

THE STORY TELLER

ALL THE WORLD.

Maid, do you recall the place
Where the tortured waters race
Downward, downward, to the sea
In an effort to be free?
Boeing from huge stones to gneiss,
Grumbling in a monotone,
In some hollow where, distressed,
They have sought a moment's rest?

Maid, do you recall where you
Saw and watched the varied hue
Of the waters and the skies?
Did you know that in your eyes
Shone each tint of sky and stream?
Every evanescent gleam
Of the wild uncertainty glen
Shone from out your eyes again.

They were there, the sky's own blue,
Little flecks of sunshine, too;
Every deep and grumbling pool,
Umber-shaded nooks and cool,
Silver-banded swaying birch,
And the thrushes bending perch;
All were there; each vale and steep,
All the torrents rush and leap!

They were there—I know they were—
Every slope of pine and fir;
Every foam-white waterfall,
For I saw them, saw them all!
And I never looked away
From your dancing eyes that day,
All the world, my world, dear lies
In the depths of your blue eyes!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Sir Humphrey Potter's First Love.

BY HAROLD OHLSON.

MANY people considered that the time had come when Sir Humphrey Potter, with his wealth and his title, should take a wife. Some of these had daughters. They were only anxious for the dear girl's happiness. No one, however, cared to speak to him on such subjects as love and marriage. He would have thought them frivolous.

He was never frivolous. It was only possible to interest him in serious matters; business transactions for preference; politics, on which he had decided views, in his lighter moods. It was difficult to conceive of him as a lover. His tall, portly form seemed always to require about it the red mahogany and shining leather of his office. Laughter, while in conversation with Sir Humphrey, seemed out of place. It was, said an irreverent person, as the crackling of thorns under a Potter.

Mrs. Latimer had described him as "portentous." She owned that the exact meaning of the word had escaped her for the moment, but she had an inner consciousness that it contained an exact description, and she was not to be moved by any dictionary person.

He was a self-made man. That was evident. No one else would have troubled to make him. However, he stated the fact constantly.

He was enormously rich, and had obtained a knighthood by judicious philanthropy. He did not pay large salaries to his clerks, but when a fund was started at the mansion house he pressed nobly to the front. Pressing nobly to the front—people can see you when you are there—had made him what he was—Sir Humphrey Potter.

Young ladies have been wont to call him, in the course of private conversation, "a fat pompous beast." The course of private conversation does not always run smoothly. Now he was "dear Sir Humphrey."

He was on the market. He had wealth and title, although the goods were a little shop-soiled. It was on a beautiful, warm morning in July that Sir Humphrey cautiously lifted one latch of his bedroom blind and peered out. He was not anxious to be seen. He was a man of great dignity of presence (his tailor, to whom he paid cash, had often told him so), but he felt he did not look his best at that particular time. His hair fell in a fringe over his forehead—which did not suit him—and his face shone with the perspiration engendered by a hot July night. It also required the refining touch of a razor. The fat, frowny man in the long white shirt (he clung to the old fashions), with big, bare feet and rumpled hair, was as ridiculous and unpleasant to the eye as Sir Humphrey Potter, an hour later, would be dignified and imposing.

It was not for the purpose of observing the beauties of nature that he thus delayed his toilet, but rather that he might watch Miss Latimer, the daughter of his old friend and present host, and her cousin Clarissa, who were walking in the garden. They were enjoying the fresh morning air; Clarissa, for the sake of the thousand delicate scents that mingled with it and the sweet, glad song of the birds; Miss Latimer chiefly for the sake of her complexion. She did not care much for the songs of the birds; she preferred music from the comic operas. And as for the delicate scents of the waking flowers—She had been known to purchase patchouli.

Miss Latimer's whole attention was at that period of her existence engrossed by her numerous love affairs. Her talk was of young men. Her great purpose was to obtain a husband; if young and handsome, so much the better, but the only indispensable adjunct was wealth. She was little, plump and pretty, with beautiful eyes that she could use effectively on very young men. These walked with her talked with her (she would giggle at remarks that should have been received with a cold silence), and flirted with her.

She was called "Flo." It seemed a necessary consequence. There are many noble, stately women in the world named Florence, but it would

seem an insult to address them as "Flo." However, the name suited Miss Latimer to perfection.

And Clarissa?
A tall, slender girl, bearing herself with a natural grace and dignity that little Flo, push herself out and pull herself in as she might, could never imitate.

Miss Latimer's young-men friends (she called them "the boys") thought her cousin Clarissa stuck up. They told each other so. But a smile from her would have brought any one of them to her feet. To be favored of one whom all the others consider stuck up and standoffish appeals strongly to masculine vanity. Besides, she was really beautiful, and as nice as a girl who loves to be a lady is to a man who loves to be a gentleman. But she could not be considered "good fun."

When the two girls disappeared along the path that led down to the river, Sir Humphrey dropped the latch of the blind and proceeded to build up his dignity of presence.

He had made up his mind. He would marry Clarissa.

The preceding years of his life had been devoted to his business, and he had scarcely ventured into feminine society. But now he felt entitled to show some relaxation of his efforts, and had decided that he must bring a wife to the palatial home he had built in a London suburb, and that she must be beautiful, just as he had beautiful furniture to adorn it. He did not anticipate any difficulty. He could pay the bill.

It was a curious coincidence—that is to say, it may have been a coincidence—that Mr. Latimer said to him, as they smoked a cigar together after breakfast that morning:

"You ought to marry, Potter."
"Well, I can't say I haven't thought of it," answered Sir Humphrey. "I feel at times I want something to cheer me up—to take my thoughts off the work when I'm at home."

He spoke as if he intended to buy a banjo.
"You want to find the right girl, and then you'll never regret it. And you won't make a mistake—that ain't your way, we all know, Potter."

Sir Humphrey had money in Mr. Latimer's business.
"You can hardly realize," continued Mr. Latimer, "the rest and pleasure a tired man can find in woman's talk, if it's lively and chatty."

Here Mr. Latimer artistically lost himself in reverie, emerging presently with a sigh.

"How I shall miss my daughter Flo when she gets married! So bright and jolly—such a capital companion! We're always together."

The feeling of a doting parent had carried him away. He was not always with his daughter. She saw that.

"It needs consideration, Latimer," said Sir Humphrey, and then, a little abruptly, turned the conversation to other topics.

But by lunch-time Mr. Latimer had calculated to a nicety the minimum cost of the transfer of his daughter Flo to Sir Humphrey Potter. He would, he decided, strongly advise a quiet wedding (had not Flo's aunt died within the year?) but he had strong misgivings that that young lady would like the thing done in style. She would be sure that dear auntie would not wish any difference to be made.

In the afternoon Sir Humphrey sat with Miss Latimer on the lawn, until she suggested the summer house by the river as being the coolest, darlingest place, and providing awful fun watching the people in the boats.

"They're all in love with each other, and so funny to watch! Do come, dear Sir Humphrey!"

Clarissa had been sent to the shops to match wool for Mrs. Latimer. Mr. Latimer had thought the walk would do her good.

The thermometer registered 80 degrees in the shade.
Sir Humphrey passed the time pleasantly by instructing his companion in the method of making money on the stock exchange. She understood everything, so wonderfully did he explain things.

She said so.
He had endeavored to enlarge Clarissa's mind on the same subject on the day previous. She had not understood him. Sir Humphrey had no doubt of that.

She had made a foolish remark to the effect that she preferred the methods of burglars. They, at least, took their chance of getting caught by a policeman or shot by the man they were robbing.

In the evening, when the moon was just clear of the tree tops, Clarissa walked down to the river to meet her cousin. It was at the urgent request of that young lady she did so.

"I've promised Gus to go for a moonlight row, but pa must think you're with me. He don't mind my being late, then," she had said, as they left the dinner table. "Be sure you're there at nine, so that we can come in together, and don't let pa see you alone."

So while pa sipped his port in after dinner contentment, Clarissa wandered in the rose garden and dreamed of the lover that was to come.

She did not dream of the lover that was coming.
Sir Humphrey finished his cigar and then went out into the garden. Mr. Latimer said to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—but not his port—that he hoped Clarissa would have the sense to come in. Her health was too delicate for the night air.

It was a maxim of Sir Humphrey's that, when your mind was made up to a certain course, it was best to act promptly. He went in search of Clarissa.

He came behind her as she stood on the bank of the silver river, lost in sweet dreaming. The soft, white evening gown, made in the quaint, beautiful fashion of a past generation, showed the lines of her graceful figure.

She would look well surrounded by

the ancient carved-oak furniture he had bought in Tottenham Court road.

He was standing at her side before she recognized his presence. He looked very big and imposing in his evening clothes. A large diamond sparkled in his shirt front. Was this the lover of her dreams?

When he had business in hand, it was not Sir Humphrey's custom to beat about the bush. After remarking on the beauty of the evening—so much was customary even in strictly business conversation—he asked her if she would be his wife.

For a moment she did not reply. Sir Humphrey recognized the fact that she was very beautiful—and that loveliness and the moonlight threw him a little off his balance. He felt he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. The matter was getting beyond the strict regime of business.

He had never wanted to kiss any one before.

It could, of course, be only a matter of minutes—a little maiden hesitation—before he had the right to do so. Minutes? Clarissa was speaking—

"Do you know my father, Sir Humphrey?"

"No, I have not that pleasure."

He anticipated no trouble in that quarter. Was he not Sir Humphrey Potter?

"I think you will not—cannot—renew this proposal when I tell you that—that—"

"Yes!" urged Sir Humphrey as Clarissa paused.

"He is in prison," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, and turning herself away from him.

"In prison?" gasped Sir Humphrey. There was silence. A faint breath stirred the rushes and died away again. A wakeful corncrake creaked once and then subsided, as if he were alarmed by the noise he made in that great stillness.

Sir Humphrey was thinking. He could not decide on the instant what he should do. But the moonlight still exercised its power over him. He still wanted to kiss her.

Latimer should have told him; it was monstrous to have introduced him to this girl without a word as to her father's disgrace. She was, he supposed, living on the charity of the Latimers. There would be a taint of crime in her blood, and perhaps if he married her it would appear in her children. The thought was horrible.

But he wanted Clarissa.

When, at last, he fell asleep, he had almost made up his mind to marry her.

But when he awoke in the morning he found his love much less obtrusive and his business instincts predominant. Sentiment had faded with the moonlight.

He wondered how he could have hesitated. Such a marriage was impossible.

"I am very distressed, very distressed indeed, to learn you are in such an unfortunate position," he said, when the opportunity came; "but you must see, of course, that under the circumstances I cannot repeat the offer that I made yesterday evening, an offer that I should not have—that is to say, had I been informed, as I should have been, of the circumstances, I should not have—er—put us both in this painful position."

Sir Humphrey spoke at civic banquets.

"I hope you will let—er—by-gones be by-gones, and remember me as a friend."

Clarissa heard his speech to the end in silence. She had expected it. Now it was her turn. She had long ago realized the perfect self-conceit of the man. He had thought that she was ready to throw herself into his arms, should he choose to open them. She had decided that to be tricked and deceived by a girl would be an invaluable lesson to him.

She was only acting for his good.

She raised her eyes and looked at him steadily.
Then she told him that her father was indeed in a prison. He had been there nearly all his life. It was one of the largest and most important prisons in England.

He was the governor of it—London Sketch.

No Sincere.
Two subway laborers were sitting on a doorstep after their luncheon and looking out on the life of a fashionable thoroughfare.

"Do you know, Bill," said Pat, "if I was worth \$14,000,000 I'd hire you and pay you \$60 a week."

"Sure," replied Bill, "and what would you want me to do?"

"Well, you see, I'd buy a \$2,000,000 house and you'd come around in the morning at six o'clock and wake me up."

"That's easy enough," Bill answered; but after a moment he said: "And is that all the job?"

"Now you're getting down to the fine point. You see, when you woke me up at six o'clock I'd kick you down the stairs and holler after you, 'Git out or here! I don't have to git up! I'm a millionaire!'"

Before Bill could accept the position the whistle blew.—N. Y. Post.

Extenuating Circumstance.
A certain spinster in Indianapolis, who has lived alone in her beautiful and stately home for many years, is one of the city's most notable housewives. No childish fingers have ever marred the brilliance of her mirrors and windows, or played havoc with the handsome bronzes and vases in the daintily cared for dining-room.

At the home of her brother, where seven children romp from morning until night, the same exquisite perfection of housekeeping is impossible, as may be imagined. One day the spinster's small niece returned home after a tea-party at aunt's and in an awed tone said: "Mamma, I saw a fly in Aunt Maria's house, but (thoughfully) it was washing itself."—Indianapolis Journal.

BRAVERY OF WOMEN.

An Instance Which Goes to Prove It Is Not Inferior to That of Men.

Mr. James Barnes, the war correspondent, a man who has seen many battlefields and other scenes of danger and daring, tells in V. C. of what he deems the bravest deed he ever saw. The bravery was the bravery of women, which men saw but did not share. It was in Kansas, on the line of a newly-constructed railroad. The wife of one of the contractors cooked for 50 men in a little house of sod and timber overlooking the railroad embankment. In a shack against the side of the house 30 or 40 kegs of giant powder had been temporarily stored. Two or three men were down with fever, and the boarding-house keeper had taken them to the house on the embankment.

Mr. Barnes had been out driving with the contractor. As they ascended a hill a mile and a half from the settlement they looked back and saw the corral afire. It was full of dry oat straw, and the flames were sweeping toward the sod house.

"The powder!" cried the contractor. "There's enough to blow the hill to smithereens!"

"Another instant we were tearing back, for all the world like an engine going to the fire."

"As we neared the scene we could see the men running toward the building, that had now caught fire on the side nearest the burning stacks. But no one came farther than the spring in the little hollow at the bottom of the hill. Evidently the news of the powder being there had become known. But suddenly, as we watched, while our horses tore over the rough and heavy ground, we saw two women running up the hillside toward the building. They were the contractor's wife and sister-in-law. All at once we saw a third figure appear in the doorway of the house, over which the smoke was pouring. It was another woman, and she was helping a man, who was evidently almost too weak to walk. Before the leader of the two women who were running up the hill got near her she had appeared with another man, wrapped like an Indian in a blanket, and both men started down the hill; but the women did not stop. Without hesitation all three turned back into the house.

"The house was plain in sight when we reached the top of the bank. Every minute we expected to hear the explosion that would mean a horrible catastrophe. Strange to relate, not a man of all those grouped about had gone forward to the rescue. They stood there watching at a safe distance.

"Suddenly at the doorway appeared one of the women again. She rolled out one of the small tin kegs or canisters of powder. Another followed, and then a third. Before we had reached the bottom of the hill they had rescued every pound of it; and when at last some men approached to help—even the sills of the windows of the house were on fire—one of the women stood there pouring water from a dishpan on the heat-blistered tins of giant powder. Even after that space of time, when I placed my hand on one, I found it still hot to the touch. The hands and hair and clothing of all three women had been singed and burned."

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As a Reviser.

Crowell—Say, some of these old maxims make me weary. Now, there's the one about a friend in need being a friend indeed. Howell—Well, what's the matter with that? "Why, a friend indeed is a friend who isn't in need."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Ireland—This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies." Mrs. Ireland—"Is it?" Mr. Ireland—"I should say so. If you are drowning, turn to page 103 and there you'll see how to save yourself."—Glasgow Evening Times.

"That last speaker," said the first guest of the banquet, "was quite entertaining." "Yes," replied the other. "I thought his delivery rather slow, though." "That's natural. He began life as a messenger boy."—Philadelphia Press.

It is always easy to forgive other people's enemies.—Chicago Tribune.

10,000 Plants for 10c.

This is a remarkable offer of the John A. Sailer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 delicious Carrots,
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuces,
1,000 splendid Onions,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 10c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. [K. L.]

It is natural for a cannibal to love his fellow man.—Chicago Daily News.



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—MRS. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn.

Another case which proves that no other medicine in the world accomplishes the same results as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years and gave birth to two premature children. After that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound