

# THE STORY TELLER

## THE LOVE THAT ENDURED

By CHARLES OSAGE

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AT THE very height of his career while the world was ringing with his plaudits and the gateway to the highest triumphs opened before him, his health broke down under the terrible strain he put upon himself, and the physicians imperatively ordered a long sea voyage. No excitement, no society, no study, or work, they said. So it was decided that he should take a sailing vessel bound for the orient on a six months' cruise.

Then came the catastrophe, the news of a terrible storm and the wreck of the Davy Jones, the rescue of three starved sailors who told the story of the disaster, and finally the finding of a lot of the debris of the wrecked vessel.

The news had thrilled the country and made a ten days' sensation in the newspapers. Then it was forgotten and the world turned to living idols, and sought another upon whom to place the laurel crown.

There was one, however, who did not forget and who hoped against hope, that was his wife. Their married life had been singularly happy. It had been a love match between two people with hearts and minds well balanced, and had been a happy mixture of passion and respect and tenderness which made a harmonious atmosphere seldom to be found. The world saw the brilliancy and power of the man and yielded to it. She saw all this and thrilled with pride at his triumphs, but she saw, besides, his great heart and his unselfish tenderness.

She could not believe the disaster. Providence had no right to let such a man die in the flower of his usefulness nor fate to disunite so perfect a love. For months she was confident it was all a mistake and that he would appear eventually. One boat had been found. There were six. Mahab some of these had been swept ashore in some isolated place. He would appear some day. The elements would not destroy one so in harmony with them.

As the months faded into years, she began to doubt and finally to half believe. Ultimately she was compelled to give up hope. When she finally admitted to herself it tore from her nature every anchor and mooring. Life without him she could scarcely conceive of. It was a new and strange existence—nothing to hope for, nothing to do, no interest in life. A sense of utter loneliness oppressed her. She craved companionship, love, human interest. But they had been so entirely wrapped up in one another that she had driven all other relationships and friendships out of her life.

It was then that Herbert de Kraft flashed across her horizon. He was a man of great brilliancy and wit and as handsome as Apollo. He amused her and made her forget. He evidently admired her greatly. Herbert de Kraft possessed much the same sort of wit her husband had had, but lacked his dominating purpose and sincerity. He saw all there was on the surface, but declined to delve down into the depths. Presently the world began to talk about them and to predict an end for the weeds.

Meanwhile an emaciated wreck, the wreck and remnant of a man was spending a crazed existence in a far off clime. All that was known of him was that he was picked up at sea by a vessel, strapped to an improvised raft, crazed for want of water and nearly dead from exposure and want of food. There was no clue to his identity and his memory was a blank. He was left at the first port, where he slowly recovered his faculties—all excepting his memory. Try as he would he could remember nothing of the past. His unusual talents manifested themselves and he became a useful member of the community upon which he was thrown. One day several years later an American newspaper fell into his hands. A certain story attracted his attention—the story of a notable decision in a great law case which had been pending for years—together with a history of the case. In a flash all the past came back to him. It was his case, and he read his own name as the great attorney who had boldly advanced the theory which had been affirmed by the supreme court. A thousand conflicting emotions surged through his mind. He had been gone from his former home five years. What changes had the years wrought? The cable was put into requisition and he learned that Everett Mason was dead, that his estate had been administered and that his widow was unmarried. The next vessel toward the states bore him as a passenger.

A terrible shock awaited him. Abaze with the anticipations which had been growing during the voyage, on the Pullman car as it neared the old home town, he overheard a conversation which froze his heart. Two women in an adjoining seat were talking. He heard the name of his wife mentioned. Then:

"Oh, yes, she's going to marry again. Perfectly infatuated with Herbert de Kraft."

"Well, I don't blame her. He's the handsomest man in town and the most brilliant. And she's worn her mourning long enough."

It was like driving a knife into his heart. Immediately upon his arrival he made searching inquiries and all he learned corroborated the gossip of the train. He spent days and nights in keen mental anguish. He looked at himself in the glass and saw his emaciated form, sunken cheeks, thin hair and realized

that he was only the ghost of the old Everett Mason. Had he the right to project this ghost between the woman he loved so well and her happiness. Finally he resolved to make the supreme sacrifice.

"Everett Mason is dead," said he, resolutely. "Let the grave hold its own. To-day Joseph Collins is born."

He resolved, however, to see her once more before he went out into his lone- some life. He tried for days but could find no opportunity. At last he resolved on a bold course. He saw an advertisement in a paper for a door man at the old home. With a grim smile he resolved to apply for the position of door man in his own house. He would remain there a day or two and then disappear. He had no fear that she would know him, he was so greatly changed.

"Collins had just thrown a log on the grate fire in the library where she and her sister sat, and was retiring when a remark by the sister caught his attention and he paused just beyond the portiere.

"Grace surely you are not going to marry de Kraft," she said.

"I do not know," she replied, wearily. "Why not?"

"After such a splendidly ideal married life with such a man as Everett Mason," went on the sister. "A marriage with so superficial a man as de Kraft would be sacrilege."

"I know, I know," replied Grace slowly. "But I am so lonesome and so tired of thinking. I believe I shall go mad if I do not get away from myself. I start every time I hear a footstep on the walk—every time the bell rings and my heart beats like a trip-hammer until I know beats like a trip-hammer until I know



"NO," SHE REPLIED, RISING ABRUPTLY, "I CANNOT."

who it is. Oh, it is torture, torture—and I have endured it for five long years. Herbert makes me forget. He is artistic, witty and soothing. When he is about, my pain eases for the time. Would it if he were with me always? Would new interests fill my life?"

"It would be a hideous mistake," answered her sister, indignantly, sweeping from the room and running into Collins whom she reprimanded severely for being in the way.

A few moments later Collins took Herbert de Kraft's card to Mrs. Mason, and admitted him to the library. Then he deliberately took up his position within hearing distance.

"I am to have my answer to-day," said de Kraft, eagerly.

"Yes," faintly.

"And it is 'yes,'" leaning forward and reaching for her hand.

"I do not know," replied the woman in a low voice, gazing into the fire.

"I will make you happy, dear," he said.

She closed her eyes and tried to think. Before her mental vision rose the picture of her dead love. She saw him in his ardent courting, in his splendid triumphs in court and on the platform. She felt the electric thrill which he sent through his audiences. She felt his arms about her and heard his boyish laughter as he told her some humorous incident the day had brought forth. She almost felt his breath on her cheek and his lips on her's. She opened her eyes.

"No," she replied, rising abruptly.

"I cannot. I have had one supreme love and it is as strong to-day as it ever has been. I had hoped to keep you for a friend. I like you immensely and you have helped me so much to forget. But I cannot go further and give you that which is buried in the grave."

The man arose and silently went out. She rang for Collins, but Collins had disappeared.

A few days later there was a great commotion in the city. Everett Mason, supposed to be dead these five years, had returned. And he entered again into the possession of his kingdom.

**Sleep Unbroken by Fall.**

Walking in her sleep seems to be a habit of May Devine, six years old, of Philadelphia. During the last month she has been taken to the Jefferson hospital three times, as the result of injuries received in this practice. With her eyes closed, the girl walked out of the window of her home the other day and fell to the pavement. When picked up she was still asleep. At the hospital it was found that she was slightly cut and bruised.

**Depends on Point of View.**

An English officer recently described his visit to a Tibetan temple and "the diabolical rites of the monks." Now, remarks the Chicago Chronicle, it is for the Thibetan monks to say what they think of the diabolical deeds of the English soldiers who have invaded their sacred precincts.

To the young, unmarried, desirable man of good habits and fine prospects who is pondering the problem: Do college women marry?—Ask one of them.

## OPENING OF A UNIQUE BUILDING

### A Monument of Wise and Successful Newspaper Advertising.

Out at Battle Creek, Mich., among the trees, flowers and green lawns is a most unique building devoted entirely to advertising. It is occupied by the Grandin Advertising Agency Ltd., which handles among other accounts, the advertising of the Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., aggregating in round figures one million dollars a year, perhaps the largest appropriation of any one concern in the world. The furnishings of this grand structure are rich and complete, and all the appointments are worthy their beautiful environment.

Prominent newspaper and magazine publishers and their special represent-

atives in large number from New-York, Chicago, and various parts of the country attended the formal opening of this building, and a banquet in the evening at the Post Tavern as guests of C. W. Post, Oct. 3, 1904.



Pure Food Factories That Make Postum and Grape-Nuts.

The publishers inspected the 14 or 15 factory buildings of this father of the prepared food industry with especial interest, for it has grown to its present colossal proportions in a trifle less than 9 years, a marked example of the power of good and continuous advertising of articles of pronounced merit.

man ability to thousands of customers at one time through the columns of the newspaper, a strong contrast to the old-fashioned way of talking to one customer at a time.

He spoke of the esteem of the advertiser for a publisher that takes especial interest in making the advertising announcement attractive. Advertisements should contain truthful information of interest and value to readers. The Postum methods have made Battle Creek famous all over the world and about doubled the population.

## FAILED IN REAL POLITICS.

### Useful Reminiscences of a Theatrical Star Who Was the Easy Victim.

Maclyn Arbuckle, the successful star of the eastern company playing George Ade's "The County Chairman," began his career first as a lawyer, then he was a politician. In the Theater Magazine appears this characteristic account of the demise of these early ambitions, written by Mr. Arbuckle shortly after he became an actor:

"As I go about the city I notice signs of 'Attorney at Law,' 'Ah me! I wonder if they are young lawyers. If so, my heart goes out to them. There they sit, companion pieces to Dickens' Micawber, ever watching and waiting for something to 'turn up.' Poor souls! They go to their offices and open their invisible voluminous mail, and take their clients one at a time, and their safe drawers with five and retainers. Oh, it is glorious! Three short weeks ago I was one of them—single swinging to the tune of 'Destitute and Raggedy' by the rough zephyrs of legal poverty, and it is professional, you know, to be legally poor. But how different now! I closed the lid of the 'Legal Wreck' and consigned the remains to the fraternity that they might be buried with becoming professional dignity—funeral expenses to be paid out of 'fees due me,' fees that never came! It is a great awakening from a three years' sleep, a young Rip Van Winkle slumber! Fight, you lawyers, over your fees! Seize the farmers' lands, 'for fees, you know.' Take the mules and cows. Sound forth your legal arguments in the courts of justice! Look you wise and renew your 30, 60 and 90 day paper in the bank. Take all. I quit-claim to you in fee simple for love and affection. And oh, you candidates for political and judicial honors, ride your scrawny horses and mules through Red river bottoms, dine with the dear colored voters, kiss the sweet, pretty little dirty child of the dear voters, take your mysterious grips to the 'speaking,' ride all night, take stock in every church, colored and white, school barbecue! Oh, what bliss, what felicity, to have a huge colored gentleman demand a five, and suggest that if it is not forthcoming he will 'surely turn his whole following and district against you,' and oh, what woe when you haven't the five to stay his cruel power! At last the day has come! Up early, spreading tickets broadcast, 'Vote for Maclyn Arbuckle, Justice of the Peace.' Opponent looking slyly at you and wondering about your strength. Visit polls. Your men (colored) proclaim you elected without a doubt. 'Want a quarter' for their dinners. What's the news from Wagner's, Hoom's, Holmes' Schoolhouse, Wilkins' Woods? Conflicting accounts. Sometimes ahead, sometimes behind. The sun sets and you little know that your glory and responsibility sets with it. Polls close. Niggers yell (for everybody). Returns slowly come in. Hope up, but votes down. Opponent gets full. You go to bed, full of expectations. Get up, fall down. Defeated! You are a member of the large and honorable body

of 'Defeated Candidates.' Meet successful candidate. Congratulate him. Knew it all the time. Opponent gets full again. Friends console, tell you you are all right, only too young. Help you to prepare for the Salt river packet. There you are. Three long months canvassing, starving, enduring, speaking, praying, hoping and wavering! Money and office gone. There you are! Where? You don't know yourself. Nobody else."

## PATRIOTISM OF JAPANESE.

### From Empress Down to Peasant Girl All Make Sacrifice to Help Relief Fund.

Societies and associations have been organized in Japan to relieve the families of the fighting men, and every one makes certain contributions to the relief fund. Some men contribute money or goods, some their labor, and most of the lint and bandage used for the wounded are the works of women, from the empress down to the peasant girl, writes Nobushige Amenomori, in Atlantic.

Little boys and girls willingly forego their daily sweetmeats, and give the small moneys thus saved to the relief societies. A boy 11 years old in a country school made one day a contribution of two yen. It was thought too much for a country boy's gift. The school-teacher and the elderman of the village suspected the money might have been given the lad by his parents to satisfy his vanity; in which case it should be admonished against. An inquiry was accordingly made, and brought out the fact that the boy had actually earned the money for the purpose by devoting his play hours to the making of straw sandals. Even some criminals working in prisons have made several applications to contribute their earnings to the funds, though their wishes have not been complied with. In every village a compact has been made that those remaining at home should look after the farms of those at the front, so that their families may not be disappointed of the usual crops. Since the outbreak of the war the government's bonds have been twice issued at home, and each time the subscription more than trebled the amount called for, the imperial household taking the lead by subscribing 20,000,000 yen. Thus the hardships of the war are cheerfully borne by every man, woman and child in the land.

## The Color of Hair.

From the color of a man's hair may be learned a good deal in regard to his intellectual ability, says a professor who has for some months been closely studying the subject. School boys with chestnut hair, he maintains, are likely to be more clever than any others, and will generally be found, at the head of the class, and in like manner girls with fair hair are likely to be far more studious and bright than girls with dark hair. In mathematics and recitations these boys and girls, he asserts, especially excel. On the other hand, he says that boys and girls with brown hair are most likely to attain distinction through their individuality and style, and that those with red or auburn hair do not often excel in any respect.

## No Kinship.

Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, of Chicago, is the polliest man in the country. When in Seattle, one night after making a fiery speech he was coming down the aisle bowing right and left, when he discovered an elderly colored lady. "Why, good evening, mammy," the colonel said.

His speech hadn't pleased her, so she replied: "Look heah, sah, I is not yo' mammy; you ain't nothin' but jes' poor white trash!"—Woman's Home Companion.

## How to Make German Pie.

A delicious pie of German origin is gaining favor here. It is made of crust raised over night, as bread is raised, with the addition of an egg worked into it in the morning. Sweetened to taste, this crust is rolled out about an inch thick, laid in a pan and the edges trimmed. Peaches cut in slices are then pressed into the dough, sprinkled with sugar, and grated lemon may be dusted over the fruit. Apples may be used instead of peaches, and likewise huckleberries.

## WE ARE LIVING LONGER.

According to Insurance Statistics the Span of Life in America Is Longer.

The other day, at a meeting of the life insurance experts of New York, we were told that the span of life in America is growing longer, that the average American of to-day lives to be about five years older than the American of 50 years ago. That is, we have been gaining a year in every ten. Statistics also show that the race is producing larger, stronger, finer men and women. We are taller, weigh more, do more work than our grandfathers, says Pearson's Magazine.

Why? Many influences are, of course, at work in producing these interesting changes; advanced medical science has practically conquered the contagious diseases and has largely decreased infant mortality; improved sanitary and hygienic science has saved the lives of thousands of city dwellers; but, after all, no single influence is so important to the welfare of our physical being as the food we take into our bodies. "As the coal is, so is the engine."

No study, then, could be more interesting and important, as bearing on this question, than an investigation of the changes in our food fashions. Do we eat the same things that our grandfathers did? If not, what is the trend of our diet—toward the food of the vegetarian, which includes the much-advertised modern food products, the "cereals," or toward the old diet of the meat-eater?

Upon this point the last census gives us striking and conclusive information. It shows, indeed, the most extraordinary changes in our diet, and changes that point to a single, consistent tendency.

In short, we are becoming more and more a nation of vegetarians.

In the matter of mutton, for instance, every 100 Americans in 1850 consumed 94 sheep, nearly a sheep to each man, woman and child; in 1900 the consumption had been reduced to 50 sheep to every 100 persons—a reduction of almost half. More remarkable still has been our turning from pork—118 hogs to every 100 persons in 1850—more than one hog for each man, woman and child—to 43 hogs in 1900. We are still large eaters of beef, however, though here, too, there is a reduction of 20 per cent. from 25 heaves to 100 persons in 1850, to 20 heaves in 1900.

But what of milk, butter, cheese, eggs, and poultry, which must be considered as meat foods in contradistinction to those which are strictly vegetarian. Here, too, though the statistics do not cover the whole period of 50 years, we find interesting changes; mostly large increases. For example: In 1850 the supply of eggs was 920 dozen for each 100 persons, and in 1900 it reached 1,700 dozen. In the same period the supply of dairy products increased by more than threefold. The only dairy product showing a decrease is cheese: 50 years ago each person ate 4½ pounds annually; in 1900 the amount had dropped to one-half pound.

Reducing all these various meat products to a common denomination—dollars and cents—we find that our meat diet as a nation has decreased in 50 years by about 36 per cent.

## NEW SPOTS ON THE SUN.

One Nearly Forty Thousand Miles Long Seen by a German Professor.

Prof. Stentzel announces to the scientific world that since August 22 he has observed on the southern hemisphere of the sun several exceptionally large and numerous small spots. Since the disappearance, on July 27, of the last of the extensive June and July groups of spots, these products of condensation still continued to show themselves, but they invariably remained small and inconspicuous, says a Berlin report.

On the night of August 21 and 22, however, there appeared in the southern spot zone, on the eastern edge, an extensive stretch of eruptions of brilliant radiance, which were visible only near the edge of the sun, and afterwards these could be recognized therein by day spots, which, through spherical shortening, were in form similar to lines. As further advance was made toward the center of the sun's meridian, the group of spots increased in size and soon took enormous dimensions. On August 27 the group assumed the curious shape of a beautifully formed garland, which showed in its western part a huge black mass like a rosette, and consisted of very numerous single spots. On August 28, when the group already had the center of the sun behind it, it possessed a total length of 69,489 miles.

This gigantic area of eruption was followed in the south spot zone at an interval of two days by a smaller eruption with a black spot of still very respectable size, and this was followed by a third in the same zone of likewise large dimensions, having one main spot and several smaller spots, which had extended by August 28, three days after its appearance, over a distance of from 34,740 miles to 38,601 miles.

## Automobiles in England.

We may take 1896 as the year when motor cars began to be common. But up to the end of last year not more than 14,000 "self propelled vehicles" had been registered. Since the bill came into operation on January 1 the number has increased to over 30,000. The total number of motor cycles has actually been tripled in the last seven months. Probably the number of motor cycles is even greater than appears, as it is a not uncommon practice for owners of cycles to take out a car license, which costs the same as a cycle license and includes the right to ride the small machine.—Saturday Review

## GOING TO STAY YOUNG.

Even Government Inspectors Couldn't Make Her Older Than She Looked.

A Brooklyn woman lately returned from Europe was describing to her husband who had remained at home as experiences with the customs inspectors who had taken her declaration in the cabin of the liner coming up the bay, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. "When he asked me my age," she said, "I told him 30."

"But, my dear," exclaimed the husband, "you're over 30."

"I know it," she returned, "but do I look more?"

"No, you don't; that's a fact."

"Well," she concluded, triumphantly, "convincing that mere man was squelched once more by the force of feminine logic, 'until I look more than 30 I'm going to be 30, and I don't care for the old United States government and all its customs inspectors and declarations. They can't make me older than I look or want to be.'"

**If You Are Going to the World's Fair**

Remember that the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad is the most direct route from the Twin Cities and the Northwest and offers unexcelled service. Two through trains daily with Pullman Buffet Sleepers and free reclining chair cars and dining cars. All trains stop in full view of the World's Fair buildings, and stop at main entrance to Exposition grounds.

Round trip rates from Minneapolis and St. Paul—\$18.00, limit seven days; \$25.00, return limit Dec. 15th; \$21.85, limit sixty days; \$19.50, limit fifteen days.

Write for "Guide to World's Fair" and "Blue Book," giving information as to hotels. A. B. Curtis, G. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

A young lady of this city dislocated her shoulder by violently throwing her arms around the neck of a girl friend. If girls would put their arms only where they belong they would gain more sympathy in the event of overdoing things and incidentally make men's lives happier.—San Francisco Call.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The Chiroprodists' society, of Chicago, has been incorporated. Hooray for the corn crop!—Chicago Journal.

## CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

When the Back Aches and Bladder Troubles Set In, Get at the Cause.

Don't make the mistake of believing backache and bladder ills to be local ailments. Get at the cause and cure the kidneys.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

Capt. S. D. Hunter, of Engine No. 14, Pittsburg, Pa., Fire Department, and residing at 2729 Wyllie Ave., says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly backache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again, I would get them first thing, as I know what they are."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pommel Slicker**

"I followed the trail from Texas to Montana with a FISH BRAND Slicker, used for an overcoat when cold, a wind coat when windy, a rain coat when it rained, and for a cover at night if I got to be wet, and I will say that I have gotten more comfort out of my slicker than any other one article that I ever owned."

(The name and address of the writer of this unqualified letter may be had on application.)

Wet Weather Garments for Riding, Walking, Working, or Sporting.

**A. J. TOWER CO.**  
ROTOR, U. S. A.  
**TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited**  
TORONTO, CANADA

## TO TEXAS

A recent visitor to Texas (an experienced traveler) said that while each state claimed to be pre-eminent in some one natural product, Texas surpassed them all in their own specialty. A trip to Texas will reveal many chances for profitable investment. The M. K. & T. R'y reaches all the principal cities in Texas, passing through the most highly productive portion of the state. Low rates are in effect via "The Katy" from Missouri and Kansas points, on October 4th and 18th, at \$15.00 for the round trip; one way, \$10.50 from St. Louis and \$8.50 from Kansas City. For some new and interesting printing matter, address:

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THE PIONEER FUEL CO'S ANTHRACITE IS NONE BETTER.

The name of dealers handling our coal furnished on application to

**The Pioneer Fuel Co.**  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Pioneer Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should possess this card and the Circular No. 12, now, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 12." J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**

CURE WHICH WILL TAKE PAINS, Deep Cough Syrup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Consumption.