

THE STORY TELLER

IF YOUR SHIP CAME IN.

If your ship came in to-day—
If the ship for which you yearn
When the sea at dawn is gray,
When the waves at sunset burn,
If it swings to harbor near,
With its sails drooped wearily—
Would the sea not lose somehow,
Half its glory to your eyes?
If your ship no more should sail
Up and down the distant deeps,
Racing with the rushing gale
Where the jade green billow leaps,
If it should no longer drift
Where the calm sea stretches blue
And the dim horizons lift—
Would the sea seem fair to you?
Ho! your ship—if it came in
All majestic, full of grace,
And you heard the hawser spin
As the anchor sank to place,
If its voyaging were done,
And the cargo all were yours—
Would the sea, by moon of sun,
Hold for you its hopes and lures?
If your ship came in to-day
And you knew that all you dreamed
Now at last in harbor lay,
All as perfect as it seemed,
You would envy those who wait
Ready for the joyous hall,
Those who watch with hearts elate
For the flashing of a sail.
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Knitted Counterpane

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN.

WHEN the minister brought in his bride to Crown Point the whole hard-working, humble church membership stood ready to receive her with open arms, but at the first steady, self-contained greeting of that young lady, they felt on the whole that it was not necessary.

They loved the minister and they wanted to love her too, but nothing the cold glance of the keen eyes that seemed to take stock of their every blemish and imperfection, they shrank back abashed.

She had come from a moneyed family, and her acquaintance with people who actually toiled had been slight, but she had not hesitated when the minister put to her the momentous question. The matter of life with Bertram, or life without him, did not take her long to settle, for underneath the crust of her worldliness there beat a truly gentle, generous heart, only from a manner one would never have guessed it.

She quite filled the parsonage with beautiful things; pictures, statuary, and soft carpets. Filmy lace curtains draped the old-fashioned windows and the table glittered with cut glass and silver. She had always been accustomed to these things and she really gave them little thought, but to her husband's flock these possessions were both a revelation and a joy. It would have been a rare treat indeed for most of them to have viewed these lovely treasures with a merry feeling of comradeship with the mistress of it all, but she invited no confidence, she encouraged no familiarity. They were bound down by such hard, narrow lives, that to them she seemed a bright, beautiful being of a world not their own.

Then too, she seemed to resent their well-meaning efforts and calls. Not that she said anything, but she always wore her coldest air and her grandest manner every time they met, so they invariably left her presence feeling greater strangers than ever with the tall, stately girl (for she was but a girl), who was their minister's wife.

"They only come out of curiosity, Bertram," she would tell the minister when she spoke of their visits. "They come, not to see me but my house. I declare I never saw anyone stare at things as does Mrs. Wilkins. Why does she do it? And what do you think Mrs. Atwood asked me yesterday? If I knew how to play 'The Maiden's Prayer,' the idea! I should think she would know better. It does seem to me that the people here are 40 years at least behind the times. I wonder what they'd think if I'd play for them that fantasy from 'Liszt.' No doubt they'd much prefer 'My Old Kentucky Home.'"

"No doubt they would," repeated the minister gently; "but you must not judge them too harshly, dearest. Poor old Mrs. Atwood! And so she wanted to know if you knew 'The Maiden's Prayer.' Perhaps it was the only selection she remembered from a youth that was never an easy one."

"Julia," he added after a moment's silence, "it's hard, dear, for you to understand, but these are my people. My life is linked with theirs, ordinary and illiterate as some of them may be. I am their shepherd. Don't you remember what was said of Jesus in the ministry? This—the common people heard him gladly. Ah, my dear, the common people, after all, are a great and telling force for good or evil, and I'm working with them and for them, and if—(his voice trembled)—if by any act of mine I can enrich and widen these narrow and confined lives, I shall feel that I have not labored in vain."

His grave face lighted a little. "They're good, faithful friends, little wife," he added, "if they cannot understand classical music, and I don't believe, in the last day, that this charge will be laid to them. They understand the law of brotherly love and kindness at least. When I had that attack of pleurisy before you came, I believe I certainly would have died

had it not been for Mrs. Dodge, but I suppose in the eyes of the world she would be called very dowdy and old-fashioned. She's worn her bonnet seven years, for she told me so, and she's probably never heard of Chaucer. She could not tell you, if her life depended upon it, whether Byron wrote Childe Harold or Childe Harold wrote Byron, but in those dreadful hours of pain and fever, it mattered very little to me. Her touch was gentle, her voice soft, and before I recovered I began to think the plain face under that shabby bonnet was the sweetest, most motherly face I ever knew. And so, dear, knowing their hearts so well, and loving you as I do, I want to see a tie knit between you."

But the minister's wife had turned away with tears in her eyes. "I married you and I promise nothing as to them," she answered rebelliously.

She was a beautiful young creature, the minister's wife; tall, slender, and golden-haired, but whether or not she would be the helpmeet the minister needed in the years to come, was a question. And yet it was such a pleasure, only to look at her as she sat in the corner of the pew on Sundays in her well-fitting suit and pretty hat. And when she sang, for she had a beautiful and highly cultivated voice, every eye turned to where she stood.

Yes, they were proud of her, these care-burdened, common people, and they did not blame her if she did not care for them as friends. They were different and they realized it, very often too, with a sharp feeling of pain as she passed them with only a nod of greeting and with barely a touch of her well-gloved hand.

"What do you think Mrs. Harper is making for the minister's wife?" asked Mrs. Wilkins of Mrs. Dodge one afternoon as they met on the street.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the reply.

"A knitted counterpane," announced Mrs. Wilkins, "and her hands are so crippled by rheumatism too. Why, every stitch she takes must pain her, I don't see how she can do it, for the minister's wife never notices her except by a nod. I don't believe she'll ever use it after she gets it, either," added Mrs. Wilkins soberly. "She's dreadful particular about her beds, and uses only the finest Marseilles spreads. Sarah Ann Newton told me so, for I've never seen 'em. I've tried my best but I never got further than the front room yet."

Mrs. Dodge smiled a little. "She isn't so very sociable, is she?" she said; "still, perhaps we expect too much."

Mrs. Wilkins did not deign a reply. "Old Mrs. Harper just set me makin' that counterpane," she continued, "and givin' it too. It's pretty and there's lots of work about it. Well, well, I hope she won't get her feelin's hurt before it's through with. She's wonderin' too, now that it's so near done, how she'll present it."

"I'd like the best in the world to get up a pound party for the minister this fall," said Mrs. Dodge thoughtfully. "He is so fond of my peach preserves and I would like him to have some, but do you know, I'm most afraid—"

Mrs. Wilkins looked sympathetic. "So am I," she admitted frankly, "and I too was thinking the same thing. I had such good luck with my chili sauce. I could take that as my offering, but his wife—"

There was a pause. "Let's have it anyway," said Mrs. Dodge reflectively, "and then Mrs. Harper can give her counterpane."

And so it was arranged.

The minister was studying a new book that evening. Near him sat his wife reading some letters from home. As she folded them up her eyes wandered idly over the well-warmed, pleasant rooms. "Every one speaks at home as if I were working right with Bertram," she thought. "I wonder if they realize what kind of members we have, if they would expect it? I don't see why I need be public property just because I happen to be a minister's wife and they're not my equals."

Just then the door bell rang. The minister looked across at his wife with a fond smile. "Don't get up, Julia," he said, "I'll go."

He laid down his book, went to the door, and opened it. The yard and porch were full of people. They greeted him warmly, for every one loved the minister. Each person had a parcel.

"Why, what is this?" cried the minister merrily. "Come in! come in!" and then he thought of his wife.

They entered the beautiful rooms hesitatingly, and the minister, seeing it, strove to put them at their ease. At that moment his wife came forward, her lovely face, above the pale, downy looking colder than ever.

"What does this intrusion mean," she thought bitterly. "Am I never to have a moment to myself?"

She greeted them, but with no warmth, and they, feeling it, passed silently on into the kitchen, laying their generous offerings on the table.

"I'm going home," whispered Mrs. Wilkins to Mrs. Dodge, "she don't want me! Why did we ever attempt such a thing; we ought to have known better."

But Mrs. Dodge held her back. "Wait just a minute," she entreated. "Your going will only make things worse."

The minister threw himself gloriously into the breach. It was painful but he made a gallant effort. During one of the lulls, old Mrs. Harper crept up to him. She laid a bundle in his hands. "For your wife," she whispered.

The minister's wife was across the room. The minister looked at the tall, slender figure that to him had never before held itself quite so erect.

"Julia," he called with a smile that was all assumed, "I've a package for you from our dear Mrs. Harper, and I'm going to open it here."

He untied the string, and because the occasion had been forced upon her, his wife moved across the room to his side. There was another paper, other than the outside wrapper, and he removed this also. Old Mrs. Harper sat expectantly in her chair; his wife stood by his side. There was a silence, and then before them all the minister shook out upon the carpet the white knitted counterpane.

The minister's wife looked at it in all its intricate beauty, representing, as it did, so many, many weeks of patient toil, and then she looked at the gray-haired old woman with the bent shoulders, whose knotted, toll-worn hands had fashioned it.

"Why," was her first thought, "why has she, out of her poverty and her pain, done this for me?" And then, in a flash, came the answer, heaven borne, "Because she loves you."

"Oh," she whispered in the awakening of a contrite heart, "I don't deserve it." And then, before every one of them, her reserve and coldness all gone, she stepped over to old Mrs. Harper's side. In that moment, the barrier she had built up between herself and her husband's people was broken down forever.

She took the wrinkled hand and pressed it. "Did you make it for me?" she said a trifle unsteadily, "this beautiful counterpane? How I thank you, and I shall keep it always!" And then, to the surprise of every one present, and none more than to the minister himself, she stooped and warmly kissed the withered cheek.

It was surprising to see how well things went off after that. Tongues were loosened and everyone seemed to blossom and expand in the changed atmosphere. The minister himself went into the kitchen and made coffee, and they had sandwiches and cake. The evening that had promised to be such a dismal failure ended in a signal success. A new minister's wife seemed to move about the pretty rooms, putting people at their ease and chatting merrily. Nothing was left undone that would add to the pleasure of her guests. She sang, she played, she even brought out some delicate pieces of drawn work because Mrs. Wilkins expressed a desire to see them. For the first time since she had come to Crown Point, the minister saw the old, sweet nature that had been hidden behind a wall of ice for so long. "Praise the Lord!" he whispered solemnly.

"Bertram," said his wife when the gate had clicked after the last of the party, "how have you put up with me for so many months? I don't deserve any mercy. I—I never realized until to-night how much I had been at fault, or how your people loved me."

The minister put his arm fondly about her. "I thought you'd see it yourself," he answered gently. "They have tried to love you all the time, dearest, only you would not let them, but now—"

"But now," she repeated, "it will be different. I'm going to be, from this time forward, a true helper. Why," she laughed a little, though there were tears in the blue eyes, "I'm even going to bring myself to play 'The Maiden's Prayer' for old Mrs. Atwood. Can you doubt the change?" And she lifted her face to the minister's, sealing her promise with a kiss.—Young People.

Smart Country Cove.

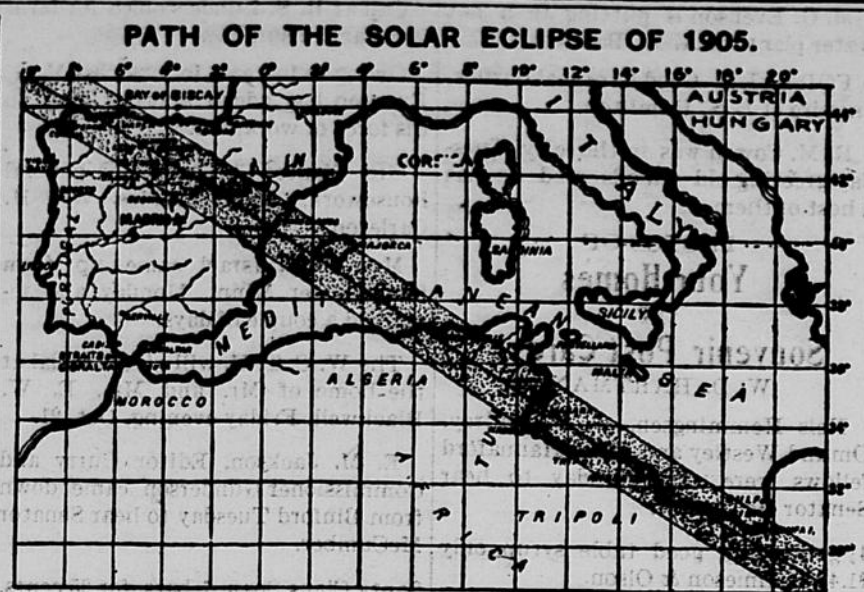
Dr. Edward Martin, who is at the head of the health department in Philadelphia, owns a beautiful little country home, situated in a valley on the banks of a shady creek near Wallingford, Pa. One day last summer he was entertaining a party of little girls from Philadelphia, for Dr. Martin plays the host most delightfully to children, of whom he is very fond, and treats the tots with a dignified air of gallantry which delights them. On this occasion one little miss was out walking with the doctor and became very much agitated at the manners of a cow which regarded her with a solemn air of belittlement. "It must be that red dress you are wearing, Dorothy," said the host, smilingly. "Dorothy, the cow doesn't like red very much." "Well, I am surprised," replied the little girl, "I know that red is not quite the fashion now, but I don't see how a green old country cow would ever know enough to know that."—Golden Days.

The Game Loser.

E. R. Thomas was talking at Saratoga about game losers. "As game a loser as I ever saw," he said, "went to the Prix de Paris some two or three years ago. He was a St. Joseph man, and he bet on the grand prize every cent that he had with him. He bet, of course, on the wrong horse. L'Aigle Noir, as the animal he picked was called, proved to be the slowest entry booked. But the St. Joseph man, with a race starting him in the face, watched the race from start to finish with loud laughter. From the beginning his horse was last, and from the beginning he shouted: 'Hurrah! hurrah! L'Aigle Noir forever! See how he drives them all before him! Ha-ha! Hurrah for L'Aigle Noir!'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Smoking.

Mrs. Astor, the head of the Astor family, attended, during her recent European tour, a garden party in the English Midlands. Mrs. Astor's dignity is great. It resembles that of a duchess of the old school. Hence a certain young officer should have been wiser, at the garden party, than to say to her, as he took out his cigarette case; "Does smoking incommode you, madame?" "I don't know, really," Mrs. Astor answered. "No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



The next total eclipse of the sun, following that of September 9, of this year, will occur on August 30, 1905. The shadow path begins at sunrise south of Hudson's bay, enters the Atlantic ocean a short distance north of Newfoundland, crosses northeastern Spain, northeastern Algeria, and northern Tunisia, passes centrally over Assouan on the Nile, and ends at sunset in southeastern Arabia. The duration of totality on the coast of Labrador, in Spain, and at Assouan, are two and one half, three and three-quarters and two and three-fifths minutes, respectively. It will be observed by a party of distinguished scientists near the town of Burgos, in the northern part of Spain.

THE ADVANCE OF SAHARA.

Progress of the Arid Region Southward Has Been Ascertained by Explorers.

Scientists have long disagreed over the question of the antiquity of the Sahara desert, and over the manner in which it was formed. They agree, however, states Youth's Companion, that the dryness has much increased in the centuries since Rome was a mighty empire. Lieut. Col. Poroz, of the French army, who has recently made an arduous journey from the Niger river to Lake Tchad, has brought back much interesting information regarding the progress of the arid region southward.

The country which extends from the Niger to Lake Tchad, he says, between 13 and 16 degrees, north latitude, is completely barren of permanent water bodies. For more than 800 miles it is a tropical region, without a water-course. Only yesterday—as geologists count time—all this was different. The Niger received from the left immense affluents, veritable floods, rising even in the lofty mountains about the plateau of Hogar, the highest region of central Sahara. Then giraffes and elephants, the colonel believes, wandered even to the borders of the Mediterranean Numidia, seeking the abundant vegetation.

Then came the Mohammedan conquest, with its tribes of nomadic Arabs, and the invasion of the Tuaregs from the east, accelerating the Saharan devastation.

These invaders burned over great tracts of land, destroying vegetation, and leaving nothing to hold the fallen water in check. The hygrometric state of the atmosphere was impoverished. The vapor no longer was condensed. The rain failed, vegetation disappeared, and the soil and rocks were left exposed to the direct action of heat and cold, and of the winds. The decomposition of the granite filled the dry river-beds with sand for great distances.

The advance of this phenomenon has not stopped at the edge of the tropics. The Sahara, he believes, has gained toward the south the regions, recently touched, of Air and of Azawad. It reaches now Adar, Gober, Tessawa, and even the sultanate of Zinder, an inland city which was given to France in the last settlement of Anglo-French boundaries in Africa. It is established on all the northern parts of Lake Tchad. Although it appears slow, its march is extremely rapid, compared with other geologic phenomena. Barth, the German explorer, found water in abundance, 50 years ago, where Col. Poroz's expedition suffered from thirst. The old men of North Adar showed the Frenchman rivers which in their youth flowed full many months of the year, but are now dry. Lakes yesterday permanent, which Poroz expected to find full, were dry, and did not replenish except during the two months of winter.

As proof that part, at least, of the damage has been wrought by man, Col. Poroz says that in fifteen, in a corner of a valley indicated by a Tuareg, he was able to uncover the stumps of a forest which the Tuareg said they had destroyed 25 years ago in order to devote the fertile soil covered by it to raising millet.

"Even now our line of communication from the Niger to Lake Tchad," he says, "is actually semi-desert. It is cut by spaces of many hundreds of kilometers where the desert is absolute. If we do not take care the places still free will be dried up successively, just as those have been dried up which mark the route that Barth followed from Air to Damerghu 50 years ago."

Needed Another Barrel.

When Van Blumer came up from the cellar he told his wife he wanted her to do him a favor. "I want you to give the cook a message for me," he added. "What?" inquired Mrs. Van Blumer, a trifle anxiously.

"Tell her—ask her, I mean," said Van Blumer, "not to put the broken china into the ash-barrel. I really must have some place to put the ashes."—Harper's Bazar.

Subterfuge.

Mrs. Wise—This new girl Mrs. Housekeeper's got must be a jewel.

Mrs. Newcomb—Why, she complains about this one more than any of the others.

Mrs. Wise—Of course, she wants the rest of us to think the girl isn't worth stealing.—Philadelphia Press.

Plenty of Room There.

The maid—I can't find your costume for the last act.

The saubrette—Look in my purse.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

POINTS ABOUT AIR BRAKES

Steam Car Appliances Concerning Which But Little is Generally Known.

Every one has heard of the air brake, and references to it are sure to be made when the subject of protection against railroad accidents is under discussion, but, like many inventions in common use, it is more or less of a mystery, why the Chicago Record-Herald, for which an explanation is demanded from time to time.

The modern air brake consists of 12 parts, among which are the air pump, which compresses the air; a main reservoir, in which the air is stored; the engineer's brake valve, regulating the flow of air; the train pipe, which connects the brake valve with the triple valves under each car; the quick-action triple valve, controlling the flow of air and from the auxiliary reservoir, which is supplied to and from the main reservoir, and the brake cylinder piston rod, which is forced outward, thereby applying the brakes.

The theory of the air-brake is the equalization of pressures. When the brakes are not in action the pressure on the train pipe is made such as to prevent an escape of air from the auxiliary reservoir. When the engineer desires to make an application of brakes he turns his brake valve so that there is a moderate reduction of the pressure in the train pipe. This causes the greater pressure in the auxiliary reservoir to force air into the brake cylinder, forcing the piston out and applying the brakes.

When it is desired to release the brakes, the engineer turns his valve in the opposite direction, permitting the air to flow from the main reservoir, located on the engine, into the train pipe. When the pressure, thus restored in the train pipe, is increased above the pressure in the auxiliary reservoir certain valves are moved, communication is thereby restored between train pipe and auxiliary reservoir, the piston is forced to its normal position, the air escapes from the brake cylinder, and the auxiliary reservoir is recharged through the train pipe.

When the train breaks in two or a hose-pipe connection is broken, it has the effect of a sudden and material reduction of the pressure in the train pipe, the same as though the engineer had made an emergency application. The sudden reduction of pressure also opens supplementary valves, which increase the pressure upon the brake cylinder about 20 per cent. The brake shoes are attached to rods, which are in turn attached to the piston in such manner that when the air from the auxiliary reservoir forces the latter out a pulling force is exerted upon the brakes.

HE WAS PHILANTHROPIST.

Wasn't Going to Let Anybody Go Without Parents for Want of a Little Change.

As he stepped out of the theater he stopped to light a cigarette, and at the same moment, relates the New York Times, heard himself addressed: "If ye please, sir, gimme something fer me little brother an' sister; they're home cold an' hungry an' we ain't got no parents."

He turned and saw a diminutive girl, about 12 years old. He had seen the girl before, and had watched her play the same game, and had heard her tell the same story to people outside the theater several times, and knew it all for a "take."

"Jest think; no parents—ain't it awful, sir? Them little children!" She was keeping pace with him.

"Go home," he said, not unkindly, "do you want to be arrested for begging? Go home."

"How kin I go home with nuthin' for the kids? Ah! if they only had some parents to look after 'em! But dere's only me."

He put his hand in his pocket. The child hastened to clinch matter with the old, tiresome wall.

"Jest to think, sir; no parents."

The hand emerged from the pocket, and in it was a dollar bill.

"Here, little girl," he said, "I oughtn't to give you this, but what you have told me touches my heart. Take this—and buy them some parents."

Easily Recognized.

"Spendly, an old philosopher says debt is disguised damnation."

"Disguised? That venerable geezer could not have made the acquaintance of a modern collector."—Detroit Free Press.

GOING TO STAY YOUNG.

Even Government Inspectors Couldn't Make Her Older Than She Looked.

A Brooklyn woman lately returned from Europe was describing to her husband who had remained at home her experiences with the customs inspectors who had taken her declaration in the cabin of the liner coming up the bay, relates the Brooklyn Eagle.

"When he asked me my age," she said, "I told him 30."

"But, my dear," exclaimed the husband, "you're over 30."

"I know it," she returned, "but do I look more?"

"No, you don't, that's fact."

"Well," she concluded, triumphantly convinced, "that more, than was quelled since more by the force of feminine logic."—Brooklyn Eagle.

If You Are Going to the World's Fair

Remember that the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad is the most direct route from the Twin Cities and the Northwest and offers unexcelled service. Two through trains daily with Pullman Buffet Sleepers and free reclining chair cars and dining cars. All trains stop in full view of the World's Fair buildings, and stop at main entrance to Exposition grounds.

Round trip rates from Minneapolis and St. Paul—\$15.00, limit seven days; \$25.00, return limit Dec. 15th; \$21.35, limit sixty days; \$19.20, limit fifteen days.

Write for "Guide to World's Fair" and "Blue Book," giving information as to hotels. A. B. Curtis, G. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

A young lady of this city dislocated her shoulder by violently throwing her arms around the neck of a girl friend. If girls would put their arms only where they belong they would gain more sympathy in the event of overdoing things and incidentally make men's lives happier.—San Francisco Call.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds. N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The Chiropractors' society of Chicago, has been incorporated. Hooray for the corn crop!—Chicago Journal.

CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

When the Back Aches and Bladder Troubles Set In, Get at the Cause.

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Capt. S. D. Hunter, of Engine No. 14, Pittsburg, Pa., Fire Department, and residing at 2739 Wylie Ave., says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly backache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again, I would get them first thing, as I know what they are."

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

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"I followed the trail from Texas to Montana with a FISH BRAND Slicker, used for an overcoat when cold and a wind coat when windy, a rain coat when it rained, and for a cover at night if we got to bed, and I will say that I have gotten more comfort out of my slicker than any other article that I ever owned."

(The name and address of the writer of this article may be had on application.)

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J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

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