

THE STORY TELLER

GRANDDAD'S ROOKIN' CHAIR.

A homely built, old-fashioned thing. Its joints in every part worn loose. Its arms of strong, unpainted wood well polished from an age of use; its creaky rockers seemed to cry as in excruciating pain. And modestly protesting against being put to such a trying strain. For generations it had stood upon the footworn floor beside the old fireplace from which the flames licked upward through the chimney wide. And young and old through years of time had loved and venerated it. That old split-bottomed rocking chair in which her granddad used to sit.

She told me all its history, that maiden of the rosy face. As we would sit on winter nights before the cheery old fireplace. From when it left the builder's hands and sat as if in silent pride within a humble cottage when her grandmother was a bride. Down through the generations till her sire inherited the prize. And as she talked the reverent light that lit the azure of her eyes. Enchained my heart in willing bonds, and I, too, dined my love to it. That old split-bottomed rocking chair in which her granddad used to sit.

She told me how the good old man would seldom leave that honored seat. When weight of passing years became too heavy for his tottering feet. And how he'd sometimes sit for hours held as if in a heavenly spell. Upon his knees an open book, the Bible that he loved so well. How she, a toddling youngster then, would kneel before she went to bed. And say her prayers at his knee, his withered hand upon her head. And as she talked her lovely eyes with holy inspiration lit. As rocked she slowly in the chair in which her granddad used to sit.

'Twas only built for one, and yet we found it strong enough for two. As in our hearts the spark of love into a flaming passion grew. And, spite its loud protesting creaks, I one night pressed her to my heart. And spake the glowing words of love that made her mine till death shall part. And as I sit and watch her as she rocks our bouncing boy to rest. His curly, golden, sleepy head soft pillowed on her mother breast. I felt that mine, if possible, is greater than her love for it—That old split-bottomed rocking chair in which her granddad used to sit.

—Denver Post.

The Musician Next Door.

By S. Rhett Roman.

It may be that a flute is worse than a piano in the hands of an uncomprehending individual," I mused. But then again no man can expend on a flute more than one hour at a time. Human lungs could stand no more. But the piano offers a limitless length of time in which to exorcise the ears and nerves of a next-door neighbor.

"You say you signed a year's lease for these rooms?" I asked Harris.

"Yes, sir; they seemed to agree with your instructions, so I thought I had better take them, as they are downtown and in pretty good condition. You said in the French part of town, sir."

"So I did, Harris. They are very good rooms and you've had them renovated quite satisfactorily. The upholsterer you employed knows his business," I remarked, looking around at the really fine antique furniture filling the high-ceilinged, spacious, old-fashioned rooms, and the somber but beautiful draperies, whose tones chimed excellently with the black rosewood, dark mahogany and old oak, which made up the furnishing of my suite of rooms in the dilapidated old French quarter of this pleasant Southern city.

"It's all right, Harris. Those brackets and mantle ornaments are superb. I'm glad you had tiling laid in the bathroom and electric lights and bells put around. I wish you had found out about that musician, however. Who is he?"

"He has a French name, sir. Mr. St. Julian Daubert. He plays in the orchestra at the French opera. If I had known about his living next door I wouldn't have taken the rooms, sir. When I heard of it I thought the walls were so thick you wouldn't be annoyed." Harris was serving the first meal I was enjoying in my new quarters, and while giving this explanation a rhythmic running of scales came faintly but audibly from somebody's very nimble fingers over next door.

"It wouldn't be so loud," ventured Harris, consolingly, placing Roquefort and coffee on the table, "if the glass doors on the front piazza were shut. But it seemed so springlike I thought I'd better open them, sir."

"Leave them alone," I interposed, as Harris went through the drawing room towards the pretty old-fashioned French windows opening on a broad veranda, evidently intending to close them.

The scales drifted into some wonderful exercises—at least I supposed they were—then I recognized Mendelssohn, and by the time I had lighted a cigar and was seated comfortably in an armchair by the side of a wood fire in an open fireplace, I was half-way reconciled to Mr. St. Julian Daubert's music. His rendering and execution were astonishingly good.

Another fear assailed me.

"Does he give lessons?" I inquired, anxiously.

"I believe he does, sir," Harris admitted, reluctantly.

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated in dismay.

For having come to this good old southern town to spend the winter quietly compiling and classifying data for a work I was engaged on, I expected to spend most of my mornings and evenings in the study I had instructed Harris to have fitted up for me.

That was before I was aware of the musician next door. Well, if he gave music lessons, playing beside Beethoven and Bach by the hour, I would simply have to move out, that was all there was to it.

And yet, these spacious old rooms, remodeled and so graciously reminiscent of times and days long past, had taken a strong hold on my fancy, and I would certainly leave them with regret.

"I think the old gentleman goes out to give his lessons, sir. I see him pass with his violin case every day," Harris explained, lighting the candles placed in bronze candelabra against the wall.

I insisted on their being used, because the light mingled pleasantly with the gas and softened it.

Who cares for any but the old masters, if once familiar with their sublime inspirations, I thought, lazily enjoying the glorious strains.

Monsieur Daubert's sonatas carried me pleasantly back to Heidelberg and Leipzig, and my university days, and in the light curl of smoke, going up from my cigar to the faded frescoes of the ceiling, I seemed to see the laughing face of a certain little baroness, who certainly taught me more and better German than the professors did.

Bach and Handel, and those days of youthful love and folly, and the light-hearted joy all came back on the rippling notes.

It was late when Monsieur Daubert closed his Erard with a bang. Brushing away the pleasant old memories, and getting up from my easy chair, I prepared to follow his example and go to bed.

"It won't be so unendurable," I thought, the moonlight sonata still ringing in my ears, "provided he doesn't give music lessons."

Things never turn out as they are expected to, which of course makes the surprises of joy and anguish which go to make up human existence.

I unconsciously grew to wait impatiently for those pleasant evening hours of practice on the piano by my next-door neighbor.

It seemed to me when I had lived for some months in my beautiful old rooms, from whose balcony a distant glimpse of crowded shipping along the river front was visible, and into whose recesses the wind wafted scents of sweet olive and other winter blossoms from a square nearby, as the early spring came, and the doors on the balcony were thrown open, I grew to imagine I could read the character of my neighbor, the musician, in the touch on the keyboards, and by his wonderful interpretation of the thoughts, heart-beats and sublime aspirations, as expressed in the music he drew in so masterly and pathetic a fashion from the instrument, which talked and pleaded and wept and dreamed strange dreams, under his touch.

Yes, I could read it all distinctly. There was a deep intensity of feeling, grand aspirations, pathetic sorrow, and a gentleness almost feminine, and yet a bold-spirited decision in my artist neighbor which betrayed a character of infinite capacities and lovableness.

"Harris, take this note over and wait for an answer. I hope Mr. Daubert will dine with me this evening."

When he came it seemed a burlesque on my romantic reading of his character, to see what an insignificant man Mr. Daubert really was, although refined and remarkably good-looking.

There was neither strength nor purpose in his face, but he was well-bred and pleasant. I laughed secretly at my absurd interpretation of imaginary characteristics because the skillful technique of a trained musician interpreted correctly some splendid pages of music.

Monsieur Daubert grew flushed and decidedly voluble, and enjoyed the Yquem and Roederer Harris poured all to liberally in the glasses. He became communicative when coffee and liquors were placed on the table, and Harris went out.

"It was sad to be a poor fellow, playing nightly in an orchestra, when formerly there had been so much wealth. His manner was that of his ancestor, Jean Pierre Sauver d'Aubert, and there was a marquise coming to him by rights, in the old Dauphine province of France."

"How had it all vanished? Well—circumstances—and then after his young wife's death—une ange de beauté!—he had been reckless and foolish. Yes, Monsieur Daubert humbly acknowledged that he had, in his despair, plunged into speculation and dissipation. Was he not excusable?"

"Everything had gone but his violin and his talent. So he went from place to place and played in orchestra. This winter he was in New Orleans, but in a few weeks he would be gone. It was nearly eight and he must hurry. The curtain would rise promptly and the overture was by, no means perfect."

We shook hands. There would be no music next door that evening, and the house would be dull.

Well, I would certainly miss my neighbor, the marquis by rights, when he and his violin went off with the opera troupe. With such wonderful talent on the piano, I wondered why he did not drop his orchestra playing and tour the country as a great virtuoso on that instrument.

I took out my papers and manu-

script and prepared for some hours of solid work.

Hello, how did Monsieur Daubert get back so soon? Well, that was his business. I was glad of the cause, whatever it was.

I put down pen and pencil, and prepared to enjoy my usual concert, as the light fingers rippled over a prelude, all the more so, that soon silence would reign in the room next door.

Sitting in a dimly lit room, close to the open door of the balcony, and looking out at a flood of moonlight, resting calm and white over the quiet old street and ancient buildings, my neighbor's melodies came like the farewell of one long known, whose absence would leave a strange void.

It was fast approaching the hour when Monsieur usually left off playing.

A cab, rapidly driven, stopped before the front door. There were voices, hurried steps and a slight cry, and that indefinite commotion which indicates trouble of some sort.

I ran down stairs and asked the driver what was the matter.

"One of the musicians at the French opera got into a little trouble," the man explained.

"Nothing much, only there had been some stabbing. He was brought home by his friends. He had been drinking. He'd be all right in the morning."

Two men coming out of my neighbor's door, speaking volubly in French, corroborated the man's statement.

I went back, turned on the electric lights and prepared for an hour or two of hard work, wondering over what seemed rather inexplicable.

It was quite late when there was a light, hurried knock at the door.

"I'm afraid he is very ill. He is so restless, and he does not recognize me. I can't leave him, and I saw the light over here, so I thought—"

I stood silent, too much amazed at the beauty of the face before me, to answer her timid request, until a soft color like a pink flame swept over it and her great grey eyes filled with tears.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," I said hurriedly. "Of course I will do anything in the world for Monsieur Daubert. I am sure you are needlessly alarmed. If you will let me go to him I can judge better what to do."

We went down stairs and over into my neighbor's room, which was bare and forlorn, an Erard piano standing against the partition wall.

On a poor, little cot Mr. Daubert lay, muttering and tossing.

"Nothing to be alarmed about," I said, arranging a bandage through which blood had oozed.

She knelt by him, and leaning her head near him, murmured soothingly, while stroking his restless hands.

"Who is she?" I wondered, doing what I could to relieve him, before going for a physician and nurse.

When I came back with both I learned that the wound was not serious.

His habits, like all these Bohemian musicians, are evidently very bad.

"The man is a hard drinker. But he'll be all over it in a few days," my friend Bolton said, writing out a prescription, after giving directions.

"That daughter of his is the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever saw. Splendid, too. She's devoted to him, and miles superior to him. Good old stock, but he's gone to the dogs, and she follows him all over the country to take care of him. Strangers? No indeed, I've known 'em for years," Bolton added, as we went down the hall together.

"Why, I've told Alma a hundred times she ought to marry me instead of supporting that, her good-for-nothing father, teaching music and nursing him when he gets into trouble. She's the greatest pianist I ever heard and the grandest woman I know."

The front door closed on Bolton, who promised to come early in the morning, and I went slowly back to the bare room where the wounded man lay.

"The nurse says she won't have you here. That you must go to bed," I said, gently taking Alma's hand and leading her away.

We nursed him together for a few days and he recovered.

"We leave to-morrow," Alma said, leaning her folded arms on the iron railing of the balcony that last evening I recall so well. She was looking musingly out at the ancient old city, and narrow, lamp-lit streets, softened by faint mists, and the shadows of night.

"But I will never forget your kindness," she said softly.

"You will come back?" I asked slowly.

"Oh, yes, some day—when we are married," she added, smiling, while a radiance swept over her face.

The Erard piano was to be carted away after they left.

But now it stands in a corner of this room and the Cupids and Psyche in the fresco ceiling look laughingly down because it is never open.

It am getting on very well with my work. I have collected an immense amount of valuable data. The press has made flattering mention—entirely unsolicited—as to the coming book and its author.

"Reputation and wealth? Satisfied ambition? Bah!"

The evenings are dull and slow in passing, and I often sit idle and long vainly for the light touch of agile fingers to bring to me those melodies which used to drift in with the moonlight, through the open door.

But the scratching of my pen is the only sound audible. She slipped away from me, like the paling light on the balcony, and these empty, useless years.—N. O. Times Democrat.

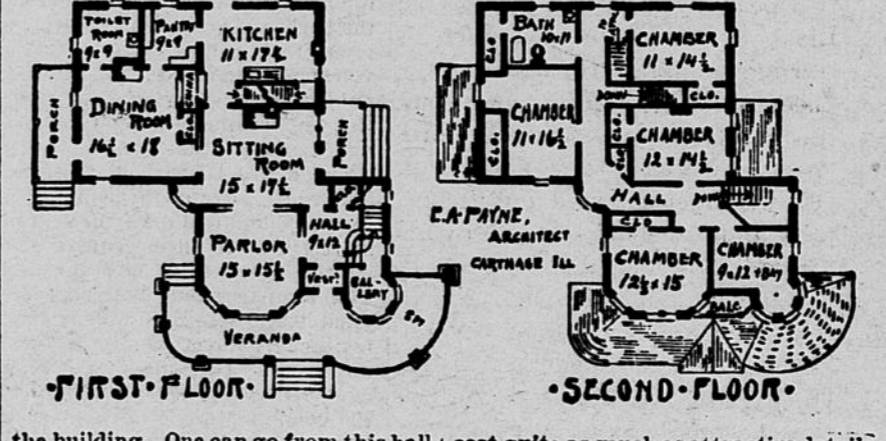
Art in Architecture

Designed and Written Especially for this Paper



HOUSE PLANNED FOR CONVENIENCE.

ONLY a short time ago everyone thought he must have a house with a reception hall. The reception hall idea was overworked until it was not a reception hall, but was simply a large room with a stairway in it, a hat rack and some bric-a-brac—but certainly not the place to receive anyone. Only one thing is necessary to convert such



a hall into a very desirable and very satisfactory reception room—a vestibule. The plan which goes with this shows how this may be done. There is the vestibule into which one may enter and take off his wraps, straighten up a necktie and walk into the reception hall. The mere placing of these articles outside of the reception hall gives it a proper place; it adds one more room to the serving capacity of

The house is built of frame and veneered with buff pressed brick. Of course no one ever builds a house with the thought that it is certain to be ugly; everyone wants a house to be pretty. Nevertheless the fact remains that most houses are ugly. But it is entirely fair to make the general statement that there is no excuse for an ugly house. Good proportion costs no more than bad proportion; ugly details

VENOM OF SERPENTS.

It is Employed Very Often as a Means of Defense Against Their Powerful Enemies.

Poisonous snakes do not use their venom with which nature has endowed them on every possible occasion. As a rule, they call it into requisition only when there is an urgent need for its use.

There exist numerous degrees in the perfection of the poison apparatus, certain species having attached to the upper jawbone two or more long teeth, or hollow fangs, provided with a dropper, from which the venom flows. These teeth are firmly set to the subjacent bone and are immovable. The opidians which are provided with the best poison apparatus are the solenoglyphes, their very short upper maxillaries being movable, and each provided with a poison fang pierced with a central canal, and not with a simple dropper, this canal communicating with a poison gland on each side.

These poison fangs, movable or immovable, with a dropper or with a central canal, are distinguished from others by their greater length and by their needle-like points. The canal is pierced by two openings; a circular one is found near the root of the teeth, which permits the venom to enter from the venom glands during the time the mouth is opened. The lower opening is situated at the point of the tooth and serves as the distributor of the poison.

If one of the teeth is broken the neighboring teeth supplement it, and sometimes three days after the accident the new fang is completely formed. Snake charmers, to prevent the replacement, not only remove the fangs, but also the folds of the gum in which they repose. The poison glands are the saliva glands, the upper labials, the saliva of which contains the poison. They are occasionally very large, and in certain species reach the abdominal cavity, but ordinarily they do not pass the neck. At the moment the fangs rise the sacks are pressed against the temporal muscles, and the secretion flows into the wound.

The venom is a limpid liquor similar to water, often colored yellow or green. Its active principle is an azotized matter which coagulates in

absolute alcohol, and upon being dried resembles a varnish, keeping its dangerous powers for years. It is at the same time a poison to the blood and a poison to the nervous system.

POISON IN PERFUMES.

Experiments on Frogs Prove That Scents Have Power to Intoxicate and Benumb.

Though it is popularly believed that strong perfumes have power to intoxicate and benumb, and though workers in perfume laboratories are occasionally so much affected as to need medical aid, little attention has been paid by physiologists to the effect of odors. But now a German physician has made a series of experiments which fully confirm the popular belief. The experiments were made not on human beings, but on frogs, which were put under glass bells with sponges saturated with various essences.

The effects are similar to those of chloroform. There is a brief stage of excitement followed by partial or complete paralysis. Although many odors were used, they were found to differ only in rapidity of action, and the notoriously heavy and "heady" musk was found to be one of the slowest. Camphor, peppermint, lavender and cloves are also slow, while aldehyde, turpentine, elder flower, ylang-ylang, "peau d'Espagne," asafetida, bisulphide of carbon, mustard and nicotine act quickly and energetically. In some cases the effect was instantaneous. The frog would jump about in a lively manner, but would soon stop, close his eyes, and rub his nose with his paws. His breathing and heart action became slow and labored and he perspired profusely. If he still tried to spring he often fell on his back and had hard work getting on his feet again. If the action of the fume was continued the frog's breathing became convulsive, his head fell forward, and his only response to an external stimulus was a spasmodic attempt to breathe. His eyes turned outward and his heart beat more and more slowly until it stopped altogether.

A Volcano Under Paris.

Prof. Meunier, of the French Academy of Science, announces that a volcano is forming under the Place Republic in Paris.

DYSPEPSIA OF WOMEN.



Mrs. E. B. Bradshaw, of Guthrie, Okla., cured of a severe case by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary medical treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine effects as well.

Thousands of testimonial letters prove beyond question that nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It always works in harmony with the female system.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address Lynn, Mass.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Beutelschlag*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR RYLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Small Pills. Purely Vegetable. *Beutelschlag*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

You can buy of us at wholesale prices and save money. Our 1,000-page catalogue tells the story. We will send it upon receipt of 15 cents. Your neighbors trade with us—why not yours?

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

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Pommel Slickers

Keep the ride perfectly dry. No water can leak in on the saddle, cut extra wide and long in the stirrups. Extra protection at shoulder seams. If unwanted water seeps through your saddle, your dealer doesn't have them write for catalogue to **S. H. SAWYER**, 2008, Sole Mfr., East Cambridge, Mass.

FREE TO WOMEN

PAXTINE TOILET

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are writing for Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. **THE N. PATTON CO., 201 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.**

HOMEOPATHIC medicines, fresh and active, prepared to any part of the U. S. by **E. of Dignitary, Essences or Liver Tablets.** Our valuable 150-page Medical Guide sent free. Agents Wanted. **WATKINS' MED. CO., 1000 1/2 St. W., Wash. D. C.**

WANTED—A Representative in this locality for the exclusive and limited territory of the **U. S. Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.