

# THE STORY TELLER

## The Correspondent at Hampstead.

BY DENISON HALLEY CLIFT.

MILLARD, correspondent of the Tribune at Hampstead, realized that the supreme moment in his reportorial career had come. He was fairly wild with excitement, as he gazed at the brilliantly colored poster of a circus performer in his hand. The long coveted chance that came sooner or later in the life of every newspaper man had finally come to Millard, hurling itself upon him in a manner that completely bewildered him.

The poster was of a juggler tossing seven knives in the air at once, each one caught as it fell in one hand, thrown to the right, and then thrown into the air again successively. The performer's name was McDuff. Millard had read accounts of him in the papers until he felt almost driven to emulate him. But the world-renowned McDuff had fallen at last. While performing at the Midway Central he had glanced for an instant at the front row of spectators, while his magical knives were in the air. A certain face in the audience had caused him to falter, and in that brief second one of the knives had swerved and struck home.

"That's him all right," exclaimed Millard as he held the poster and a photograph together. "He's grown a beard, but it's him. Those are Sweeney's eyes, but why did he ever come back to San Francisco again? My goodness, what a chance!" He sat down a moment to recover himself.

Picking up the evening paper he learned that "the celebrated McDuff had taken a drop too much, he had faltered for a moment, when the knife descended and made a nasty wound above his temple."

"A drop too much nothing," soliloquized the reporter. "He knew it was me, and he'll come to the gallows after all! I guess they will keep him at St. Mary's hospital for awhile."

Again Millard saw the brilliant opportunity for his master stroke, and as he thought of the real identity of McDuff it made him fairly gasp. With his blood tingling within he seized the telephone in the corner of the room, and after a few minutes he was connected with the managing editor across the bay.

"I have a big sensation coming," he said. "Save three columns on the first page. Hold the mail edition if necessary, until two o'clock. It's a big scoop!"

"That Hampstead?" asked the managing editor.

"Yes, this is Millard. Save three columns."

On the last train Millard sent the photographs by a special messenger; then, returning to his room, he opened his note book and began to write. Even then it was getting late and Millard counted his time, and set to work in earnest on his story. His brain was clear and his hand flew across the pages. One by one they piled up before him, forming to his excited vision the majestic story he had been longing for so many years. He wrote on infused with ecstasy, and when he finished he gathered the many pages together and placed them in his coat pocket with several old letters for transmission to the Tribune office as soon as he made sure of his facts. He had written the confession of McDuff just as he pictured it would happen, and a description of his return to San Francisco and his capture. It was a marvelous story and now he hoped it would not have to be altered.

It was almost 11:30 when, pulling on his coat, he turned out his light and set out for the hospital. The air was chilly, and he walked briskly in an endeavor to keep warm. As he reached the large, dark building he entered and knocked at the clerk's office. That individual looked drowsily over his spectacles. Millard closed the door behind him.

"Is McDuff, the juggler who was hurt, here?" he asked.

"McDuff?" responded the clerk. "Let's see. Maladin, Seymour, McDuff—yes, there it is—No. 73."

"I'm from the Tribune," said the reporter, as he leaned forward toward the register, at the same time showing his badge. "I came here to find out about this fellow's condition. He was—"

"Hold on," interrupted the clerk, "there was a Tribune man here a little while ago, and I told him this circus fellow was delirious, and—"

"I know, I know," put in the reporter, suavely, "but I'm a special writer. This matter I'm getting is different. It's for the Sunday supplement to-morrow." He spoke in such an assuring manner that he half believed it himself. "Now, look at that register and kindly tell me how old he is."

The clerk eyed him angrily. "Why don't you newspaper men get around here earlier?" he asked. "This is no time of night to be bothering us this way."

Millard felt he was losing time. He looked savagely at the man before him. Then he thought best to treat him civilly, for there was too much at stake.

"Well, how old is he?" he repeated.

"He wouldn't say much," answered the clerk, "but he was about 35."

"Was he smooth shaven?"

"No, not exactly," replied the other.

"He had a mustache and a heavy beard; but the beard was false."

The reporter almost forgot himself. He leaned forward intently. "False?" he repeated, nervously; "was there a scar on his chin?"

"No record of that," smiled the clerk. Millard waited a moment. He looked at the clerk, puzzled. The latter perceived that there was something behind his questions that worried him.

"Did you notice his hair?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "it was light, but had traces of black in it." Millard tried to avoid the clerk's gaze. He felt that the man had in some way discovered his story.

"There seemed to be something mighty queer about that fellow," said the clerk. "When he came in he was dressed in his circus suit, and looked kind of funny. I don't know what it was, but somehow I didn't take to him much. But perhaps it was only a fancy."

The scribe gazed at the clerk in awe. Was there really something repugnant about McDuff? Had the clerk noticed it, too? "Very queer," he said.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other. "I had an idea something was wrong."

Millard looked straight into the clerk's eyes. There was something in his look that told him the clerk could be trusted. He had probably experienced the same sensation that first crept over Millard when he saw McDuff. Then he spoke frankly:

"That man," he said, "has been hunted by the police all over the world. You've got to let me see him. For six years they have been after him, and now he has the temerity to come back here to San Francisco, where he killed his wife and child six years ago. But I've got him now, and a tremendous sensation in the morning."

"Suddenly he felt a pang of regret for what he had said. Then he turned to the clerk again.

"Take me to his room," he said.

The clerk closed the register, glancing at the white, eager face of the reporter. Suddenly the two men heard footsteps outside and the door opened, disclosing the white, pale face of a nurse. The men stared at her in amazement.

"Good God," she cried, "help me. Who is that—that—oh, who is he, who is he?"

The clerk rushed forward and caught her. "What's the matter?" he gasped.

"Oh, God, help me! Go look at him—No. 73."

"Get me some water," the clerk demanded of the reporter, and soon they laid her on the lounge in one end of the room and rubbed her forehead with cold water. Then the clerk and reporter hurried up the long stairway toward the juggler's room.

Reaching the apartment, the clerk opened the door wider, and stepped inside. No sooner had he done so when the door slammed behind him. Quickly the scribe seized the knob and tried to follow, but the door was locked. Again he seized the knob and endeavored to force it open, but the heavy door resisted him. Certainly, he thought, the clerk had not shut him out so brusquely.

Millard pressed his ear against the door, but could hear nothing, nor could he see anything. At this juncture the nurse in the next ward looked out into the hall, and Millard could smell the pungent odor of iodiform. Being quick to grasp ideas, he seized upon a sudden thought.

"Is there any one in here?" he asked, in a kind tone.

The nurse gazed at him suspiciously. She was a pretty young woman and attracted Millard.

"I have an important message, a wish to see the patient in here."

"But this is too late," she protested.

"Madam," replied the reporter, "have no time to tarry. Will you go if there is any one within?"

The young woman in blue uniform knocked at the door. There was an answer. "Therese," she called softly.

The knob turned and the door slightly opened. The nurse looked in; it stepped inside. Without hesitation Millard tried to follow; but some force more powerful than he compelled him to move back. At the same time he heard a light scream from the nurse inside, followed by a burst of hysterical laughter.

Completely overwhelmed, the porter leaned against the wall for support. In spite of his unusual nerve he found himself weak and trembling.

The clerk and the young nurse were shut up together with some strange power, and Millard was unable to gain admittance. The unexpected had completely upset him for a moment.

The reporter turned and walked down the hall for fear of attracting attention. In case he caused any disturbance the other papers would get the story. The very thought of him recoiled. He had come expecting everything to turn out as he planned it, but instead he had seen a far better story. He had the reporter and a mystery. For a second he hesitated. The time was flying; he still had McDuff to catch.

As he stood in the shadow at the end of the cold hall, he noticed other nurse cross the corridor. He entered the room which the other young woman had left, but finding it empty, moved to the next door, open it and went inside. Millard stared blankly.

At the other end of the hall his wanderer to a large clock. It was in half an hour the forms would be locked. The story was ready in his pocket, but the new turn of events had changed matters considerably.

His hesitation lasted but a moment. The one thing that makes a successful newspaper man is his ability for instant action. He must not only see his opportunity for a story, but his mind must be able to master it in all its details.

Half an hour and the mail edition would go to press. The three columns were being saved for him, but would he have the story ready? A mystery is the most interesting thing in the career of a reporter, and Millard's sense of news had found a splendid chance for a scoop. The first story was forgotten and the room into which he had fallen to gain admittance was now his only thought. What was in there?

He was still watching the door when he suddenly saw it open from the inside. He stood perfectly still, scarcely daring to breathe. Suddenly he saw the head of the clerk look out. His face was worn and haggard. Closing the door behind him, he stepped into the hall. Millard saw the door tightly shut, but rushed toward the clerk.

"For Heaven's sake, what has happened to you?" he cried.

The clerk only stared at him vacantly. Millard seized him by the shoulders. "What's in there?" he demanded, pointing toward the door.

"What's in there?" repeated the clerk, simply; "I—I didn't see anything."

"Wake up, man," cried the reporter; "what has happened to you?"

"Hang you, anyhow," echoed the white figure, "how do I know?"

Millard saw that his eyes had a horrible, glassy stare. He seemed entirely oblivious to what had happened. Millard could get nothing from him. The clerk looked at the reporter for a moment; then he pulled away from him and went down stairs. Millard watched him in pity and wonder. The clock was now a quarter of two.

Like a flash Millard saw the managing editor across the bay call down the tube to the press rooms. The picture came to him like a dream. He had 15 minutes left in which to solve a mystery and get the story to the Tribune office.

In great moments there comes to some persons the feeling that they are able to accomplish anything. In such a way Millard felt that if he could only get into that strange room he could face anything. He had a craving to get at the heart of the mystery, and get the story off over the wires. In 12 minutes he would be too late.

Why not raise the house? Perhaps the young woman had been murdered! He started toward the strange room. Then his excited brain thought of the fire alarm. With a feverish impulse he seized the bell rope and pulled it furiously. Peal after peal rang out clear overhead, and at the same time he saw 100 doors fly open and heard the cries of female voices. But he only looked wildly at the strange door. It opened slowly! Dropping the rope he plunged blindly forward into the room and slammed the door after him.

For an instant he paused—dazed. Before him stood the circus performer with a glittering knife uplifted. Behind him he caught sight of the two nurses in a heap on the floor. One looked vacantly at him. In the hall behind, Millard heard the mad rush of many feet.

The juggler was dressed in his tights, and his spangles were dazzling under the electric lights. His head was bandaged, but his eyes were malignant. Suddenly there began to creep over the reporter a sensation so soothing that its power almost overcame him. The air was charged with delicious odors, and a vivid scene fitted across the reporter's brain. He saw the night editor smile at him and whisper something that he could not understand. He heard the wires singing overhead in a melodious cadence. Far away he heard the roar of the

is de he in se. as a- if. ht as is ie se fe ug ag he sd. ke

former with all his strength on his head. Again he saw the unconscious young woman and he understood. He reached the window and threw up the sash. Behind him the door gave way and he heard their footsteps coming nearer. His hands touched the fire escape and he swung himself out. Swiftly he descended the long iron ladder, dropped 20 feet to the ground and leapt a stone wall that loomed darkly before him. Then all he saw was

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

## TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK.

Olin D. Clark, of the Northern Pacific Press, has a Delightful Book Regarding the Pioneers of the Northwest.

No study of the northwest is complete, nor can one understand as one should, the imperial dimensions of that vast domain or its real present and future greatness, without some knowledge of the wonderful exploration of Lewis and Clark in 1804-6.

That historic expedition consisting of 45 men (later, at Fort Mandan, reduced to 31 men and 1 Indian woman with her three months' old papoose) left St. Louis, ascended the Missouri river to its headwaters, crossed the mountains to the Columbia, and descended that stream to its mouth, and returned, within less than two years and a half. One winter they spent in North Dakota, near Bismarck, and another in Oregon, near Astoria.

The results of the exploration, the valuable discoveries made, the manifold adventures met with, not only stamp the exploration as the greatest of modern times, but render accounts of it as interesting as a novel.

There have recently been issued several reprints of the old, original Lewis and Clark report of 1814, which was not, by any means, a publication of the real journals of the explorers, but an edited edition of them by outsiders, and it was incomplete and defective in many ways. Other publications relating to the expedition have also been issued recently one of which, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, stands peculiarly and uniquely alone. This edition is a two volume, 8 vo. one, called "The Trail of Lewis and Clark, 1804-1806."

The author, Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, is well known as the writer of the popular Wonderland series of the Northern Pacific Railway, in connection with which he made his studies and researches for this more pretentious work.

Mr. Wheeler has traveled several thousand miles over the old route of Lewis and Clark, on railway trains and steamboats, in rowboats, afoot, on horseback and in buggies or wagons. He has traveled with pack trains, camped out, and climbed mountains, in following the old Indian trails that the explorers followed and in visiting remote points made memorable by them. He has sojourned among Indian tribes, some of them now almost extinct, that Lewis and Clark visited, and he has talked with one old squaw who, as a child, saw Lewis and Clark.

The explorers' route across the Bitterroot mountains, from the headwaters of the Snake river and thence to the Kootenai, or Clearwater river, which has always been an unsolved problem full of uncertainties and gaps, has been carefully followed and completely solved and mapped.

"The Trail of Lewis and Clark" is illustrated in color and half tone from paintings, drawings, and maps made under Mr. Wheeler's direction, and from photographs taken by professional photographers who accompanied him for the purpose. The work is not made up of quotations from the Lewis and Clark report with annotated comments, but the writer tells his own story and supplements it with brief and pertinent extracts from Lewis and Clark, Gass, one of the sergeants of Lewis and Clark whose journal was published—Breckinridge, Bradbury, Maximilian, Catlin, Henry, Chittenden and a host of other historical and narrative writers that connect the past with the present.

The original manuscript journals of Lewis and Clark were studied by the author, and exact excerpts and photographic reproductions, in half tone, of their pages and drawings are given. A chapter is devoted to the Louisiana Purchase, another to the preparatory measures for the exploration and yet another to the history of each man of the expedition so far as known, including a detailed discussion of the causes and circumstances of the death of Captain Lewis.

There is gathered within the covers of these volumes, and made available, a vast amount of history, narrative and incident of the last century that is of great value, is almost unknown to the present generation and, practically, is inaccessible to them.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and the Lewis and Clark Centennial to be held at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, to commemorate the great exploration itself, make this work by Mr. Wheeler peculiarly timely and apropos, because it is written by the only person who, from actual travel over, and investigation of, the Lewis and Clark route, can write from the standpoint of actual knowledge of past and present conditions of the old trail and country.

"The Trail of Lewis and Clark" should be found in every public and private library in the land, not only for purposes of reference for students, but for use of the general reader, who will find in reading through its pages of large, clear type that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

Pilgrims to both Buddhist and Shinto shrines are numerous in Japan, and their pure white dress makes them conspicuous among their compatriots, clad in the universal dark blue and gray. Even their long staves are white. They wear broad straw hats or white cotton caps with long streamers, and carry on their backs immense packs made of lacquered ware.

King Carlos, of Portugal, has conferred the degree of knight of the order of St. Jacques upon Emile A. Bruguiere, a San Francisco composer.

## "I Think I Know."

Selville, Ohio, May 2nd.—There is a Civil War veteran in this place who is very positive in his way and when he makes a statement everyone knows he means it and that it is true. His name is Mr. J. Stephens, and he has written for publication the following letter:

"I have been a sufferer with Kidney Disease since the Civil War. Sometimes my back would hurt me so that I could not dress myself for weeks. I took a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and have found great relief. They have done me a great deal of good."

"The general health is much better since using Dodd's Kidney Pills. I can recommend this remedy to be the best thing for the kidneys that is on the market. I have taken a heap of medicine for my back and kidneys and I THINK I KNOW WHAT HELPS ME."

"I am 63 years old and was through the Missouri river to its headwaters, crossed the mountains to the Columbia, and descended that stream to its mouth, and returned, within less than two years and a half. One winter they spent in North Dakota, near Bismarck, and another in Oregon, near Astoria."

A Particular Lady.  
Mrs. Nuritch—I think I'll take this watch. You're sure it's made of refined gold.  
"Because I do detest anything that ain't refined."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

K. C. S. Almanac for 1904.  
The Kansas City Southern Railway Company's Annual Almanac is now ready for distribution. It contains the usual monthly calendars, many useful household hints and information concerning the Country in Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Texas and Louisiana. Write for a copy to, S. G. Warner, Gen. Pass., C. & T. Agt. K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

And, as if the army of kissing relatives were not enough, Russian officialdom had to put up its lips at the railway station for General Kourapatkin to salute. The idea given us a new, right on the meaning of General Sherman's imperishable remark about the hellishness of war.—N. Y. Press.

Shake Into Your Shoes  
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In the bright and shining lexicon of political candidates, many are boomed and few escape being boomeranged.—Judge.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Spring flowers are sometimes grown with steam heat.—Washington Star.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

The oil stove is more useful than the ice cream freezer.—Washington Star.

## THE STRUGGLING FOREIGNER

How He Gets Things Twisted When He First Comes to This Country.

Boys and girls who are born in this country, and imbibe a knowledge of its institutions and its geography with its every-day conversation have difficulty in passing examinations on them in school. It is little wonder, then, that the immigrants described in the New York Tribune have trouble with their examinations when they apply for naturalization papers.

"How is the president elected?" one of them was asked recently. "The applicant squirmed as if his memory was about to collapse. Then a gleam of intelligence came into his eyes and he said: "By a big majority."

A native of Denmark, big-boned and flaxen-haired, was asked how many states there are in the union.

"New York, New Chicago, New Boston, New Jersey and a lot more," he replied.

On further questioning it was found that he had gathered that the name of the state was that of the town with "New" prefixed.

WILD WITH ECZEMA  
And Other Itching, Burning, Scaly Eruptions, with Loss of Hair—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe the heel; and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set, costing but \$1.00, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

A Negro's Retort.  
Among the employees of the bureau of engraving and printing is a negro who has been in the bureau for many years and who is noted for good humor and a certain degree of wit. A few days ago an Irishman, also employed in the bureau, after having encountered the negro "in debate," remarked: "Jim, you must be an Irishman."

"Oh, go 'long," replied Jim. "It is bad 'nough to be a nigger."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Why," exclaimed the surprised sutor, "what is the soft doing in the vestibule?" The pretty girl blushed. "Papa said we remained so long in the vestibule saying good-night that it would be much better to make love here and say good-night in the parlor."—Philadelphia Record.

The cynic is a man who sees his own heart and calls it the world.—Chicago Tribune.



The letters of Miss Merkle, whose picture is printed above, and Miss Claussen, prove beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## Miss Claussen Saved from a Surgical Operation.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It seems to me that all the endorsements that I have read of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound do not express one-half of the virtue of the great medicine really possesses. I know that it saved my life and I wanted to give the credit where it belongs. I suffered with ovarian trouble for five years, had three operations and spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicines but this did not cure me after all.

"However, what doctors and medicines failed to do, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did. Twenty bottles restored me to perfect health and I feel sure that had I known of its value before, and let the doctors alone, I would have been spared all the pain and expense that fruitless operations cost me. If the women who are suffering, and the doctors do not help them, will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they will not be disappointed with the results."—Miss CLARA M. CLAUSSEN, 1307 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.  
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.