

# THE STORY TELLER

## GLAD.

Goodnight kiss? Well, here it is!  
Arms out to your daddy!  
Wee red lips a-pucker, too!  
Tell you he's so glad he  
Hardly knows the way to say  
Half the things he's feelin'  
When you're down beside his chair,  
Nightly-robed an' kneelin'!

You are all the world an' more!  
You're his glimpse of Heaven!  
In life's loaf of heavy bread  
You're the lump of heaven!  
In life's sober days and drear,  
In the evenings after,  
Days you're just a sunbeam, dear,  
Nights a gust of laughter!

Twixt your two wee dimpled fists  
You can knead your daddy  
Into anything you will!  
Kiss you? He's so glad he  
Feels like eating you alive!  
Heaven never blesses  
Any man with sweeter things  
Than a baby's caresses!

Chase the butterflies and laugh!  
Life's a picnic, truly!  
Fling your tousled curls abroad:  
Let them be unruly!  
God watch over you and keep  
God watch each night and day time  
Thorns and sorrows from your path,  
Make your life a playtime!  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## Out of the Ashes.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

ONE afternoon she had heard movers in the hall, and knew that the fourth-floor studio had been taken. The next morning unfamiliar sounds fell from above—a man's voice, deep and musical, leaping up and down the scale, a cheerful, companionable torrent of melody that brought a responsive smile to her face. After that she heard it frequently. Sometimes it began early in the morning, while she was yet busy over the tiny gas-stove; sometimes it broke off in the middle, and left her hearkening almost breathlessly for the next note; sometimes a day or two passed without a sound from the fourth floor, and she was dimly conscious of a sort of loneliness quite new to her who had experienced so many sorts.

At first she had thought him a teacher of music. Later she knew the bursts of melody were but outpourings of triumph, that he burst into song when life and work were going well, just as she, when she had finished a bowl or tray or bit of barbaric jewelry that satisfied her soul, perked her little brown head like a sparrow, puckered her red lips, and whistled a tune with ludicrous effect.

On the door of her room was a modest placard announcing to the world that

ELIZABETH DAY  
Designer and Worker in Metals

lived within. It had taken a deal of courage to print that "Elizabeth," for all of her life—25 years, to be exact—she had been simply "Beth," an abbreviation far more suited to her diminutive stature and gentle ways than the more pretentious entirety. Nature had intended her, with her soft and dainty femininity, for a life of dependency in some still, untroubled corner of the world; Fate had forced her at 20 into the swirling current of New York. As yet her work—bowls, trays and vases of silver, copper and brass decorated with enamel, bracelets, chains and buckles set with unpolished stones—beautiful and distinctive as it was, sold slowly. But she possessed a wealth of courage and perseverance all unsuspected ere the death of her parents had sent her from the little New Hampshire village to seek her fortune. She had been in the old house off Washington Square almost two years when the fourth-floor studio found a tenant.

One day she had learned his name. Seeking letters from the pile in the lower hall, she had found a colorman's catalogue addressed to "John Timson, Esq." She had smiled at the name: Timson was so unusual and quaint and—funny! John she liked; her father's name had been John. All the morning, as she worked at the dull copper, she strove to picture a personality befitting the name of John Timson.

A week later she saw him. They met on the stairs, and he drew aside for her; she passed, with a little inclination of her head. All the way to the top she felt his gaze upon her; but recalling the grave eyes and respectful manner, she felt to annoyance, only wondered about the placket of her skirt. After that they bowed, and then spoke. Meetings became frequent. Once he had found her under the striped awning of an Eighth street grocery waiting for a shower to pass. He had no umbrella to offer, so she shared her imprisonment; and afterward, when the sun came out and shone resplendently on the wet roofs and pool-dotted sidewalks, they went home together and discussed quite in the manner of long acquaintances the relative merits of fresh and condensed milk.

That day she had examined him to her heart's content. He was tall; her head came just to his shoulder when she tried hard. He was wide of chest and shoulder; and his hands, brown as though from long exposure to sun and wind, were large and capable. His mustache and short beard were brown, as were the grave and earnest and deep-set eyes. The nose was straight

and large, and the forehead high. He was undeniably handsome in a strong, grim fashion. His habitual expression was sober, but the smiles when they came were worth waiting for. In age he was 34. His voice was what attracted Beth most. It was in the lower register, a deep, soft and mellow voice that won respect and suited his quiet, deferential manner.

Aside from the little weazened dealer in old ivories and curiosities on the first floor, they were the only occupants of the house who made it their home. That served as a bond of sympathy; and they soon discovered others. They were both orphans and both without near relatives; they were both struggling for recognition—he as a painter of landscapes in oils, she as a worker in metals. And then there were minor sympathies born of similar tastes and views which came to light in that first year of their friendship.

It became his custom to drop into her room for a moment on his way up and down stairs, and then in the evenings for long, enjoyable talks, while he sat in her one easy-chair and smoked and she worked away at an order or did her mending. Once a week he descended ceremoniously, immaculately clean, but diffusing a strong odor of paint, and took lunch with her, gravely marveling at the display and pretending alarm at her recklessness. Indeed, those luncheons for two were invariably followed the next day by a repast for one of Spartan simplicity. Once he had returned her hospitality—he had sold a small canvas—and they had dined sumptuously at one end of his paint-stained table on lobster cutlets and French peas and asparagus, sent in chilled, but appetizing, from the cafe across the square. And he had made marvelous coffee in an old copper kettle, and had produced a bottle of olives, which, he solemnly declared, had been two years awaiting the occasion.

Usually he called for her at the institute in Brooklyn—she still attended an evening class three times a week—and brought her home. Once they had walked back across the bridge on a brisk winter night, the white stars above them, the purple lamps advancing and meeting them along their path, and the lemon and red and green lanterns twinkling up from boats and pier-heads. That night she had heard his story. He had told her of a boyhood spent in a little town in western Missouri, of his first dim dissatisfaction with his lot and his growing hatred for toll in his father's squalid "general store;" how at his father's death—his mother he had never known—he had gone to St. Louis, where he had clerked by day and studied art by night, until, with \$2,000 saved, he had come to New York and entered the League. He had spent three years there, and then had buried himself in the Jersey woods, living like a hermit in a hut of his own building, and painting from dawn to dusk, fair days and foul.

"And now," he had ended, "they're beginning to know me. I've sold a few canvases, mostly through Ruyter. Ruyter believes in me. The thing I'm working on now is for the academy. It's going to take a year; but it's good, it's the best I have in me—and it's going to be hung."

"Oh, I do hope so!" she had said, earnestly.

"I've never doubted it," he had answered, simply. "It's a big stake, but—I'm going to win!"

And so that first year had passed, and the second of their friendship was three months old. Beth had not been so happy for years; the former haunting sensation of being alone, always alone, no longer troubled her. She had found a friend and a comrade. The friendship had grown on the part of each into an affection; each would have denied the existence of anything stronger.

One forenoon—the morrow was the last day for receiving canvases at the academy—he entered her room, and sank silently into his accustomed chair. She looked up questioningly from the silver buckle on which she was working.

"Finished," he said, gloomily.

"Does it go to-day?"

"To-morrow; it isn't quite dry yet. I suppose I ought to be glad, but"—he smiled forlornly—"I only feel rather lonesome." He filled and lighted his pipe. "Do you care to see it again?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, eagerly.

Upstairs he drew aside the yellowing cloth, and laid bare the canvas upon which he had toiled for almost a year. It was large, six feet by four, and undoubtedly an ambitious effort for what might be called a first picture, yet the result was so splendid that the artist's faith in his success seemed justified. He had called it "August"—a wide, far-reaching expanse of salt-marsh ribboned with blue, breeze-ruffled water; along the horizon a dim purple haze, a suggestion but no more of the city; against the clear sky great white thunder-clouds rolled high upon each other in majestic grandeur; over all the hot golden sunlight of midsummer. Beth could almost feel the heat and see the sedges in the foreground bend and rustle in the sea-breeze. The picture always made her hold her breath for a space, and to-day the effect was stronger than ever.

"It's glorious!" she whispered, finally.

"You like it?" he asked, almost eagerly.

"I love it! But"—she sighed—"how it makes one hate the city, doesn't it?"

His eyes lighted. "Yes; and we're going away from the city," he said, with a ring in his voice. "We're through work for to-day, and we're going—there! Get your things on."

"But I can't," she faltered, and obeyed.

Outside, he locked the door and handed her the key. "I can't trust myself,"

he explained. "I might give you the slip, and come back and work on it."

That was a day of days. Winter reigned kindly. They crossed the river, and spent the afternoon in the woods and along the edge of the marshes, returning long after the city was aglow. They had dinner at a cafe, for when one has finished a picture that is to bring fame and wealth economy is a sinful thing. Back in her studio they talked until late, and life was very kind and sweet.

The windows were gray with the cold dawn when he awoke suddenly, and stared about him. In a moment he was out of bed and had thrown open the hall door. Smoke, thick and stifling, drifted in. At the bottom of the staircase-well orange light danced and glowed. Throwing his clothes on, he lifted the picture from the easel, and staggered with it down the first flight. The smoke made him choke and gasp. The next flight was miles long. At the bottom he dropped the picture and as it toppled against the baluster he leaped to Beth's door and knocked loudly.

"Who is there?" came the question at once.

"It's Mr. Timson. The house is on fire. There's no danger, of course, but you must come quickly."

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

He buried his face in his elbow, leaning against the wall. Once he started impetuously toward the picture, only to turn back. The crackling of the flames drowned now even the noise at the door. Then Beth stood before him, white-faced, anxious-eyed, but unafraid.

"Down the stairs, quick!" he cried.

"I'll follow you."

"You mustn't stay!" she cried, fearfully.

"The picture," he answered. "Go, please." He seized his burden again, and staggered down the hall, gasping and lurching. There he found her crouching on the top step. He put the picture aside, and caught her in his arms.

"Hide your face," he said.

She struggled, sobbing. "No, no! Let me go! You mustn't leave it!"

"I'll come back for it," he answered, quietly. "Courage, little girl; it's just for a minute."

Then he plunged down the stairs, past writhing tongues of flame. Setting Beth upon her feet, he led her across the street. On the stoop he turned. "I must go back," he said, gently. "I won't be long."

She waited and watched, fearful and wretched for his sake. Presently he returned, empty-handed.

"It was no use," he explained. "The halls are in flames."

"Oh," she moaned, "I wish you had never seen me! It's gone—all your work—and hope!" She glanced up miserably, to find his grave eyes smiling.

"Hush, hush," he whispered, tenderly. "I've saved what I wanted most, dear."

The color flared into her white face, and she swayed dizzily until his arm went out and drew her to him.

"Beth," he whispered.

She raised her eyes slowly to his. They looked, he thought, like pale dew-wet violets. He bent his face, her lids fluttered down, and their lips met.

"Little girl," he said presently, "we're pretty well cleaned out, you and I, aren't we?"

"Yes," she answered, softly.

They looked at each other, and smiled as though it were the most delicious humor.

"It wouldn't matter if only you could have saved the picture," she said, dolefully.

"Never mind the picture," he replied, steadily. "I'll do it again, and better." Then he whispered, "look."

Above the sleeping city, toward the east, a faint rose-flush was dispelling the dawn's gray gloom.

"A new day out of the embers of the night," she said, softly.

He bent again and kissed her. "And for us, dear, a new life out of the ashes of the old."—Copyright, 1904, by Woman's Home Companion. Published by permission.

## He Wanted His Leg.

It will be a long time before the Europeans and Chinese begin to understand each other. A short time back a Chinese coolie met with an accident. He was taken to the European hospital in Pekin, and it was there found possible to save his life by prompt amputation of one of his legs. The glad news was carried to his relatives. Without loss of time they procured a supply of arsenic, with which the whole family proceeded to the sick man's bedside. When their mutual feelings had been feelingly exchanged the patient swallowed the arsenic and died. Without wishing in any way to hurt the feelings of the European doctors, he yet felt it incumbent upon himself to reach Heaven before it should be too late to claim the leg which had preceded him there.—Smith's Weekly.

## The Ex-President's Pan.

Grover Cleveland was on his way to the Grand Central station one morning several years before he became president of the United States. At the further end of the Madison avenue car were its only other passengers, several saucy specimens of the genus small boy. They tittered and whispered as they noticed the future president's great size. Then they became bolder and said to each other something about being "fed on yeast."

Mr. Cleveland seemed to be much amused at the impudence of the lads. Yet, as they left the car at Thirty-fourth street, he could not resist a joke at their expense.

"It's a pity, my boys," he said, "that your mothers couldn't have fed you on yeast. Perhaps you'd have been better bred."—N. Y. Times.

## HON. THOMAS E. WATSON.



Nominee of the Populist Party for President.

## GOOD "RECOMMENDATION."

Not Exactly What It Was Supposed to Be, But It Brought Many Favors.

A Sioux chief, hearing that the "great father" was going to make an annuity payment to his former enemies, but present friends, the Crows, decided that it was a good time for him to return a visit which the Crows had made the Sioux the summer before, relates YOUTH'S COMPANION. In order that there might be no difficulty on the trip, he went to the agent and asked for a pass which would inform the public that he was legally absent from the reservation; and also for a paper recommending him to the charities of the whites, for the chief, being always hungry, was a firm believer in the Scriptural injunction to feed the hungry.

The agent gave him the pass, and having been much harassed by his importunities in the past for every conceivable article that the agent might possess, wrote: "The bearer of this is a Sioux Indian of the Pine Ridge reservation. I have never known him to do a lick of work, or to buy anything he could beg, even when he had money. I am of the opinion that a little starvation would do him good. He is the orneriest, laziest, dirtiest Indian on my reservation."

In a month or two the chief returned and entered the agent's office to report, his face beaming with good-will to his superior. "How, how, papa! Paper heap good! Make white man's heart good. Heap catch up shoes, coat, hat, everything; catch eat; maybe you give me one more good paper next summer!"

After this, in pidgin English, he told the agent through the interpreter that every time the paper was presented to a white family they would laugh heartily and always give him something, either to wear or eat, and then good-naturedly tell him to clear out.

It is probable that people had become so accustomed to recommendations of a different nature that the surprise of seeing this always put them in good humor, which turned out well for the lazy chief.

## BIRD KILLER PUT UP GUN.

Oklahoma Man Finds He Has Been Destroying Some Valuable Friends.

One of our best practical farmers related to us the other day how he came to change his mind about killing birds, says the Henery (Okla.) Clipper. He said he formerly took a great deal of pleasure with his gun and dogs. About six months after coming to the territory he told his wife he would go out and kill a few quail. It was about four o'clock, so calling his dogs he started out on his own farm.

He soon shot three quail, and his wife, knowing that if he got thoroughly interested in the pursuit of game he would be out till long after supper time, persuaded him to come back to the house and they would have supper when he could go again. "All right," said the farmer; "I will dress these and we'll have them for supper." His wife remarked on the fullness of the quail's gaws, and on opening one it was found packed full of chinch bugs! Out of curiosity they counted and found over 400 dead chinch bugs in the gaw of one quail!

Said the farmer in relating the circumstances to us: "I just cleaned up the gun and have not shot a bird since, and if you'll come down to my place of a morning or evening and see the birds coming to my farm you'll think they knew their friends."

Same Question Bothered Him.

"I would like to know," said the gruff old father to the young man who had been calling with considerable frequency, "whether you are going to marry my daughter?"

"So would I," answered the diffident young man. "Would you mind asking her?"—Stray Stories.

## GIRL FOUGHT ALLIGATOR.

Furious Reptile Overcome by Delicate Maiden in Defense of Mother and Children.

A frail, slender girl, Miss Nelson one fine night early in April, 1903, sat quietly beside her mother. From the next room where the two little children had been left playing came a strange, grating sound, relates a writer in Woman's Home Companion. The older sister stepped to the door between the two apartments, only to turn pale with dismay and horror, for there, fast asleep on the hearth rug, lay the little brother and sister, and crawling slowly across the floor toward them a great slimy alligator, evidently attracted to the house by the hope of young kittens or puppies, wriggled and writhed. Its wicked, stony eyes, grim with baleful light, were fixed on the unconscious babies, and the wide jaws, open and ponderous, dripped with the foam of eager, unsatisfied greed. Frantically calling to the dogs outside the front door to enter and help her, the brave girl caught up the large lamp that stood just within the mother's room, and hurled it full at the horrible, gaping jaws. Then, leaping aside to escape the furious onslaught thus brought upon herself, she stooped quick as thought, and tossed upon the high bed in the corner the suddenly roused and frightened children. She turned from this task to find that the infuriated alligator, diverted from its original purpose and confused by the unexpected attack, had dashed straight through the open door and made its way to the bedside of the helpless, terrified mother. Without a second's hesitation the devoted daughter rushed to her aid.

A shoeful of hot coals from the glowing fire thrown directly against the vicious eyes of the angry creature only served to strengthen and intensify his fury. Apparently his entire will was now bent upon the destruction of the helpless woman on the bed. The awful, snapping jaws were within a few feet of her body when the desperate Alice, returning from the kitchen with the stout ax that had just recurred to her memory, sank it to the helve in the thick neck. Narrowly escaping severe injury in the death struggle that followed, all but fainting with nervousness and conflicting emotions, the brave girl followed this blow by others no less telling and doughty. When the still quivering, but no longer murderous creature had been reduced to absolute impotence the entire house looked as though it had been wrecked by vandals, and the weary conqueror found herself suffering from many bruises.

## COLORS NOT EASY TO SEE

Experiments in England Have Shown Dull Masses to Be Dangerous in the Field.

What color is least easily seen at a distance? One would naturally say, some dull neutral tint, a somber gray or brown, says Success. This has been the conclusion of most military men, and our brilliant dress uniforms have given way for practical campaigning to khaki and other dull colors. Is this a mistake? Possibly so, according to the results obtained in recent experiments in England. It has been found there that masses of dull color are very much more conspicuous at a distance than mixtures of bright tints. For instance, a battery of field artillery whose carriages and caissons were decorated with stripes of red, blue and yellow could be made out with difficulty at a thousand yards, while other batteries painted a uniform brown or drab were easily seen at great distances. It would seem as if, on the same principle, a regiment of gayly dressed troops might be less easily visible than one wholly garbed in dull-colored khaki.

## Try Anew.

It is to-day, not yesterday.—Chicago Post.

## BACKACHE AND DIZZINESS.

Most of the Ailments Peculiar to the Female Sex are Due to Catarrh of Pelvic Organs.



MRS. M. BRICKNER.

99 Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious, I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

Female trouble not recognized as catarrh.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

## FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

The only school for women gardeners in London is at the Royal botanic gardens, Regent's Park.

M. Delbier, a French executioner, is collecting material for the history of the death punishment in Europe.

It is believed that French prune growers use glycerine to give their dried fruit its peculiar glistening appearance.

In Berlin, with a population of about 2,500,000, the number of new buildings erected has averaged 2,123 a year during the last six years.

For the first time in 60 years small freight steamers are now plying on the upper Rhine, from Strasburg to Basel. The cargoes consist chiefly of coal.

More than half of Russia's profits from exports come from the sale of grain. The value of exported butter is over \$16,000,000 per year; of eggs, over \$26,000,000.

A warden of an old English church found in the lumber-room an ancient "jug," which proved to be an Elizabethan "stoup" of a rare kind. It was sold in London at auction for \$5,511, which sufficed to make some long-needed repairs to the church building.

It is announced in a scientific journal that Prince Albert of Monaco has taken the lead in the movement for another north pole expedition on a plan suggested by Ensign Charles Benard, late of the French navy. The cost of the expedition is set down at \$300,000, two ships to be employed.

## AS EASY.

Needs Only a Little Thinking.

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other, provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders, provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four-year-old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet, as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid.

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things, took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet in Grape-Nuts is the Nature-sweet known as Pot-Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but predigested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when Nature demands sweet and prompts them to call for sugar.

There's a reason. Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.