

THE STORY TELLER

OH MY DEARIE.

Oh, my dearie, dearie, dearie!
Life's a wondrous thing and cheery!
Never dark and never dreary!
All its blooms are sweet with dew!
And the mocking bird is singing,
Swinging low and high and singing,
And my ev'ry thought is winging
Out across the world to you!

Life's a wondrous thing; a potion
Stirred by breezes from the ocean,
And its ev'ry sweet emotion
Dear, is born of dreams of you!
And I lift the chalice gladly,
Slowly, slowly, never sadly,
Never quickly, never madly,
'Tis a most enchanting brew!

Drain it slowly, slowly, slowly,
With a spirit meek and lowly,
'Tis a wondrous brew and holy,
'Life is good!' it gave me you!
And I'm glad, dear, in my telling
Can you see the gladness welling
In my heart and feel its swelling?
Ah, life's skies are arched and blue!

Dear, when I am lowly lying,
Near my last faint breath comes sighing,
And my spirit preps for flying,
And life's cup is drained and through,
I shall end it, never shrinking,
With no sad regret or thinking,
All of it was worth the drinking!
It was sweet with love of you!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Mabel Versus Mabelle.

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

It was Mat Bronson who put the idea into our heads—which, indeed, were ready enough to receive it. I knew that Mat was cross that afternoon just by the way he slammed his wings against the veranda and came charging up the steps.

"See here, Molly," was his only greeting—always having, lived next door, he is not always very ceremonious—"why don't you girls take this nonsense out of Mabel Rogers'?"

"Asked him, 'What nonsense?' I knew well enough, but Mat has such an exasperating way of breaking into a subject!

"Don't be unnecessarily dense," was all the satisfaction I received. "I tell you, Molly, I'm sick of Mabel's city airs and affectations, and so are the other fellows. They're all beginning to keep shy of her."

"It was wicked of me, but I could not resist."

"And yet," I said, "when Mr. Matthew Bronson came home from college, about two weeks ago, he said it was refreshing to find one really stunning girl in town—a girl with some style and manner, a girl who knew what was what. And he considered it such a pity that the rest of the Harwich girls couldn't visit somebody in New York, and—"

But that was as far as I got, for Mat was fairly snorting something about its being just like a girl to remember everything a fellow ever said, and rake it up after he had changed his mind.

Then, when he felt a little more comfortable, he said he thought it was somebody's duty to make Mabel "cut it out," as he expressed it. Her father did not care to, it seemed, and her aunt did not dare to, so he thought it was left for us—his sister Nell and me—as Mabel's most intimate friends. She was too fine a girl to be spoiled by such silliness. If it were one of the boys, now, the other boys would "take it out of him mighty quick!"

Nell had come up on the veranda during this oration, and she asked Mat, sarcastically, what method he would suggest. Would he advise us to put Mabel on the floor and sit on her until she promised to be nice and natural again? She believed that was the usual mode of procedure with boys.

But Matthew only shook his head and hinted darkly that girls had "ways;" he did not know how they did things, but he knew they did. He could not tell, for instance, how they had made Ned Bates stop smoking—but they had.

Nell gave me a funny little look and said that she guessed Ned could not tell, either, and I hurried to ask if Mabel had been doing anything new and striking. She was certainly interesting in those days.

"I was over there a little while ago," said Mat, "to see if she would go to Edith's party with me. That new maid held me up at the door for a card—wouldn't let me in without it, either—and ordered me to walk into the 'drawing-room' while she took the card to Miss Mabelle. Mabel had seen me from the window, too."

"Oh," I interrupted, "did you hear how she tried to make Timothy wear livery when he took the horses out? Fancy it—Old Tim! Of course he wouldn't, and for once Mr. Rogers interfered. He said that he would pay the extra maid and change his dinner-hour and call her Mabelle, but he wouldn't let her make a fool of Tim, too."

Mat said, "Good for him! I didn't know he had the spirit."

Then he told how he asked Mabel to go to the party, and she wanted to know if he did not think that sort of thing "so country." Mat asked her what sort of thing, and she said, thinking you must always go to places with boys. And her aunt preferred her to go just with one of the maids.

Then Mat had said things. He told her that was all right in a city, but in the country, where they had been neighbors all their lives, it was simply ridiculous. He finished by telling her

that she could go with one of the maids until the end of her days, so far as Mr. Matthew Bronson was concerned. Then Mabel told him not to act like a small boy, and he came away.

Nell and I screamed. To be called a small boy is so irritating—when one is! And Mat is undeniably undersized.

But he did not see the cause of our mirth. He said, severely:

"It's all very well to laugh, but I think it's your duty to make her drop it, if you can. You think it over."

So Nell and I thought it over. To tell the truth, we felt flattered by Mat's confidence in our power to do something, and we agreed with him in thinking that something ought to be done.

Mabel Rogers used to be considered the prettiest, brightest, most popular girl in town before she went to visit her New York cousins; but that visit nearly spoiled her. When she came back her aim in life was to look and act and talk like the city girls she had met, and of course she overdid it. No city girl ever would have recognized herself as the original of Mabel's exaggerated imitation.

She wore her pompadour about three sizes too big; her manner was all "gush," and her affected way of talking made it a standing joke in town that "Mabel Rogers went to New York on the cars; Mabelle Wogehrs came back from New York on the cars."

What Mabel needed most, I think, was a brother. I have noticed that the girls who have brothers are not so apt to get silly little airs and affectations as other girls are. I have often wished I had a brother, but Mat does very well. He keeps me supplied with many of the comforts of one, particularly in the matter of frank criticism.

Nell and I thought it all over for several days. We thought hard, it takes hard thinking, I have discovered, to find a really successful way of not minding your own business. In the end, I am sure we would have given it up if Nell had not had an idea in Latin. "She is always having ideas in Latin."

She had this, one while we were reading in the hammock one afternoon, and she gave a little bounce that made the hammock flap and throw us out on the ground. Our hammock has the floppiest disposition, anyhow.

Then, while we sat there on the ground, weak from laughing, she explained that she had the loveliest idea. I said it seemed to have quite upset her, but she utterly snubbed my poor pun.

"I just found in this book," she went on, "Stimula similibus curatur." I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"Translate it," I said, "I never have ideas in Latin myself."

"And you expect to enter college this fall?" Nell said, significantly.

"Like course like, of course, my dear. I've heard it somewhere before," she added, honestly.

"You mean—" I began.

"Exactly," Nellie assured me. "We'll just try being affected ourselves, and let Mabel see how silly it is."

I had my doubts. I said that Mabel would be more likely to see that we were just rude, and perhaps we would only offend her instead of reforming her. Mother agreed with me, too. She advised us, if we really felt called on to mend Mabel's ways, to tell her frankly what we thought, instead of using a method that was so likely to be misunderstood.

But Nell and I agreed that we did not have the courage to do that, and besides, this other way would be more fun. Mother smiled and did not say any more. She never nags, and she never says, "I told you so, my dear!" She just lets me find out a good many things for myself.

So Nell and I spent several days in learning how to do it. We studied Mabel pretty closely, and I confess I had a kind of sneaking feeling, for she is one of the sweetest, frankest, most generous girls I ever knew.

But at last we considered our education completed, and one afternoon we started out, with trailing skirts—borrowed—and absurdly pompous heads, to make a formal call on Mabel. We flattered ourselves that we had acquired the correct accent, and our manner was affected to a point several degrees above Mabel's. We tried it on Mat before we started, and he nearly had a fit.

At Mabel's house we usually walk right in and announce ourselves, but this afternoon we rang the bell and brought Maggie with her tray. I know she was surprised, but she was "game," as Mat would have said.

As we gravely presented our cards and asked for "Miss Wogehrs and Miss Mabelle," her face was as expressionless as if we were perfect strangers. She quietly showed us into the parlor and went to "tell the ladies." She came back in a minute to say that Miss Rogers was out, but Miss Mabelle would be down in a minute.

Nell and I wondered afterward if she gave Mabel a hint. We have never found out.

Perhaps our sending our cards warned Mabel. At any rate, when she came into the parlor nothing in her manner suggested that there was anything unusual about us. She had played tennis with us all the morning, too.

She said, "Amny will be so sorry to miss your call! How do you do, Mary—and Helen?"

Then she shook hands with us both, explaining how glad she was to see us, and how long it was since we had met.

She was simply delicious, and for a moment Nell and I were staggered.

Then Nell rallied and "went into action." Nell Bronson is nothing if not thoroughgoing, and she is a born actress. It was the funniest thing I ever saw—those two girls matching their imitation city manners against each other. I stayed out, for the most part. I had all I could do to keep

from laughing and spilling it all; and besides, Nell did not need any help.

They talked about the weather; about Edith's party, which Mabel pronounced a "charming bit of local color, but so country, you know." Then she described a party she had attended in New York.

Nell said, feelingly, that it must be terribly stupid to live in a country town when one was used to the city. Mabel said it was—oh, unspokeably stupid! (She had been in New York just five weeks!) There was no society in Harwich. Of course there were nice people, but no society. Nobody knew how to entertain, except, perhaps, Mrs. Meriwether, and she really was a New Yorker.

So the girls went on, and I think they would have kept it up indefinitely only I rose to go, fairly bursting with swallowed laughter. Nell got up, too, and Mabel.

"Must you go?" she said. "But you will come again? Mary, love, pardon me, but your hat is a bit too far forward. Do you mind if I fix it? There! Really, one needs to have lived in a city to get things just right."

Then she asked us if we would let her show us some day how to do our hair. And she insisted on showing Nell how to put her belt on "the new way." And as we started down the steps she offered suggestions about the "correct way" of holding up our skirts, which Nell and I had caught up anyhow, to keep from falling all over the miserable things.

I watched Mabel closely to see if she meant mischief, but her face was as innocent as a baby's. She seemed to be doing it all out of the kindness of her heart. She honestly wanted to help, I thought, and she appeared positively flattered by our wanting to be like her!

The noble duke of York, or whoever it was, who marched up the hill and then marched down again, has my sympathy. I know exactly how he felt.

We came away in good order, however. We did not run until we were found the corner; and then they did not stop running until we were safe in Nell's little "den," where we dropped on the divan and proceeded to have hysterics, all by ourselves, as we supposed.

But in a minute we heard Mat positively inquiring from the door if he could be of any assistance, and in the next breath impolitely advising us to "stop snorting," and tell him what the "row" was.

Nell sat up, mopping her eyes, and tried to explain. "O Mabel," she choked, "it's the funniest thing! Mabel never saw the point! She thought we really wanted to be like her. Molly, I shall die!" and she collapsed again.

"Hurrah for Mabel! She's all right!" was the only sympathy that we got from Matthew. "Of course she was just bluffing you, and it serves you right! Girls never can mind their own business, anyhow. They're all the time meddling."

That brought Nell and me to in a hurry. We started for that wretched boy who he was too quick for us. He dodged into his room and locked the door, so we had to content ourselves with talking him through the keyhole our opinion of boys in general and of Matthew Bronson in particular.

Nell said it was just like a boy, anyway. If you took his advice and succeeded, he was a wonder; if you failed, you were a meddler.

Oh, we said several things, and we could have said many more, only before we came to them somebody ran up the stairs and distracted our attention. It was Mabel.

"I've come to return your calls, girls," she said, "and I couldn't wait to send up cards."

Nell and I just stared. She was speaking in her old, natural way, and somehow I knew she had been crying.

"I want to tell you that I'm very grateful to you," she went on. "I was furious at first, for I think it was a pretty mean way of telling me that I've been a goose, but I suppose I deserved it. Only, instead of discussing me behind my back and letting me keep on being a goose so long, I think you might have told me frankly."

Then her voice began to tremble and she stopped. Things looked pretty squally, and Nell and I could not seem to think of a thing to say. We simply stood there and felt mean. And then suddenly the door flew open and that blessed boy came bounding out. I could have hugged him!

"I beg to inquire," he said, solemnly, "whether I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Mabelle Wogehrs or Miss Mabel Rogers?"

"Mabel Rogers," Mabel said, laughing. "I just came back from New York this afternoon. Come on, Mat! Let's show these little girls here how to play tennis. Go change your skirts, my dears!"

Mabel is all right!—Youth's Companion.

"Sunday Folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864, he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yes, sorr," said his guide. "Tis Sir John O'Connor's" or "Tis Sir Rory Moore's." He always added, "He's a Sunday man."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it do be a mon that has so many writs out agin him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week, and only comes out on Sunday, when the law protects him."

Dr. Cairns's opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.—Youth's Companion.

CURRENT KILLS INSECTS.

Employment of Electricity in Ridding Fields in Europe of Worms and Bugs.

The electric current used by an engineer of Munich to clear fields of worms and noxious insects. This engineer, Hugo Heiberger, was not the first to experiment in this direction. Several years ago an attempt was made in Freiburg, Switzerland, to destroy the phylloxera by means of electrically produced ozone, but it was not commercially successful. A little later, in 1901, an Italian, Palumbo Domenico, devised a method of killing insects by causing them to complete an electric circuit with their bodies. In spite of this previous work, we are told in an article in the Scientific American Supplement, Herr Heiberger stumbled accidentally on his method, which he discovered while at work upon the experimental drying by electricity of an ingot mold built directly in the ground. Says the writer:

"After the current had been turned on for a few moments, Mr. Heiberger, incidentally remarked that, out of the ground adjacent to the mold, worms were coming hurry-scurry, as if pursued by some unseen antagonist, and doing their utmost to flee from the disturbed locality. He also observed that on passing from one clod to the next they were thrown back, rearing up and contracting convulsively.

"In his opinion these actions on the part of the worms could only be attributed to the influence of the electric current. In fact, they ceased when the flow was shut off.

"Following up these observations, Mr. Heiberger undertook several tests calculated to prove or disprove his hastily conceived theory. Among others, he buried in the ground a bar of brass about half a centimeter thick, and connected it with one pole of an electric conductor carrying a current of 110 volts. Upon turning on the current, the results of this arrangement far exceeded that what he had only chanced to observe in connection with the ingot of gold, for within a radius of two meters every worm or insect, till then snugly encoined within the lap of friendly earth, came to light and hurriedly sought safety in flight to secure positions which were apparently only attainable beyond the electrified circle. Carrying the idea further, he now increased the electrified circle by planting other brass electrodes in the earth, and, in a shorter time than it takes to tell it, freed the surrounding terrain of all that it contained in the nature of crawling or creeping things. In itself the current is very small and weak, only the tension must be high.

"These experiments opened to the thoughtful mind a wide field. If the practical application of the electric fluid to the earth should work such wonders upon uncultivated ground, what might not be the benefit which would accrue to agriculture in general if applied upon a vaster or at least a most extended scale? Surely, he thought, a plant, the roots of which are free from attack by worms, snails, beetles, and what not, must thrive and flourish far beyond one which was continually under tribute to these subterranean depredators."

HIS FATHER'S TIN LARK.

It Had a Cover and a Handle and His Father Got Beer in It.

One day Miss Bailey brought her Shelley down, relates a writer in McClure's, and read his "Ode to the Skylark."

"Now, don't you think that's a pretty thing?" she asked. "Did you hear how the lark went singing, bright and clear, up and up and up into the blue sky?"

The children were carefully attentive, as ever, but not responsive. Morris Mogilewsky felt that he alone understood the nature of this story. It was meant to amuse; therefore it was polite that one should be amused.

"Teacher fools," he chuckled. "Larks ain't singin' in skies."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Bailey.

"Cause we got a lark by our house. It's a from tin lark mit a cover."

"A tin lark! With a cover!" Miss Bailey exclaimed. "Are you sure, dear, that you know what you are talking about?"

"Teacher, yias ma'am, I know," Morris began deliberately. "My papa he has a lark. It's a from tin lark mit a cover. Und it's got a handle, too. Und my papa he takes it all times on the store for buy a lark of beer."

"Lager beer! O, shade of Shelley!" groaned Miss Bailey's spirit, but aloud she only said: "No, my dear, I wasn't reading about lager beer. A lark is a little bird."



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice-Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine.

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. IDA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FRAUDS IN A BALE OF HAY

Frauds in Watch Cases.

According to an article in the Cincinnati Commercial, a fifty-one pound stone was recently found in that city secreted in a bale of hay of eighty pounds.

This is not the first time a lump of lead of nearly one-half the weight of the solid gold watch case secreted in the center of the case.

Gold watch cases are sold by weight, and no one can see where this lead is secreted until the springs of the watch are taken out and the lead will be found secreted behind them.

These cases are made by companies who profess to be honest but furnish the means to the dishonest to rob the public. It is not pleasant for anyone to find that he has lugged a lump of lead in his watch case.

Another trick the makers of spurious solid gold watch cases is to stamp the case "U. S. Assay." The United States does not stamp any article made out of gold and silver except coin, and the fakir, by using this stamp, wants to make the public believe that the government had something to do with the stamping or gilding of the watch.

Another trick of the watch fakir is to advertise a watch described as a solid gold filled watch with a twenty or twenty-five-year guarantee. These watches are generally sent C. O. D., and if the purchaser has paid for the watch, he finds that the Company which guaranteed the watch to wear is not in existence.

The Dueser-Hampden Watch Company of Canton, Ohio, who are constantly exposing these frauds, will furnish the names of the manufacturers who are in this questionable business.

BRIDEGROOM WAS NERVOUS.

He Thought the Parson Was in Too Big a Hurry for the Wedding Day.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman, bishop of Delaware, told the following story, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, to some friends in town whom he was visiting recently:

"A young man came up to me one day with the remark: 'Bishop, I want you to marry me on next Wednesday.'

"'All right,' I'll marry you."

"'Well, I want the church bell to ring.'

"'Yes, you can have the bell rung.'

"'Well, I want the organ to play.'

"'All right, you can have the organ.'

"'And I want everything else anybody ever had at a church wedding.'

"'You shall have it.'

"'Well, the night came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded, and everything went off as the young man wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple waited, instead of leaving the church. So I held out my hand, shook hands with the bride, and then held out my hand to the bridegroom. He had his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and as I stood with my hand out, he said, somewhat impatiently, and in a tone that could be heard all over the church:

"'I'm getting the money out just as fast as I can. I'll marry you.'

"'Then everybody in the church giggled.'

Bad Sign.

Mr. Citydweller (to suburban real estate agent)—I find only one fault with your district, Mr. Boomerup, but that makes me decline to buy a residence here.

Mr. Boomerup—Why, what is the matter?

"I noticed to-day, as we have been driving about, that all your finest houses are owned by physicians."—Stray Stories.

Easy One.

The sporting editor of the Daily Bread was acting temporarily as answers-to-correspondents man.

A note from "Constant Reader," contained the query: "What do the letters 'D. D.' mean?" was handed to him.

"Dollars to Doughnuts," he wrote in reply, without a moment's hesitation.—Chicago Tribune.

She—"And you don't think there is a chance in the world of our living through our lives without a quarrel?" He—"There is always a fighting chance, dear."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mr. Simpkin—"Oh, Miss Mabel, the scenery makes me think of a Shakespearean passage." Mrs. Mabel—"Which?" Mr. Simpkin—"Well—er—I don't quite remember!"—Punch.

Daily Guide to Flattery.—If you meet a woman who strongly suspects that she is a beauty, ask her earnestly if all her family are beautiful.—Baltimore American.

It is the truth that changes the times and not the times that change the truth.—Ram's Horn.



Big Risks

Loss of Time, Loss of Money, Loss of Place, Loss of Comfort, all follow in the train of not using

St. Jacobs Oil

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It has cured thousands. Will cure you. Price 25c. and 50c.

Did the Best They Could.

She—I wonder why they lung that picture?

He—Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist.—Stray Stories.

Mardi Gras, February 10-12.

Rates via Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Chicago to New Orleans and return, \$25.00; Chicago to Mobile and return, \$24.00. Low rates from all points. For full particulars write Jno. M. Beall, M. & O. R. R., St. Louis, Mo.

Mercy to the guilty is malice to the innocent.—Chicago Tribune.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robb, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Students of ancient history are never up to date.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Failure is a spur while success may be a snare.—Chicago Tribune.

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

A man's life is worth what it costs him.—Ram's Horn.

No Chance of Publication.

Dogri!—The editor was good enough to glance over my poem, so I hastened to assure him it was entirely original.

Friend—And what did he say?

"He said he knew that at once. He didn't suppose I had ever seen it in print anywhere."—Philadelphia Press.

Children of the Sea.

Hardly and Cleanly Youngsters Sent Out by England to Grow Up Under Her Flag.

Children of the sea are a curious and fascinating lot. Many of them seem like wise little old men. They have never known the irresponsible days of childhood. Reared up among a company of rough men, the scrappings of all the ports of the world, it is little wonder that these captains in embryo have nothing childish in their manners or morals. Yet despite the lack of "softening home influences," these youngsters are for the most part cleanly in their minds and habits, and not given to the vulgar terms of profanity, says a writer in the New York Evening Post. For one thing, they aren't allowed to swear, being a prerogative of the mates. The children that the English send out to grow up under their flag on all the seas of the world have amazed the lesser and weaker nations since the beginning of history. Casual observations covering some years have failed to find one who did not measure up to a high standard of efficiency.

When they are 20, unless they are fools, they will have mates' berths, and by the time they are 25 may hope for masters' tickets on some dirty little tramp in the Baltic trade, perhaps, that will cause their hearts to burst almost with pride when they first go aboard and contemplate her with a skipper's severe eye. Meanwhile they polish brasswork, scrape captain bars, and fetch and carry for their betters, the better to cultivate the seeds of courage, hardness and self-reliance implanted in their sturdy little breasts.

Detroit, City of Pills.

The pill and civilization walk hand in hand. Americans may feel justly proud of being citizens of the greatest pill-eating nation on the globe. Detroit deserves a wreath of glory as the world's most prolific, tireless and versatile producer of pills. She sends forth these pellets of health at the rate of 160 tons of pills a month—nearly 2,000 tons a year! It is a mark of the benevolent spirit of Detroit that she consumes but a small portion herself, sending the greater part to ease the ills of other places. There is no malady on earth which the 1,700 varieties of pills made in Detroit will not alleviate.—Leslie's Monthly.

Chance of Publication.

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