

THE STORY TELLER

QUATRINS.

RESPONSIBILITY.
Our lives are ours in sacred trust,
To shape as best we can;
For if we fail, our failure must
Impair God's perfect plan.

STRENGTH.
We train ourselves to watch ourselves
Until we find at length
We've made our very weakness
The pillars of our strength.

INCENTIVE.
"Tis well that when the goal is gained
Of one ambition strong,
There is another, not attained,
That urges us along.

A NOBLE LIFE.
A noble life is not a bliss
Of sudden glory won,
But just an adding up of days
In which good work is done.
—Frank H. Sweet, in N. Y. Independent.

WHAT ANSWER?

A Love Crisis in the Life of a Girl.

By Helen Hamilton.

HAS the Gnadiges Fraulein forgotten me?" Margaret Listemann turned quickly, as the crowd of students thronged from the lecture-room of the Berlin university, and somewhat desperately Wilhelm repeated audibly what had at first been a mental question. A swift upward glance at the tall fellow beside her, whose brown eyes were looking down into hers—then Margaret, blushing, answered, laughingly, as she cordially offered her hand, "Indeed I have not. Mother, let me present Herr Sternberg, to whose patience three years ago, in giving form and coherency to my Deutsch sentences, I owe my rapid progress."

Mrs. Listemann's frank, unaffected greeting instantly proclaimed them Americans, though one glance at Margaret's intelligent, animated face and indescribably distinctive style would have made known her nationality.

"How natural the room looks," Margaret said, glancing around at the time-worn desks and benches.

Her voice was steady, and really admirably controlled, considering the unusual rate at which her heart was beating. The consciousness of the extreme absurdity of its accelerated throbs only increased their speed and deepened the flush upon her cheeks.

All this was very unusual for Margaret; blushing was not her habit, and so seldom had she felt the beating of her own heart that she had almost concurred in the dictum of many friends of both sexes, "Margaret Listemann has no heart."

Impressible she certainly was not; all her power and depth of loving were reserved, held sacred for one. "Perhaps we may never meet," was her subconscious thought, "but if he comes I shall feel—I shall know I am his alone for all eternity."

The one absorbing occupation of her twenty-three years of life had been study—natural inclination made her turn to books, necessity made her specialize.

Her father had been a genius whose inventive power lacked practical force, so others reaped where he had sown. Leaving the fatherland when but a lad, in America he found wife, child and home. Imaginative, high-souled, in a word, a dreamer, he could ill cope with poverty and life.

At 17 Margaret realized that soon she and her mother would have but each other, and passionately she sought to absorb into her life the one thing which would recall constantly her idolized father—his language. She thought, dreamed, talked only his loved German.

It was found at Mr. Listemann's death that nothing was left for his wife and child, so both must become bread-winners. Berlin, with its countless advantages, became the goal of Margaret's ambition, that she might qualify herself to teach, and friends leaving almost immediately for the German capital, she decided to go with them for three years' study. What this separation meant to mother and child none realized but themselves.

At 20 Margaret was equipped for her work, with the born teacher's enthusiasm for her profession. Teaching almost unremotely for three years, she now felt the necessity for fresh inspiration, and had returned with her mother to her loved Berlin, her mind broadened by experience, and eager for more knowledge.

The morning of the day following Wilhelm Sternberg's meeting with Margaret every nerve in his body tingled with the anticipation of again seeing her. "She said nothing would keep her from Schmitt's lecture," he kept reiterating to reassure himself, as he critically selected his necktie, casting now and then dubious glances at the dull sky. "She is not the girl to let a few rain-clouds house her. How glorious she is," he murmured; "every grace of mind and body. What would a man not do to win her!" As though in sympathy with him, and ready to lend his aid, the sun burst forth radiantly, and lightly humming "Worgens bring ich dir die veilchen," Wilhelm hurried forth.

There are two magnets—books and music—which are all-powerful in attracting men and women of earnest purpose and high ideals. In Wilhelm Sternberg Margaret met a man who thoroughly satisfied every artistic

desire and whose intellectual supremacy she felt the world would later acknowledge. Combined with these gifts he possessed a nature of unusual strength, a straightforward integrity and a self-forgetful devotion to high principles which could but make a powerful impression on a girl of Margaret's marked ability.

Days and weeks flew by, and it was August, the last day of the summer semester. What is there that hastens time—like love? What is it that makes the world so fair—as love?

Wilhelm, as usual, was at the door as Margaret left the lecture-room, and slowly they walked toward the Tiergarten, drawing in deep breaths of the morning air.

"I know there are hundreds of people here," said Margaret, as they sat beneath a spreading linden, "and each feels as I, a personal ownership, and yet I never come but what this peacefulness seems for me alone."

Margaret talked almost at random, glancing now and then at her silent companion, knowing intuitively what his tense expression foreboded, yet, womanlike, trembling and fearful, while rejoicing in the knowledge.

"Fraulein, may I tell you something of myself—my home?" questioned Wilhelm, abruptly. Scarcely waiting for the low assent, he exclaimed, passionately: "There has not been a day since I saw you three years ago that you have not filled my every thought. To-morrow you will leave Berlin—I cannot let you go and not tell you what you are to me—life, love, everything."

As he leaned toward her trying to read her blushing, half-averted face, she faltered, "Your father—what will he think, what will he say?"

"My father—how I long to have you meet him; you would win him forever," Wilhelm added smiling, "if he once heard you express your fervid admiration for our great men—Acht! how I envy them," he murmured under his breath. "And Elizabeth—did I ever tell you of Elizabeth, my cousin, who is like a daughter to my father? She is alone in the world and came to us five years ago. She has given her life to us—she came when all the world was dark—when my mother died." Wilhelm rose as he spoke, and Margaret knew by his sudden pallor what that loss still meant. After a moment's pause, he continued: "Marburg, though quiet, is beautiful; and—oh, Margaret, mein Liebchen—my beloved—could I not make your happiness?"

All the passion of a man's strong, yet tender, love throbbled in the low-whispered words, and, trembling, Margaret laid her hand in his as she replied, faintly: "I cannot answer now; I must see her—my mother."

"She shall be mine!" he said.

As in a dream they walked to Margaret's home, separating with one thought, one hope—"To-morrow."

"To hear, to nurse, to rear, to watch—and then to lose." Involuntarily these words rose to Mrs. Listemann's lips, as Margaret, on her knees, head resting in her mother's lap, revealed in broken sentences her whole heart. The words were never spoken. The pang which wrung the mother's heart—the bitterness of abdicating where so long she had reigned first, all—was there thrust aside, and drawing Margaret to her bosom she rejoiced as only a mother can whose one desire is her child's happiness.

"He is coming to-morrow, mother, to-morrow at ten, for his answer. Oh, I am so happy, so happy."

Margaret had scarcely finished her tremulous confidence when a sharp ring of the bell startled them. "The postman; it must be he," exclaimed Mrs. Listemann; "our home letters are long overdue."

In a moment the little maid tapped at the door, delivering into Margaret's hand a number of letters, unmistakably American from the amount of postage and the numerous "dues" with which they were stamped.

"Now, isn't this what you call fair treatment, Mutter mein," cried Margaret, gayly; "six for you and five for me? But there's luck in odd numbers, you remember."

An hour later, Margaret, in a dressing gown and slippers, her hair hanging in long, loose braids, was in her chamber reading with absorbed interest the home news, her frequent low laugh proving how interesting it all was. Finally, she reached for the last one of her letters. The handwriting was unfamiliar, the postmark almost illegible. Holding it closely to the lamp, she slowly deciphered "Marburg." Margaret read the postmark over and over, a faint flush tinged her face. "Can it be from his father?" How foolish of me: we did not know ourselves until to-day.

With an odd, strange sinking of her heart she broke the seal and began to read:

"It is with fear and trembling that I write you, and an overwhelming dread that you may not understand me, and yet something within tells me you are noble and good, and will comprehend and not misjudge me."

"Oh, Liebes Fraulein, I am Elizabeth. May I not bare my heart to you as to my God—may my soul speak to yours? I am but a simple German maiden. I have not studied books; I do not even know the names of problems and philosophies which puzzle and perplex Wilhelm; but I can love, and since we were little children I have loved him. His wants, his comforts have been the daily study of my life. He never told me that he loved me, and yet—sometimes a look, a word that he has spoken, made me hope. Ah, Fraulein, will you think me bold and shameless if I tell you that night after night these many months I've prayed that he might love me with such a love as I have given him, and he was growing nearer to me day by day? But then you came—and when he spoke of you my heart died within me. It was not

what he said, but oh, his tone, his manner, filled me with despair. The few short months that he has known you—can they outweigh the whole devotion of my life? The great wide world is yours in which to choose. You are so beautiful, so learned, and yet so womanly a woman, that all men long and sue for you. I know that this is so from what he said, and what am I that I should dare to try to balance all these things with my poor little heart. To balance—nay, it is not that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given you I beg the blessed gift of Wilhelm's love. I cannot live my life without him. You have your home, your many friends. I have but him. When you are gone I know my love will so enfold him that by its very strength he shall be drawn to me again."

"Sometimes a torturing thought has come to me—that you may love him to, as well as I. God pity me if this is so. I can write no more. I have revealed my very self, and in your hand you hold the issue of my life; but whatever comes I know you are too true, too noble, to do aught but hold as sacred the secret of Elizabeth."

The letter slipped from Margaret's nervous fingers. Bewildered, stunned, she sat incapable of thought; then the full meaning of it all crowded upon her, and her whole woman's heart rose in revolt.

"He is mine," she cried fiercely; "he loves me and not her. I understand him, I comprehend his work, his ambitions. To give him up means misery for us both—untold misery, for he would never know what separated us. I cannot, will not, wreck his life and mine."

"It was cruel, unwomanly to write me such a letter. No, no," she moaned, "I did not mean that; the poor child did not know that he had told his love to me; he had been hers from boyhood; it was but her woman's instinct to clutch, to save her dearest treasure. She turned to me as to her one earthly refuge; she bared her heart to me as to her God. O Heavenly Father!" Margaret groaned, "what shall I do—enter my paradise and hear a starving soul forever knocking at the gate, or blight his life and mine?"

By sheer strength of will she stilled her clamoring heart and forced herself to weigh and balance justly Elizabeth's appeal. As Jacob of old wrestled with the angel for his blessing, so in spirit Margaret sought for guidance. "Searcher of hearts," was her unspoken prayer, "Thou knowest it is not my own happiness I seek—but his, Wilhelm's. Give me to know which—which in the end will make for his best, his highest good. If it is Elizabeth I will give way without a murmur. If it is I my life shall be one long devotion. Hear me, Eternal Goodness, and answer."

The first faint ray of daybreak stole through the window as slowly, with clasped hands, and eyes which seemed to look into the unknown years, Margaret rose from her knees and paced back and forth; then with a low, fervent "I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast shown me what is right to do," she threw herself upon the bed and sank into a dreamless sleep.

The sunlight flooded the little sitting room with its golden glory as Margaret, in spotless white, awaited her lover's coming. The consecration of love shone in her face. As her mother kissed her she whispered lovingly, "You look, my child, as a bride adorned."

There was a quick, springing step upon the stairs. "Wilhelm!" was her low cry as he bent over her, his arms outstretched, his voice breaking with love's yearning as he breathed, "Heart's dearest, what answer?"—By courtesy of The Ladies Home Journal; copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Habits of Orators.
The accident which lately befell Lord Rosebery's notes at Plymouth has set people discussing the practice of various speakers in regard to the preparation of their speeches, says the Manchester Guardian. The most inveterate writer-out of speeches was the late Lord Derby, of whom a story went that the manuscript of one of his most statesmanlike discourses, being picked up from the floor, where it had fallen, was found not only to be freely sprinkled with "Hear, hear," "Laughter," and "Applause," but also to contain a passage beginning "But I am detaining you too long (cries of 'No, no' and 'Go on')." Sir William Harcourt used to declaim his great orations in the country from sheets of manuscript written within and without, with all the familiar accessories of the penny reading desk covered with green baize, candlesticks, water-bottle, and all complete. Mr. Gladstone used to make fairly full and extremely distinct notes, but his splendid dexterity in the use of them made his hearers forget their existence. Mr. Bright used to say that the right way was to prepare a certain number of "islands"—meaning neat and pointed sentences—and that one should then trust one's self to swim by extemporaneous effort from island to island, reserving always the best island for the peroration. Mr. Asquith's speeches "float faultless, icily regular," always strikes one as being, like Macaulay's and the late Lord Sherbrooke's, learnt by heart and delivered from memory.

Theory Exploded.
Miles—According to statistics women live longer than men.

Giles—Pshaw! That's all rot. Why I can name dozens of men who have outlived their mothers.—Chicago Daily News.

TRIAL BY RAILWAY TRIBUNAL.

Where Accidents Are Investigated by Road Officials and Carriage Inspectors.

A railway court of justice, privately convened for the purpose of investigating the causes of accidents and punishing the delinquents concerned, is open only to the officials of the line and to servants of the company who may be called as witnesses. But, by the courtesy of an ex-official, the writer has been enabled to glean authentic details about this little-known court of law, says London Tit-Bits.

On most of the important lines the railway tribunal meets once every week, and a representative board of officials go through the list of accidents and cases of flagrant misconduct. On a big railway lots of minor mishaps occur which are never recorded by the press, but these are duly reported by local officials to headquarters, and those responsible for the occurrences are called to give an account of their stewardship.

These official inquiries are mercifully critical and go deeply into all the technical details of the case. When the locomotive of a goods train breaks down on any part of the line the driver is expected to furnish a full descriptive report of the episode, and in some instances sections of severed axles, or wheels, are forwarded to London for expert inspection.

Often it is exceedingly difficult to decide whether an accident has been caused by defective material or by negligence on the part of the driver; but no trouble or expense is spared to enable the court to arrive at a just verdict on the case. Inspectors who have gone carefully into the matter are often called upon to travel hundreds of miles to tender their evidence to the court. Such care is thoroughly justifiable when it is remembered that on the decisions of this court many a man's character and position depend.

If a driver is found to be directly responsible for an accident through culpable carelessness he is usually suspended from duty for a certain number of weeks, during which he forfeits his pay. If drunkenness is clearly proved against him the sequel is generally dismissal from the company's service. But for misconduct of a less serious order he may be degraded to some menial office on the line, at half his former salary.

Brainy men are essential to deliberate with equity on the complicated cases occasionally brought to this court for settlement, for evidence of the most contradictory character is furnished in connection with some catastrophes. The statement made by a signalman will vary considerably from that tendered by a driver on a case in question, while the report of an inspector ament the same happening may differ materially from both the other witnesses. But a judicial sifting of evidence, aided by careful cross-examination, often enables the court to arrive at a fairly just settlement.

It is interesting to note that a faithful record of every servant is kept for reference at headquarters, and this is invariably inspected when an employee is called up either for promotion or punishment. If a man has committed himself on several occasions, and is called to answer a serious charge before the official tribunal, he stands a good chance of degradation or dismissal, according to the gravity of his last offense.

Occasionally a servant of the company who has been dismissed insists that his case has not been justly decided, and sends a strong appeal to the directors. In special cases, where there is the slightest loophole for doubt as to the wisdom of the court's decision, the directors order a fresh and searching inquiry to be instituted, and if this investigation proves favorable to the applicant he is usually reinstated.

But such cases are comparatively rare. When a man is dismissed for culpable negligence or insobriety it is almost impossible for him to obtain a similar position on another line, for he has forfeited his character. His only chance is to try America or the colonies, and there to make a fresh start in life.

Were No Use.
The minister was expecting a few visitors that evening, and remembering the greenness of his servant personally looked after the arrangements for the few light refreshments he was to serve his guests. Among other things he cracked a big bowl of nuts and placed them on the buffet. When the proper time came for passing around his little feast he missed the nuts. Being a wise man, he said nothing at the time. When the company had gone, however, he interviewed the green servant.

"Nora, what did you do with those nuts I cracked?" he asked.

"Shure an' I doan know wot yer mean," said Nora.

"Yes, you do, too," he said, sternly. "Those nuts I put on the buffet."

"Oh, is that wot yer mean? Well, sor, they was no good. They was all cracked up, and I threw 'em in th' fire." —Chicago Chronicle.

Bank Aids Hospital.
At a meeting recently of the directors of the savings bank of Milan, one of the richest and most stable financial institutions in Italy, it was decided that as the profits of the past year had been larger than usual the sum of \$1,000,000 should be bestowed on the hospitals of Lombardy, to enable them to introduce the latest discoveries of science and in other ways to provide for the comfort and well-being of their patients.—N. Y. Times.

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Tired Mother's Touching Story of Anxiety and Suffering.

Cuticura Brings Blessed Cure to Skin Tortured Baby and Peace and Rest to Its Worn Out Mother.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Helena Rath was taken sick. Single-handed, she did all the housework and washed, cooked and mended for her husband, Hans, and their six children. After a plucky fight to keep on her feet, Mrs. Rath had to yield, and early in 1902 she took to her bed. What followed she told to a visitor, who called at her tidy home, No. 821 Tenth Ave., New York City.

"I hired a girl to mind the children and to do whatever else she could. I couldn't stay in bed long. Sick as I was, it was easier for me to crawl around than to lie and worry about my little ones. So I got up after a few days, and let the girl go. I had noticed that she had sores on her face, hands and arms, but I paid no attention to them until Charlie, my youngest, began to pick and scratch himself. He was then ten months old, and the girl had paid more attention to him than to any of the others. Charlie was fretful and cross, but as he was cutting teeth, I didn't think much of that. Even when a rash broke out on his face I wasn't frightened, because everybody knows that that is quite common with teething babies. Several of my others had it when little, and I thought nothing about it."

"But the rash on Charlie's poor little face spread to his neck, chest, and back. I had never seen anything quite like it before. The skin rose in little lumps, and matter came out. My baby's skin was hot, and how he did suffer! He wouldn't eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my back throbbled with pain. But the worst pain of all was to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores."

"I believed he had caught some disease from the girl, but some of the neighbors said he had eczema, and that is not catching, they told me. Yes, I gave him medicine, and put salves and things on him. I don't think they were all useless. Once in a while the itching seemed to let up a bit, but there was not much change for the better until a lady across the street asked me why I didn't try the Cuticura Remedies. I told her I had no faith in those things you read about in the papers. She said she didn't want me to go on faith nor even to spend any money at first. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment—I think the box was about half full—and a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed

the directions, bathing Charlie and putting that nice Ointment on the sores."

"I wouldn't have believed that my baby would have been cured by a little thing like that. Not all of a sudden, mind you. Little by little, but so surely. Charlie and I both got more peace by day, and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away. I shall never forget one blessed night when I went to bed with Charlie beside me, as soon as I got the supper dishes out of the way and the older children undressed; when I woke up the sun was streaming in. For the first time in six months I had slept through the night without a break."

"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snowflake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and also the Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick babies, go ahead and publish what I have told you."

MRS. HELENA RATH.

The agonizing, itching, and burning of the skin as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair, and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum,—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures, blood purifiers and humour remedies of the civilized world.

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