

THE STORY TELLER

WHY LISTEN?

Why listen to a tale of shame
That tarnishes another's name?
Why lend an ear to those who bring
Their slanders, which like vipers sting
For calumny would surely die,
Forever hid from human eye,
If none by listening would consent
To slanderous tales, on mischief bent.

It may be some one missed the way,
Who never meant to go astray;
Whose anxious heart still seeks for light,
To guide it in the path of right,
Or else perchance, these tales of wrong
Assail a life both pure and strong;
Touching it with a withering blight,
More deadly than a serpent's bite.

Since from vile seeds, vile harvests grow,
And we must gather what we sow;
Since the partaker, and the thief,
Must share alike in guilt and grief,
When slander, like a venomous dart,
Would pierce its victim to the heart,
The listener is as much to blame,
As he who tells the tale of shame.
—R. H. Shaftoe, in Baptist Union.

Father Harlan's Notions.

By Mary Morrison.

"YES, I'm goin'." I've made up my mind." Father Harlan looked up into his daughter-in-law's face obstinately. "You'll have to hire somebody to weed out the beets and the pa'nips. It'll cost you a little something." A shade of subtlety blended in with the obstinacy.

"I ain't seen Abby in 20 years," he went on. "She is a good cook and a good housekeeper. Abby always made a new rag carpet for the sitting room every other year; she never let nothing go to waste." He looked critically over his spectacles at the rag carpet on the floor. It was one Nancy had made. He had always made it a personal grievance that John's wife did not feel equal to rag carpets.

Sarah Harlan sighed. When Father Harlan made up his mind it was just as well to acquiesce peacefully, but her heart misgave her when she thought of the long wait in Milwaukee after the boat got in, and the change of cars in Duluth, and Father Harlan had never been 50 miles out of Dumfries in his life.

"It was high time he had, then," he told her. "Nice thing for you to think of after I'm gone and you and John is enjoyin' the fruits of my labor—to think you've kept me cooped up here year after year a-purpose to tend the garden and milk the cows and do chores when I might have gone out and seen a little of the world. I shouldn't wonder if I made up my mind to stay to Abby's. She makes good tea—not dishwater," he added, beligerently, when she ventured to voice her fears.

After that she made no objections; but she did not allow Father Harlan's criticisms to disturb her peace of mind. She went on frying the potatoes for supper and brewing the tea, which the doctor had cautioned Father Harlan against using strong. She and John liked strong tea, too, but they had been willing to forego their preferences in view of the doctor's advice. Father Harlan was past 60. It was a pleasure to care for him, yet she wished sometimes that he could realize this better. That night when John came home, she went out to the barn where he was taking care of the team.

"Father has made up his mind to go and see his sister Abby in Wisconsin at last, John," she said.

"After all we urged him three years ago, he's just took a notion to go, eh? And he said he wouldn't stay away over night for the whole state of Wisconsin. That's just like father."

"Well, he seems to be real set about it now. I wouldn't say anything to discourage him, if I was you. He will think we begrudge him the time or the money or something. Father seems sort of childish lately."

"No, we won't discourage him now he's got in the notion of it. He might have gone long ago if he had only thought so. I'm afraid he'll feel a little strange when he really gets started, though."

The anxious lines on Sarah's face deepened perceptibly at this remark. "You don't suppose there is really any danger of his getting lost, or anything?" she asked.

John laughed. "Father get lost! I couldn't imagine such a thing," he said.

"Well, I'll write to Aunt Abby tomorrow, so she will come to meet him. Perhaps she will get as far as Duluth." But she did not write, for Father Harlan insisted upon starting the next day.

"No use in dilly-dallying, now I've made up my mind," he told her. "Might get off the notion, I s'pose you think, if I waited a few days," and Sarah put up the pen with an injured look. "Abby'll see me when I get there, and if she don't know me, I'll tell her who I be. I guess I shan't need no credentials along to identify me."

Nevertheless Sarah surreptitiously tucked a card in the breast pocket of his black broadcloth coat with his name and address on it, when she brushed it and pressed it. "They'll know where to send him if anything does happen," she thought.

His "notion" lasted until he had said good-by to John and Sarah and stepped on board the cars at the station. He sat down by the window and watched them until the horses

and climb into the lumber wagon. They drove away waving their hands to him in farewell. "Good-by, father," they called again.

Somehow he had almost forgotten the meaning of good-by. Once he had realized it years ago, when he said good-by to Nancy just before they fastened down the lid of the coffin. Since then there had been no occasion for farewells. John had never been gone any length of time. He had married shortly after his mother died, and brought his wife and settled down on the old homestead. Life had drifted along comfortably for them all. Now he felt the significance of the waving hands as he saw them fade away in the distance and familiar things give place to strange surroundings.

He looked out of the windows at the swiftly passing fields. "John Winchell's wheat; pretty badly winterkilled. Couldn't count on more than half a crop," he decided. "Sam Green's corn was beginning to roll some. Hadn't kept the cultivator going or it would stand the hot weather better. Sam was a little slack; and Jerry Sloan's apple orchard needed trimming scandalous. He wouldn't have a bushel of marketable apples in the lot."

And presently he lost his bearings in strange lands; field and forest and marshy places passed swiftly by, upon which he had never looked, and he turned his gaze inside to meet strange faces. It gave him a queer feeling. He had never passed beyond the reach of familiar faces but a few times in his life. It was more comforting to lean back and close his eyes to his strange surroundings and follow John and Sarah. They must be nearly home now, and Curly would come down the road to meet them and bark distractingly, and old Doll would lay her ears back and pretend to leer at him. John would help Sarah out and drive around to the barn; then he would unwhit and pump a trough full of freshwater. He could hear the old pump creak and the splash of the cool water. It made him thirsty and he got up and walked unsteadily down the aisle to the water tank and drew a cupful, but it was warm and brackish. "River water," he decided disgustingly.

It was dark when he went on board the boat. His eyes were tired already with strange sights and he went directly to bed. The sun was shining on the city of Milwaukee when he got up. He had not slept any; he had only "dozed off" once or twice when the horrible clanking and clanging had eased up a bit, but he had not heard anything of the rain storm which swept the lake.

Here it was still worse. He had not imagined there were so many different kinds of noises in the world; steamboat whistles, the shriek of escaping steam and the clangor of machinery, the ringing of bells and the roar and thud of trampling feet. He felt dizzy and faint. He always lay down on the sitting room lounge when he felt like that, and Sarah drew the curtains and brought him a cup of green tea. He had not seen a bit of decent tea since he left home.

He walked uneasily about the waiting room. There was no one to whom he might talk but the policeman, and the crowded city streets oppressed him. He watched the rushing tide of people which ebbed and flowed continually. For once in his life Father Harlan felt cowed. Once he ventured to ask a small boy how far it was to the street car station, and he had been advised to "hike down to the corner." He regarded his informer suspiciously for a few minutes and then went back into the depot.

At one o'clock he bought a ticket for Duluth and presently found himself speeding across country again.

He rested his head on the back of the seat and his white hairs straggled over the velvet edge. It was an uncomfortable position, but he must have dozed off, for he awoke with a start. The train was standing still in a piece of woods and people were leaving the car excitedly. He got up and followed them. He found a wash-out and an undermined bridge just ahead of the engine, which had been flagged by the section men. He went out on the bank of the turbid stream, which last night's storm had set seething and fuming, and looked down upon it. Probably he had just escaped an awful death. He had read accounts of terrible railroad accidents in the Dumfries Bulletin, but he had never expected to come so near one as this.

He went back to his seat in the car presently. There would be a long night of waiting before a train could come to meet them on the other side, the conductor said. It was the longest night Father Harlan could remember in years. They ran back to the last station, a little hamlet which consisted of a sawmill and a boarding-house, and sidetracked, but there were no accommodations for travelers beyond a little food, and fretful children cried from weariness and heat, and swarms of ravens and mosquitoes which came in through the car windows, and tired mothers sleepily brushed them away and strove to soothe the little ones into slumber.

The men wandered up and down the platform and smoked, but Father Harlan sat bolt upright in his seat. He did not even try to doze. The only concession he made to the discomforts of the occasion was to remove his coat and hang it over the back of his seat. There was no need to swelter. From the inside breast pocket he could see the edge of a white card. He took it out curiously and put on his glasses. There was some writing on it; Sarah's writing, he decided. He read it carefully: "Jotham Harlan, Dumfries, Mich. In case of accident send to his children, John and Sarah Harlan, Dumfries."

It gave him a start. "In case of accident." Sarah had been anxious about him then. She had meant to come to him, she and John, if anything happened. He took off his glasses and wiped them tremulously, then he put them on and read the card again. It seemed like a message from home reaching out to him through all the strangeness and discomfort.

The sun was just coming up next morning when the train backed onto the main track and moved on to meet the train waiting for them on the other side. When he reached the river he followed the people uncertainly, down to the rude plank walk temporarily thrown out over the timbers, but he did not attempt to cross. A brakeman offered to assist him out, but he shook his head.

"Goin' back to Milwaukee, ain't ye?" he asked.

"Yes; start in about five minutes," the brakeman told him.

"Any boat goin' out to Grand Haven to-night?"

"Yes, the boat leaves at 11 o'clock. Going back with us?"

The old man nodded. "Yes, I've took a notion to," he said.

When the last passenger had crossed Father Harlan walked briskly back and took his seat again. He felt better. The empty car was a relief, and he sat erect and looked about him with interest. He even got up and examined the ax hung up at the end of the car. "Ain't sharp enough to do no damage," he decided passing his thumb critically along the edge.

Milwaukee almost looked familiar as he got off the train, and he walked down to the landing with quite a feeling of confidence. He had his passage paid on the Robert Harmon to Grand Haven.

It was noon next day when he got into Dumfries. The first man he saw when he stepped on the platform was old Sam Higgins, who seemed surprised at the cordial way in which Father Harlan shook hands with him. "Been away?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, been away visitin'. It's terrible wearin'," he added.

There was no one in the house when he got home. It was a hot day, but the sitting room was cool and quiet. Not even a fly disturbed the restful stillness, and he sat down in the big rocking chair with a sigh of relief, and wiped his face on his handkerchief. The very stripes in the faded rag carpet were good to see. Even Sarah's geraniums did not seem to look so scrawny as they used to. He got up and stuck his fingers into the dirt. "Gettin' too dry. Good thing I've got back," he said, going for water to sprinkle them.

"Sarah's plants" had always been an eyesore to Father Harlan. She hadn't any "knaek" with flowers like Nancy, and he had threatened to throw them outdoors time and again. Now he picked off a few yellowing leaves considerably. "I'll take 'em in hand myself after this," he decided magnanimously.

When John and Sarah came up from the pasture, Father Harlan had on his old clothes and was weeding beets in the hot sun.

"Why, Father Harlan! What under the sun is the matter? 'Why, —' Sarah began, but he cut her interrogatory remarks short.

"I took a notion to come home," he explained briefly.

"Is Aunt Abby well?" venturing one more question.

"She's well, far as I know," he said, then he gave his undivided attention to the task of distinguishing young beets from young red-roots.

John laughed. He was pretty well used to father's "notions."

Sarah had hoped so much from the softening effect of this visit upon Father Harlan. She had hoped he might come to feel that—the tears were very close when she turned to go to the house, but she paused in response to Father Harlan's call.

"Would you mind steppin' me a cup o' tea, Sarah, not too strong?" he asked mildly.

The glow of pleasure that overspread Sarah's face was a revelation to Father Harlan. It was a daughter's pleasure and it crept into his old heart and warmed it into fatherly love at last.

"Of course I will, father," she replied.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Would Not Be Silenced.

Attorneys as a rule are exceedingly quickwitted, and in encounters with witnesses generally get the best of it. Not so with this one, who had an old Scot on the stand, relates the Chicago Chronicle.

In a dispute over the right of way the agent for the landlord who objected to the right was cross-examining a venerable laborer, who had testified that to his own personal knowledge there had been a right of way over the disputed land since he was a boy of five.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred when you were a boy of five, 80 years ago?" said the lawyer in affected incredulity.

"Deed an' I can sir. I can mind a year afore that, when your father—said Skinfint, as we used to call him—"

"That will do. You may go," said the lawyer, reddening furiously as a titter ran round the court.

"—got an' awful wallopin' frae Jean Macintosh—"

"That'll do!" roared the lawyer, wrathfully.

"—for cheatin' her two-ear-old lassie—"

"Do you hear? Go away, I say!"

"—oot o' the change of a thrupenny bit," concluded the venerable witness, triumphantly, as he slowly left the witness box.

WHEN RAILROADS WERE NEW.

They Were Owned by the State and Were Open to Anyone Who Wanted to Use Them.

When the state of Pennsylvania opened the Philadelphia & Columbia railway, the theory was that the state should furnish the roadway and that anyone that pleased could furnish his own vehicle and motive power and use the railway whenever he pleased, by paying the state tolls for its use, just as the turnpikes of the day were used.

But it was soon discovered that a certain character of vehicle was necessary and that rules and regulations as to times and manner of using the railways were absolutely necessary for their successful operation, says the Boston Globe.

The ordinary shippers found it too expensive to furnish the necessary plant, and that they could get this transportation done by large and well-equipped shippers much more cheaply than they could do it themselves, so that in practice the business drifted into the hands of a few individuals and companies, who did this service for the many.

The railway as constructed was intended for the horse as motive power, though the locomotive was introduced as an experiment shortly after the railway was completed.

The following, among the rules and regulations adopted by the canal commission for the regulation of the railway, may be of interest:

"Section 92. No car shall carry a greater load than three tons on the Columbia & Philadelphia railway, nor more than three and one-half tons on the Portage railway, nor shall any burden car travel at a greater speed than five miles per hour, unless the car body shall be supported on good steel springs."

"Section 108. It shall be the duty of the conductors of cars moving with less speed upon railways, upon notice by ringing a bell, blowing a horn or otherwise of the approach of a locomotive engine or other cars moving in the same direction at a greater speed, to proceed with all possible dispatch to the first switch in the course of their passage and pass off said track until said locomotive engine or other cars moving at greater speed can pass by. The conductors of the slower cars are directed to open and close the switches so as to leave them in proper order. Any person who shall refuse or neglect to comply with the provisions of this regulation shall, for every offense, forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars."

FLY BLAMED FOR FEVER.

Investigations in Chicago Proved That the Insect Spread the Germs of Typhoid.

An inquiry into the recent epidemic of typhoid fever in Chicago, made by residents of Hull house, shows some extremely interesting facts, especially concerning the connection that the common house fly may have with typhoid fever, says the Journal.

The City Homes association has published and distributed a pamphlet showing the result in investigations made by Miss Mau, Gernon, Miss Gertrude Howe and Dr. Alice Hamilton. The research was conducted at Memorial Institute for Infectious Diseases.

The pollution of the water supply by sewage has generally been believed to be the great source of danger, but experiments have proved that the fly may be the means of spreading disease broadcast.

During the recent epidemic a comparatively small area of the West side suffered most. Over one-sixth of the deaths occurred in the Nineteenth ward. The typhoid epidemic was found to be most severe where the sewerage was most imperfect, the plumbing poor, and other conditions bad.

Two places were selected near Hull house for the purpose of examination. Flies were captured about the premises and put in cultures. The result showed typhoid fever germs.

The pamphlet calls attention to the lack of measures on the part of the board of health. Complaints frequently made were unanswered. The methods employed by the board and its employes are gone into at length, and severe criticisms are made.

A Giant of the Deep.

The American museum of natural history in New York has just come into possession of what is believed to be the largest whale ever exhibited on land. It is a female finback, 68½ feet in length. Its body, in life, was 30 feet in circumference. It is estimated that at least 50 men could be enclosed within the interior of this gigantic animal. The full grown right whale, which is the species usually hunted for its blubber and whalebone, averages from 45 to 60 feet only in length. The whale whose skeleton is to adorn the museum was washed ashore dead, near Forked River, N. J., last November. Scientific theory avers that the ancestors of the whales were terrestrial or land mammals, which gradually became aquatic in their way of living—Youth's Companion.

Still at War.

There is a European state which has been at war over 26 years without knowing it. This is Liechtenstein. In 1866, at the outbreak of war between Prussia and Austria, the prince of Liechtenstein declared for Austria. When peace was made this principality was forgotten. It had made war and never signed the peace. Consequently, according to all precedent, it is still in a state of war.—Chicago Post.



The Ills of Women Act upon the Nerves like a Firebrand.

The relation of woman's nerves and generative organs is very close; consequently nine tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Herein we prove conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will quickly relieve all this trouble.

Details of a Severe Case Cured in Eau Claire, Wis.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been ailing from female trouble for the past five years. About a month ago I was taken with nervous prostration, accompanied at certain times before menstruation with fearful headaches. I read one of your books, and finding many testimonials of the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, experienced by lady sufferers, I commenced its use and am happy to state that after using a few bottles I feel like a new woman, aches and pains all gone.

"I am recommending your medicine to many of my friends, and I assure you that you have my hearty thanks for your valuable preparation which has done so much good. I trust all suffering women will use your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MIRENNE TIERZ, 630 First Ave., Eau Claire, Wis. (May 28, 1901).

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it soothes, strengthens, heals and tones up the delicate female organism. It is a positive cure for all kinds of female complaints; that bearing down feeling, back-ache, displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and is invaluable during the change of life, all of which may help to cause nervous prostration.

Read what Mrs. Day says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I will write you a few lines to let you know of the benefit I have received from taking your remedies. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, backache, sick headache, painful menstruation, pain in the stomach after eating, and constipation. I often thought I would lose my mind. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon feeling like a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly. It does all that it is recommended to do, and more.

"I hope that every one who suffers as I did will give Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies a trial."—Mrs. MARIE DAY, Eleanora, Pa. (March 25, 1901).

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women to write to her for advice. You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Another Case of Nervous Prostration Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Allow me to express to you the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I started to take it I was on the verge of nervous prostration. Could not sleep nights, and I suffered dreadfully from indigestion and headache. I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful medicine, and began its use, which immediately restored my health.

"I can heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. BERTHA E. DEIBINSKY, 25½ Lapidge St., San Francisco, Cal. (May 21, 1901).

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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