

THE STORY TELLER

MAN AND HIS MISSION.

Across the field the farmer goes
Behind his plodding mare;
He streaks the soil with crooked rows,
And he is bent by care.
The blackbirds gossip in the trees,
Perhaps in their opinion he's
But serving them out there.
His yellow trousers sag because
Of service they have done;
His whiskers tumble o'er his jaws,
Much faded by the sun.
Upon the fence two chipmunks play,
And who can tell how useful they
May think him as they run?
His muddy boots are coarse and hard
And all run down behind;
By toll his hands are sadly scarred,
His brow is deeply lined.
Two beetles where he lately passed
May think his tolling, first and last,
Is for their peace of mind.
Men think the world was set aside
For their special need;
The boundaries that they provide
Are fixed through strength and greed;
But in the trees and 'neath the sod
The notion may prevail that God
Sent men to furnish feed,
And only that, indeed.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A GLANCING SHOT

By C. S. Day.

"TAKE it, please. It does not belong to me now." What it stood for is over between us.
The engagement ring he had given her two weeks before sparkled in the pink palm of the little hand outstretched toward him.
"I have a good mind to pick you up and carry you off bodily, this minute, you provoking little creature," he said angrily. "No, I won't take it back. You may throw it in the river—take it down to the spot where we spent so many happy hours, deluding ourselves, this summer."
She smiled a little—she was carrying the scene through bravely—and came near enough to put the ring in his hand.
"Please, Alan, don't be cross, and do take it. Don't you think we will both be glad sometime that we found out our mistake in time?"
Her coolness only made him more angry. Passionate and impulsive, he realized keenly that she could see that he was white with rage and despair. He hated himself for his lack of self control; he almost hated her, for the moment, for calmness.
"I haven't found that I did make a mistake," he said sulkily. He was switching the head of some choice blooms bordering the walk. She put out her hand again and stopped the reckless massacre.
"The gardener will be cross," she said gently. "And then, before he could draw back his hand, she had slipped the tiny ring into it."
He started as if she had struck him. Then he turned to her with quivering lips, and burst into impassioned pleading.
"Alice! Alice! surely, you don't mean it? You are not going to turn me off like this! You will not be so cruel, dear!"
"Alan, I can not. I was mistaken—I do not love you—sometimes I do not even like you. You would rather know the truth than have me let it go on day after day, and deceive you; would you not? I am so sorry; we must always be friends."
"Friends!" He made a motion as if to hurl the tiny ring with its sparkling stone into the shrubbery. Then, with a sudden realization of the hopelessness of it all, he turned from the girl and strode away without another word.
She stood gazing after him a moment. In spite of herself there crept slowly into her perverse little heart, side by side, with the firm resolve already there, a wish that he would turn and come back, and taking her in his arms in spite of struggle or protest, kiss away all her resolution against him and his love.
"Alan!" Softly, wistfully, she spoke his name. He did not hear or turn or stop.
"I wonder if I ought—if I really do dislike him. He was so angry—he went off so abruptly—I might have—she did not finish the thought, but with eyes which grew a little misty, watched him until he turned a corner and was out of sight.
"Poor Alan, I am afraid I was cruel." In the path lay one of the flowers he had headed. She stopped and picked it up, with a touch that was a caress. The next moment it was pressed to her red lips, and tears were dropping upon it.
In his den Alan was slowly and painfully reviewing the scene, and making original comments upon it.
"To think she could be so cruel, the dainty little witch. I wouldn't have dreamed it, and I didn't know anything could hurt so." He watched the smoke from his cigar curl lazily about her picture on his desk.
"I have half a notion to do what I said—go back and carry her off forcibly."
The sweet, saucy face looked out of its smoky halo, with innocent, provokingly steady gaze.
"But—she certainly meant it. If she doesn't love me—doesn't even like me sometimes—well, I suppose it is all up. Only, I'd like to know why in the deuce she didn't know how she felt about it in the first place, and spare me this confounded knockout. I was

so sure the whole thing was settled. Maybe it wouldn't have struck me so all of a heap if it had come sooner." The cigar had gone out and the smoke cleared away slowly. In his eyes was a blur which he brushed away savagely when he realized that it was there, swearing softly under his breath.
"Thank heaven, I don't have to stay here another day, at any rate. I'll wire Meredith to-night that I've reconsidered his offer and will be with him—let me see, I think I can make it Thursday if I get off to-morrow early. I'll do it, it's a good opening. I would have accepted it in the first place if it had not been for—you," defiantly to the photograph.
It was in the bottom of his trunk, along with the tiny ring, when he started on his long journey west the next day, to accept a partnership in a law office in a young town in that section.
"Only known you one summer? Yes, that is true, but I've known Meredith years, and he has always been telling me about Helen. Honestly, I feel as if I had known you ages and ages, anyway." He looked into the soft brown eyes of Meredith's sister for an answering enthusiasm over the long acquaintance.
They had been engaged five minutes.
"It has been a lovely summer," she murmured, and he saw the connection.
"The happiest of my life," he agreed, even while he remembered how wretchedly it had begun for him in the east.
A messenger boy came up the steps with a telegram. It was for Alan.
"Alice perhaps fatally injured in runaway. Calls for you when conscious. Will you come? Doctor says only possible hope."
He was standing at a window where the light streamed out brightly, to read it. Helen heard him smother an exclamation of dismay, and went to him at once.
"Is it bad news?" she asked softly, and he was face to face with the crisis of his life. But it was Helen—there was only one way. He put the message in her hand.
"The worst possible news that could come to me now," he said.
"Come," she said, when she had read it through, and led him back to the shadow. She had seen the white misery in his face. She did not want him to see her own.
"Now, tell me," she said very softly and gently. But he felt the demand, the command, under the gentleness. She had the right to know, he was on trial in her heart. Yet something in her soft voice had told him that she was ready to hold him innocent until he was proved otherwise.
He told her the truth, not sparing himself or this other girl—this unknown, Alice—in the recital.
"She deliberately threw me off, when I loved her, or thought I did, then. She has no possible claim upon me now, when I am quite sure I don't love her," he said, savagely, stung with the pain of the old scene and humiliation, and this new strain.
"You loved her once, and taught her to love you." The voice was still very gentle, but there was a new firmness in it.
"I thought I loved her. I don't know—she is one of those little clinging creatures that makes a fellow feel very big and strong and—like posing as shield and protector, and all that sort of thing, you know." She smiled a little at the analysis, but he did not see.
"So I posed, like a fool, for two weeks. Then she got tired of me, and turned me down. I'm glad she did. Helen, you understand—no, of course, you can't ever understand—but you'll believe me, won't you, that you are the only girl I've ever really loved in this way?"
"Perhaps—some time—you might—"
"Helen!"
"But you must think what you are going to do." She knew perfectly well what he would do, but she waited to see if he knew.
"I can't think—I can't do anything," he said. Then she told him.
"You will go on the next train. The life of the girl is at stake." Her hands were behind her, and he could not see that they were tightly clenched.
"How can I? Oh, I can't—it would be acting a lie, to go to her—from you," he insisted.
"I release you. I refuse you. You must go and do your part in saying her life. And you must do it well." She tried to make the tone cool and even, and failed.
Before she could protest she was in his arms. Then she began to cry softly, and he kissed her hair again and again. Her face was hidden on his shoulder.
"If you didn't go and she died, I would be her murderer, don't you see?" she sobbed. "If you love me, you will forgive all about me, and go and save her." It was a new sort of logic to the young lawyer, and he almost gasped upon it.
"I do love you, Helen. I don't love her. I don't think I ever did. I certainly never felt toward her as I do toward you. It was all a wretched mistake on both sides, as she said when she broke the engagement. She does not know what she is saying now. She is probably delirious."
"It does not matter. You must not risk the responsibility of her death resting upon—us. Oh, I shall hate you if you do not go."
"But I may come back to you? You did not mean—I do not want to be really released—it will only be for a time, and then I can come away. Promise me, dear—"
"And what she promised him made it easier to go and have it over, that he might get back as soon as possible.
He put her gently away from him. "I will go, and do what I can," he

said huskily, and went before his resolution failed.
He had ample time to realize what a hard task he had before him during the journey. He realized it more keenly when he arrived.
It was pitiful to see the glad light come into the heavy blue eyes, when he bent over the poor little mite of suffering, at last, and whispered, with pity enough, but not an atom of love in his heart:
"Don't worry, dear. It is all right—it shall be all right again, shall it not, Alice?"
"Yes," the white lips framed faintly. He slipped the tiny ring once more on her finger, and thought as he did so of the one on Helen's finger.
"Alan! dear—it is so good to see you again," she smiled up at him like a tired child. A blissful sigh fluttered from between the pretty lips and she fell asleep.
"He saved her life, of course," everybody agreed with the physician.
"How romantic," murmured some.
"How happy they both ought to be," said others.
"Doubtless they are, in spite of her accident—really the accident was the means of reuniting them," they said.
But there was no happiness in it for him. As each day involved him deeper in the web of deceit, he grew miserably unhappy and hollow-eyed. Night after night he paced his room, sleepless, revolving plans for extricating himself as soon as she grew a little stronger. But day after day he was compelled to keep up the good work he had begun. He spent hours with her daily, smiling, talking, listening to her fond, weak voice as she bantered him playfully on his wretched looks.
"You are a dear, silly, boy, to worry yourself thin over me now, when I am sure of getting well," she would say, and then to take his thoughts from her, she would insist upon his telling her of his life out west.
She grew better daily, and seemed perfectly happy in his presence. He never flinched from the daily ordeal; but he resolved desperately that just as soon as she was strong enough to bear it, he would end it all. She should know the whole truth about Helen, even as Helen knew it about her. Helen's love had stood the test, and clung to him in spite of all. What if Alice did the same? There was the anxiety that was wearing him out. If he could but make her understand how completely dead his love for her was; how he really doubted now if it had ever existed; if she would see how completely she would set him free without making a scene. If not—
And while he was worrying over the situation, an odd struggle was going on in Alice's perverse little heart, under all the childish patter of talk and teasing. One day it proved too much for her slender resolution. She took him off to a quiet corner of the garden, down the walk where they had parted, and there she confessed.
"I did long for you, the comfort your return and presence brought undoubtedly did save my life. And now I can only repay you with ingratitude. The old doubts and dislikes are creeping back, stronger every day. I've tried very hard to be nice to you, I did not want to break your heart a second time. But it is no use, Alan. And I can't marry you now, any more than I could then."
The pretty face was full of trouble and sincere pity for him. She was fully recovered. He had intended to have an understanding with her in a day or two. And now—
Well, he told her the truth, as he had meant to do. On first impulse, because he thought she deserved it, for all the trouble she had caused him. On second, because he wanted her to share his satisfaction in the outcome. He hardly thought it would be fair to go away and leave her under the impression that his heart really was broken over again.
They both had enough sense of the humor of the situation to laugh. Then he took the first train west.—N. O. Times Democrat.

HOW HE LOST THE GAME

Good Player, But Dreamed of Latin Verses While Trying to Catch the Ball.
The English love their national game of cricket with a fondness which makes it something more than pastime. It is almost a sacred institution in the eyes of schoolboys, and even in the eyes of children of a larger growth. A writer in Blackwood's gives an instance of this devotion. One afternoon he met Mr. Lambert, the master of a large preparatory school, usually a cheery fellow. This day he looked haggard and careworn.
"Well, Lambert," he said, "how are things going with you?"
"Things going? They've gone."
"Why what has happened?"
"We have just lost our cricket-match by one wicket; and—would you believe it?—that little donkey, Palmer, dropped two catches in the last over."
"Dear! dear! That's a dreadful thing. What did you say his name was?"
"Palmer."
"It sounds familiar. What do I know about Palmer?"
"Why, I've told you, haven't I? He dropped two catches! Things a baby in arms might have caught."
"Any relation of the boy who got in at the head of the list at Winchester?"
"Same fellow; and that's just the sort of silly thing he can do. He is as clever as they make 'em; and the annoying part of it is that he really could play cricket if he'd only give his mind to it. But there he stands in the middle of the field, with his mouth wide open, and dreams of Latin verses!"



The talented and only daughter of Attorney General Knox who is to be married in the fall to Mr. James R. Tindle, of Pittsburgh.

MEDICAL JUDGMENT OF JAPS

Plenty of Water and Unlimited Fresh Air Depended Upon for Strength.

The Japanese have taught Europeans and Americans a lesson and quenched in some degree the conceit of the Caucasian in his superior capacity to do all things. Even in the matter of diet, our long cherished theory that the energy and vitality of the white man is largely due to the amount of animal food consumed, must undergo revision, says the Medical Record.
The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on the earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and yet practically they eat no meat at all. The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains, consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit. For beverages they use weak tea without sugar or milk, and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities—to an Englishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses.
The Japanese recognize the beneficial effect of flushing the system through the medium of the kidneys, and they cleanse the exterior of their bodies to an extent undreamed of in Europe or America.
Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalation of fresh air is an essential for the acquisition of strength, and this method is sedulously practiced until it becomes a part of their nature.
The Japanese have proved that a frugal manner of living is consistent with great bodily strength—indeed, is perhaps more so than the meat diet of the white man. As to the water-drinking habit, which is so distinctive a custom with them, it is probably an aid to keeping the system free from blood impurities, and might be followed with advantage in European countries, to a far greater extent than is at present the case. Hydropathy and exercise seem to be the sheet anchors of the Japanese training regimen, and judging from results, have been eminently satisfactory.

PRIMITIVE INDIAN TRIBE.

Alabama of the Creek Nation Adhere to Customs of a Century Ago.
The Alabama Indians in the Creek nation are so primitive in their ways that they attract attention where Indians are not uncommon sight. They are living and practicing customs of the Indians of 100 years ago. They still speak their own dialect, being the only one of the 49 different tribes composing the Creek nation that does this. None of them can speak English. They live in pole huts daubed with red clay, says the Kansas City Journal.
The Alabama tribe has affiliated with the Snake Indians, and is still more backward in accepting association with the white man. For a long time they refused to be enrolled on the loyal Creek rolls, but of late many of them have been persuaded to come forward and enroll. The prophet is the big man of the tribe. When a horse is stolen he is supposed to be able to find it, or if Indians become sick he is expected to make them well. If a drought overtakes the land he is expected to make it rain. He brews or makes all the medicine for his tribe. Pottery making, which is a lost art with the Creek Indians to-day, was possessed by the members of this tribe until a few years ago. The last survivor of the old school in the making of pottery was an old woman who died a few years ago.

WHY THE BICYCLE PERSISTS

It Is the Poor Man's Automobile and Is Used for Various Purposes.

Prophets are the great speculators in "futures," and in that sort of gambling the "bears," who see calamities ahead, are usually losers. Nothing has been the subject of more pessimistic forebodings during the last few years than the bicycle, yet this spring the wheel comes out again, almost as numerous and as popular as ever, says Youth's Companion of recent date.
Automobiles, it is true, have greatly increased in numbers, and they have been looked upon as the supplanter and successor of the bicycle. "Americans like to travel fast," said a man, recently, "but they don't want to work for it. That is why the automobile appeals to them." There is some truth in the remark, but the fact remains that most of us must "work for it."
The bicycle is the poor man's automobile, and a good one. It does not bother him about starting or stopping, does not often get out of repair, requires no outlay for fuel; yet it makes him master of a wider circle of country than he could possibly command without it, and pays him handsome dividends in health and strength for every pound of energy he spends in propelling it.
The time of the "scorcher" and the "century run" is past, and the era of sensible wheeling has come in. Those who own and buy bicycles now are those who use their wheels for exercise, for recreation and as practical vehicles. They would cling to their hobby tenaciously even if their own experience had not been reinforced by medical approval, which is now overwhelmingly with them. The bicyclists for years to come will continue to outnumber, as they have in the past, the devotees of every other pastime.

UP HILL GOING AND COMING

Travel in the Ozarks of Northwestern Arkansas Is Ever on the Ascend.

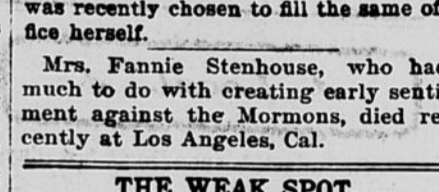
"Did you ever strike a section of the country where you had to go uphill all the time, and could never enjoy the luxury of going downhill at all, no matter which direction you might take?" asked a man from Arkansas, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Well, I have. Now, I don't like to talk about my own state. Outsiders, as a rule, will look after the oddities of the section of the world from which I come, but I want to make a comment on northwestern Arkansas, the mountainous section, which has not hitherto been made. Out in Washington county, in the Ozarks, around Fayetteville, if you travel at all you will have to travel uphill. There is no such thing as going downhill. If you want to walk you walk uphill; if you ride or drive, it must be uphill, and hills are not of the gradually sloping kind, either. They are abrupt, steep. As a result of this peculiarity the men in that section who do a great amount of walking have a motion that is peculiar to that section. They stand even in a slanting attitude; and due altogether to the fact that they are always walking uphill. Put them on level ground and you will notice that they are bent forward at a considerable angle. I had one old man of that section to tell me that level ground made him 'seasick.' He could not stand the 'rolling prairie.' Of course, this may be putting things a little strongly, but the conditions in that section are certainly peculiar. There is, to be sure, a physical condition which may be described as downhill; but all the roads lead uphill, and whether you are going or coming, you must go uphill."
Limit of a Lawyer's Duty.
A lawyer has no right to do anything as a lawyer which he would scorn to do as a man and a citizen. His obligation to the court and to the public is and must be paramount to his obligation to his client. Unless this is recognized the lawyers would be the most dangerous class in the community.—Indianapolis News

IN FEMININE FIELDS.

In Valparaiso all the conductors on trolley cars are women.
Club women in San Francisco are to start a woman's municipal league.
Miss Sarah Louise Gilman, of Hallowell, Me., has just resigned as a school-teacher, after constant service of 23 years, during which time she has had as pupils some of the leading men of the state's history.
Though totally blind, Miss Della Pittsford, of Selma, Ind., has practical charge of a large Sunday school class and of the choir of a leading church in Selma. She also does considerable literary work and is a skillful typewriter.
The arrangement of the cascade gardens and numerous other fine landscape decorations at the world's fair was the work of Miss Ada A. Sutermeister, a trained landscape architect, and for some years Mr. Kessler's assistant.
Mrs. Mary J. Tillinghast has served continuously as police matron for 13 years in Providence, R. I. She is on duty from 6:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m., when she is relieved by the night matron. During the past year over 1,200 women and girls and over 1,600 boys have come under her charge and influence.
Three prominent English women who are devoting themselves to the science of astronomy are Lady Huggins, Miss Agnes M. Clarke and Mrs. E. Walter Maunder. Lady Huggins is the wife of Sir William Huggins, and it is acknowledged that considerable of his success in spectroscopy has been due to her, his assistant.
Monroeville, O., has a woman bank president in the person of Mrs. Annie M. Stenz, who is a financier of ability and has managed her large private fortune in a manner that has multiplied it many times. Mrs. Stenz was the wife of a former bank president of the First National bank of Monroeville and was recently chosen to fill the same office herself.
Mrs. Fannie Stenhouse, who had much to do with creating early sentiment against the Mormons, died recently at Los Angeles, Cal.

THE WEAK SPOT.

A weak, aching back tells of sick kidneys. It aches when you work. It aches when you try to rest. It throbs in changeable weather. Urinary troubles add to your misery. No rest, no comfort, until the kidneys are well. Cure them with Doan's Kidney Pills.



Mrs. W. M. Dauscher, of 25 Water St., Bradford, Pa., says: "I had an almost continuous pain in the small of the back. My ankles, feet, hands and almost my whole body were bloated. I was languid and the kidney secretions were profuse. Physicians told me I had diabetes in its worst form, and I feared I would never recover. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1896, and I have been well ever since."
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