. The weight of
the clothing was so painful that means had
to be adopted to keep it from the patient's
body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would
be of no avail, and left the house, the mem-
bers of the family following him to the
door, weeping. Almost immediately the
grief-stricken ones were addressed by an
humble German. He had heard of the
despair of the family, and now asked them
to try his remedy, and accordingly brought
forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The poor
wife applied this remedy. The first appli-
cation eased the patient very much; after
a few hours they used it again, and won-
der of wonders, the pain vanished entirely!
Every subsequent application improved the
patient, and in two days he was well and
out. When the doctor called a few days
after, he was indeed surprised.

It's easier to make a tool of a dull man
than of a sharp one.—Chicago Daily News.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood
Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body.
I seem to be beyond cure. B. B. B. has made
me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Chas.
Hutton, Berville, Mich.

Many a man who thinks he is a martyr
is only a chump.—Chicago Daily News.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption
saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos.
Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Praise a man's wit and he will admire
your judgment.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c
Posthumous praises are like gold stripes
on a hearse.—Chicago Daily News.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly
harmless. Positive cure for coughs, colds,
bronchitis, asthma.

Magnificent promises are always to be
suspected.—Theodore Parker.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the
hands or spot the kettle, except green and
purple.

When passion is on the throne reason
is out of doors.—M. Henry.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds
of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, cat-
arrh, asthma; never fails.

The best policy is a paid-up one.—Chic-
ago Daily News.



Another club woman, Mrs.
Hauke, of Edgerton, Wis., tells
how she was cured of irregulari-
ties and uterine trouble, terrible
pains and backache by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A while ago my health began to
fall because of female troubles. The
doctor did not help me. I remembered
that my mother had used Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
on many occasions for irregularities
and uterine troubles, and I felt sure
that it could not harm me at any rate
to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that
within a week I felt much better, the
terrible pains in my back and side
were beginning to cease, and at the
time of menstruation I did not have
nearly as serious a time as heretofore,
so I continued its use for two
months, and at the end of that time I
was like a new woman. I really have
never felt better in my life, have not
had a sick headache since, and weigh
30 pounds more than I ever did, so I
unhesitatingly recommend Vegetable
Compound."—Mrs. May Hauke, Ed-
gerton, Wis., President Household
Economics Club.—\$5.00 per bottle if original
of above letter genuine cannot be produced.

Women should remember there
is one tried and true remedy for
all female ills, Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound. Refuse
to buy any other medicine,
you need the best.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Pommel Slickers

Keep the rider perfectly dry. No
water can get in on the saddle,
even extra wide and long in the
saddle. Extra protection at about
the same. Warranted to be
waterproof. If you
don't believe it,
try it on your
saddle for
a week. It
will prove
itself.

HAMLIN'S WIND OIL EARACHE

DRUGGISTS SELL IT

"So Ambitious has achieved fame, has
he?" asked the Philosopher. "He has,"
replied the Cheerful Chap. "Brilliant
things said by other men are now credited
to him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Itchiness of the skin, horrible plague.
Most everybody afflicted in one way or an-
other. Only one safe, never failing cure,
Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50c.

If a man carries a mortgage it is usually
because he can't lift it.—Chicago Daily
News.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of
Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Charity seldom crawls out of a crowded
purse.—Ham's Horn.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment
which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the
greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their
happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is
given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs
on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its
component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from
every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents,
well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy,
because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—
Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should
be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and
naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the
system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results
from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against
which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them
grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give
them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs
assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and
gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the
laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but
also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of
the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous deal-
ers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be
bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please
to remember, the full name of the Company—
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.—is printed on
the front of every pack-
age. In order to get its
beneficial effects it is al-
ways necessary to buy
the genuine only.