

THE STORY TELLER

MA'S CALLS.

When I'm out playin' some place where
My ma can't see me, sometimes she
Comes to our door—she stan's there
An' looks all 'round, an' calls to me.
If she says: "Joey, come right in."
I wait, an' purty soon she's gone
Into th' house, an' I grin
An' I 'st keep a playin' on.

Non—so, when she sees I ain't come,
She opens up th' door again
An' looks wite at th' place I clum
Out of th' fence to play, an' non
She calls: "You, Joe, come in th' house!"
But I wait till she shuts th' door—
I 'st keep still as any mouse—
An' I 'st keep a playin' some more.

But nen she come out purty soon
Again, an' look for me some more,
An' says: "O, Joey, it's 'bout noon."
I called you now two times before!"
An' I 'st keep on playin'—so
"Fore long she's at th' door again,
But this time she says: "Come in, Joe!"
But—I 'st keep on a playin' nen.

Non after while I hear her walk
Out on th' porch an' look for me;
I keep wite still an' hear her talk
An' say: "Now, where can that boy be?"
An' nen: "You Joseph Henry Green!
Have I got to come after you?"
You bet I know 'st what she mean—
An' I go in 'at time—do!
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Resurrection.

By Mary Belle Poole Mason.

THE struggle was ended. She was dead—thank God! I alone of all who had sung the praises of those beautiful, star-like eyes stood there to close down over them the soft, creamy lids for all time—for a strange, beautiful or horrible eternity.

Very calmly I composed the slender limbs. Those tired feet would rest now; that weird, imaginative, tortured brain had ceased to fertilize or materialize; that heart—a poet's unreadable, joy-snatching, self-agonizing heart whose depths so few of us can even conceive of, much less penetrate—had ceased to beat.

Yes, the end had come—the end of all things for her.

Ah, how much she had always been denied that she had longed for!

A small, not too plentiful fed canary, in an odd, pretty-looking cage that hung in her window, broke suddenly into a perfect joy-flood of song. It, too, seemed to be thanking God for her release. Her small room looked so like herself with its dainty hangings of pink, and the bed, on which the remnant of herself—that singular, attractive, almost wholly unknown self—lay, was white, with a delicate lace covering.

A book or two lay side by side—both looked worn out from reading. A half-finished manuscript with the pen still in the ink lay on a little table, where also bloomed forth from a tiny pot a purple heliotrope. A photograph of a beautiful, silver-haired woman, her mother, another of a splendidly handsome man in the flush of fullest youth, with blue-gray eyes and gold-tinted hair, and yet another of a man with blue-gray eyes also, but with hair turned prematurely silver-gray and a mouth sweet as a woman's, but strong to endure and strong to deny itself the joy of other lips beyond his reach. Pictures are these of two men in all her life that she had loved. There were dozens of them she had admired, flirted with, laughed at, worshipped for their culture or physical perfection. These two she had loved.

I did not weep for her—not one single tear. Ah, no! When the breath suddenly stopped I bent over her, and a thrill of joy such as I had not felt for years permeated my very being. She could not suffer any more; and she had suffered so much.

I lighted the peach-bloss shaded lamp—how well she knew the eternal fitness of things. Everything beautiful appealed to her more intensely than to anyone I ever knew.

Once she had said (in these last and saddest days of all): "I am a sycarite, with my intellectual and physical palate always unsatisfied." I turned the light a bit higher.

How quiet the room seemed since she had ceased to be of it and a part of it. How she had always filled up any place where she was, with that in-explainable force of her own personality. My thoughts kept going back, back, back—to a beautiful mansion, on a fashionable boulevard. There is that intense hush of expectancy. Joy, doubt, pain and hope dwell in every breast. The servants move about noiselessly. The great machinery of a home-world stands almost still. Then the doctor comes smiling out of a luxuriously furnished apartment: "All is well. It is a beautiful girl baby, weighing ten pounds."

There is great rejoicing. And one day the nurse brings pompously out a long bundle of silk and lace and perfumed embroideries, and we are all permitted to gaze upon it; for it is topped by a little brown head, a round, creamy face and two great bits of black velvet that dance and sparkle and shine even then with a strange, unknown something that held us almost in a trance. A proud father tosses her up in the air and exclaims: "Why, she's going to be the beauty of the family." Such limbs, such eyes, such patrician hands!

Again the scene shifts. Reverses have come. The mansion is gone.

I see 'way up in the pineclands of Mississippi a little girl of ten years jumping rope in a country schoolyard.

The other children seem to accord her the right of precedence in everything. She is a beautiful child, with velvety-black eyes.

Again I see, among the girl graduates of a fashionable seminary for young ladies, in an exclusive southern city, a young girl come before the footlights to read her essay. She wears a clinging gown of snowy-white, with scarlet geranium flowers dashed here and there about her shoulders and bosom and in the midnight of her hair. She is the encored, the admired, the sought-after, by scores of fashionable young men. She says to me that night after she is in bed, her great, velvety eyes shining and gleaming: "Oh, it is such a delicious thing just to be alive—to enjoy! I am happy, happy, so happy!"

Then the years slip into each other. The season of joy needs no recording.

On the bosom of the languorous, sea-green river, way down in the riceclands of Louisiana, a little boat comes drifting slowly, slowly.

Its occupants are a man and a woman, both young, both beautiful.

They seem made for each other by the laws of nature and love. But, alas, there is no joy in their faces, only an unconquerable longing, a deep desire and a patient despair on his; on hers a fierce revolting against the cruel hand of destiny that is crushing her against the rack.

They love, indeed, "not wisely, but too well."

In all her checkered career no one ever quite understood her as this man or loved her so utterly. A mist comes over my eyes. The still figure on the bed had never ceased to thrill, even to the very last hour when we spoke together of this one—the tender lover who had no right to love—the friend that had through everything stood by her and shielded her as best he might, even to the bitter end.

On the mantle now were delicacies of fruit and confections and sweet red roses that he had sent only yesterday. How her beautiful dying eyes had lighted up when she saw this last proof of his love, and she had murmured faintly: "True to the uttermost."

But back again to the man and the woman and the boat adrift on the sun-kissed river.

They say good-by. They know full well the hopelessness of it all; for he is bound by an irrevocable tie; held by bonds of law when love had sickened and died, almost ere it had a beginning.

He must renounce the heaven of her love. He must battle with life and still his pain. She must endure. Women and some men can endure.

There are flirtations, there are lovers, there are exploits, for she was a creature who lived only on new experiences—was so from her very babyhood.

She held her own bravely.

Then one day she came to me with a new glad light in her eyes, and said she could love again.

And when I saw the man my incredulity died. He was the most beautiful specimen of physical manhood I ever saw. The strong, fine limbs, the wonderful breadth of shoulder, the winning smile, the caressing manner, the blue-gray eyes and gold-tinted hair, the rich bloom on the milk-white skin, all were what she most delighted in.

A few months of happy wooing and winning. A grand wedding. A Louisiana "across the lake" wedding, with flowers everywhere and music and dancing.

Once again, on that night she came to me with shining eyes and cried out: "I'm happy, happy, happy!"

And she who had been shielded from everything, went out into the world to meet and grapple with the agony we call living.

All went well for a time.

Then came physical pain, such as she had never dreamed of—the little babe with the gold-tinted hair was born dead.

Then the grind of life—the ups and downs of daily intercourse; the association of two natures heretofore distinct and separate.

Sometimes she laughed and sometimes she cried. Everything was so new. She did not like the housekeeping (she never did to the very last); the buying of the groceries always caused within her an intense feeling of disgust. Some very practical people condemned her. I never did.

She was born for the ethereal things of life.

She could no more discuss the market price of butter or eggs than she could tolerate the coarse or unattractive in nature or art. He humored her in almost everything. And though himself a practical man of the world, perhaps he understood her far better than any of us. I know to her dying hour she always spoke of him in terms of adoring love.

Just as she was trying to master the everydayisms of existence—was learning (and pretty aptly, too) to play the new role of housewife and the practicalities that hem the border of all domestic life, the first fearful blow came. Her husband died after a short illness. At first she could not comprehend the awfulness of it. "It could not be true." "What had he done? What had she done to deserve such a thing?" "Why was happiness again snatched from her lips just as she was about to enjoy the fullness of it?"

She wanted love and happiness here in this world. She didn't want to die in order to secure the priceless boon. Some people found it here in the very flesh.

"Why should he, young and beautiful, fill a long, narrow space in a marble-dotted cemetery, instead of being alive to love her, to shield her, to be loved?"

Then after the first craze of agony was over, she found she must go out in the busy world and begin the fierce struggle for an existence.

If she had been ordinary in any way it would have been easier. But she was attractive, beautiful. A fatal card for the women who are compelled to play the double part of a man and woman too.

Many a time she would come in from the office with blazing eyes and burning cheeks: "Just another new insult. I must be degenerating when a man of that caliber dares approach me. What have I done to deserve such punishment? I have a right to earn my bread without these side-thrusts coming to me continually."

Sometimes I was almost surprised she didn't do something desperate. Then one day she came in and calmly told me that she had resigned her position and would just go at her stories again. Sometimes they sold well, and then we "lived high;" fruit, flowers, long-tailed gowns, theater tickets and excursions up the big Mississippi and across the lake.

Sometimes they were returned—stacks of them; I remember one week that the postman consequently handed me back nine. She would look blue for a moment, and then laugh. She once said she had a lot of good fun out of herself, her haps and mishaps, and would whisper dramatically, "The fate of genius!"

When these hard times would come she bore them like a hero—yes like a hero, for there was a truly masculine philosophy about her. But the strain after a while began to tell on a frame not too strong, though she had always had perfect health.

The irregular fare—for some days we had nothing at all in the little house but bread and a bit of molasses—and the uncertainty of even making ends meet; even the missing of the laughter and admiration that had been hers always wherever she went, told upon her.

Then one day a letter came—it was from the man who had drifted with her in the boat that May day long ago. I trembled for her then—for them both. He wanted to come and see her just once more, I knew how hungry was her heart—how barren and empty of all joy or pleasure her poor little work-a-day life. I did not say one word. She got up and walked the little room many times; for not the first time of late I was struck with the change in her. She grew thinner daily; the velvet of her eyes more intense, and they were almost abnormally large.

At last she turned to me, almost defiantly, and said: "I will let him come. I feel now that the end is not far off—the end of all things. I've suffered almost enough. You know this is a world of compensation. I have had so much of happiness—I don't believe any girl ever was so terribly happy; and I've had almost as much of misery—almost—not quite. Yes, I will see him again! I will snatch at joy for one brief hour. Ah, my love of long ago, my dear love of the May-time and the rippling streams and budding flowers, I will see thee once more, clasp thy dear hand and kiss thy lips. The lips that I have yearned for a touch of for years. Yes, you shall come—come soon—for I am going out into the unknown. I feel it here," with her hand upon her heart. "I don't mind it at all now, love; I'm so tired, so tired." A blinding sea of tears swept over my eyes. She had never spoken like this before—had been brave and even patient for her, for hers had never been a "meek and quiet spirit."

Well, he came. They were alone together for hours. I could not rest. I knew her strange, emotional nature—her broad views on almost every subject. I knew him, too. Knew that he was honorable, high-minded, noble almost, but I also knew he was a man—a man of passionate sense, of poetical thought.

Renunciation had been the price they paid for a love that came unbidden—came because they were counterparts.

"Would they be as strong again?"

After a while I heard the front door open and his departing footsteps. She came in. At first I could not look up (God forgive me for that first and only moment of doubt). I was afraid.

Then she came and knelt down beside me and whispered softly, in almost the same old tone: "I'm so happy, so happy, so happy."

Then she raised her face and our eyes met. Thank God! she had conquered again—conquered self—that throbbing, thrilling flesh and blood self that could live within only love's fold.

She was going fast now, weakening daily, but still at her desk writing, writing. Ah, say what you will, she had many a spark of genius—her thoughts were original and strong and sweet.

When the end came it came quite suddenly. She had been writing all day. A half finished manuscript lay on the table before her and a sealed letter addressed to her, with the pen still in her hand (I went over to her—she had been silent so long). Just at the end of his name she had become unconscious from very weakness.

I lifted her up tenderly and laid her on the white lace-covered bed that had been her tender pride. Once only she roused and whispered: "Is it hard to die? I'm almost afraid—don't let go my hand." Then she murmured faintly the two names she had loved—the names of the men who had made up her life, and sighed deeply and whispered: "I've been so tired—I can rest now." Then a desperate clutching of my hand for a moment, as if, as she had said, she was afraid; then a sort of shudder through all her limbs; then a stillness that I knew was death crept through the pink-draped room.

I arose, like someone grown suddenly feeble and old, leaned over her and closed her eyes, and said: "Thank God."

I knew that to-morrow with its agony would come for me, but for her it was over—all over—thank God.—N. O. Times Democrat.

ADVANTAGES OF WIDE BRIM.

Feminine Wearer of Big Hat Describes Social Possibilities Lurking Under It.

"I owe so much to the wide brim, I do not know how to express my gratitude to it. I cannot see why women wear hats that turn up from their faces when this kind," and she patted her broad-brimmed hat affectionately, "adds so much piquancy to life. 'I'll put it on and show you just what I mean,'" continued she, according to the New York Sun. "There, pretend I am at tea."

"I have just entered the room. By lowering my head just a little I throw my eyes into shadow and can without the least appearance of investigating scan the room for the people I want to talk to and the new people I want to meet. I can also place the ones I want to avoid."

"If my hat rolled away from my face like this," she twisted back the brim, "I should look very brazen doing just what I have been doing under the brim, which has given the impression of a pretty little feeling of shyness about going among so many people."

"Now I am speaking to my hostess. My hat, which is very beautiful, has already attracted attention. Everyone wonders what manner of face is under a beautiful broad-brimmed hat."

"You know how that is. I know that I shall not disappoint people, so I am perversely slow about raising my brim."

"Now I am talking to a new man. We are seated. I dip my brim toward the room. This delights the man. I seem so absorbed in interest in what he is saying."

"His delighted looks advertise my charms to the room at large. When I glance up in a few minutes I see quite a group of men waiting to meet me."

"There is a way of glancing up from under a broad-brimmed hat. See, this way. Show your eyes, but don't show them quite enough. Some one is bound to ask for an introduction immediately, just to see your eyes a little better."

"You can keep watch of the other women under your broad brim without their knowing it. They cannot see your look of curiosity, your look of envy."

"In fact you can constantly keep a close survey of the whole room just by raising your brim high enough to avoid meeting people's eyes."

"It aids so toward general popularity, the broad brim, for under it one can hide one's face when ill-timed laughter, bored expressions, or vexed looks threaten to appear. One can struggle under cover to regain the appropriate expression without anyone's knowing of a struggle."

"The little god knows the advantages in a wide brim. There is nothing so bewitching as to see a pretty face not quite long enough. Of course I am speaking for the men. The broad brim won't let a man gaze quite as long as he wants to."

"It dips, when under proper management, at just the right moment and leaves the man confronted with a mass of ostrich plumes. At the right moment it lifts."

"But I needn't explain. A word to the pretty woman is sufficient. I prophesy that after my talk you will leave off wearing those rolled-back hats, which while very becoming, lack the humanity of the broad-brimmed creations."

"I never fully appreciated the blessing of the broad brim until I met a man who stuttered dreadfully. I heard after the meeting he liked me immensely. It was the brim that brought me the compliment."

"The other women looked fearfully embarrassed when he talked to them. He is a very nice man and very sensitive and they hurt him. When he couldn't get a word in his talk with me, I just lowered my brim until he found it. Then I up with the brim and just glowed upon him."

"I never bow to people I don't want to on the street and yet I am never accused of cutting people. My brim saves me the odium intentional slighting heaps upon one head."

"I have heard people say that they get so tired looking at the people in front of them in the street cars. I never experience this weariness. My brim protects my eyes from the masses when I weary them."

"Yes, there's a vast amount of common sense and wifery in the wearing of broad-brimmed hats. I can't understand why women do not wear them. Why, see what a factor they are in my social life."

1901-1904.

Nelkoma, Ill., April 18th.—Away back in 1901 Mr. Albert E. Larson of this place was suffering with kidney disease and backache. The pain he was called upon to endure was very great and rendered his life almost a burden to him. He heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them and almost at once he began to get better. He had been unable to work, but Dodd's Kidney Pills soon made him able to go to work again. He used the remedy till he was completely cured. He says he has grown stronger year by year since he got rid of his old trouble.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly gave me a complete and permanent cure, for I have felt stronger since I used them in 1901 than I ever before. I can do harder work now in 1904 than I could last year. I would not be without them in the house."

As a man travels on in the journey of life his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel.—Washington Irving.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes produce the brightest and fastest colors.

Chesterfield: When a man seeks your advice he generally wants your praise.

Something Like a Waiter.

Stranger (to hotel proprietor)—Have you a vacancy among your waiters? Hotel Proprietor—Well, I don't know. I suppose I might make a place for a man of fine address like you. Have you ever had any experience in waiting? "Well, I should say so. I waited 13 years to marry a girl, and last week she married another fellow."—Stray Stories.

Not the Real Thing. Sing-song—Does Graspit go by the golden rule? Bifbang—Well, not exactly. "How's that?" "The rule he uses is only plated."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wise Proprietor.—Guest (in cheap restaurant)—"Here, waiter! This food is vile, and I don't propose to pay for it. Where's the proprietor?" Waiter—"He's gone home to lunch, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Paying Teller—"What is your name, anyway?" Indignant Presenter of Check—"Don't you see my signature?" Paying Teller—"Yes, that's what aroused my curiosity."—Baltimore American.

A man must leave many things behind to win the things to come.—Ram's Horn.



Young women may avoid much sickness and pain, says Miss Alma Pratt, if they will only have faith in the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was completely run down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months.

"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness."—MISS ALMA PRATT, Holly, Mich.

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Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls Mrs. Pinkham believes that our girls are often pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and seminaries. Nothing is allowed to interfere with studies, the girl must be pushed to the front and graduated with honor; often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality,—often it is never recovered.

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