

THE STORY TELLER

HE'S UNENDURABLE.

We had a little difference
Some years ago,
Of sorrow I make no pretense,
Although I know
That in the squabble I displayed
Forbearance slight,
Well, I was wrong, I am afraid,
And he was right.

As we were playmates in our youth
I know him well,
I never liked him, if the truth
I have to tell,
Though he was ever sweet and mild—
An angel quite—
And in our small disputes the child
Was always right.

He would forgive me now, I'm sure—
He always did,
That's why I never could endure
Him as a kid.
He so magnanimously threw
On me that blight,
It maddened me, because I knew
That he was right.

If I some weakness could detect,
Some speck or flaw;
If something in him not correct
I only saw,
My just resentment I'd abate;
I even might
Be friendly, but a man I hate
Who's always right.
—Chicago Daily News.

Three in a Bridge

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

WHEN I was in the theological seminary it was the custom of the students at the beginning of the senior year, to obtain, with the approval and co-operation of the faculty, licenses to preach. Then we would go out, as often as we had opportunity, to supply vacant pulpits in the surrounding country. Requests for "supplies" would come from these churches to some member of the faculty, and he would assign them to the seniors. Often we used to go long distances to fill these preaching engagements, and not infrequently the small sum we received for our services would be almost, if not quite, consumed by traveling expenses. In winter, or during the season of the spring floods, it was no small task to reach the remote country towns to which we were summoned, and often we would have to start before daylight on Saturday, and travel by all sorts of conveyances, in order to reach our destination in season.

However, we were all eager to get these preaching assignments, which served to introduce us to the actual work of the ministry; and not one of us ever complained if he was sent 150 or 200 miles "up country" to serve some small church in the hills, that could offer no more than to pay his expenses.

In the spring of 1874, which was my own senior year, Prof. Mason, of the seminary faculty, came to my room in Fletcher hall, one lovely April evening, with a letter in his hand from the committee of a small church in Bakersville, Vt., 95 miles away, in a thinly-settled section of the state. "Can you go?" he asked. "The pay is only \$10—the fare \$8."

"Certainly I can," I replied, gratefully, for I had not had an assignment to preach for more than a month.

"The pastor has been called away, suddenly, by the probably fatal illness of his father," explained Prof. Mason, "and you are to be entertained by his wife. A man will meet you with horse and wagon at Candia station, and you will have a drive of nine miles from there to Bakersville, which, as I understand, is an out-of-the-way place in a mountain valley. It's a long, hard trip, but you may get some pleasurable spice of adventure out of it."

Prof. Mason handed me the letter from the chairman of the church committee, Deacon John Fay, and I assured him that I would look up time tables and be ready to start early Saturday morning. It was already Friday evening, so I packed my bag, putting in two sermons, with the usual change of clothing, and then walked down to the railroad station to get posted as to my route. I found that I should have to start at seven o'clock in the morning, and then, as usual in such trips to out-of-the-way places, wait for three hours in the middle of the day to make connections at a small junction. It was exasperating, but there was no other way, so I added a lunch and a good book to my budget, and soon went to bed, so as to wake in time for an early start.

The day passed more pleasantly than I had expected, for the ride through the country, clad in that first delicate green of early leafage, and bright with clear sunshine and sparkling brooks, afforded a succession of charming pictures. I spent my three hours at the little junction in the hills strolling and listening to delicious brook music, instead of reading, and then settled to my book as the long-awaited train pulled out, and read until the brakeman shouted "Candia."

It was Deacon Fay himself who met me, with a stout horse and buggy, and as we rode, in the late afternoon and early evening, through the lonely passes and over the wooded ridges of the everlasting hills. It was dusk before we reached Bakersville, or rather the river valley from which its roofs came in sight. Just as we were passing a rocky, wooded island in the stream

a loud, hoarse, startling scream rang across the water. The horse gave a leap that nearly jerked us backward out of the buggy, and then broke into a gallop down the river road. My companion twisted the reins about his hands, and finally succeeded in slowing down the frightened horse to a trot. The cry was not repeated, and our steed became quieter as we drew rapidly away from the island.

"That's the first time I've ever heard it, and I've been over this road at least once a week for years," said my companion.

"What was it?" I asked, with perhaps an excusable tremor in my voice, for the cry had been truly terrifying.

"The reputed panther on Brigham Island," replied Deacon Fay, "and I guess it is a panther, too, for no other creature could give a screech like that. People say that a panther has his den on that rocky island, and crosses to the nearer shore by leaping from rock to rock in the channel. I've read all about it in the county paper, but I never took any stock in the stories. It didn't seem possible that a panther could survive in this part of the country, yet I'm forced to believe it now, for that was no human scream."

We made the last two miles into Bakersville in surprisingly quick time, and rattled across the wooden bridge over the river just as lights began to twinkle down the single street of the village.

"I'll take you right to the elder's house," said my companion. "You'll find his wife one of the salt of the earth—sensible, sincere, kind-hearted, brave and unselfish. Here we are—and there she is at the door, looking for us."

The rattle of the buggy wheels across the bridge had brought the minister's wife to the door, and there she stood, peering out into the dusk, with a glow of lamplight streaming around her figure from behind. She was short and slight, with quick, energetic movements, and a face that was both sweet and strong. Her hair was fast graying, yet she did not impress one as a person who was growing old.

"Well, deacon, you've made good time," she said, "and I'm glad you have, for supper is ready a little earlier than I had planned, and you can stop and have a bite with us before going home. Harold, take Deacon Fay's horse around to the barn."

A fine, manly-looking boy of about 16 stepped forward and led the horse away, while Deacon Fay brought me up the steps and introduced me. Mrs. Wilbur welcomed me cordially, and in a few moments made me feel entirely at home. She presented her children, Harold and two sisters, younger by a few years, and soon we all sat down to a delicious and bountiful supper.

A little before midnight, that Saturday night, it began to rain in torrents, and every time I woke up I could hear the storm dashing against the windows of my bed room and beating with a dull roar on the ground outside. "Too bad!" I thought, sleepily. "To-morrow'll be a rainy Sunday, and there'll be only a handful of people at church." The thought of anything more serious resulting from the storm never occurred to me.

Sure enough, all day Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. But the church was not far away, so, of course, we all went, both morning and afternoon. At the supper table, after the second service, Mrs. Wilbur said, somewhat hesitatingly, "Mr. Wilbur has been in the habit of conducting a Sunday evening mission service in the schoolhouse at the Four Corners, some three miles up the valley. I have said nothing to the people there about his being away, and suppose they will assemble in the schoolhouse as usual. My plan was not expecting this storm—to ask you to drive down there with me and hold the meeting as usual."

"And I shall be glad to go, storm or no-storm," I replied. "I want to carry out Mr. Wilbur's regular programme in every detail. But I don't think you ought to go, this bad night. Can't Harold drive me up there, and show me where the schoolhouse is?"

"No, I must go, and I want to go," replied Mrs. Wilbur. "If the meeting is held, I must be there. No one else can play the organ and lead the singing. I don't mind mere weather. I can assure you I've encountered a good deal of it since we came here, and you can see that it hasn't hurt me."

I laughed as I looked at Mrs. Wilbur's fine color and bright eyes. "Well, if you're not to be frightened by a little wind and rain, I certainly am not!" I replied. "When shall we start?"

"At about 6:30, Harold will harness the horse, and have it at the door at that time."

We were off promptly at 6:30, all bundled up, and with a big carriage-umbrella clamped to the seat. The rain was falling, if anything, harder than ever, and even the road was getting to be like the bed of a shallow brook. Our route took us up the river valley, the road every now and then skirting the very edge of the stream. We could see by the light of our lantern, hung in front of the dashboard, that the water was already almost bank-high. There was still unmelting snow in the recesses of the mountains, and this warm, long-continued April rain was rapidly swelling the tributary brooks.

"I do wish it would stop raining," said my companion, uneasily. "We have two bridges to cross, and what should we do if one of them should be washed away?"

We kept on, however, passed the bridges safely, and drove to the schoolhouse at the "Corners," which we found lighted and filled with a larger audience than had been present at

either service in the church. After a warm and inspiring meeting of nearly two hours, Mrs. Wilbur and I started on our return.

We fought our way against the storm, after that, mostly in silence, driving slowly and peering into the darkness ahead, dimly lighted by our lantern. Once Mrs. Wilbur broke the silence by saying, "That dark bulk out in the river is Brigham's island. The first bridge is just below, and we shall soon reach it." As she mentioned Brigham's island an involuntary shiver ran up my back, for I remembered the hoarse scream of the night before. What an hour this would be to meet a crouching panther in the road!

A few minutes later we reached the bridge, which was a covered structure. The water was already piling up against the framework, and now and then we could hear a timber creak under its pressure. "Shall we drive on," I asked, "and risk it?"

"I think we'd better," replied my companion. "The bridge seems to rest firmly yet on its abutments and we won't be long crossing."

I urged the horse up the sharp pitch of the roadbed to the entrance of the bridge and the animal, after halting and snorting for a moment, with a reluctance which I could not understand, finally plunged with a rush upon the planks. At that moment there came an ominous growl and snarl from the darkness ahead. The horse began to rear, and I leaped over the wheel and caught him by the bridle.

Before I leaped I had seen the glow of two baleful, yellow eyes, like dull candle flames, in the gloom ahead, and the incident of the preceding day, the scream from Brigham's island, was again and still more vividly recalled. Instantly the conviction took possession of my mind that the creature crouching in the bridge was the panther. The flood had driven him from his den on Brigham's island, and he had followed the bank of the stream until the cavernous opening of the bridge offered him shelter from the storm. There he had crouched, until the sound of our horse's hoofs on the planks had roused him to angry protest.

As I struggled to hold the frightened horse, I felt, all at once, the bridge beginning to lift on the flood, and then I heard it slowly grating off the stone abutments. All of a sudden it lurched, settled at one end, and then drifted off with the swift current of the stream. We were afloat with a panther in a covered bridge, from which there was now no way of escape!

If I lost my head for a moment in the bewilderment of peril, plucky little Mrs. Wilbur did not. As the horse began to back, still rearing and dragging me with it, she too sprang lightly over the wheel and came to my assistance. But our combined efforts were powerless to hold the terrified horse, which continued to rear and back toward the end of the bridge. "Well, have to let him go," panted my companion. "Don't keep hold till you're dragged into the water!"

The horse, with a fierce shake and backward plunge, broke from us, and the next instant disappeared over the end of the bridge, dragged by the buggy. As our lantern on the dashboard vanished we were left in total darkness.

"Have you a match?" asked the little woman at my side, with wonderful coolness. "If so, please light it, and let us see what that creature is."

I had, fortunately, a pocket match-case filled with parlor matches, which give a strong, bright blaze. I struck one of these and we soon saw, as I had suspected, that our fellow voyager in the bridge was a panther. Since I first saw the gleam of his eyes, he had sprung up to one of the transverse beams, and had crawled nearer the center of the bridge, where he was now crouching, out of reach of the water which covered the floor planks to the depth of a foot or more.

"We shall be safe from him as long as we stand in the water," said the minister's plucky wife, with a self-possession and shrewdness that put my frustrated wits to shame. "He will not risk a cold bath to harm us. We must stand just where we are. By-and-by the bridge may get aground."

We stood there in the chilling water for what seemed like hours—it was really only about 20 minutes. Then, through the dark opening at the end of the bridge, we saw a light slowly creeping across the flood! Could it be possible that a boat with a lantern was putting out from shore? I shouted at the top of my voice. In a moment we heard an answering cry, and then the light came more rapidly toward us.

Presently a flat-bottomed boat, driven by stout arms, was rowed up to the end of the bridge. I grasped the bow and held it while Mrs. Wilbur stepped lightly in. Then I followed her and pushed the boat off with all my might. In a few moments the drifting bridge was an indistinct bulk in the darkness.

"What! a panther on board the old bridge, did you say?" cried the rescuer, a sturdy mountain farmer. "Wal, wal! I was out lookin' for my chicken coops, but I guess I'll get my rifle and try for bigger game."

He took us ashore and up to his little house, where he left us to dry off and get warm. Before midnight he returned with the panther's hide!

Strangely enough, the minister's horse managed to struggle ashore, and was found next morning with his buggy wedged between two small trees on the river bank. The animal was chilled and weak, but otherwise unharmed.

My trip to Bakersville had indeed proved to be spiced with adventure, but it is not that which makes it pleasant to recall, so much as the resulting friendship of the Wilburs, which has been one of the happiest friendships of my life.—Orange Judd Farmer.

"TIP"-TAKING IN EUROPE.

Few in Public Life, Excepting the Titled, Are Above the Itching Palm.

I have just returned from a trip through Europe, where I naturally made frequent comparisons between the status of the foreign worker and that of his American brother, says Lydia K. Commander, in the American Federationist.

One of the most noticeable differences is the constant presence of the man with his hand out for a tip. When you leave the steamer fully ten people expect to be "remembered." Of these fully half consider two dollars or less an open insult, to be resented by marked insolence of manner, and only a five-dollar bill can move them to thanks.

At every hotel from eight to a dozen tip-hunters shadow the departing guests, and he is expected to go the rounds.

Nor is this all. If you hire a carriage, you are expected to tip the driver. If you ask the street conductor a question or request him to call your street you must give him a fee. When you take a boat ride you pay for your ticket and pay the man who takes it from you. If you inquire your way of a passer-by, you dip your hand in your pocket as you do so. You tip the clerk in the store, the man who delivers your goods, the policeman, and, for aught I know to the contrary, the doctor, the lawyer and the preacher. I heard it said that "everyone in Europe will take a tip, except the crowned heads," but I'm not at all prepared to admit the exception.

When you remonstrate against this continual tax you are met with the argument: "The poor things get very little, and they must live. You are really paying them wages, and it is unfair not to give it."

If you ask: "Why do they receive such small pay?" the reply is: "The employer knows they will get tips, and counts on it," and again you are assured that tips are wages, and should not be withheld.

But a few minutes' consideration shows that not only are tips not wages, but they destroy wages. Wages are a definite sum agreed upon by employer and worker. To pay them is an obligation, to receive them is a right. A tip is a favor, a charity. It can be given or withheld at will. Its bestower swears with self-satisfied benevolence. Its receiver, a true stunk, graduates his thanks to match the amount of the gratuity. A tip is not wages, for no man has a right to demand it. He can only cringe and kowtow in the hope of not missing it.

Nor does the amount gained offer any atonement for the manhood sacrificed in the getting. The steamer stewards are more favored and more arrogant than the man beyond the seas. In Germany you may give your street car conductor a small coin worth one and one-fourth cents; in France a cent will be accepted, and the haughty Britisher only stands out for a "tuppence." Of course the tips run from these trifles up, and sometimes high up—and "that's the way the money goes."

But it was, after all, the small tips that shocked me most. To think that men, full-grown, white, civilized, free men—not children nor Filipinos nor savages nor slaves—would take a one-cent charity and say: "Thank you" for it!

It made me heart-sick and ashamed to see it. I blushed to think that they hadn't the self-respect to blush for themselves.

SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY

Secret Police of Paris Are Daring, Wily and Resourceful Fellows.

"You cannot go anywhere in Paris without meeting the secret police, although you would never recognize them," observed a Briton familiar with the French capital, according to Cassell's Journal.

"There are four divisions of these uniformed crime detectors. The first division is known as the Surety, the business of which is to track down known criminals and capture them. They are daring, wily and resourceful fellows, and it is a clever mafeactor indeed who can evade them.

"Another body of this 'plain clothes' police looks after the tenants of lodging houses and hotels. They take note of all the arrivals and departures, and gather statistics regarding the workmen in the factories, the sick in hospitals and private houses, and so forth.

"A third division occupies itself with political plotters, agitators and gamblers. At meetings of a seditious character they mingle with the crowd, and (to disarm suspicion) applaud as loudly as anybody, and join in denunciation of the government. They appear in gambling dens as gamblers themselves, and they also keep a quiet watch on the regular police.

"The remaining division consists of elegantly dressed persons who watch over the president, and also protect him not only from assassins, but also from bores and cranks."

Distributing Silkworm Eggs.

In order to determine the possibilities of silkworm culture in the United States, the department of agriculture is now sending free to applicants a few cocoons of eggs and a manual of instruction. The applicant must state the number and kind of mulberry trees or Osage orange plants which he has on his land, otherwise the eggs will not be sent. The proper food for silkworms consists of the leaves of the different varieties of the white mulberry and the Osage orange. The paper-mulberry, with fuzzy leaves, and the common red mulberry are not suitable.

GENERAL CLEANINGS.

Otto Wicks, a prominent New York politician, whose check is worth \$125,000, at one time lived on five cents a day and slept in the City Hall park.

The first Japanese to receive the degree of doctor of medicine from Washington university, St. Louis, is Naokazu Fujimori, who has just graduated. He is also a graduate of the Tokio Saisei medical college and the New York state university.

The Japanese have offered to let their Russian prisoners work at building a harbor at Matsuyama, to "pass the time," and earn the usual wages, with which they will be able to buy themselves luxuries during their imprisonment.

Some of the business men at Coney Island want the name of the place changed to "Surf-City-by-the-Sea." They urge that the place has a past to live down and that it could do so more easily with a new name. Others are opposed to change, saying that reform can be effected without adopting the cumbersome name suggested or any other.

A bank clerk writes to the London Chronicle stating that he is afraid the irritation caused by his high collar will produce a cancer under his chin. But he does not know what to do, "for," he says, "I dare not assuage my anxiety by resorting to the low or turned-down variety, for I am sure I should be immediately dismissed from my bank."

More than 8,000 women are employed in the various government offices in Washington, 2,044 of whom have entered the service after competitive examination. Nine hundred of them are paid salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year, the others being paid the compensation of ordinary clerks—\$600 to \$800 a year.

The North German Lloyd company's 4,000-ton schooner Herzogin Cecilie arrived in London from San Francisco. She is manned entirely by 60 German youths, who are thus educated for command on the company's ships or other German merchantmen. They serve four years and their training is very thorough. The cost to each boy is about \$200 a year.

THE UNITED STATES WILL SOON KNOCK AT THE DOORS OF CANADA FOR WHEAT.

A Crop of 60,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Will Be the Record of 1904.

The results of the threshing in Western Canada are not yet completed, but from information at hand, it is safe to say that the average per acre will be reasonably high, and a fair estimate will place the total yield of wheat at 60,000,000 bushels. At present prices this will add to the wealth of the farmers nearly \$60,000,000. Then think of the immense yield of oats and barley and the large herds of cattle, for all of which good prices will be paid.

The following official telegram was sent by Honorable Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada:

"Am now able to state definitely that under conditions of unusual difficulty in Northwest a fair average crop of wheat of good quality has been reaped and is now secure from substantial damage. The reports of injury by frost and rust were grossly exaggerated. The wheat of Manitoba and Northwest Territories will aggregate from fifty-five to sixty million bushels. The quality is good, and the price is ranging around one dollar per bushel."

Frank H. Spearman, in the Saturday Evening Post, says:—

"When our first transcontinental railroad was built, learned men attempted by isothermal demonstration to prove that wheat could not profitably be grown north of where the line was projected; but the real granary of the world lies up to 300 miles north of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and the day is not definitely distant when the United States will knock at the doors of Canada for its bread. Railroad men see such a day; it may be hoped that statesmen also will see it, and arrange their reciprocities while they may do so gracefully. Americans already have swarmed into that far country and to a degree have taken the American wheat field with them. Despite the fact that for years a little Dakota station on the St. Paul road—Eureka—held the distinction of being the largest primary grain market in the world, the Dakotas and Minnesota will one day yield their palm to Saskatchewan.

There are 798 species of roses known, and 488 of chrysanthemums.

WHAT ROME THINKS

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN ENDORSES AN AMERICAN REMEDY.

Dr. Laponi Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills In His Practice Because Results Meet His Expectations.

Dr. Laponi, the famous physician to the Vatican, whose name has recently come so greatly to the front on account of his unremitting attention to His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII, and the high esteem and confidence with which he is regarded by the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X., is a man of commanding genius. He is more than a mere man of science; he is a man of original and independent mind. Untrammelled by the "etiquette" of the medical profession and having used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in his practice with good results, he freely avows the facts and endorses the value of this remedy with an authority which no one will venture to question.

Dr. Laponi's Letter.

"I certify that I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the results came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other forms of the category of anemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."
(Signed) GIUSEPPE LAPPONI,
Via dei Graecchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anemia of development," referred to by Dr. Laponi, is of course, that tired, languid condition of young girls, whose development to womanhood is tardy and whose health, at that period, is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases such as nervous prostration, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia have been cured by these pills. They are commended to the public for their efficiency in making new blood and strengthening weak nerves. After such an endorsement they will be accepted by the medical and scientific world at their full value.

Western Canada's Magnificent Crops FOR 1904

Western Canada's Wheat Crop this year will be 60,000,000 bushels, and wheat at present is worth \$1.00 a bushel. The oat and barley crop will also yield abundantly. Splendid prices for all kinds of grain, cattle and other farm produce for the growing of which the climate is unsurpassed. About 150,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past three years. Thousands of free Homesteads of 160 acres each still available in the best agricultural districts. It has been said that the United States will be forced to import wheat within a very few years. Secure a farm in Canada and become one of those who will help produce it. Apply for information to SUPERINTENDENT OF EMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada; or to E. F. BULLER, 215 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn. C. MILLER, Grand Forks, North Dakota. Authorized Canadian Government Agents.

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