

THE STORY TELLER

THE SAILOR'S CREED.

The arms of God enclose the night,
The night enfolds the sea,
The sea surrounds the tossing ship,
The ship it holdeth me.

This little metaphor of life
Guides me in all I do;
It minds me of my sailor's lot,
And shapes my ways thereto.

I would not let myself forget
That human crafts are frail,
And that a sudden storm may lash
The sea on which I sail.

And by and by, when I am called
To leave my faithful bark,
My seaman's pluck must falter not
To trust the trackless dark.

For this I know, that while the dark
Shall swallow up the sea,
Around the silent, shoreless night
The arms of God will be.
—S. T. Livingston, in Youth's Companion.

THE MYSTERIOUS FUND.

By Martha Grace Pope.

JUST from the country, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir."
"Never worked in a store before?"
"No, sir."
"Well, you can make a beginning right here, then. Five dollars a week at first. The cashier will give you your check every Saturday night. Be quick about your work and say little."

The manager pressed a button in the wall above his desk, and a small lad flew rather than walked into the office in obedience to the summons.
"Show this young man down to floor one, and tell Mr. Bell he takes Wood's place."

The manager turned to a pile of letters upon his desk, and Randall Greer followed the messenger boy to the elevator and went whizzing down, down, with a rapidity that made his head swim.

Mr. Bell was a tall, thin young man who gave the country youth a general outline of his duties in as few words as possible, and then turned him over to a fat, heavy-faced boy of about Randall's own age, to whom he was to apply for additional information.

The fat youth had the softly feminine name of Pearl—Pearl Stebbins; but he was known to his fellow-clerks as "Stebby."

Randall's somewhat slow movements and rural appearance amused the city-bred Stebbins not a little; but he was good-natured enough to hide the very expressive wink which disfigured one side of his face when one of his chums passed during his "introductory remarks" to the new boy.

Stebby, like many young men of his class, mistook vulgarity for cleverness. And, in his way of looking at people, he differed materially from the keen-eyed manager above stairs. Now, the manager had only noted that the boy's clothes were well-worn although neat; but he saw something infinitely pleasing in the manly, honest face, serious despite its boyishness, while Stebbins could have told the exact date on which the home-laundried collar went out of style. And the manager had looked with something akin to envy at the big, red hands, so obviously in their owner's way. He, too, had spent the years of his boyhood on a farm, and Randall Greer's hands carried him back to that long-past time. But Stebbins' observant eye took in at a glance the fact that the boy's coat sleeves were fully three inches too short. So much depends upon our way of looking at things.

While attending to his allotted duties that first day, Randall kept continually in mind the manager's admonition to be quick. And, when evening came, he could scarcely remember when he had been so tired. Following the plow all day seemed play in comparison with a calling that demanded he should be here, there and everywhere continually.

The network of wires above his head, the unceasing whirl of the electric fans, the little baskets constantly sailing to and fro on their miniature trolleys, the never-ending chatter, chatter that went on around him fairly made him dizzy.

A dozen times he had wished himself back, guiding old, carefully-stepping Dolly through the long, straight rows of young green corn, with the smell of the sweet-scented earth fresh in his nostrils, and the songs of a hundred birds floating on flower-breathed winds to his ears.

But the boy had about him a certain dogged resolution. He knew he was not going back. He was going to stay right where he was.

He was leaving the store that evening, when Mr. Bell called to him.
"Any friends in the city, Greer?"
"No, sir."
"Got a boarding place, yet?"
"No, sir."

"Well, No. 2784 on the second block from here is a good place for the money, and respectable. Several of our men board there. The top floor is only \$3 a week and four in a room. They pay much more below. As you go up here, you can go down over there, you know," he said with a rather grim smile at his own wit. "I thought I'd tell you, as they are a lit-

tle particular here about where their men stay. That's all."

"Thank you, sir."
So the new boy's first trip was to the boarding-house known as 2784. Here he engaged board for \$3 per week, the landlady kindly waiving her rule of a week's board in advance in his case.

Two dollars per week for all his other expenses, he thought; but \$2 does not look so small to some people as to others.

Two of Randall's room-mates were workers in the same store with himself—Harry Littlefield, and another whose parents seemed to have bestowed upon him only the initials J. L., which, combined with Lee, were very conveniently shortened into "Jelly." It was some time before Randall learned the constituent parts of this name.

These young men received seven dollars per week and filled positions next above Randall's at the big store.

The other occupant of the room was a student in a school of stenography, whose bills were paid by an uncle, and who was allowed exactly twenty-five cents a week for pocket money, which sum he was not obliged to account for. This student was about Randall's own age, and considered his life one of great deprivation. Having exhausted the sympathy of his other associates, he at once poured all his woes into the kindly ear of Randall Greer, who was stupid enough to think that the lot of the grumbling student was by no means a hard one.

On the whole, poor Randall passed a rather lonely summer. He did not find his associates at the boarding-house very congenial. Not their work but the money they received and just how much they could buy with it were the principal topics of conversation.

He was surprised to find how much of their time not spent at the store was passed within four walls. Accustomed as the country boy was to fresh air, the hot, stifling atmosphere of the store was almost unendurable during the long days of the summer; but each evening saw him off on long, solitary tramps over the pavements in quest of cooler air and fresh scenes.

He never tired of watching the busy life at the water front. The great piles of brick and stone reaching up, up, up, to where the ceaseless roar of the city sank to a dull murmur were a never-ceasing source of wonder to him.

But—he was ashamed to confess it to himself—it was the people who tired him. Crowds, crowds everywhere. It seemed impossible to swim clear of the restless, surging mass of humanity.

Yet Randall was unconsciously getting rid of much that was uncouth and blunt in his manners by contact with these same people.

His work at the store was all the most exacting master could require. The first of October found him earning \$7 a week. Randall's management of his financial affairs gave his room-mates no little trouble. With the exception of a small sum paid to his landlady each week, and the purchase of a few collars and a tie that conformed more nearly to the prevailing mode than those worn on the day of his arrival in the city, the boy's weekly wages remained unaccounted for, of course leaving the \$3 paid for board out of consideration.

Littlefield and Jelly wondered and put many teasing questions to the boy, which he took good-naturedly and answered not at all. But one day the student enlightened them.

"Randall's a cap," he told them. "He's a capitalist, fellows. He's got a bank account. Saw him plunk down a dollar to the receiving teller at the bank to-day."

"A dollar!" exclaimed Littlefield. "A whole dollar? Did I understand you to say a dollar?" queried Jelly. And then they had a good laugh at what they considered the parsimoniousness of their fellow-lodger.

"What do you suppose he saves for?" asked the student.

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered Jelly.

"He must be a man with a purpose in life," observed Littlefield, with mock solemnity. "I've heard tell of them."

"But the fund is a kind of mysterious thing. Why doesn't he tell us what he's about?" grumbled Jelly.

"He's deep," said Littlefield. "He's saving for a purpose; and what's more, he's going to keep it to himself."

And Littlefield was right. Whatever purpose Randall Greer destined the fund for was not revealed to the curious-minded young men when they rallied him on the subject of his hoarded wealth.

"There's something on the capitalist's mind," announced the student one night shortly before Christmas. "I saw him this morning in close consultation with Miss Bye, the little dressmaker."

"Going to have some new clothes made, maybe," suggested Jelly. "He needs 'em bad enough."

One evening after that, Randall and the little dressmaker walked away together from the boarding-house chatting like a pair of old acquaintances.

visit me. She is to have a room near the parlor while one of the ladies is away for a week. It's the very first money I ever earned in my life, you see," he said, with a little coloring of pride in his tone. "I've saved for this. Mother never had a silk dress in all her life. She's always wanted one, an' she's going to have one now. I thought you might not understand."

He sat up very straight on the bed as he spoke, and began folding up the rich fabric with something like a caress. The flush had not yet left his face.

Littlefield strode to the one small window and looked out into the night with dim, unseeing eyes.

"I don't see why we shouldn't understand," said Jelly, in a slightly offended tone. "I guess we have mothers, too."

He ceased rather suddenly as he remembered the sad-eyed, lonely woman so far away from him now. He thought of the letters, few and short, that found their way to the city where that mother lived.

"Miss Bye is going to make the dress. She selected it for me," Randall said to the student. Once started, he was rapidly losing his reserve.

Littlefield came slowly back from the window.

"My mother died two years ago," he said. "I could have given her things, but it always seemed to me I could spare nothing at the time. After she died, I came across a whistle I had whittled out for her when I was a tiny child, and a little pearl-handled knife I bought with the first quarter I ever owned. They were laid away with a few pieces of jewelry, the most precious treasures she owned. Those two things were the only presents I ever gave her. I think I understand."

They were silent for a long time after Littlefield had spoken.

Randall took the parcel of silk to the tiny, old-fashioned trunk kept under the bed for lack of space, and put it carefully away among his few possessions. His face looked wonderfully bright. "Mother'll be so pleased," he said, quietly.—Farmers' Voice and National Rural.

IT WORRIED HIM.

The Nervous Little Man Objected to the Fat Lady Moving From One Side of the Train to the Other.

The railway from Edinburg to Balerno reaches its objective by a series of curves. These curves are so sudden and so sharp that the rail, first on one side and then the other, is considerably raised, as is necessary whenever a railway takes a sharp turn. To the inexperienced traveler, the journey is rather exciting, as the carriage seems to be about to fall over first on one side, then on the other. Often the regular passengers on the route are greatly amused by the looks of alarm on the faces of those who are making the journey for the first time. One day, says a London exchange, a fat woman with a big basket sat on one side of a third-class carriage, and a little thin, nervous-looking man on the other. She kept in the middle of the seat till, glancing at the windows, she noticed some picturesque bits of scenery. She shifted to one side to be nearer the window, and as she did so down went the carriage on that side, and the little man held his breath and clutched his seat. In a little time the view was at its best on the other side, and she moved across to the other window. Just at that moment, as it happened, an opposite curve sent the carriage down on that side.

"For the love of Heaven, sit in the middle, or we'll 'a' be coupit," gasped the little man.

Was a Mere Technicality.

Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, like most of the people of the blue grass state, is fond of a good story and tells this one:

"Some years ago a populist named Kirby got into the house. He was a bright lawyer, but he knew little about finance. When the bill providing for a new issue of paper money was under discussion the item for payment to the men supervising the maceration of old paper money came up. Col. Kirby arose to make a few remarks.

"Gentlemen of the house," he said, "I am opposed to this. I am against this here maceration. Here they go to work and do something or other with millions and billions of money—billions, gentlemen, just think of that—billions of money."

"Hold on there," interposed Representative Culberson, "don't you mean millions instead of billions?"

Kirby turned fiercely to Culberson, shook his fist at him and shouted:

"That's right; that's right. Go ahead. You want to win this fight on technicalities."—Chicago Chronicle.

Saintly Weather Prophets.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a proclamation was issued against almanac makers encouraging the belief in saints ruling the weather. Notwithstanding this and similar efforts to explode a popular notion, certain saints' day are, however, still supposed to assist in what may be called long distance forecasts. St. Catharine, whose festival falls on November 25, is such a saint, for "as at Catharine, foul or fair, so will be the next February." Yesterday there were all sorts of weather, the elements being under the control of a gale that was blowing in the west. Halos, too, have recently been seen round the moon, so that the omens for a fair St. Catharine's day were not very satisfactory.—London Chronicle

DICTATES OF FASHION.

A Variety of Attractive Accessories That Are in Vogue with Smart Dressers.

Gray crepe de chine still holds its own as a smart afternoon toilet, but a peculiar shade is used now, almost darker than smoke, relieved with dull oriental embroideries, which, however, subdued, take some rich tone, reports the Chicago Daily News.

Heavy, effective embroidery has a prominent place as a trimming. A handsome gown of a thin, pale yellow crepe has the skirt half-made of filet embroidered with gold chrysanthemums in a raised pattern. The corsage is trimmed with the artificial flowers.

It is a pretty idea to put quaint old waistcoat buttons down the front of our blouses, finishing the cuffs with links to correspond. But all the jewelry belonging to our grandmothers and great-grandmothers may be utilized in the present-day fashions, provided we do it with care and discretion.

The fichu effect is much in vogue and a plain cream oriental satin ball gown seemed as if it were cut en princesse, fastening at the side, the one form of trimming being an old lace fichu with elbow sleeves of the same lace, the former being held in place by one enormous pink rose. This was quite a picture gown and most distinctive in its simplicity.

There is a fancy for long muff chains of massive gold. These are occasionally set with a few rough-cut stones—carnebules and sapphires being most effective. For evening wear the prettiest chains are those of slender make in the old French patterns, studded with diamonds and emeralds. There is, by the way, a perfect rage for emeralds, partly, no doubt, because everything green has been so long de rigueur. But rubies and pearls are holding their own and the blood-red stone will be the rage of the coming season.

How fashions in trifles change! Just as we have dispensed with the lace handkerchief, so we cannot exist without a bag or satchel of some description. The rich, of course, affect a gold bag studded with precious stones. The newest are in shape something like the large old-fashioned silk purse, drawn up with a gold chain. Always charming are those in gun metal and chainwork, studded with large, rough pearls. Those who possess old gilt or silver tops should certainly have them fitted to a velvet bag. The bead bags in steel and black continue fashionable and they are an extremely good purchase when hand made, for they last a long time and do not tarnish.

Notwithstanding the array of coats, jackets, cloaks, peleries and long wraps of every description, blouses and blouse effects innumerable continue to appear, but the droop grows less and less excessive on the fronts, which even for winter wear often open all the way down to the belt, with smart standing collar and large revers of squirrel, chinchilla, mink or other fur and vest and stock of Persian brocade, moire, plaided satin or other rich effective material. Eton, Figaro and Russian jackets all reappear and a number of modified Louis styles, with fancy waistcoat effects and skirts more or less long. There seems, strange to say, no diminution whatever in the popularity of these winter styles.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAW.

Uncle John Killed a Pig and Took Some Strange Things from Its Interior.

"In Washington city," said a government official, according to the New York Herald, "lives a bright little girl who has somewhat odd ideas upon a great many subjects, but until this year no opportunity had ever come her way to show what she knew about the anatomy of a pig. The occasion occurred in February last, when she went with her mother to visit a farmer-uncle living across the Potomac in Virginia. It was her first visit, and everything rural pleased her immensely. One day a pig was to be killed, and it was not intended that she should see it, but she managed to be around when the butchering took place, and it interested her more than anything she had seen. When the work was completed she ran off into the house to tell her mother.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, with big eyes, "you ought to saw what I did."

"What was it, dear?" inquired the mother.

"Uncle John killed a pig,"

"Goodness, child, you didn't see that, did you?"

"Yes, I did, and you ought to saw, too. Why, mamma, Uncle John just shot it clear dead, and hung it up by the heels, and he cut it open and took a whole lot of sausages and a squash out of its insides."

"I guess," concluded the talker, "that a diagram is not necessary for those who are acquainted with the internal arrangements of a porker."

Pauced Onions, Creole Style.

Split oyster crackers in half. Butter a deep dish and line it with a layer of the crackers. Sprinkle chopped Spanish or Bermuda onions over the crackers; then pepper and salt; then spread with a very thin layer of tomatoes, as the flavor of the onion must predominate in this dish. Continue to alternate the materials until the pan is full, having tomatoes on top. Add sufficient quantity of milk to come nearly to the top of the pan and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Bake one hour. This is a delicious dish to serve with turkey or chicken.—Albany Argus.

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WHAT HE LEARNED.

Quail on Toast Was Not Such an Uncommon Delicacy as He Had Supposed.

In the wire grass region of Georgia quail are very abundant, and are known to the natives as "partridges," says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Recently one of the south Georgia "crackers" sold off a lot of turpentine land and decided to indulge himself in a trip to far off New York while his money was still in hand. Once in the amazing metropolis, there was another indulgence he was determined on. Delmonico's was a name that had long ago tickled his fancy, and quail on toast was a high bred dish that he had long yearned to know personally.

So to Delmonico's he hied himself, and there ordered the delectable bit. It came, he eyed it severely, then tasted, finally sampling thoroughly. But his after comment on the feast savored of that sad knowledge which borders close to disgust.

"Wall, ef I hadn't come to New York I'd never knowed that quail on toast warn't a blamed thing but Glyn county pa'tridges stuck up on burnt light bread."

Place and Greatness.

Joe—I paid \$25 to get into that volume of "Great Americans."

Billy—Well!

"All I got was half a column alongside of a man who is the most notorious humbug in our county."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bore.

Mrs. Latio—How did Mrs. Bilkins ever get the reputation for being such a bore?

Mrs. Barkey—She tried the experiment of making it a point never to say anything but good of anyone behind their back.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Afflicted Goat—"That last poem I ate has given me an awful pain," said the first goat. "Ha!" exclaimed his companion; "you've got writer's cramp."—Philadelphia Record.

If you keep both hands busy in patting yourself on the back, and your rival uses his in honest work, he will soon get ahead of you.—Atchison Globe.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—Johnson.

The Bavarian diet has enacted against the tipping off. Instead of the diet going after the tip the tip usually follows the diet.—Kansas City Star.

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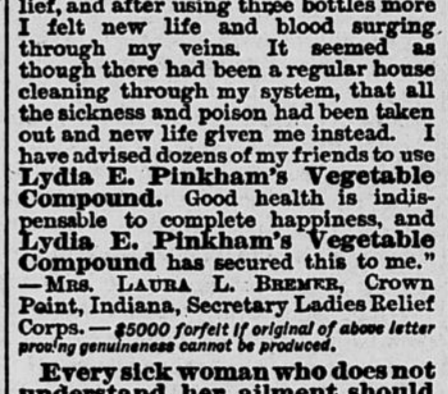
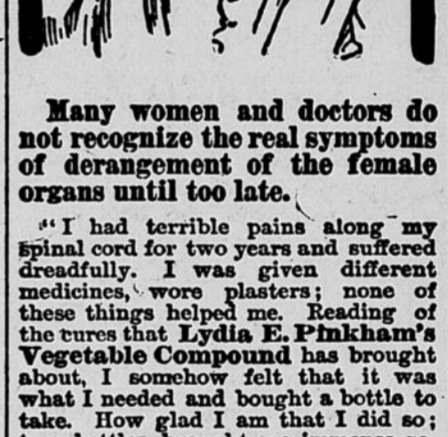
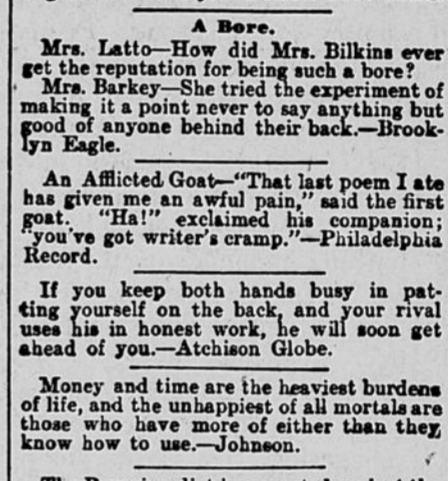
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