

THE STORY TELLER

THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL ADAMS

OLD GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

They knew the patriot rebel's soul,
Who set his grave upon the verge
Of Boston's busy street, where roll
The vans of traffic and the surge
Of bustling footsteps: not for him
A cedar'd churchyard's blank repose,
Nor tomb in some cathedral dim
Where no bird flies nor free wind blows.

Sam Adams never ask'd to rest;
I cannot think he slumbers here,
But watches with unjaded zest
The stream rush on and disappear;
He longs to rise and join the strife,
As in the seasons when his breath
Kindled a nation into life:
He scorns the palying sloth of death.

Fain would we hear which faction roars,
What men precede in town and state,
And if we guard our public schools,
And keep our courts inviolate.
He whispers: "We for Freedom fought,
Have you the love of Freedom still?
Has Wealth not perverted your thought,
Nor Power bred a wolfish will?"

"You hurry by—what errands call?
Service to heart, or head, or purse?
Shed you a freeman's boon on all
Or shape a subtler tyrant's curse?
We number'd but a little clan
Beside your million-teeming press,
Yet wrought the general good of Man—
"Woe be your meed, if you do less!"
—William Roscoe Thayer, in the Atlantic.

LOVE IN A GARRET

BY HENRY GILBERT.

SINCE he had obtained his degree
In science and an appointment,
Stephen Portway had determined to
leave his poor lodgings in Soho; but
he still delayed.

At first he was not frank, even to
himself. But at length he had to con-
fess to the dark of a sleepless night
that a woman held him—a woman
to whom he had never spoken except
with the commonplace greetings of the
day.

She was French; she called herself
Mlle Lemoine; was, perhaps, 24 years
of age, and she lived alone in a room
on the opposite side of the landing
before his door. She appeared to be
very poor, very proud and very soli-
tary.

Without thinking, Stephen had got
to wait for her going out in the morn-
ing, so that he could greet her when
passing. In the evening, too, when he
heard the light footsteps coming up
the stairs, he would carelessly begin
descending, so as to look into the
tired, quiet eyes and hear the soft
voice answer his salutation.

But at last he became aware that
his comings-in and goings-out were
but shadowings of her movements,
and in shame he put restraint upon
himself. But when, at the end of that
time, he found he had not seen her
face for a week, he threw self-control
to the winds and watched to meet her.

Once there had seemed to be the
possibility of archness and coquetry,
but now it was pale and gaunt, and in
her eyes were fever and a great
trouble. He could not be deceived;
whatever was her mental anguish, he
knew there was a meanness, a grimmer
despair beneath it all—she lacked food.

Once he would fiercely resolve to
go to her to-morrow and bluntly offer
her help and friendliness; next mo-
ment he would enrage against the sus-
picious conventions that were reared
about them.

Next day was Saturday. She did
not appear in the morning, and he
went listlessly to his work. Reaching
home quickly in the afternoon, he sat
in his room, near the door, and listened
for her. Suddenly the quiet steps
sounded on the stairs below, and, seiz-
ing his hat, he strolled, whistling, out
of the room. She was coming up the
stairs with a basket on her arm, and
at the sight of the weariness in her
face and the frailty in her figure, he
felt impelled to speak to her tenderly.

He thought that for a moment she
seemed shaken before his gaze, and
she hesitated in her reply to his greet-
ing; then she responded and passed on
with her usual distant bearing.

As she went by he glanced at the
basket. A cloth was over something
within it, and, for the moment, he was
glad and then half sorry with the
thought that she was not in such dire
straits as he had imagined.

As she placed her foot on the stair,
he saw the cloth was pulled aside at
one place and a piece of charcoal jutted
up. He descended, feeling pleased to
think she was going to cook something
over her stove.

In another ten minutes he came
bounding into the house and up the
stairs. Half-way toward the museum
a terrible suspicion had entered his
mind; perhaps she meant to destroy
herself.

He listened, but no noise came from
the room. He tried to think of an ex-
cuse for knocking and speaking; then,
happening to cast his eye to the top of
the door, he caught sight of a piece of
blanket jammed between it and the
frame. Quickly he bent; no light came
through the keyhole, and at the bot-
tom of the door flannel was thrust.

He knocked with restrained force,
the blood beating thickly at his heart.
A slight movement came from within
the room, but no reply. He knocked
again and called "Mademoiselle!"

Then the voice answered, in sleepy
tones, "Who is it?"
"It is I," he replied. "What are you
doing with the door blocked up?"

"Go away," said the girl, drowsily;
"I am all right now . . . I thank
you."

"Mademoiselle!" he cried angrily.
"Get up and open the door, or I will
burst it in!" He reflected for a mo-
ment, and then added, "Think—the
whole house will move!"

He heard a movement as of some-
one slowly rising, and groans, "My
head! my head!" Then a heavy fall
to the floor.

At that, exerting all his strength, he
struck the lock with his foot, the door
flew open and thick, white smoke, as
from a wood fire, curled out toward
him, stifling him.

From the clearness of some part of
the room he believed the fire had not
been long burning.

Quickly lifting the girl from beside
the bed, he bore her into his own
room, where, placing her on a couch
near the open window, he doused her
head and throat with cold water. He
was on the point of running for help,
when her bosom fluttered, the lips
twitched, and the eyelids slowly
opened.

She gazed into his tender eyes for
a moment as if she did not recognize
him; then, turning, she burst into pas-
sionate tears. As her hands leaped to
cover her face he noticed a wedding
ring upon her finger. It had never
been there before.

When he had helped her into her
room, which was now cleared of smoke,
he said, a little brusquely: "Mademoi-
selle, you will promise to do nothing
rash again?"

"I will promise you, yes," she said,
almost humbly, her eyes dropping be-
fore his.

"Whatever may be troubling you,"
he went on, "you can always depend
on me to help you."

As they sat at tea, he tried by cheer-
ful talk to bring her mind away from
brooding, and after the meal she was
betrayed into some brightness on see-
ing him wash up the tea-things, and
wished, against his laughing protesta-
tions, to do it for him.

Suddenly, in the midst of their al-
most gay talk, she became silent, the
face clouded, and shining drops started
from her eyes.

"I never dreamed you were so kind,"
she said, looking at him, the tears
falling down her face. "I always
thought you were so stern and cold.
I called you in my mind 'the man with
the hard eyes.'"

"O, but you mustn't trust to ap-
pearances!" he replied, cheerfully.
"I've often thought you were in trouble
—and—hadn't many friends, per-
haps."

"I have no friends since my poor
father died, a year ago," she said,
sadly, when she had wiped her eyes
and could speak quietly. "He had a
concession which he thought some-
rich men here would pay him for,
but they took it and gave him worth-
less papers. When he died, disap-
pointed, I tried to keep myself. All
our friends seemed to have hidden
themselves. I have suffered many
things, but I cannot starve. It is so
base. Oh, monsieur, I know you de-
spise me for being a coward today,
but—"

"Don't say that," replied Stephen.
"None of us know how weak we may
be when the time comes. But now,
listen! You must begin again. You
must let me lend you some money to
go on with, and we must look about
and see what work you can get. Will
you do that?"

She shook her head, putting his offer
from her with a quick forward ges-
ture of her hands, which seemed to him
both pretty and pitiable.

"O," she said, with trembling voice,
"I almost wish you had not—not found
me to-day!" Then, with a sudden
quickness in look and tone, she said,
"How, monsieur, did you come to sus-
pect—so soon what I was doing? I
thought you had gone out."

"Never mind that now," he said
brusquely. "You must take my offer.
It will only be a loan which you can
repay when you have work."

"Thank you, monsieur," she replied,
in cold tones. "I will take the money
as a loan."

He passed some gold to her across
the table and her face went proud and
pallid as she murmured thanks. Then,
hot at the thought of what might be
in her mind, he tore a leaf from his
note book, made out an "I. O. U." and
handed it to her, with his pen.

She signed the paper in silence. To
him the firm's page seemed a wall of
ice between them that, for his part,
he swore to himself he would never
break down.

Next evening she came to tell him
of the efforts she had made that day
to obtain work. Her manner was some-
what distant, with, at the end of
their talk, a checked flash of wrath.
He noticed there was now no ring
upon her finger, and wondered what
was her story.

Three weeks passed. He could not
but confess the quiet perseverance
with which she tramped London
through and through in her efforts
to get work. She had procured one or
two pupils, but her ambition was to
obtain some clerical berth. In this,
however, her lack of business exper-
ience seemed to be the great hindrance,
but several of her compatriots had
promised to aid her.

One evening she met him on the
stairs, her eyes eager, her manner
agitated. She told him she had at
length obtained a small berth in a
commercial office. She was to work
at the London branch for six months,
and then be transferred to Paris. In
spite of this quick cheerfulness, her
brightness dulled at the sadness that
came into his eyes as she told her
news.

He knew what he must do; he must
leave her at once. To feel the time
shorten to the day when he should see
her for the last time would gradually
undermine resolution. By one strong

action he could save himself from his
own disesteem, and, perhaps, her
sorrow.

At the heart of him he did not know
what to think of her. She did not
fear him, yet she did not try to draw
him. Her grace and gentleness hid so
much that was brave and strong that
doubt of her was impossible. Yet, who
was she? What was she? Had that
ring meant anything? Why had she
removed it?

He had for some time been able to
take a vacancy in a laboratory at Liver-
pool, and now made definite arrange-
ments for the change.

On the evening that he had deter-
mined to tell her of his leaving London
she tapped at his door, and on her en-
tering to his call he had not the heart
to look up, but returned her greeting
with eyes bent on his book.

After a little talk she seemed to
think he was preoccupied, and as usual,
in her sensible manner that had al-
ways half pleased and half embittered
him, she rose soon as if to go away.

He looked up quickly.
"Don't go," he said; "I have some-
thing to tell you. I have got an ap-
pointment at Liverpool and shall be
leaving London in a few days. I sup-
pose you, too, will be getting new quar-
ters soon."

She went pale as she sat, and in her
eyes came a look of terror.
"You are leaving London? I—I am
very sorry."

"I, too, am sorry," said Portway,
hurriedly; "very sorry; but I think
it is best for—for my prospects as an
analyst."

She nodded her head, looking at him
with eyes of sadness. She rose and
went to the door in silence, stopped,
came back to where he stood and held
out her hand.

"M. Stephen," she said, in low, soft
tones, "I can never thank you enough
for your goodness. You have been
more than a friend to me, but—"

She shook her head sorrowfully and
her eyes darkened as if with fear. She
dropped her hand, and with a wan
smile shrugged her shoulders.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" he said,
his voice quick.

"I fear myself," she said. "I am a
coward." Her face and figure seemed
suddenly shadowed in gloom. "But,
as you have seen, my friend, there is
something that leaps into us French
women when things are at their worst,
and it drives us—it drives us to—"

She made a curious gesture, in which
indifference and despair seemed to be
flung over a verge.

"But this," she said, instantly bright,
"this is ungrateful talk. You have put
me on a safe road. I thank you, Mon-
sieur Stephen. There are not many
men like you, I fear. I will be strong,
like you. I thank you for your good-
ness—I thank you with all my poor
heart."

"Marcelle," he said, looking into the
eyes that shone with unshed tears,
"you think I leave my task half done.
You think I do not care. But, Mar-
celle, if you care for me and can—"

He stammered and was silent; he
could not frame all the opposing
thoughts that thronged and, instead,
he held her hand, looking at the finger
on which he had seen the ring. He
raised his head and met her eyes,
and instantly complete knowledge
seemed to bridge their minds.

"I have no one in the world," she
said, her eyes and cheeks aglow. "It
was my fancy to wear my ring that
day, for I thought I soon should see
him, that I had lost. We had been so
happy for a little while after we were
married, and then he became ill and
had to go away from me, and I never
saw him again till he lay dead. That
was four years ago. Then my father's
ruin came upon us, and, oh, that little
happy time seems so far away!"

"Do you care enough for me to be
my wife?"

The smiling, flushing face looked
fondly in his eyes, and then, as she
was drawn within his arms, she said
in a low voice, "I cared for you on the day I told
you that your eyes had looked so
hard, for I saw then how very tender
they could be."—London Sketch.

CERTAIN HE WOULD WIN.

Ticket for a Raffle Gave Its Holder
a Most Realistic Sense
of Possession.

"I once knew an old Irishman who
would invest his last cent in any kind
of a gamble he happened upon again,"
said Magistrate Cunningham the other
day, relates the Philadelphia Press.
"One Christmas Eve he came home with
a ticket entitling him to a chance on
a horse and sleigh that were to be
raffled off."

"We'll be drivin' out through Fair-
mount Park th' mornin' like th' big
guys, Mary," he announced with pride
to his wife.

"O, pop, won't that be fine!" chimed
in his little son. "You an' me can ride
on the front seat, and mom and little
Johanna can sit in the back."

"Ye'll be doin' no such thing!" as-
serted the old man. "I'll be the
back seat fer you, my lad. Yer mother
will be on front wit' me."

"I will so!" whined the youngster.
"I will so be ridin' on the front!"

The old man assumed a stern, pa-
ternal air and took his pipe from his
mouth to deliver his final decision.
"Ye'll not, I tell ye," he said. "I
be havin' no back talk from ye. Git
off the sleigh!"

EVERYTHING WAS READY.

Hobson Was Dead Set Against Home
Doctoring, But He Gave
In to It.

Mr. Hobson sneezed, and Mrs. Hob-
son remarked that he must have caught
cold. Mr. Hobson is one of those men
who hate to have a fuss made over them.
He has been trying to impress that fact
on his wife's mind for years.

"What makes you think I've taken
cold?" he demanded, irritably.

"You sneezed," replied Mrs. Hob-
son.

"That doesn't signify." He paused.
"But it does signify." It is one of
the first signs of a cold. You went out
this morning without a thing round your
neck."

"I always do." He sneezed again.
"And now you've caught cold."

Mr. Hobson returned to the reading
of his newspaper without replying. In
a few moments Mrs. Hobson said:
"Henry."

"Well?"

"You've got to do something for that
cold."

"Can't I sneeze without being accused
of a cold? Is there any law against
sneezing, or do I have to get a permit
from the health department?"

"I don't see anything foolish in taking
a cold in time," Mrs. Hobson said, calm-
ly. "If you would let me put your feet
in hot water and mustard, and get you
to bed—"

Mr. Hobson resumed his paper, and
as he did so he felt an annoying tickling
in his nose. He struggled heroically
for nearly half a minute. Then he
sneezed again.

"There!" said Mrs. Hobson, in melan-
choly triumph. "You've sneezed again!"

"I've sneezed twice, and I'm not
ashamed of it," Hobson replied, coldly.
"If I feel like it, I'm going to sneeze
again. I'll—"

Three successive and violent sneezes
interrupted him.

"Now, will you let me heat that wa-
ter, Henry?"

"No, thank you."
"Will you take some quinine, then?"

"No."

Mrs. Hobson sighed.
"Sneezes," Mr. Hobson explained,
"are convulsions caused by an irritation
of a sensitive membrane. The irritation
may be caused by the introduction of any
small particle of foreign matter, such
as a grain of dust. Snuff has been known
to produce a sneeze; so has pepper.
You can get up a fairly good imitation
by tickling the nostrils with a straw.
It is not, as you imagine, an infallible
indication of a cold."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Hobson, re-
flectively, "that you would object to an
onion poultice, too?"

Hobson rose from his chair and start-
ed for the door. With his hand on the
knob he paused to say, with dignity:
"I'm going up to my room now. I've
got some work to do, so I had better
leave the rest of the evening."

Hobson sneezed twice on the way up-
stairs. Then the door of his den closed
explosively. Fifteen minutes later the
door opened and Hobson's voice called
down the stairs: "Marial!"

"What is it, dear?"

"If you think I really ought to take
a hot footbath, I suppose it won't do
any particular harm whether I've got
a cold or not. Would it be troubling
you too much to heat the water?"

Mrs. Hobson's voice replied, cheer-
fully:
"It's all ready now, dear. I've heat-
ed it and got some blankets nice and
hot. When you're ready I'll bring them
up."

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM.

When Once You Have Learned That
the Water Will Bear You
Up, It Is Easy.

There is no need for so much fuss
about learning to swim. It is no trick
at all. Once you have learned that the
water will bear you up you cannot
help swimming, for every movement
you make in the water is swimming.
Every unweighted human being who
drowns, drowns himself out of pure
fear, says Woman's Home Companion.

How can you acquire this confi-
dence? Not by going through the motions
on the dry land; not by a strap
around the chest, or corks or inflated
rigamajigs. Being tossed in where
the water is over your head and
hands, we have agreed to bar. How
shall we go at it gently and reason-
ably? I'll tell you. Begin in still wa-
ter. Wade out until your shoulders
are covered. There's no use paddling
and pattering with any less. Squat a
little, and get yourself wet all over.
Now your "pinch" is over. Get your
breath, and let's talk awhile. Don't
imagine you are drowning when the
water gets into your ears. It is not
so terrible as it sounds. Even if a lit-
tle slops into your nose, it is silly to
make a fuss. It won't hurt you. It
takes a lot of water to drown a person,
and you will soon learn to eject what
gets into the nose without having to
stop swimming. Wade out just a lit-
tle further until it is up to your chin.
Lift your chest, and keep it expand-
ed, breathing with the abdominal
muscles as if you were singing.
Stretch your arms out to form the let-
ter "T." Follow in your back and stiff-
en your spinal column as if you were
a person of some importance. Lean
your head back until only a little
patch around your nose and shut
mouth is out of the water. Lie back.
There! You are floating. If now you
gently paddle with your hands you
are swimming.

Learning Caution.
First Baggageman—Look out! Bet-
ter not toss that trunk!
Second Baggageman—Why not? It
isn't marked "Handle with care."
That's the reason why. It may be
a decoy. —Chicago Tribune.

THE CIPHER WAS TOO MUCH

Telegraph Operator Thought the Mes-
sage Was Too Much Twisted
to Save.

While Secretary Hay was in the country
one summer, an important piece of official
business was pending, and he arranged with
Washington that any news that might ar-
rive about the matter should be telegraphed
to him in cipher.

Day after day he waited, says the New
York Tribune, but no telegram came. One
morning, happening to go to the lonely
little telegraph office, he said to the op-
erator:

"I suppose you have received no dis-
patch for me?"

"Why, yes, sir," the operator replied,
"there was a dispatch for you the other
day, but it was all twisted and confused.
I couldn't make head or tail of it, so I
didn't think it was any use to send it up
to you."

G. A. R. National Encampment, Bos-
ton, August 15-20, 1904.

Very low rates via the Nickel Plate
Road. A splendid opportunity to visit
Boston and its many historical points of
interest. Elegant Dining and Sleeping Cars
affording every accommodation. Meals
served on the Individual Club Plan, also
"a la carte" service. Coffee and sand-
wiches served to passengers in their seats
without extra charge. Stop off at Chau-
taquaque Lake and Niagara Falls will be al-
lowed on return trip.

Thoughtful, Indeed.
"Van Slick is very thoughtful."
"How so?"
"Why, he has arranged an automatic
atomizer on his auto which sprinkles per-
fume along the street, and overcomes the
odor of the gasoline."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

A girl gets as queer ideas about men,
in spite of having brothers, as men get about
girls, in spite of having sisters.—Atchison
Globe.

Arriving at a Verdict.

Kushequa, Pa., Aug. 1.—(Special)—In
this section of Pennsylvania there is a grow-
ing belief that for such Kidney Diseases
as Rheumatism and Lame Back there is
only one sure cure, and that is Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills. This belief grows from such
cases as that of Mrs. M. L. Davison, of this
place. She tells the story herself as fol-
lows:

"I have suffered from Rheumatism for
thirty years and find that Dodd's Kidney
Pills have done me more good than any
medicine I have ever taken. I was also
bothered with Lame Back, and I can only
say that my back hasn't bothered me since
I took Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Considering that Mrs. Davison only took
two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the re-
sult would be considered wonderful if it
were not that others are reporting similar
results daily. Kushequa is fast arriving at
a verdict that "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the
one sure cure for Rheumatism."

Judge a man by the clothes he wears.—
Chicago Tribune.

Very Low Rates to Boston and Return via Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.

Less than one fare for the round trip.
Tickets on sale August 13 and 14. Return
limit may be extended to Sept. 30. Tickets
will be sold via New York if desired. Full in-
formation on application to L. F. Vosburgh,
G. A. R. D., 130 Clark St., Chicago, or C. F.
Daly, Chicago, A. G. P. A., Chicago.

A smiling face pays fare a long distance
in the business world.

All Aboard for Boston G. A. R. Na- tional Encampment,

Aug. 15-20 via the Nickel Plate Road, Tickets
on sale Aug. 12th, 13th and 14th. Liberal
return limit. Stop off at Niagara Falls and
Chautauque Lake. A special G. A. R. train
will leave Chicago 8:00 a. m. Aug. 13th. For
rates, reservations in sleeping cars, etc., call
on local agent or address J. V. Calahan,
General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Faint heart in time may save a breach-
of-promise suit.—Woman's Home Journal.



Women who work, whether in the house,
store, office or factory, very rarely have the
ability to stand the strain. The case of
Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is
interesting to all women, and adds further
proof that woman's great friend in need is
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back
ached and I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often
wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before
I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I
could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but,
finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound, and as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that
I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I
was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid,
have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—MISS FRANKIE ORSER,
14 Warren St., Boston, Mass.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged,
and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the
feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any
kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

The case of Mrs. Lenox, which follows, proves this.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Last winter I
broke down suddenly and had to seek the
advice of a doctor. I felt sore all over, with
a pounding in my head, and a dizziness which
I had never experienced before. I had a
miserable appetite, nothing tasted good, and
gradually my health broke down completely.
The doctor said I had female weakness, but,
although I took his medicine faithfully, I
found no relief.

"After two months I decided to try what
a change would do for me, and as Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was
strongly recommended to me I decided to
try it. Within three days I felt better, my
appetite returned, and I could sleep. In
another week I was able to sit up part of
the day, and in ten days more I was well.
My strength had returned, I gained fourteen
pounds, and felt better and stronger than
I had for years. I gratefully acknowledge its merits.
Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. BERT E. LENOX, 120 East 4th St., Boston, Ill."

5000

Strawberry and
Vegetable Dealers

TO THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS
ELECTROTYPES

PILES