

THE STORY TELLER

THE MARK OF MANHOOD.

The mark of manhood? It is not the brand bestowed on flatterers by a monarch's hand, Nor is it beauty of mere face or form, Nor power to bray the tournament or storm, Nor priceless gems with iridescent sparks, Nor tinsel gilt, nor gold, nor dollar-marks.

It is not to have armies which obey, Though they must wade through blood to win the fray; Nor to have stately fleets from which may flash War's vivid lightnings and its cannon's crash; Nor parlor graces of insipid speech, Nor countless "isms" men believe or teach. The badge of manhood is to stand erect, One of the Lord's anointed and elect, Who worship by wise work and helpful deeds, Not by lip-service voiced in man-made creeds; Who for the right can fight 'till life shall cease, But who live, love, and strive for kindly peace.

They who have patient courage calm and strong To guard the right and to rebuke the wrong; Who walk the paths by Jesus meekly trod, And make of money neither guide nor god; Clasp hands with poverty without disgrace, Yet boldly curse the purse-proud to his face. Strong in persistence, labor, courage true, Which turn not duty nor love's tasks askew; But triumphing o'er fate and circumstance See motives 'neath the man, with piercing glance. And study out details of God's great plan Stands thus revealed each one a perfect man.

The mark of manhood is to know and see That God desired a manly man should be, Then fit that mold, from selfish purpose free.

I. EDGAR JONES.

Faith in Buster Shaken

A Mule Chat Was an Oracle in the Hemlock Belt

I HAD reason for being partial to Uncle Morg Binder and his wife, Aunt Peggy," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, "and so, being in their neighborhood the last time I was going through that part of the hemlock belt, I pulled out of my way, and drove over to see them. Uncle Morg was hanging over the bars of the pasture lot at the turn of the back road, looking very distressed, as I came along that way.

"'Hullo!' he said. 'Say, John, Buster has done it at last!'

"'Done it?' said I. 'Not died?'

"'Died!' said Uncle Morg. 'Lord, no! Worse than that! He's given us grounds for havin' doubts about him! And woe is settin' at our h'artstone, John, all because o' Buster!'

"'Uncle Morg,' said I, 'Buster hasn't run away with Aunt Peggy, or kicked her out of the wagon, or done anything of that sort?'

"'Worse than that, John!' said Uncle Morg. 'He steered us agin' a bunco game! That's what he's done!'

"'In the first place I must tell you about Buster. Buster was a mule—a little mouse-colored mule—that had been in the Binder family so many years that his age was forgotten. He was the autocrat of the Binder premises. His chief duty was to haul Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy when they wanted to go visiting or to town to trade. That is, Buster hauled them if he hadn't made up his mind to a different course. They never knew whether



HE WAS BOUNCED OFF THE PREMISES.

the mule was going to take them or not until they got into the wagon. Then Uncle Morg would take up the lines and say:

"'Now, then, Buster, what do you think about it?'

"'If Buster picked up his ears and started off that was as if he said he thought it was all right, and he would take Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy wherever they were going, and would fetch them back home safe and sound. But if Buster replied to Uncle Morg's question by laying his ears back on his shoulders and scowling, they knew that the mule thought it wasn't all right, and without another word Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy would dismount, unhitch the mule and turn him out and go contentedly into the house to wait until some day when Buster was willing.

"'Make him go agin his will!' Uncle Morg always exclaimed when asked why he didn't force the mule, to go. 'Why, man alive, somethin' would happen, surer than 'tater rot, if we should go away agin Buster's idee o' the matter! Buster knows!'

"It was the same way with persons. Buster's opinion of an individual decided Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy. When he folded his liberal ears back and threatened a rush upon any person under his scrutiny, that person could do no business nor have any social standing with the Binder family. 'Buster knows!' was always the emphatic remark of his two loyal subjects after the mule had once given his opinion, and that in spite of several queer judgments the arbitrary Buster had put on record. There was the case of the man who drove up to the Binder place once when the railroad was building. He started for the house, but Buster blocked the way. Buster not only laid back his ears and threatened the man with his front, but turned about and let his heels fly so rapidly and so

deliciously in the direction of the man's head that the stranger backed away and shouted to Uncle Morg, who stood on the stoop to call his mule off.

"'I've got important business with you!' the man shouted.

"'No, you hain't!' Uncle Morg shouted back. 'You hain't got no sort o' business with me, for Buster's agin' you, and Buster knows!'

"The man went away in a huff, and come to find out, he was the agent of the railroad company, and had wanted to contract with Uncle Morg for a big lot of ties, and Uncle Morg had been waiting for the chance. The consequence was that one of his neighbors got the job, and it turned out to be one with big money in it. But Uncle Morg's heart was true to Buster.

"'I don't care!' said he. 'The chances is that if I'd a' took that contract and made all that money I'd a' put the money in a bank and the bank would 'a' busted. I tell you, Buster knows!'

"Then there was the new preacher that came on the circuit, the meekest, mildest and most harmless of men. When he went to make his first pastoral call on Sister Binder he was bounced off the premises by Buster so quick that he never exactly knew how he got out into the road. It saddened the hearts of Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy to know that the new preacher had been weighed in Buster's balance and found wanting, but there was no getting around it. The new preacher was necessarily under their suspicion, and they never went to meeting once during all that year. Their faith in Buster's wisdom was not shaken by the fact that when the dominie quit the district it was with a spotless and enviable record.

"The world hain't come to an end yet, Uncle Morg declared. 'Preachers is doin' some terrible queer things these days, when you hain't 'spectin' it, and that un has got plenty o' time, Buster knows!'

"So, knowing all these things about Buster and the blind confidence of Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy in his oracular powers, I was naturally amazed and puzzled to see Uncle Morg hanging over the pasture bars, all in the dumps over the evident shattering of the family idol.

"'Steeded you agin a bunco game!' I exclaimed. 'Not Buster!'

"'Yes, Buster!' moaned Uncle Morg. 'He has gone and shook my confidence in him tremendous! Seems as if I couldn't never put no dependence on him again. Say, John! You know what store me and Peggy sot by that knowin' little varmint?'

"'I assured Uncle Morg that I certainly knew all about it.

"'You 'member how his idee o' things worked in that railroad tie deal?' said Uncle Morg.

"'I do,' said I.

"'And you 'member how me and Peggy humped along for a year, and better without spiritual consolation owin' to Buster's opinions about the new dominie?'

"'Yes, yes!' said I.

"'We jest sat by and said Buster knows, and let things jog,' said Uncle Morg, 'setch was our confidence in that air mule. Well, John, one day about two months ago the nicest young chap you ever sot eyes on stopped down to the house, jumped outen his wagon and took charge of the young feller. Seemed as if he was jest about tickled to death to see the chap. He showed his teeth, and actually walked him right up to the door, and even wanted to foller him into the house, he had took such a fancy to the nice young fellow. Well, now, John, that was all the recommend me and Peggy wanted for him, and he didn't dilly-dally a minute in gittin' right down to business. He got down to it so snug that in less than 15 minutes he had my signatur to a contract to be the agent in the corner o' the hemlock belt for the most amazin' stump puller and root-grubbin' machine that ever was. Then the nice young man went away, with Buster a-showin him back to his wagon most kind and considerate.

"'Peggy,' says I, as the feller drove off, 'I'll bet my boots on that chap! Buster knows!' I says.

"'Well, John, 'other day the contract to be the agent for that amazin' stump puller and root-grubbin' machine turned up in the shape o' the slickest cut-throat judgment note for \$100 that you ever see, and with it come a notice from a lawyer that I was expected to drop in on him at the county seat and settle that note without delay. I sent back word that I'd be darned if I would, and so they come over yesterday and levied on this, that and 'other o' my movable goods and appurtenances, includin' Buster. If I have to pay that god-ding swindlin' note, of course I'll pay it. Taint the money I mind, John! said Uncle Morg, sadly. 'But to think that, arter we've let Buster have 'the run o' the place for 20 year and better, he'd turn to and steer us up agin a bunco game, is what's breakin' us all up! Seemed to me, John, as if it'd be sort o' hard for us to pin our confidence on a Buster agin arter this!'

"'I couldn't find words that I thought would do Uncle Morg any good under the circumstances, and so I told him to give my regards to Aunt Peggy, and drove back to Geville.'—N. Y. Sun.

Old sportsmen are never tired of narrating their famous deeds. "Once I was out hunting with good friends, and a poor marksman. Suddenly three rabbits appeared. I put up my gun, aimed once and fired. Aimed again and fired. "And what about the third?" asked the listener. "The third ran right in front of me. I had no time to load again, but I aimed and drew the trigger—click! Nothing came out of it, of course, but the rabbit fell all the same. He was dead." "What killed him?" "He died from fear," said the hunter, calmly. "He had seen me take aim!"—Golden Days.

His High Moral Tone.

I had a friend who, being for a short time governor of a province in a Central American republic, and, finding things had become too hot for him, collected all the public money he could find and silently one night abdicated in a canoe down to the coast, and taking ship came to Lutetia; and then, his money spent, lectured upon the fauna and flora of the country he had robbed; and, touching on the people, always used to say that it was very sad their moral tone was low.—"A Journey in Morocco."

SPLIT BANK NOTES.

The Remarkable Feat That Created Fear in Financial Circles in England.

Some years ago the commercial world was taken aback by the announcement that a certain scientific gentleman could actually split a bank note so exactly into halves that it was impossible to distinguish the separate pieces of paper from genuine notes.

The authorities of the Bank of England took alarm, for it appeared that this invention would speedily open the way to a new kind of fraud. The imitation of the engraved plate, however well performed, was always discoverable by experienced eyes, and he must be a good forger indeed who could prepare the paper on which the plate was printed so as to imitate the peculiar water marks on the Bank of England note with anything like success. But here was a discovery which set at naught the precautions of paper-makers, engravers and printers.

It was really a serious matter. A long correspondence ensued between the proprietor of the secret and the officials of the bank, the former asking a large sum of money for his knowledge, and the latter requiring actual proof of his ability to perform the alleged feat.

Paragraphs began to appear in the newspapers, and public attention was drawn to what seemed a very extraordinary fact—that the thin tissue paper of which a bank note was composed could really be divided into two leaves. It became necessary to test the truth of this remarkable discovery, and so it was arranged that a trial should be made with an actual note of the Bank of England.

Preliminaries were settled, and a note properly marked, so that it might be afterward identified, was submitted to the inventor. In the course of two or three days back came the note to the owners, actually split in two. It was eagerly examined, but in a little time the bank officials ceased to feel any alarm, and confidence in the commercial world was quite restored.

It was true the bank note was completely split, but it was also true that on only one-half of it was the printed impression sufficiently plain to allow of its being circulated. Any attempt to pass the other, or back half of the note, would, it was declared, be immediately detected.

Still, the discovery was curious, and might lead to disagreeable consequences should any persons attempt to increase their wealth by means of split bank notes. Another kind of ink was therefore ordered for the future to be used in the printing of the bank securities, so that in case anyone chose to try the experiment the one-half would be left blank.

The secret, however, did not long remain hidden from the world. Indeed, its very simplicity seems to have prevented its being discovered by the clever man who felt so much anxiety about it.

The method of splitting paper is just this—two pieces of calico are firmly glued to the sides of the paper, leaving the ends of the calico loose, and the whole is perfectly dried. By a gentle and equable pull on each side the paper is split completely in halves, one of which adheres to the calico on one side and the other to the opposite.

The fact that the adhesion between the paper and the cloth is greater than that between the surfaces of the paper to each other is the cause of this phenomenon.

Having now divided the paper the two halves may be removed by dampening, and so loosening the glue between the calico and paper. What was once a great and puzzling secret is no longer in the possession of one person. Those happy individuals with bank notes to spare may while away a winter evening in trying this experiment.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Dunk (in the midst of her reading)—If that "embalmed beef" as they call it, was so dangerous that it killed the common soldiers that ett it, it seems to me they'd have some of 'em testifyin' about it.

Farmer Dunk—Waal, I s'pose the reason they don't is becuz them that was killed by the durned stuff ain't in a position to testify, an' them that wasn't killed by it don't know whether it would have killed 'em or not.—Judge.

A Mere Formality.

He kissed her! She neither drew back nor turned red, And she did not deliver a slap on his ear; He kissed her! No word by the lady was said— She had ceased to be thrilled—they'd been married a year.—Chicago Daily News.

A VERY BROAD HINT.

Well, Georgie, what are you going to do with that cycling cap you've found? "I'm goin' to keep it till I find a bi-cycle to match it."—Ally Sloper.

Worthy of Welcome.

The birds will soon be singing. To dispel this country's grief, But they don't know any "coon songs"—Which will be a great relief.—Washington Star.

A Sound Definition.

She (reading the paper)—What's a pachyderm, dearest? He (irritably)—Oh, a beast who does not care a button for microbes.

She—Give me some illustration I can understand.

He (pointing to a pile of bills)—Well, these are microbes, and—

She (interrupting)—You try to be the pachyderm.—London Punch.

A Sensible Fashion.

Rural Anny—What in the world is that thing? City Niece—That's an upright piano. "Piano?" "Yes. It's draped in the new fashion—completely hidden, you know." "Oh! Well, that's sensible. Can't be seen or heard, can it?"—N. Y. Weekly.

The Artist Gets Even.

Artist—Now give me your candid opinion of this picture. Critic—It is utterly worthless.

Artist—Yes. I know your opinion is worthless, but I am curious to hear it, nevertheless.—N. Y. Journal.

It's a Way Deaf People Have.

"I told that deaf old Mrs. Peters about Sa'idie, and what do you think she said?" "What?" "Yes. That's what she said."—Harlem Life.

A Common Fault.

That all the world's a stage we know, But this much, too, is certain: Too many folks appear to think They're called before the curtain.—N. Y. World.

GREAT ADVANTAGE.

Gentleman (to servant of artist who is bringing him a picture of his rather plain wife)—That picture I won't accept; it doesn't look like my wife at all.

Servant—You ought to be thankful for that.—Flegende Blaetter.

A Simple Remedy.

When the world looks dark and gloomy And life seems a sad, sad plight, Get up and wash your windows so You can see things right.—Chicago Record.

Some Hope Still Left.

"Maud has promised to become my wife." "Well, don't worry about it, my lad. Women frequently break their promises."—Tit-Bits.

Just Two Friends.

Anna—Cholly proposed the other night. My, but he was awfully rattled! Aline—Yes, I understand that he has a screw loose somewhere.—N. Y. Journal.

A Favor.

Chimney—An' don't yer have ter give de kids nuthin' when yer chews dere gum? Willie—Now! I've got gold in me teeth.—N. Y. Journal.

In a Barber Shop.

The barber appreciative regret, as he finished the last leaf of the five-cent shocker. "I wish Red Roderick, the scourge of the sea, was alive now! He'd sweep the ocean in his rakish craft, just as he used to do, and make his enemies walk the plank, while the scuppers of his gallant bark reeked with gore! He—" "Aw, now, he wouldn't!" interrupted Bob Thickneck, scornfully. "Dewey would fix his clock in less'n no time!"—Puck.



Generous Young Man.

"It's only right that I should tell you," she said, "that father has lost all!" "Not all!" he exclaimed. "Yes; all," she asserted. "No," he said, firmly; "not all. You are still left to him. I could not be so cruel as to add to his misfortunes. Tell him—tell him for me that my generosity impels me to leave him what little lies in my power."—Chicago Post.

His Sarcasm.

"Khl!" sardonically chuckled old Glum, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "The editor of the Plaindealer is a sarcastic chap. He prints the marriages right over the death notices." "What point do you make out of that?" asked his wife. "Why, he probably does it to prove that the fools are not all dead yet."—Judge.

Men and Weather.

If we didn't have the weather, With its cloudy skies and clear; It never got too cold Or too warm for comfort here, Men would band themselves together And proceed, without a doubt, To complain because they hadn't Anything to kick about.—Chicago Record.

Amounts to the Same.

Hicks—Wonder why Blizom was fired from his place on the Comet? Blizks—In the first place, how do you know he was fired? He doesn't say so. Hicks—Not in so many words, but it amounts to that. He told me that he had severed his relations with the paper.—Boston Transcript.

The Exact Difference.

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."—Tit-Bits.

Work and Play.

The torpid-livered pessimist Will very likely claim That man must always play the fool, While woman works the same.—Puck.

STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

Mistress—You say the lady at whose house you are going to work engaged you as soon as she heard my name? Does she know me, then? Servant—Certainly. She said that if I could live three months with you I must be an angel.—Flegende Blaetter.

The Only Theme.

When Daphne paints or plays and sings How dear the mood her talent brings! But most she charms my soul when she Discourses of her love for me.—Chicago Record.

A Crusher.

Cholly—What did you answer him when he called you a liar and said he was your huckleberry if you wanted to fight? Fweddly—I told him, baw Jove, I nevah ate huckleberries! Baw Jove, it paralyzed him!—Chicago Tribune.

Himself No Thief.

"The rain falls upon the just and the unjust, but the unjust generally have the umbrellas," said Pudd'nhead Wilson's office boy.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Self-Evident.

"I think a man ought to practice what he preaches." "Well, isn't that what our doctors of divinity are, supposed to do?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Kisser.

Anna—She says she's never been kissed. Aline—Bold thing! I'll wager her gentlemen friends can't say that.—N. Y. Journal.

May Live to Learn.

Cholly—Why do they say a little learning is a dangerous thing? Dolly—If you ever get any you will find out.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hits to the Snobbish.

Don't make friends! Oh, no—don't do it. If you're struggling towards the top, You may find—and have to rue it. Friends are sometimes hard to drop.—Puck.

What She Naturally Inferred.

"We never quarrel," said the young wife. "Which of you is it that has no spirit?" asked the matron of maturer years.—Chicago Post.

The Milkman's Remark.

"Here's benevolent assimilation for you," as the milkman remarked when he shoved the can under the spout of the pump.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They're Off Yet.

"Have you noticed, pa, how often ma says 'and so on, and so on'?" "Yes, my son; but it never applies to buttons."—Richmond Dispatch.



WORTHY OF WELCOME.

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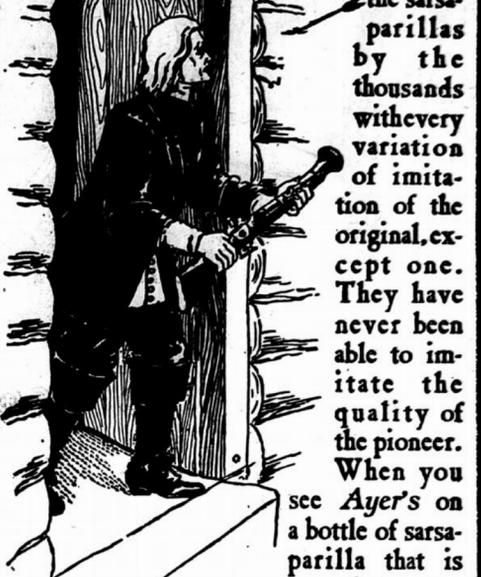
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IT'S A WAY DEAF PEOPLE HAVE.

"I told that deaf old Mrs. Peters about Sa'idie, and what do you think she said?" "What?" "Yes. That's what she said."—Harlem Life.

The Pioneer Medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Before sarsaparillas were known, fifty years ago, it began its work. Since then you can count the sarsaparillas by the thousands with every variation of imitation of the original, except one. They have never been able to imitate the quality of the pioneer. When you see Ayer's on a bottle of sarsaparilla that is enough; you can have confidence at once. If you want an experiment, buy anybody's Sarsaparilla; if you want a cure, you must buy



Ayer's
[The Sarsaparilla which made Sarsaparilla famous]

KATY IN LITERATURE.

A Snatch of Story Wherein the "Choo-Choo's" Indulge in a Few Puffs of Complacency.

He (the switch engine) gave a vigorous push to the west-bound car as he spoke, and started back with a snort of surprise, for the car was an old friend—an M. K. T. box-car.

"Jack my drivers, but its homeless Katy! Why, Katy, ain't there no getting you back to your friends? There's 40 chasers out for you from your road, if they're one. Who is holding you now?"

"Wish I knew," whimpered homeless Katy. "I belong in Parsons. I've only been out ten months, but I'm just achin' home-sack; I want to be in Kansas where the sunflowers bloom."

"Yard's full o' homeless Katies an' Wanderin' Willies," the switch engine explained to 407. "Dunno quite how our men fix it. Swap around, I guess; anyhow I've done my duty. She's on her way to Kansas via Chicago; but I'll lay my next boiler-ful she'll be held there to wait consignee's convenience, and sent back to us with wheat in the fall."—From Rudyard Kipling's "407."

A WISH GRATIFIED.

The Slangy Young Man's Sire Gives Him the Wherewithal to "Raise the Dough."

"My son," said the old gentleman who very properly objects to slang, "I have been thinking over your request this morning, and I am inclined to think I may have been a little hasty in my decision."

"Thank you, governor."

"I believe in clearly understanding a case before reopening it. Now, as I remember the conversation, your call at the office was prompted by a desire to 'raise the dough.'"

"Yes; that is to say—"

"Never mind. I ask for no explanations. I do not seek to inquire into all the trivial whims of youth. Except them as I do the wild flowers among the grain. They are useless, but they are cheering to contemplate. There are many things I do not understand, among them being golf, lawn tennis and football. But I do not assume to interfere with your innocent diversion any more than I undertake to keep track of the current fad. If you want to give up experiments with the chafing dish and go to work with an oven, I have no objection to offer, nor will I let the mere matter of expense stand in your way. I was rather busy when you spoke to me about raising the dough this morning. I know that I spoke shortly; but my heart is in the right place, and I am too generous and indulgent to deny your slightest request. Here, my boy, is two cents. Go and buy yourself a cake of yeast."—Washington Star.

Not Quite Ready.

"All those who want to lead better lives will stand up," cried the revivalist in a commanding tone. They all stood up excepting the stranger with the china whiskers who sat in the front row.

"Don't you want to be a better man?" demanded the revivalist. "Well, it's like this, parson," said the stranger. "I expect to be a better man, of course, but you see I hain't been to town before in ten year, an' I was calk'fatin' to have leetle fun first."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Final Test.

"To be perfectly exact, are the Philippines east or west?" "Well, we shan't know for sure, I suppose, until they've voted once."—Detroit Journal.

Don't spend too much time trying to save a little money.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Surgical Needs.

Sprocket—Do you have to be examined by a physician before you join the Wheelmen's club? Wheeler—No; afterward.—Yonkers Statesman.

Those who are really in society are not as ridiculous as those who are trying to get in.—Aitchison Globe.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY are the glories of perfect womanhood.

Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves. The mark of excessive monthly suffering is a familiar one in the faces of young American women.

Don't wait, young women, until your good looks are gone past recall. Consult Mrs. Pinkham at the outset. Write to her at Lynn, Mass.

MISS EDNA ELLIS, Higginsport, Ohio, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am a school teacher and had suffered untold agony during my menstrual periods for ten years. My nervous system was almost a wreck. I suffered with pain in my side and had almost every ill human flesh is heir to. I had taken treatment from a number of physicians who gave me no relief. In fact one eminent specialist said no medicine could help me, I must submit to an operation. At my mother's request, I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham stating my case in every particular and received a prompt reply. I followed the advice given me and now I suffer no more during menses. If anyone cares to know more about my case, I will cheerfully answer all letters."

MISS KATE COOK, 16 Addison St., Mt. Jackson, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am by occupation a school teacher, and for a long while suffered with painful menstruation and nervousness. I have received more benefit from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound than from all remedies that I have ever tried."



THE MARKS OF SUFFERING