

# THE STORY TELLER

## THEIR LITTLE GIRL

### CANTO THE FIRST.

How lonesome-like and still it seems since she ain't here no more; I never knew how big a place it was she filled before; I miss the songs, too, that she sung, and ma she mopes around As bad as though we'd went and put our girl down in the ground East of dressin' 'er up fine and givin' 'er away— It all seems long ago, and yet 'twas only yesterday.

How proud and glad he seemed to be when it was done at last— And they was man and wife and by a lovin' bond held fast, And she looked up at him and smiled, and fur as I could see, Appeared to have clean plump forgot about her ma and me! She'd only eyes for him, she left us standin' lonely there; As long as he was by her side I guess she didn't care.

And yet to think how once she'd put her head agin my breast— And tell me I would always be the one she'd love the best! She'd never go away, she said, unless I went alone— And Sunday mornin's often she would wake me with a song; And oh how well I mind the day she come to make me glad— I see 'er still just as she lay a-lookin' at 'er dad.

How proud we was—her ma and me— when she commenced to creep, And how we'd hustle out of bed if she would come a-peep, And how we watched and how we prayed through many a night, And how we worked and saved and planned to make her burdens light; Kit here we are alone, she's gone! Some-how it seems as though Instid of startin' yesterday she'd left us years ago.

She looked back smilin' when she went— I seen 'er through my tears— Behind us gladness-lays, ahead are long and lovely years; The house seems big and dark; the sun, 'T'd almost swear, has ceased. To light things up the way it done before she started East! So here's the end of all the dreams that made us glad before: The little girl the good Lord sent belongs to us no more.

### CANTO THE SECOND

I made a slight mistake, it seems, a little while ago: When she got married and when ma moped around and took it so We thought we'd lost our girl, we thought, the day she went away. She'd never more be livin' here a-singin' blithe and gay; But she's come back, and he's here, too; It seems he lost his job, And goin' the restin' he kin do!—Gee up! Go long there, Bob!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## Our Mysterious Passenger.

BY ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF.

THE last whistle had gone, the good-byes had all been said and the little tender, the final link between us and Old England, was edging away from our side. The great screw was thumping away at quarter speed and we were slowly gliding down the river Mersey when a little steam launch darted after us and, bringing up alongside, allowed a man with a small bag in his hand to leap on to the flimsy platform, which was grudgingly lowered for him from the great ship's side. "The proverbial late passenger," grumbled the old stagers, and then disappeared below to arrange their cabins before dinner; while the green ones stayed on deck and watched the low shores gradually disappear in the distance and gathering gloom.

I myself belonged to the former class of passengers and soon, having donned a slouch cap, made my way to the smoking room where, during the many voyages which I had to make, most of my waking hours were wont to be spent. But quick as I was in getting there, the late passenger had already put in an appearance, and soon he and I were talking away and discussing the last news, which we would have for some days—nothing of importance certainly; a small railway accident, a bank robbery and a mysterious murder were the chief items which the papers spread through many columns. As regards the last item, the rumor was that the murderer had been tracked to Liverpool and it was suspected that he would try to get away by one of the outward-bound vessels. "By Jove, I hope he is not on board here," exclaimed my companion, as he rang for drinks and proffered me a second cigar.

Much traveling and mixing with my fellow men have made me very chary of voluble strangers, but this man seemed to be an exception and, before we had been talking for an hour, we were the best of friends and had exchanged cards and found mutual acquaintances which made us remark, as people always do on such occasions, that the world was small.

J. A. SMITH,  
Representing  
Jones Brown & Son,  
Wholesale Provision Merchants,  
London.

was the inscription on his card. It seemed that he had decided at the very last moment to cross by this boat to Canada and had not even had time to get a ticket at the office. Thus it was that I proposed that he should occupy the spare berth in my cabin and hunting up the purser, we soon arranged that he should take his seat at the same table in the saloon.

My new friend was a neatly dressed

man of perhaps 40 years of age, of medium height, with curly brown hair and a keen searching eye, which gave one the impression that he was "all there."

At dinner he proved to be the life of our table and this first meal, which as a rule is a thing to be dreaded, owing to the suspicious reserve of the average Britisher on such occasions, passed off with much merriment, of which Smith was the center. Afterwards in the smoking room, his stories kept us spellbound for hours and no one even proposed cards this first evening.

Never did I see a man so quick at making friends as was this cabin mate of mine. Before we had been out three days, he knew every male saloon passenger intimately and called many by their Christian names. He did not seem to care much for the society of the gentler sex and we all laughed at his excuse that he was shy. "Jim Smith shy indeed!" We all called him Jim Smith by now and some even "Jim." A more openhanded fellow it would be hard to find and he never seemed to take offense at the free way in which his generosity was abused by some of the shabbier passengers. He would bring a whole box of cigars up to the smoking-room and give them away in handfuls. While not averse to a game of cards, his chief amusement seemed to be talking, and when the rest of the smoking-room habitués were deep in poker, he would as often as not take up with one of the quieter passengers and sit talking, or would walk the deck with him for hours.

The weather had been fine so far, but there are always some people who are sea-sick however calm it be, and there were several such on board. Smith made some excuse about perhaps knowing some of the invalids to hunt them up in their cabins, one by one. There he would stay by the hour, prescribing champagne and generally acting the good Samaritan to these neglected ones.

The intermediate passengers next began to enjoy his friendship, and for a day or two he charmed them as he had done us. Intermediate passengers are usually rather sensitive about their position and think that the saloon ones are "siddy," as there is not usually much intercourse between the classes; but here was a gentleman after their own hearts and they welcomed him with enthusiasm. But they did not please him as much as he did them and soon he deserted them for the steerage. I attempted to remonstrate with him one evening, as we were going in to dinner and he had been forward the whole day, but only got snubbed for my pains. Soon the sailors were his chums and then the stokers; he would be down in the stoke-hole for hours, taking a hand as he laughingly told me, and certainly getting very dirty. This was the last straw and the saloon passengers sent a deputation to the captain, and I gladly joined it, requesting that Mr. Smith should not be permitted to enter the saloon if he should persist in getting dirty "for'd." The captain sent for the accused, and his very appearance condemned him as he emerged from a companion-way leading from the stoke-hole and slouched aft, dirty, ill-dressed and hang-dog looking. What a change since the first day, when he had captured us by his charm of person and conversation! The captain's remonstrance only called forth an indignant reply to the effect that the stokers were a better lot of men than all the rest of us put together.

Nothing remained but for us to put him "into Coventry," and this we did most thoroughly. I moved to another cabin and the seat on either side of him at table became vacant. At each meal he would appear, eat silently and then at once go for'd again. As if to complete his descent in the social scale, he became especially attached to a down-draft rascal of a stoker and the two were inseparable. One day this scoundrel refused to carry out some order and, on his being pressed to do so, struck the officer on duty with a shovel. He was at once arrested and put in irons. Smith was indignant, but could do nothing, nor could he get a sympathetic ear when he tried to defend his shady friend.

About the time that the Canadian coast first came into view a rumor was started, no one knew by whom, that this versatile man, this J. A. Smith as he called himself, might be the murderer, who was expected to have escaped from Liverpool by one of the outward bound vessels on the day that we left. Some one reminded the smoke-room audience that the fellow had boarded us after the police officer, who had looked through the ship, had left on the tender. A large reward had been offered, so the last papers said, to anyone who would give information which would lead to the villain's arrest, and it was interesting to note what a run there was on these week-old papers. One man—an old Jew—was seen cutting out the meager description of the wanted fugitive. Certainly this description might have been of Smith, but equally so of half a dozen other men on board, so indefinite was it.

More than ever, if possible, we avoided the man. Some were for having him arrested at once, but a lawyer amongst us voiced the general opinion that this was out of the question and, besides, he was safe enough whilst miles of ocean rolled between us and the nearest shore.

This was the state of things on the morning when we were hailed by the pilot. Many were the speculations as to whether the authorities at home could have tracked the murderer by now, and whether an officer would not be on board the pilot boat to arrest him. But no, only the weather-beaten old man, whom I had often seen before, scrambled up the side. He brought off with him a bundle of newspapers which we were soon eagerly

perusing, but nothing much had happened in the eight days during which we had been lost to the world. A few lines in a Canadian paper said that the murderer had been tracked to Liverpool, but we knew that much already and thought that we knew a great deal more.

The captain wanted to put a couple of stowaways ashore by the pilot boat, one of them being the refractory stoker, but Smith made such an uproar about this, vowing that he would go with his friend and would write to the papers, so that the "old man" weakly gave in, and started again for Quebec. Some hinted that the captain did not want to lose Smith and the possible reward for the detection of the murderer.

We reached Quebec late at night and a cold night at that. The stowaways were at once ordered on shore and again Smith raised a hubbub about such cruelty. "Well, anyhow, if the stoker must go then he would go with him and he should have his top-coat." We watched the strange couple go down the gangway arm and arm, and an out-and-out pair of rascals they looked. "But Smith must be the wanted man all the same," someone was muttering, when, hullo! what is happening?—a scuffle on the wharf and several loafers there are all grabbing the stoker at once, while Smith stands aside from his quondam friend and coolly lights a cigarette, a smile of quiet triumph the while spreading over his face and chasing away from it the rascally hang-dog look which it had worn for days.

We watched the stoker dragged, struggling and horror-stricken, to a police van which was waiting near by, and then Smith, heaving what looked like a sigh of contented relief, stepped smiling up the gangway again into our midst.

He made straight for the captain, who stood as one dazed, and the two disappeared into the latter's cabin, but before long emerged laughing and the best of friends. Then Smith mixed with the passengers, all of his old cheerful manner once more upon him, and soon we learned the truth of his strange doings.

It seems that he was a detective officer of well-known Scotland Yard repute. The authorities in London had learned, as we had already heard, that the murderer of whom we had read had got as far as Liverpool and they thought that he would try to escape on one of the three vessels sailing when we did. So an officer was ordered to board each of the three steamers, and thus Detective Officer Robinson (alias J. A. Smith) traveled with us. He did not know whether his quarry was on board at all; much less did he know in what capacity he would travel, and hence he decided to make the acquaintance of every man on board, hoping thus to come across his man. It will be remembered that the authorities had only the most meager knowledge of the murderer's appearance. We had been at sea for nearly a week and he had suspected several of the passengers, myself amongst the number so he said, before he came across the stow-away who was working as a stoker. Him he spotted in some way, and from that moment stuck to him, as we had seen. At the pilot station he was afraid that he was going to lose him, but, as we saw, persuaded the captain to take him on to Quebec and himself sent a cypher message to the police at that port to be waiting for us.

When asked why he had not arrested his man as soon as he had recognized him, he replied that he had made friends with him instead and had thus extracted much evidence of the man's guilt.

How he soothed the ruffled feelings of the "old man" for not having confided in him we never heard, but he somehow succeeded thoroughly, and as he shook hands all round and went ashore for the second time, we raised a cheer for our friend "Jim Smith," who had suffered so much at our hands.

He left Quebec that night on an outward-bound mail steamer for Liverpool with his man, and we heard some time later that the murderer was convicted and hanged for the perpetration of as dastardly and cold-blooded a crime as had occurred in recent years.—Canadian Magazine.

### Told of a Widow.

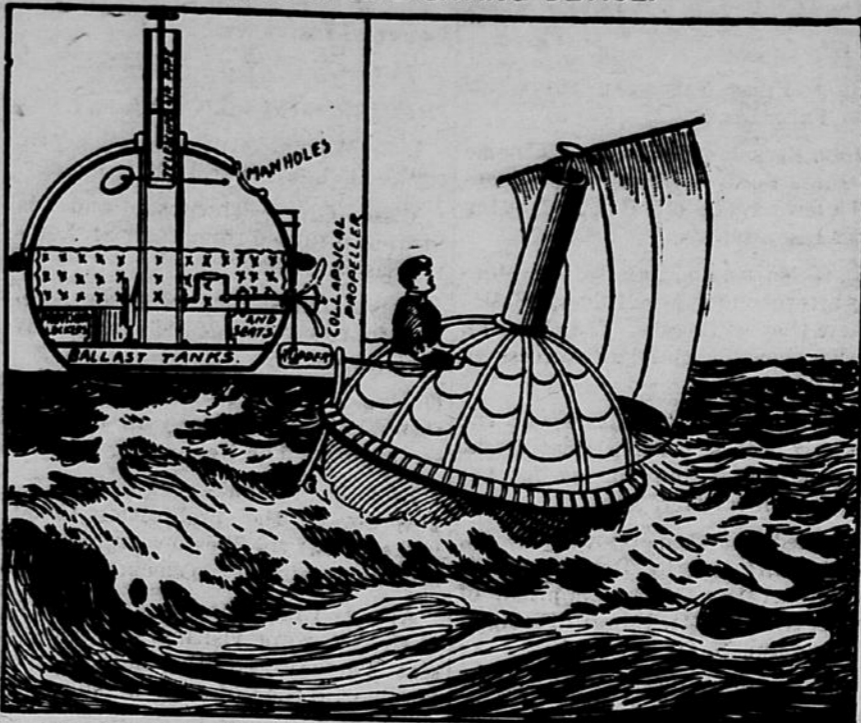
"The widow," said I. W. Read, of Nashville, "furnishes the most delightful study to the observer of the tricks and manners of human beings.

"One summer," he continued, in a ruminating manner, "I was spending some time at White Sulphur Springs, Va.—I only tell this as an illustration of the acumen and intelligence of the genus widow—and one afternoon a handsome young woman and her little 6-year-old son sat near me on the veranda. The little fellow trotted up to me and I patted him on the head. "What's your name?" he asked. "I told him." "Is you married?" he inquired. "No, I'm not," I replied. "Then the child paused a moment and, turning to his mother, said: "Mama, what else did you tell me to ask him?"—Louisville Herald.

### His Oustment.

A short while ago, a tradesman, noted for his business integrity or honesty, called upon an accountant to examine his books before filing his petition in bankruptcy. The accountant, after going through the accounts, found that the assets were only sufficient to pay the creditors three shillings in the pound, and he acquainted his client with the fact. The tradesman's startling reply was: "Well, I have always been able to pay five shillings in the pound before, so I will make up the difference out of my own pocket."—Smith's Weekly.

## A NEW LIFE-SAVING DEVICE.



The invention of Capt. J. M. Douvig, of Norway. It has been officially tested and approved by the governments of Norway and France, and our navy department is now experimenting with it. The globe will hold 16 people, with provisions and water for a voyage of a month.

## SONG PICTURES COME HIGH.

The Public Is Exact and Artistic Excellence Must Be Displayed in Views.

"It requires patience and money to produce slides for popular songs nowadays," said a music publisher to a New York Sun man, "but stereopticons and moving picture machines are still the best medium in booming songs. Almost every theater devoted to vaudeville has one of these machines as part of its properties, and with the aid of a good singer and a clever manipulator of the machine a fair entertainment can be given at nominal cost.

"But the public now expects some artistic merit in these slides, and will not accept them unless they reproduce accurately scenes which the theme of the song demands. Formerly such slides were 'faked' without much trouble and at small cost. The public did not mind if the song happened to be good. But now conditions are reversed. The public seems to be more exacting about the slides than the song.

"Most of these slides were made in this city, no matter what locality or scenes the song described. But soon these slides lost their attraction. Then a publisher revived interest in the entertainment by making the slides accurate in detail and locality, but the return paid handsomely for the outlay.

"Recently a firm spent \$2,500 in producing slides for one song. The scenes were laid in the valley of the Shenandoah. To be as accurate as possible the publisher had to send men to photograph a number of historic spots in that section. Then he had to hire a regiment of soldiers to pose for the pictures. This meant several days' work and when everything was done and he was satisfied he found that his expense bill was a large one without the cost of manufacture.

"On another occasion this same publisher paid to have a minister and his whole congregation pose for him for a song called 'Just Behind the Times,' which was popular five years ago. He could easily have 'faked' this by having the scene painted, but he wanted to have it all correct and was willing to pay for it. It is said that the slides for this song cost him nearly \$4,000.

"About ten years ago a publisher hired a whole minstrel troupe and a hall to get a set of slides. But this is not it with the publisher who sent a corps of photographers to San Juan hill for negatives. He also engaged several officers to pose for him. The publisher, who writes his own songs, had a soldier ballad which eventually made a hit. Before he could put the slides on the market his bill was nearly \$6,000. But as the song had a large sale he got the money back with interest.

"If the song 'goes,' expense in booming it is not considered much."

### Canada Finds Use for Dog Fish.

Instead of offering a bounty for the destruction of dogfish, the Canadian government has decided to establish three reduction plants to convert the fish into fertilizer and glue. They will cost \$9,000 each, and the government will itself operate the plants, paying the fishermen a good price for their fish offal and for all the dogfish they can bring in. It is claimed that the venture can be made to yield a satisfactory profit. It is calculated that the price paid for dogfish and the desire of the fishermen themselves to get rid of the nuisance will be incentives enough to them to keep the reduction works supplied with all the material they require.—Kennebec Journal.

### Japanese in Battle.

I saw two soldiers who were pretty badly shot; one of them had at least three bullet wounds. The only thought of these men seemed to be to conceal their wounds. They hurried into the thick of the fray, and upon them was that thievish air which you sometimes catch in a bad boy or a man who is wounded—the air which seemed so ill at ease on the face of a Nippon soldier, and so striking too, because so rare. They were frightened, these fellows, who laughed in the face of death, lest they might be caught by the hospital corps.—Leslie's Monthly.

### Absent-mindedness No Crime.

Judge—Not guilty! Why, the policeman says he actually caught you with your hand in this man's pocket. "Mebbe so, your Honor. But once I had a coat of the same pattern, an' I'm a little absent-minded at times. Feel your Honor."—N. Y. Times.

## ABOUT CHARCOAL BURNING

Industry Has Steadily Decreased in Importance—How the Fuel Is Made.

Time was, when the entire annual yield of many European forests was devoted to no worthier purpose than the making of charcoal, for use as fuel in iron or glass smelting works, says a writer in Pearson's. But nowadays good forest timber can generally be put to better purpose, and although in some places charcoal burning still flourishes on a large scale, the industry, strangled by coal and coke, has been steadily diminishing in importance.

The best site for a kiln is one that has been used before—the ground is thoroughly dry, and is covered with absorptive charcoal dust.

The kiln usually consists of two tiers of wood, one upon the other, placed as straight up as possible, the smaller pieces inside, the thicker pieces in the center, and smaller pieces again toward the outside. When two stories have been piled up in this way, more wood is laid horizontally across the narrow top. This kiln is gradually shaped like a dome. All openings are then carefully filled in, in order to prevent unnecessary draughts, and the whole is made as firm as possible.

A passage is now constructed from the outside of the kiln to the flue in the center; or a log of wood which has been placed previously in position, is drawn from under the bottom tier, leaving a hollow kindling passage, in which, when the kiln is completed, a torch may be inserted to set fire to the shavings.

Now the important work of covering the kiln is commenced. Supports of various kinds are placed in position to save a collapse under the weight of the coverings, of which there is both an inner and an outer. The kiln is first tiled, as it were, with thin soda, overlapping each other. Then the outer covering is applied, consisting of loamy forest soil and charcoal dust, well mixed, and firm enough to exclude air and retain the heat, and at the same time soft enough to allow steam to escape, and to yield without cracking, as the kiln gradually sinks during the burning.

Nothing now remains but to erect a wind break, if necessary, before burning the kiln.

Early in the morning, when the air is still, a torch of pine is inserted in the passage before mentioned, and the flames seize hold of the dry twigs and shavings in the flue.

At first, when the dome becomes hot, steam and thick smoke issue from the top; if all is well, the smoke should give way to flame, and a not unpleasant, pungent odor should be noticeable. This is a sign that carbonization is in progress. After a few hours charcoal will form in the dome, which will gradually sink in.

Should the charcoal be irregular, it is a sign to the charcoal burner that the kiln is burning unevenly. There is too much draft from one quarter, or too little in another; or some of the wood in the kiln is burning quicker than other pieces. This state of affairs must be remedied by boring draft holes or applying water, as the case may require.

On the second day after kindling, the first vent holes are made. These holes, bored through both coverings down to the wood, in two rows to leeward, help to regulate the burning, and also give indication when the carbonizing process nears completion. At first, smoke and steam issue through them—and after awhile the smoke turns blue, which is a sure and certain sign that the charcoal is burning, and this, of course, is the last thing the charcoal burners desire. The holes must be closed immediately with soil or turf, and a fresh row opened lower down the side.

### No Time to "Blum."

Rich Caller (who is making the round of the tenement district)—Well, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you, my good woman? The Other (of the submerged)—No, thank ye, mem. Ye mustn't mind it, mem, if I don't return the call. I haven't any time to go slummin' myself.—Tit-Bits.

### Jews in America.

The statistics gathered for the "American Jewish Year Book," covering the year from September 22, 1903, to September 9, 1904, place the Jewish population of this country at 1,122,968 and with this population the United States ranks third among the nations of the world in respect to the number of Jews within its borders.

## GAINS THIRTY POUNDS

MRS. WEBER TELLS HOW HER WAS HELPED WHEN DOCTORS FAILED.

She Let Her Trouble Become Chronic Because She Hesitated to Consult Her Physician—Particulars of a Remarkable Case.

The natural reluctance which every woman feels to consult a physician regarding troubles peculiar to her sex caused Mrs. O. Weber, of No. 7635 South Front street, Columbus, Ohio, to let her illness run on until it became chronic, and even the excellent doctor whom she employed could give her no relief that was permanent. She gives the following details of an interesting case:

"I felt the trouble a long time before I went to our doctor, perhaps a year or more. When I did consult him he told me I had female trouble. I felt sharp pains through my stomach and could not walk across the room without suffering agonies which I cannot describe. My head ached so that it fairly thumped and at times it seemed that I would go crazy. My stomach became so weak that it would retain only the lightest food. Week after week I took the doctor's medicine, but I continued to feel worse and worse. On several occasions I was confined to my bed for a week at a time. My weight decreased to 103 pounds and I seemed a confirmed invalid.

"One day I read of a case similar to mine that had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and, although I did not have much confidence, I began taking the pills, having already discontinued my doctor's treatment. While I was taking the second box I began to feel a little better and the improvement continued until I was cured. In a few months I had recovered my health and strength and weighed 133 pounds. I owe everything to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health in the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had from all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## THE FISH BRAND SLICKER

A VALUED FRIEND

"A good many years ago I bought a FISH BRAND Slicker, and it has proven a valued friend for many a stormy day, but now it is getting old and I must have another. Please send me a price-list."

(The name of this worthy device, obliged to be out in all sorts of weather, will be given on application.)

A. J. TOWER CO.  
Boston, U. S. A.  
TOWER CANADIAN COMPANY, Limited  
Toronto, Canada  
Wet Weather Clothing, Suits, and Hats for all kinds of wet work or sport

## PISO'S TABLETS

The New Boon for Woman's Ills.

ILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, "Causes of Diseases in Women," will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing

THE PISO COMPANY

Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.

## GOOD COAL

THE PIONEER FUEL CO'S ANTHRACITE—NONE BETTER.

The name of dealers handling our coal furnished on application to

The Pioneer Fuel Co.  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 2, in which is described best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postcard to the undersigned at Blue Island, Ill., requesting a copy of "Circular No. 2."

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

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