

THE STORY TELLER

A COUNTRY SONG.

While the willow spreads her crown,
Come away!
Birds are singing, banks are sunny;
Come away!
Leave the city's toll and thunder
For the bright, entrancing wonder
Of the May, May, May,
In green fields are young lambs bleating,
Grove and copse laugh their greeting,
Every steep an orchard seems,
Made for beauty, love, and dreams:
Come away!

In the flush of summer weather
Come away!
Kouth and gladness yours together
For a day,
Beek the meadows, azure-tented,
Dusky, coaxing, myriad-scented,
With the hay, hay, hay,
Down the windrows tumbled mazes,
Crickets chirp the sun-god's praises,
There the firefly's restless spark
Braids its pattern on the dark:
Come away!

When the hoar-frosts crisp and whiter
Come away!
Then the skies and forests brighten:
Come away!
Winds are whistling, nuts are falling
Loud at dawn the marsh-hawk calling
And the jay, jay, jay,
Autumn, wreathed with leaf and berry,
Treads a measure wild and merry;
Court her blessings ere they fly:
Storms will rout you by and by—
Come away!
—Dora Read Goodale, in Youth's Companion.

The Californian.

By William Westcott Fink.

WITH a rumble and jar suggesting an accident, the train came to a halt between stations, startling the passengers, and the conductor, who had been taking fares, went forward to discover the difficulty. A slight female figure in black, surmounted by an old-fashioned "poke" bonnet, sat still as though nothing unusual had happened, and a small elderly man with white hair and blue eyes placed his book gently, almost caressingly across his knee and looked curiously at the passengers. To all appearances he was a student, a dreamer of dreams, one little accustomed to the ways of the business world. He sat in the third seat behind the little figure in black; while just across the aisle a big fellow with long, bushy beard and dressed in the garb of the typical California miner of those days, seemed interested in finding room for his long and restless legs, or in twisting his broad shoulders into a more comfortable position, than in learning of any possible accident to the train.

The conductor soon returned. "Break in the engine—take an hour to fix it," he curtly replied to a passenger as he went on taking fares. When he reached the figure in black, he assumed even more than his usual brusqueness. "Fare," he demanded harshly, but the woman did not move. "Ticket," he insisted, touching her arm.

"Sir," she queried in tremulous, started tones.

"Fare—fare. Pay your fare." His voice was loud and strident.

All the passengers were looking and listening. The elderly man sat quietly watching with an expression of sympathy on his kindly face. The big fellow with the slouch hat and tanned beard straightened up in his seat in an attitude of curious attention and with a slight tightening of the cords of his neck.

"You took my ticket when we left Albany," said the tremulous voice.

"I did not," flatly asserted the conductor.

The elderly man looked on with astonishment and the Californian scowled.

"Where are you going?" asked the conductor impatiently.

"To Skerrytown."

"Well, I haven't taken up a ticket for that station on this trip. Five dollars and seventy-five cents, please."

"O sir! I did pay my fare and you took my ticket. I have no more money or I would give it to you, for I must go on."

"Well, you can go if you pay; if you don't, you can't; and I can't wait here all day, either."

"Would you make all these people think I am a thief?" said the old lady piteously.

A deepening hum of sympathy ran through the car, but the Californian, springing to his feet, demanded:

"Didn't you take that lady's ticket before?"

"What's that your business?" sneered the conductor.

"I'll make it my business. How much is her fare?"

"Five-seventy-five."

"Here's the cash. Give the lady a check, and see that you don't try to make her pay a third time."

"O sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I am not a subject of charity. I will repay you as soon as I get home."

"Yes, yes," he answered kindly. "I know that will be all right. Let me tell you no one thinks you are trying to run your face on this road."

"And let me tell you, growled the conductor, "that if I hear any more of your insinuations I'll throw you off the train."

"It was amusing to see the big Californian's face. A prolonged whistle escaped his lips. Then he spoke quietly:

"Well, now, I won't insinuate any more; but I'll tell you plainly that you are a thief—a man that collects

fares a second time from old ladies and puts the money into his private pocket."

Someone clapped approval and the whole car rang with the response. The Californian quietly took his seat.

"Doggedly the conductor gave the lady a check and went on taking fares. When he reached our gentle-eyed, elderly man, the latter said:

"Are you quite sure, now, that the lady had not already given you a ticket? I think she had."

"Who, cares what you think?"

"Well, you may not care; and yet, opinions are of much importance in this world. I would rather have a man think well than ill of me. Now my opinion is that you have the lady's ticket in your left-breast-pocket, for I believe it there."

pared in your mind. I don't believe you would know him, though."

"Oh! I would know George anywhere!" she exclaimed.

"I don't know about that. Folks change. He isn't a boy any more, but a great big man, big as I am, with a great, rough beard, rough as mine."

"Is he?"

"O yes! George is big; not like the little chap that used to climb the tall oak tree back of the house and swing on the top limb and yell like an Indian."

"Why, did George tell you that?" she asked, with a surprised smile lighting up her gentle face.

Without answering directly, the Californian went on: "You remember how he rode the gray colt, Caleb, without bridle or saddle, and how you all thought he would be killed; and how Caleb ran into the woods across the creek and tried to scrape him off against the crooked old basswood tree where the big hornets' nest was. And you remember how the hornets stung the colt and sent him flying out into the pasture with George on his back; and how George came out of it all with only a deep gash on his forehead, just below the hair; and how you worried lest the scar would spoil your boy's beauty, and old mother Blinksford said, 'Never mind—things always happen for the best, and you'll thank the gray colt some day.'"

"Why, you talk just like you knew all about our old place!"

"Oh, well, I've traveled—ran away myself, and am going home to mother now. Maybe when you see George that scar will help you to recognize him." He paused and looked at her so strangely that her eyes opened wide with surprise. Then, taking off his hat and lifting his hand, "The scar was up here, somewhere."

"George!"

The old lady was in his arms. The deep "poke" bonnet fell to the floor. The snow-white hair rested upon his bosom. Few people in the car that day had eyes clear enough to watch the wonderful transformation on his face as he stood there giving expression to his feelings in a medley of sobs and laughter. But suddenly he seemed possessed by a new idea, for whirling around, he yelled:

"Where's that confounded conductor!"

"My dear friend," said the white-haired president, as he gave the excited Californian his hand, "let the conductor go. I would not mar a moment so blessed as this, with one thought of him. Moreover, I happen to be in a position to settle that little account for you."

"I guess that's so," the big fellow answered with a smile.

The train started, and mother and son began joyfully uniling the broken threads of memory where they had parted 20 years before.—National Magazine.

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Retribution so swift and from a source so unexpected was too much for the already excited passengers, and the conductor had scarcely passed to the next car before they broke into a round of applause.

"Gimme yer hand, old boy—Oh! excuse me—Mr. President," cried the Californian. "I was going for him myself for calling you a liar, but somehow or other I saw you didn't need me. Didn't he wilt! Oh! didn't he wilt! The puppy! Insult an old lady! I thought when I left California that I was coming to God's country, but this kind of thing is new to me. Do you know what he'd be in five minutes, out our way? No? Crow-bait!" He thrust his big hands into his pockets and laughed fiercely to himself. "You see," he went on, recalling his auditors, "it kind of riles me to think of anyone's mistreating an old lady. I have a mother myself—or I hope I have," he added more softly; "and just to think of her being treated that way! Why, I haven't seen mother for 20 years; ran away from home in '49, when I was a boy and went to California; went in rough and tumble to make money—made some, 'most enough. But I tell you I used to lie awake nights thinking of mother; wondering if she would look much older, and wishing I hadn't run off."

He was sitting on the arm of his seat, addressing the mild-eyed railway president. The passengers were intently listening, but he went on unconsciously then, driven by the force of his long pent-up emotions: "I'm going home to mother—going to finish up being a boy—if she is alive! and I'm going to take care of her as long as she lives."

Just then the deep "poke" bonnet turned and the old lady looked around at the burly stranger with anxious, embarrassed diffidence. Her hair was white, and her face, beautiful even in old age, was glorified by the luster of her gentle, brown eyes.

"Did you say you are from California?" she asked.

For a moment it seemed that the big fellow was going to choke, but whatever his affliction may have been, he overcame it immediately and replied that he had "lived in California for some time."

"I wonder if you knew my boy?" she said eagerly. "I have a boy in California, somewhere—or I did have—once. Don't you know him?"

"I have known a great many men in California. What was his name?"

"Oh! certainly—I forgot to tell his name! My boy's name was George."

"But there are so many Georges, he answered, a strange expression on his bronzed face.

"O sir! you must excuse me, but there is only one George in all the world to me. His name is George Benson."

How eagerly she watched his face! "George Benson? George Benson?" he repeated slowly as if trying to recall the name. "Somehow that does sound familiar. But then, I've known so many men in California. For a moment he turned his face away, then, looking into her anxious eyes, said:

"I do remember him now. Used to live in B—, didn't he?"

"Yes," she answered eagerly.

"Left home in '49, didn't he?"

"Yes, the tenth of April. Oh, it must be my boy!"

"Sure as you live, it's George—no doubt of that," said the big fellow cheerfully.

"When did you see him? Tell me all about him—that he is well—and that he is coming home!"

"Yes, he's well; and he's coming home, too. He'll be home pretty soon. Saw him in Frisco just before I left, and, God bless you, you ought to have heard him talk about his mother; couldn't talk about anything else. You must try to compose yourself. He was afraid it might be too much for you, and said he wished you could know he was coming home so as to be pre-

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THE STARS AND STRIPES

The Oldest, the Proudest, the Mightiest National Banner in the World.

JUNE 14 was observed in Washington, D. C., and many other cities and towns of the country as Flag day, the one hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of the adoption of the flag which has become the foremost in the world, and which floats over 80,000,000 people in the United States, and 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 more in the islands of the Pacific. The day has been properly set apart as a holiday, and every year shows a wider observance of it, particularly in the schools of the country. This is as it should be. The American flag, besides being the oldest in the world, represents everything that is American in a way that no other flag symbolizes to the people the institutions of their country.

Until within comparatively recent times, countries have not had a national flag. They had one flag to represent the reigning family, which was the banner of the house then on the throne. From the factional troubles which continually afflicted those countries it could be nothing more than the standard of those who happened to be in power. We have seen this illustrated in France, where the "legitimists," "Orleanists," "Bonapartists" and "republicans," each one with a different flag, were contending for the



THE EVOLUTION OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

government of the country. Which ever party had been successful would have raised its flag to represent it. It will be remembered that the late Count de Chambord failed to ascend the throne of France because he would not doff the white banner of the Bourbons, and take in its place the tricolor, which has been identified with so much French glory. In addition to the flag representing the royal house, these countries had another flag for the merchant marine, and so on.

Our flag is the oldest flag in the world to-day which began by representing everything that is American. It not only means but always has meant the president, congress, judiciary, and merchantmen who sail the wide seas, but it means all American men and women, no matter in what engaged. It means our schools and churches and colleges—just as much as our army and navy. Everything under its glorious shadow is a part of the wonderful whole for which it stands.

It is the only flag in the world, too, says the National Tribune, for which no apology need be made, no defense or extension set up. In all its 127 years of "glorious life it has invariably stood for the very best that the imagination of man could conceive. It has stood for the highest liberty, the most absolute justice, the most elevated morality. Though in its 127 years it has extended its supremacy over a greater area of the world's surface than Rome governed in her proudest days, yet there has been upon it absolutely no blemish of conquest,

SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sedwick, Ark., July 11.—The case of W. S. Taylor's little son is looked upon by those interested in medical matters as one of the most wonderful on record. In this connection his father makes the following statement:

"Last September, my little boy had Dropsy; his feet and limbs were swollen to such an extent that he could not walk nor put his shoes on. The treatment that the doctors were giving him seemed to do him no good and two or three people said his days were short, even the doctors, two of the best in the country told me he would not get better. I stopped their medicine and at once sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three Pills a day, one morning, noon and night for eight days; at the end of the eighth day the swelling was all gone, but to give the medicine justice, I gave him eleven more Pills. I used thirty-five Pills in all and he was entirely cured. I consider your medicine saved my child's life. When the thirty-five Pills were given him, he could run, dance and sing, whereas before he was an invalid in his mother's arms from morning until night."

Had Few Competitors.
"Every man has some fad," said the quiet man. "Mine is minding my own business."
"Ah, I see," rejoined the philosophical person. "You are one of the monopolists we read so much about."—Stray Stories.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, aching, hot, aching feet. At all druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Mrs. Malaprop, Jr., declares that nothing affects her composition so much as the craze for automobiles. She declares that she fairly hates the sight of a chauffeur.—Indianapolis News.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 661 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

"A lady man," said Uncle Eben, "is 'ble to get mo' overheated dodgin' work can he wit me if he went ahead an' 'tended to business.'"—Washington Star.

Do not believe Pisco's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

SUSPENDERS AND SUSPENSE

What Uncle Sam Needs the Former For as Stated by a Halting Speaker.

A certain congressman from a mountain district, says the New York Sun, is troubled with a weak, squeaky little voice, which sometimes in the middle of a speech what might otherwise be an eloquent peroration.

Recently in addressing the house on a matter connected with tariff, he exclaimed:

"Why, tariffs are like a pair of suspenders, sometimes tight and sometimes loose; but Uncle Sam needs them just the same, to keep up his—"

Here the congressman's voice struck a high treble note, flared and stopped. The house held its breath while he cleared his throat. The suspense, which seemed to last for fully a minute, was more painful to the auditors than to the orator, for everyone was wondering whether he would say "trousers" or "pants," and some were even hoping that he might say "pantalons." Even "overalls" would be better than "pants," for "pants" is most unparliamentary.

But all fears were without foundation. He cleared his throat with the greatest care, and in a death-like stillness resumed his oration where he had dropped it: "to keep up his running expenses—"

The words which followed were lost forever in a gale of laughter.

Brown's Advantage.
Greene—How Brown stutters! An awful affliction, isn't it?
Gray—Oh, I don't know. He can monopolize the conversation without having to say a great deal.—Boston Transcript.

Why is it that we never find a bank cashier embroiling and going to the law has not always been a model young man?—Chicago Journal.

A BACK LICK

Settled the Case with Her.

Many great discoveries have been made by accident and things better than gold mines have been found in this way, for example when even the accidental discovery that coffee is the real cause of one's sickness proves of most tremendous value because it locates the cause and the person has then a chance to get well.

"For over 25 years," says a Missouri woman, "I suffered untold agonies in my stomach and even the best physicians disagreed as to the cause without giving me any permanent help, different ones saying it was gastritis, indigestion, neuralgia, etc., so I dragged along from year to year, always half sick, until finally I gave up all hopes of ever being well again."

"When taking dinner with a friend one day she said she had a new drink which turned out to be Postum and I liked it so well I told her I thought I would stop coffee for awhile and use it, which I did."

"So for three months we had Postum in place of coffee without ever having one of my old spells but was always healthy and vigorous instead."

"Husband kept saying he was convinced it was coffee that caused those spells, but even then I wouldn't believe it until one day we got out of Postum and as we lived two miles from town I thought to use the coffee we had in the house."

"The result of a week's use of coffee again was that I had another terrible spell of agony and distress proving that it was the coffee and nothing else. That settled it and I said good bye to Coffee forever and since then Postum alone has been our hot mealtime drink."

"My friends all say I am looking worlds better and my complexion is much improved. All the other members of our family have benefited, too, by Postum in place of the old drink, coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee or tea is the wisest thing for every coffee drinker. Such a trial tells the exact truth often where coffee is not suspected.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."