

THE STORY TELLER

SUCCESS.

To you success is dear, and I
Am hoping on and striving, too;
Perhaps the aim you have is high,
And God may prosper what you do.

See over there is one who stands
Proud-faced, from other men apart,
And there are jewels on his hands,
And joy, perhaps, is in his heart.

That he might heap up worldly stores
A hundred men and women died;
Great wealth is his, but at his doors
Love has been rudely thrust aside.

And men behold him where he goes,
Him unto whom men's lives are less
Than money is, and still suppose
That he has mounted to success.

S. B. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CALL OF THE FLAG.

"If it please the court, I shall now read the charges against the accused."

The prisoner, a young soldier with a haggard face and tired eyes, rose mechanically, and stood gazing at the judge-advocate, who read in clear, emotionless tones the charges setting forth that Private John Walters, Company M.,—4th United States Infantry, had been guilty of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, in that he had been drunk and disorderly in his company quarters, and had disobeyed a lawful order given him by his superior officer.

"You have heard the charges and specifications preferred against you," continued the officer representing the government as prosecuting attorney. "How do you plead?"

The prisoner looked helplessly at his counsel, a tall bronzed man in the uniform of a first lieutenant, who responded: "Guilty, to the specifications and to the charge."

"The prosecution here rests," announced the judge-advocate.

"Has the accused any evidence to offer in his own behalf?" questioned the president of the court.

The accused had none. His counsel, in a few words, begged the court to consider that the prisoner had been at the time of his offense, under the influence of the poisonous Filipino bino, which had deprived him of his responsibility; he called attention to the excellent service the accused had, at various times, rendered under fire, as set forth in his record, and requested that such clemency as was possible be shown him.

As Walters, followed by his counsel, left the room, he let his eyes pass for the first time over the group of grave, khaki-clad officers forming the court-martial.

"Will the lieutenant tell me what he thinks I will get?" he asked, when the door had closed behind them for the verdict.

"Well, this is your sixth conviction within the year, Walters; I'm afraid you can't hope for less than a discharge and 12 months."

That night as Walters lay on his hard bunk by the barred window of the rude stone building used as a guard-house, he tried to analyze his position. "Discharge and 12 months"—the thought kept ringing in his head. A year in Billbid—no bino and no fighting. Then he would be sent back to the States—he never wanted to see the States again; the battle of life there had been too strong for him; defeat had seemed to pursue him in every renewed effort, and his repeated failures to conquer his insatiable thirst for liquor had only brought disgrace upon his family. In his army service his reckless courage under fire had atoned for much of his recklessness in drink. For long, drink and battle had been the only sedatives to quiet the fire in his brain; only when drugged with one or wild with the passion of the other, had he been able to forget the pangs of acknowledged failure. But five years in the tropics had begun to take away the sting. There was forgetfulness in this land; it emanated from the indolent rustling of the palm trees—from the golden, dreamy glow of the twilight—from the languorous perfume of the Ylang Ylang. He was slowly and surely imbibing the lotus flower's potion of content. The east was dropping its spell over his soul, and he was grateful for its mercy.

A faint rustling without the window attracted his attention; he peered through the bars, and saw in the dim light a form crouching close to the prison wall.

"Isabella," he whispered.

A small brown hand came through the iron uprights and pressed his fingers as they rested on the sill. It was a Filipino girl whom Walters had once protected from the insults of a drunken bino, one who had thereafter secretly lavished upon this reckless, floppy young American all the affection of which she was capable. Unconscious of the deeper feelings which animated her, Walters had not been ungrateful to the unfailing friendship she had shown him, and between the two a sort of comradeship had arisen. She came to him for advice and sympathy in the small affairs of her life, and Walters had found her hospitable home an agreeable asylum when he wanted to escape from the rougher companionship of his associates. Her appearance below his win-

dow, however, filled him with surprise.

"What are you doing here, Isabella?" he demanded.

"No habla," she murmured in her quaint mixture of Spanish and English. "No habla, I get you out."

Walters's heart leaped at the hope. The girl began working with some instrument at the soft rocks forming the window sill into which the bars were mortised. If she could remove one he could escape. Freedom seemed to him then the most glorious thing on earth—something he must have at any cost.

He tiptoed up to the heavy bamboo partition separating the long room occupied by the prisoners from the smaller place where the guard slept. Through the cracks he could see lying on their cots the members of the guard who were off duty; at the door sat the sergeant on guard in his chair; in front the sentinel was pacing up and down.

Walters noted with satisfaction that the other two soldiers confined with him were sleeping on the side opposite his bunk.

The guard-house was a stone camarine which had been used by its Filipino owner for the storage of sugar and rice. It was by no means considered inviolable as a prison, but the vigilance of the guard was intended to counteract its elements of weakness.

However, there was anticipated no effort at escape on the part of the three incarcerated Americans who could hardly find an incentive to risk their lives in the dense, marshy country, filled as it was by hostile Filipinos. The consequent relaxation of the watchfulness maintained over the building permitted the girl to perform her task undetected. It was not a difficult feat for her slowly to loosen and finally to remove one of the crumbling, porous stones. The iron upright was then quickly forced aside, and Walters slipped through the window.

As the two crept away under cover of the darkness, Walters rapidly formulated his plans.

"Isabella," he said suddenly, "I'm going away from all this—into the mountains. I'm done with America and Americans forever." After a pause, he continued: "You've been very kind to me, Isabella. Will you go with me to the mountains?"

The girl hesitated, while Walters waited breathlessly for her decision. "Yes, señor—I will go."

He pressed the hand that trembled in his. "You won't regret it, Isabella," he said. "You have been the only one of these ever seen much in me to care for, and I will not forget it. We'll find us a place where nobody will ever discover us, and we'll build us a home. Now," he continued, "I'm going to slip into the quarters and get my gun and some things; you get what you need from home and wait for me at the church."

After the girl had disappeared in the darkness, Walters stood a few moments looking at the light flickering through the door of the guard-house; he could discern the sentinel on number one. Yes, he was satisfied. He cared not to go back to America where he had learned what life could give of suffering. There was nothing now that would cause him to turn back; he was free; he would forget. Life had still something left to offer.

An hour later, while slipping cautiously across the road near the church on the outskirts of the town, he stumbled over some soft inanimate object on the ground. He put down his hand and touched the face of a man. Instinctively he realized that the man was dead. On his knees beside the figure he explored it with his hands. His fingers traveled over the well-known uniform of an American soldier; at the side his hand was wet, and he felt a rent in the khaki blouse. The warm blood was still flowing. Walters rose to his feet, and stopped quickly into the shadow of some bushes on the roadside.

"Sentry on number three, bolero on post," he muttered. "That means an attack—the devils will probably strike just at daybreak." That would be in less than an hour he knew. As he crouched in his shelter, he saw dark forms creeping silently along the road—one or two at a time, all moving in the same direction. The Americans would be murdered in their beds.

Walters thought of the girl waiting at the church not 50 yards distant; he could join her and by daylight they could be far away toward the mountains. What affair was this of his? Had he not renounced his race? If he went back to warn the troops, he would probably never reach the quarters alive; and even if he succeeded in saving the garrison and himself, after it was all over he would only get put back in prison for his pains. That would mean an end to his dream of oblivion on the mountain side. He would be taken back to America—"God's Country," as the men called it. At the name there ran through his mind a fragment of the improvisation the soldiers sang when starting on a hike:

"But God's country is behind us—long ago and far away,
And we're fightin' Filipinos 'round the old Manila bay,
And we're goin' home in boxes—but this story's what it tells:
When you've heard the flag a-calling, why, you won't head nothin' else."

"When you've heard the flag a-calling!" Yes, the flag was calling now.

"What is wrong," asked Capt. Graham, starting up in bed as a man staggered into his room calling his name.

"It is I, captain—Walters. There's an attack to be made in a few minutes. About 300 Filipinos lying in the grass in front of the quarters waiting for daylight." The voice died away, and Walters sank into a heap on the floor.

Capt. Graham was at his side in an instant.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" he asked, as he lifted the huddled figure.

"Ran into one of them on my way up," murmured Walters. "I knocked him down with my gun, but he got his knife in first."

"They'll pay for it," said the captain, grimly. He laid Walters on the bed, and passing into the adjoining room, he awoke the surgeon, and whispered in his ear.

"Do your best for that boy," he continued, as he turned towards the stairs. "I don't know what he's doing out of the guard-house, but he's won shoulder straps to-night."

The building occupied as quarters by the American troops had been a Catholic convent. The officers occupied rooms elevated at one end, and the men had their bunks on the stone floor of the large lower room formerly used as a chapel.

In five minutes after Capt. Graham had left the doctor, the soldiers were stealing silently out of the wide doorway and taking their places in the dark shadow along the front of the building. Not a light had been struck—not a word spoken, save by the officers as they moved softly about waking the men and whispering instructions in their ears. Without a question the trained fighters secured their rifles and ammunition and moved to their posts. When the last man was in place, Capt. Graham, the senior officer, stationed himself near the doorway.

There was no moon and a cloudy sky added to the intense darkness preceding the breaking of dawn. The men had orders to hold their rifles ready, but under no circumstances to shoot until the captain gave the order. Before them stretched the plaza, on the other side of which was a rank growth of grass; at either flank was a village street. Nothing indicated that an enemy was near.

After a seemingly interminable period of waiting, the glow of morning began to appear in the east, and spread with tropical swiftness. The watching soldiers could now make out the dark line marking the opposite side of the plaza. As the light grew, the line on which every eye was strained took a definite form; it seemed to be moving. Yes, it was surely coming slowly forward. The men held their breaths as they lay prone on the stone floor and watched that living wave creeping across the square. They looked at their captain. He was crouching on his knees, his eyes fixed as if fascinated. Did he see that that line was advancing? The Filipinos would rise in another instant for the rush. But not a soldier thought of firing; they would await that word of command.

Nearer and nearer crept the Filipinos. Now the soldiers could distinguish the individuals composing that moving wall. They could see the long murderous knives.

It was the moment the captain had waited for. "Fire!"—his voice rang out like a whip, followed instantly by a flash of flame and the roar of rifles.

The black line half way across the plaza seemed to wilt and crumble. With yells of wild surprise and abject terror the Filipinos fled from that terrible hall of death. Then the trumpets rang out the "Charge," and the avenging Americans dashed after their would-be assassins, who scattered like rabbits, and sought shelter in the thickets. Two-thirds of the bolero-men were lying on the plaza, which had been their death-trap.

Returning when further pursuit seemed useless, Capt. Graham left a subordinate in charge of the work of gathering up the dead and wounded of the enemy, and, hastening upstairs, he found the doctor bending over Walters.

"How's that deserter that's turned hero?" began Graham in his hearty voice. "He'll get a pardon and a medal of honor for last night."

The doctor held up his hand.

The sun streaming through the window lighted up the pale face of the dying soldier, and seemed to stamp upon his features a wonderful peacefulness. His lips were moving. Leaning over him, the two watchers caught the murmur: "When you've heard the flag a-calling, why, you won't head nothin' else."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE HABIT OF SCANDAL.

Tongue Schooled to Disapproval Was Loth to Speak Words of Praise.

Old Mrs. Etheridge had loved gossip all her life, but although her ears were always ready for it, she had schooled her tongue to disapproval, relates Youth's Companion. Nobody minded what she said, for although she might shake her head and utter her customary mild reproof, her eyes never failed to express interest and a desire for more information.

The one phase which rose to her lips when the tale was ended had become so habitual that toward the close of her life she occasionally employed it involuntarily.

"Have you heard about Edward?" asked one of the family connection, moving her chair close to the old lady's rocker and leaning over confidentially.

Grandmother Etheridge shook her head and put her hand to her ear.

"They say," announced the relative in strident tones, "that he's making a splendid name for himself, and has been offered a salary of \$15,000 by another firm, and that he is just as clever as he can be, has hosts of friends there in Chicago, and deserves them all!"

The light of pride and joy shone in the old lady's eyes, but custom was too strong for her tongue.

"You shouldn't repeat it, dear," she quavered. "There's a wrong story somewhere!"

PUZZLED THE POLICEMAN.

Lawyer's Italian Brogue Was Too Much for the German Guardian of the Law.

Justice Peter Foote, who at one time administered the law in the old Harrison street police court, was genial and popular and an excellent classical scholar as well," said Lawyer P. J. O'Keefe, according to the Chicago Daily News. "At one time Justice Foote filled the chair of moral philosophy at the University of Notre Dame. And it was the temporary adoption of Latin as the language of court and a policeman's ignorance of the same that led to the escape of a prisoner under most unusual circumstances.

"It chanced that there had drifted over here from Dublin a barrister-at-law named O'Malley, who had had to make a fleet and furtive exit from the old country on account of his political affiliations. In Chicago O'Malley met Justice Foote and the two became fast friends. They were convivial and took many a 'horn' together. O'Malley developed a profitable law practice and most of his cases were tried before Justice Foote.

"On one occasion a man who had been arrested on a serious charge employed O'Malley as his lawyer. The evidence against the prisoner was strong, the penalty severe and everything pointed to a conviction. The preliminary hearing within the Harrison street police court. When the case was called the prisoner was brought in by a German policeman. O'Malley walked up the center of the room took the prisoner by the arm and walked him toward the justice, to whom he majestically waved his hand and bowed in the most impressive and ceremonious salute.

"Morituri salutamur," said the lawyer, solemnly.

"Et, tu, Brute," returned the judge, just as solemnly.

"O'Malley bowed again, then, turning around, with great dignity, he conducted his client out of the court room, the puzzled policeman allowing them to depart unmolested. After awhile O'Malley returned wreathed in smiles. On seeing the inquiring look of the policeman he advised the latter to report to the desk sergeant.

"Where's your prisoner, Herman, and what disposition is made of the case?" inquired the sergeant.

"I do not know where mine prisoner is," answered the officer. "I did not know der language, but I thought der chudge told der lawyer to go out mit him, so I let him go away, for der lawyer said so."

"Search parties were speedily sent out, but the defendant had made good use of his time."

MAN AS A HAIRY ANIMAL.

That a Coating of Hair Is by No Means Lacking Is a Physiological Fact.

Apart from the hairy Ainos of Japan and a few freaks in the museum mankind is generally regarded as a naturally naked creature, thereby differing from his simian and other ancient relatives, says the Chicago Daily News. But a coating of hair on the human body is by no means lacking although it is useless as a protection against the weather. Dr. Walter Kidd, of London, has written a book on the direction of the hair in animals and man and has some interesting things to say. The arrangement of the hair tracts has a definite and varied slope, as in other mammals, and it is possible for Dr. Kidd to distinguish between hair "currents" inherited from antiquity and those due to dressing the hair. The whole matter of the lie of the hair is not by any means a new one. Most persons are indeed acquainted with the fact that the slope of the hair on the monkey's arms is such as to allow rain to drip off when the animal puts those limbs in a particular position.

Habits of a given animal can be traced in the variations of the hair currents, which bear very distinct relations to its habits of life. The sloth, for example, which, as Sydney Smith remarked, spends its life, like a young curate distantly related to a bishop, in a state of suspense, has a uniform downward tendency of hair slope. Then the complicated movements of ruminants have resulted in a more complex series of meetings and opposing currents of hair.

In man himself the general practice of combing and tying up the hair has left its undoubted traces. It is not without interest to learn that out of 100 persons 13 part their hair on the left. As a consequence the infant, guiltless of partings, nevertheless shows indications of these three fashions in corresponding proportions.

An Eveless Paradise.

French West Africa is to be an Eveless Paradise. The governor general has intimated to the minister of the colonies that the number of stations and posts offering facilities for married officers and functionaries are very few, and that great inconvenience is already caused by the difficulty of providing family quarters. The minister is requested to stop the further ingress of families, and an order has just been issued warning all whom it may concern that appointments in West Africa must henceforward be accepted on the basis of bachelorhood. Army officers will, of course, leave families behind.—London Globe.

Pride.

"Why don't you sell that yellow dog?" "Mistuh," said Erastus Finkley, "dis proposition is er insult to my friends. If I knew anybody foolish enough to buy dat dog I wouldn't associate wid him."—Washington Star.

TWICE-TOLD TALER.

James Jeffrey Roche was having a chat with President Roosevelt in the white house recently when the telephone began to ring. There seemed to be nobody at hand to answer it, so the president performed the duty himself. The visitor says that this conversation took place: "Well, what is it?" "Hello, is Archie there?" "No, he's not." "Who's this I'm talking to?" "The president." "Well, you'll do. Tell Archie to come over and play ball." And the president proceeded to execute the order as directed.

An irascible old colonel who used to play golf at Sandwich, on the River Stour in England, had a habit, common with many, of blaming everybody but himself for his bad strokes. Finally one day, becoming badly bunkered, he first took mighty vengeance on the turf with his club. Then, glaring around in expectation of the usual friendly comments, and nobody saying anything, he blurted out: "How can you expect a man to play decent golf on these cursed links with ships passing up and down the channel?"

Two fashionable women were recently calling on a new neighbor, and while awaiting her appearance a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a love-love comment: "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y." To her horror, the small maiden paused on the threshold, and fixing a contemptuous eye upon the culprit, remarked, with lofty composure: "No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but rather s-m-a-r-t!"

Prof. Simon Newcomb tells of the following incident which occurred during a recent visit paid by several young western women to the Washington observatory. "I had done my best," said the astronomer, "to answer with credit to the government and to myself the running fire of questions which my fair callers propounded. I think I had named even the remotest constellations for them, and was congratulating myself upon the outcome, when one of the younger members of the party interjected: 'But, as it has never been proved that the stars are inhabited, how do the astronomers ever find out their names?'"

RAILWAY BUMBO.

American railways handle about \$12,000,000 worth of grain a year.

A new railroad planned to scale Grays Peak, near Dillon, Col., will attain a height at least 200 feet greater than the road which climbs Pike's Peak.

The experiment made about a year ago of employing Mexican porters in Pullman cars has not been successful. Forty Mexicans have entered the service of the Pullman company, and of that number only five are left.

Timothy J. Lee, an American locomotive engineer, has been held responsible for the wrecking of a train he was driving, near Zacatecas, Mexico, and sentenced to hard labor in the salt mines for four years. He was badly hurt in the wreck. His brother is a Denver police captain.

The Southern Pacific company has forbidden its men to bring cocaine into its yards or shops. It has been customary for the men to use it when they get a cinder in an eye, but it has been used for other purposes; and, besides, the doctors say, its unskilled use in the eye is dangerous. The men have the use of a well-equipped emergency hospital.

Of the sum which had been invested in the world's railroads at the close of 1908 it is estimated, according to the English Railway Magazine, that more than \$3,760,000,000 has been spent on 184,000 miles of European railroad and \$3,232,000,000 on the 337,000 miles owned by the rest of the world. On this basis it is found the roads of Europe represent an investment of \$22,952 a mile, while those of the rest of the world average \$11,402. Great Britain's railroads represent the highest cost per mile, figures standing at \$51,368, while those of Belgium come next with \$20,048.

WOLVES HELD AT BAY

A GREEDY PACK OF ILLS SURROUND A GREGYMAN'S WIFE.

Through the Arrival of Timely Aid She Escapes from the Terrors of a Prolonged Siege.

The Rev. W. A. Denton, of Girard, Crawford county, Kansas, tells the following story of a harrowing experience of one of the members of his family: "My wife," he says, "was assailed for fifteen years by a combination of ailments following the birth of our first child. The food she ate fermented in her stomach, she had frequent dizzy spells, her limbs were swollen and painful, her nerves were quite shattered, and she was unable to sleep and she was many times on the verge of heart failure.

"Physicians gave her only temporary relief. Finally the favorable reports of some relatives and neighbors led her to make trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She experienced improvement almost at once. They relieved her sleeplessness, the smothering sensations had disappeared and have not annoyed her for years. They freed her from stomach trouble and the dropsical tendency was mitigated. The progress of the rheumatism, which had begun to make her fingers crooked, was stayed and the pain was banished. In every respect they gave her more help than any other remedy she had ever used, and she is today in better health than for many years.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are our staple household remedy, and I am in the habit of recommending them to all who suffer from troubles like those which afflicted my wife."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and repair shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental strain, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure you get the genuine; substitutes never cured anybody.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

50c LINIMENT AND \$1.00 CURES HOG CHOLERA

SEND FOR CIRCULAR WITH DIRECTIONS

DR. EARL S. SLOAN 615 ALBANY ST. BOSTON, MASS.

PISO'S TABLETS

The New Boon for Woman's Ills.

EFFICIENT 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, Cause 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.

Almost Human.

"That dog certainly seems almost human at times," said old Mr. Fussy.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fussy. "He growls over his food quite as much as you do."—Smith's Weekly.

Natural History.

Benevolent Old Lady.—And can you tell me where the swallow goes to in the winter, my boy?

Boy.—Dunno, mum. Mine goes down to my stomach.—Ally Sloper.

Penetration is the cardinal virtue of

St. Jacobs Oil

in the treatment of

Rheumatism

It penetrates to the seat of torture as no other external remedy has been known to do and thousands certify to cures. Price 25c. and 50c.

For

Rheumatism Lumbago Frost Bites

use Mexican

Mustang Liniment

Best Remedy for Piles