

# THE STORY TELLER

## WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

When things go right it isn't hard  
To keep a pleasant, cheerful face,  
For other folk to have regard  
And grant requests with smiling grace.  
Sometimes fate knocks a man around  
And scours him with double thought—  
It's not so easy, I have found,  
When things go wrong.

When things go right we can agree  
With anyone on anything.  
There's good in all that we can see  
And joyous are the songs we sing.  
But leaden grow the dancing feet,  
We have to sing another song  
And trouble scours our little sweet  
When things go wrong.

When things go right we can be good  
And all the Christian virtues show—  
Do unto others as we would  
Be done by—seeds of kindness sow.  
Still, all my praise I will reserve  
For him who, battered hard and long,  
Still keeps his temper and his nerve  
When things go wrong.  
—Chicago Daily News.

## The Consequence

BY ALICE MACK.

THE doctor looked into the woman's  
brave eyes and slowly pronounced  
her sentence.

"The operation must take place within  
a few days or—"

"Or what?"

"It may be too late to operate at all."  
"And I will get through it safely?"

"I hope so."

"You are not sure. You think there  
is a risk?"

"There is always a risk in every  
operation," he answered, evasively.

"Tell me the truth, doctor. I can  
bear it."

The old man looked into the desperate  
eyes and put his hand gently on  
the woman's shoulder.

"You are a brave woman. I will tell  
you the truth. This operation will be  
a very serious one—in fact, there is  
only a chance that you will survive it.  
But there is a chance, and for the sake  
of it you must not lose heart."

"Couldn't I wait till next month—  
just for a few weeks longer? It surely  
would not make any difference if it  
was postponed till then."

"My child," the doctor answered, "if  
we postponed it for a few weeks, for  
even one week, you will lose one chance  
of recovery. Besides, you will suffer  
such agony that your life will be un-  
bearable. Let me advise you, and  
make up your mind to go through it  
immediately."

"Immediately?"

"Within the next few days. You  
must go into the hospital to-morrow to  
be prepared for it."

Then he explained the arrangements  
he would make for her, and after lis-  
tening in a dazed, half-stupid fashion,  
Elizabeth said "good-by" to him, and  
wearily went out in the cold and dark-  
ness of the evening.

She drove along in aansom with  
tears running down her white cheeks,  
and her heart rebelling at the cruel  
hand of Fate that had so unsparingly  
dealt her this blow. Had she deserved  
it? Was this trial sent to her because  
she had set one man upon a pedestal  
and worshipped him to the exclusion  
of the whole world? Or was it because  
she, like a fool, had thrust away with  
laughing eyes the happiness that had  
been held out to her, and the gods had  
guessed it was only a freak, and were  
punishing her because she insolently  
played with the best thing they had  
to give? Six months ago, when David  
Moore had started to tell her how dear  
she was to him, she had stopped him  
with a laugh, and had warned him that  
it would be wiser to wait till he re-  
turned from abroad before he decided  
that she was the "only woman in the  
world." She did not know why she  
had done it; why, when her heart was  
craving for his love, she had coquetted  
and warded him off. But right deep  
down she knew that it was for his own  
sake to give him a fair chance of see-  
ing other younger, more beautiful  
women, before she let him tell her that  
she was the best of all.

"I'll be back in six months, Eliza-  
beth," he said, holding her hands  
tightly, and looking into the sweet  
gray eyes. "I'll come straight to you.  
You will listen to me then; you will  
believe that I am in earnest."  
And so he left her.

And now the six months were at an  
end; for that morning a telegram had  
come telling her of his arrival in Eng-  
land and to expect to see him to-  
night.

She had lived every hour of her life  
in these months for David; everything  
she did was for his sake—was to please  
him. And now, when the time had  
really come, and he would be with her  
in a few hours, she must gather up  
her strength and send him away with-  
out a word of love, without a sign of  
regret.

It was because the pain had waged  
so fiercely through the night that she  
determined to go to a doctor to beg for  
something to give her relief, for the  
time at least. She had gone, and had  
had her sentence pronounced.

Although he had not actually said so,  
Elizabeth guessed that even if she did  
survive the operation she would always  
be a weak, delicate woman. And in her  
great love she decided to sacrifice even  
one hour of joy—she could never bear  
to be a drag on David, she must send  
him away again without explaining the  
reason.

When she arrived at the house where  
she lived in Kensington, she turned  
down the lamps under their red shades

and told the maid to put more coal on  
the fire. She decided to postpone her  
preparations of her illness until after  
her visitor had gone. She would only  
have time now to prepare herself for  
the scene she must go through with  
him.

After she had some tea she went to  
her room. The frock she had chosen  
to wear was lying on the bed. It was  
a soft blue silk, and was very simply  
made. Quickly she put it back into  
the wardrobe and took down one that  
was just sufficiently old-fashioned to  
be dowdy.

"Molly said I looked 20 in blue and  
35 in black," she whispered, as she laid  
it on the bed.

Then she unfastened her hair. She  
remembered some one once saying,  
"To part the hair in the center either  
makes a woman look much older or  
much younger than she actually is. I  
think, Elizabeth, that it makes you  
look much older." Taking up the  
comb, she carefully made a parting  
down the center of her head and twist-  
ed her hair into a tight knob at the  
back.

The reflection that the mirror sent  
back to her made her shudder.

Then she put on the dowdy black  
frock. Ugh! she did look plain and old  
and commonplace. No man could  
make love to a woman who looked like  
that. And of all men, not David Moore,  
for she knew so well that he liked a  
woman to be good to look at.

Having finished her strange toilette,  
she went down to her sitting room and  
waited. Fifteen minutes later her vis-  
itor came.

Elizabeth saw him start and the sur-  
prised look in his eyes as she held out  
her hand to him and asked coolly how  
he had enjoyed his trip.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" he said,  
quickly, without answering her, and  
looking anxiously at the face that had  
changed almost beyond recognition  
since he last saw it.

"No, no! Why should I be ill?"

"You look so white and—"

"Old," she finished. "Well, I am  
six months older you must remember  
since you went away, and I am not the  
type of woman who wears well."

"Is anything the matter? Are you  
in trouble?"

"What should there be to trouble  
me? I never do anything but have  
a good time. I love excitement, and  
all that sort of thing."

The man looked as if he was not  
sure he had heard aright.

"No," Elizabeth continued, "I am  
not really different, but you have been  
accustomed to fresh young faces lately,  
and so poor mine seems old and  
withered in comparison. But please  
don't waste the time in discussing my  
appearance. Tell me how you enjoyed  
your visit."

"Fairly; but I was so anxious to get  
back to London to see you again that  
I did not think much about it. You  
know why I wished to be here by the  
15th, Elizabeth?"

She looked as though she was try-  
ing to remember.

"Darling," he went on, coming close  
to her, "you have not forgotten that  
you said you would listen to me when  
I returned. You know, without any  
words, that you are the dearest wom-  
an in the world to me, and that I wish  
you for my wife."

"Your wife!" she echoed, with a  
sneering laugh. "Thank you, no. I  
must decline the honor."

"Elizabeth!" and his face went  
white as he held her hands tightly,  
"what do you mean?"

"Just that," she said. "I decline  
the honor."

"Then," and he dropped her hands  
and turned away, "I had better go. I  
was a conceited fool. Forgive me. My  
love for you has carried me too far."

Even in the half-lit room, Eliza-  
beth's face looked strangely white as  
she put her hand to her side and  
leaned back in the cushions.

But she laughed again.

"Ah, it does not matter. You will  
forget it as readily as I will. And  
perhaps, after all, it was my own fault.  
But you must always allow for a wom-  
an's changing her affections. It is a  
woman's way, you know."

"No, I did not know," coldly.

"Why not? She may vary her  
frocks—why not her affections?"

"For heaven's sake, don't talk like  
that. You might be a heartless flirt  
by your tone."

"I hardly think I am that, for your  
sex does not interest me sufficiently.  
But I am a woman of the world, and  
not a silly, love-sick girl."

"I never imagined you to be a silly,  
love-sick girl, any more than I  
thought you as a 'woman of the world,'  
as you put it. Perhaps it will amuse  
you to hear that I was foolish enough  
to think you were—well, altogether  
different."

"Yes, it is rather absurd," she an-  
swered, driving her nails into her hand  
as she stood up and held out her right  
one to him. "Good-by. There is no  
need to extend this interview. Beside,  
I am busy to-night. You will  
excuse me."

He took her hand and held it tight-  
ly, as he looked into her tired gray  
eyes.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," he whis-  
pered, "what does it all mean? Have  
you nothing kind to say to me?"

"Yes; forget me as soon as you can.  
And—you will lose your beauty sleep  
if you don't go quickly."

He dropped her hand and went out  
of the house.

Her acting had been a success, too  
much of a success, for not only had  
he gone away with the idea that she  
was indifferent to him, but she had  
forced him to despise her for her  
levity. Yet, after all, it was better  
that; it would be less difficult for him  
to cast her out of his heart.

She certainly did look plain. Yet her  
appearance had not made any differ-  
ence to him. Ah! that look of con-  
cern in his eyes when he asked her if  
she was ill. Why couldn't she have

told him? It would have been so sweet  
to have had his loving sympathy:

And if her operation was to be an  
serious, and the result as fatal, as she  
feared, was there not some way in  
which she might, before it was too late,  
wipe out the false impression she had  
made to-night? She could not bear  
the thought that he would think bit-  
terly of her—afterward. Surely it  
would be some comfort to him to know  
the truth then. Yes, he must be told.  
She would write a letter and confess  
all. If she lived, it would be de-  
stroyed; if she died, it must be deliv-  
ered.

"I have sent you away from me," she  
wrote, "and am now breaking my  
heart because I will never look into  
your face again. David, to-night I  
acted a part to you. I forced myself  
to be cold and false. I made myself  
a fright to prevent you telling me of  
your love. I knew that if you did so  
I would not have the strength to resist  
you. I did not want you to guess that  
I cared. I wanted you to think me a  
heartless flirt—to despise me—any-  
thing, rather than you should regret  
or have a heartache."

"To-day my doctor told me that I  
must go under the knife within the  
next few days. He said that there was  
a slight chance, but in my heart I knew  
that, if I do live, I will be a weak, sick-  
ly woman. But I don't believe there is  
a chance, so I want to tell you how dear  
you are to me before it is too late. I  
love you as only a woman can love  
the man who represents everything that  
is good and strong and true to her.  
For nearly two years I have waited to  
hear you say what you said to-night.  
Six months ago I prevented you be-  
cause I was not quite sure; I thought  
it would be wiser for you to wait until  
you returned. I could not realize that  
the glory of your love should be show-  
ered on me—I thought it fair for you  
to see other women before you offered  
your life to me."

"David I want you to understand how  
desperately hard it was to refuse to  
listen to you to-night. It was the  
greatest sacrifice I have ever made in  
my life, and I prayed for strength to  
do it. My whole being revolted at the  
part I set myself to play, although I  
felt it was best for you—now and after-  
ward. Can you forgive me, David?"

She then rang for her maid, and  
after explaining about what was to  
happen to her, she gave her the letter  
and said what she wished her to do  
with it.

No surgeon can ever be quite certain  
to what length a disease has spread  
until he starts to use the knife, and  
oftentimes he finds it more or less se-  
rious than he anticipated.

So it was that when Dr. Sanders  
commenced to operate on Elizabeth  
Trent he was agreeably surprised to  
find that, instead of her case being  
most complicated, it was merely an  
ordinary one.

"She will be all right now, nurse,"  
the great surgeon said after the opera-  
tion. "Fortunately, it has not been so  
serious as we feared. It is a de-  
cidedly interesting case, and she will  
pass through splendidly with careful  
nursing."

It was two weeks later when Eliza-  
beth asked her maid if she had de-  
stroyed the letter she had given to her  
on the eve of the operation.

"Destroy it, Miss Elizabeth?" the  
woman answered. "I thought you said  
to post it if you lived."

"Oh, Harmon! You surely have not  
sent that letter?"

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth, I have. I  
thought you wanted me to destroy it  
if anything happened to you, and to  
post it if you got safely through the  
operation. I waited until last night to  
make sure that you did not have a re-  
lapse, then I thought it was time."

Before Elizabeth could answer a  
nurse came in with a florist's box in  
her hand and a bright smile on her  
face.

"This is for you, Miss Trent," she  
said. "Shall I unfasten it?"

Elizabeth cried out in joyous sur-  
prise at the wealth of beautiful flowers  
with which the box was filled. But  
her eyes went beyond them to a letter  
that lay partly hidden in their leaves.

"It is from David," she whispered,  
softly, as she gazed at the dear, fam-  
iliar handwriting. As she opened it  
with quick, trembling fingers, the nurse  
and Harmon quietly went out of the  
room.

"My darling," Elizabeth read, "I  
have just received your letter. Only  
half an hour before, I met Mansfield,  
and he told me of your illness. I  
thought he must be mistaken, but he  
said his wife had been to see you at  
the hospital yesterday. My first im-  
pulse was to go and beg them to let  
me see you, but I remembered that you  
would not care to have me. Feeling  
deadly miserable, I went back to my  
rooms, and there found your letter  
waiting for me. Oh, Elizabeth! It  
seems too wonderful to be true—that  
you should love me like that. Why,  
my dear, you were never more lovable  
in my eyes than you were that night.  
You looked ill and tired, and I longed  
to have the right to take care of you  
and shield you from all annoyances.  
When I remember the hard things I  
said I feel that it will take all my life  
to endeavor to wipe them out. Eliza-  
beth, almost as soon as you read this  
I will be with you. And then—my  
atonement will commence."—Black  
and White.

**Truths from the Desert.**  
Do not inquire the way to a village  
you can see.

The camel's kick is soft, but it takes  
life away.

The camel carries the load; the dog  
does the panting.

A dervish once traveling through the  
desert met a camel, and said to him:  
"Friend, your lip is crooked!" The  
camel replied: "What is there straight  
about me that you take exception to  
my lip?"—From "In Lighter Vein" in  
Century.

## THE DREAMER.

BY JOHN WICKLIFFE GRAY.

The wind was blowing incessantly.  
Now and then it grew to a piercing  
shriek, as it whirled snow under the  
eaves and in the corners of the big bay  
window. It laid an icy grasp on the  
frames and shook them angrily, en-  
viously, because it could not enter and  
destroy the scene of comfort within.

She was a jewel of a landlady who  
would keep the fire burning for him so  
long, Herbert mused. "To keep the  
chill out," Mrs. Williams had told him  
once, and his words of thanks did not  
fully convey his gratitude for her  
mothering him.

He lighted his redolent briarwood  
pipe, pulled the big leather chair be-  
fore the fender, leaned back in its  
depths and the luxurious folds of his  
lounging robe. His feet perched on  
the fender, for the fifth time since the  
office closed that afternoon, he pulled  
out a dainty little blue linen envelope.

He read his own name and address  
two or three times before he took out  
the sheets within.

"Round and firm, and—just like Mil-  
dred," he mused.

He spread out the sheets on his knee  
and read:

"Dear Herbert—We are having a  
glorious time trying to forget the snow  
and ice up north. The weather is per-  
fect, except for an occasional misty  
day, and outdoor amusements are the  
rule with everybody.

"I am glad to know that business  
will soon permit you to take a vaca-  
tion. Are you thinking of coming  
south? I know you must be, though,  
for there's hardly anywhere else to go,  
now that everything up there is ice-  
and snow-bound.

"What do you think of joining our  
party here at Palm Beach? We will  
remain here another week, when we  
have planned an altogether original  
tour of either Jamaica or San Domingo  
on bicycles. All of us brought our  
wheels from home, and these suggested  
the trip. We have discarded the auto-  
mobile idea because two or three ma-  
chines would be required for the nine  
of us, two in the crowd are indifferent  
chauffeurs, and because we are not  
certain about the roads down there.  
Bicycles will go wherever we have  
determined to use them, see the coun-  
try thoroughly and get a healthy tropi-  
cal tan.

"Wire me if you can come. And if  
you can, be sure to bring your bicycle.  
It will be indispensable to a thoroug-  
ly good time.

"Mary begs to be remembered to  
you. As ever, Mildred Halcomb."

Then:

"P. S.—Don't forget the bicycle."  
The warm firelight was having its  
effect after coming in from the cold  
outer air. He was drowsy. An involun-  
tary yawn showed two fine rows of  
teeth as he placed the letter on the  
table.

He and Mildred had been chums  
since childhood. They always cor-  
responded when one or the other was  
away. And in the past few months  
he had come to realize that he could  
not live without her. There had been  
no vows, but since as children they  
had roamed the parks together on  
their bright new bicycles, they had  
been conscious of a mutual excita-  
tion and joyousness in one another's  
presence. Yes, bicycles, and the inti-  
mate companionship they bring,  
seemed strangely interwoven in their  
lives.

"We'll go wheeling, wheeling, wheel-  
ing  
Down the distance-dwindling pike;  
Hearts a-aching, feeling, feeling,  
All the joy that's in a bike."

He had heard the doggerel parody of  
a popular song somewhere, and the  
lines continued to repeat themselves in  
drowsy fashion:

"We'll go wheeling, wheeling, wheel-  
ing  
His pipe fell from nerveless fingers.  
One foot slipped from the fender.  
He and Mildred were resting on the  
sod beneath a towering palm tree. Not  
far off several people of their party  
were laughing and talking together.  
He saw the surf come rolling in not 20  
yards away, dwindling from mighty  
waves to a smooth, even flow as they  
reached the higher beach. Beside  
them were their bicycles. Cries of  
strange birds were heard, and a bright  
plumaged fellow flew over their heads  
and fluttered away inland.

How beautiful Mildred was! She was  
looking straight into his eyes. And in  
the big gray orbs he saw her soul  
shining there. It was shining for him,  
all for him! He knew it, and that was  
enough.

"You are mine," he was saying. "All  
these years I have loved you, and  
waited for you. And now we must  
part no more. Your life shall be my  
life, and mine shall be yours."

Out of the distance he heard the  
chime of bells. One—two—three—four  
—five—six—And still it rang.

The sleeper awoke with a start. The  
clock claimed his attention first, for it  
was striking 12. He rose quickly, and  
as he did so a telegraph blank on the  
table caught his eye.

"Better write it now and send the  
first thing in the morning," he thought.  
Rapidly his pencil traced the words:  
"Miss Mildred Halcomb, Hotel  
Palm Beach, Fla.—Be there Thursday  
with bicycle. Herbert."

**Pigskin Grafted on Woman.**  
By using the skin of a pig (two  
months old the life of Mary Grant, a  
colored woman of Richmond, Va., has  
been saved. Some weeks ago the wom-  
an was fearfully burned about the body  
by the explosion of a lamp. Much of  
her skin was destroyed, and could not  
be replaced by nature. Efforts were  
made to get her relatives to supply the  
necessary cuticle for grafting, but they  
objected. The physician in charge then  
procured a young white pig, which  
was chloroformed, and enough of the  
necessary hide removed and grafted  
on the woman.

## Prayer Answered.

A preacher who went to a Kentucky  
parish where the parishioners bred horses  
was asked to invite the prayers of the con-  
gregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They  
prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On  
the fourth he was told he need not do it  
any more. "Why," said the preacher, "is  
she dead?" "No," answered the man,  
"she won the Derby."—Washington Post.

## War Strategy.

Some one was showing the visitor  
around the great navy yard.  
"But where is the botting department?"  
asked the visitor.

"The botting department?" echoed the  
escort in surprise.

"Yes, the modern navies are always bot-  
tling up something."—Chicago Daily News.

## Still Another Case.

Kirkland, Ill., May 9.—Mr. Richard R.  
Greenow, of this place, is another who  
has been cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's  
Kidney Pills. He says:

"I had the Rheumatism in my left leg  
so bad that I could not walk over ten or  
fifteen rods at a time, and that by the use  
of two cases, and I would have to sit or  
lie down on the ground. The sweat would  
run down my face with so much pain. I  
could not sleep at night for the pain. I  
was in a terrible condition.

"I tried different doctors' medicines but  
got worse. Till I saw an advertisement of  
Dodd's Kidney Pills and bought some.  
After I had used a few, the pain began  
to leave me, so I kept right on taking  
them and gradually getting better till I  
had used in all fourteen boxes and my  
Rheumatism was all gone, not a pain or  
ache left."

"I can truly say I haven't felt better  
in twenty-five years than I do to-day. Dodd's  
Kidney Pills have made a new man of  
me."

## Unlucky.

Publisher—Your book is fine up to the  
seventeenth chapter. After that it is  
mere drivel.

Author—Sir, it is my misfortune, not  
my fault. Just as I was beginning the  
seventeenth chapter, I discovered, quite  
accidentally, what I was driving at.—Puck.

## CUTICURA THE SET \$1.00.

Complete Treatment for Every Hum-  
or from Pimples to Scrofula,  
from Infancy to Age—A  
Set Often Cures.

Cuticura Treatment is local and con-  
stitutional—complete and perfect, pure,  
sweet and wholesome. Bathes the affected  
surfaces with Cuticura Soap and hot water  
to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and  
cleanse the blood, and put every func-  
tion in a state of healthy activity.  
More great cures of simple, scrofulous and  
hereditary humors are daily made by  
Cuticura remedies than by all other blood  
and skin remedies.

**Time Is Up.**  
A Russian newspaper announces that  
the Chinese will astonish the world when  
the world least expects it. To meet these  
requirements, there is no need for delay-  
ing.—Manchester Union.

## 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.  
& Ticket Agent, K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City,  
Mo.

## Delicate Work.

Ted—Is Sawyer a clever doctor?  
Ned—Very. He can tell a woman pa-  
tient she needs to take beauty exercises  
without offending her.—Puck.

## How to Clean Laces.

To clean delicate laces, take a large glass  
jar; cover with old cotton and spread the  
lace carefully on it. Set the bottle in warm  
ivory soap suds and leave for an hour.  
If stains are difficult to remove, place in  
the sun and they will disappear. Rinse by  
dipping the bottle in clear water.  
ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Some men talk and talk, and never seem  
to get relief.—N. Y. Times.

### 900 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for As-  
similating the Food and Regula-  
ting the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-  
ness and Rest. Contains neither  
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by  
J. C. FLETCHER  
CANTON, MASS.

Perfect Remedy for Constipa-  
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,  
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-  
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of  
J. C. Fletcher  
NEW YORK.

35 CENTS—50 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.



A prominent club woman,  
Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph,  
Mich., tells how she was cured  
of falling of the womb and its  
accompanying pains and misery  
by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks  
dark indeed when a woman feels that  
her strength is fading away and she has  
no hopes of ever being restored. Such  
was my feeling a few months ago when  
I was advised that my poor health was  
caused by prolapsus or falling of the  
womb. The words sounded like a  
knell to me, I felt that my sun had set;  
but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-  
ble Compound came to me as an  
elixir of life; it restored the lost forces  
and built me up until my good health  
returned to me. For four months I  
took the medicine daily, and each dose  
added health and strength. I am so  
thankful for the help I obtained through  
its use."—Mrs. FLORENCE DANFORTH,  
1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—  
\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving  
genuineness cannot be produced.

## FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Women, would you save time and  
much sickness if they would  
write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice  
as soon as any distressing symp-  
toms appear. It is free, and has  
put thousands of women on the  
right road to recovery.

### WET WEATHER COMFORT

There is no satisfaction keener  
than being dry and comfortable  
when out in the hardest storm.  
YOU ARE SURE OF THIS  
IF YOU WEAR

### WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW  
AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE