THE STORY TELLER

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

ain't given much to books, and I like the
r turning out even upward when we go
far astray
s to dote and keep a-doting on the things
that fade and wilt,
but, somehow, spite of conscience, I love
a patchwork quilt.

pieced this one up the winter that Tom
went off to fight;
could stand it through the daytime, but
as soon as it came night
All the horrid scenes of battle right before
my eyes would flit,
o I went to setting patchwork, just to
take my mind a bit.

When I came to choose a pattern I picked
out the letter T
Not because it was so handsome, but it
stands for Tom, you see;
And it was a little comfort, in those days
so dark and cold,
To have even that much of him which my
hand could grasp and hold.

Now I see old friends and neighbors coming
through this patchwork door—
Smiling at me 'bove the pieces like the
dresses that they wore;
And their faces look familiar, but those
have a brighter glow
That have come from that good country
where the heavenly flowers grow.

There is grandma in a gingham that I loved
to see her wear
As she sat serenely knitting in her big, old-
fashioned chair;
Aunt Maria comes a-singing, and her dress
of cherry red
Is no brighter than the sunshine that her
hopeful spirit shed.

Now I see some little children dancing up
and down the quilt—
This was one of Lucy's dresses, the Highland
plaid was Bertie's kilt;
And those tiny dots and figures were my
little Annie's frocks—
Oh, the blessed thoughts and feelings sewed
together with these blocks!

There are other things we treasure that
can speak of days gone by,
Everything that set us thinking, make us
laugh and make us cry;
Of all the dear reminders ever shaped
or ever built
There's nothing beats the story of a good,
old patchwork quilt.

—Sara A. Davis, in Boston Journal.

A LONG WAITING

By SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

IT WAS a charming little old-fashioned cottage of which we—my sister and myself—took possession rather late in the season at the seaside village of Onanoke. It was the property, the agent told us, of Miss Hester Place, who was living on a prolonged visit to an invalid sister, had authorized him to let it for the summer to "nice, responsible people."

"The rent is low," he said, "for seeing she's well off, she cares less for that than keeping away the mice and moths. She was born in this house and has lived here nigh upon 50 years, and is as nice a lady as ever I see. That's her portrait there, over the mantelpiece," he added, with a careless wave of his hand.

The picture thus referred to represented a young girl with a fair, sweet face, and laughing blue eyes, looking straight at the beholder.

"If she was as pretty as that," said my youngest sister, Louise, "I wonder that she never married."

"Hard to please, I reckon," he replied, indifferently, "for they say she had many offers. Well, ladies, I'm glad that you like the house and the furniture. As you see, there's nothing to be done but a little sweeping and dusting, and to fix that loose mantelpiece, which I intend to do to-morrow."

As it happened, I was passing through the room when this bit of repairing was in progress, and noticing amid the fallen rubbish something which looked like a letter, I took it up and examined it. It was much discolored, and I saw to my surprise that the seal had never been broken. Evidently it had many years since slipped between the wall and the mantelpiece, and so been lost. The ink was faded to a dull yellowish tint, but I made out the direction, "Miss Hester Place," and decided to send it to her so soon as I could ascertain her present address. Meanwhile, I slipped it into a drawer of a cabinet and in time forgot all about it.

We found our new abode delightful, and were careful to make no change except to arrange some of the furniture to suit our own convenience. I fitted up a little nook in a parlor window, where, with my books of work, I could enjoy a glimpse of the sea and watch the summer visitors who passed that way.

Among the daily passers-by I soon observed an old gentleman whose appearance interested me from the first. He was a tall, thin figure, attired in somewhat old-fashioned garb, worn but scrupulously neat. With one gloved hand grasping a cane and the other behind his back, he would pass slowly, always alone and never exchanging greetings with any whom he met.

One very warm day he appeared as usual, but instead of passing stopped and rested his arms on our garden fence, and I heard him ask Jane, our servant, for a drink of water from the well. He looked tired and oppressed by the heat, and I hastened to the door and invited him to come in and rest while the girl drew fresh water. He replied with just the old-fashioned courtesy I had expected, thanking me and accompanying me into the cool parlor. Seated in an armchair and refreshed by the sparkling draft, he chatted pleasantly, while we listened, interested.

He proved to be the elder brother of Mr. Groby, brother of the late Judge Groby, whose old mansion overlooked the cottage. When quite young he had migrated to the west, where he had led a rather adventurous life, till finally settling down as a school teacher in an Iowa town. But he found it lonely, he said, very lonely; and it was a feeling of homesickness which had brought him back to his native village, only to find his brother dead and his nephew, who occupied the old homestead, almost a stranger to him. He was now thinking of going back to his western home and his school.

"Everything here is changed," he said with a sigh. "I miss the old faces, and even the old houses I can scarcely recognize, with their new-fashioned piazzas and bow-windows."

"This house at least appears not to have changed," I remarked.

"You are right, madam; it is not changed. Even the furniture and the pictures."

As he glanced around the room, his eyes fell upon the portrait of Miss Hester Place, above the mantelpiece, and I noticed an instant change in his expression. He looked at it for a moment, and Louise, who had not observed what I did, inquired if he had known Miss Place, and if the likeness were good?

"Very good, very good, madam, as I remember her; though no portrait could do justice to a face whose chief charm was its intelligence and expression."

Just here a sudden remembrance occurred to me, and I mentioned to our visitor the almost forgotten incident of my finding a letter directed to Miss Hester Place, the seal of which remained unbroken.

"This is the letter," I said, producing it from the cabinet drawer and handing it to him.

He put on his glasses and examined it; but instantly such a change came over his face as startled me. He was quite pale and his hand trembled so that the letter fell from his grasp.

"We must send it to Miss Place at once, Louise," I said; "it should have been done long ago. I will write and explain how I found it, and the agent will give me her address."

"And if you will permit me, madam," said Mr. Groby, in an agitated voice, "I should like to send a message inclosed with it—a message which may serve to explain—a message which she will understand."

I thought the request an odd one, but placed before him pen and paper, and he wrote with a hand which trembled so much that twice the pen fell from his fingers. It was only a couple of lines which he inscribed upon the back of the letter, and I learned long afterward what they were:

"For five and twenty years I have waited for an answer to this letter.—Arthur Groby."

In some weeks that followed, we several times saw our new friend, but noticed that either his health or strength seemed failing, and were not surprised to learn at length that he could no longer undertake his long walks to the village. But one day, late in August, he appeared, as he said, to pay his parting respects to us. He was going away on a visit to a friend, a very dear friend, whom he had not seen in many years, and before his return we should have left the village.

It was two years after when we again visited Onanoke; but we did not now occupy the Place cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Groby lived there, we were told, and when they called upon us very shortly after our arrival we were surprised to find, in the wife of our former friend, Miss Hester Place.

She was a charming little lady, pretty still, with her sweet face and silvery curls, and for the husband he looked ten years younger than when we first saw him, and as happy as an old gentleman of 60 can well look.

We all became very good friends, and one evening, when we had been invited to tea at the cottage and Mr. Groby had not yet come in, his wife spoke of their marriage.

"Some people thought it ridiculous for two such old folks to marry," she said; "but when I found how much he stood in need of help and comfort, and when I remembered how much we had suffered—"

Here she faltered and tears sprang to her eyes; but she resumed frankly:

"You must know that we were engaged in our youth—Arthur and I. But we quarreled—it was my fault—and when I broke off the engagement he went away and I would not let him know how I repented. Besides, I was sure that he would return or write to me, when we would make it up. I waited for him more than 20 years—"

Here her voice broke entirely and for a moment there was silence.

"I know," said Louise, softly. "You never got his letter—that letter which lodged behind the mantelpiece."

And just here Mr. Groby came in, bright and cheerful; and his wife welcomed him with a smile and a few words which I did not hear, but which I knew explained all.

THE HEN AND THE FOX.

Find Another Hen.

A Fox, having crept into an outhouse, looked up and down for something to eat, and at last spied a Hen sitting upon a perch so high that he could by no means get at her. He therefore had recourse to an old stratagem. "Dear cousin," said he to her, "how do you do? I heard that you were ill and kept at home. I could not rest, therefore, until I had come to see you. Pray let me feel of your pulse. Indeed you do not look at all well." He was running on in this imprudent manner when the Hen answered him from the roost: "Truly, dear Raymond, you are in the right. I was seldom in more danger than I am now. Pray excuse my coming down. I am sure I would catch my death if I were to." The Fox, finding himself foiled, made off and tried his luck elsewhere.

Moral: There are some people in the world whose address and conversation are so impertinent, so shocking and disagreeable, that it is doing penance, and suffering a kind of bodily pain, to be in their company.

REMARKABLE PROCLAMATION.

Three Million Subjects of the Czar of Russia Forbidden to Carry Arms.

The governor of the great Russian district of Kharkoff, which lies between the Don and the Dnieper, and has a population of nearly 3,000,000, has issued a remarkable proclamation of which some hint has already been given in the cable dispatches, says a London report. After forbidding the inhabitants to carry arms or weapons of any description—"daggers, brass-knuckles, sword-canes, knives, etc."—without special permission from the police, the proclamation continues:

"Dealers in firearms, ammunition and explosives are required to have a detailed list of such on their books. They may deliver such only to persons authorized by the police to buy them, and must keep a record of the names and addresses of such persons, exactly specifying each sale.

"The proprietors of workshops, factories and other industrial establishments as also persons holding such establishments on lease or as managers, and their foremen, are required scrupulously to watch that their men are not made the object of incitement to revolt on the part of revolutionary agents, and they are to report such revolutionary agents to the police and aid in their arrest and in the seizure of anything, such as prohibited pamphlets or books, seditious proclamations, or secret manuscripts, that may secure their conviction. All persons are prohibited from circulating reports of anticipated public disturbances either orally or in writing, and from organizing without permission of the authorities any kind of collection or lottery.

"Porters and night watchmen of houses are required always to lend active assistance to the police immediately they are called upon to do so. House owners are allowed to engage for these duties only persons whose selection is approved by the police, and they may not dismiss them without informing the latter.

"The governor's notification also provides for the strengthening and the rigorous regulation of the service of night watchmen. He concludes with the warning that 'anyone breaking these orders will render himself liable to a fine not exceeding 500 rubles ($270), or to three months' imprisonment.'"

When Tickling Chimpanzees.

It has been observed that if the tamed dog is taken back to the wild state, he loses his voice. These "sounding voices" are produced in the animal throat in a way similar to human language. But are not "voices" proper nor "languages" proper, and yet they are full of psychological expression, and reveal the animal's psychic states. If we tickle a chimpanzee in the armpit, the touch produces a grin on the face similar to that of a man under like circumstances. He also emits laughter-like sounds. The same is the case with the young orang. The gorilla barks and growls when angry, just like men. We often observe in apes a complete change in the facial muscles when something is going to happen, be it agreeable or disagreeable. It is so also with the child. In apes there is evidently the same connection between the facial muscles and vocal muscles as in man.—London Answers.

Could Not Keep the Piece.

A woman in a domestic brawl bit a piece of her husband's ear. The magistrate characterized the assault as a degrading and disgusting case; but, as the woman had no previous conviction, added that he would merely bind her over to keep the peace, to which she replied that she was sorry she could not do that, as she had given it to the cat.—Glasgow Evening Times.

MANY SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS.

Being Built as a Result of an Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Under an act of the legislature of 1901 there is quite an epidemic of soldiers' monuments building throughout the state. The advantages offered by the act are just beginning to be understood and taken advantage of. Every county seat not now provided with a suitable soldiers' monument is pretty certain to have one within a few years, says the Philadelphia Press.

The act in question was prompted by the fact that in a number of counties the effort to raise a sufficient amount of money by private subscription to erect memorials to the dead of the war of the rebellion had failed. Considerable amounts had been contributed in some instances, but not enough, as was the case in Delaware county, where a monument completed at the expense of the county was dedicated a few weeks ago. The project had been in hand many years, and it is doubtful if it would ever have been finished if the county had not been authorized to come to the rescue. In other instances, soldiers' memorials have been incumbered, but the obligation can now be lifted by the county out of the county moneys, and has been in several cases.

Under the terms of the act it is necessary for at least 50 citizens of the county to petition the court of quarter sessions for the erection or completion of a monument or to pay debts heretofore contracted for the erection and construction of such monument. By the court the matter is laid before the grand jury, and if approved by two successive grand juries and the court the county commissioners shall be authorized to pay any and all debts contracted for the erection of a monument, to complete it or to erect a new one, and maintain at the county seat a suitable monument to the soldiers and sailors of the rebellion. There is no reason under such a law why any county should long be without a proper memorial to the patriotism and bravery of those who offered their lives for their country.

Nor is it likely any county which does not now have a monument will fail to take advantage of the opportunity offered. If any has not already done so, it is because the enabling act has not become well understood. The finances of a county must be in desperate condition indeed to compel the authorities to refuse an appeal from old soldiers for a memorial to their departed comrades. It is doubtful if there is a county in the commonwealth in any such straits, and in every instance the expenditure of a reasonable sum for such purpose would certainly have popular approval.

All over the state the work is in progress and in a short time Pennsylvania will have the distinction which no other state can claim of having a public memorial to its soldiers and sailors at every county seat. These monuments should be erected under intelligent and artistic direction.

Pumice-Stone Bricks.

The [illegible] pumice sand and pebbles [illegible] found in Germany between Coblenz and Andernach are now being utilized for brick-making, and a recent visitor has performed there some [illegible] broken up and screened to a suitable size, after which it is mixed with the sand and a certain proportion of lime and water. The mixture is poured into iron molds with removable wooden bottoms, upon which the bricks when the material has set, can be dried. After exposure to the air for about time the bricks are ready for shipment. No modern machinery is needed, [illegible] by hand, a good workman turning out 4,000 bricks per day.—Chambers' Journal.

KEEPING PASSENGERS AWAKE.

The Art of Rousing Drowsy Travelers in Stations Is Something of an Art.

In every waiting-room of a big railroad station there is a special officer whose duty it is to keep travelers awake. Of course, he keeps a watch for professional loafers as well, but his principal duty is to see that waiting passengers do not sleep over train time.

In Broad street station, the Reading terminal and the Baltimore & Ohio station, these special officers are adepts at arousing sleepers. They almost always do it gently, says the Philadelphia Press.

After long years of experience, however, waking sleepy railway travelers may approach an art. In the beginning one of the first things to be determined is whether a passenger is dead to the world from travel and loss of sleep, or whether he is deader still from whisky. In either case the officer has not only the time to make observations, but every opportunity, and in either face he may read signs of the better way of proceeding with the individual.

If whisky has been conducive to slumber, a safe and telling method of procedure is for the officer to step lightly but firmly on the man's foot. High on the instep is the most effective spot for the application of pressure. The effect is disturbing, without the disturbed one's recognizing the source of the irritation. Two or three passings of the officer at minute intervals, each time with the application of a police shoe where it does the most good, are sufficient for any but aggravated cases of inebriety.

For these aggravated cases an application of a faucet of unboiled water alone will do. Regulations will not admit of a conductor's taking a drunken man aboard a train and he must be sobered before he passes the gates. Water applied to the back of the neck from a half-inch faucet, allowing for the natural leakage down the spinal column of the intoxicated one, will do the work in three minutes. In most cases these drunken ones are victims of cold nights; they go out for something warming, take too much, return to the warmth of the station waiting-rooms, and are drunk in five minutes.

Oddly enough, the drunken man who is subjected to a douche of cold water seldom resents the treatment. He may even thank the officer for sobering him up and may express the most cheerful countenance at his improved feelings.

The really ugly man to awaken is the man who by nature is sour, perfectly sober, and yet worn out with travel and loss of sleep. Such a man may be naturally a sound sleeper and hard to awaken, and frequently he strikes out in a blind rage, without realizing what his impulses are. Several years ago a cowboy of this peculiar temperament and condition was sleeping in a dark corner of the general waiting-room, and the officer went over to him, touching the fellow on the shoulder at the first, and finally having to shake him vigorously.

Apparently the fellow was awake, and it was explained that the cowboy's train already had been called; but after the officer had gone away he turned to find the cowboy sleeping again. To see if the man was shamming the officer stood over him for half a minute before he finally reached down with one finger and raised the fellow's chin until the light struck into his face.

Instantly, like a jack in the box, the cowboy's eyes glared wide open, and he sprang to his feet, striking out with right and left like the kick of a mule. It was a busy mixing up for two minutes, but the blue of civic authority won out at the last, in time to put the cowboy aboard the train for his native west.

In the main men are the sleepers in a railroad station. Women are more nervous and more anxious than are men, and, while a man will go to sleep with a grip, a cane, an umbrella and a camera piled in a seat four feet away, the average woman keeps a hand or foot on her valise while she sits awake. It is only now and then that a sleepy woman will explain to the matron of the woman's waiting room that she has to wait five hours for a train, and thus have permission to get the sleep that she may be composed enough to take.

For as to sleeping in stations the general prohibition of it is simply to protect the sleeper against missing his train. The traveler may be distinguished from his fellow who might come in simply to find a warm place in which to lounge and doze, and as to the possibility of persons losing baggage or pocketbooks while asleep there is little danger—not enough of itself to cause the order to keep awake.

Strangely enough, too, of all these passengers coming into the city, the emigrant and the immigrant, traveling upon second class tickets at a reduced rate, receive more attentions and are allowed more rest than any other class of travelers.

Two New Food Products.

One of the newest chemical discoveries is that of equal parts of milk and a 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde, the use of which as a preservative in milk is being warmly condemned by boards of health in various parts of the country. A precipitate is formed which, after filtering and drying, forms a white powder showing only faint traces of formaldehyde. Instead the powder contains all the nutritive constituents of milk and can be used as food. Another discovery is that animal blood and formaldehyde combined form a jelly which dries to a brown powder, which will also serve as a nutriment. Both compounds resemble a preparation made from albumen and formaldehyde.—N. Y. Sun.

MOST IMPORTANT PART.

First Duty of Elected President of a Large and Wealthy Railway Concern.

The newly elected president of the great corporation hurried home, dashed into the library and seized a pen.

"Don't let anybody disturb me," he said to his wife.

For several hours nothing broke the silence save the scratching of the president's pen across the paper. Sheet after sheet was filled with writing and laid aside. The perspiration rolled from the president's brow and ink was splattered all over his shirt front. Finally he laid aside the pen, pushed back and heaved a great sigh of relief.

"There! Finished at last," he exclaimed.

"What on earth have you been doing, dear?" asked his wife.

"I have been performing my first work since being elected president of the Consolidated and Amalgamated United States Pig Iron company," said he.

"What is it?"

"I have been preparing for the press the rules I have followed and by which I have worked my way from obscurity to my present high position. I have noticed that this is about the first thing the newspapers have about the men who are selected to manage big institutions."

An Old Soldier's Experience.

Dennard, Ark., Sept. 7th.—Mr. E. J. Hicks, merchant of this place, has written for publication, an account of a personal experience, which is very interesting.

"I am an old Federal Soldier," writes Mr. Hicks, "and shortly after the close of the war I was taken sick. I had aches and pains all over me, fluttering of the heart, and stomach trouble. I just simply was never a moment without pain. I could not sleep at night, and I was always tired and fearfully weak.

"I took medicine all the time, but for a long time I was more dead than alive. Altogether I suffered for over twenty years, and I believe I would have been suffering yet, or in my grave, if I had not read of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I got an Almanac, which told me of this remedy, and I bought some of it. I started with three pills a day, but increased the dose to six pills a day. I had not used many till my pains began to disappear. I kept on, and now I can sleep and eat as well as ever I could, and I feel like a new man, with no pains or aches left.

"I will always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a wonderful remedy."

Chinaman's Repartee.

The editor of the Chinese Daily World, published in this city, is a graduate of Yale, and while retaining all the characteristic reticence of his race he is, nevertheless, rather clever at repartee, as was recently instanced when a rather dapper young fellow called at the World office to sell a certain grade of paper. The editor affects the American style of dress, and the paper house drummer thought he would be smart and opened the conversation by impudently asking: "What kind of a ness are you, Japanese or a Chinese?" The editor smiled blandly, and with a courteous bow retorted: "Before I answer your inquiry will you kindly inform me what kind of a key you are, and tell me if you are a monkey, a donkey or a Yankee?" The drummer fled in dismay.—San Francisco Wasp.

Railroad to the Chippewa.

A new town in Sawyer county, Wis., on the Omaha Road. Located on both the Chippewa and Couderay rivers, in center of a most fertile and promising hardwood district. Good muscallonge, bass and pike fishing in both rivers. Exceptional opportunities for landseekers. If looking for a new location don't fail to see this new country. For map and full particulars write to Postmaster, Radisson, Sawyer Co., Wis., or to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, C. St. P. M. & O. Ry., St. Paul.

Capable.

A very jaunty looking applicant for the position of stenographer and typewriter in the office of a gentleman in public life was told that it would be necessary for her to have a thorough knowledge of grammar. She gave proof of her entire proficiency by saying: "Well, I have always known how to spell, and when it comes to grammar I don't take no back seat for nobody, I don't."—Woman's Home Companion.

Practical Poetry.

First Poet—What a boastful fellow Penholder is getting to be!

Second Poet—Yes. He claims that he has made enough writing verses on snow during the summer to hire a shoveler off his sidewalk all winter.—Judge.

"This is too much—too much!" she cried, pale and trembling. "Then I'll make it $1,200," said the milliner. "Very well, wrap it up." And the deed was done.—Ohio State Journal.

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

Butcher—"Wasn't that a good steak I sent you yesterday?" Customer—"Oh, it was a good, durable steak."—Life.

Stops the Cough

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

Every man thinks he is responsible.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured.

Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Persecution blows out the candle of pretense.—Ram's Horn.

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

Lending a hand is a blessed act of trust.—Chicago Daily News.

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HAVE BEEN CURED OF FEMALE ILLS BY THE USE OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

If you are ill and there is anything about your case you do not understand, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. It is free and will be the means of restoring you to health.

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