

# THE STORY TELLER

## GOOD ENOUGH IF YOU SING.

Sing! Let your heart be happy;  
Pretty good world of ours!  
Plenty of joy and contentment,  
Plenty of sunlight and flowers;  
Love enough here for the millions;  
Share it wherever it's found,  
And sing till a great, glad chorus  
Re-echoes the world around.

May be that fortune has shunned you;  
Just think it is better gone by;  
And spring to your feet where you're  
sighing.

And carol a song to the sky.  
Sing! There's a sun in the heavens!  
Help it to brighten the day;  
Sing, and the world will be better,  
And roses will bloom by the way.

Sing, for you know it's contagious;  
Others will join in your song.  
Begetting the love and the laughter  
That carries this old world along;  
All nature around you will hum it,  
While beacons of goodness will swing  
Out from the gloom of the darkness—  
It's a good enough world if you sing.  
—George R. Harrison, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## FLOOD-TIDE.

By Helen M. Givens.

NORWOOD had tramped over San Francisco, unsuccessfully seeking employment from sunrise to sunset. He had been out of the hospital only a few days, and when he paused before an evil-looking eating-house on the water front, he felt too spent and disheartened to enter. Exactly 20 cents stood between him and starvation. He jingled it mechanically, and watched a dissipated-looking cat making toilet in an angle of the wall. The heaviest fog of the season hung over the bay and fell incessantly in small rain and mist. At last a drunken man, roaring out the refrain of a popular coon-song as he staggered heavily on, roused Norwood, and he entered the restaurant and gave a ten-cent order. In spite of apprenticeship at the county hospital, his weakened stomach revolted at the quality of the food; but the warmth revived him a little, and he lingered until he drew the notice of the surly proprietor.

"See here, young fellow," said that worthy, roughly, "you'd better move on. This ain't a Salvation army barracks. We don't give lodgin' with a ten-cent show-down."

Norwood wondered bitterly if there were lower depths he had not sounded, as he paid his score and struck out aimlessly through the fog. When the great ferry building loomed up in front of him he was shivering again, and he entered the Sausalito waiting-room. A sign conspicuously posted assured him that loafers would not be tolerated, so he invested his remaining capital in a ticket, and, fortified by this badge of respectability, assumed a position near a heater.

On account of the fog the boats were not moving on schedule time, and there was a long delay. When at last the gates opened, Norwood found himself entering with the crowd. His body moved of its own volition, without conscious guidance of his mind, and he had a feeling of aloofness, as though he passed through the scenes of a dream.

It was high tide, and with the sound of the little waves snapping at the piles the idea of ending his misery entered his mind for the first time. He had made a brave fight against odds; he had worked at anything his hands found to do; but the curriculum of his eastern college had done little toward training his eye for material heights, and when Fate had allowed him to make a misstep on some scaffolding his ribs had mended sooner than his spirit.

The fog-horn still clamored, although the mist had lifted a little. Norwood reflected that about the middle of the bay, when the wet decks were empty, he could slip over the side and out of existence as easily as though he had never felt that life had a great deal to offer to him. In the meantime he still craved warmth, and he followed the crowd into the cabin and found a corner near the door.

A moment later, two women, one elderly, the other young, good-looking and with an air of quiet distinction, seated themselves opposite. From time to time snatches of their conversation reached the young man. The elder woman was nervous at the prospect of crossing in the fog—the younger tried to reassure her.

When the boat started, the girl moved to look out of the window, and her purse, that after the careless fashion of women, she held in her lap, slid to the floor. As Norwood restored it to her she looked at him keenly, evidently struck by the contrast between his manner and unkempt and haggard appearance. He wondered dully what she would do if she could realize that her well-filled purse held the price of a human life. A momentary impulse to tell her so and throw himself on her generosity struggled through his mind. Something in the level glance of the brown eyes told him it would not be in vain. But when pride pushes itself into the place of the intellect, it is apt to degenerate into obstinacy, so Norwood held his peace. Having made a mess of his life, he would abide by the consequences.

During his last night on earth a condemned man may lose consciousness. Norwood must have dozed for

a moment. He was awakened by a shock that threw him violently on his knees, and seemed to lift the boat out of the water. Flung out his hands so save himself, he clutched a soft leathern object, and still grasping it, lurched to his feet as a white-faced deckhand ran through the cabin crying, "There's been a collision! The boat's sinking!"

Instantly the wildest panic prevailed. The veneer of civilization, more or less thin, cracked; cowardice, brutality and weakness appeared. Struggling men blocked the entrances; they gashed their hands on the windows; they even piled up against the partitions like trapped and savage animals. Shrieking women and children ran from side to side of the cabin. An immense negro, jammed half in, half out, a shattered window, contributed the element of grotesqueness, as he gesticulated frantically, filling the air with alternate prayers and curses.

With death at hand, Norwood ceased to desire it. Springing toward an exit, he remembered the two women and returned. The girl, who was trying to raise the elderly woman to her feet, looked at him appealingly. "My mother's heart is weak," she said hurriedly. "The shock has brought on an attack—I can't move her."

"Just a moment," cried Norwood. "Don't stir from here, and I'll see what can be done."

When he gained the slippery deck he found order coming out of chaos, through the nerve of the officers and the calmness of some of the passengers. Boats were lowered, but only to pick up a few progressive spirits who in the first panic had seized life-preservers and thrown themselves into the water. Lines had been cast from one steamer to another, lashing them together; and men, working like madmen—or heroes—were quickly passing the women and children to safety over the rail.

Norwood ran back. As the girl turned her white face mutely toward him he felt a glow of admiration for her self-control.

"All right," he said, encouragingly. "There's no danger. Are you strong enough to help me lift her?"

She nodded, and together they raised the almost unconscious woman. She was no light weight, and Norwood was still weak, but they succeeded in half-leading, half-carrying her on deck. The doomed steamer was rapidly settling, and the water was running into the cabin when they left it. Norwood shouted to the deckhands who were beginning to cast off the lines, and a dozen brawny arms lifted the women to the opposite deck.

The men followed, and almost immediately the boat they had left plunged, bow first, and with a rush through the blackness, disappeared.

As the girl had been drawn over the rail after her mother, there was a cry of "Why, Dorothy! Dorothy Moore!" Instantly the two were the center of an excited and solicitous group, and Norwood went below.

He was among the first to land when the boat entered the slip, but he lingered on the outskirts of the throng until the face he looked for appeared. Although occupied with her mother, the girl's eyes more than once roved eagerly over the crowd, and with a quickened beating of his heart, Norwood felt instinctively that she searched for him. The idea cheered him—he felt less friendless; yet he kept out of sight until they entered a carriage and were driven away.

The events of the past few hours had added no brilliancy to Norwood's prospects; nevertheless, as he turned toward Market street, he no longer felt life to be an unprofitable episode disturbing the blessed calm of non-existence. He exulted in the mere fact that his will controlled his movements—that he was not a thing for the sport of the waves; and squaring his shoulders to the wind, he thrust his hands deeply into his shabby pockets. With an astonished start he drew them out again. Dangling to one finger by a glittering chain was a little purse of gray suede—the kind women affect. For a moment he looked at it in bewilderment—then memory stung him. He had twice picked it up, once to restore it to its rightful owner—the second time to pocket it himself. In the excitement he had forgotten it. Opened, it revealed the unaccustomed glitter of gold and silver, and at the sight Norwood realized how fished he was. He transferred some of the silver to a breast-pocket, replaced the purse, and boarded an uptown car.

Some hours later, warmed, fed, and comforted, he sat down in a decent room and made an inventory. The purse contained \$40 in gold, some silver, and, attached to a bit of ribbon, a little silver Filipino coin. A card inscribed with Miss Moore's name in full and a number on California street offered every facility for the return of his treasure-trove.

That night the young man was too worn out for reflection, but over his breakfast the next morning he resolved to break a commandment—and the gold—clothe himself decently, make a fresh start in life, and in time liquidate his indebtedness to Miss Dorothy Moore.

Perhaps his lane had neared a turn, for a few days afterward he secured a small clerkship in a wholesale house; but so very small was the clerkship that several months had elapsed before the purse assumed its former comfortable proportions.

In the meantime, with security against the necessities of the hour, youth reassured itself, and quickened with the never-satisfied longing after the happiness it claims as its birthright. An illusory picture—born of a dream and shaped by fancy—in which Dorothy Moore was the central figure, occupied much of his thoughts. He

assured himself that some reason was due her for the detention of her property during so long a period, and wasted considerable time and stationery in attempting to give one. Without any conscious wish to stir her imagination or awaken her interest, his few unsigned words of thanks and explanation yet revealed more of his dark hour than he was aware. In them were sufficient food for curiosity and sympathy—sworn enemies to forgetfulness. Of his reason for retaining the little Filipino coin he gave no hint.

A week later a chance paragraph in a newspaper informed him that Dorothy and her mother had gone to New York and might shortly sail for Europe.

In the three years that followed, Norwood's success pointed the words of the poet:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

In the various turnings of his lane, he made many acquaintances and a few friends, who occasionally drew him, unwillingly enough, out of the routine of business into the social pleasures of his age and kind. So it chanced that one evening, watching his opportunity to say good-night to his hostess and escape from a crowded dance, he looked across the shoulders of the throng and intercepted the level glance of a pair of brown eyes. Norwood promptly changed his farewell to a petition, and five minutes later he was saying to the owner of the eyes, "Let me take you out of this crush. There is a corner near that window where air is a possibility."

"I know your name well, Mr. Norwood," said Dorothy Moore. "Cousin Jack has so often mentioned you in his letters."

"Jack and I were old college friends," he replied, "but I had lived here two years before I ran across him again."

"What puzzles me," the girl went on, "is that your face is familiar, too. It struck me when I first saw you a few moments ago—and yet I know we have never met before."

"Once," he said, "three years ago."

"Why, I—is it possible? I didn't know."

"That at our first meeting I was tempted to beg from you—and later on did worse—applied your property to my own needs—or, to be plain, stole from you?" questioned Norwood.

She made a movement of astonishment, and her fan slid from her lap. As the young man bent to restore it, something in his attitude or gesture brought recollection in a flood. Dorothy paled, then flushed crimson.

"It can't be true," she began, then stopped, watching with fascinated eyes while he took from his breast-pocket a case, and held out his hand. On the palm lay a little silver Filipino coin.

"And you are really, really that poor boy?" she cried impulsively. "No wonder your face haunted me. Oh, why did you never let us know—when we owed you so much?"

Norwood's eyes roved from her eager face to the bit of silver. "I should like to return it to you," he said, irrelevantly. "It has been a veritable mascot, yet at times a source of sharp misery."

"Why do you say that? It sounds dreadfully like a riddle, and I was never good at guessing them," said the girl, holding out her hand for the coin.

As her soft fingers touched Norwood's palm, his own closed over them, and he replied, "Because it might have been the gift of a—"

"Friend?" she supplemented, demurely, as he hesitated.

"He tightened his clasp. "It could be the gift of a—lover," he insisted.

"Oh, hush!" murmured Dorothy, rising. "Some one is looking." Then she added, "But come and see us tomorrow—and don't forget to bring the coin."—Ledges Monthly.

## COMMUNING WITH THE DEAD.

A Strong and Universal Tendency of the Living That Has Survived Attempts at Suppression.

The tendency to commune with the dead and to pray for them is strong and universal. It survives whatever systems of whatever creeds men may invent for its suppression. Samuel Johnson is professedly a staunch Protestant, bristling with prejudices, but a delicate moral sense enters the rugged manhood of his nature, says a writer in Donahue's Magazine. Instinctively he seeks to commune with his departed wife after the manner dear to the Catholic heart, but forbidden to the Protestant. He keeps the anniversary of her death and he composes a beautiful prayer, full of Catholic sentiment, for the repose of her soul. Tennyson has the same thought beautifully expressed in his "Morte d'Arthur." He makes this hero say: "More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

The great Cardinal Newman, before he found rest within the bosom of the church, penned these beautiful lines: "Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made, The souls to Thee so dear, In prison, for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here."

Later in life, when his wanderings in quest of truth were over, he wrote that exquisite poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," in which he causes the angel to say to the souls it tenderly consigns to the golden prison: "Farewell, but not forever! brother, dear, Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow; Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here, And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

## TO "KEEP" THE CIDER.

Brown Tried a Formula Recommended by Smith and There Was Trouble in the Cellar.

"It is a plebeian taste, I will admit," said Brown, "but I plead guilty to a liking for cider. I suppose my early boyhood days, when I used to extract it fresh from the press through the medium of a straw, are responsible for my desire. But give me a glass of cider just at the point when it commences to sparkle with life, and I would not trade it for all the fancy drinks ever invented."

"Fall weather reminded me of it the other day, and I chanced to speak of it in the presence of Smith, bemoaning the fact that there were no means to keep cider from working and becoming hard."

"That reminded him of a formula that had been in his father's family for years. He said he had tried it and it had always been a success. He guaranteed that if it were put up according to the formula it would keep for years."

"He was so enthusiastic about it that I had him furnish me the formula. Then while my wife was away I sent to my old home-place and had a barrel of cider sent me from the cider mill that I used to play around when I was a boy. I carefully followed Smith's directions and bottled the whole barrel and then regretted that I didn't order another barrel at the same time. When I had it all nicely stored away down cellar I thought of the many pleasant times I would have during the long winter evenings."

"The other night I was reading my paper when there was an explosion down cellar that sounded like a report of a 13-inch gun. I seized a lamp and started to investigate. I was half way down the stairs when another explosion took place, filling the cellar with flying glass and causing me to beat a hasty retreat."

## COURAGE OR FATALISM?

Japanese Soldier Who Went to the Front Expecting to Be Killed.

The little lieutenant who lived just across the street from O. K. Davis, the New York Sun's war correspondent in Tientsin, said to him one day:

"I should be very happy to have you visit me in my home in Japan after this war is over, but I expect to be killed."

He was perfectly sincere and unaffected, says Everybody's Magazine. His belief did not alter his attention to duty in the slightest. He went wherever he was ordered as gaily as if it were to a feast, no matter if the field was swept with bullets. When I saw him in Peking a day or so after the legation had been relieved, he said, simply:

"Perhaps I shall not be killed this time, after all."

Would you call it courage when such a man as that leads a little column against a stone wall, and when he can't get over at first, sits down and waits until he can? He hasn't any conception of courage. He is brave, but with the bravery of a bulldog. There is more real courage in the old hen fluttering over her little chickens to protect them from the threatened hawk. If it were not for them she would flee fast enough from the danger.

There you have the essential difference between courage and bravery, and between the American soldier and the Japanese or Russian. The orientals, counting the Russian as an oriental, are dangerous men to meet, because they have no care for the result. How much more dangerous is the man who sees through the end and discounts it all, yet goes ahead to the desperate finish.

## INSIDE A GREAT DAM.

Interesting Description of the Workings of a Mammoth Undertaking.

Down in the hole, 150 feet below the completed part of the wall, in a chasm of natural boulders and masonry rocks, the pumps drum and gurgles, taking out of the pit for their daily task half a million of gallons of water. Far overhead the buckets go flying swiftly by along the cable ways, then stop as suddenly and slide down to the ground, to rise again empty a minute later and be swept out of sight over the edge of the wall, says a description of "The Greatest of Power Dams," in Leslie's Monthly. Great hooks suspended from heavy chains swoop down, grasp an enormous stone and then, far above the confusion, slide through the air again to lower it to its place on the wall as accurately and gently as if it were a mere pebble. The great cranes that raise and lower their enormous arms and circle around in a narrower radius add to the orderly confusion. Far above the hole towers the huge dirt wall of the coffer dam with its lattice work of supporting beams, the ends of great logs sticking out through the sides, and on top the scaffolding of the cable towers standing high against the sky, looking altogether like nothing so much as the familiar drawings in the back of Caesar's commentaries of the Roman method of attacking a walled town.

## Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

It is a great misfortune not to have sense enough to speak well and judgment enough to speak little.—Cato.

Bill—"Why do they call it Cripple Creek, do you suppose?" Jill—"Perhaps because the water is limpid."—Yonkers Statesman.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The man with the muck-rake has a large family—mostly rakes.—United Presbyterian.

If a woman ever turns a deaf ear to her mirror telling her she is beautiful, it is probably to see if she doesn't look still better in profile.—Puck.

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

A man's bull-headedness is his worst enemy.—Chicago Daily News.

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

Mattery glids the goose it intends to kill.—Ram's Horn.

Any one can dye with Putnam Fadeless Dye, no experience required.

Truth releases from tyranny.—Ram's Horn.

## PROVE DOAN'S FREE HELP.

Those who doubt, who think because other Kidney Remedies do them no good, who feel discouraged, they profit most by the Free Trial of Doan's Kidney Pills. The wondrous results stamp Doan merit.

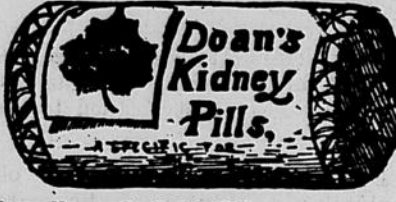
Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

SALEM, IND., Feb. 5, 1903.—"I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills and I must confess they did me wonderful good. It seems strange to say that I had tried several kinds of kidney medicines without doing me any good. I had backache, pain in my bladder and scalding urine, and the sample package sent me stopped it all in a few days, and with the package I am now using from our drug store I expect to be cured permanently. It is wonderful, but sure and certain the medicine does its work. I was in constant misery until I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."—CHAS. R. COOK, P. O. Box 90, Salem, Washington Co., Ill.

SOUTH BARTONVILLE, ILL., Feb. 8, 1903.—"I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills and have bought several boxes of my druggist. They have done me much good. I was hardly able to do any work until I began taking them; now I can work all day and my back does not get the least bit tired." BIRD GRAY.

FREE—TO MAKE YOU A FRIEND.



Form—Name—Address—City—State—Country.

Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

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(Cut out coupon on dotted lines and mail to Foster-Liburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)

Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

## LADY ON EDITORIAL STAFF OF LEADING RELIGIOUS WEEKLY

Sends the Following Grand Testimonial to the Merits of Cuticura Remedies in the Treatment of Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp.

"I wish to give my testimony to the efficiency of the Cuticura Remedies in what seems to me two somewhat remarkable cases. I had a number of skin tumours—small ones—on my arms which had never given me serious trouble; but about two years ago one came on my throat. At first it was only about as large as a pinhead, but as it was in a position where my collar, if not just right, would irritate it, it soon became very sensitive and began to grow rapidly. Last spring it was as large, if not larger, than a bean. A little unusual irritation of my collar started it to swelling, and in a day or two it was as large as half an orange. I was very much alarmed, and was at a loss to determine whether it was a carbuncle or a malignant tumor.

tended down into my chest was all gone, and my neck now seems to be perfectly well.

"About five or six years ago my sister had a similar experience. She had two large lumps come under her right arm, the result of a sprain. They grew rapidly, and our physician wanted to cut them out. I would not listen to it, and she tried the Cuticura Remedies (as I did a few months ago) with magical effect. In six weeks' time the lumps had entirely disappeared, and have never returned.

"I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies, and I believe they might be as efficacious in similar cases with other people, and thus save much suffering, and perhaps life. I have derived so much benefit from the use of them myself that I am constantly advising my friends and others to use them. Recently I recommended them to an office boy for his father, who was disabled with salt rheum. The man's feet were swollen to an enormous size, and he had not worked for six weeks. Two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment worked a perfect cure. You never saw a more grateful man in your life.

"I am very much interested in another case where I have recommended Cuticura just now. My housemaid's mother has a goitre which had reached a very dangerous point. The doctors told her that nothing could be done; that she could live only two or three weeks, and that she would die of strangulation. She was confined to her bed, and was unable to speak, when her daughter, at my suggestion, tried the effect of the Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent. Strange to say, she was very shortly relieved of the most distressing symptoms. The swelling seemed to be exterminated, and she is now able to be around her house, and can talk as well as ever.

"It seems to me that I have pretty good grounds for believing that Cuticura Remedies will prove successful in the most distressing forms of blood and skin humours, and if you wish to use my testimonial as herein indicated, I am willing that you should do so, with the further privilege of revealing my name and address to such persons as may wish to substantiate the above statements by personal letter to me."

Chicago, Nov. 12, 1903.



"My friends tried to persuade me to consult my physician; but reading that he would insist on using the knife, I would not consent to it. Instead I got a small bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I took the former according to directions, and spread a thick layer of the Ointment on a linen cloth and placed it on the swelling. On renewing it I would bathe my neck in very warm water and Cuticura Soap. In a few days the Cuticura Ointment had drawn the swelling to a head, when it broke. Every morning it was opened with a large sterilized needle, squeezed and bathed, and fresh Ointment put on. Pus and blood, and a yellow, cheesy, tumorous matter came out. In about three or four weeks' time this treatment completely eliminated boil and tumor. The soreness that had existed throughout the afflicted world. PRICES: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle (in the form of Chocolate and Soda Pills, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap 50c. per cake. Send for the great work, "Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, and How to Cure Them," 64 Pages, 200 Diseases, with Illustrations, Testimonials, and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, 25-28 Chancery Lane, London, E. C. French Depot, 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. Australian Depot, E. Towns & Co., Sydney. Foster-Liburn and Chemical Laboratories, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

## IT TAKES THE ACHEs

out of muscles and joints. Heals old sores. Takes inflammation out of burns and bruises. Stops any pain that a perfect liniment can stop.

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for injuries or aches of MAN or BEAST.