

THE STORY TELLER

A SONG OF KINDRED.

Hark! how the strong sea shout
To the pines on the mountainside;
"Sing, brothers, sing! for the winds are
out,
And the path of their flight is wide!
We leap, at flood of the tide,
To the base of your rooted rock,
Feel you the thrill as the deep caves fill?
Hear you the breakers shock?
Hail, brothers, hail!
Send your song on the western gale,
To the base of your rooted rock,
But you alone can voice the tone
Of the full-throated sea,
From you alone can our echoes ring,
Sing, brothers, sing!"

Hark! how the great pines cry
From the inland forest places,
Singing the mountain-land's reply
Out to the wild sea-spaces,
Where the mad wave swells and races
Under the tide-wind's hand,
"Hail, all hail! We swing to the gale,
And shrill to your brave command,
Rock, rock, and chime!
Back we tinge your turrets rime
In a rush of harmony!
Loud is the wind in every tree,
But we alone can harp the tone
Of the deep-breasted sea,
From you alone can our echoes fall!
Call, brothers, call!"
—Marion Couthouy Smith, in Youth's Companion.

The Luck of the Troupe.

By HAROLD CHILD.

MONSIEUR BAPTISTE smiled as he stood at the door of his booth, for the booth was packed. Still, there was room for one or two more, in particular for the handsomely-dressed gentleman who was at that moment standing gloomily outside.

"M. le Duc is not yet too late," said Baptiste. "The farces will begin in five minutes." M. le Marquis (for Baptiste was not far out in his guess) looked at the manager with a sullen scowl. "M. le Duc looks sad. He is in trouble. A good laugh now—"

Baptiste had gone too far. M. le Marquis slowly drew on his right-hand glove, and cuffed Baptiste upon his jolly red face. Baptiste bowed. One could not—in the year 1600—be manager of a troupe of farce players for nothing, and the striker was obviously a little intoxicated. He returned to the charge. "See!" he said, holding up his wooden bowl that was brimming over with coins, "a gold piece—only one—laid just there—"

M. le Marquis raised his elbow sharply, and Baptiste, a Danae for a moment, fell upon his back amid a shower of coins that rolled from his portly person to all quarters of the compass. M. le Marquis stepped over his body and pushed his way up the crowded booth, across the stage, and into the tiring-room behind. In those days (they were not over nice in those days) actors and actresses dressed together; and M. le Marquis, still scowling, found himself in the midst of ten or a dozen men and women in various stages of undress, with a sprinkling of gallants in attendance.

There was a sudden hush. The gallants drew themselves up awkwardly, the women looked round to see who had come in. And then, observing how extremely handsome a person this was, they broke into voluble chatter and lavish display of their charms. And M. le Marquis stood scowling at them all.

There was some excuse for him. A week ago he had been rich and powerful, now he was poor and in disgrace. There were no servants in his great house, no horses in his stables. It is not always good to be handsome, so handsome as to captivate the king's mistress, especially when that king is Henri IV. of France.

At that moment M. le Marquis had good reason to hate all alluring women. He scowled at them. And then—whether it were the wine, or the desire to spite these ruddy beauties—he swiftly crossed the room to where a girl stood leaning against the wall. No actress, no singer, she. Dressed in simple black, she stood with her eyes on the ground, and her head bowed a little forward under a mass of golden hair. M. le Marquis, with some ostentation, caught her by the shoulders. She looked up at him, and her beauty all but gave him pause. Then, with a vicious laugh, he caught her close and kissed her. She struggled and his kiss fell on her ear. He gripped her like a vice and kissed her three times on the mouth.

There was a roar of rage behind him. M. le Marquis loosed the girl and turned swiftly. He knew the sound of that roar, and as he turned he drew his sword. In front of him, in a surging crowd, with threatening arms and cursing tongues, were M. Baptiste's troupe of farce players.

M. le Marquis' point touched one of the men very delicately upon the knee. "Dance, mountebank!" said he. Another flash, and there was a spot of blood upon a woman's throat. "Sing, cant!" said M. le Marquis.

"For God's sake, Charles!" cried one of the gallants, "save yourself! They have played before the king, and you—"

"I dear friend," said M. le Marquis, flicking his sword daintily to and fro within an inch of the raging players, "am, as you say, in disgrace, while these things—these things—are in favor. Still, I am not yet a butcher, so—make way, scum, for your better!" And with that he passed carelessly through the midst of them. At the door he turned and

glared. "His majesty's friends!" answered he, and was gone.

That night, as he sat alone in his great, empty house, the scene returned to his mind; indeed, it had never left it. Why had the players been so roused? What was a king to excommunicated dogs who lived on their dishonor? But the girl was beautiful, so beautiful that M. le Marquis wished now that he had not kissed her—like that, and now that he might but kiss her again—in a more respectful manner.

As midnight struck he was suddenly jerked from his bed. Sleep was heavy upon him, for he had drunk deep all day; and he only woke fully to find himself, very insufficiently clothed and with his hands bound, standing among six men, all of them in black, with black masks over their eyes.

"Blood!" cried M. le Marquis, "who are you?"

There was no reply. They led him down his own stairs and into his own courtyard, where the wind snapped cruelly at his half-naked limbs, and through his own gates into a coach that waited outside. M. le Marquis was bitter cold; he was going, whoever these men were, to his death. Above all, he was a ridiculous object, and knew it; but he bore himself at his proudest. The coach stopped, and they haled him into a dark building. Not till each of the six had lighted a torch did he recognize it for Baptiste's booth. M. le Marquis' blood boiled. He was in the hands, then, of the players, the lowest of mankind. It seemed to him that he had touched the bottom of degradation. He did not know what was in store for him.

They led him on to the stage, and here one of them, whom he knew now to be Baptiste himself, faced him. "M. le Marquis," said he, "there is little need of words. This afternoon there was one white thing among us—you have soiled it. You have done just what we all have vowed should never pass unavenged. She was the honor of my company—you have sullied it. She was his luck—you have broken it. Monsieur, this afternoon you struck me in the face; but it is not for a blow but for a kiss that I now strike you—thus!"

He laughed as he wiped from his knuckles the blood of M. le Marquis' lip. "It is not blue, after all!" said he; but the words were lost in the roar of ribaldry and rage that burst, at the signal of that blow, from the other five. They were players, and the things they said and did to M. le Marquis can hardly be described. Then one drew his sword and cut him on the knee. "Dance, mountebank!" cried he, and M. le Marquis needs must dance, barefooted and barelegged, at which the men roared with laughter, and pricked him with swords to new efforts. One crept behind him. "A kiss for a kiss!" said he, and his teeth met in M. le Marquis' ear. "A hug for a hug!" cried another, gripping him till his ribs cracked. "Sing, cant!" laughed another, cutting a skin-deep gash in his throat. The end came soon. Bleeding from 20 scratches, worn out and utterly disgraced, M. le Marquis fell to the ground in a strong man's agony of tears.

In a flash he was up again. "Swine!" he cried. "That you mean to kill me, I know. Let me kill a few of you before I pass!"

"It was our intention, Monsieur," said Baptiste, "or rather a command laid upon us, that you should try. My children, give M. le Marquis his sword—and some clothes!"

Two of the players led him into the tiring room, and there they bathed his wounds and dressed him in a clean shirt and hose. As he stepped on to the stage again he stopped dead.

"Saints!" he cried, "have they sent the devil to fight me?"

For he saw a new, a seventh, figure before him, and one that appeared to have no face, no hair. The whole head was concealed in a tight-fitting black cap, and only the eyes flashed through two holes. "This," said M. le Marquis, "is but murder. How can I fight a man whose face I cannot watch?" But there was no help for it. The figure of his assailant was that of a perfect swordsman. The long, straight limbs and supple, graceful body were like steel springs. M. le Marquis had met his match and more. Up and down the stage they fought, the splendid, tireless form of his opponent ever pressing, pressing. The blades flickered and screamed, and the six watchers stood by with sword in hand and torches held high. M. le Marquis' sword-arm had been pinked, his strength was falling and there was a swimming in his head. He had no more desire to kill, nor even to live; only, for his own honor, to make a fight to the finish, and then die bravely at the hands of the best swordsman he had ever crossed steel with.

M. le Marquis' sword flew from his hand and clattered on the floor of the booth. He threw back his head and stood waiting for the death-stroke. Through a haze of exhaustion and pain, he saw his opponent stand hesitating, saw the six players spring forward with uplifted swords, saw the blade that should have pierced his heart turned in a fury against the players, and heard a shrill voice cry, "Back! you shall not touch him!" Then he fell in a dead faint.

And as he fell, his opponent, with another cry, tore the mask from head and face. A shower of golden hair, suddenly released, rippled down to her waist, hair that an instant later made a pillow for the head of M. le Marquis, as she cradled it tenderly on her knee, sobbing the while, "Oh, look at me! speak to me! speak to me!"

He opened his eyes at last. For a few seconds he stared blankly. Then in amazement he murmured, "You!"

She bowed her head, sobbing like a child. M. le Marquis got painfully to his feet. He bowed low,

glared. "His majesty's friends!" answered he, and was gone.

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KENTUCKY HUNTING STORY

In Which Is Described the Alarming Predicament of One of the Hunters.

In November's golden hunting season every man who has ever carried a gun has a hunting story to tell. Good stories of this kind were flying about in a Crescent Hill family circle not long ago, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, and the young man who had ably played the flute during the evening had his interesting bit of woodland experience to contribute.

"Down in central Kentucky, where I live," he said, "a lot of us went out coon hunting one night. The best dogs in the neighborhood were owned by a colored man; and as he was also an expert coon hunter himself, we didn't feel satisfied that the expedition would be a success unless we had black Jim and his dogs along with us.

"Unfortunately, Jim was 'addicted' to drink, as the boys expressed it, and on the night in question he had been a trifle too deep in his cups. He was able to go with us, however, as well as anxious, and so he started. It was not long before Jim's good dogs traced a coon. The coon worked out on a long limb, and the question was who was to climb that tree and urge the coon to come down, or drop off? Black Jim was a famous climber, and, as he seemed to be getting more like himself every minute, we urged him to perform the difficult feat.

"Jim scrambled and shambled up the tree trunk all right, and he crawled out on the limb half-way with equal success. Then we heard his voice drawing out in most distressed and anxious tones: 'Moov' dat rock, moov' dat rock, moov' dat rock!' We flashed the lantern on him, to discover that poor, unsteady Jim had dropped around on the under side of the limb. He was clutching the limb desperately, making strenuous but unavailing struggles to get on the upper side of it again, and also eyeing the ground with agonizing apprehension, feeling that he soon must let go. 'Moov' dat rock, moov' dat rock, moov' dat rock!' he continued calling, while we helplessly and hard-heartedly all stood there and laughed. There wasn't any rock in sight, that we could see, and poor Jim in a few seconds came crashing down. He was not hurt, however, and the coon still perched on the end of the limb. I can't remember whether we got the coon or not, but we got a reliable new phrase for the hunting field: 'Moov' dat rock, moov' dat rock!'"

DROLL RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

In Which Is Reflected the Quaint Humor and Keenness of the Native Mind.

The Scotch and the Spaniards have hitherto divided the credit of possessing the largest store of proverbial wisdom; but if the literature of Russia was more widely known it might prove a formidable rival to either the land of oatmeal or of oranges, says the Philadelphia Press Sunday Magazine. A few specimens are given, which, on account of their pointed terseness, the quaint, homely vigor and dry, Sancho Panza satire, scarcely need the aid of rhyme to recommend them. They are indeed more fully than words can express the faithful mirror of the shrewd, simple, dogged, humorous Russian mind, ever veiling its natural keenness under a mask of habitual and impenetrable stolidity:

"Every fox praises his own tail."
"Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one."
"A good beginning is half the work."
"Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself."
"With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold."
"Without cheating, no trading."
"The deeper you hide anything, the sooner you find it."
"If God doesn't forsake us, the pig will not take us."
"A debt is adorned by payment."
"Rogery is the last of trades."
"Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one."
"Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor."
"Send a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table."
"Disease comes in by hundredweight and goes out by ounces."
"Every little frog is great in his own bog."
"Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues."

CHOICE OF A DRESS DESIGN

A Style Suited to the Figure Should Be the Selection of the Prospective Wearer.

In choosing the design of a gown great care should be taken to select a style which is suited to the figure; in the lack of this care lies the cause of many a woman's bad taste in dress, says Harper's Bazar. For a slight figure a design with plenty of fullness across the chest and bust should be chosen, and at the same time the direction of the lines of trimming should be considered. A broad yoke, reaching well over the shoulders, adds much to a narrow-chested woman's appearance, while long lines of up-and-down tucks or bands of trimming are the best choice for a broad stout figure.

In the same way the skirt pattern should be thought out with regard to the figure. A plain seven-gore skirt with no shirring or bayadere stripes or tucks, and with ruffles only around the foot of the skirt, is best for a stout woman, while shirred yokes, tucked and ruffled skirts, suit the thin woman to perfection. This year's models show two very definite styles which may be compared. There is the revival of the flounced style of 50 years ago, and the close-fitting habit cut of skirt with full-length tucks or pleats or bands of trimming. The design should also be considered with regard to the material to be used. Flounces are suited to the soft gauzes, while for the tailored effects a wise woman chooses a material which is firm.

"Mamma" Out of Fashion. Children, it is asserted, are being taught to use the word "dearest" in addressing their mothers, and the latter reply in kind. In the highest of high circles "darling" has been substituted for "dearest," and it is interesting to learn that "motherkin," "Mamma Marjory," "sweetheart" and plain "sweet" are among the other endearing terms that are regarded as "particularly good form" just now. Common sense people, who, happening upon the above, may thoughtlessly read it, are reminded that for sudden and violent nausea, on land or sea, no remedy is more effective and less harmful than a heaping spoonful of saleratus mixed with water.—Providence Journal.

Carrot Pudding. Grate a raw red carrot. Mix with double the weight of bread or biscuit crumbs, or equal weight of the bread and biscuit. For a pound and a half of this mixture allow a pint of new milk or cream, or a half pint of each; four ounces of clarified butter; three eggs well beaten; sugar to taste; a grating of nutmeg and a glass of brandy. Line or edge a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, put slices of candied lemon or orange peel or citron on top, and bake in a moderately hot oven.—Chicago Post.

Sugared Peanuts. For sugared peanuts, shake blanched nut meats over the fire in a little butter until they are well coated. Then sprinkle them with fine sugar and let them dry. Some persons roll the peanuts in the beaten white of an egg and then in sugar. They will need at least a day in which to dry.—N. Y. Sun.

In Ireland. English Tourist—Is the country around here peaceful, doncherkwot?
Native—It's too peaceful 'tis, yer honor. O'it'm only just after comin' from Killinaman, an' now, begob! O'it'm goin' to Killmore—Judge.

Proper Term. "Myer—Yes, in order to get away unobserved he resorted to a subterfuge."
Gyer—I see. He's a sort of subterfuge, as it were.—Chicago Daily News.

BISHOP OWES HEALTH AND LIFE TO PE-RU-NA.

Ministers of All Denominations Join in Recommending Pe-ru-na to the People.

Public speaking especially exposes the throat and bronchial tubes to catarrhal affections.

Breathing the air of crowded assemblies, and the necessary exposure to night air which many preachers must face, makes catarrh especially prevalent among their class.

Pe-ru-na has become justly popular among them.



BISHOP L. H. HALSEY.

The Bishop's Strong Tribute to Pe-ru-na. L. H. Halsey, Bishop C. M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have found Pe-ru-na to be a great remedy for catarrh. I have suffered with this terrible disease for more than twenty years, until since I have been using Pe-ru-na, which has relieved me of the trouble. "I have tried many remedies and spent a great deal of hard-earned money for them, but I found nothing so effectual in the cure of catarrh as the great medicine, Pe-ru-na. "I feel sure that Pe-ru-na is not only a triumph of medical science, but it is also a blessing to suffering humanity. "Every individual who suffers with respiratory diseases will find Pe-ru-na a magnificent and sovereign remedy."—L. H. Halsey, Bp. C. M. E. Church.

Pe-ru-na is the most prompt and sure remedy for catarrh that can be taken. Many a preacher has been able to meet his engagements only because he keeps on hand a bottle of Pe-ru-na, ready to meet any emergency that may arise.

TICKLESOME TALES. The late Dean Hole was fond of sports of all kinds, but when a report came to his ears that his groom had been engaging in a pugilistic set-to, the dean felt it his duty to administer a suitable rebuke, winding up with: "I hope you were separated" (severely). "Beg pardon, sir; when I finished he didn't want no separating," said the groom.

Col. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, recently told a story of an old darky down south who was informed that if he was bitten by a snake and drank a quart of whisky the snake would die and he would go unscathed. "Dar's the only one trouble 'bout dat cure," the old man said; "I knows whar dere's plenty snakes, but whar's I gwine ter git de whisky?"

The London Globe relates that a lady from the country was visiting Westminster Abbey recently, with the particular object of seeing the tomb of King Edward II. Patient search failed to discover it, and at last she asked the verger or an attendant of some sort, to direct her to it. The explanation of her failure was instantly forthcoming. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, "but we 'ave'n't got Edward II. here, as we only have the odd numbers."

And Bent Him. "What a crooked little man Stivers is. Where did Mrs. Stivers ever run across him?" "I believe she ran across him one of her auto runs."—Houston Post.

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.

Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble, of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything, and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the daytime, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful, and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.



Despite the prejudices of the medical profession against proprietary medicines, the clergy have always maintained a strong confidence and friendship for Pe-ru-na. They have discovered by personal experience that Pe-ru-na does all that is claimed for it.

We have on file many letters of recommendation like the one given above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast number of grateful letters Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving, in praise of his famous catarrh remedy, Pe-ru-na.

Discomfiture of David. David had just slain Goliath. "Yes," they said, "quite clever, but do you know anything of jiu-jitsu?" Feeling hopelessly out of style, the hero retired to the background.—N. Y. Sun.

Unreasonable. Mr. Newly-wed (to profane tramp)—How dare you swear before my wife? Profane Tramp—How the deuce could I know yer wife wanted ter swear first?—Puck.

\$25.00 Cream Separator

FOR \$25.00 we will sell the BEST SEPARATOR capacity, 500 lbs. weekly per hour for \$25.00. Our Separator is the best of its kind. It is made of pure metal and is guaranteed to last for years. It is the only separator that will separate cream from milk. It is the only separator that will separate cream from milk. It is the only separator that will separate cream from milk.

OUR OFFER: We will sell our Separator for \$25.00. We will also sell our Separator for \$25.00. We will also sell our Separator for \$25.00.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

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