

THE STORY TELLER

OLD-FASHIONED.

This here elimination of the supper sort of breaks into my way of livin', an' I somehow can't agree. To the modern innovation and the reckless way it takes, for the "breakfast-dinner-supper" style is good enough for me. I was talking to a lady just the other day, and said: "It's mighty nigh to dinner time," her shoulders give a hunch. An' I said: "Let's go to dinner; the sun's right overhead." She replied: "Did you mean dinner? Don't you mean, let's go to lunch?" An' she didn't get no dinner, least ways not at my expense; I can't have my lifetime's habits sidetracked that a-way at all; I could fix it she'd go hungry till she got a little sense. Sense enough at least at midday fer to hear a dinner call. "Lunch!" Why "lunch" in them days simply meant some butter-bread, with brown sugar plastered on it just as much as it could hold; Oh, no modern midday luncheon ever furnished such a spread. As th' bread-an'-sugar luncheon that I knowed fore I was old. An' th' luncheon of them old days had a place for lunch alone; Long 'bout ten o'clock I'd hustle in the kitchen tired o' play. Thow my cap into th' corner with a happy sort o' groan, Feelin' hungry like a boy is when he's had his fill o' play. An' I'd get some bread an' butter an' ma'd stand a while an' grin. Whist I spread th' sugar on it, most as thick's an inch, I guess. An' she'd look like 'twas a pleasure fer to see me tuck it in. An' her hand 'ud brush my touses in a sort o' soft caress. An' these mem'ries sort o' keep me to th' hick-log like I knowed. When I was a little urchin, "Breakfast-lunch-dinner-supper" Nite! That wasn't how we used to say it back where I was borned an' growned. An' I can't dispense with supper—couldn't then, an' can't till yit! "Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, supper" make the programme read that way. An' I'll stay with it forever—don't want nothin' in its stead; An' I just want "lunch" fer "luncheon" like when I was tired o' play. I just wanted of brown sugar plastered on some butter-bread. —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE ONE SHE CHOSE

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

"KER-CHUG! Ker-chug! Ker-chug!" The big automobile snorted explosively, and from down the river came the faint answering voice of its tiny rival, as yet unseen. "Kee-chuck! Kee-chuck! Kee-chuck!" The Naphtha-launch was puffing valiantly, but this was the giant's day to win. Several people on the hotel veranda smiled, and contrived to peep unostentatiously at Miss Tiverton; but if she had heard the distant sound, she was not giving them the satisfaction of knowing it. The owner of the automobile seemed as deaf as she. He assisted Miss Tiverton in carefully, jumped in beside her, and then they were off down the road in a light swirl of dust, just before the naphtha-launch danced around the bend of the river. "Too late, Selby," murmured a cynical bachelor on the veranda, squinting his eyes to look at the white-ducked occupant of the launch. "Capital wins this time. That is one of the advantages of your own automobile over a rented launch, to which five other fellows have an equal right." "This is getting entertaining," commented a married man, but his wife had her own version. "It is getting pathetic," she said. "They are both such dear fellows, it will simply break my heart to see either of them rejected." "Bigamy is not considered good form," suggested her husband, mildly. "They can't both win, so you might as well pick your favorite. Personally, I back the capitalist. He is a good fellow, and money hath charms, especially to her family. They look to her to resign the family scutcheon." His wife took up arms to defend her sex. "Edith would not be human if she did not consider the gliding. Think how depressingly straitened she has been all her life! But then I do think she likes Mr. Selby, too. He won't really be so very poor. He has been back from Paris only two years, and look how his pictures are selling." She lowered her voice discreetly as the young man in white duck came up from the landing, swept the veranda with hasty and apprehensive eye, and went into the office. He was not particularly handsome, but it was a face with which everybody made friends. Miss Tiverton had heard the distant pattering of the naphtha-launch. It was a sound she heard with some frequency, and it is possible that she felt a slight twinge of regret as she stepped into the automobile; but the exhilaration of swift motion laid its irresistible hold on her, and the wide leather seat was luxuriously comfortable. She looked at Danvers as he leaned this way and that to see that every part of his big plaything was doing its work smoothly. He was very boyish; and he looked fresh and clean-built and handsome even in his automobile clothing adjustments. They are few whose good looks can stand the strain of blue goggles, and a leather cap with the visor jammed down to the very nose.

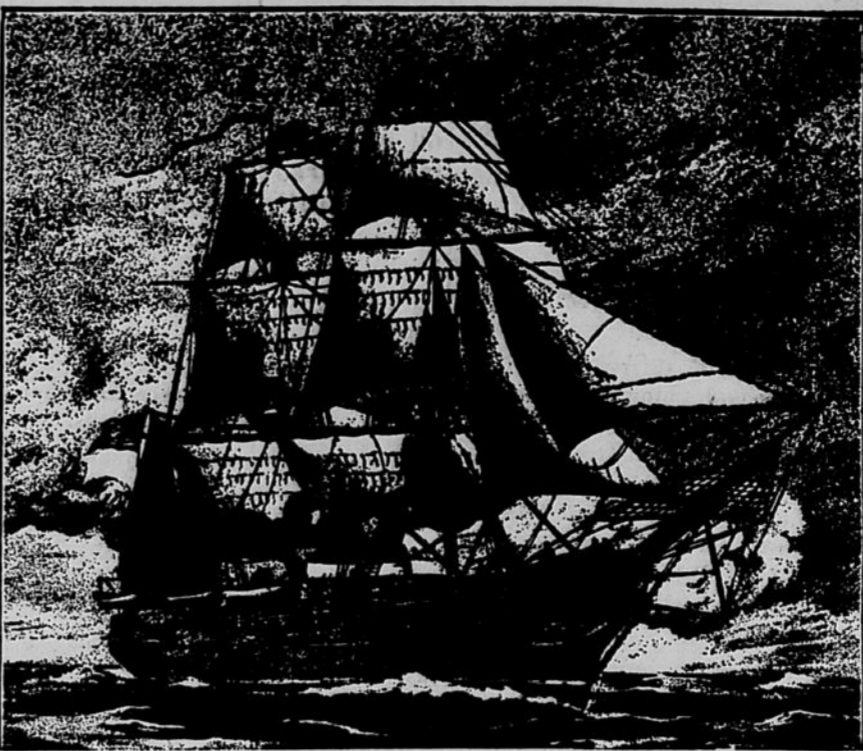
She liked him. Oh, yes, she liked him very well, indeed. She knew that her family expected her to marry him, and she almost laughed as she remembered Aunt Julia Tiverton's diplomatic little wiles to bring it about. "Are you coming to Saturday's dance?" she asked, as Danvers settled back to the enjoyment of a swift spin. "I'll be there. They tell me it's going to be quite a howling event—proceeds to go to 'the ungrateful poor.'" "For which uncharitable observation your contribution should be multiplied by ten," she said, severely. "But really, it is going to be very unique. Everybody who can do something clever is doing it for the 'cause.' Mr. Selby is decorating the dance programmes. Isn't it kind of him?" "Extremely," said Danvers, with unctious, wishing Mr. Stanton Selby in the state of Texas, and veered the conversation into a safer channel. "How many waltzes do I get on that artistic card?" Miss Tiverton laughed provokingly. "None at all until the time comes. It isn't nice to be greedy." "Yes, but—The devil!" Edith caught her breath, and held fast, as they swung around a sharp curve and came full upon a shambling, unkempt figure plodding down the middle of the road. The horn tooted a belated warning, but he seemed deaf to it, and Edith felt herself jerked unceremoniously aside as the big machine lurched abruptly around the astonished tramp and swung past him by the breadth of a hair, the outer wheels barely hanging to the edge of the steep gully. It was a beautiful piece of steering, and she thrilled to the masterful skill of it as they swept back into the road and she recovered her suspended breath. "If you had been thrown, I should never have forgiven myself!" His boyish face looked quite tense. He waited until they came to the shade of a wooded road, then slowed down and stopped. "Did the jerk hurt you any?" he asked, anxiously. She laughed and confessed, "Oh, no; but I was desperately frightened." "I was a careless brute not to slow down around that curve." Danvers was the picture of remorse. Then he smiled deprecatingly. "And I was just getting ready to ask you to trust yourself in my brilliant care for good. I know I've made a beautiful start, but if you will only give me the chance—" "It is not that I would doubt your ability as a caretaker, Mr. Danvers." Her voice was gracious, but a trifle too remote to be immediately encouraging. "Try me," he begged, and this time she looked at him directly. There was a little of the cloud of doubt in her eyes and somewhat of the light of battle. "I cannot answer you now," she said, slowly. "Give me a little time. I will tell you—well, Monday." The dance for "the ungrateful poor" was a success. The ball-room was a marvel, the dance programmes a delight; every feature was as daintily unique as it might be. Miss Tiverton had danced the first waltz with Selby. She was on the veranda with him now, sitting out a lancers. Danvers had arrived just as Miss Tiverton was starting the first waltz with Selby, and had promptly taken out the plainest girl in the room for the same dance. At the end of it the men had gathered about her four deep, and before another had begun Danvers had disappeared. That was an hour ago, and he had not come back. She had saved a few waltzes for him, but they had gone one by one to others. She knew he had not gone home, because once, in passing a little side-room, she had seen him there alone, smoking glumly. It was ridiculous of him to be sullen because she had given Selby the opening waltz. "I wonder if this affects you as it does me?" Selby's agreeable voice conjectured beside her. "I mean that swinging sound of stringed instruments behind us, vibrating with life, and the great mysterious dimness stretching out ahead. It crawls down into my soul and stirs it until I feel equal to any manner of impossibilities." She smiled appreciatively as her eyes followed his. They looked out across a dim glimmering river and into a distant sea of shadows, which by day was prosaic flat lands, and by night a wide ocean of dreams. "Yes, it does 'crawl into my soul,' only it makes me feel so little and frivolous and mean. What are some of the wonderful things you would do?" "Well, for instance"—he leaned forward, and smiled—"if I dared now, I should take you and fly directly away from here, out over that mysterious plain of shadows and into my own kingdom, where the sun always shines. It is very beautiful when you get there, but it's a trifle hard to find." Miss Tiverton shook her head in alarm. "Oh, I am quite too material to fly with. I should drop straightway to Mother Earth, and she would chastise me terribly for my temerity." "You could not fall if love bore you up. Could you care enough for me to try, little girl? You know what I am—just a poor artist struggling to make himself a great one. Will you help me find the kingdom where the sun always shines?" His voice was peculiarly winning, and his eyes did not waver from her face. He was on the high road to fame already, and he was pleading very convincingly that she should walk beside him. "I cannot answer you now," she said, hastily. "Will you come again—Tuesday?"

Her next partner was the cynical bachelor, and he looked at her with a curiosity slightly grim. "Too bad about Danvers, isn't it?" he inquired, innocently. "What is it? I have not heard." "Oh, indeed! Why, people are just finding out that a message came over the wire for him early this evening, saying that there had been an awful slump in Wall street, and his father has gone clean to the wall. It seems hard on a fellow who has been brought up in the expectation of millions." "I am sorry to hear it," she said, slowly, and then to his surprise she actually smiled. "I thank you for telling me." The cynical bachelor did some grim musing. "The same old story, I am sorry." It was the gliding that made poor Billy a glittering catch, and now that it has been rubbed off, she thanks me for telling her—in time. I didn't exactly think it of her." It was early to be leaving, but Danvers had no heart for gaiety to-night. He was going home to break the news as gently as he might, granting they had not heard already, and he would take the first morning train to New York to see what he could do for the poor old governor. Perhaps together they might put up a fair fight for life. It struck him that the support of his strong young shoulders would mean more to his father now than it ever had before, and he squared them involuntarily. Of course, he would go to work at something right away, either with his father or for some one else. He did not mind the work, but there was a more sordidly pinching side to it. Doubtless things would have to be sold. How he would miss his automobiles, for instance. He loved the big, handsome things like babies. There were his hunters, too, who knew his very footsteps. There was something else, but he would not think of it. It had formed his chief reason for getting away from the vision of lights and flowers and floating gowns, and for having his machine brought around to the end of the hotel farthest from the ball-room, that no one might hear his departure. Already he was ready to start. The heavy "ker-chug! ker-chug!" spoke of tremendous power held in leash and ready for a touch to loose it. It drained out the distant intoxicating strains of a waltz, and he was glad of it. Neither could he hear the soft swish of skirts until Miss Tiverton stood beside him. "Oh, Mr. Danvers, I have just decided. You need not wait until Monday, you know!" For a moment Danvers thought the world was standing on its venerable head. Then a thought came that hurt, and he pushed the gate of paradise shut. "Don't say that," he begged. "It is only from pity, because I am down, and that is not what I want." Miss Tiverton laughed, half cried, and laughed again. Her cheeks flamed, but she went on, valiantly. "Oh, no, you do not understand. They threw you at my head so because you were rich, and it turned me. That great, ridiculous dollar-mark rose up every time I saw you, and I felt that there must be a huge 'for sale' written across me for everybody to read. Oh, stupid, must I brazenly come out and tell you that I'd rather take you poor than anybody else rolling in—Billy! Billy! Somebody will see you!" Two hours later the automobile still stood there alone. Its explosive voice came the "ker-chuck! ker-chuck!" of a naphtha launch, carrying Mr. Stanton Selby, artist, back to camp and a suddenly recalled engagement in New York city.—Reprinted by Permission of Woman's Home Companion.

Juvenile Strategy.
"What have you got in that package?" said the attendant at the great public museum. "Bananas," answered the boy. "Dozen of 'em. Want one?" "No, and you can't bring them in here." "Why not?" "It's against the rules. But you can check the package at that window and get it when you come out." "Cost anything to check it?" "Five cents." The boy said he wouldn't pay it, and went away. Ten minutes later he reappeared, without the package. "I guess I can go in now, all right," he said. "Hold on. Have you got those bananas concealed about you?" "Yes, sir, all but the skins. I threw them away." And there was a grin of triumph on his face as he went through the turnstile.—Chicago Tribune.

Emperor's Little Joke.
The Emperor Francis Joseph sometimes rebukes his officials in a fashion which, in a less exalted personage, might be looked upon as a practical joke. A short time ago the emperor noticed that the roads were in a very bad condition, so he sent a message to the official who was responsible for keeping them in order that in a couple of days a royal carriage would be sent to bring him to the castle of Lainz. On the day appointed the coachman, who had received his orders, drove the official over the worst roads in the district, going at full gallop, with the result that the wretched man was splashed with mud from head to foot. When at last he reached the castle, he began profuse apologies for the state of his clothes to the grand duke who received him, but was met with the laughing reply, "O, that's nothing! The emperor comes home like that, every time he goes out for a drive." In a few days that official had put his roads in perfect order.—Boston Globe.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP ESSEX.



She is now on her way to Ohio ports, via the St. Lawrence river, and will serve as a training ship for the naval militia of that state.

GREATEST OF LOVE POETS

Six Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Petrarch the Italian.

On the 20th of July, 1304, was born the man who holds in literature the place of greatest poet of love, writes Lindsay Bashford, in the New York World. Dante loved Beatrice as a strong, severe mind can love a woman seen but once on a Florentine bridge at twilight; a woman who died ignorant of his worship and whom the exiled poet idealized and saw in the paradise of his imagination in the divine comedy. After Dante in the succession of great Italian poets comes Petrarch. He loved Laura, and has avowed his love in many sonnets acknowledged to be the greatest songs of love in any language. Yet Laura was married when Petrarch first saw her to an estimable husband, Hugh de Sade, and was the mother of several children. And Petrarch, ecclesiastic though he was, loved another woman at the same time and became the father of a son and daughter.

Few men have been so versatile and so universally admired. His life was an accumulating triumph and singularly happy. Undisturbed by financial questions, handsome, impulsive, adventurous, he traveled in his youth through Italy and Provence. He was one of the heralds of the Renaissance. He discovered, translated and explained the great Latin authors, especially Cicero, to the eager intellects of his day. He wrote innumerable Latin treatises on philosophy and learning. He was a friend of Cola di Rienzi, the famous democratic tribune of Rome, of whom Bulwer Lytton has given so clever a picture in his famous novel. He was a reformer, an ardent lover of liberty, rebelling against the rigid rules of the church and the gross superstitions of the day. He became a dictator of learning, and men came to visit him from every country in Europe on a pilgrimage to the intellectual sovereign of the day. He spent long hours in conversation with Saint Augustine, whose "Confessions" he carried about with him always. He was a friend of Boccaccio, the mental father of Ariosto. And all the time, brilliant, honored, enthusiastic, he sang his songs—his "Trionfi," his "Canzonieri"—over 300 of which we can read to-day; his songs to Laura, as fresh and warm and graceful as if the two charming figures were living and singing in our midst.

He had his faults. Vain, ambitious, erratic, luxurious, he was typical of the wonderful era in which he lived, the Renaissance, when men seemed suddenly to awaken to the realization of how beautiful a thing life could be. Laured in 1348, and he continued to sing of her, as gracefully as ever, until his own death in 1374. Intended by his parents for the law, he became instead a scholar and a poet. His poetry has lived with that of the greatest world's poets, and to those for whom poetry is an indispensable factor in a wise and catholic education Petrarch must always be a brilliant figure. "The Italian Renaissance," concludes the great contemporary historian, Prof. Villari, "was a revolution brought about in the human mind and in culture by the study of beauty." Petrarch was its herald, its prophet, and in many ways its most exquisite exponent.

Better Off at Home.
Calculating the cost of raising a person in Ireland at \$200—and this is one-fifth of the supposed cost in the United States—emigration has cost Ireland since 1851, when the statistics were first kept, about \$800,000,000. An anti-emigration society has been started in Dublin, and is doing what it can to stem the tide of emigration. Its plan of campaign is to show that while some of the emigrants do better their condition, many of them do not, and that these latter almost invariably reach a lower state of misery than is possible in Ireland, where the worst they have to face is poverty, but poverty without the moral degradation common in large cities.

Some Gold.
Colorado's gold statistics, for the first six months of the current year, show a total tonnage of 332,300, with a valuation of \$10,522,800. Should there be no decrease in the production for the ensuing half year, Colorado's total output of gold for 1904 will be about \$22,500,000.

Small Pay.
A Cashmere shawl weaver in Persia earns by the hardest labor about 18 pence a day.

AFRICA'S CAVE DWELLERS.

Caverns Near Victoria Nyanza, the Origin of Which Is Shrouded in Mystery.

Maj. Powell-Cotton, of the British service, has been taking flash-light pictures of the interior of one of the inhabited caves on the slopes of Mount Elgon, a large mountain near the northwest coast of Victoria-Nyanza, in central Africa, says a London report. The best of his views shows a number of reed huts that have been scattered irregularly over the wide floor, their tops extending to within about three feet of the black wall above them. Wicker baskets and other utensils of the household are sprinkled here and there, and large masses of rock, harder than most of the stone that was dug away to make the subterranean home, jut out into the big room, filling it with corners and recesses. His visit was to the east side of the mountain. All sides of it have now been visited, and the west, south and east slopes are found to be dotted with these inhabited caves, some of which have been dug at an elevation of 7,500 feet.

Perhaps no other mountain has a similar title to distinction. Its top, even under the tropical sun, nearly reaches the snow line, and its green sides are indented with deep pockets—the homes of many hundreds of human beings. Powell-Cotton says there is no doubt that the whole inside surface of these caves was hewn by the hand of man, but the present owners are quite incapable of having executed so stupendous a task. They have no tradition as to who the makers were. The explorer thinks a systematic examination of a considerable number of the caves might throw an interesting light on their original inhabitants. Some of the visitors to Mount Elgon believe that they are natural caves. They say they found no evidence that the caverns could possibly be the work of man.

They also report that years ago the natives lived on the plains in ordinary villages, using the caves at times as places of refuge from their enemies, until they finally made them their permanent abode. The more scientific explorers, on the other hand, say there is no mistake about the caves being of artificial origin. Joseph Thomson, who discovered them, said that they were cut out of compact volcanic agglomerate, and he believed that they were mines in some past age. The works were evidently too vast to be achieved by the simple savages who now inhabit them, and he wondered what superior race could formerly have occupied that region. Sir Harry Johnston also says that there is no possibility that the caves could have been artificial.

These two explorers, as well as Powell-Cotton, speak of the interior of the caves as being very irregular, as the harder part of the rock has been left jutting out in most inconvenient corners, while the softer stone was cut away. Powell-Cotton made an entirely new discovery, north of Mount Elgon, of a tribe living on the tops of two mountains in two-story houses. No huts of any kind have hitherto been reported among the barbarous tribes of Africa.

It is possible that they conceived the idea of the two-story house to provide more room in their habitations, for as they live on the tops of the mountains, they cannot give much space to their dwellings without encroaching upon their tilled lands. Almost under the equator, they succeed in raising crops on the very summits of high mountains.

Shun Men.
On a small island in the Greek archipelago there is a colony which is composed entirely of women. It is a sort of religious order which considers it a disgrace for one of its members to even look at a man. When a fisherman approaches the island, the women pull the gray cowls of their caps over their heads and turn their backs. Provisions are never imported, as the women, strict vegetarians grow their own products. Only the matron, who is annually elected head of the colony, is ever allowed to leave the island. The others remain there all their lives, taking their turn at tilling the soil, washing and house-keeping.

MADE HIM UNDERSTAND.

Least Intelligent Member of the Audience Pleasantly Acknowledged the Truth.

A famous scientist whose early home had been in a country district, had long promised to visit the scenes of his boyhood and deliver a lecture in aid of the funds of one of the institutions of the place. At last he fulfilled his promise, and the lecture was given, relates London Tit-Bits.

When, at its close, he was conversing with some of the principal promoters of the affair they warmly congratulated him on the facility with which he made his rather technical matter interesting and clear to his somewhat uneducated audience. "Oh," said he, by way of explanation, "I invariably fix my attention upon that member of my audience who strikes me as having the least intelligent face, and I continue to explain any subject upon which I touch until I see by that person's expression that he understands it." Almost directly afterwards the leading public official of the little town came into the room and made his way to where the scientist was standing. "You cannot possibly believe how much real pleasure you have given me to-night. It seemed to me all the time as if your eye was never away from me, that you spoke to me alone, and that your whole wish was to make me understand every word you said."

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In Manchuria.

First Correspondent—Say, old man, I've just got a bundle of newspapers from home. Second Correspondent—Thank goodness. Now we'll be able to learn something of what is going on at the front.—Houston Chronicle.

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Blessed are the dressmakers, for theirs is the earth.—Good Housekeeping.

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