

THE STORY TELLER

THE LOFTY LOOK.

I will look up—
Even though I drain for Thee a bitter
cup:
Life is not lost when Thou art with me
here—
In vales of gloom—deep valleys of De-
spair!
Through all Life's mystery
I will look up to Thee!

Thou knowest us all,
Even though we falter on the way, and
fall:
Life is but life when Thou shalt say the
word
At the first dawn of great creation
heard!
Through all Life's mystery
I will look up to Thee!

My burdens great
I will give to Thee—greater far than
Fate!
What is a little grief on this cold sod
When my hand clasps the greater hand
of God?
Through all Life's mystery
I will look up to Thee!

In unimagined ways
Thou wilt yet make a music in my
days—
Sweeter than birds to whom Thou gavest
wing,
Unshadowed angels in the dark shall
sing!
Through all Life's mystery
Love will look up to Thee.

Even as a little child
That seeks its mother's breast—lost in
some wild
Of tangled creeds and crosses, now I
come—
Oh, in Thy bosom let my grief be dumb!
Through all Life's mystery
Let me look up to Thee!

Let it be this:
Even if I rise not to rich realms of bliss,
I shall have known Thee here as God
and Lord—
Not a Rewarder, but a great Reward!
Through Life's—Death's mystery,
Be God and Heaven to me!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE OLD SAWMILL ON THE BAYOU.

BY S. RHETT ROMAN.

WHY was it abandoned? There is a story attached to the old pile, built over the brawling waters of the bayou, which has been silently crumbling to decay in the heart of the forest for the past 30 years.

The water, trickling through the dam, above the wheel, over the rocks on which mosses and lichen now cling, swirls away, singing and murmuring over shallows and through deep gullies, until the stream, broadening, empties into the river, and, together, they wind their placid way into the gulf.

And all along the curving banks stretch great, silent woods, ancient and unmoled, where only an occasional charcoal burner's smoldering earth mound, from whom summit a thin, curling smoke floats unceasingly upward, breaks the solitude of the scene.

Sometimes a worn path straggles down to the water's edge or runs backward, to disappear among the sassafras bushes and tall trees which hem it in.

A still quiet broods around, disturbed now and then by the creaking wheels of an ox wagon, the crack of the driver's whip and his droning "gee-haw," as his patient team plod their way along the road to the nearest village.

Then everything settles back into the palpitating stillness of the woods, and the chant of the wind is the only sound perceptible.

It was the wealth of century-grown trees covering hundreds of square miles which fascinated John Henderson, a lumberman, and induced him to locate his mill on the banks of the bayou, in the very center of the forest.

His wife was young, a mere child, when they moved there.

Brown eyed, with a glint of amber sunshine glowing beneath her long, curling lashes; having a merry laugh and the sweet trilling voice of a song-bird, Gretchen came from her distant home to the cottage by the sawmill joyous and handsome, lighthearted and indifferent to the isolation of her lot, all unheeding of the days to come.

Soon the ringing of John Henderson's ax resounded sharp through the forest as he felled the timber for his mill, and ere long the workmen were busy putting up the stout flooring now decaying so slowly in its abandonment.

Gretchen planted rose vines in the garden, and beautified the interior of her cottage home, making it bright and restful with pretty feminine adornments.

It was early fall, one bright and glorious October afternoon, when Gretchen stood against the garden gate, looking upward toward the mill where Henderson stood.

All summer long the great wheel had revolved, ceaselessly churning the water of the bayou, while it poured down from the weir and swirled off in white foam and dark eddies, and the whir of the machinery as the great saws worked to do John Henderson's bidding, made a pleasing, monotonous hum on the air.

Gretchen had grown so accustomed to the sounds, which seemed to keep her company, and filled the forest with the restless activity of human toil, that when the mill stopped its restless labor on Sundays, she missed the rushing, whirring sound, and laughingly complained of the stillness of the woods.

It was Saturday and the mill hands had gone home.

John Henderson was leisurely ex-

amining the machinery of the mill, having shut off the water and stopped the wheels.

Gretchen stood waiting for him to come down the pathway, and as she leaned, careless and graceful, against the gate, the sun glinting on her nut-brown hair, and caressing the peach-bloom of her cheeks, her lips parted in a smile and her round arms visible, she presented a fair picture to a solitary pedestrian coming down the road.

At sight of her the man stopped, and Gretchen, all unconscious of his keen scrutiny, stood motionless at the gate, smiling up at John Henderson, while the last bright beams of the sun flooded her with its golden October rays.

Just as tall, strong and powerfully built as was John Henderson, there was a distinct difference between the athletic fair-haired man standing silently in the road and Henderson, who stood in the doorway of the mill above.

Evidently this was a stranger.

And while his dark blue cotton blouse and general appearance denoted a workman, and the roughened hand thrust carelessly in his pockets showed signs of toil, there was an indescribable look about him which indicated a previous life spent in a different sphere which few could mistake.

His workman's cap set with military precision and grace on his fair, curling hair. His steps had the swing and cadence of one trained to the march of infantry, while his straight features and strong indomitable blue eyes seemed to indicate a descent from some Norse or Scandinavian ancestry.

His whole look possessed a singular power and fascination belonging to no original tiller of the soil or heaver of wood and stone.

James Smith, as he was known in this distant village, and to the country folks around, was nevertheless only a charcoal burner, living obscurely and poorly in a remote and solitary hut down on the distant borders of the bayou.

By his side stood a Russian hound of great size and beauty, motionless as his master; he too gazed absorbed at the pretty picture of Gretchen leaning on the gate.

Some slight noise made her turn, and she paused in bewildered surprise at the unfamiliar sight of a stranger standing motionless in the road.

Coming forward with a leisurely ease, while his great dog kept majestically at his side, Smith, the charcoal burner, accosted Gretchen with a pleasant grace and a strangely commanding manner.

And when John Henderson, coming up, invited him in with simple cordiality, they soon sat at the supper under the board so daintily served under Gretchen's clever management, and the talk was so pleasant of distant lands, and various scenes of life elsewhere far remote from the dim solitude of the great forests which hemmed them in, that the hours flew swift and the pleasant moments drifted and melted quickly into the past.

It was late when Smith, the charcoal burner, rose to go, and a strange stillness seemed to settle over the cottage when he left.

John Henderson accompanied him to the bend of the road and, shaking hands, urged him to soon come back, for he and Gretchen would be glad of a companion to while away the evening hours when the long winter nights would set in.

"A charcoal burner? He's no workman," said Gretchen, musingly.

"Did you notice the ring he wears, John, and how handsome his hands are in spite of his work? Where does he come from?"

John Henderson could not tell, for no one knew.

Two years before he had come on a sand schooner as deckhand to the adjoining village and, plunging into the forest, had joined some woodcutters, and from that had drifted into his present work.

Smith had a curious foreign way of speaking, although his English was not only fluent but scholarly, and sometimes, if passing within earshot of his log cabin, one could hear a mellow, cultured voice singing strange and beautiful ditties such as the woods and wilds around the bayou had never heard before.

Between John Henderson and James Smith a strong friendship sprang up, and often during the winter evenings when the day's work was done the mill wheel stopped and only the purling of the water over the stones of the mill dam was audible and the sighing of the winds in the trees, Smith would sit and chat by the bright wood fire in Gretchen's pretty little parlor, cheating time with his strange tales and talk, until, with a chiding laugh, Henderson would send Gretchen to bed to keep the roses fresh in her cheeks and the light bright in her soft, brown eyes.

John Henderson prospered with his sawmill, and his strong, gentle heart was filled with happiness and contentment. The bright winter days went by peaceful and prosperous, spring came with its dogwood and wild flowers; Gretchen's roses and sweet peas flourished and her beauty grew apace. Then summer came, with its long, still nights, its restful quietude, the faint whispings of the light breezes, the glint of the firefly and the call of the birds, and Gretchen grew to be a beautiful woman. But there was a shadow overhanging the wild rose perfection of her face and a fear in the depths of her dark eyes.

Again the sweet, early days of the fall swept over the land, but there was a threat of a storm in the air, and there was unrest and a vague disquietude in the cottage by the bayou, although the sawmill, with its ceaseless clang of machinery and the monotonous whir of its great wheel had brought prosperity, ease and comfort to its inmates.

James Smith, the charcoal burner,

paced slowly back and forth in front of his poor log cabin, and Rex, his Russian dog, lay on the doorstep watching him with a dumb, faithful love, his head resting on his crossed paws.

A letter had come to the village post office with a foreign postmark to his address that day—a long-hoped-for and passionately desired letter—and, while a fierce light of triumph burned in his eyes and in the quiver of nostril and tight compression of lips, there lurked other and strange feelings in the strong lines of that handsome face, a sorrow and regret visible to the watchful sympathy of eyes which followed his restless steps.

"We'll go back again into the great world, old fellow. We'll take our place in the surging battle of life once more, and this time we will hold our own," said Smith, stopping to caress the hound's head.

"We will forget—if we can—our life in the melancholy forest, the sigh of the winds at night and that beautiful wild flower which blooms by rushing waters of yonder stream."

"But who knows—"

"Going away? Well, I always knew you would leave us some time or other. I guess you have work to do somewhere in a foreign country now."

"Charcoal burning is not what you were born for," said John Henderson, cheerily, while wringing his hand to tell him good-by that afternoon.

"We'll miss you this winter. I guess I better send Gretchen back to her folks for a change. She's not quite herself lately."

"No; you will forget us when you've gone back to your people. Wish you good luck and no more work in the forest. You've got lots of grit and pluck, but it don't suit you."

"I told Gretchen what I thought when I first saw you."

"She's down at the cottage."

"You must excuse me if I don't go with you. There is a storm brewing and I must watch the dam. The bayou plays scurvy tricks sometimes."

Leaving John Henderson, who wrung his hand, then strode off to examine his peak, nor Lewis and Clarke the "Stony Mountains." So little was positively known about the distant world and so much depended on the tales of seamen that each geographer chose his facts to suit himself. Thus, says the author of "Old-Time Schools," there was a never-ending variety about the geography books.

"The joint snake period," declared the author of "Geography Made Easy," more than a hundred years ago, "is a great curiosity. Its skin is as hard as parchment and as smooth as glass. It is so stiff it can hardly bend itself into a hoop, and so brittle that when it is struck it breaks like a pipe-stem. You may with a whip break it into pieces not an inch long and not produce the least tincture of blood."

"In California," runs a later paragraph, "there falls in the morning great quantities of dew, which, settling on the rose-leaves, becomes hard like manna, having all the sweetness of refined sugar, without its bitterness."

"In the Friendly Islands," the student was told, "their great men are fond of a singular kind of luxury, which is to have some one sit beside them all night and beat on different parts of their body until they go to sleep; after which they relax a little of their labor, unless they appear likely to wake, in which case they redouble their exertions until they are again fast asleep."

"The diversions of the Scots are dancing, golf and curling. The golf is a species of ball-playing performed with a bat and ball, the extremity of the bat being loaded with lead, and the party which strikes the ball with fewest strokes into a hole wins the game."

In answer to the question: "What curiosities are there in France?" appears this incredible "yarn":

"A fountain near Grenoble emits a flame which will burn paper, straw, etc., but will not burn gunpowder. Within about eight leagues of the same place is an inaccessible mountain in the form of a pyramid reversed."

So the writers ranged afield, describing the odd manners of the inhabitants of the earth, from Guinea to New England.

Memorials to Americans.

Many American boys and girls visit Europe nowadays, but perhaps few even of these fortunate young folk are aware that the greatest of English cities contains memorials to five distinguished Americans; a president, a patriot, a poet, a preacher and a philanthropist. These five great men are Abraham Lincoln, James Russell Lowell, Henry Wardsworth Longfellow, Matthew Simpson and George Peabody—five names written high in the Hall of Fame, names immortal in life and letters, names forever illustrious in character and achievement.—St. Nicholas.

A Careful Father.

"James, our son Arthur is coming back from the dental college this week, and he wants to practice on some teeth."

"Well, you can let him have that old saw hanging up in the garret, if he'll promise not to break the teeth off."—Chicago Journal.

Blind Man's Wedding.

A wedding of rather pathetic interest took place at Spurgeon's tabernacle, Croydon, recently. The ceremony was conducted by a blind clergyman, while the bridegroom, the organist, and one of the few friends present were also blind.—London Tit-Bits.

Japan's Red Cross Service.

The Japanese Red Cross society is able to supply through its various branches 3,000 women nurses and 2,700 men nurses. Women nurses are not sent to the front, but undertake duty in the military and Red Cross hospitals in various parts of the country.

DEAR OLD FRIEND, THE CAMPAIGN LIE, IS HERE AGAIN.

(By McCutcheon, in Chicago Daily Tribune.)



A DUBIOUS JAP DELICACY.

An American's First Taste of the Favorite Raw Fish and Wasabi of Nippon.

The Japanese are very fond of fish—they like it pickled, they like it dried, they like it canned, they like it freshly cooked and they like it raw. With this last taste we of the occident find it hard to sympathize; yet at least one American has been converted to its acceptance," says Youth's Companion.

Mr. Harold Bolce has recently related how he was skillfully and gently urged along the difficult path of experiment by the Japanese author and diplomat, Mr. Tsumio Yano.

"One night at the Nippon club," says Mr. Bolce, "he led up to a delicate subject on the menu with much diplomacy. He finally got my assent to the statement that a cosmopolitan appetite is one of the distinguishing marks of cultivated travel. Then he passed me raw fish.

"I confessed that I was willing to be a stick-in-the-mud or any other variety of Silurian rather than take place with the international elect by eating such a dish. My host, however, was painfully insistent, finally adding that with raw fish they, of course, ate wasabi. Now I did not have even a vague notion of what this might be, but with that raw proposition before me it was comforting to know that at least it was to be diluted with something. I figured out, also, that, with my awkwardness with chopsticks, I might manage, without exciting suspicion, to drop the fish before the fatal moment, and eat only the mysterious wasabi. But whether through cowardice or courage, I cannot say, fish and relish made quick and simultaneous journey to my reluctant palate, and in that never-to-be-forgotten instant there flashed into my consciousness the undeniable truth that in all my occidental years I had been denied one of the most savory dishes in the world.

"Charles Lamb's Chinaman had jubilant delight over his first taste of roast pig; but that is a degraded passion compared with an Anglo-Saxon's initial ecstasy over an oriental morsel of raw namasu garnished with the roots of Eutrema wasabi."

Raw fish anyone who desires to try the same experiment need not import; he need only—a very large only—learn to like it, and perhaps he will not need to import the wasabi either, in a short time, for experiments are being made with a view to growing it in America. It is a valuable condiment with other dishes than fish, and is a source of much profit to Japanese farmers. The plant belongs to the mustard family, and can be grown in moist soil or in running water, like cress, an acre of land often yielding two tons of the edible root. Curry and chutney came from the east long ago; soy sauce is fast following; now wasabi is on the way. Perhaps it is the cooks of the orient, rather than our own, who will finally redeem our race from the reproach of the famous French epicure who thought little of English civilization because, although it had 21 forms of religion, it had but one sauce.

Wood-Pulp in Paper.

Fifty years ago practically all the paper in use was made from rags—preferably linen rags. To-day most of it is made from wood pulp. Now, if the plans of certain experimenters are carried out, the linen itself, or a good substitute for it, will be made from wood pulp. Artificial silk made from pulp has for some time been on the market, and the demand is said to exceed the supply. A new process has been patented for spinning many different sorts of fabric from moist pulp. The fiber so obtained is called "silvulin"—"wood thread"—and a company has been formed to manufacture it in America under license from the European inventor.

A Final Philosopher.

"That fellow Jones is a philosopher, sure enough."

"Think so?"

"I know it. Cyclone come 'long an' blowed his house down; then a earthquake swallered his lan'; an' what do you reckon he done then?"

"Lord knows."

"Thanked the Lord that he didn't have nuthin' left to pay taxes on!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.

Mrs. S. W. Marine, of Colorado Springs, Began to Fear the Worst. Doan's Kidney Pills Saved Her.

Mrs. Sarah Marine, of 428 St. Urain St., Colorado Springs, Colo., writes:

"I suffered for three years with severe backache. The doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found that it was only waste of time and money to take them and began to fear that I would never get well. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of health for more than four months, and words can but poorly express my gratitude."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ODD BITS FROM ABROAD.

Close to Blackfriars bridge, London, is an eel market where eels are sold by the handful, the price being "four-pence a grab."

Jane Cheesman, aged 99, who died recently in Somerset, England, had never spent a night out of the cottage in which she was born and died.

In the village of Meavy, Dartmoor, England, is an old oak which was flourishing in the reign of King John, and is still flourishing, though supported by stout props.

A Milford Haven (England) trawler recently landed 12 fine sturgeon, caught in one haul. Some of them were six feet long. Such a catch has never been known previously.

When the kaiser drove through Hamelin, recently, hundreds of children stood along the route, dressed either as rats or in the picturesque costume of the famous "Pied Piper" period.

The British war department recently granted a 99-year-old veteran of the Crimean war a pension of 18 cents a day. He had been receiving "outdoor relief," and the authorities at once cut it down to the extent of 25 cents a week.

Four of the cannon taken from the French off Finlisterre in 1747 by Admiral Boscawen now fill the lowly, if useful, roles of curb posts and lamp posts in front of the house No. 2, St. James' square, London, of Boscawen's descendant, Lord Falmouth.

Monterey's state prison at Cetting is the principal square of the city. The prisoners, merely deprived of weapons, roam about the square all while during the day. At night they are shut up in a spacious room in the town hall. They do not think of trying to escape.

SHORT AND SHARP.

To-day's worry is the result of yesterday's neglect.

Some women sweeten their tea with gossip, instead of sugar.

There should be a law to prohibit people from impersonating actors on the stage.

Many a man and woman are married, and live happily even after securing a divorce.

It is a woman's fondness for change that prevents many a husband from leaving any in his pocket.

CAN DRINK TROUBLE.

That's One Way to Get It.

Although they won't admit it many people who suffer from sick headaches and other ailments get them straight from the coffee they drink and it is easily proved if they're not afraid to leave it to a test as in the case of a lady in Connellsville.

"I had been a sufferer from sick headaches for twenty-five years and anyone who has ever had a bad sick headache knows what I suffered. Sometimes three days in the week I would have to remain in bed, at other times I couldn't lie down the pain would be so great. My life was a torture and if I went away from home for a day I always came back more dead than alive.

"One day I was telling a woman my troubles and she told me she knew that it was probably coffee caused it. She said she had been cured by stopping coffee and using Postum Food Coffee and urged me to try this food drink.

"That's how I came to send out and get some Postum and from that time I've never been without it for it suits my taste and has entirely cured all of my old troubles. All I did was to leave off the coffee and tea and drink well made Postum in its place. This change has done me more good than everything else put together.

"Our house was like a drug store for my husband bought everything he heard of to help me without doing any good but when I began on the Postum my headaches ceased and the other troubles quickly disappeared. I have a friend who had an experience just like mine and Postum cured her just as it did me.

"Postum not only cured the headaches but my general health has been improved and I am much stronger than before. I now enjoy delicious Postum more than I ever did coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason" and it's worth finding out.