

THE STORY TELLER

ANOTHER HERO.

Let me tell you of a hero who has never marched away, with gray flags above him flying, to be fearless in the fray: He has never heard the rattle of the rifles or the roar of the havoc-dealing cannon as the shells go screaming o'er—He is not a gallant soldier, and the world knows not his name. But, unlabeled, unappreciated, he's a hero, just the same.

Ah, the turkey was delicious that they plied upon his plate. And his sisters and his brothers chattered gaily as they ate. With a thoughtful face he gently pushed his white meat all aside. And he nibbled at the gizzard and a wing, unsatisfied: Then he slipped his bunch of raisins in his pocket on the sly. And was so sorry that he couldn't hide away his piece of pie.

At the corner by the alley, where the wind howled all the day, Sat a pale boy at a window while his mother sewed away. And he held a bunch of raisins and a wishbone that was bare. Tasting still the tender white meat that had clung so lately there. I have told you of my hero; men may never give him fame, But I think he has a tablet up in heaven, Just the same.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

ON THE ISLAND.

By S. Rhett Roman.

THE water rippled in small waves, broke into a narrow line of foam, ran up a short way on the wide gray beach, then slid back into the ocean, to begin again its monotonous back-and-forth movement until, the tide turning, the wavelets would swell into breakers and thunder and roll on the hard sand.

A young woman, who seemed more suited to Trouville or Bar Harbor than to this wild, solitary spot, sat on the upturned keel of a boat, shipwrecked and buried in the shingle, just beyond the reach of the tides, half a century ago, and whose dimensions could not be guessed at, by the small portion still visible above the shifting, heavy white sand, and looked seaward musingly.

Marjorie Stanford pushed back the straw hat which had been shading her face, and let the setting sun shine full upon her, and the sea breeze blow at will among the light strands of curling bronze-brown hair escaped from the comb which held their rich masses in place on the shapely head, held as a deer does when startled. Marjorie by all the rights of laws divine and indestructible, should have had some one by her side. Some one in masculine attire, having a sufficient amount of good looks, youth and brains, to correspond with those which a bountiful Providence had so liberally vouchsafed her. But she was alone. There was not a sign of life anywhere near. The long beach ran out on one side bare and solitary, curving off into a dim line and melting into the tints of sky and water. On the other, it ended abruptly where an arm of the sea separated the island from one closer in shore, on which cottages shone like white specks in the distance, and the walls of the old fort were barely visible.

Looking around at the immensity of the ocean, and the complete loneliness of the scene, Marjorie laughed ruefully, and thought what her numerous friends elsewhere would say could they see her sitting on the rotten hull of an old wreck in this desolate place, with only the sea and a few sea gulls for company.

For Marjorie Stanford had been a bright and particular star in the firmament of fashion, under her aunt's, Mrs. Will Stanford's, guidance for various seasons, and had tasted the sweets of a varied and brilliant life in big cities and capitals, both at home and abroad.

Hers had been a great social success, and she had reigned royally over that small circle which rules the world and its rulers.

By reason of her very remarkable beauty, and that charm which American women possess par excellence, Marjorie had grown accustomed to the fascinations of life led by the women of fashion of our day, and the ceaseless adulation which surrounded her. The contrast was sharp with her present existence.

A white-breasted sea gull, curious to ascertain what this motionless figure so out of keeping with the serenity of the landscape, the sea beating its everlasting tattoo on the lonely shore, could be, circled down and rested on the swing of the billows, while gazing at Marjorie in fearless astonishment.

"Oh, you dear, free thing! How good it must be to soar off when the whim strikes you. To select your own resting place; not to be forced to count with accident, duty, pride, nor any other silly sentiment, but to—"

The seabird, as if in answer, rose up with a sweep of its pinions, and giving a shrill cry, called its mate. From a far distance the bird winged its way shoreward, and meeting, they both settled down on the gently heaving waters of the channel, as it swept out seaward.

Marjorie laughed softly, but there was mingled regret and longing in her voice.

"You silly things! so, you are hampered by ties and shackles? You were not satisfied with the glorious

right to live, each your own lives as you pleased, giving account to none, and responsible only to yourselves for what you pleased to do? You must needs fasten your own existence to that of another, and forever forswear the right to order your own destiny, live your life on your own lines, and for your own gratification?"

The sun slanting from the west must have sent a message to the sea gulls, for rising suddenly, and shaking the salt brine from their long pinions, they went swiftly seaward until they were swallowed up in the blues and greys of sky and water.

"Not being human, they may be good companions," Marjorie mused. "He may be so absorbed in the pleasing occupation of catching fish, that she may be relieved of his company most of the time, and she may find much pleasure in looking after the children. Perhaps they are a newly-married couple, they seem so fond of each other. He evidently can't do without her—for the time being. Very shortly, ca changera, unless they are quite different from us. Come, Turk, let us have a stroll and see if we can be good company for each other."

A big Newfoundland, who had been lying on the sand, got up and majestically paced by her side, while they strolled down the beach, and the evening light faded.

When it was quite dark they turned onto a road, built high and firm with beaten shells, which ran towards a clump of wind-swept trees quite a distance back from the coast line of the island.

They sheltered, or rather surrounded a large, rambling, weather-beaten house, evidently inhabited, for lights streamed out from the open doors and windows, into the mild spring air. On its deep veranda sat an elderly gentleman in an armchair, clearly a confirmed invalid, whose thin, clear-cut features bore just enough resemblance to the contour of Marjorie's face, to proclaim him her father.

But it was a querulous and an evil face, one from which all kindness—if there had ever been any—and intellectuality, were gone, extinguished and worn out by constant suffering and years of ill-health, which peered out at Marjorie.

"Late, as usual. Your society manners, I presume. You forgot I was waiting and it is past tea time," he said, with snarling emphasis, as she came up the steps.

"Late! Oh, no. There's quite half an hour yet before tea. I was walking on the beach with Turk," she answered, pleasantly.

Throwing her hat on the hall table, Marjorie went indoors to see about those ever-recurring, small duties, the prelude of the last dull meal of each day, cheerless occupations which brought neither pleasure nor a restful peace to those on the island.

What had brought Marjorie there? A curious, persistent thought, that whether he wished it or not, she, his daughter, should tend the querulous recluse, growing more morose yearly, who had sent her off, first to school, then to her aunt, seeming glad to be rid of a responsibility which was solely his, after the death of her mother, long years ago.

There were letters on the table. She read:

"Dear Marje—When am I to expect you back? It is simply absurd, your burying yourself alive in this barbaric way. Nor does William want you. I know him of old. He was always selfish and self-centered. Never gave a thought to anybody but himself. He is accustomed to Ann Dawson's care of him, and she knows his whims and crochets, and they both would be better pleased without you, I feel convinced.

"As for your sacrificing yourself, and shutting up yourself on that dismal island just to see that William's milk gruel is all right, and to let him sneer and growl at you, it is sheer Quixotic nonsense! You will grow thin and pale and old, and William will not even be grateful. I tell you I know him, child. We were brought up together, and a leopard does not change his spots, remember.

"The danger is, he may get used to seeing you around the house and refuse to consent to your leaving later on. He is as capricious as he is despot. As it is, he doesn't care just now whether you leave him or not, and I know Ann Dawson would like you out of her way. So for heaven's sake pack your trunks and join me at once. Before going abroad we can spend a week or two in Canada. I know some one who is inconsolable at your sudden flight just at present. But you are well acquainted with 'notre monde,' and you know how many consoling crows up when the sufferer owns a few millions. Already Jeannie Carston thinks she is in your shoes. This century is too busy and overcrowded with play and pleasure as well as work to let people think much and long over any one thing or person. Write or wire me when to expect you. Now, for the heaven's sake, Marjorie, be sensible and come at once. Lovingly,

"CARRIE STANFORD."

"We will do our shopping in Paris." Marjorie put it down with a smile and a sigh and took up another, whose strong, firm handwriting disclosed its masculine authorship. It read:

"You can have no conception of how much you are missed. If you had you would care at least a trifle for those you left so abruptly to shut yourself up on that horrible island. Your aunt has described it to me. If you are determined to remain there, I will run down to see you. Unless you positively object you may see me at any time should

I learn that you have made up your mind to remain there. I am not writing what I think or feel, only what I propose doing. Faithfully,

"ANDREW PERRINGTON."

A sharp voice calling, broke in on Marjorie's musing, as she slowly folded the letter and slipped it in its envelope.

And while sitting at table with her father, and listening to his querulous complaints, and usual abuse of his manager, who was "a d—m fool and knew nothing about Sea Island," so he declared, although the continuous successful results obtained from the fields stretching far back inland seemed to prove the contrary, Marjorie's thoughts were occupied with several queer conundrums. Why was she so averse to seeing Andrew Perrington? Of course he was a charming fellow. But Fannie Carston was welcome to the succession if she desired it—and the owner of those several millions.

Then again, being of better service, and quite undesired, why did she permit in cutting herself off from the enjoyable life she was accustomed to, and lead that of an anchorite, on this solitary sea girt island? Looking critically at her father, he seemed to be pathetically worn, and even in his grim snarling humor there was a suffering which appealed to her powerfully.

Marjorie was discovering strange and unsuspected depths to her nature, one she had hitherto thought quite absorbed in her idle, pleasurable life, in cottons and chiffons.

Marjorie stopped to caress Turk, and glancing up found William Stanford's eyes fixed on her with a look she had not seen there before.

Marjorie's smile back had in it the charm so few could resist, and although her father rose and went slowly out of the room without speaking, she felt as if the horrible solitude surrounding her was broken.

"My poor darling, you must go without me this year," she wrote her aunt. "It may be that I am not wanted here, but I can make my life more tolerable, even against his will, and I will try the venture. The sea view is gorgeous. Turk and I luxuriate in the surf, and I am making quite a number of friends—among the sea gulls. Remember me when you are in the Paris shops. Elise has my measurements, you remember. The day may come when I will emerge from these solitudes and fly back to the dearest aunt in the world. Fondly,

"MARJORIE."

And Marjorie also answered the other letter.

"No, I cannot possibly go back to my dear, joyous life of pleasure and freedom, nor must you come here. Later you will be glad I am unkind and unappreciative to-day. It is quite solitary, but the sea and the winds are my friends, and the waves sing grand anthems, and I am always busy. Don't try to remember and you will soon forget. Yours, with many pleasant recollections,

"MARJORIE STANFORD."

The days and the weeks passed. Then months and years.

Marjorie's father, old and decrepit but not feeble, clings to her with a tenacious, exacting affection which demands her presence day and night.

Beautiful, but graver, with a spiritualized expression not hers in the days of her social triumphs, Marjorie's many cares and occupations make hers a busy life indeed. Her moments of recreation are those when, slipping away, she goes slowly along the beach with Turk for a companion, when the tide is low, and her friends, the sea gulls, circle over the water or dip in the waves.

The post brought announcement cards on Tiffany paper. The marriage of Miss Fannie Carston to Mr. Andrew Perry Perrington.

A slow flush spread over Marjorie's face as she read.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Wouldn't Vouch for Him.

Some of the lads who get into a business life early can be relied upon for good common sense. The head of a big grocery store in Chicago has been greatly pleased with this common sense attribute in one of the boys he employs. He is a bright, honest lad, quick and reliable, and when a second boy was needed they sent for "Sam." Couldn't he get them a boy? They wanted a boy as good as he was, and he must know of one. After some thought he finally agreed to send them one, and the next day the boy arrived and Sam was called to identify him. "Do you know this boy, Sam?" asked the employer.

"Yes," answered Sam. "I know him."

"And do you know him to be a good, honest boy?" "I have played with him all my life, and I have always thought he was." "But will you vouch for him?" persisted the employer.

"No," answered Sam indignantly. "I wouldn't vouch for anyone. I wouldn't vouch for my own brother. How do I know what temptations you are going to put before him?"—Golden Days.

He Was Up Early.

Not all visitors to the country are as ignorant of the farmer's surroundings as the farmers sometimes suppose. Browning's Magazine gives this instance:

"Wal," said Farmer Wilkins to his city boarder, who was up early and looking around, "ben out to hear the haycock crow, 's spouse?" and he winked at his hired man.

"No," replied the city boarder, "I've been out tying a knot in a cord of wood."

Farmer Wilkins scowled at the hired man, and wanted to know why he was not getting to work at milking those cows.

MODERN RAILROADING.

ABLE MEN ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IN ALL BRANCHES TO MAKE IT PAY.

A railroad is a machine for making money, and the machine must be kept in good order. To this end sound constructive material is wanted and insisted upon, says Collier's Weekly. Twentieth century railway managers have a weakness for men who do their work well. They have an idea that by lifting the efficient ones to higher seats the road is benefited in dollars. This idea governs employment.

Suppose the applicant for position is 20 years of age and wishes to become an engineer. He is assigned to a locomotive, in charge of a fireman, but under the general instructions of the engineer. During a period of from two weeks to a month he works without pay, because it is only a tentative service meant to put him to the final test of his potential fitness for the work. If he comes out all right, the engineer gives him a certificate to the effect that he is believed to possess the make-up useful to a locomotive engineer.

Once in possession of this certificate of potential fitness, the young man is soon found on a freight engine as fireman drawing full pay. In this capacity he serves not less than three years. Then he is competent generally to take charge of a freight engine. This point attained, he is practically assured that he will in time be appointed to a position of the first class—that of engineer of a passenger train.

The operating department is one that attracts many young men out of a mechanical turn of mind. They begin variously as "students" in telegraph offices, ticket offices, signal towers, etc. It takes them six months or a year to gain a practical knowledge of the routine duties of the men in the lower grades of operating workmen over whom it is their aim as a rule to exercise supervision. During the period of studenthood they receive from \$15 to \$20 a month. Having served the time needful to fit him for the responsibility, the new railroader is appointed agent at a minor station—a telegraph operator, a towerman or a switchman. The pay of the station agents or operators ranges from \$40 to \$50 a month, and switchmen get from \$50 to \$70 a month.

The term of apprenticeship for a trainman is the shortest of all, and on account of the quickly acquired earning capacity the larger number are attracted to this branch of railroading. Within a month the new man may become a brakeman on a freight train at \$50 to \$75 a month. In two years he may become a freight conductor, at \$90 to \$100 a month. In six years, according to conditions, the post of passenger conductor may be his, at a salary ranging from \$90 to \$120 a month. In the train service the matter of precedence depends almost wholly on individual merit and seniority.

HIS NATIVE LAND BEST.

When It Came to Scenery He Thought They Couldn't Beat the Palisades.

The Empire State express was whizzing up the Hudson a few days ago, with the eyes of all the passengers on the beauties of the river and the Palisades on the other shore. One of the passengers, a foreigner, was particularly expressive of his admiration, says the New York Tribune.

"You never saw anything in your foreign countries to beat that, I'll bet," said an up-state farmer, who was going home by express from a visit with relatives in the city. "It's just grand scenery, that is."

"You are right, it is grand," exclaimed the foreigner, in perfectly correct, though measured, English. "I only remember one scene more beautiful."

The loyal up-stater demanded the name of the scene that "had the Palisades beat out."

"A few months ago I had the pleasure of going down the River Danube," he answered. "It is a trip little taken since express trains began running between Paris and Vienna, but it is well worth while. There is one place in particular that reminds me of the Palisades, and which I honestly believe was more grand.

"A few miles below Belgrade the Carpathian mountains cut across the great plain of central Hungary, and the Danube centuries ago cut a passage through them. First, the river rushes through a narrow passage, then broadens out to the width of a lake. Around a bend goes the steamer and the mountains come together. The result is two rows of palisades higher than those across this mighty stream, and with tops majestically peaked. It is called the Kezan Pass, but is more popularly known as 'the Iron Gate.'"

"It may be all as you say," declared the farmer, "but you know what I think—you're just prejudiced. There can't be anything finer than the Palisades."

RECIPE FOR LONGEVITY.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried. "The few locks that are left you are gray, and I would fain hear you say how you attained your great age. Impart to me, if you please, the secret of your longevity."

"It's very simple," replied the aged man, as he took another chew of tobacco and continued to read the finest print without the aid of spectacles. "All you have to do is to keep right at it. Just go on living, and time will do the rest."—Detroit Free Press.

MALTA'S POPULATION.

Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1,360 people to the square mile. Barbados has 1,054 people to the square mile.—N. Y. Sun.


That Cry—"Oh, My Back!"

The little missionary, Doan's Kidney Pills, "free trial," carries ease, rest, comfort. Most people need kidney help; they who choose Doan's get it—help that lasts.

DEARBORN, ILL.—"When I sent for the trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills I had been afflicted for two months with pain in my back so bad that I could not get from the house to the barn. It was called rheumatism. I could get no relief from the doctors. I began to improve on taking the sample and got two boxes at our druggist's, and, although 68 years of age, I am almost a new man. I was troubled a good deal with my water—had to get up four and five times a night. That trouble is over with and once more I can rest the night through. My backache is all gone, and I thank you ever so much for the wonderful medicine, Doan's Kidney Pills."—Jno. H. HUBER, President Ridgeville, Indiana, State Bank.

ACHING backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and droopy eyes vanishes. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

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HE STOPPED THE BELL.

And Gave the Show a Chance, Therefore Was Entitled to Free Admission.

The requests for theater favors in the small towns are very troublesome. Every person of local standing feels that he has a right to admission at least, while the trustees and the constable feel that they are entitled to private boxes. Some of the requests are decidedly unique, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Recently a company played a small southern city. The manager was taking the tickets at the door of the theater, and the natives were struggling to get in. "Suddenly," he tells, "a long, thin, bushy-chinned individual divided the folding doors with his shoulder and whispered confidentially: 'I stop the bell.' I asked him to repeat. 'I stop the bell,' he said again in a hoarse whisper. 'You will have to see the opera house manager and tell him what you stop,' I said, reaching for tickets. He tripped up several ladies while backing out. Soon the manager and the house came in, saying: 'He's all right, he stops the bell.' I allowed him to go in, and after the people were seated I asked the local man what he meant by 'He stops the bell.' 'Well,' said he, 'this man is the janitor of the town hall, right opposite, and on 'show nights' he does not ring nine or ten on the town clock. You see, he said, 'it would disturb the performance,' and so the poor people do not know what time it is until 11 o'clock, when the opera house is open. If I had 'turned him down' he would have rung out nine and ten every half hour to get even."

His Natural Thirst.

"Gentlemen," recently said a German professor who was showing to his students the patients in the asylum, "this man suffers from delirium tremens. He is a musician. It is well known that blowing a brass instrument affects the lungs and throat in such a way as to create a great thirst, which has to be allayed by persistent indulgence in strong drink. Hence, in course of time, the disease you have before you."

Turning to the patient the professor asked: "What instrument do you blow?" and the answer was: "The violoncello."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Important Discovery.

Grant, Okla., Feb. 9th.—After ten years E. H. Gosney of Grant has at last found a cure for Kidney Trouble. Mr. Gosney suffered very severely with Kidney Complaint and some ten years ago made up his mind to find a cure if one was to be had. He has tried and tried and experimented with every kidney medicine he could hear of. Although he was always disappointed he kept on trying till at last perseverance was rewarded and he found a complete cure.

He is a well man to-day and explains it as follows:

"Everything failed to cure me and I was growing worse and worse till I tried a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills and I had not taken many of them before I knew that I had at last found the right thing. I am entirely cured and I cannot say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Lesson in Optimism.

Smarticus—Well, how are you?
Spartacus—Poorly, poorly. Got an awful cold in my head.
"Well, well, that's comforting."
"Comforting? Explain."
"What a joy it ought to be to you after years of uncertainty on the subject to be assured definitely that you really have something in your head."—Baltimore American.

The K. C. S. Almanac for 1903.

The Kansas City Southern Railway's Almanac for 1903 is now ready for distribution. Farmers, stock-raisers, fruit-growers, truck-gardeners, manufacturers, merchants and others seeking a new field of action or a new home at the very lowest prices, can obtain reliable information concerning southwestern Missouri, the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations in the Indian Territory, western Arkansas, eastern Texas, northwestern Louisiana and the Coast country, and of the business opportunities offered therein. Write for a copy of the K. C. S. Almanac and address, S. G. Warner, G. F. A., K. C. S. Railway, Kansas City, Mo.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "gives deaire's credit for habbin' patience, when in reality dey is merely enjoyin' a loaf."—Washington Star.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach troubles, destroy worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

It sometimes happens that when people make up their minds a good deal of important matter is left out.—Chicago Daily News.

You'll be reasonably happy if you stop worrying because you are not.—Puck.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. Y. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some people forget too little; others too much.—Chicago Journal.

Stops the Cough.

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Fear is nursed in the lap of imagination.—United Presbyterian.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

More die by food than famine.—Farm Journal.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. 1/2 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

Fear makes a man his own foe.—Ram's Horn.

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO. The house that tells the truth.

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