

THE STORY TELLER

"BRITE AND FAIR."

"To-day was brite and fair."—From the Real Diary of a Real Boy.
"Brite and fair"—It tells the tale Of the days of long ago, Bringing boyish song and hall In an echo faint and low, Written in the careless scrawl Summing thus the days that were— Summer, winter, spring or fall, Every day was "brite and fair."

Who remembers any rain That came when he was a boy? Who remembers any pain Or forgets a shred of joy? In the picture of your youth On which you so often gaze, Is there any cloud, in truth? "Brite and fair" were all the days.

Ho, the days that once were yours Were the brightest days that dawned, And the light of them endures In your recollections fond! How they rise, and how they call, Wherever you may be Till you hold them one and all As the gold of memory!

Looking back and looking far Through the laughter and the play, Was there anything to mar Any single boyhood day? 'Twas the sunshine brought the shade— Never any cloud of care— And the heart within you made Every day both "brite and fair."

—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

THE GIRL FROM WELDON'S.

BY LLOYD WILLIAMS.

She was certainly pretty. Archie Newport had said it, and Archie Newport was an artist and knew all about such things. When she visited Portadown mansions he used to stand at his window and watch her alight from a car, trip across the pavement—holding up her dainty skirt the while daintily, whereby he got just a peep of the tip of the most fascinating petticoat, to say nothing of a pair of ankles like the like of which could not be seen in the neighborhood—and so on into the huge building in which he occupied a modest flat.

By the time she was in the hall, and had nodded to the janitor, Mr. Newport had generally reached the door of his flat which she had to pass, for the elevator was just opposite, and was pulling on its gloves preparatory to sailing out.

He discovered that she visited the people on the third floor, and he set himself to learn as much as he could about them. There seemed to be a kind of mystery about them. They were an Italian couple, and the janitor, whom he interviewed, remarked that he didn't know that "they were much good."

Mr. Newport provided his informant with the kind of refreshment which latent mesmerism generally demands, and returned to his studio.

"Strange thing!" he reflected, as he gaily painted "Venice by Moonlight," with the confidence of a man who has never traveled farther than New York. "Can't imagine why a nice girl like that can want to have anything to do with such people. Hope it's all right."

He had no particular reason for doubting that "it was all right," but he took a great interest in her, and had reached that stage when a man thinks that a girl needs some one to look after her.

She generally came in the evening, and never appeared earlier than seven o'clock. From this it may be gathered that he had studied her habits closely. One night his chance came, though it cannot be said that he availed himself of it to a large extent.

She had got into the narrow-minded way of thinking of her as "she," apparently having lost sight of the fact that there are other people in the world of the female sex—arrived as usual at about a quarter past seven, and by the most extraordinary good fortune he was, as usual, just going for a walk. Consequently they met in the hall.

The janitor happened to be out, and the elevator boy was likewise absent, so Archie Newport stepped into the breach.

"I'm afraid the boy who looks after the elevator is not here to-day," he said, raising his hat. "Can I do anything for you?"

He asked, diplomatically, though he knew that Mr. and Mrs. Ferrari lived on the third.

"I think it's the third," she murmured. "It's Mr. Ferrari's flat I am going to."

He closed the door and gave the cord a mighty pull. Perhaps he overdid the pulling, or perhaps elevators, like human beings, are endowed with a special talent for contrariety.

Whatever it was, the fact remains that after springing upwards with unusual celerity the elevator suddenly stopped with a jerk.

"That's funny," said the artist. "Where are we?" she inquired, in a half frightened voice.

"About midway between the second and third floors," he said, glancing upwards. "I shall soon have it right again."

He pulled the cord at first gently and then violently, but the elevator remained as still as if it were imbedded in rock.

"Perhaps we had better go down again," she said.

"Perhaps we had," he admitted. He tried to make the elevator descend, but failed.

"It strikes me the silly thing has stuck fast," he muttered.

"You don't think it will fall, do you?" she asked, with a scared face.

"O, no!" he replied, with a confidence which he didn't feel. "The janitor will return soon and I shall shout to him. He will put it right again in no time."

"Is he a dab at elevators, too?" she inquired, with a kind of tremulous mischievousness.

At that moment he thought he heard the janitor's step in the hall below.

"Hello!" he called out. "Is that you, Wilkins?"

"Yes, sir," responded the ex-soldier, heartily. "It's me."

"This wretched elevator has stuck fast. See if you can release it."

"Soon came the welcome news that it wouldn't take five minutes to release it."

"Will you let me give you my card?" asked Mr. Newport, while they waited to be freed. "And I hope you will forgive me for giving you such a fright. I am an artist. Do you think you would give me a few minutes one evening and let me sketch you? I have already done so from memory."

He took a rough drawing from his pocketbook, where he kept it as a means of mental refreshment when the world was more than usually awry, and showed it to her. She was evidently pleased, but said it was quite impossible for her to give him a sitting—at any rate, for some time to come—as her evenings were fully occupied.

"During the day I am in Weldon's jewelry house, as you know," she added.

"Why do you say 'as I know'?" he asked.

"Because you followed me home one evening, and since then I have seen you pass once or twice during the day," she replied, demurely.

Mr. Newport grinned. It was true that he had followed her one evening, but believed he had done so with such skill that she was not aware of it.

"I hope you will forgive me for that, too," he said.

"O, yes!" she said, lightly. The elevator had ascended at last, and they had now reached the third floor. "And now I will say good night!" she added.

"Thanks so much for your kind assistance."

"Do not make such a noise," said a voice with an unmistakably foreign accent.

Archie Newport rubbed his eyes and woke himself up as suddenly as possible. It was six o'clock in the morning.

"Be careful!" said the Italian voice.

"Now, steady! Ah, there you go! It is too heavy. Wait, I will find some one else to help you."

It suddenly occurred to Mr. Newport that it was an ideal morning for a swim in the natatorium, and that it would be interesting to know what Mr. Ferrari was doing at that early hour.

He jumped into a suit of flannels as quickly as possible and rushed out.

There he saw two big men struggling with an enormous box or chest, which was apparently a heavy burden, for it was as much as they could do to carry it up the stairs. Mr. Ferrari was at hand, gesticulating wildly, and half shouting, half whispering instructions to them.

"Morning!" said Archie, with a nod.

"Good morning!" said the Italian, angrily. "You are out early!"

"So are you."

"I have business."

"I haven't."

"Do not let me delay you."

"Shall I lend you a hand with the box?"

"No!" almost screamed the foreigner. "Do not touch it. I wish—I wish you would mind your own business."

"Going to bury some one, I should think," replied the artist, ironically.

"How dare you say such a thing!" snapped Mr. Ferrari. "Why do you not go away?"

By the time he had turned the corner of the street it had struck Archie that he had been somewhat short-sighted to quarrel with the man who had the privilege of entertaining every evening the beautiful creature whose face it was his chief delight to sketch.

"But what on earth is that box for?" he asked himself.

For the life of him he couldn't answer the question. It was far too big for clothes or books. Indeed, his jocular remark about burying a person in it was not so absurd, now he came to think of it, for unless it was designed to hold a human being he could see no use for it.

The subject was not a pleasant one, and he dismissed it hastily.

That night "she" arrived, but later than usual. Again he had his hat on ready to go out. She had a cloak over her shoulders and was in evening dress.

THREE VESSELS OF THE RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET.



SALARIES OF TEACHERS.

This Country Leads in Liberality of Expenditures for Educational Purposes.

If the salaries paid public school teachers is to be accepted as the standard of civilization and enlightenment, the United States holds an enviable position among the nations, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. There are many school districts in the country where the wages received by teachers are too low, but the average monthly salary is large relatively to salaries in certain European countries where the standard of literacy among the masses is high and where educational facilities are supposed to be of the best.

It appears from the report of the federal commissioner of education for 1904 that the average monthly salary in the United States is \$47.55 for male and \$39.10 for female teachers. In the North Atlantic division, which includes the New England and middle states, the average salary for males is \$57.75; females, \$41.80. These figures are exceeded by the western division, where the averages are \$62.30 and \$51.94. In 1901 the average monthly wages in Pennsylvania were \$44.14 and \$38.26. In forthcoming reports the Pennsylvania average will be higher, as the result of the law passed in 1903 fixing the minimum salary of school-teachers at \$35. Districts failing to comply with the statute will lose the state appropriation for the common schools. Massachusetts pays the most generous monthly salary to male teachers, \$140.94; California to female teachers, \$65.81. The figures for New York did not appear in the federation report from which the quotations are taken.

Comparisons with European conditions are favorable to the United States. From the report of an investigation of school salaries in various European countries published in the Boston Transcript, it appears that the male class teachers in the United Kingdom get an average yearly salary of \$350. Women in the same grade receive less than \$200. In Copenhagen the highest yearly salary paid male teachers is \$350, and this after eight years' service. Women receive a third less. The educational standard of Prussia is high, but the average income of a school-teacher in the small towns is only \$218 a year. In the large cities he receives on an average only \$341. In Berlin a school superintendent receives from \$789 to \$925 and free lodgings. The lowest salary paid other teachers in Berlin is \$315; the largest, \$550. The teachers there are pensioned to the extent of 75 per cent. of the last salary they received.

Saxony requires her young teachers to serve two years without pay, and the highest salary paid is \$180 a year. First-class teachers in Baden, in towns having more than 10,000 inhabitants, receive \$260. In Alsace-Lorraine female teachers cannot expect more than \$160. The minimum salary in France is \$220. Spain is a backward country in educational matters. About 65 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write, though compulsory education was introduced many years ago. Madrid grants teachers \$400, but in villages the salary is only \$100. It is declared that at least 60 per cent. of the Italians are without the rudiments of education. In a country making such an exhibit one may look for poorly paid teachers. Even in the city schools of Italy the average yearly salary is \$160. Sweden and Norway pay a minimum wage of \$60 a year to female and double that sum to male teachers. The highest salary received by males is \$800.

Valuable Time. "Time is money," remarked the sore pacer, who prided himself on his knowledge.

"You bet it is," replied the two-minute trotter. "They tell me I'm worth \$5,000 more since I clipped that last second off my record."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Something Wrong. Now, Henry," she began, with set jaw, "I must have \$50 to-day."

"All right," replied her husband, "here it is."

"Gracious, Henry!" she exclaimed, suddenly paling. "What's the matter? Are you sick?"—Philadelphia Press.

Can Have No Dolls. In Armenia, children are not allowed to play with dolls. It is feared that if this were permitted the little ones would learn to worship them as idols.

CRUEL TO THEIR HORSES.

Drivers Who Leave Their Animals Standing with Heads Checked Too High.

Every now and then we notice standing on the street a horse reined up tightly, with an overdraw check-rein, says Medical Talk.

This holds the horse's neck and head in a very uncomfortable position. There he stands, perhaps hours, holding his head first on one side then on the other, trying to rest his neck from the needless and cruel position in which he is held.

Perhaps the owner is inside, doing some business. Maybe smoking or drinking. Possibly preaching a sermon or attending a prayer meeting. But whatever he is doing he has allowed himself to be thoughtlessly very cruel to his horse.

We always feel like unreining such a horse. Sometimes we really do so. It may be taking liberties with other people's property, but the end justifies the means.

A horse ought to be reined up when hitched on the street. Otherwise, he is liable to put his head down, trying to reach things on the ground, and he may get his foot over the reins or lines and tangle himself up, to his injury. Therefore, a horse ought to be reined up, so as to keep him from putting his nose to the ground. But he ought to be reined loosely.

The overdraw is a good precaution against runaways, and when properly adjusted to the horse's comfort it is not to be condemned. But a tight overdraw, that compels the poor horse to hold his head high and stick his nose out, is barbarous and the driver who can do such things, after he has had his attention called to it, ought to be obliged to wear an overdraw himself, so he can get through his thick skull the suffering it creates.

USE OF THE TYPEWRITER.

Terseness and Precision Becoming a Characteristic of Business Correspondence.

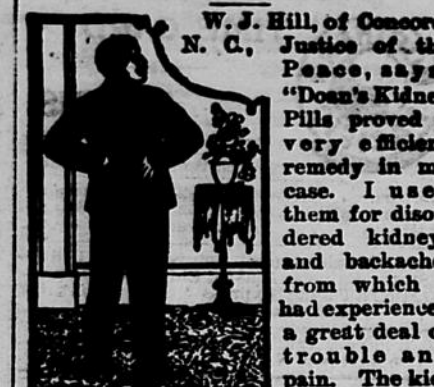
The invention of the typewriter has given a tremendous impetus to the dictating habit, especially among business men. The more ephemeral literary productions of the day are dictated, sometimes to a stenographer for transcription, and often directly to the machine. In either case, says Robert Lincoln O'Brien, in the Atlantic, the literary effects of the dictating habit are too manifest to need elaboration. The standards of spoken language, which in the days of the past stood out in marked contrast with the terseness and precision of written composition, giving rise to the saying that no good speech ever read well, have crossed over to the printed page. This means not only greater diffuseness, inevitable with any lessening of the tax on words which the labor of the writing imposes, but it also brings forward the point of view of the one who speaks. There is the disposition on the part of the talker to explain as if watching the facial expression of his hearers to see how far they were following. This attitude is not lost when his audience becomes merely a clicking typewriter. It is no uncommon thing in the typewriting booths at the capitol in Washington to see congressmen in dictating letters use the most vigorous gestures as if the oratorical methods of persuasion could be transmitted to the printed page.

Abducted the Bride. Only the other day an English bride's brother and brother-in-law had to pay \$2,000 for the forcible abduction of her from her humble bridegroom. The bereaved husband had been her father's groom, and the courtship was carried on when he accompanied her in that capacity on horseback. When she had been left by her aunt \$20,000 she eloped with her lover. Immediately after the marriage, though the bride's father wished them all happiness, her brother and brother-in-law, with the help of a detective—who kept the bridegroom in play—carried her off forcibly, and kept her in durance till her father could convey her to the continent—her vague address at present.—Detroit Free Press.

Got There. Jessie—So that distinguished young Englishman has really succeeded in getting into the Newport smart set?

Tessie—Yes; and to the extent of \$40,000, my brother tells me.—N. Y. Times

QUICK RESULTS.



W. J. Hill, of Concord, N. C., Justice of the Peace, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I used them for disordered kidneys and backache, from which I had experienced a great deal of trouble and pain. The kidney secretions were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The Pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My health generally is improved a great deal."

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

BITS ABOUT JAPAN.

Last year Japan imported foodstuffs exceeding over \$52,000,000 in value. The Japanese government is in the market for a number of locomotives. The Japanese Marine association will form a volunteer fleet of auxiliary cruisers.

Japan has established her up-to-date system of education in Formosa, with much success.

The rice crop prospect in Japan is good. It is nearly 43,000,000 bushels in excess of the average crop of 200,000,000 bushels.

In Japan every dishonored check or note is publicly gazetted, consequently very few are dishonored; in Tokio, for instance, with its 1,500,000 population, only 46 a month during the year ended May last.

Canada is pushing for sales in Japan. Consuls are being appointed with authority to pay for early statistical information. Sample rooms will be attached to the consulates. Japanese products will be exhibited in commercial museums in Canada.

IN LETTER WRITING.

Never use words with which you are not familiar.

Avoid writing over the head of your correspondent.

Do not fill your letter with lengthy excuses for your silence.

Always use unruled paper of fine texture. Avoid a pronounced color.

Never write of another anything which you would not want him to see.

Under no circumstances send half a sheet of paper, even for the briefest note.

Do not write long business letters. Do not write brief letters of friendship.

Never begin your letter with the statement that you have little time for correspondence.

Do not write of personal or other important matters to strangers or ordinary acquaintances.

Do not send an important message on a postal card, and never use them for notes of invitation.

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