

THE STORY TELLER

DAY UNTO DAY.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."
—Psalm XLIX. 3.

This day tells tomorrow
What of yesterday,
Whether joy or sorrow
Stood beside the way;
Whether pain or pleasure
Whether sun or rain
Made the day's full measure
One of loss or gain.

Night to night is showing
What has come and gone
In the current flowing
From gray dusk to dawn—
In the current steady
Goes from sun to sun,
Ready, or unready,
All that we have done.

All the dim tomorrows,
Stretching far away!
Each one somehow borrows
Gladness of today,
And the nights unending
Echo us our dreams,
Wrangling them, and blending
Them in happy gleams.

Day to day is calling—
And tomorrow knows,
Whether glad or galling;
Whether thorn or rose;
Whether deed or thinking:
All that we have done—
Day to day is linking
All from sun to sun.

Night to night replying
Murmurs through the dusk,
As a gleam of singing
Over grain and husk.
Day to day is bringing
Something for our good—
We might sense the singing
If we understood.
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

THE FOOTSTEP OF FEAR

By L. H. HAMMOND.

It was Christine's friend, Tom, through whom Fear entered the child's life. Before Tom began to spend his evenings in the kitchen Christine had been the most considerate of nurses. When she tucked the bedclothes about her small charge at night, and sat beside her until the little one fell asleep, her talk had been all of fairies, and Hawthorn hedges, and the green English fields in which she had played as a child; but when Tom began to wait for her below stairs—to wait in the company of Ellen, the jolly cook, and Maggie, the blue-eyed housemaid, Christine had grown cross and impatient. She undressed the little girl almost roughly, and even hurried her through her prayers. When she tucked her in bed she refused to sit beside her; and in answer to the child's half-suppressed sob she paused in the act of turning out the gas to bend close above the small pillow and the suddenly widened eyes that stared at her in the dimmed light. Her voice itself was a threat as she opened the door in the child's soul by which Fear might enter in.

"As long as you are good nothing will hurt you," she concluded, more kindly. "Be quiet and don't tell and you're all right." She turned the gas quite out, and closed the door, leaving Fear to watch in her place by the bed. Not that the child called it Fear; she knew no name for the vague, formless thing. But its formlessness was an added terror, which was heightened by the fact that to her strained imagination an audible footfall came from that void which was its presence, while above its awful shapelessness she felt, though she never saw—a face. Beast, monster, devil—whether one or all of these she could not say; and only because a thing spoken of must be designated by a word could one call the dark impersonal presence it.

Every night after this it came, a terrible black emptiness moving with slow, steady steps to the child's bed. The steps fell first in the long hall, when Christine turned out the nursery gas. As she went out she moved noiselessly over the thick carpet toward the door which led to the back hall, and the progress of her retreat was known to the cowering child only by the sound of the other's stealthy approach—a sound, distinctly heard above the heavy beating of her own heart. It moved a step nearer for every step that Christine moved away; when she stood at the nursery door, always; when she opened the door—softly, lest it should be known downstairs that she had left the nursery before sleep came to its small inmate—it entered; and when Christine closed the door behind her it sprang with a great leap to the child's bedside, and hung over her in the dark, moving and gibing, with an awful threat behind its senseless leer. She could never see the face nor the leer; if she could have done that she might have borne it; she only felt them through the shuddering dark.

And it was not alone; the tiger under the bed belonged to it, and the ape in the closet, and the man with the black mask and the sword. These were its unseen enemies, but she knew all about them; Christine had told her, not only on that first dreadful night, but often since. They were friends of Christine's, in some mysterious way, and so long as the child obeyed her they were not to be feared; but if she ever cried, or called for mother, or told anyone that Christine did not stay with her until she was asleep—then they would spring at her in the dark and tear her limb from limb. If she obeyed she was safe; Christine said so, and Christine never told lies; she said she never did; and, besides,

she would be afraid to tell lies, because lies were put in the fire and burned up. Her brother told her that the day she promised to let him play with her best doll in his own way, and then snatched her away and ran to Christine with her. She was a liar; she shivered as she thought of the lake of fire. But he was digging Miss Homer's eyes out of her head—her beautiful eyes—to see why they didn't shut faster. God would burn her up; but it wasn't fair when other people made you tell lies; perhaps God did something to them, too. But He wouldn't do anything to Christine; she was always good. That was why the tiger loved her, and the man, and the ape; they hated bad people—oh, did they know she was a liar? She shrank further down under the bedclothes. Christine said they wouldn't hurt her if she kept still; but Christine didn't know about it. It would not mind Christine; it would not mind anybody; and it was the tiger's friend, too! She dared not open her eyes, but she knew that in the dark it was bending down, and that the tiger had crawled to the edge of the bed to lick it's hand. The ape peered out of the closet grinning a welcome to it, and the man in the mask stood just behind. They were all its friends, and it hated her. But it was so dark; perhaps they could not see her—though she knew in the depths of her cowering little soul that they did. Perhaps she could spring out of bed on the other side, and reach the hall door before it or the tiger could catch her. But the closet! she would have to pass that. She felt the ape's skinny fingers, and the man's sword at her throat. It bent closer over the bed; did it know what she had been about to do?

Time dragged by. The door-bell rang, and company came in. Laughter floated up the stairs, and it grinned hideously at the thought of the company in the nursery. Once her mother sang, and that comforted her. Ages afterward her mother came upstairs. The man and the ape drew back into the depths of the closet; the tiger crawled to the exact middle of the space under the bed and curled its tail up carefully; it passed noiselessly to the other side of the room, and hid in the shadows as the door opened, and her mother—her dearest mother—came in and bent down to kiss her cheek. She dared not stir, but she knew that it was gone. Her mother touched her forehead gently. "The child is in a perspiration," she said to herself; "but there doesn't seem to be too much cover; Christine is so careful. How fast asleep she is!" and with another kiss she went through into her own room, leaving the connecting door open. When she put out her light it slipped back, but the door was open, and it did not dare to come very close to the bed. The tiger had gone to sleep, and the ape and the man knew her mother was there; they were afraid—oh! The little body relaxed, the breath came freely, and out on the full tide of sleep she drifted beyond it's reach.

This happened many nights, through many years. At first it never dared to come in the daytime; but at dusk she knew the stealthy footfall was coming steadily to meet her, and that in the dark it would stand by her bed, with its horrible, unseen leer. She had, as she grew older, tried the effect of leaving her gas burning; but in the loneliness and silence of the night it was all-powerful, and could shroud itself in darkness and light alike. Every night her mother came to give her a last good-night kiss, but the child never told her that she was awake; she was afraid to speak of it at night, and in the daytime she was ashamed.

She no longer believed in the tiger or the ape, though she looked for them under the bed and in the closet every night to make sure, and took off her slippers in the middle of the room to leap into the bed from a distance, feeling cold, sharp claws on her ankles as she did so, and tucking the covers about her with feverish haste. The man was no longer in the closet, and had lost his mask and his sword. He carried a knife now, and came with it. The two crept up the stairs together night after night. Sometimes they paused at her mother's door, or her brother's, instead of her own, and she would spring out of bed to call them before it should be too late. But she was ashamed to give a false alarm, so she always lit the gas in the hall first, shaking with cold, her teeth chattering; and always, as she turned with wide eyes to face them, they were gone. She would rush to the head of the stairs after them, but they could not be seen, though the stairs creaked, one by one, under their invisible tread. She could never understand why the sound did not rouse the world. Sometimes, in a frenzy of terror to which anything was better than uncertainty, she fled after them, barefooted and silent. It mattered little at such times that the man might turn in the darkness and plunge his knife into her heart, if only she could seize it by the throat and turn it to the light and look once full in its face. To do that meant death or freedom, she knew; and there were times when she cared little which it might be. At every point she strove to face the thing she feared; and at every point it eluded her, and stood unseen, but felt, a little further down her path.

Years afterward, when she married, the footstep which had dogged her life began to track the man she loved; then it followed the child. The daytime ceased to protect her. Through the long summers in every lightning flash it's lean finger threatened them both; and when the wild western winds shook the house it leered at her through the storm. Day and night it's power grew with her love, and though she still struggled it was without hope.

But one night as she lay in her bed thinking a mother's thoughts about the

child asleep in the crib beside her, the little one awoke, crying out in sudden fear. As she turned to soothe her it thrust itself with quick, noiseless step between her bed and the crib. She felt through her soul the horror of the unspoken threat, but she leaned toward the child and quieted it. Then something new and strong rose up within her, and through the darkness she looked full where she felt it's face.

"You shall never touch the child," she said. "I will fill her life so full of love and courage that there will be no room in it for you to come. You may darken my life as you will, but the child shall never know that you exist." It drew closer, and as she faced it's nearing presence she knew that it's face was distorted by a thousand passions; but the child's hand lay in hers, and though she trembled, she smiled in the dark.

Often the man she loved was called from home, and through the long night and stormy days of that wind-cursed country she fought with it for the child. When the boy came she had a double strength, and with the baby she knew herself invincible. They grew up happy and unafraid; for if terror threatened their childish hearts it vanished before love's magic touch. Love filled their days and nights, and ruled their world, and gave them wisdom for an impregnable defense. Absorbed in this struggle the woman fought her own fears no longer, and thought of them only when she must. Her consciousness of it became focused in a determination to keep a like consciousness out of her children's lives.

The years passed by. Never once had her old desire been granted to her—to see the vague terror take the tangible shape of danger before her eyes, that she might face her fear and find in its actual presence either the freedom for which she longed or the death to which she had once been indifferent.

But one morning when the man she loved was away from home and the children were at school she glanced up from her sewing and saw two men come in at the gate. Either of them might have been it made visible to the eyes of day, so evil were their faces. The old house was a detached one, set in a large yard, and there was no one on the place at the moment except herself and the housemaid. Accustomed to forestalling the fears of others rather than to thinking of her own, she went herself to the door; the maid, she knew, would be frightened. She opened the door a little way, and in answer to the younger man's demand for money replied she had none to give him. The man swore a great oath, which was echoed by his companion. She had opened the door such a little way that they knew the house was empty save for women.

"We will come in and see what you have got," said the man, "and what we want we will take." He set his shoulder to the door.

A sudden rage rushed upon her and swept her out beyond all knowledge of herself. She flung the door wide and stepped up close to the man, her eyes blazing into his. She spoke in a new voice.

"I will give you ten seconds to get outside that gate," she said. "Now go." They turned and fled. She stood and watched them as they ran down the walk, under the flickering shadows of the elms, her anger still hot within her. Then she leaned against the doorway, trembling, for she caught suddenly the sound of a stealthy step, which fled before the men, and knew that three passed out at the gate. The men's shoes clattered on the brick walk; but the sound that rang to heaven was the hurrying tread of the silent footfall, whose terror had filled her life. She stood listening through the clear sunshine until it ceased, knowing that it ceased for all time. Then she turned and went into the house with the light of freedom on her face.—N. Y. Independent.

To the Letter.

All oriental servants put a strict construction upon orders. Perhaps the Hindus may bear off the palm for excellence in this matter. At any rate, the experience of an American woman with her native servant in India last year shows a praiseworthy readiness to follow instructions to the letter.

The mistress had instructed her servant always to put a napkin in the bottom of the fruit dish or of the cake basket whenever any of these dishes were to be brought to the table. From that time the napkin was never forgotten.

One day a tureen of tomato soup was placed before the woman at the head of the table. She began to ladle out the soup when something like the corner of a rag was brought to the surface. Investigation revealed more of the disquieting material with the hint of a fringed border.

The servant was called. "What is this?" he was asked. "That, mem-sahib," he explained, "is the napkin which you told me always to put in the bottom of dishes of this kind before bringing them to the table."—Youth's Companion.

Necessity for Regrets.

Once upon a time, on a winter morning, a tramp in the neighborhood of the "Four Hundred" was going from house to house seeking a breakfast.

At the first house he was invited to clean the snow from the front walk as a condition precedent to the desired meal. He turned sorrowfully from the door and called at the next house, where he had to face a similar invitation. So it went from house to house until the tramp selected a breakfasting place where the snow had been removed.

Moral: Persons who move in the circle of the "Four Hundred" have to decline many invitations.—N. Y. Herald.

WILD-GOOSE DRIVING.

Form of Sport Much Enjoyed by the Gunners of Warren County, North Carolina.

"I doubt if there is another place where wild geese are hunted after the method used on the Roanoke river in North Carolina," said a New York sportsman who has hunted there, recently the New York Sun. "In the first place, there is no choicer haunt for wild geese than parts of the Roanoke river.

"In Warren county the river is for miles a succession of falls and rapids, and is unnavigable except by means of the peculiar flat boats the natives use. The river is a quarter of a mile wide.

"For miles the shores are lined with oak and beech trees and all kinds of berry bushes and wild grapes. In their seasons acorns and beechnuts and berries and grapes fall into the river in enormous quantities, and as they are carried down stream they lodge in the hollows of the rocks. It is this accumulation of palatable picking that attracts the wild geese in large numbers to that part of the river.

"But the geese, after their kind, are extremely shy, and the difficulty of getting about in a boat where they are feeding makes gunning for them, except in one particular way, rather barren sport.

"It is not known who discovered that while wild geese on the Roanoke river would not sit and wait for the gunner to get within gunshot of them, they could be driven right up to the guns, but for time out of mind that is the way wild geese have been hunted in Warren county, N. C. The geese are driven to the blinds where the gunners are hidden, something in the way grouse are driven on the English moors. If goose driving is practiced elsewhere I have yet to hear of the place.

"In hunting wild geese on the Roanoke river, a blind for two men is built on the smallest rock that will give them sufficient foothold and will be low some favorite feeding place for the geese. The nature of the rocks and the hollows scatter the flocks as they pasture, and while there may be hundreds of fowl in sight there will rarely be more than two or three together.

"After the gunners have taken their places in the blind a third hunter makes his way in a boat up the stream until he gets above a lot of feeding geese. Then he works out into the river and drifts down with the current.

"As he approaches the geese he begins to whistle, shrill and loud. He may whistle a tune if he knows one, or he may just whistle. And he must be a person of long and strong wind.

"When the geese hear the whistling they begin to gather into one flock. As long as the man in the boat keeps whistling the huddling geese, although constantly moving along down stream, and over out of gun range of the boat, will have no eyes or ears for anything else.

"Tossing carelessly along on the rapids a skilful driver will have a hundred or more geese drifting ahead of him, gazing wonderingly at him and listening to his whistle, by the time they have drawn near to the blind, all will bunch, and offering great opportunity to the waiting gunners within. When the geese have been driven to within 30 or 40 yards of the blind the guns open on them.

"The geese rise in such confusion after the first fire that it is easy to pick up and use a second gun on them before they have got out of range, and the driver is pretty sure to drop a few as the frightened flocks wing over him in their flight up stream, in which direction they invariably speed. It is great sport, this wild-goose driving on the Roanoke river, as any one will agree who tries it once."

THIBETAN CHILDREN.

Little Attention Paid to Them and They Are Left to Entertain Themselves.

The children of Tibet are neither cuddled nor amused. No one pays any attention to them. They have no sweets and no playthings. If they are entertained, it is entirely through their own effort or invention. And one diversion never fails, for they are experts in riding on the backs of cows and horses, it hardly matters which, says Youth's Companion.

A Thibetan baby differs widely from other children in seeming to have little nervous development, and consequently slight capacity for "taking notice." So, says the author of a book on Tibet, a white baby living in Thibet with a traveling party attracted the greatest amount of attention. He was only an ordinary child, but his wide-awake interest in life seemed to the Thibetans something amazing. They would come on tiptoes, their tongues protruding, to stand and gaze at him; asleep in his hammock, then holding up both thumbs and putting out the tongue still farther, in token of approbation. When it came time for his bath, and the tent was closed on account of the draught, men and women would pull up the flap about the bottom, and the whole aperture would be filled with dark faces and laughing black eyes.

"White child!" one would call, and then another.

"See her put him into the water!"

"He will die!"

"Why does she not baste him with butter and leave him out in the sun?"

Not Handicapping Himself.

Mr. Fogg—Why aren't you in school, Bobby?

Bobby—'Cause I read in the history book that great an' successful men usually start in life without any educational advantages, an' I'm more ambitious than other boys.—Gunny Stories

YOUTH AND AGE.

There is a Material Difference That Is Not Always Apparent.

Maitre Labori, the noted French advocate who defended the Humberts, is not remarkable in Paris so much for the eloquence as for the neatness and the polish of his speeches.

An American journalist heard Labori in court one day. He says the advocate's address was full of grace, wit, tenderness. He quotes a passage relating to old age wherein Labori, with a smile, said:

"Old age—we shall none of us quite understand that until we have attained to it—for no one of us, here, is old. But the other day I visited my uncle, a very aged man.

"What is it like, uncle," I said, "to be old?"

And my uncle answered: "It is like this: When one is young, one's polite attentions to women are taken for declarations of love; but when one is old, one's declarations of love are taken for polite attentions."

The Germ Theory.

The discovery of the germ theory is perhaps the most important in the history of medicine, the discovery of the stomach of course excepted.

Exhaustive experiments on guinea pigs have made it clear that mankind cannot be well without germs.

But such is the character of germs that nobody will take them unless he is frightened.

And the germ theory has thrown more scares into more people than all other theories put together.

Thus it is not easy to see how we should manage to have any health to speak of, without the germ theory.—Puck.

Why Not?

"Here's an account of a big landlady," said the new reporter. "Under what head shall I put it?"

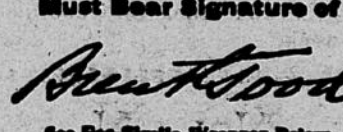
"Put it with the real estate transfers," said the city editor, as he wrote: "Continued on the forty-first page" in the middle of a four-line paragraph.—Youth's Companion.

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J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murray Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

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